NUMBER 7 · BONUS STORY

Veikals pie stūra

A Saturday at the little shop on the corner by number 7: Karims, who came here from far away many years ago, his wife Alda, and an old friend who comes every evening at six.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

L1) WHO SAID IT?: 1b, 2b, 3b

L2) RIGHT OR WRONG?: 1a, 2b, 3a, 4b, 5a

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 41523

L4) UNDERSTAND THE STORY: 1a, 2a, 3b

Translation

Saturday, six in the morning. The street is still dark. On the corner by number 7, a light goes on in a small shop.

Saturday, six in the morning. On the corner, by number 7, there's a small shop.

It's Karims's shop. Karims has worked here for thirty years.

■ Good morning! I'm Karims. On Saturdays I get up at five.

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■ At seven I drive to the market. There I buy apples, tomatoes and potatoes.

○ And I'm here, in the shop. We both work here.

That's Alda, Karims's wife. She's from this town.

But Karims isn't from here. He's from Jordan.

■ At eight I come back from the market. Alda, here are ten kilos of apples!

At ten, the shop bell rings. You come in with a shopping list.

▲ Good day, Karims! A bottle of milk, please.

■ Good day! Here you are. Anything else?

▲ Yes, half a kilo of cheese. Karims, are you from here?

■ No, I'm not from here. I'm from Jordan. But I've lived here for many, many years.

▲ And why do you live here?

■ Many years ago I was a student in Riga. Alda was there too.

■ She's from this town. Now she's my wife, and this town is my town.

○ And our shop: thirty years now!

▲ And do you have children?

■ We do. A son and a daughter. They're grown up now.

○ Our daughter lives in Riga, and our son here, next to the station.

■ On Sundays our daughter comes by train, and our son by bike.

○ And we all eat here, in our kitchen behind the shop.

▲ Karims, where's the post office? I need the post office.

■ The post office? Go right, then the second street on the left. The post office is between the bank and the pharmacy.

▲ Thank you! And do you know Muris?

■ Muris? Of course! I've known him for many, many years.

■ How old is he? Nobody knows. Not even me.

Evening. The street lamps come on. A big grey tomcat sits in front of the shop door, as he does every day.

Every evening at six, Muris sits in front of the shop, by the door.

In the morning he sits in Liene's café window, on Saturdays at the market, and in the evening here.

■ Good evening, Muris! You're here again? Are you hungry?

■ Here you go: a bit of fish. But only a bit!

○ Karims! Every evening it's 'only a bit'...

■ Muris is my friend. We've been friends for many years.

Elīna comes in on her way home from her grandmother's.

● Good evening, Karims! Tell me, please: how do you know Muris?

■ Many years ago there was an evening, like today.

■ There was a cat by the door. Big, grey and very hungry.

○ Just like today! He's still hungry every evening.

● Is Muris your cat?

■ No, not mine. Muris lives at number 7. But dinner is here!

● And at the market, and in the café! Muris has three dinners!

○ That's why he's so big.

Muris finishes his fish, washes his face and walks off towards number 7, tail high. Elīna picks up her school bag too.

■ Good night, Muris! Go home, to number 7.

○ Goodbye, Elīna! Go straight on, then the second street on the left!

It's quiet in the shop. Karims and Alda sit at the table and drink tea.

■ Tomorrow is Sunday. Tomorrow the children come.

○ And Muris, of course.

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