

Wie Mikesch nach Hause kam

A Saturday in June. At the market, and later in the courtyard, Uwe, Karim and Hilde tell you and Lotte how a tiny grey kitten found number 7, and whose key he took first.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

L1) WHO SAYS IT?: 1a, 2b, 3a

L2) HOW THE MYSTERY FITS TOGETHER: 1a, 2a, 3b, 4a

L3) THE CAT AND THE NEIGHBOURS: 1a, 2b, 3a, 4b

L4) FROM THE MARKET TO HOME: 1: 41532

Translation

A Saturday morning in June. The market square is full. You and Lotte stop at the fish stall. Uwe unrolls a very long paper bill.

- Good morning! Number seven! You are here again.
- Good morning, Mr Braun. Some fish for Mikesch, please.
- For Mikesch? His bill keeps getting longer.

▲ Have you known him for a long time?

■ For many years. Back then he was still a kitten.

○ That small? Like my hand?

■ Yes. One morning he came to the market. It was cold.

■ He was wet and hungry. I gave him fish.

▲ And then?

■ Then his bill began.

○ And his ear? Why does it look different?

■ A dog bit his ear. Back then at the market.

■ Since then he does not like dogs.

Karim from the corner shop comes over with a box of apples.

● Good morning. A story about Mikesch? I was there back then too.

● Everyone gave him something. Fish, milk. But nobody knew his owner.

○ Did he stay at the market?

● No. He looked for a home.

● A real home. With a door. And a bed.

- He followed me. From house to house.
- He looked at every door. But kept walking.
- Until number seven!
- Exactly. There he sat down outside the door. And waited.

That afternoon, in the courtyard of number 7. Hilde sits on her bench, and you tell her what you have heard.

- Of course I remember. I was there.
- It rained in the evening. I opened the door. A little grey kitten sat outside.
- I said: You are not my cat!
- And what did he do?
- He simply came in. Quite naturally. Like the boss.
- ▲ Where did he sleep then?
- In flat three. It was empty.
- ▲ Flat three? My flat!
- Yes. He lived there before you. For a long time.
- And who gave him his name?
- I did. Mikesch. It suited him.

☐ The next morning he stole my first key. From my pocket.

☐ Which key?

☐ The one for flat three. Of course.

▲ The same as mine?

☐ Exactly. That is why your key was missing on the first evening.
To him it was his key.

*Mikesch walks across the courtyard and jumps onto the bench,
between you and Hilde, a big old key under his paw.*

☐ He is not bad. He just loves keys.

☐ Ten more years here? Then you will probably need ten new keys!

▲ All right. Then I will buy lots at once.

☐ Tea now? There are more stories.

▲ Yes, please. And you, Mikesch? Would you rather have fish?

*Mikesch says nothing. He is already waiting outside Hilde's
door.*