

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Ici, j'étais jeune

The day after Zoé's birthday party, Madeleine takes you and Zoé along her photo wall: Madeleine at twenty-two, her husband, the old house, forty years of school, and Anne as a little girl.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 21345

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

Translation

The day after the party. Mme Martin's living room smells of strong black tea.

Mrs Martin, Zoé and you are sitting in the living room. On the wall, there is Mrs Martin's whole family.

- And where's Julien's photo?
- It's on the table now. Not facing the wall.

▲ Grandma, who's that young woman?

○ That's me! I was young here. I was twenty-two.

▲ You? You were very beautiful!

○ Yes. And I am still beautiful!

■ And who's that tall man?

○ My husband. Zoé, that's your grandfather.

▲ When I was born, Grandpa was already no longer with us.

○ Yes. He was a very good and kind man. Like you, Zoé.

■ Where were you here?

○ By the river. It was in August. We were young and happy.

The next photo shows an old house with a green door and dark, empty windows.

○ And this is number 7. It was very old and empty.

■ Empty? Like my flat on the first day!

○ It was my husband's parents' house.

○ His parents were old, and the house was too big for them.

○ Not too big for us. Now it's mine. For fifty years now.

▲ Fifty years? Like my uncle!

On the next photo: a school yard full of children, and at the side, a young teacher.

■ And here? So many children!

○ This is my school. I was a teacher. For forty years!

■ So, are they all your children?

○ Not my children, the school's children. But they were all a little mine. Half the town!

▲ And my mum?

○ Yes. I was her teacher. She was very good... and very loud.

A small colour photo: a girl of seven with long light-brown hair and a big smile.

○ And this is Anne. She's seven here.

▲ Mum! She's so small! She has long hair and blue eyes.

○ Blue eyes, like me. She was born here, at number 7.

▲ And I was born on the twenty-eighth of March!

○ And this is my son. He's five here.

■ He's got a big cake!

○ Yes. He was always hungry. Like you!

■ Me? I'm not hungry!

Mme Martin takes two small photos out of her cardigan pocket.

○ Zoé, this is for you. Your grandpa and me, by the river.

▲ For me? Thank you, Grandma!

○ And this is for you. Number 7, when it was empty.

○ And you? Where were you when you were ten?

■ In Hamburg. I was born in Hamburg, and my parents are still there.

Félix jumps onto the shelf and sits down in front of the wall, between the photos.

▲ Grandma, and where's Félix's photo?

○ Félix's photo? He's not my cat!

▲ But he's always here. He's family too!

○ All right, fine. Zoé, can you draw Félix?

▲ Yes! In my new sketchbook!

That evening, a bright yellow page hangs among the old photos.

Now Mrs Martin's whole family is on the wall. And Félix too.