

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Il-listi ta' Tonio

A week in the life of Tonio, who has a list for everything: his mornings, his mother's Sunday phone call, and the one Monday when nothing goes to plan.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

L2) TRUE OR FALSE?: 1a, 2b, 3a, 4b, 5b

L3) PUT THE STORY IN ORDER: 1: 45213

L4) ANSWER THE QUESTIONS: 1c, 2a, 3c

Translation

A brand-new flat near the bus terminal. Monday, six o'clock in the morning. On the fridge door hangs a long list.

This is where Tonio lives. Tonio has a lot of lists.

A list for work, a list for the shop, and a list of lists.

■ Monday. At six I get up. At a quarter past six I have a shower.

■ At seven, breakfast: two eggs and bread.

■ At half past seven, the café, table three. Tea without sugar.

■ At a quarter to nine, the office. Never at nine!

Tonio always gets up at six. On Monday, on Tuesday, on Wednesday... and even on Sunday.

Sunday evening. At seven o'clock exactly, Tonio's phone rings.

Every Sunday at seven in the evening the phone rings. It's Tonio's mother.

○ Good evening, Tonio! How are you? Are you eating? Are you sleeping?

■ Yes, Mum. I eat at seven, at half past twelve and at six. I sleep from ten.

○ Your father and I get up at five. And your colleagues? What are they like?

■ They're nice. And I've got a new colleague, who lives at number 7, the house with the cat.

○ With the cat?! Tonio, you're afraid of cats! And at the office? Is there a cat?

■ Mum, I'm not afraid. Well... only a little.

○ Eat, sleep, and don't be late, Tonio. Good night!

■ Mum, I'm never late.

That night, at three o'clock, the old clock on Tonio's bedside table stops.

Monday. Six o'clock. But Tonio doesn't get up. He's asleep.

- What time is it? My clock isn't working!

His phone says half past eight. Half past eight!

- No, no, no! I'm late!

Today Tonio doesn't have a shower. He doesn't eat breakfast. He doesn't go to the café.

At the café at number 7, Lina looks at the empty table by the window.

- ▲ It's already eight, and table three is empty. Where's our Mr 'Tea without sugar'?

At the office. You are at your desk; the desk next to yours is empty.

- Ten past nine, and no Tonio. That's a first!

The door flies open.

- Good morning, Tonio! You're late!

- I know, I know. My clock isn't working. And my list is at home!

- And now what? When's the meeting? What do I do?

- Don't worry. Sit down, please. Here's your coffee.
- Today is Monday. The meeting is on Thursday, not today.
- All right... Thank you. You're a good colleague.

Ċikku jumps onto Tonio's desk and sits down right next to his keyboard.

- You're here too, Ċikku? Good morning.
- Tonio, why are you afraid of cats?
- When I was little, every July I stayed at my grandmother's, in a small village.
- There was a tomcat there. Big, black, and very bad-tempered.
- One night he was in my bed. On my face! I was five.
- On your face?! Oh dear...
- Since that night I've been afraid of cats. All cats.

Ċikku looks at Tonio. Ċikku isn't bad. He's just hungry.

- All right, all right. You can sit here. But don't sit on my computer!

That evening, at home, three new alarm clocks stand on the kitchen table.

In the evening Tonio writes a new list.

- One: three clocks. Two: don't be late, Tonio!

And three? Tonio looks at the paper for a long time. And he writes:

- Three: Ċikku isn't black, and he isn't bad. He's grey.