

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

De winkel op de hoek

A Saturday at the little shop on the corner by number 7: Karim, who came here from far away many years ago, his wife Samira, 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, 3a

Translation

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

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

- Good morning! I'm Karim. On Saturdays I get up at five.
- 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 Samira, Karim's wife. She's from this town.

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

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

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

■ Good day! Here you are. Anything else?

▲ Yes, half a kilo of cheese. Karim, 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 Amsterdam. Samira 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 Amsterdam, 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.

▲ Karim, 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 Max?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

● Good evening, Karim! Tell me, please: how do you know Max?

■ 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 Max your cat?
- No, not mine. Max lives at number 7. But dinner is here!
- And at the market, and in the café! Max has three dinners!
- That's why he's so big.
- Good night, Max! Go home, to number 7.
- Goodbye, Emma! Go straight on, then the second street on the left!
- It's quiet in the shop. Karim and Samira sit at the table and drink tea.*
- Tomorrow is Sunday. Tomorrow the children come.
- And Max, of course.