

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Il-ħanut fil-kantuniera

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

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) PUT THE STORY IN ORDER: 1: 41523

L4) ANSWER THE QUESTIONS: 1b, 2b, 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.

This is Karim's shop. The shop is thirty years old.

■ 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.

This is Carmen, Karim's wife. She's from Hal Ġebel.

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

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

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

▲ Good morning, Mr Karim! A bottle of milk, please.

■ Good morning! Here you are. Anything else?

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

■ No, I'm not from here. I'm from Jordan. But Malta is my home now.

▲ And why do you live here?

■ When I was young, I was a student in Valletta. Carmen was there too.

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

○ And our shop? Thirty years!

▲ And do you have children?

■ Yes, a son and a daughter. They're grown up now.

○ My daughter lives in Gozo, and my son here, near the station.

■ On Sundays my daughter comes by ferry and by bus, and my son on foot.

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

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

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

▲ Thank you! And do you know Ċikku?

■ Ċikku? Of course! Everybody knows Ċikku.

■ 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, Ċikku sits in front of the shop, by the door.

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

■ Good evening, Ċikku! Here again? Are you hungry?

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

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

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

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

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

■ It was an evening, like today.

■ By the door there was a cat. Big, grey and very hungry.

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

● Is Ċikku your cat?

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

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

○ That's why he's so big.

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

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

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

There's nobody in the shop. Karim and Carmen sit at the table and drink tea.

■ Tomorrow is Sunday. Tomorrow the children come.

☐ And Ċikku too, of course.