

NUMBER 7 • BONUS STORY

Kā Muris atnāca

A Saturday in June. At the market and then in the courtyard, the people who were there tell you and Elīna how a tiny grey kitten found number 7, and whose key he took first.

ANSWER KEY

LISTENING & UNDERSTANDING

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

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

L3) WHAT HAPPENED FIRST?: 1: 12435

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

Translation

*A Saturday morning in June. The market square is full of people.
You and Elīna stop at the fish stall.*

- Good morning! Oh, number 7! You're here again.
- Good morning, Mr Pēteris! I'd like some fish, please. For Muris.
- For Muris? Of course. His bill is very long already.
- ▲ Mr Pēteris, have you known Muris long?

■ A very long time. I've known him since he was a tiny kitten.

○ Tiny? Muris was tiny?

■ Yes. Many years ago, one cold morning, he came here, to the market.

■ He was wet and hungry. And as small as my hand.

▲ And what did you do?

■ I gave him some fish. And that's how his bill started!

○ And why is his ear like that?

■ There was a big dog at the market. The dog bit the kitten on the ear.

■ Since then Muris hasn't liked dogs.

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

● Good morning! Are you talking about Muris? I was there too.

● People gave him fish and milk, but they didn't know whose he was.

○ And did he stay at the market?

● No. He liked us, but he was looking for a home. A real home.

● He followed me from the market, right across town.

● He looked at every house. Not that one. Not that one. Not that one.

● Then he saw a house with a green door.

○ Number 7!

● Yes. He sat down on the steps and waited.

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

□ Yes, yes. I know everything. I was there.

□ That evening it was raining. I opened the door, and on the steps sat a little grey kitten.

□ I said to him: 'You're not my cat!'

○ And what did he do?

□ He just walked in. Like the boss.

▲ And where did he sleep?

□ In flat 3. That flat was empty then.

▲ Flat 3? My flat!

□ Yes. For a long time it was his flat.

○ Grandma, and who named him Muris?

□ I did. He was so small and grey. I said: 'You'll be Muris.'

□ And the next morning he took his first key.

○ Whose key?

□ The key to flat 3. From my pocket.

▲ Flat 3? So... my key!

□ Yes. That's why he took your key on the first evening. It was his key.

Muris walks across the courtyard and jumps onto the bench, right between you and Maija.

○ He isn't bad. He just loves that key!

○ If you stay here for ten years, he'll take ten of your keys!

▲ All right. Then I'll need lots of keys.

□ Would you like some tea? I'll tell you more.

▲ I'd love some! And you, Muris? Would you like some fish?

Muris says nothing. But he's already sitting at Maija's door.