The Old Harbour Street (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

Maya arrived in the town on a grey Friday afternoon. She had one free day, so she decided to explore the old harbour area before her meeting. The streets were narrow and full of small shops. Nothing looked familiar to her, because she had never visited this part of the country before.

She walked along the water and read the signs on the walls. One sign told the story of a ship that caught fire in 1912. The fire reached the fuel below the deck, and the ship began to explode . Half of the harbour burned that night. The explosion broke windows in every house on the street, but nobody died. Maya found the story fascinating , and she read it twice.

After that she stopped in a small café. The owner was an old man with a kind face and grey hair. He gave her an extra piece of cake and did not ask for money. "You look tired," he said. Maya laughed and said the walk was fairly long, maybe five kilometres. The café was not fancy ; the chairs were old and the tables did not match. Still, it felt warmer than any expensive place she knew. She asked the man if the harbour had changed. "The young people want everything modern and fashionable now," he answered. "But I keep my old tables."

Before she left, she asked him for a favor . She wanted him to write down the name of the museum where she could learn more about the fire. He wrote it on a paper napkin. The museum was not far from the café, only ten minutes on foot. Outside, the wind grew stronger, so Maya had to fasten her coat with both hands. She walked slowly and thought about the ship, the fire and the old man's kind voice. That evening she wrote a long message to her sister about the strange, beautiful little town.

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