Cleaning the Summer House (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

Last spring my grandmother asked me to help her clean the old summer house by the lake. Nobody had opened the door since October. When we walked in, the air smelled of dust and cold wood. I pulled back the heavy curtain and let the sunlight into the room. A spider had built a home in the corner near the ceiling, and my grandmother laughed at it. She said the spider had done more work in that house than we had.

We started in the kitchen. I opened the cupboard above the sink and found six cups, four plates and a lot of dead flies. On the lowest shelf there was a heavy iron pan for frying eggs, and next to it a tall pot for soup. My grandmother washed everything twice while I carried water from outside. Then she gave me a soft cloth and told me to dry each plate carefully. It took an hour, but the kitchen finally looked like a real kitchen again.

The next job was the small bedroom. One picture had fallen down because the nail in the wall was old and bent. My grandfather used to fix everything in this house, and my grandmother still keeps his tools in a wooden box. I found his thick work glove inside and put it on my right hand. It was much too big for me. I hammered a new nail into the wall and hung the picture again. My grandmother sat on the bed and repaired a torn pillow with a needle and some white thread. Her hands moved quickly, even though she is nearly eighty.

In the afternoon we cleaned the garden. Behind the house we found an old tent, still folded in its green bag, and we decided to put it up for the children. We also found a long rope and tied it between two trees for washing. My grandmother wanted music, so my cousin brought his drum and played while we worked. A garden tube was lying in the grass, and we used it to bring water from the lake. My grandmother wore her old leather boots, which are older than me but still perfect. In the evening she gave me a light cotton shirt because the air got cold, and she said that natural material is always the best. We sat outside until dark and drank tea. It was hard work, but the house felt alive again.

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