A Day at the Market (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

My friend Nadia sells hats and scarves at the winter market. Last December she asked me to help her for one weekend. I arrived early on Saturday, and it was still dark. Her little shop is next to a big store that sells coffee, so the whole street smelled wonderful. Nadia was already carrying boxes from her car. She makes everything herself at home, mostly from wool, because she says sheep give the warmest material in the world.

My first job was the table. Nadia gave me a box of small hats and asked me to fold each scarf neatly before I put it out. I am not very good at that, so my first pile looked terrible. She showed me how to do it once, and after that it was easy. We had to attach a price card to every basket, and we used sticky tape for that. One card fell off three times, so in the end I used a pin instead. Then we hung a long line above the table and used a thin string to tie the scarves to it. A woman bought a red cap for her son before we even finished.

At eleven o'clock the market got busy. People liked the bright colours, and Nadia is very good with customers. She always says you should combine warm clothes with a nice colour, because grey makes winter feel longer. One man asked for something for his father, so we wrapped a hat in paper and made a small package for him to post. Another woman touched a scarf and said it felt wonderfully smooth, not rough at all. We also sold a whole pack of six children's gloves to one grandmother.

In the afternoon it started to rain, and water came down from a broken pipe above our table. Nadia ran to find the market manager. I put a bucket under the water and pushed the table away. A young man helped me and used a stick from the ground to move the wet cloth. Luckily our table is solid and strong, so nothing fell down. After twenty minutes the rain stopped and the wet street looked shiny in the afternoon sun. We sold the last three hats at five o'clock. Then we packed everything into boxes and drove home, where Nadia can store them in her garage until next weekend. I was cold and tired, but she paid me with dinner and a scarf, and that was a very good deal.

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