Aunt Clara's Mountain Trip (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

My aunt Clara has lived overseas for almost twenty years. Last summer she came back for a month, and she wanted to see the mountains again. My parents were busy, so I offered to travel with her. We decided to rent a small car for a week and drive south together. Clara bought two big maps, although her phone worked perfectly well.

We left on a Friday and drove into the southern part of the country. The hills there are green, and the villages are tiny and quiet. Our hotel was located at the end of a narrow valley, next to a cold river. I had made a reservation two months earlier, because these little hotels fill up quickly in summer. The owner gave us the best room and a bowl of fresh cherries. We ate dinner outdoors that evening, under a tree with small yellow lights.

The area was very remote, so we saw more sheep than people. Every morning we walked along a stony path that climbed up behind the hotel. Clara walked slowly, but she never stopped talking. She told me about her first years in another country and about the friends she made there. On the third day we joined a short tour of an old mine with a local guide. He showed us the dark tunnels and the heavy tools of the workers. It was cold inside, and we were happy to see the sun again.

On our last full day we drove to the western coast to watch the sunset. The beach was almost empty, and the water was still warm. Clara said it was the most beautiful place she had seen in years. We sat on the sand until the sky turned dark orange. She promised to come back next summer with better shoes, because she loves outdoor activities more than museums. I promised to book the same hotel again.

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