Election Day Is Coming (B1 · English B1)

Tekst / Transcript

Every four years, our small town changed completely. Posters appeared on every wall, and strangers knocked on doors in the evening. The election was coming, and nobody could talk about anything else. My grandmother said the same thing every time: the streets get cleaner before people vote. She was usually right about that.

This year, two candidates came to our community hall. The first one was a young politician from the capital city, and she spoke about jobs and schools. She explained that a new federal law would send money to poorer regions. Then she talked about poverty in the old factory district, where many families still struggle to pay their bills. My father listened carefully, because he had worked in that district for twenty years. He asked her one hard question about health care, and she answered it honestly. Afterwards, several people said they would vote for her.

The second candidate arrived an hour late. He shook hands with everyone and smiled at the cameras. He promised to help the whole nation become strong again, but he never gave any numbers. When a woman from the workers' union asked about pay, he changed the subject. My mother whispered that she would reject his ideas without thinking twice. Some of our neighbours agreed with her, and a few of them left early. Others thought he was funny and warm.

After the meeting, my father and I walked home slowly through the park. He told me that political arguments used to split our family in two. His own brother stopped speaking to him for three years. "Now I try to relate my opinions to real life instead of shouting," he said. I asked him whether he still enjoyed politics at all. He laughed and said it was better than football.

The next morning, the newspaper printed the official list of candidates on the front page. Beside it was a photograph of a royal visit to a hospital in the north. My grandmother liked that photo much more than the political news. She kept it on her kitchen wall for months. My father only smiled and made another cup of tea. He said that his vote was private, and he would never tell anyone what he wrote on the paper.

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