

**TRANSKRYPCJA NAGRAŃ
POZIOM PODSTAWOWY****Zadanie 1.**

Journalist: Today I am talking to Alister McCrone, director of the Mull Theatre in Scotland. What made you return to Mull?

McCrone: It's a wonderful place to work and to live. I've worked in theatre for the last 15 years – all over Scotland, all over Britain, and abroad as well.

Journalist: Were you disappointed when you lost the title of the world's smallest theatre?

McCrone: Absolutely not – I was delighted. In fact, the word 'little' has now disappeared from the title of the company. The building is still the Mull Little Theatre, but the company is now called the Mull Theatre.

Journalist: Have you had much support from people on the island?

McCrone: Yes. It's great to see people satisfied with what the theatre is doing. I'm happy to see more and more local people coming here.

Journalist: But will you always have to depend on tourism?

McCrone: Well, during the summer there's no doubt most of our audience are visitors. But our programme is not just for them. Proportionally we get a higher percentage of local people coming here to see our plays than in many big city theatres.

Journalist: What is the future of your theatre?

McCrone: We're definitely looking to put the theatre into a bigger building because there's not enough space here. We're looking for a new location because the one we have is not suitable for what the company is trying to do. And people are coming here and talking about this theatre not because it's the smallest theatre in Britain or the world, but because it's a quality theatre – because it's good.

adapted from Spotlight

Zadanie 2.**One**

My friend and I were wandering about in Tesco's and I was pretending to be French. I went up to an old lady and asked her in my terrible French accent where I could find the chocolate, but to my horror she started answering in French! Trust me to choose the only French person in the whole shop! Eventually we had to say we didn't know what she was saying and she started to shout at us in front of everyone! How embarrassing!

Two

One weekend we went to play golf. I was trying so hard to impress a cute boy on the course that I wasn't looking at what I was doing and hit mum in the eye with a golf club! Straight away it went black and blue and mum had to go to hospital. And she was going for an important interview the next day! I felt awful!

Three

My friend and I were hanging out with a new boy who had moved in across the road from me. At lunchtime my mum came to the door to ask how many slices of toast we wanted. My mate said she'd have one, but before I had the chance to answer, mum asked me, 'Do you want your usual four?' It was horrible!

Four

Me and my friend went for some chips and the lady asked me if I wanted a one pound portion. Instead of asking how big it was I said, 'How much is that?'. The lady looked at me strangely and said, 'One pound'. I ran out of the shop with a huge red face!

Five

When my friend came over to stay we couldn't get to sleep because of music playing loudly downstairs. We went to see what all the noise was and found my mum singing and dancing along to Whitney Houston very badly! It was so embarrassing!

adapted from Shout

Zadanie 3.

Monica often wished that she was back in Sydney, Australia. On a day like today, she could go out to the beach and lie there with her friends. In Ireland it was what they thought of as summer, but truly it was not a day for the sand.

Still, she hadn't come to Ireland looking for a life of surf. She had come as part of a great world tour. It was going to start with a week in Rome, and then a week in Dublin and six weeks hitchhiking around the rest of Ireland, then a dozen other lands before going back. But something strange had happened – after the week in Rome she had arrived in Dublin totally broke.

It wasn't exactly that her money had been stolen or lost or anything. It was just that she had managed to spend in one week almost all her two years' savings. It was all because of a man called Antonio. It was hard to realise quite how, but this had somehow happened.

And so, on her first day in Ireland, she needed a job.

There was an advertisement in the newspaper that she read on her way in from Dublin airport. She phoned for an interview and got the job in a restaurant. It was called *Quentins*.

'You've fallen in love, that's why you're still there,' her mother accused her by e-mail. But it wasn't true.

What happened was that Monica had settled in. She had worked in eleven different jobs since she left college, but for some reason she could never understand, *Quentins* was the first place she really called home. Patrick Brennan, the chef who taught her how to cook when things weren't too busy, his younger brother, called Blouse for some reason, who was a little less than intelligent but certainly not a fool. Patrick's cool, reserved wife Brenda, who seemed to know everyone in Dublin. She felt as if she was some kind of a younger sister, part of the family. Monica was part of this team and she liked it. No need to move on. For the moment.

adapted from Maeve Binchy, Brown Paper Cover