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Emily's Bag sample
NOT FOR SALE

EMILY'S BAG

Level 1 - A1/A2 Starter (1) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

Copyright

Emily's Bag

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Chapter One

Nina is in her car. It is 4:10pm. She is driving home from work. She works part-time in a pizza restaurant. She is tired. Many customers came to the restaurant for lunch today. The traffic light changes to red. She stops. It is raining heavily. She looks out of the side window. There is a very big shopping centre with a big car park. She sees an old woman standing next to the road. The woman doesn't have an umbrella. She is carrying a large shopping bag.

That bag looks heavy, thinks Nina. Is the woman waiting for someone? Is she OK?
The traffic lights change to green. Nina turns the corner and stops her car. She gets out of her car and walks to the old woman.

"Excuse me, are you OK?"

The old woman looks at her.

"I'm tired," says the old woman.

"Are you waiting for someone?" asks Nina.

"No, I'm walking home, but my bag is very heavy. I'm taking a rest," says the woman.

"But it is raining! Where do you live?"

"I live in Devon Street," says the woman.

"I know Devon Street," says Nina. "I can take you there."

The old woman smiles at Nina. "Is that OK? You are very kind."

Nina smiles. "Of course it is OK. You can't walk to Devon Street in the rain with your heavy bag."

"Thank you so much." The old woman and Nina walk to Nina's car. Nina opens the door for the old woman and the woman gets into the car slowly. Then Nina closes the door and walks around the car to the driver's side. She gets in and closes the door.

"The rain is so heavy!" says Nina. "We are very wet!"

Nina starts to drive. "If you walk to Devon Street, it will take you fifteen minutes," says Nina. "It will take only five minutes by car."

Nina looks at the woman's bag. "Have you been shopping?" she asks.

"Yes," says the woman.

"Do you go shopping every day?" asks Nina.

"I go most days."

"And do you walk to Devon Street every day?"

"Yes. Before, I got the bus. But the bus services changed, and now, no buses go near Devon Street."

"Do you live alone?" asks Nina.

"Yes," says the old woman.

"Do you have family? A son or daughter? They can help you with your shopping."

The woman is quiet for a few seconds. Then she says, "No, my husband died, and I don't have any children." Nina looks at her. The woman looks sad, so Nina doesn't ask any more questions.

"Where do you live?" asks the old woman.

"I live on Church Street," says Nina.

"Oh, that is not far from Devon Street," says the old woman. "What's your name?"

"I'm Nina."

"I'm Emily," says the old woman.

Nina drives into Devon Street. "Which house is yours?"

"Oh, please stop here. I can walk to my house. Devon Street is narrow, and there are many cars parked at the sides of the road."

"OK," says Nina. She stops the car.

Thank you, Nina. You are very kind," says Emily.

"You're welcome Emily. When you get home, have a nice cup of tea and put your heater on."

Emily smiles. "Of course. I need a hot cup of tea." She gets out of the car and walks slowly down the road.

That bag looks very heavy, thinks Nina.

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