

PONS

An Apple a Day 

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5 perces Angol olvasmányok

An Apple a Day

Tedd a nyelvtanulást napi rutinná!

5 PERCES angol olvasmányok



+20
PONS Mind-Map
a hatékony
tanuláshoz

A2

A2 szint

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The Loser

← A vesztes

Stephanie was a loser; it was a ^{tény} **fact**.

It was strange, because she was such a clever young lady in many ways. She had a ^{jogász diploma} **law degree** from Oxford, she spoke three languages, she read as many classical books as she could, and she did the Sunday ^{keresztrejtvény} **crossword** nearly every week.

“But I’m still a loser,” she said to the man at the ^{talált tárgyak irodája} **lost and found office**. “I lose things all the time.”

“Oh, I see,” said the man.

The man’s name was Harold. Two minutes ago, Harold was enjoying a cup of tea and he was reading the newspaper. The lost and found office at Paddington Station was never very busy, and this morning it was quieter than most mornings. Then, ^{azonban} **however**, this young, red-headed woman ^{megjelent} **appeared** at his ^{pult} **counter**, and now he was having a ^{zavaros} **confusing** conversation.



“Last year, on holiday, I lost our room key; twice. When I was a child, I lost my school bag nearly every month. I lose my ^{kulcs} **keys** so often that it makes my husband quite angry.”

Stephanie ^{tovább beszélt} **continued to talk**, and for a while, Harold continued to listen. Finally, however, he thought that she was only speaking so much because she was so worried, so he ^{felemelte} **raised** his hand.

“I’m sorry to stop you,” he said. “It’s all very interesting, but ... well, why are you telling me all this?”

Stephanie looked at him like he was ^{hülye} **silly**. “Well, because I’ve lost my handbag. Didn’t I tell you that?”

“Er, no, you didn’t.”

“Oh! I’m sorry. I’m just so worried about it. You see, my train leaves in ...” she looked at her watch, “in four minutes!”

“I’m sorry,” said Harold. “We don’t have any bags here today. But someone ^{talán leadja} **might hand it in** later today. If I take your details and your name and address, I can send it to you. Now, can you ^{leír} ^{tárgy} **describe** the **piece of property**,” he said.

“Yes, it’s a black handbag.”

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"What size is it?"

"About thirty centimetres long and about ten ^{széles} **wide**."

"Great. And what's it ^{miből készült} **made from**?"

"Oh, it's ^{bőr} **leather**."

"And you said the colour is black. Is it all black?"

"Yes, black with little silver ^{gombok} **buttons**."

"That's great. And, may I ask what's ^{belül} **inside** the bag?"

"Oh, everything! My ^{pénztárca} **purse**, my keys, my make-up, my sunglasses."

"Your ^{mobiltelefon} **mobile**, maybe?"

"No, I have that with me here," she said.

"Well that's good. You probably have some ^{igazolvány} **identification** in your purse, so if someone finds it, they will be able to contact you."

Stephanie looked at her watch. "I really must go."

"Of course, but first give me your ^{elérhetőség} **contact details**."

Stephanie quickly wrote down the information. "And are you absolutely sure that it's not here?" she asked.

"No, I'm sorry. But don't worry, I'm sure that someone will bring

it here if they find it. Now, I know you need to go, but I have one last questions. Where did you ^{volt meg utoljára} **last have** your bag?"

"Well, that's easy. You see, we were walking towards the train, and Phil, my husband, was walking a little bit in front of me, and I looked at my arm and I suddenly ^{észrevettem} **realised** that I didn't have it."

"Your husband?" Harold said. He's here too? Where is he?"

"Oh," said Stephanie. "I'm not sure."

Harold laughed. "You mean, you've lost your husband too?"

"He was in front of me taking the train tickets out of my ..."

Before she could finish, Stephanie's mobile phone began to ring.

"Phil?" she said, as she answered the phone. "Where are you?"

And Harold saw her turn and look at one of the trains. Standing at the window of the train, a young man was ^{kétségbeesetten intgetett} **desperately**

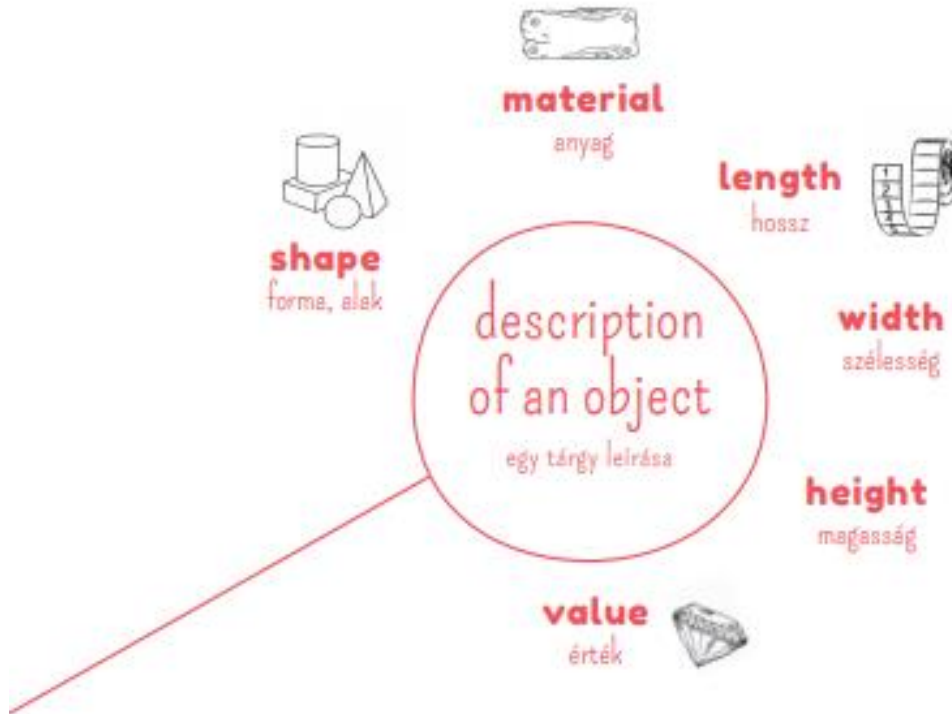
waving his hands.

"But I've lost my handbag, Phil! I can't go anywhere ..."

But again, she stopped speaking. The man at the window of the train was now waving a little black bag with silver buttons.

"Oh ... that's where it is," she said, and a second later her train began to slowly move out of the station.





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Victor woke up at 6:27 a.m., just like he always did. For three minutes, he looked out of his window at the sun slowly ^{felkel} **rising** above the city of Glasgow. Then, at 6:30 a.m., he got out of bed, ^{sóhajtott} **sighed**, and began his morning.

The first thing that he did was drink the glass of water next to his bed. After that, he ^{nyújtott} **stretched** for four minutes, before moving to the floor. Here, he did fifty ^{fekvőtámasz} **press-ups** and fifty ^{felülés} **sit-ups**. This was the first exercise of his day, but it would not be the last.

Now fully awake, he went to the bathroom. He spent five minutes in the shower, carefully ^{mos} **washing** every part of his body, and another three minutes by the ^{mosdókagyló} **sink**, carefully ^{(fogat) mos} **cleaning** his teeth.

Finally, he went back to his bedroom, dressed in smart but casual clothes, and went downstairs. He drank his second glass of

water before breakfast, and with the water he took six different vitamins.

His breakfast was very healthy because Victor was very careful about his ^{táplálkozás} **diet**. He had muesli with low fat milk, fruit, brown bread and a little ^{füstölt lazac} **smoked salmon**. When he had finished, he went to the bathroom again, and brushed his teeth for a second time.

At 7:40 a.m., he sighed again, then picked up a nice green apple and left his house. He was about to start his rather long walk to work when he saw his new neighbour trying to open her front door.

“Oh, hello,” she said, with a smile. Her voice was quite loud for that time of day, and he saw that she was wearing the type of clothes that you might wear to a party. They were very pretty clothes, he thought. In fact, she was very pretty, too.

“Good morning,” he said. “Are you OK?”

The woman ^{nevetett} **laughed**, then finally opened her front door. “Ah, I am now. The key was moving around too much,” she said. Then, “Did you see the ^{napfelkelte} **sunrise**? It was beautiful.”

“Er, yes,” he said. “It was quite nice. Well, I should ^{valószínűleg} **probably** go.”

“That apple looks good,” she said. “Is it your breakfast?”



“No, but I always have one in the morning. After all, you know what they say.”

“Who?” she asked.

Victor felt his face ^{elpirul} **go a bit red**. “Oh, just that old ^{(itt:) mondás} **expression**; an apple a day keeps the doctor away.”

She laughed loudly then. “Does it ^{működik} **work** for ^{másnaposság} **hangovers**?”

“I don’t know. I can’t remember the last time I had one of those,”

Victor replied. “Here, you have it.”

He gave her the apple and she thanked him with a smile.

“Thank you,” she said. “My name’s Eve.”

“Victor,” he said. “See you later.”

“Have a wonderful day,” Victor heard her say as he walked away.

And then he began the rest of his day. When he got to work, he went to the bathroom and carefully cleaned his hands. During the morning, he drank two more glasses of water, and at lunch he went to his yoga class before eating a salad. When he ^{visszament} **returned** to work, he cleaned his hands again, checked his ^{pulzus} **heart rate**, and then drank three more glasses of water in the afternoon.

When he had finished work, he walked to the gym, where he did

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a spinning class and used the exercise ^{(edző)gépek} **equipment**. Finally, he showered, changed into clean clothes and walked home.

Yes, it was a very normal day ^{valóban} **indeed**. Normal ... but not wonderful.

When he got to his front door, he stopped. He could hear music coming from Eve's house. For a moment, he thought about what he was going to do that evening. He would probably have a healthy dinner, read his book, and be in bed by ten so that he could have his normal eight hours of sleep.

But Victor did not open his door. ^{helyette} **Instead**, he turned around and walked very quickly to the corner shop. A moment later, he returned, but instead of walking to his own door, he walked to Eve's.

He ^{kopogott} **knocked on** the door and after a moment Eve opened it.

"Oh, hello again. Thanks for the apple this morning, it really helped."

"Excellent. Because I have two more apples and a bottle of wine," he said. "Would you like to have a drink with me?"

And when Eve smiled, Victor thought that maybe this was going to be a wonderful day ^{mégis csak} **after all**.

