

CHANGE INTO AMERICAN ENGLISH

We went to the cinema one night some time ago. A new film with Meryl Streep was on the programme. We left our flat shortly after seven p.m. We had to walk down the stairs - the lift was out of order. And imagine - we live on the twentieth floor! I wish we lived on the ground floor!

We walked all the way, because there wasn't any petrol in our car and there are no trams or underground in our town. It was autumn and the pavements were covered by leaves in red, brown and yellow colours. The weather wasn't very pleasant and the streets were empty. A lonely bobby was standing at the zebra crossing at the corner of our street. He was similar to our caretaker. Or to our headmaster? Or to the class master of the 6th form?

We saw just one lorry standing near the chemist's. The driver and two shop assistants were taking out the goods. We passed some shops and pubs. When we were passing a post box, I remembered that I had to send a letter to my friend abroad.

When we came to the cinema in the centre of the town, there was a long queue in front of the booking office. We had to wait for a while to get our tickets. The film started. I could see everything, but I couldn't hear anything. My neighbours, a middle-aged fat man and his wife, were eating all time. They had packets of dry biscuits, vinegar crisps, cartons of popcorn and tins of lemonade! After the film the floor under their seats was full of litter.

I was hungry when we were on our way home and so we bought some chips at the street stall. And some sweets for our children, of course.