

# English Sample

Transcription: M. Avinor

We walked across the landing, and in the hall below the grandfather clock softly chimed. There was a smell of poliu, the landing was dim and cool. Beneaŭ her bare feet the rugs were soft. Urough the gloom we could make out the carved mahogany of the banisters, spirals and curlicues. Miss Digg was waiting for her, the music open on the piano. There were roses in a bowl and a smell of roses in the room. We played the Bach, the Minuet in G. "You've practiced," Miss Diggs said. "I can tell you've practiced, Elizabeŭ." We went on playing. The notes came easily and we couldn't understand it because we hadn't practiced at all.