

Olga saw me and said:

"Hi, Kwiatkowski!"

And I answered:

"Hi, Olga. Five packets
of chewing gum
and a lemonade, please." –

"Here's your lemonade, but ..."

I was mildly shocked:

"No Carpenter's?"

Olga said:

"No. Someone steals them. Just
them."

Now I was seriously shocked:

"What? Someone steals Carpenter's
chewing gum?"

Olga said:

"For the last two or three days

mildly – ein bisschen

seriously – ernsthaft



someone has been stealing them.

Nothing else – just them.

I get new ones every day,
but then suddenly they're gone."

I said:

"Maybe you're getting old.
You just can't remember
where you put them."

Olga protested:

"Maybe I'm getting old.
But I'm not daft.

And I've looked everywhere."

I drank my lemonade.

"When will you get
more chewing gum?"

Olga said:

"Tomorrow morning.

You can try

daft – blöd

some other chewing gum for now."

And now I protested:

"No way.

It's either Carpenter's or nothing."

Olga laughed:

"You're really cute, Kwiatkowski."

She wanted to touch me.

Ugh!

I hate that. Nobody touches me!

(I mean Olga is a friend, but that's it.)

And anyway ...

I was thinking.

Thinking about tomorrow.

Olga asked:

"What are you thinking about, cutie?"

I just said:

cute – süß

touch – anfassen

cutie – Süßer