

Travels with my aunt

Christmas approached with no news of my aunt, not even by the medium of a Christmas card. A card, of course, arrived from Koffiefontein, a rather unlikely card with an old church seen across an acre of snow, and a comic one from Major Charge which showed goldfish in a bowl being fed by Father Christmas; it was delivered by hand to save the stamp. The local store sent me a tear-off calendar with a different treasure of British art for each month, the colours bright and shiny as though they had been washed in Omo, and on 23rd December the postman brought a large envelope which when I opened it at breakfast shed a lot of silvery tinsel into my plate, so that I couldn't finish my marmalade. The tinsel came from an Eiffel Tower which Father Christmas was climbing with his sack over his shoulder. Under the printed Meilleurs Voeux was only one name written in block capitals: "Wordsworth". He must have seen my aunt in Paris, for how else could he have obtained my address? At the bank I had always used the official Christmas cards to send to my best clients, with the bank's coat of arms stamped on the cover and inside a picture of the main office in Cheapside or a photograph of the board of directors. Now that I had retired there were few people to whom I posted cards: Miss Keene, of course, Major Charge perforce. I sent one also to my doctor, my dentist, to the vicar of St. John's and my former chief cashier who had become manager of a branch in Nottingham.

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Graham Greene.

QUESTIONS

1. How many people sent letters?
2. What did the first card show?
3. In your opinion, which was the best card?
4. Could he finish his marmalade? Why?
5. Whom did the narrator send letters?
6. In the text there is one result clause. Which one?
7. Vocabulary.
 - Goldfish:
 - Tinsel:
 - Branch:
 - Silvery:
 - Envelope: