
6. SEE NO EVIL

The summer shower had only just stopped, and the sandstone¹ buildings of Edinburgh were still wet with rain. The evening was warm, however, and Cadha was happy about that.

Next to her, Old Fraser began to move. "Time to be going. The soup kitchen² at St. Mary's opens at nine, and there's going to be a queue tonight."

Cadha said nothing. She never did, but she shook her head, and the old man understood. "Ah, going to see the boy? Well, I won't tell you not to, but I will tell you to be careful."

Cadha smiled.

"I know you're canny³ enough, but the city can be a dangerous place during the festival. Just be careful, and meet me at St Mary's later."

Cadha nodded, stood up and stretched⁴. They had been sitting under the doorway⁵ for an hour. Now she wanted to move, to run, to feel the freedom of the city.

She smiled at Old Fraser and then began to walk quickly down the street. It was almost eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, her favourite time of the week.

She looked up at the castle that sat above the city and thought about how far her destination was.

She was late.

- 1 sandstone - *homokkő*
- 2 soup kitchen - *ingenykonyha*
- 3 canny - *ravasz*
- 4 to stretch - *nyújtózkodik*
- 5 doorway - *kapualj, bejárat*

The streets were still quiet after the rain, but soon the tourists and businessmen would start to leave their shops, cafes and offices.

So she began to run.

And she ran like a person who knew exactly where to put each foot. Like a person who knew every stone in the city. Every street, every turn.

Because she did. Because the streets were her home, and they were the only home she had.

When she finally reached her destination, she was hot and sweaty¹, but she felt better. She felt more alive.

She jogged across a small park that separated two streets and then climbed onto an old wall.

And she could hear it. She could hear the music.

She smiled and lay back².

When she had first found the music, she had known none of the names of the pieces³, but Fraser had sometimes come to listen too, and the old man had told her about Chopin and Beethoven. Now Cadha listened to them all like an expert.

After twenty minutes she moved.

She jumped from the wall to a tall old tree and turned to the window in the second floor of the house - and she saw him.

She thought he was probably about her age, fourteen or fifteen.

His teacher, an older woman, sat next to him by the piano, and for another half hour they practised⁴. The boy never looked out of the window for the whole time.

Then, at almost nine o'clock, the teacher stood, moved to another part of the room, and the boy began to play. He played the same song that he always played before the end of his lesson, the song that Cadha loved the most⁵.

- 1 **sweaty** - *izzadt*
- 2 **to lie back** - *hátradól, lazít*
- 3 **piece** - *darab*
- 4 **to practise** - *gyakorol*
- 5 **the most** - *legjobban*

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

And just before he finished the sonata, he looked up out of the window and smiled.

He always smiled, but Cadha never knew if he could see her hiding there in the trees. Normally she smiled too and waited for him to finish, but this time she moved her lips silently, and formed the two words she had wanted to say to him for a long time.

Thank you.

Then the music finished, and Cadha climbed down from the tree and waited near the wall. After a few moments the door opened, and she saw the boy.

Cadha looked at the sky. It was almost dark, and she knew she should go to meet Fraser if she wanted to eat, but she did not move.

Maybe it was Fraser's warning about the city being more dangerous during the festival, but she decided that she would follow the boy for a few minutes. Just to be sure he was safe.

So for ten minutes she walked and watched him, and everything was fine, and she began to think about the food and St. Mary's church.

But then she saw the three boys at the corner of a quiet back alley¹, and she suddenly felt cold.

She knew one of them. The one in the middle. A tall, mean-looking² boy with a shaved head³ called Jimmy.

Jimmy was homeless⁴ like Cadha, but that was where their similarities⁵ ended. Jimmy was trouble⁶, Old Fraser said. A thief, a vandal, and a mugger⁷.

- 1 **alley** - *kis utca, sikátor*
- 2 **mean-looking** - *agresszívnak tűnő*
- 3 **with a shaved head** - *borotvált fejű*
- 4 **homeless** - *hajléktalan*
- 5 **similarity** - *hasonlóság*
- 6 **sb. is trouble** - *problémás*
- 7 **mugger** - *rabló*

The boy did not seem to notice the three other boys, and for a moment Cadha thought they might not see him. Then one of them said something to Jimmy, and he looked up.

For a second nothing happened, but then Jimmy began to move.

“Oi!” he said, but the boy did not seem to hear. “Oi! I’m talking to you. Look at me,” he said, but the boy still did not stop. Jimmy then ran over and stood in front of him. But before the boy could scream, Jimmy pushed him into the alley, and the two other boys followed him.

Cadha did not know what to do, but she knew she had to do something, and so she ran to the alley and waited silently behind a large bin.

“Are you stupid?” Jimmy asked, his hand over the boy’s mouth. “Nobody ignores me!”

And Cadha could see the terror in the boy’s eyes.

“Get his bag,” Jimmy shouted, and one of his accomplices² took the bag, and his piano books fell to the floor. “Where’s your wallet. Or your phone?” he shouted, and he removed his hand from the boy’s mouth.

“My pocket,” he said, and Jimmy took them.

“What else? What else have you got?” The boy did not answer, but Jimmy saw a silver necklace³ around his neck. “That. Give me that,” he said, but the boy did not seem to hear: he was looking desperately⁴ at the street for help. “Oi, what’s wrong with you, are you deaf⁵ or something?”

But the boy still did not seem to hear, and Jimmy laughed.

“You know what, lads, I think he is!” He grabbed his face and moved it so the boy looked at him. “Oi, deaf boy, give me your necklace!”

1 Oi! - Hé!

2 accomplice - tettestárs, bűntárs

3 necklace - nyaklánc

4 desperately - kétségbeesetten

5 deaf - süket



And this time he understood, but he shook his head.

“No? Then I’ll take it off you.” And the boy screamed as Jimmy pulled his hair back and tried to take the necklace.

Cadha was tall and well built, but she knew she could not fight all three boys and win. She had to try, though. She had to do something. She remembered a trick Old Fraser had taught her, and she picked up a handful of gravel¹ from the ground. Then she kicked the bin loudly, so that they all turned to see her.

For a second there were expressions² of surprise on their faces, but then Jimmy laughed. “Cadha! Get out of it, you rat. This has nothing to do with you.”

But Cadha began to walk forwards, looking only at the boy, and as she did so she made three words with her mouth, hoping he understood.

“Ha, look at this, lads. We’ve got a deaf monkey and a mute³ monkey. We just need a blind monkey and...”

But Cadha did not let Jimmy finish. She threw the gravel into his face and then turned to hit one of the others.

The boy had closed his eyes like Cadha had told him to, and now he quickly moved past Jimmy to stand with Cadha.

The third boy tried to stop them, but they pushed past him, and in a second they were in the street.

They looked around for help, but there was nobody nearby.

Cadha looked up at the castle, and she knew that they were not far from St. Mary’s church.

“Oi!” Jimmy shouted, and he ran from the alley, his eyes red and his face furious⁴.

Cadha did not have time to think. She began to run, the boy’s hand in hers, and she was relieved⁵ to see that he was fast.

But was he fast enough?

- 1 **gravel** - *kavics*
- 2 **expression** - *arckifejezés*
- 3 **mute** - *néma*
- 4 **furious** - *dühös*
- 5 **relieved** - *meg van könnyebbülve*

Jimmy and the two others began to chase¹ them, and in a few moments she realised that with the boy she could never reach St. Mary's before them.

She turned into another alley where she knew Jimmy could not see them.

There was a dark doorway near them, and Cadha pushed the boy into it.

"What are you doing?" he said, but she had no time to explain.

She made the shape of two words with her lips.

Trust me².

And the boy nodded.

Cadha almost felt happy then, but she knew she had to be quick. She stepped back³ into the alley and saw Jimmy and the others.

"I'll kill you!" Jimmy shouted, and Cadha smiled because she knew they would all follow her now.

So she ran.

And she ran like a person who knew exactly where to put each foot. Like a person who knew every stone in the city. Every street and every turn.

Because she did. Because the streets were her home, and they were the only home she had.

And finally she reached St Mary's church with its crowd of familiar people in front of it, and she turned to look at Jimmy.

"You're dead, Cadha!" Jimmy shouted, and he moved to take hold of her⁴.

"What did you say?" a deep voice asked, and Cadha did not need to turn to see who it was.

1 to chase sb. - *üldöz valakit*

2 Trust me. - *Bízz bennem!*

3 to step back - *hátrálép*

4 to take hold of sb. - *megfog*

Jimmy looked at Old Fraser. "This is none of your business, old man. Get lost!"

But Old Fraser did not move, and Jimmy saw the angry faces of the other homeless men turn to look at him.

"I think *you're* the one who should *get lost*, Jimmy. And if I see you around here again there's going to be trouble for you. Do you understand me, Jimmy?"

And Jimmy suddenly looked much smaller. Much more like the boy he was. And he turned around and walked into the night, his eyes still red and sore².

A week later Cadha returned to the wall, and she sat and listened to the music like every other week.

Just before nine o'clock the boy began to play the Moonlight Sonata. Cadha saw him look through the window smiling. She saw his mouth form the shape of two words. Cadha thought that she had never felt happier in her life because she understood exactly what those two words were.

Thank you.

- 1 **Get lost!** - *Tünj el innen!*
- 2 **sore** - *gyulladt*





→ **Edinburgh** Skócia fővárosa, 1999 óta a skót parlament is itt ülészik. Félmillió lakosával Glasgow után a második legnépesebb város Skóciában, egyben München testvérvárosa. A lakosok többségükben skótok, a nemzetiségek közül az írek állnak a második helyen. A nemzetközi hírégyetemek miatt egész Európából sok diák jön ide tanulni. A város azonban nemcsak egyeteméről, váráról és whiskyjéről híres (az italt egyébként Amerikában és Írországban whiskeynek írják), hanem az Edinburgh Festivalról is. A nemzetközi fesztivált nyárvégén rendezik, ahol a film- és tetoválóművészet, a jazz és a blues zene, valamint a színház is helyet kap.