

§ 1. My trip around Italy gave me the chance to try some of its regional cuisine. It was such a whirlwind that it is sometimes hard to separate one place from another in my mind. My time in Bologna, however, is perfectly **imprinted** in my memory. There, I had a lunch date to eat the most famous of Italian exports — spaghetti Bolognese!

§ 2. My friend Marco had invited me to Bologna. He always said one day I should visit his home city and eat the well-known Bolognese dish, but, he added, "as you've never tasted it before." I had no idea what he meant, but about one thing I was sure; I had read in my guidebook that the Bolognese sauce, which includes beef, onions, carrot, celery, tomato paste, meat, milk, salt and pepper, dates back to the 5th century!

§ 3. After my train pulled into Bologna station, I wandered towards the famous Piazza Maggiore, the very heart of the city. Passing by a shoe shop window display, a pair of elegant shoes caught my eye immediately. "I must try those on," I thought. Upon entering the shop, an assistant stepped forward to greet me. I began my request in faltering Italian, but the assistant smiled and quickly replied, "I speak English, how can I help you?" "Thank you," I said, "I'd like to try on a pair of shoes in the window." The shop assistant said, "Well, of course, you can try them on in the window, but everyone in the street will be able to see you!" I realised she had taken my words very literally! I smiled, "Sorry, I meant the shoes I'd like to try on are in the window display, but I'll try them on here," I said, sitting myself down on a chair, "in size 6, please." "Size 6? We have sizes 34 to 42." Suddenly, I remembered that sizing on the continent is different to that in the UK. "I'm sorry, that would be size 39, please." I was happy to find that the shoes fitted perfectly.

§ 4. After shopping it was time to head for food I found myself back at the piazza to find Marco had already arrived. We made our way to his grandmother's home for lunch. She was waiting to greet us at the door. I could smell the aroma of home cooking. "I can't wait for the spaghetti Bolognese," I exclaimed.

§ 5. Grandma looked **confused**. "Spaghetti? In Bologna, we never serve spaghetti with Bolognese sauce. We use thick pasta like fettuccine or tagliatelle." Smiling, Marco said, "I told you you'd be surprised. Bolognese sauce might be eaten with spaghetti all over the world, but never in Bologna!" I must say, Grandma's Bolognese was perfect. It had been a lovely day with smart new shoes, great company and delicious food. I could hardly complain!

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What problem did the writer have regarding her shoe size?

- 1) Her feet are larger than the average Italian's.
- 2) The shop had run out of her size.
- 3) She didn't understand the size system.