

The treasure of Turnbull Street: *Discovery in the street*



Zita Future : Good afternoon my dear sir! Would you believe it, I was just going out to have lunch with Yannis... and look what I found on the ground ... this beautiful *ring*! **Is it a valuable one**, as I would certainly predict? You are an expert; you can tell me if **it is a really valuable one**....



The jeweller : Let's see, Madam Zita, let's see if it's real gold...
Yes it is; it's real 24 carat gold.

Zita Future : And this red stone in the middle... is it a ruby?

The jeweller : Yes, it's a *ruby*, and **it's a real one**. And let's see if these are *diamonds*... Yes, and **they are real ones!**

Zita Future : Goodness gracious! I'm going to consult my crystal ball to see who this marvellous ring belongs to.

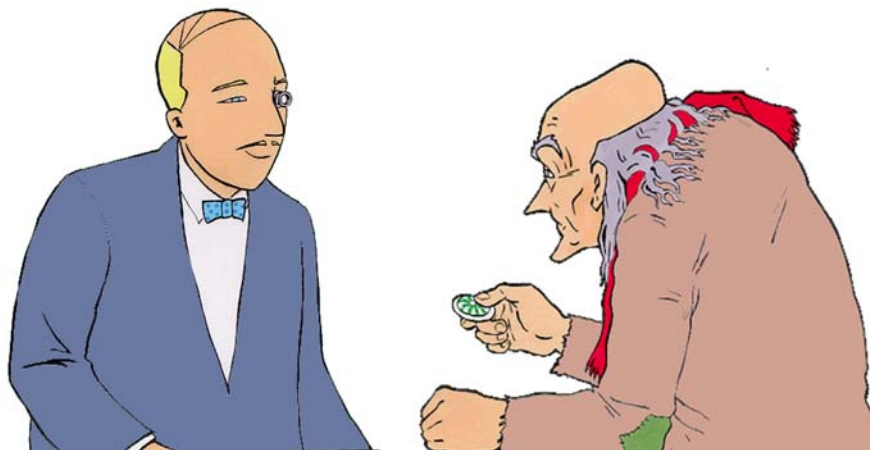
The jeweller : Is it a real *crystal ball* that you have, Madam Zita?

Zita Future : But of course **it's a real one!** How could I possibly read in **an ordinary glass one!**



The treasure of Turnbull Street: *Out of luck*

Mr Blackbird has just found a brooch under one of the tables in Yannis restaurant, below his apartment. He goes to see the jeweller....



Mr Blackbird : I have here a brooch of great value. Could you tell me exactly how valuable it is

The jeweller : Let me see... Yes, it's white gold. Your *brooch* is quite **a valuable one** Mr Blackbird.

Mr Blackbird : Is that a *diamond*, in the middle?

The jeweller : Yes, but it's **a very small one**.

Mr Blackbird : And the stones around the diamond? Emeralds, would you say?

The jeweller : Yes, they are *emeralds*. I think they are **real ones**. Oh, but there is one which is...

Mr Blackbird : Which is what?!

The jeweller : Look, *this one* here. It's **a false one!**

Mr Blackbird : How much money will you give me for it?

The jeweller : Oh, no more than thirty euros.

Mr Blackbird : It's out of the question! Give me back my brooch!



When Mr Blackbird left the shop, the jeweller said to himself: "Oh, it's not fair. All these people are finding jewellery in this street, and not me. Mr Blackbird found a beautiful *brooch*. I might find **one**. Zita Futura found a *ring*. I might find **one**, too." But when he looked in the street there was nothing. No more *jewels*. All the **ones** in Turnbull Street had been found.