

2 A walk around Hong Kong

4 Sue's grandparents lived in an apartment in a building on the Peak. Victoria Peak, usually simply called the Peak, is a large hill on Hong Kong Island where there are some very beautiful old houses and many new apartment blocks. Michael worked for a large Hong Kong bank, and Tanya Li taught English in a secondary school.

'We're both going to work soon,' said Tanya, 'but I should be back by three o'clock. Until then you've got to look after yourselves.'

She looked across at Dan.



‘Sue comes here every year so she knows her way around,’ she told him. ‘She can take you sightseeing this morning, if you like.’

‘Yes, please,’ said Dan, looking at Sue. ‘I’ve never been anywhere like this before and we’re only here for a short time. I want to see as much as possible.’

‘Come on then,’ said Sue. ‘First of all, we’ll go to the top of the Peak. You can look out over almost all of Hong Kong from there and you’ll see what a wonderful place it is.’

Fifteen minutes later Dan and Sue were standing on the Peak Tower looking over Hong Kong Island and across Victoria Harbour to Kowloon. The weather was very warm and they were both wearing light clothes. Sue pointed to some of the famous sights of Hong Kong: the Star Ferry that travels between Hong Kong Island and Kowloon; Causeway Bay; the Peninsula Hotel on Kowloon, and on both sides of the harbour, hundreds of tall office blocks, apartment blocks and hotels.

Next they took the Peak Tram down to a part of the city called Central, and they started to walk through the streets.

‘Where are we going?’ asked Dan.

‘Nowhere,’ said Sue, laughing. ‘Let’s walk for a bit. Hong Kong is so different from England. Sometimes I like to walk around and enjoy the noise and the colours and the people.’

‘That sounds a great idea,’ said Dan, a big smile on his face.

GLOSSARY

- **ferry:** boat that takes people from one place to another
- **sights:** interesting or beautiful parts of a town or city
- **tram:** vehicle like a bus that runs on rails



They walked and walked. After half an hour they stopped for a coffee and some cake.

'This is such an amazing place,' said Dan, as he ate a Chinese rice cake. 'Thank you so much for inviting me to come with you. It's so different from England and from Europe.'

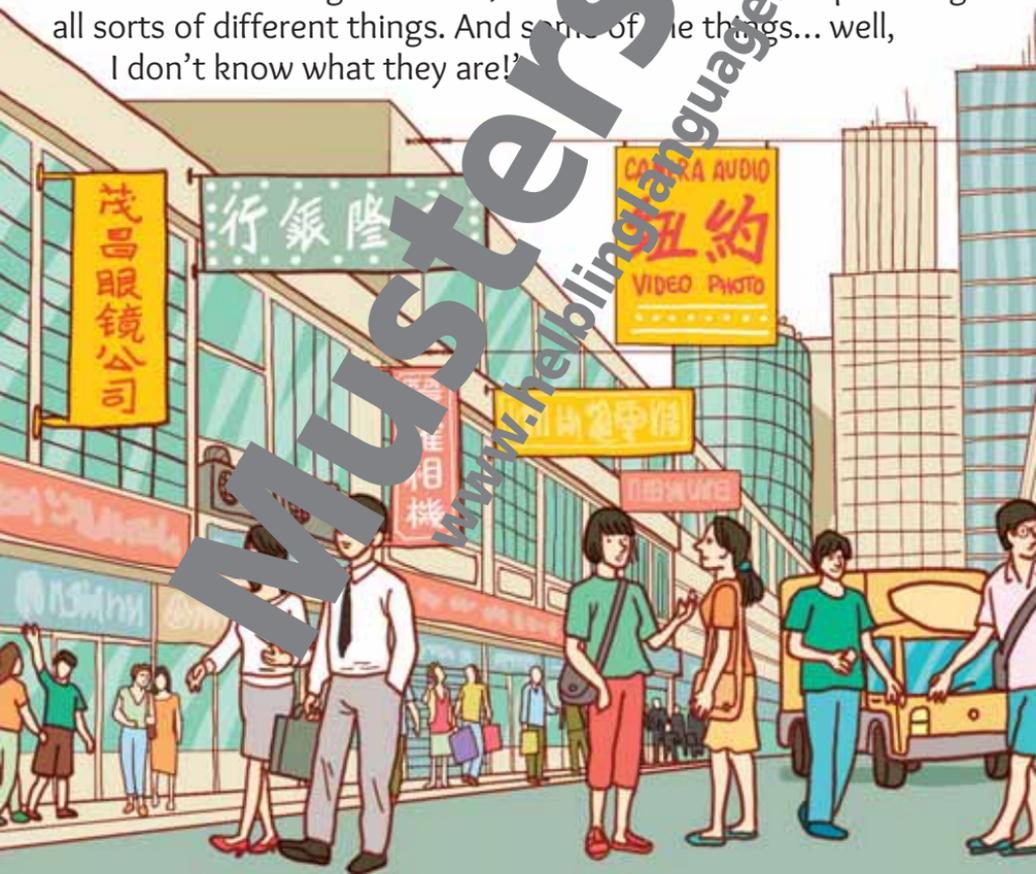
Sue smiled at him.

'I mean, there are so many people,' continued Dan. 'And I love the Chinese writing everywhere. I can't understand it but I still love it.'

Sue laughed.

'I don't understand it either,' she said. 'I can speak some Chinese but I can't read it.'

'And I love the bright colours,' said Dan, 'and the shops selling all sorts of different things. And some of the things... well, I don't know what they are!'



Sue laughed again.

They finished their tea and cakes and started walking again. They went through a part of the city called Wanchai, full of bars and restaurants, on to Causeway Bay, and then into a street called Jardine's Bazaar. There were all kinds of shops. They stopped outside a food shop.

'What are those?' asked Dan, pointing at some strange brown egg-like things.

'They're called "100-year eggs",' said Sue. 'They are old, they're not really 100 years old. Probably only a few months. You eat them. Some people really like them, but I think they're horrible.'

