

THEN WHAT DID THEY SAY?

Using the hints given in these pieces of conversation, write down what you think might have been said in response.

1. "Megan! Alesha is standing here, waiting with her hula hoop. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her to wait / I'm on my way / I won't be long."

2. "Excuse me, young man. Can you help? I want some biscuits from that top shelf."

"Certainly, madam / They are a bit high up /
Here you are."



3. "I think we've seen this film before, Simon, but I can't remember how it ends."

"Nor can I / They all get eaten by the monster / The hero saves them."

4. "Hi, Emilia. Just back from holidays? What was the best thing you did?"

"Visited the temple / Windsurfed / Went on a safari", etc.

5. "So how are you going to explain why you didn't finish your homework?"

"The baby was sick on it / I had to do training / I didn't understand it."

6. "What happened when the referee blew his whistle?"

"The players crowded round him / The crowd cheered."

7. "I would have been scared by that growling too. So what did you do?"

"I ran as fast as I could / I climbed a tree / I hid under the duvet."

8. "Once you reached the top of the tower, what could you see?"

"It was too foggy to see anything / I could see the sea / My house."

9. "Why do you think you didn't get picked for the team?"

"I wasn't fit enough / I always get left out / Coach is trying out something new."

FUTURIST MOVIES

Here are some scenes from films. Put yourself in the place of the characters in order to explain where they were, what happened next or what was said.

Chen kicked the rusty casing of an abandoned torch – some 21st century thing – down the slope. It toppled and rolled over the disintegrating carpet, clattering against broken seats, until it came to rest against a raised platform. It could have been a stage. It was hard to tell. A mouldering curtain covered most of it. “What is this place? What happened here?”

Chen almost jumped out of his skin when a shadowy figure behind him said:

“What are you doing here? How did you get into my cinema? A hundred years ago this place belonged to my grandfather. These seats were filled with people just like you, watching movies, eating what was called popcorn.”



They spent some days crossing the footsore desert. Lou started grumbling about turning back after the first hour, but she trudged along behind her grandmother. They took turns pulling the sled piled high with their belongings. On the fifth day, they had to bind their faces with rags against the sand-blasting wind. Beneath the wind’s howls, Lou thought she could make out the toll of a bell. “Keep going, Lou,” said Grandma. “Almost there.”

Then, as quickly as it had been summoned up, the wind dropped. There, on the horizon, was an immense spike rupturing the surface. It could have been the nose-cone of a rocket ship. But as they got closer, Lou realised it was the source of the earlier ringing sound.

Grandma sighed, took a gulp of water from her flask and said:

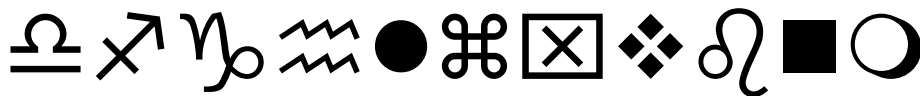
“This is the steeple of the church that stood in the middle of our village, long before the dust storms came and the place was abandoned. My old house – where your mother was born – lies somewhere under our feet.”

Joni and Kazuo cautiously emerged from the shelter of their cave. For a month, they had restricted themselves to what meagre food supplies they had managed to carry, as well as the occasional roasted lizard – a special treat.

The meteorite shower, at first a spectacular night-time display, had steadily bombarded a vast area, the tremors vibrating their ribcages even in the depths of their protective mountain.

As they walked towards the brow of the hill overlooking the city, Joni took Kazuo's hand. On top of the ridge, they looked down and saw...

devastation everywhere. The streets they knew so well, their old school, the houses, the shops – everything gone. OR an amazing sight. The surrounding area had been devastated, but, somehow, their city had been spared. What a stroke of luck!



From her cage, day after day, Morgana the chimpanzee watched with quiet curiosity the work of the surrounding scientists. Reluctantly, they had concluded that no amount of intelligence-enhancing exercises, games or videos could increase her natural, mental abilities. And in the evening, her keeper, Frank Green, had pushed paper and crayons and kids' toys through the bars along with her supper, in the hope that he might succeed where the scientists had failed.

What none of the scientific team expected was to return in the morning to find the cage empty and a note, scrawled in coloured crayons, that said:

"I'm really sorry to say I found your games quite boring. The videos were okay but I'd seen them all before. Frank was great. I really got on with him very well, but his choice of writing implements was pretty awful. Anyway, I hope you have better luck with the guinea pigs. I'm off to write some Shakespeare."