

TASK 2 – SISTERS

R: We are talking about our sisters. Now we both have one sister each.

J: Aha, now Richard, your sister, she is older than you.

R: Yes, she's six years older (0).

J: Ah, six, OK. And do you think, do you think that you and her are very similar?

R: Ha, ha, ha! No, not at all. We are very different.

J: So how is she different?

R: Mmmm, well, firstly she's much more sociable than me (1). Right, she has a lot of friends.

J: That's true.

R: And she sees them all the time and she goes out all the time, to restaurants especially (2).

J: So she likes to be with lots of people.

R: Yes.

J: So, do you think that's the only difference?

R: No, I think the other main difference is that she likes cities. She lives in a city.

J: Right. And you don't?

R: Not so much. I much prefer the countryside.

J: OK. So what does she like about the cities, then?

R: Well, meeting all her friends and going to restaurants (2).

J: Right.

R: Oh, and also she loves shopping.

J: OK, so cities are full of shops. What... what kind of things does she like shopping for?

R: Oh, all sorts of different kinds of shops. Of course, clothes shops, shoe shops.

J: Right, different to you.

R: Yes. Right, then Jackie. What about you and your sister?

J: Well, my sister is younger. She's 2 or 3 years younger than me (3).

R: Oh, yes, and do you think that you and her are very similar, then?

J: No, not at all.

R: Hah, hah, hah. So what's the main difference?

J: Well, I think the main difference is that she's much sportier than me.

R: OK.

J: She loves cycling, you know that. But serious cycling. She's a member of a cycling club that travels to different countries to race (4). And she loves running as well. She took part in the London marathon, remember. And swimming.

R: Mmmm, you are not very keen on sport, I know that (5).

J: I like watching it on the telly.

R: Yes, doing sport, but you're active, though, aren't you?

J: Walking.

R: Yes, but you do have a few things in common surely?

J: Yes, well, we do, we both like gardening and knitting and we are both vegetarians (6).

R: Right, OK, but...?

J: I think I'm much more creative than her.

R: I hope she's not listening!

J: No, but I like to design things. We both like knitting (7) but I like to design the knitting patterns and I like drawing and painting too and she doesn't. And you know, Richard, on the website I love designing the ... the worksheets and things like that (8).

R: Yes, that's certainly true. Interesting!

J: Mmmmm...

TASK 3 – A NEW TEACHER

First, I'll tell you a little about myself. I live in a very big house in an area called Pacific Heights in San Francisco (0). I have two older brothers (who I argue with a lot). My parents are wealthy. My brothers and I all went to good schools. My brothers are now at Law school. They both want to be lawyers (1) and earn lots of money –just like my dad. But I want to be a photographer. I'm at college –studying photography, of course.

It was all very easy at home. I got whatever I wanted. If I wanted a new computer, I got one. If I wanted new clothes, my dad bought them (2). My parents gave me everything. Well, not exactly everything. There was one thing they didn't give me: my independence (3).

I thought I had talent (until a year ago). I'm a teenager, and all teenagers think they have some sort of talent. Some are very talented, of course. But I'm not – or I wasn't. I had the talent that money can buy. Okay, so I can swim quite well (4) and I can play the piano a bit and I can speak Spanish to the waiters (5) when we go on holiday to Mexico or Argentina. But I realize now that this isn't real talent. I didn't work hard to get it. My dad signed cheques, and hey presto, I had private swimming lessons on Mondays, piano lessons on Wednesdays (6) and Spanish with Miss María González on Fridays.

I was going to college on Friday, the last day of term. My bag was over my shoulder. It was very windy (7) –I remember that well.-

There was a young man outside the college entrance. "Hi, Tom!", I said. Tom was often standing outside the college. He asked people for money. Sometimes I gave him a couple of dollars (8), but mostly I didn't. Tom looked tired, but he smiled a little and said: "Hi, Nina!" as I walked past.

My classroom was on the third floor of the college. As I walked up the stairs I thought about Tom. His life was very different from mine. He was homeless. I wondered what Tom's life was like. What was it like to have no money for food or clothes and nowhere to sleep? Nowhere really that was "home".

Five of my classmates were in the room when I arrived. I felt something was different as soon as I walked through the door. My friends all looked at me, but no-one smiled and no-one spoke. As I sat down next to Felix I heard a voice from the front of the room. "I'm Mr Crick," said the man behind the desk. He closed his book, put it on the desk and stood up. "Today and for next term I'm your new teacher."

I looked at my friends. Then I looked back at the man. He was about forty years old. He was very tall and he looked very fit (9).

I wondered where our usual teacher, Mr Sims, was. But something stopped me from asking. "Where's Mr Sims?," asked Felix. "He's gone away," said Mr Crick. I wanted to ask "Where?" but Mr Crick continued. "He'll be back at the end of next term (10). Until then, you've got me."