

What are the titles of the two novels we are reading about?

1. Drag and drop, listen and check \_\_\_\_\_

should be doing something \_\_\_\_\_ apart from my wife

that it was a matter of pride \_\_\_\_\_ swept away by it,



Two years passed. I made my usual visits to Hampstead, and we avoided, as we often did, talk of our own work. In that period, I did not hear from a single person, \_\_\_\_\_, on the subject of “The Dance She Refused.” Arabella was \_\_\_\_\_ indignant, then furious, that it was ignored. She told me that my famous friend \_\_\_\_\_ to help. I told her calmly \_\_\_\_\_ not to ask him. On trips to London, I distributed more copies of “The Dance” in secondhand-book stores. By Christmas, almost four hundred copies were out in the world.

2. Read and listen \_\_\_\_\_. Find metaphors in the excerpt.

Three years separated the appearance of “The Dance She Refused” and “The Tumult.” As I’d expected, friends had told Jocelyn that he’d written his best and he must publish. When he did, the press was also, as I’d expected, a sweet chorus of songbirds in fluting ecstasy. I hung back in case the process I had set in train found its own momentum. But since no one had read my perfumed version, nothing could happen. I was obliged to give the matter a shove. I sent my creation in a plain envelope to a bitter, gossipy critic on the London *Evening Standard*. My unsigned note said, in Courier sixteen point, “Does this remind you of a highly successful novel published last month?”

What do you think happened next?

3. A. Join the words and their meanings

villain \_\_\_\_\_ to express complete disapproval of

the till	to obtain (something), especially with care or effort
backlist	a cash register or drawer for money in a shop, bank, or restaurant
to condemn	a character whose evil actions or motives are important to the plot
to procure	a publisher's list of books published before the current season and still in print



**B. Listen and read \_\_\_\_\_, fill the gaps with adjectives.**

Much of the rest you will know. It was the perfect story. A wild storm surged through my house and Jocelyn's. All the \_\_\_\_\_ ingredients. A \_\_\_\_\_ villain, a \_\_\_\_\_ hero. A national treasure knocked flying from his pedestal, \_\_\_\_\_ fingers deep in the till, an old friend down on his luck, betrayed, whole passages lifted, whole conception stolen, characters, too, no plausible explanation from the \_\_\_\_\_ man, whose friends now understood his reluctance to publish, tens of thousands of copies of "The Tumult" removed from the shops and pulped. And the old friend? Nobly refused to condemn, unavailable for interviews—and, of course, a genius revealed, best book in years, a \_\_\_\_\_ classic, a \_\_\_\_\_ man loved by his students and colleagues, dumped by his publisher, books out of print. Then a scramble to procure the rights, all the rights, to the backlist as well as "Dance," agents and auctions involved, film rights and movie people involved. Then the prizes — Booker, Whitbread, Medici, Critics Circle, in one long noisy banquet. Copies of the Gorgeous edition selling for five thousand pounds on AbeBooks. Then, as the dust settled, and with my book still "flying" off the shelves, \_\_\_\_\_ articles on the nature of \_\_\_\_\_ kleptomania, the \_\_\_\_\_ compulsion to be caught, and acts of \_\_\_\_\_ self-destruction in late \_\_\_\_\_ age.



**C. Unjumble the collocations with the adjectives you've just put in the text.**

a dermon sisclac \_\_\_\_\_

tirastic fels-rucotnsedti \_\_\_\_\_



shondest gesfirn \_\_\_\_\_

the retangs poconmulsi \_\_\_\_\_

a limd nam \_\_\_\_\_

thofugluht rasletic \_\_\_\_\_

the ilugty nam \_\_\_\_\_

a crewthed laviniln \_\_\_\_\_

artilery makinapolet \_\_\_\_\_

the crocter dingretsien \_\_\_\_\_

a itequ orhe \_\_\_\_\_

**5. Find the correct place for each preposition**

**to (x2)          up          without          of (x2)          with          off**

In e-mails and phone calls \_\_\_\_\_ Jocelyn, I was cool. I sounded offended without saying so, keen to break \_\_\_\_\_, at least for now. When he told me how baffled he was, I cleared my throat, paused, then reminded him \_\_\_\_\_ the copy I'd sent. How else could it have happened? Finally, I gave one interview, \_\_\_\_\_ a California magazine. It became the authoritative version, picked \_\_\_\_\_ by the rest of the press. I allowed the journalist access \_\_\_\_\_ my notebooks, rejection slips and letters, copies of the hopeful notes I had attached to my purple copies. He saw my crowded circumstances; he met my cheerful, charming wife and friendly children. He wrote \_\_\_\_\_ my dedication to the high cause of my art, my quiet reluctance to criticize an old friend, of the indignities of vanity publishing suffered \_\_\_\_\_ complaint, the rediscovery of a brilliant backlist comparable to the John Williams phenomenon. Courtesy of the American weekly, I became a saint.

**Listen and check** \_\_\_\_\_

**6. Listen and shadow.**

A. \_\_\_\_\_ In my private life, all predictable enough.

B. \_\_\_\_\_ Eventually, we bought a big old house on the edge of a village three miles out of Durham. A stately river runs through the grounds.

C. \_\_\_\_\_ At my sixtieth birthday, two grandchildren were in attendance.

D. \_\_\_\_\_ The year before, I'd accepted a knighthood.

E. \_\_\_\_\_ I remain a saint, an exceedingly rich saint, and I'm close to becoming a national treasure.

F. \_\_\_\_\_ My sixth novel didn't do so well with the critics, though the sales were Rowlingesque.

G. \_\_\_\_\_ I think I might stop writing. I don't think anyone would mind.

### 7. Listen, read and ask questions for the pieces in bold \_\_\_\_\_

Lewisham College, London

And Jocelyn? Also predictable. No one in publishing would touch him; nor would the readers. He sold his house, moved **to Brixton**, our old stamping ground,



where, he says, he feels more comfortable anyway. He teaches creative-writing night classes **in Lewisham**. It pleases me **that Joliet stuck by him**. And there are no issues between us. We remain close. I've forgiven him completely. He often comes to stay and always has the best guest room, facing the river, where he likes **to fish for trout and row for miles**. Sometimes Joliet comes up with him. They like our old university friends, who are kind and tolerant. Often, he cooks **for us all**. I think he's grateful that I've dropped any hint of an accusation that he ever looked inside that purple scented edition.

### 8. Listen, read and find in the excerpt words matching following definitions \_\_\_\_\_:

to continue to think or talk about (something that happened in the past) (phrasal) \_\_\_\_\_

making minor changes so as to

improve or clarify (a theory or method) (-ing form) \_\_\_\_\_

twisted together, interwoven \_\_\_\_\_



joined or blended to form a single entity \_\_\_\_\_

the intrinsic nature or indispensable quality of something, especially something abstract, which determines its character \_\_\_\_\_



Sometimes, late at night, when he and I are sitting by the fire (it's a vast fireplace), drinking and raking over this curious episode, this disaster, he tells me again his own theory, which he's been refining over the years. Our lives, he says, were always entwined. We talked over everything a thousand times, read the same books, lived through and shared so much, and in some curious way our thoughts, our imaginations fused to such an extent that we ended up writing the same novel, more or less.

I cross the room with a bottle of decent Pomerol to refill his glass. It's just a theory, I tell him, but it's a good-hearted theory, a loving idea that celebrates the very essence of our long, unbreakable friendship. We're family.

We raise our glasses.

Cheers!

A screenshot of a wine product page for Pétrus Pomerol. On the left is a bottle of the wine. To its right, the text reads "Pétrus Pomerol" with a sub-line "France · Pomerol · Pétrus · Red wine · Blend". Below this is a rating of "4.7" with "3,0954 ratings" and an "Add to Wishlist" button. A badge at the bottom left says "Winner of Vivino's 2020 Wine Style Awards: Bordeaux Pomerol (1995 Vintage)". On the right side of the page, the price is "\$5,500" (Price per bottle), with a quantity selector set to "1" and a year selector set to "2015". A green "Add to cart" button is prominent. Below the button, there are shipping details: "Shipping included on orders over \$150 with John &amp; Petera Fine Wines &amp; Spirits", "Estimated between Wed, Jun 22 and Mon, Jun 27", and "Sold by John &amp; Petera Fine Wines &amp; Spirits" with a link to "Show all buying options".