

Reading comprehension: That's me in the picture!

a Look at the photo by the famous French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson, and answer the questions.

- 1 What decade do you think it's from?
- 2 What time of year do you think it is?
- 3 What do you think the couple are looking at?
- 4 What does the woman have in her pocket? What do you think it's for?

b Read the article.

c Read the article again and answer the questions.

- 1 What was Jane's situation at the beginning of the story?
- 2 Where did she meet the Frenchman and how did this change her life?
- 3 What did they often do on Sundays?
- 4 Why did they stop in the gardens and what did they see?
- 5 How did Jane get a copy of the photo?
- 6 Why is this photo important to her?

d Is there a photo with you in it that you really love? Why do you like it so much?

e Look at the sentences from the article. Complete them with *at*, *in*, or *on*.

- 1 ____ 1972, I was living ____ London.
- 2 He was ____ university there – he was studying medicine.
- 3 ____ Sundays we often went for a walk.
- 4 We were walking ____ the gardens one Sunday ____ autumn.



The Guardian newspaper has a weekly feature called *That's me in the picture*, where people describe famous photos they were in. This photo was sent in by Jane Rangeley.

In 1972, I was living in London. I was in my early twenties, and I was working for an advertising agency. That summer, I went on a camping holiday with my parents in the south of France. One night, I went to a nightclub on the beach and I met a young Frenchman, and we fell in love. When I got home, I immediately started looking for a job in Paris. He was at university there – he was studying medicine. In the end, I found a job as a secretary with UNESCO, and I went to live there.

We lived together for six years. On Sundays, we often went for a walk, and one of our favourite places was the botanical gardens. It had a zoo, and I often put some bread in my pocket to give to the animals. We were walking in the gardens one Sunday in autumn when we stopped because a lot of noise was coming from one of the trees. There was an owl there, maybe escaped from the zoo, and some little birds were attacking it. I also noticed a man with a camera. When we started walking again, I said 'Why was that man taking photographs of us?'

I now know that Cartier-Bresson often waited in parks in Paris for the perfect photo opportunity. The following year, one of my boyfriend's friends saw the photo in a magazine. Before I returned to London, I phoned the magazine and I got Cartier-Bresson's phone number. I was very shy, but I called him. He was very friendly, and he sent me a copy. Years later I met him and he signed the photo for me.

I love this picture. It was a happy time for me. And although my French boyfriend and I broke up in the end, we're still in touch.

Adapted from the British press

