1 Passions

READING

1 **Find these words in the first and last paragraphs of the article. Then match the words with the definitions below (1–6). What do you think the article will be about?**

first para: commercial indie sophisticated
last para: admit begged officially

1 accept a new idea
2 something which is produced by a small, independent company
3 made an urgent and strong request for something
4 having good knowledge about socially important things such as art and culture
5 publicly or formally
6 something which is popular with most people in society

2 **Read the first and last paragraphs of the article quickly and answer the questions.**

1 What was Josh excited about in the first paragraph?
2 Has his opinion changed by the end?

3 e **Read the article and choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.**

1 In the first paragraph Josh emphasises
A how dull he believes modern film culture is.
B how suitable the film was for him.
C how hard it can be to find a good film.
D how keen he was to go out that night.

2 Josh felt it was worth making the journey to see the film because
A he wanted to improve his reputation.
B he believed the ticket price was value for money.
C he thought the bus was fairly convenient.
D he knew he could meet others there.

3 Josh ordered the coffee because he wanted to
A warm himself up.
B walk through a café.
C stay awake during the film.
D fit in with others around him.

4 What did Josh dislike most about the film?
A It was too depressing for his taste.
B It was spoilt by others in the audience.
C It was too poorly written to appeal to him.
D It was less interesting than the marketing suggested.

5 During this experience, Josh came to the conclusion that
A he liked particular film stars more than others.
B it was important to be more selective of indie films.
C he preferred films dubbed in his own language.
D it was pointless trying to influence how others perceive him.

6 How did Josh feel about his brief passion for indie movies?
A He was left feeling disappointed in the decisions he had taken.
B He felt relieved that he could still return to childhood comforts.
C He was distracted from real concerns about his future.
D He regretted spending time on the interest.

Extend

4 **Match the words in bold in the sentences with the highlighted words in the article.**

1 That was a **really bad** idea!
2 It took a long while but I **realised in the end**.
3 My parents regularly give me **some money to spend** on whatever I need.
4 **Surprisingly**, I was in the right place at the right time.
5 I watched **one** TV show **after the other**.
6 The **computer graphics** in this film were amazing!

LIVEWORKSHEETS

How I lost my passion for art films

It was a regular Thursday evening and I was surfing through the never-ending stream of animal photos, as all sixteen-year-olds do. Suddenly, an advert popped up on my screen. It was for a limited release indie art film. Everything about it said, 'I am for culturally educated people! Only smart people should even consider buying a ticket for me.' This was not for the commercial movie goer. Oh no, it was for people with a very sophisticated taste in films. It was as if the director and producers had asked themselves, 'What would Josh want in a film?' We were meant to find each other that day, and I had to get to it.

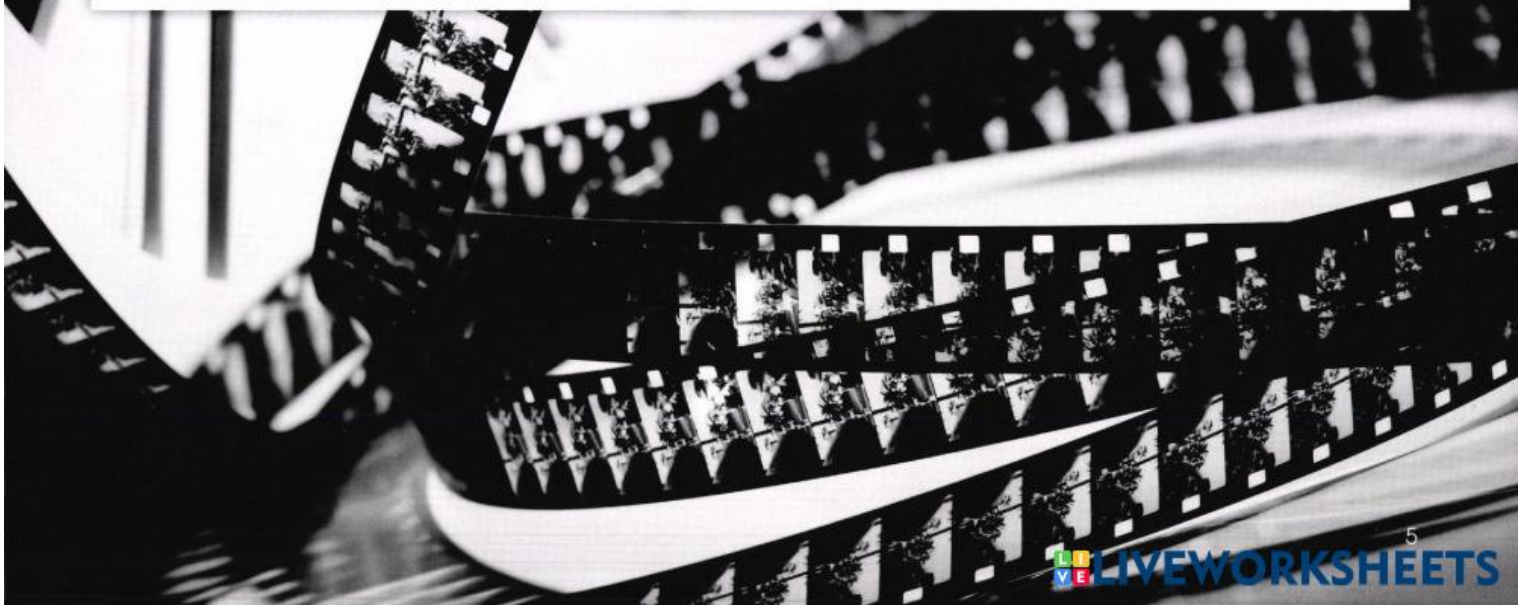
It just happened that I'd got my monthly allowance the day before. Even if most of it would be gone on that one ticket, the thought of skipping snacks for the rest of the month didn't put me off. There were a few tickets still available for the press review at an indie cinema just two towns away, and I'd only need to take three different buses to get there. It just got better! I was due to catch up with some culturally-snobby friends the following week. When they heard that I'd already seen it, they'd be forced to say, 'Dude, respect!' and never be able to intimidate me with their knowledge of culture again. So, I was off.

The day came. The last of my three bus drivers gave me a shout and pointed to a small coffee shop that looked like it went back to the 1960s. At least I don't think it had been painted since then. Apparently, the cinema part was in the basement below. After my journey I needed some refreshment, but not a bucket of popcorn and a fluorescent coloured ice slurpy in a plastic cup. Keeping up the appearance of being cool was essential, and I wanted to enjoy every moment of my independent existence. I bought a large cup of black coffee – no milk or sugar, this was proper grown-up stuff – and made my way inside. Expecting to find only a few seats left, I was surprised to see that was not the case. Perhaps there was a pre-film press meeting going on in a private room above.

The film started. Now I was no stranger to films about a future filled with despair. I'd streamed all four *Hunger Games* films back-to-back one dull and rainy Sunday. The film had a winning storyline – a post-nuclear explosion that creates an emotionally troubled generation. And the poster even had a cool man in a woolly jumper on the front, with a sad but tough looking girl, both dressed very similarly to the few others in the seats around me by his side. I wasn't sure if it was the double shot of caffeine from my yukky bitter coffee that was beginning to kick in and give me the shakes or the sheer awfulness of the script, which took the top slot in my list of objections to the film complaints. But this film was dreadful. It wasn't just the worst post-apocalyptic indie film ever made; it was the worst movie ever.

Sitting in that cinema, it finally clicked. I liked mainstream action movies and the truth was out. I would never be the kind of guy who could go and watch six hours of weird acting with subtitles and a lot of dramatic face-to-camera shots. I wanted to like cool movies to make myself acceptable to the rest of the world, but that wasn't really me and nobody else cared. My passion was for movies with big-name celebrities. It didn't really matter who, and the bigger the CGI budget the better. In fact, they could spend all their money on that and not even bother paying artists, like actors or writers, as far as I was concerned.

That film made me finally admit to myself who I was. I was not turning into the man I thought, but someone very regular and predictable instead. And I was a two-hour bus ride away from home. But at least I was officially over my passion for art films and back where I belonged. There was only one thing to do. My mum was working in the next town, so I called her – after all, there was no one around me to complain. I begged her to come and pick me up. It was urgent, I lied. I had to make it sound necessary, didn't I? 'Sure,' she said, sounding quite pleased to hear from me. 'We could pick up pizza and blue slurpy on the way home, if you want?' And finally, I was truly where I belonged.



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