

Time to challenge yourself. Drag the charts where they belong to.



Arthur: "He's more myself than I am. Whatever souls are made of, ..."

Jace: "His and mine are the same"

Arthur: Goodness! Do you know Bronte?

Jace: I certainly do. I'm a big fan of her and her sisters.

Arthur: _____

Jace: What's your major?

Arthur: I'm an English Lit student.

Jace: What a coincidence! _____

Arthur: I'm pretty sure that we are going to get along well.

Jace: I've just had the same thought.

Arthur: Do you know another English Lit student?

Jace: Unfortunately, I don't. Do you?

Arthur: _____

Jace: Well, doesn't matter.

Arthur: Did read Charlotte Bronte's masterpiece?

Jace: Of course, I did. It's my favourite book! I'm sorry, sometimes I get a little bit excited when I talk about books.

Arthur: _____ You need not apologise at all. When we have a passion for something, we cannot control our emotions and we end up expressing ourselves in a very particular way. Don't you agree?

Jace: I definitely do. We cannot call ourselves human beings if we are not able to show a little bit of passion and madness, sometimes.

Arthur: You are a particular student, indeed.

Jace: _____

Arthur: I wouldn't like to end this conversation abruptly but I've got a class which is about to start.

Jace: _____ But don't worry. I hope I see you later.

Arthur: _____

Neither would I.

I don't, either.

I hope so, too.

So do I.

Me, too.

You, too.

So am I.