

**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.