

READING UNIT 7

Runners

Feel good in your runners

For 14 years the Sports Medicine Centre of Lyon (France) has been studying the injuries of young sports players and sports professionals. The study has established that the best course is prevention ... and good shoes.



Knocks, falls, wear and tear...

Eighteen per cent of sports players aged 8 to 12 already have heel injuries. The cartilage of a footballer's ankle does not respond well to shocks, and 25% of professionals have discovered for themselves that it is an especially weak point. The cartilage of the delicate knee joint can also be irreparably damaged and if care is not taken right from childhood (10–12 years of age), this can cause premature osteoarthritis. The hip does not escape damage either and, particularly when tired, players run the risk of fractures as a result of falls or collisions.

According to the study, footballers who have been playing for more than ten years have bony

outgrowths either on the tibia or on the heel. This is what is known as "footballer's foot", a deformity caused by shoes with soles and ankle parts that are too flexible.

Protect, support, stabilize, absorb

If a shoe is too rigid, it restricts movement. If it is too flexible, it increases the risk of injuries and sprains. A good sports shoe should meet four criteria:

Firstly, it must *provide exterior protection*: resisting knocks from the ball or another player, coping with unevenness in the ground, and keeping the foot warm and dry even when it is freezing cold and raining.

It must *support the foot*, and in particular the ankle joint, to avoid sprains, swelling and other

problems, which may even affect the knee.

It must also provide players with good *stability* so that they do not slip on a wet ground or skid on a surface that is too dry.

Finally, it must *absorb shocks*, especially those suffered by volleyball and basketball players who are constantly jumping.

Dry feet

To avoid minor but painful conditions such as blisters or even splits or athlete's foot (fungal infections), the shoe must allow evaporation of perspiration and must prevent outside dampness from getting in. The ideal material for this is leather, which can be water-proofed to prevent the shoe from getting soaked the first time it rains.

Source: Revue ID (16) 1-15 June 1997.

Question 1: RUNNERS

What does the author intend to show in this text?

- A That the quality of many sports shoes has greatly improved.
- B That it is best not to play football if you are under 12 years of age.
- C That young people are suffering more and more injuries due to their poor physical condition.
- D That it is very important for young sports players to wear good sports shoes.



Question 2: *RUNNERS*

According to the article, why should sports shoes not be too rigid?

Question 3: RUNNERS

One part of the article says, “A good sports shoe should meet four criteria.”

What are these criteria?

Question 4: RUNNERS

Look at this sentence from near the end of the article. It is presented here in two parts:

“To avoid minor but painful conditions such as blisters or even splits or athlete’s foot (fungal infections),...” (*first part*)

“...the shoe must allow evaporation of perspiration and must prevent outside dampness from getting in.” (*second part*)

What is the relationship between the first and second parts of the sentence?

The second part

- A contradicts the first part.
- B repeats the first part.
- C illustrates the problem described in the first part.
- D gives the solution to the problem described in the first part.

READING UNIT 8

The Gift

How many days, she wondered, had she sat like this, watching the cold brown water inch up the dissolving bluff. She could just faintly remember the beginning of the rain, driving in across the swamp from the south and beating against the shell of her house. Then the river itself started rising, slowly at first until at last it paused to turn back. From hour to hour it slithered up creeks and ditches and poured over low places. In the night, while she slept, it claimed the road and surrounded her so that she sat alone, her boat gone, the house like a piece of drift lodged on its bluff. Now even against the tarred planks of the supports the waters touched. And still they rose.

As far as she could see, to the treetops where the opposite banks had been, the swamp was an empty sea, awash with sheets of rain, the river lost somewhere in its vastness. Her house with its boat bottom had been built to ride just such a flood, if one ever came, but now it was old. Maybe the boards underneath were partly rotted away. Maybe the cable mooring the house to the great live oak would snap loose and let her go turning downstream, the way her boat had gone.

No one could come now. She could cry out but it would be no use, no one would hear. Down the length and breadth of the swamp others were fighting to save what little they could, maybe even their lives. She had seen a whole house go floating by, so quiet she was reminded of sitting at a funeral. She thought when she saw it she knew whose house it was. It had been bad seeing it drift by, but the owners must have escaped to higher ground. Later, with the rain and darkness pressing in, she had heard a panther scream upriver.

Now the house seemed to shudder around her like something alive. She reached out to catch a lamp as it tilted off the table by her bed and put it between her feet to hold it steady. Then creaking and groaning with effort the house struggled up from the clay, floated free, bobbing like a cork and swung out slowly with the pull of the river. She gripped the edge of the bed. Swaying from side to side, the house moved to the length of its mooring. There was a jolt and a complaining of old timbers and then a pause. Slowly the current released it and let it swing back, rasping across its resting place. She caught her breath and sat for along time feeling the slow pendulous sweeps. The dark sifted down through the incessant rain and head on arm, she slept holding on to the bed.

Sometime in the night the cry awoke her, a sound so anguished she was on her feet before she was awake. In the dark she stumbled against the bed. It came from out there, from the river. She could hear something moving, something large that made a dredging, sweeping sound. It could be another house. Then it hit, not head on but glancing and sliding down the length of her house. It was a tree. She listened as the branches and leaves cleared themselves and went on downstream, leaving only the rain and the lappings of the flood, sounds so constant now that they seemed a part of the silence. Huddled on the bed, she was almost asleep again when another cry sounded, this time so close it could have been in the room. Staring into the dark, she eased back on the bed until her hand caught the cold shape of the rifle. Then crouched on the pillow, she cradled the gun across her knees. "Who's there?" she called.

The answer was a repeated cry, but less shrill, tired sounding, then the empty silence closing in. She drew back against the bed. Whatever was there she could hear it moving about on the porch. Planks creaked and she could distinguish the sounds of objects being knocked over. There was a scratching on the wall as if it would tear its way in. She knew now what it was, a big cat, deposited by the uprooted tree that had passed her. It had come with the flood, a gift.

Unconsciously she pressed her hand against her face and along her tightened throat. The rifle rocked across her knees. She had never seen a panther in her life. She had heard about them from others and heard their cries, like suffering, in the distance. The cat was scratching on the wall again, rattling the window by the door. As long as she guarded the window and kept the cat hemmed in by the wall and water, caged, she would be all right. Outside, the animal paused to rake his claws across the rusted outer screen. Now and then, it whined and growled.

When the light filtered down through the rain at last, coming like another kind of dark, she was still sitting on the bed, stiff and cold. Her arms, used to rowing on the river, ached from the stillness of holding the rifle. She had hardly allowed herself to move for fear any sound might give strength to the cat. Rigid, she swayed with the movement

of the house. The rain still fell as if it would never stop. Through the grey light, finally, she could see the rain-pitted flood and far away the cloudy shape of drowned treetops. The cat was not moving now. Maybe he had gone away. Laying the gun aside she slipped off the bed and moved without a sound to the window. It was still there, crouched at the edge of the porch, staring up at the live oak, the mooring of her house, as if gauging its chances of leaping to an overhanging branch. It did not seem so frightening now that she could see it, its coarse fur napped into twigs, its sides pinched and ribs showing. It would be easy to shoot it where it sat, its long tail whipping back and forth. She was moving back to get the gun when it turned around. With no warning, no crouch or tensing of muscles, it sprang at the window, shattering a pane of glass. She fell back, stifling a scream, and taking up the rifle, she fired through the window. She could not see the panther now, but she had missed. It began to pace again. She could glimpse its head and the arch of its back as it passed the window.

Shivering, she pulled back on the bed and lay down. The lulling constant sound of the river and the rain, the penetrating chill, drained away her purpose. She watched the window and kept the gun ready. After waiting a long while she moved again to look. The panther had fallen asleep, its head on its paws, like a housecat. For the first time since the rains began she wanted to cry, for herself, for all the people, for everything in the flood. Sliding down on the bed, she pulled the quilt around her shoulders. She should have got out when she could, while the roads were still open or before her boat was washed away. As she rocked back and forth with the sway of the house a deep ache in her stomach reminded her she hadn't eaten. She couldn't remember for how long. Like the cat, she was starving. Easing into the kitchen, she made a fire with the few remaining sticks of wood. If the flood lasted she would have to burn the chair, maybe even the table itself. Taking down the remains of a smoked ham from the ceiling, she cut thick slices of the brownish red meat and placed them in a skillet. The smell of the frying meat made her dizzy. There were stale biscuits from the last time she had cooked and she could make some coffee. There was plenty of water.

While she was cooking her food, she almost forgot about the cat until it whined. It was hungry too. "Let me eat," she called to it, "and then I'll see to you." And she laughed under her breath. As she hung the rest of the ham back on its nail the cat growled a deep throaty rumble that made her hand shake.

After she had eaten, she went to the bed again and took up the rifle. The house had risen so high now it no longer scraped across the bluff when it swung back from the river. The food had warmed her. She could get rid of the cat while light still hung in the rain. She crept slowly to the window. It was still there, mewling, beginning to move about the porch. She stared at it a long time, unafraid. Then without thinking what she was doing, she laid the gun aside and started around the edge of the bed to the kitchen. Behind her the cat was moving, fretting. She took down what was left of the ham and making her way back across the swaying floor to the window she shoved it through the broken pane. On the other side there was a hungry snarl and something like a shock passed from the animal to her. Stunned by what she had done, she drew back to the bed. She could hear the sounds of the panther tearing at the meat. The house rocked around her.

The next time she awoke she knew at once that everything had changed. The rain had stopped. She felt for the movement of the house but it no longer swayed on the flood. Drawing her door open, she saw through the torn screen a different world. The house was resting on the bluff where it always had. A few feet down, the river still raced on in a torrent, but it no longer covered the few feet between the house and the live oak. And the cat was gone. Leading from the porch to the live oak and doubtless on into the swamp were tracks, indistinct and already disappearing into the soft mud. And there on the porch, gnawed to whiteness, was what was left of the ham.

Source: Louis Dollarhide, "The Gift" in *Mississippi Writers: Reactions of Childhood and Youth*, Volume I, edited by Dorothy Abbott, University Press of Mississippi, 1985.

Use the story "The Gift" on this page and the previous page to answer the questions which follow. (Note that line numbers are given in the margin of the story to help you find parts which are referred to in the questions.)

Question 1: THE GIFT

Here is part of a conversation between two people who read “The Gift”:



Give evidence from the story to show how each of these speakers could justify their points of view.

Speaker 1

Speaker 2

Question 2: *THE GIFT*

What is the woman's situation at the beginning of the story?

- A She is too weak to leave the house after days without food.
- B She is defending herself against a wild animal.
- C Her house has been surrounded by flood waters.
- D A flooded river has swept her house away.

Question 3: *THE GIFT*

Here are some of the early references to the panther in the story.

“the cry awoke her, a sound so anguished...” (line 24)

“The answer was a repeated cry, but less shrill, tired sounding...” (line 33)

“She had...heard their cries, like suffering, in the distance.” (lines 39-40)

Considering what happens in the rest of the story, why do you think the writer chooses to introduce the panther with these descriptions?

Question 4: THE GIFT

**“Then creaking and groaning with effort the house struggled up ...”
(lines 18-19)**

What happened to the house in this part of the story?

- A It fell apart.
- B It began to float.
- C It crashed into the oak tree.
- D It sank to the bottom of the river.

Question 5: *THE GIFT*

What does the story suggest was the woman's reason for feeding the panther?

Question 6: THE GIFT

When the woman says, “and then I’ll see to you” (line 68) she means that she is

- A sure that the cat won’t hurt her.
- B trying to frighten the cat.
- C intending to shoot the cat.
- D planning to feed the cat.

Question 7: THE GIFT

Do you think that the last sentence of “The Gift” is an appropriate ending?

Explain your answer, demonstrating your understanding of how the last sentence relates to the story’s meaning.

READING UNIT 9

Amanda and the Duchess

Text 1

Summary: Since Léocadia's death, the Prince, who was in love with her, has been inconsolable. At a shop called *Réséda Soeurs*, the Duchess, who is the Prince's aunt, has met a young shop assistant, Amanda, who looks amazingly like Léocadia. The Duchess wants Amanda to help her set the Prince free from the memories which haunt him.

A crossroads in the castle grounds, a circular bench around a small obelisk... evening is falling. . .

AMANDA: I still don't understand. What can I do for him, ma'am? I can't believe you could possibly have thought... And why me? I'm not particularly pretty. And even if someone were very pretty – who could suddenly come between him and his memories like that?

THE DUCHESS: No one but you.

AMANDA, sincerely surprised: Me?

THE DUCHESS: The world is so foolish, my child. It sees only parades, gestures, badges of office... that must be why you have never been told. But my heart hasn't deceived me – I almost cried out at *Réséda Soeurs* the first time I saw you. To someone who knew more of her than just her public image, you are the living likeness of Léocadia.

A silence. The evening birds have now taken over from the afternoon birds. The grounds are filled with shadows and twittering.

AMANDA, very gently: I really don't think I can, ma'am. I have nothing, I am nothing, and those lovers... that was **my** fancy, don't you see?

She has got up. As if about to leave, she has picked up her small suitcase.

THE DUCHESS, gently also, and very wearily: Of course, my dear. I apologize.

She in turn gets up, with difficulty, like an old woman. A bicycle bell is heard in the evening air; she gives a start.

Listen ... it's him! Just show yourself to him, leaning against this little obelisk where he first met her. Let him see you, even if it's just this once, let him call out, take a sudden interest in this likeness, in this stratagem which I shall confess to him tomorrow and for which he will hate me – in anything but this dead girl who'll take him away from me one of these days, I'm sure... (*She has taken her by the arm.*) You will do that, won't you? I beg you most humbly, young lady. (*She looks at her, beseechingly, and quickly adds:*) And then, that way, you'll see him too. And... I can feel that I'm blushing again from saying this to you – life is just too mad! That's the third time I've blushed in sixty years, and the second time in ten minutes – you'll see him; and if he could ever (why not him, since he's handsome and charming and he wouldn't be the first?) if he could ever have the good fortune, for himself and for me, to take your fancy for one moment... *The bell again in the shadows, but very close now.*

AMANDA, in a whisper: What should I say to him?

THE DUCHESS, gripping her arm: Simply say: "Excuse me, Sir, can you tell me the way to the sea?"

She has hurried into the deeper shadows of the trees. Just in time. There is a pale blur. It is the Prince on his bicycle. He passes very close to the pale blur of Amanda by the obelisk. She murmurs.

AMANDA: Excuse me, Sir...

He stops, dismounts from the bicycle, takes off his hat and looks at her.

THE PRINCE: Yes?

AMANDA: Can you tell me the way to the sea?

THE PRINCE: Take the second turning on your left.

He bows, sadly and courteously, gets back on the bicycle and rides away. The bell is heard again in the distance. The Duchess comes out of the shadows, very much an old woman.

AMANDA, gently, after a while: He didn't recognize me...

THE DUCHESS: It was dark ... And then, who knows what face he gives her now, in his dreams? *(She asks timidly:)* The last train has gone, young lady. In any case, wouldn't you like to stay at the castle tonight?

AMANDA, in a strange voice: Yes, ma'am.

It is completely dark. The two of them can no longer be seen in the shadows, and only the wind can be heard in the huge trees of the grounds.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Source: Jean ANOUILH, *Léocadia* (end of Scene II). Published by LA TABLE RONDE, 1984.

Text 2

DEFINITIONS OF SOME THEATRICAL OCCUPATIONS

ACTOR: plays a character on stage.

DIRECTOR: controls and oversees all aspects of a play. He not only positions the actors, arranges their entrances and exits and directs their acting, but also suggests how the script is to be interpreted.

WARDROBE STAFF: produce the costumes from a model.

SET DESIGNER: designs models of the sets and costumes. These models are then transformed into their full size in the workshop.

PROPS MANAGER: in charge of finding the required props. The word "props" is used to mean everything that can be moved: armchairs, letters, lamps, bunches of flowers, etc. The sets and costumes are not props.

SOUND TECHNICIAN: in charge of all sound effects required for the production. He is at the controls during the show.

LIGHTING ASSISTANT or LIGHTING TECHNICIAN: in charge of lighting. He is also at the controls during the show. Lighting is so sophisticated that a well-equipped theatre can employ up to ten lighting technicians.

On this page and the previous page there are two texts. Text 1 is an extract from the play *Léocadia* by Jean Anouilh and Text 2 gives definitions of theatrical occupations. Refer to the texts to answer the questions which follow.

Question 1: AMANDA AND THE DUCHESS

What is this extract from the play about?

The Duchess thinks of a trick

- A to get the Prince to come and see her more often.
- B to get the Prince to make up his mind finally to get married.
- C to get Amanda to make the Prince forget his grief.
- D to get Amanda to come and live at the castle with her.

Question 2: AMANDA AND THE DUCHESS

In the script of the play, in addition to the words to be spoken by the actors, there are directions for the actors and theatre technicians to follow.

How can these directions be recognized in the script?

Question 3: AMANDA AND THE DUCHESS

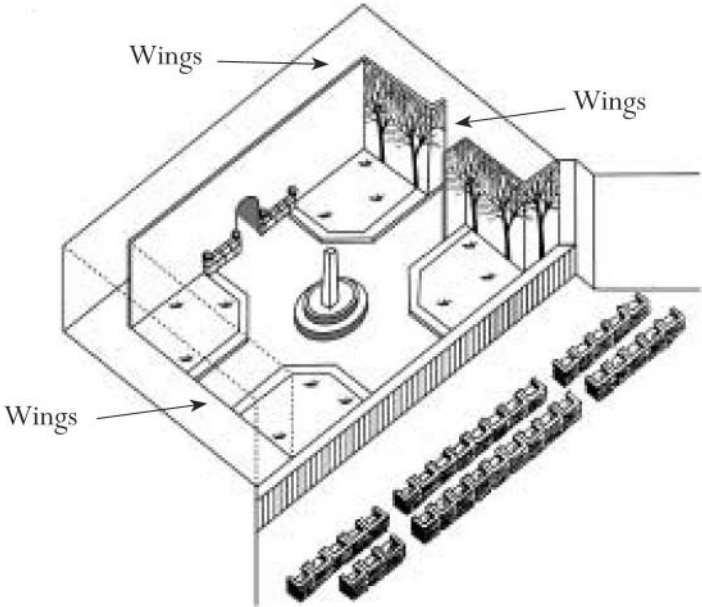
The table below lists theatre technicians involved in staging this extract from *Léocadia*. Complete the table by indicating one stage direction from TEXT 1 which would require the involvement of each technician. The first one has been done for you.

Theatre technicians	Stage direction
Set designer	A circular bench around a small obelisk
Props manager	
Sound technician	
Lighting technician	

Question 4: AMANDA AND THE DUCHESS

The director positions the actors on the stage. On a diagram, the director represents Amanda with the letter A and the Duchess with the letter D.

Put an A and a D on the following diagram of the set to show approximately where Amanda and the Duchess are when the Prince arrives.



Question 5: AMANDA AND THE DUCHESS

Towards the end of the extract from the play, Amanda says, “He didn’t recognize me...”.

What does she mean by that?

- A That the Prince didn’t look at Amanda.
- B That the Prince didn’t realize that Amanda was a shop assistant.
- C That the Prince didn’t realize that he’d already met Amanda.
- D That the Prince didn’t notice that Amanda looked like Léocadia.

Personnel



CANCO Manufacturing Company
Personnel Department

Center on Internal and External Mobility

What is CIEM?

CIEM stands for Center on Internal and External Mobility, an initiative of the personnel department. A number of workers of this department work in CIEM, together with members from other departments and outside career consultants.

CIEM is available to help employees in their search for another job inside or outside the Canco Manufacturing Company.

What does CIEM do?

CIEM supports employees who are seriously considering other work through the following activities:

- ***Job Data Bank***

After an interview with the employee, information is entered into a data bank that tracks job seekers and job openings at Canco and at other manufacturing companies.

- ***Guidance***

The employee's potential is explored through career counselling discussions.

- ***Courses***

Courses are being organized (in collaboration with the department for information and training) that will deal with job search and career planning.

- ***Career Change Projects***

CIEM supports and coordinates projects to help employees prepare for new careers and new perspectives.

- ***Mediation***

CIEM acts as a mediator for employees who are threatened with dismissal resulting from reorganization, and assists with finding new positions when necessary.

How much does CIEM cost?

Payment is determined in consultation with the department where you work. A number of services of CIEM are free. You may also be asked to pay, either in money or in time.

How does CIEM work?

CIEM assists employees who are seriously considering another job within or outside the company.

That process begins by submitting an application. A discussion with a personnel counselor can also be useful. It is obvious that you should talk with the counselor first about your wishes and the internal possibilities regarding your career. The counselor is familiar with your abilities and with developments within your unit.

Contact with CIEM in any case is made via the personnel counselor. He or she handles the application for you, after which you are invited to a discussion with a CIEM representative.

For more information

The personnel department can give you more information.

Use the announcement from a personnel department above to answer the questions which follow.



Question 1: PERSONNEL

According to the announcement, where could you get more information about CIEM?

Question 2: PERSONNEL

List two ways in which CIEM helps people who will lose their jobs because of a departmental reorganization.

New rules

EDITORIAL

Technology creates the need for new rules

SCIENCE has a way of getting ahead of law and ethics. That happened dramatically in 1945 on the destructive side of life with the atomic bomb, and is now happening on life's creative side with techniques to overcome human infertility.

Most of us rejoiced with the Brown family in England when Louise, the first test-tube baby, was born. And we have marveled at other firsts – most recently the births of healthy babies that had once been embryos frozen to await the proper moment of implantation in the mother-to-be.

It is about two such frozen embryos in Australia that a storm of legal and ethical questions has arisen. The embryos were destined to be implanted in Elsa Rios, wife of Mario Rios. A previous embryo implant had been unsuccessful, and the Rioses wanted to have another chance at becoming parents. But before they had a second chance to try, the Rioses perished in an airplane crash.

What was the Australian hospital to do with the frozen embryos? Could they be implanted in someone else? There were numerous volunteers. Were the embryos somehow entitled to the Rioses' substantial estate? Or should the embryos be destroyed? The Rioses, understandably, had made no provision for the embryos' future.

The Australians set up a commission to study the matter. Last week, the commission made its report. The embryos should be thawed, the panel said, because donation of embryos to someone else

would require the consent of the "producers," and no such consent had been given. The panel also held that the embryos in their present state had no life or rights and thus could be destroyed.

The commission members were conscious of treading on slippery legal and ethical grounds. Therefore, they urged that three months be allowed for public opinion to respond to the commission recommendation. Should there be an overwhelming outcry against destroying the embryos, the commission would reconsider.

Couples now enrolling in Sydney's Queen Victoria hospital for in vitro fertilization programs must specify what should be done with the embryos if something happens to them.

This assures that a situation similar to the Rioses won't recur. But what of other complex questions? In France, a woman recently had to go to court to be allowed to bear a child from her deceased husband's frozen sperm. How should such a request be handled? What should be done if a surrogate mother breaks her child-bearing contract and refuses to give up the infant she had promised to bear for someone else?

Our society has failed so far to come up with enforceable rules for curbing the destructive potential of atomic power. We are reaping the nightmarish harvest for that failure. The possibilities of misuse of scientists' ability to advance or retard procreation are manifold. Ethical and legal boundaries need to be set before we stray too far.

Use the newspaper editorial "Technology creates the need for new rules" above to answer the questions which follow.

Question 1: NEW RULES

Underline the sentence that explains what the Australians did to help decide how to deal with the frozen embryos belonging to a couple killed in the plane crash.



Question 2: NEW RULES

List two examples from the editorial that illustrate how modern technology, such as that used for implanting frozen embryos, creates the need for new rules.

Notes

Item Index

Reading Unit/Item	Page	Reading Unit/Item	Page
Unit 1: Lake Chad	1	Unit 7: Runners	32
Question 1: Lake Chad	2	Question 1: Runners	33
Question 2: Lake Chad	3	Question 2: Runners	34
Question 3: Lake Chad	4	Question 3: Runners	35
Question 4: Lake Chad	5	Question 4: Runners	36
Question 5: Lake Chad	6		
Unit 2: Flu	7	Unit 8: The Gift	37
Question 1: Flu	8	Question 1: The Gift	39
Question 2: Flu	9	Question 2: The Gift	40
Question 3: Flu	10	Question 3: The Gift	41
Question 4: Flu	11	Question 4: The Gift	42
Question 5: Flu	12	Question 5: The Gift	43
		Question 6: The Gift	44
		Question 7: The Gift	45
Unit 3 Graffiti	13	Unit 9: Amanda and the Duchess	46
Question 1: Graffiti	14	Question 1: Amanda and the Duchess	48
Question 2: Graffiti	15	Question 2: Amanda and the Duchess	49
Question 3: Graffiti	16	Question 3: Amanda and the Duchess	50
Question 4: Graffiti	17	Question 4: Amanda and the Duchess	51
		Question 5: Amanda and the Duchess	52
Unit 4: Labor	18	Unit 10: Personnel	53
Question 1: Labor	19	Question 1: Personnel	54
Question 2: Labor	20	Question 2: Personnel	55
Question 3: Labor	21		
Question 4: Labor	22	Unit 11: New Rules	56
Question 5: Labor	23	Question 1: New Rules	57
		Question 2: New Rules	58
Unit 5: PLAN International	24		
Question 1: PLAN International	25		
Question 2: PLAN International	26		
Unit 6: Police	27		
Question 1: Police	28		
Question 2: Police	29		
Question 3: Police	30		
Question 4: Police	31		

