

SPOTLIGHT

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is singing passionately into a black microphone. She is wearing a black leather jacket over a white mesh top and blue jeans with a large, ornate silver belt buckle. The background is dark with colorful stage lights (red, green, blue) and floating bubbles. A large, stylized 'SPOTLIGHT' title is overlaid on the top left, and a yellow circle with the number '8' is on the top right.

8

Evvy Robertsen

Eva Olsson

Jennifer Haythorpe

TIL NEMANDA

Pessi bók er eign skólans þíns og þú hefur hana að láni. Bækur eru dýrar og því mikilvægt að farið sé vel með þær. Gættu þess vel að skrifa ekki í þessa bók.



Gættu þess vel að skrifa ekki í þessa bók.
Svaraðu öllum skriflegum verkefnum í vinnubók.

[illegible]

- 1) Nafn nemanda skal greinilega skrifað í línurnar hér að ofan.
- 2) Ástandi bókar við útlán og skil skal lýst þannig:
N: ný bók, G: gott, S: sæmilegt, L: lélegt.

SPOTLIGHT

8

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Menntamálastofnun

Spotlight 8

Textbook

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Menntamálastofnun

Kópavogi

Bók þessa má ekki afrita með neinum hætti, svo sem með
ljósmyndun, prentun, hljóðritun eða á annan sambærilegan hátt,
að hluta eða í heild, án skriflegs leyfis höfundar og útgefanda.

Ritstjóri íslenskrar útgáfu: Aldís Yngvadóttir

Prentun: ísafoldarprentsmiðja ehf.

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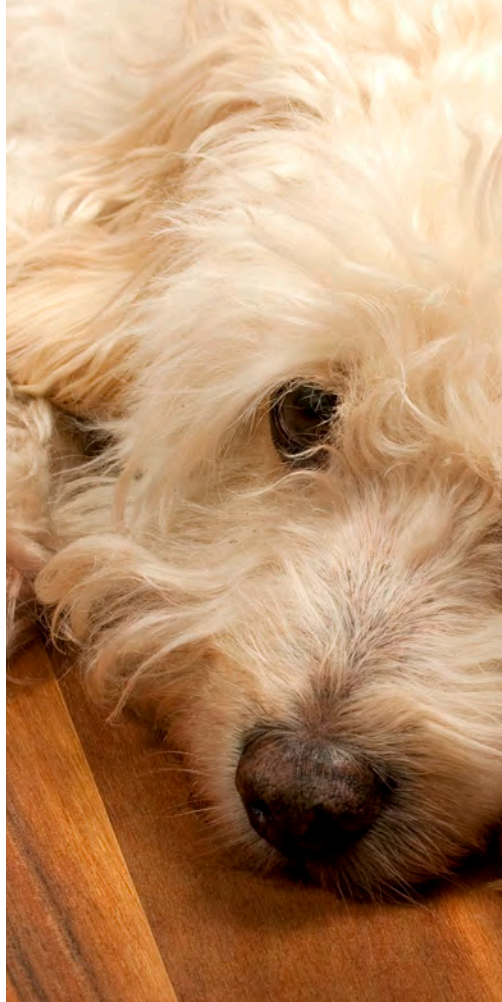
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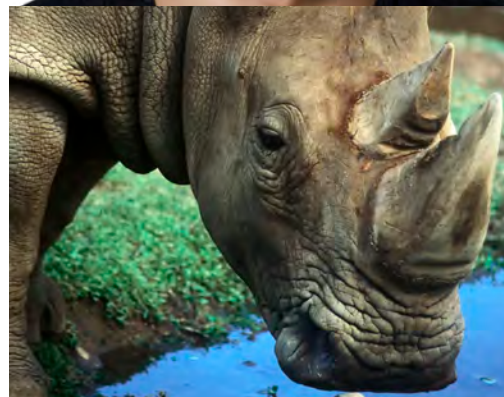
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Unit 1

Animal Power



The background of the page is a vibrant orange and yellow gradient, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. A large, semi-transparent orange circle is positioned in the upper right, containing the title and list. In the foreground, there are black silhouettes of animals: a cat on the left, a dog in the center, and a pig on the right. The bottom of the page features a red band with more animal silhouettes and a grass line.

Animal Brew

Beaks and claws and wings and feathers
Fins and gills and scales
Hoofs and flanks and manes and muzzles
Whiskers, paws and tails

- ★ A hippo and a tortoise – can they become best friends?
- ★ Trendy clothes for dogs – how important is that?
- ★ Do you know how it feels to lose a pet?
- ★ *Ice Age 2: The Meltdown* – more than an animated blockbuster?
- ★ Did you know that there are Olympic Games for pigs?

The following unit will give you the answers to some of these questions.



TEXT A

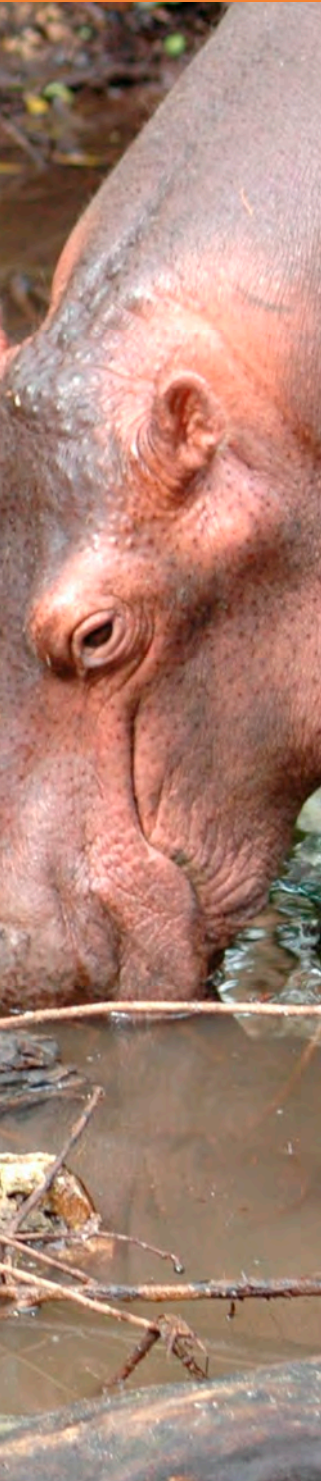
The Hippo and the Tortoise

This is a true story about two animal buddies. It started in Kenya, East Africa, in December 2004.

An enormous wave had swept a herd of hippos down a river into the Indian Ocean. Local people saw that a baby hippo was lost and alone, and in trouble. They managed to get him out of the ocean and named him Owen after one of his rescuers.

Owen was taken to a sanctuary for wild animals in Mombasa. When he arrived, he was very frightened and needed to feel safe. He ran right up to a giant tortoise called Mzee. This name means 'old man' in Swahili. Mzee, 130 years old, hissed and tried to run away. He wasn't interested in a one-year-old baby hippo!

But Mzee must have changed his mind because the next day, workers found the hippo and tortoise together. Since then, they have been best friends. Owen has started to behave like a tortoise! He eats tortoise food, like leaves and carrots, and he ignores hippo calls. Old Mzee has become friendly and playful. Sometimes he stretches his neck out so Owen can lick it. They are together all the time. They even cuddle in their sleep!



TEXT B

A Mongrel Called Monster

Lucas, Jack and Afeni meet in the street. Lucas is walking a dog, looking proud.

Jack Hiya, how's it going Lucas? New doggie? In a trendy little fleece jacket ...

Lucas Hi, yes, it's Monster. He belongs to Mrs Owen, my dad's boss. I'm just the dog walker.

Afeni Great name. What breed is it? Spaniel?

Lucas No, mongrel. Half beagle, half poodle. Adopted from a dog pound in Ireland. Can you hold his lead for a sec please?

Jack Sure. No probs. Good dog! Sit, *sit* ...!

Afeni He looks scary if you ask me. Aren't you coming to Open Evening Lucas?

Lucas No, I can't be bothered. Monster's starving. I've got to take him to dinner.

Jack What do you mean "Dinner"? Where's that? *Sit!*

Lucas Down the road. "Pet's Paradise". They've got special menus for dogs. *And* their masters.

Afeni *What?* You mean dry pellets and stuff?

Lucas No, ... healthy, tasty, juicy food. Chicken, salmon, duck. With added vitamin E. ... Got a problem with that?

Jack Weird. Why don't you just chuck him a bone to gnaw? Oops, I shouldn't have said that! He's growling at me ... and showing his teeth ... *Sit!*

Lucas Then we're off to the Small&Big shop to get him a Red Attitude hoodtop. They come in dog sizes now!

Afeni High street clothes for a dog? That's bonkers! I bet he stays in a day care centre during the day as well.

Lucas Yeah, "Doggie Heaven". And he's got his own dog groomer. Mrs Owen says ...



Jack Okay, cool. Well ... come on Afeni, let's buzz off or the monster will eat us. Hey, Lucas, you can have him back now!

Lucas Cheers! See you around.

Afeni What was all that about? He must have gone crackers! Heaven, paradise, vitamins ...?

Jack Search me!

No Ordinary Pet

A man went into a pet shop one Tuesday morning to buy a new pet and the shop assistant offered him a mouse.

‘This is no ordinary mouse,’ said the shop assistant. ‘He can talk.’

‘Rubbish!’ said the man. ‘Mice can’t talk!’

‘Oh, I can, sir,’ said the mouse, ‘and I really need a new home. I’ve had six owners in the past three weeks but none of them understood how special I am. I can run a mile faster than a Ferrari. I can cook better than Jamie Oliver and once had a trial as goal keeper for Manchester United. I swam the English Channel a month ago, I can sing opera, play the piano and I know how to programme a video recorder properly.’

‘This mouse is incredible!’ said the man. ‘How come he’s had six owners in the past three weeks?’

‘Unfortunately,’ said the shop assistant, ‘they just couldn’t put up with his constant lies.’

From The Mr Bean Joke Book



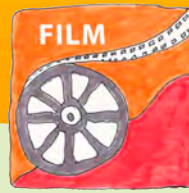
COOL READS – *Animal Power*



Is It Fair on Toby?

Jenny knows there's something wrong with Toby, her dog. But she's scared, so she pretends that Toby is just tired. Soon, however, she has to make a difficult decision.

Page 14



Ice Age 2: The Meltdown

The ice is melting and the world is coming to an end. Manny, Sid, Diego and their animal friends must hurry to escape the coming flood. Danger lies all around them. How will they make it to safety?

Page 16



Animals and Sport

Some animals love to take part in competitions. Or do they? Is it right to use animals in sports? Read about two unusual sports, elephant polo and the Pig Olympics, and decide for yourself.

Page 18



Kittens for Sale

Debbie and her brother George are selling kittens outside the supermarket for 25¢ or *Best Offer*. Socks is Debbie's favourite. Selling kittens isn't easy. Will they be able to sell any?

Page 20



Is It Fair on Toby?

Toby was ill. He didn't want to go out for walks. He didn't want to eat. He just lay on the floor by Jenny's feet.

Jenny knew something was wrong with Toby but she was scared. So she pretended Toby was just tired.

Jenny didn't have any brothers or sisters. Her parents gave Toby to Jenny ten years ago, on her fifth birthday. Jenny remembered how happy she was. A real, live puppy to play with and love.

"I've made an appointment with the vet," said Mum.

"I'm scared," said Jenny. "What if it's something serious?"

"I think it is, love. But we have to take him. If you don't want to come, I can take him."

Jenny thought for a moment.

"I'll come, Mum. He's my dog."

They got ready to leave. Toby didn't move. His eyes followed Jenny. She carried Toby to the car. He wasn't as heavy as he used to be.

Toby lay quietly as the vet examined him. The vet said he wanted to talk to Mum alone. Jenny took Toby to the waiting room.



When Mum came back her eyes were red.

"Oh, Jenny. I'm so sorry. There's nothing to be done. He's very ill, and he's in a lot of pain."

I didn't know what to say. I held on to Toby.

"You have to decide, Jenny. He's your dog. The vet has time now to take care of Toby. If that's what you want to do."

"Take care of Toby ... you mean ... put him to sleep?"

"I'm sorry, love."

"NO! It's not true. I want to go home, Mum. Let's take Toby home."

"Well, we can take him home and give him painkillers, if you want. But is that fair on him?"

"I can't ... I just can't ..."



I felt stunned. I didn't want to let Toby go. He trusted me. I couldn't let them do this to him. But I didn't want him to be in pain.

I looked at Toby. He was looking at me. I nodded my head and started to cry, quietly. Toby nuzzled my face.

I took Toby to the vet and stayed with him.

It was time to say goodbye.



Ice Age 2: The Meltdown

The animals' icy paradise is threatened. The ice is melting and the flood is coming. But so far, only the vulture knows about the danger. Perched on a tree, he croaks out a word of warning to the crowd of animals.

Vulture Flood's real all right. And it's coming fast. Look around. You're in a bowl. Bowl's gonna fill up. Ain't no way out. Unless you can make it to the end of the valley. There's a boat. It can save you. But y'all better hurry.

Manny All right, you heard the scary vulture. Let's move out.

Diego Manny, you really think that there's a boat?

Manny I don't know, but in a few days, this place is gonna be a mile underwater. If there's any hope, it's that way ...

'That way' means down the valley. Manny the Mammoth, Sid the Sloth, Diego the Tiger and their friends realise that they must get away from the tumbling ice walls and the rising water. They must warn everyone, take care of each other, keep their spirits up, stick it out. And above all, be quick!

The adventure has started. It's an exciting and hilarious story about escape from disaster. Will the animals make it to the boat in time? What will be left of their icy world?



Sid the Sloth
The funniest guy in the group. Witty and talkative. Always an optimist.



Diego the Tiger
Diego used to be the bad guy. Now quite a friendly sabre-tooth tiger.

Manny the Mammoth
Huge and furry. Sometimes moody but with a very big heart.

The film is from 2006.
Directed by: Carlos Saldanha
Produced by: Lori Forte



“Oh, this global warming is killing me!”

What does one of the animals in the film mean by these words? What is global warming? Well, it's when the Earth gets warmer and the climate changes. A warmer climate leads to land ice melting. One example is that an area of land ice, bigger than Scania, has melted in Antarctica in the last 50 years. Melting land ice leads to a rise in sea levels. It's easy to imagine what will happen if the sea level continues to rise. The Marshall Islands in the Pacific Ocean and the Maldives in the Indian Ocean are especially threatened. Eventually, they might disappear completely under water.

So, a warmer Earth means changes for the worse for plants, wildlife and people. The meltdown is real for the animals in the film *Ice Age 2*. And it will be real for people if we don't try to stop global warming. What can we do to help the Earth – and ourselves?



Animals and Sport

Many animals live very good lives. Most people love and take good care of their animals. Sometimes they take part in sporting events and competitions together. Many animals are looked after very well, some are not. Sometimes animals die when they take part in sports, either in accidents or from stress. And animals can't raise their voices to complain, can they? Let's read about two unusual sports where the animals are looked after well. They seem to have fun, or do they ...?

The Pig Olympics

The Pig Olympics is a new kind of sporting event. In 2006, it took place in Moscow, Russia. Twelve piglets from various countries competed in pig racing, pigball and pig swimming. They were dressed in numbered bibs. In the swimming event the pigs didn't know how to reach the other end of the shallow pool, so their coaches had to jump in and show them. The Russian pig team won all three events. First prize this time: Cooked carrots with cream! When they don't compete, the Russian pigs live in a special complex where vets and coaches keep them in top form.





Elephant polo

Elephant polo is played mainly in Thailand, Sri Lanka and India where working elephants are common. Every year the World Elephant Polo Championship takes place in Nepal. Teams come from all over the world to compete, even Iceland and South Africa. Each team has four elephants, each with two riders or players. One of them is the 'mahout' or elephant's trainer. He tells the elephant where to go and what to do. The other player tries to hit a ball into the other team's goal. He uses a long bamboo stick and a special ball that the elephants can't smash. If an elephant lies down in front of the goal line it's a penalty. Sometimes an elephant picks up the ball with its trunk – but that's just not allowed!



Kittens for Sale

Unfortunately, no shopper was willing to buy Socks his freedom. Several paused to smile at the sign, and then Socks found himself shoved to the bottom of the heap by Debbie.

‘What are you going to do with all the money when you sell the kittens?’ asked an elderly woman who was lonely for her grandchildren.

‘Daddy says we should save up to have the mother cat shoveled, so she won’t have kittens all the time,’ answered Debbie.

‘Spayed,’ corrected George. ‘She means he said we should have the mother spayed.’

‘Oh, my,’ said the woman and hurried into the market.

‘Stupid,’ said George. ‘Anyway, Dad was joking, I think.’

This time Debbie looked as if she agreed with her brother that she might be stupid. ‘What are we going to do?’ she asked, as she plucked Socks from the edge of the carton once more. ‘Nobody wants them.’

‘Mark them down, I guess. Dad said to give them away if we had to.’ The boy borrowed a felt-tipped pen from a checker in the market and, while Socks peered over the edge of the carton, crossed out the 25¢ on his sign and wrote 20¢ above it.



‘Kittens for sale.’ Debbie’s voice sounded encouraging as she hid Socks under two of his littermates. He promptly wiggled out. On a day like this his own fur was warm enough.

‘Why do you keep hiding Socks?’ George tried to look as if he just happened to be standing there by the mailbox and had nothing to do with the kittens.

‘Because he’s the best kitten, and I want to keep him,’ said Debbie.

‘Dad won’t let you,’ her brother reminded her. ‘He says the house is getting to smell like cats.’

Socks found himself plucked from the litter and cradled in the girl’s arms. ‘Well, at least we can find a good home for him.’ Debbie was admitting the truth of her brother’s statement. ‘I don’t want just anybody to take Socks.’

‘You don’t see a line of people forming to buy kittens, do you?’ asked George. To pass the time he had read the headlines of the newspapers in the rack and the label on the mailbox and was starting in on the signs posted in the windows of the market.

Socks tried to climb Debbie’s T-shirt, but she held him back while she watched the faces of shoppers for signs of interest. Once a man approached, but he only wanted to drop a letter in the mailbox. A woman paused long enough to look at each kitten and then say, ‘No, I can’t bear to think of anything as warm and furry as a kitten on such a hot day.’

Children entering the market with their parents begged to be allowed to buy a kitten, just one, please, please, with their very own money, but no one actually bought a kitten. ‘I guess it just isn’t kitten weather,’ said Debbie.

Socks struggled to free himself from the heat of the girl’s sweaty arms. ‘Be good, Socks,’ said Debbie. ‘We’re trying to find you a nice home.’

From *Socks* by Beverly Cleary

Unit 2

Me and You and Everybody





Else

I'm Glad I'm Me

Why can't folks accept me the way that I am?
So what if I'm different and don't act like them?
I'm not going to change and be someone I'm not.
I like who I am, and I'm all that I've got!

Phil Bolsta

- ★ Imagine that you are a finalist in *Idol*. What if the jury rips you to pieces?
- ★ Why don't the girls want to dance with Will? Is it because of his hair?
- ★ Billy's passion is dancing. But can a boy really do ballet?
- ★ Horrid Henry is on the loose! Bossy Bill too. What will happen in the classroom now?
- ★ Who is Kitty? And what secret is there at Shadow Ranch?

Read the following unit and you will get the answers to all these questions and many more.



TEXT A

Idol

Kelly I'm not good enough.

Mark Come on Kelly, don't cry.

Kelly Nobody in the jury liked me. They ripped me to pieces. They said I sang like a karaoke singer.

Mark What did Noel say? He likes you doesn't he?

Kelly Yes, but now he said that I had as much rhythm as a ruler. That I sang without feeling.

Mark That's not true.

Kelly Chris said the start was okay but that everything went downhill from there. That I was flat and lifeless. That's how I feel now.

Mark Oh, Kelly.

Kelly I've been singing my whole life and they spoke to me as if I was a complete beginner. They made me feel worthless.



Mark They don't know anything.

Kelly Josie really hurt me. She said that I was wasting everybody's time. That's how I feel, as if I'm wasting my time.

Mark Don't listen to her.

Kelly Chris was the one person who had anything good to say about me ... And that was about how I look! He said my singing was weak. He made me feel weak.

Mark But you're not.

Kelly Singing is my whole life. It's what I do. Now I feel like a big fat nothing.

Mark Kelly. I'm sorry.

Kelly Nobody will vote for me now.

Mark It's not over yet. Wait and see.



Idol – How Big Is It?

- ◆ *Pop Idol* is the name of the British television series that started in October, 2001. It was a talent contest for new young singers or ‘pop idols’. It was enormously successful. In just a few years, this popular show had spread to more than 30 countries throughout the world.
- ◆ *American Idol*, *Australian Idol* and *Indian Idol* are a few examples. In New Zealand the show is called *NZ Idol*. You can probably guess where *Ídolos Brazil* is shown. But what about *Idol Stjörnuleit*? Well, it is the name of the show in Iceland. The French version is called *Nouvelle Star*. Even Kazakhstan has its own Idol show, *SuperStar KZ*.
- ◆ *American Idol* is one of the biggest shows in American television history. The final of the second series was watched by 38 million viewers.
- ◆ Hundreds of thousands of hopeful singers have been through auditions.
- ◆ Hundreds of millions of people have voted.
- ◆ Exactly how many people have seen the programmes? Nobody knows.
- ◆ Lots of new solo artists are discovered each year. They win record deals – and fame!
- ◆ The show reached Sweden in 2004. The first winner in the Swedish version of *Idol* was Daniel Lindström. Remember him?



TEXT B

Why Me?

*Do you think Paul Jones is a boy? Well, you're wrong – it's a dance!
Will is going to try it for the very first time tonight at a local disco.
He and his brother Marty are on holiday and have been looking
forward to the disco. It turns into an interesting evening ...*

We zoomed round until my head spun. Girls flashed by, all teeth and hair. I thought I was going to be sick.

The music stopped. Marty and his friends let go of my hands and darted across to claim their partners. Now I got it! When the music stopped, you danced with whoever was facing you.

I raised my eyes to the girl opposite me. She was at least a foot taller than I was, and not pleased to be stuck with the new boy. 🙄

‘What happened to your hair?’ she said, pointing to my gelled spikes.

Now, I am one of five brothers, so trading insults is second nature to me. ‘What happened to your face?’ I asked.

The girl closed her fist and punched me on the shoulder. It was a sore punch. By the time the sting had died down, she was gone. I ran off to the boys’ toilets and hid until the waltz was over.

I emerged from the toilet just in time to be whisked away for another Paul Jones. This time, the girl I ended up with took one look at me and started crying. ‘Why me?’ she blubbed. ‘Why do I always get the weirdos?’ Then she took a mobile phone from her pocket and called her mother to come and collect her.

In the third Paul Jones, the girl simply pretended I wasn’t there. She looked straight through me and sighed deeply. ‘Well, I suppose I’ll just have to sit this one out,’ she said, hurrying from the dance floor.

From *The Legend of Captain Crow’s Teeth* by Eoin Colfer

COOL READS

– *Me and You and Everybody Else*



Billy Elliot

The story of Billy Elliot starts in a small mining town in the north of England. Billy has an unusual passion – dancing. His father finds it hard to accept his passion. Will Billy obey his father and stop dancing? Or will he go on fighting for what he wants to do in life?

Page 30



Kitty – Cool and Clever

A young American girl is one of the world's most famous detectives. She has been solving mysteries for years. Her name is Kitty. Did you know *how* famous she is? And did you know that there are some well-kept secrets about the writer of the Kitty books?

Page 35



Horrid Henry's Arch Enemy

Here comes Horrid Henry – here comes trouble! Whenever Horrid Henry is around, nobody is safe. One day there is a new boy in the class. Henry recognises him right away. It's Bossy Bill, his arch enemy! Poor Bill! What will happen now?

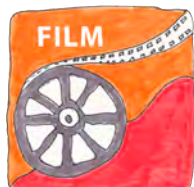
Page 32



The Secret of Shadow Ranch

The young detective Nancy Drew arrives at a ranch near Phoenix, Arizona. She is looking forward to a fun-filled vacation but she soon finds herself in the middle of a mystery she has to solve. Who is the shadowy figure on guard outside the spring house? What secrets are hidden there?

Page 36



Billy Elliot

Billy Elliot dreams of a different life. He lives with his dad, brother and grandmother in a mining town in the north of England. Both his dad and his brother work in the mines but there is a strike going on. Billy is 11 years old and he misses his dead mother a lot. Life is tough for everyone.



Every week Billy goes to boxing classes like many other lads in the town. But Billy wants to be a dancer. When he dances he feels like he is flying, like he is on fire. He starts taking ballet classes secretly, but his dad soon finds out. He is furious and disappointed and drags Billy away from his ballet class.

Afterwards, a loud discussion breaks out at the kitchen table. Dad has calmed down a bit but is still very angry. He goes on and on about how wrong it is for lads to do ballet. Lads should go for boxing or wrestling ... or football. *Not bloody ballet! Ballet is not for lads, it's for girls!*

Billy doesn't normally rebel against his dad but this is not a normal situation. He answers him back now. He can't stop himself. Dad even threatens him with a hiding. Luckily, Billy's grandmother sides with Billy. She used to do ballet when she was young so she understands how he feels about dancing. Billy thinks he is as normal and as fit as any athlete.

Yes, Billy wants to know what the problem is. What's wrong with ballet? Why can't his father accept what Billy wants to do? Why can't a boy do ballet? Billy refuses to give up his dancing. The tagline of the film is 'Inside every one of us is a special talent waiting to come out. The trick is finding it.' Billy Elliot has found his talent. Then he tries to live his dream and stand up for who he is.

Billy's goal is to get in to the famous Royal Ballet School in London. Will he succeed? Will his family be proud of him one day? Watch the film and find out ...

The film is from 2000.

Starring: Jamie Bell as Billy Elliot, Gary Lewis as Jackie Elliot (Dad), Julie Walters as Mrs Wilkinson

Directed by: Stephen Daldry



Horrid Henry's Arch Enemy

Silence.

Miss Battle-Axe glared at her class. Oh, for the good old days, when teachers could whack horrible children with rulers.

'Linda! Stop snoring. Graham! Stop drooling. Bert! Where's your chair?'

'I dunno,' said Beefy Bert.

There was a new boy standing next to Miss Battle-Axe. His brown hair was tightly slicked back. His shoes were polished. He carried a trumpet and a calculator. Yuck! He looked like a complete idiot. Horrid Henry looked away. And then he looked back. Funny, there was something familiar about the boy. The way he stood with his nose in the air. The horrid little smirk on his face. He looked like – he looked just like – oh no, please no, it couldn't be – Bossy Bill!!

'Class, we have a new boy,' said Miss Battle-Axe, doing her best to twist her thin lips into a welcoming smile. 'I need someone to look after him and show him around. Who would like to be Bill's friend for the day?'

Everyone put up their hand. Everyone but Horrid Henry. Uggh. Bossy Bill. What kind of cruel joke was this?

Bossy Bill was the horrible stuck-up son of Dad's boss. Horrid Henry hated Bill. Uggh! Yuck! Just thinking about Bill made Henry gag.

Henry had a suspicion he wasn't Bill's favourite person either. The last time they'd met, Henry had tricked Bill into photocopying his bottom. Bill had got into trouble. Big, big trouble.

Miss Battle-Axe scanned the sea of waving hands.

'Me!' shouted Moody Margaret.

'Me!' shouted Kind Kasim.

'Me!' shouted Weepy William.

'There's an empty seat next to Henry,' said Miss Battle-Axe, pointing. 'Henry will look after you.'

NO, thought Henry.

'Waaaaaa,' wailed Weepy William. 'I didn't get picked.'

'Go and sit down, Bill,' continued Miss Battle-Axe. 'Class, silent reading from page 12.'

Bossy Bill walked between the tables towards Horrid Henry.
Maybe he won't recognise me, thought Henry hopefully. After all, it was a long time ago.

Suddenly Bill stopped. His face contorted with loathing.

Oops.

He recognised me, thought Horrid Henry.

Bill marched, scowling, to the seat next to Henry and sat down. His nose wrinkled as if he smelled a stinky smell.

'You say one word about what happened at my dad's office and I'll tell my dad,' hissed Bill.

'You say one word to your dad and I'll tell everyone at school you photocopied your bottom,' hissed Henry.

'Then I'll tell on you!'

'I'll tell on you!'

Bill shoved Henry.

'He shoved me, miss!' shouted Bossy Bill.

'He shoved me first!' shouted Horrid Henry.

'Henry!' said Miss Battle-Axe. 'I am shocked and appalled. Is this how you welcome a new boy to our class?'

It is when the boy is Bossy Bill, thought Henry grimly.

He glared at Bill.

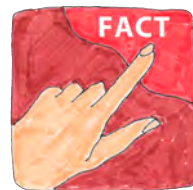
Bill glared at Henry.

From Horrid Henry and the Football Fiend by Francesca Simon





Kitty – Cool and Clever



Kitty solves mysteries. She is cool and clever. She is the star in a series of 140 books. The first one, *The Secret of the Old Clock*, was written in 1930. One hundred million books have been sold, in almost 30 languages, including four million books in Swedish.

In America, Kitty is called Nancy Drew. An American professor, Carolyn Stewart Dyer, has done research on the Kitty books. Dyer says: “Kitty’s a good role model for girls. She’s brave, clever, active and independent.”

Dyer has looked at how Kitty lives on in magazines and on TV. Kitty has influenced people for many years. It’s not only girls who read the books. Boys read their sisters’ Kitty books in secret!

Dyer started her research on the Kitty books because, she says: “I learned that the writer of all the Kitty books has never existed! It was a well-kept secret for 60 years that many different writers worked together to make the books.”

Dyer works at a college of journalism where the very first woman to graduate was Mildred Wirt Benson. Benson wrote the first 22 books about Kitty. Dyer said this about Benson:

“She was a fantastic lady who learned to fly when she was 60 years old. And she was still active in journalism at the age of 94! I was irritated that a woman like that had to be anonymous and that nobody knew what she had done.”

So Kitty, who is a strong, independent girl, was first written by a strong, independent woman. Mildred died at the age of 96 in 2002, having had a lifetime of adventures. Kitty’s adventures are still going on.





The Secret of Shadow Ranch

Nancy went to the living room, lighted a lamp, and sat down alone to think over the mystery. How could someone disappear from the spring house without using the exit? Suddenly she remembered that a prowler had done the same thing from the cellar of the house.

Nancy jumped up excitedly. "Of course that's the answer," she told herself. "The spring house is next to the kitchen and the cellar is under it! There must be a hidden passage from one to the other."

She hastened out of the house and around the corner, but stopped short. A shadowy figure was lounging outside the spring house. It was Dave on guard. Nancy decided against examining the spring house that night.

On the way back she glanced into the kitchen. Mrs. Thurmond was seated at the big table, reading a magazine. Next to her was Bud Moore. He saw Nancy at the door.

"Howdy," he said. "Mr. Rawley changed me into a house guard tonight, so you gals can sleep easy."

"That's great. Thanks."

Nancy smiled, but inwardly she was disappointed. "Now I can't investigate the cellar, either," she thought, "with Bud around."

Nancy awoke at dawn. She dressed quickly and slipped out of the house. To her relief, there was no longer anyone on guard at the spring house. She stepped inside and walked to the kitchen wall. Nancy lifted the lid of the vat and looked in. It was empty.

Nancy knelt and began to feel the bottom of the vat. Along the front edge her fingers suddenly encountered a piece of cord and opposite it another piece. Nancy pulled on them and the bottom moved. As she yanked harder, the floor of the vat lifted a few inches. It was made of wood, which had been covered with gray plaster to look like stone!

Before Nancy could lift it higher, she heard footsteps outside. Quickly she dropped the bottom and closed the vat. She had just time to grab a tin cup and hold it under the stream of water before the wooden door opened. Nancy turned and saw Shorty standing there.

For a moment he was speechless with surprise. "Wal," he exclaimed, "you're sure up mighty early, miss!"

"Yes, I am," Nancy said with a smile, then excused herself and left the spring house. As she strolled off, she could feel Shorty's eyes on her.

Nancy knew that the ranch hands rose early. "Did Shorty intend to get a drink of water? Or did he see me go in and come to find out what I was doing?"

Excited by her discovery in the spring house, Nancy could hardly wait for her friends to awaken so she could tell them about it.

At the news George sat up straight in bed. "That's something!" she exclaimed. "You've found the secret entrance to the cellar!"

"I *think* so," Nancy replied. "It was still kind of dark and I raised the bottom only a few inches. There just might be a hidden compartment under the false door. Let's not tell anyone until we're sure."

Bess said, "Good idea."

From *The Secret of Shadow Ranch* by Carolyn Keene



Unit 3

Sweden Ahoy!

Sweden from Toe to Top

2 Universeum in Gothenburg

Interested in technology? Curious about space, the rainforest, giant rays, electric eels, the human body? Then don't miss out on the Universeum Science Centre. Guess what the 'Beautiful but Deadly' exhibition is about!

1 The Öresund Bridge

No need to jump from Denmark to Sweden anymore! Use the cable-stayed bridge instead. By train or by car. But first you must go through a 4 km tunnel and pass an artificial island.

3 Trollywood at Trollhättan

Is Hollywood too far away for you? Come to Trollywood for your audition instead. It's Sweden's filmmaking centre. Most Swedish and many international stars have made films here. It even has its own Walk of Fame.



The Old Vasa Ship

Lollo and Patrik are showing their American cousin Steve around Stockholm. They have just arrived at the Vasa Museum. Steve doesn't know that it is one of Sweden's main tourist attractions.

Patrik You know what's inside here, don't you?

Steve Nope. Why did you drag me all the way out here?
What's the big deal?

Lollo But Steve ... it's the Vasa ship! It's world famous!

Steve What do you mean world famous? To me it's not.

Patrik Well, it sank on its first trip. Some time in the 17th century.

Steve Are you kidding me! That's ages ago! Why did it sink?

Lollo I don't know. It had loads of sailors on board. And cannons!

Steve Cannons! Okay, I see why it sank.

Lollo But they found it and lifted it out of the water. Much later.

Patrik You want to go in and see the Vasa ship then?

Steve Yeah sure. Why not? Sounds awesome.

Lollo Great. And then maybe we could go to Skansen and have a look at the bear cubs.

Steve Oh come on Lollo! Bear cubs! That's for kids! Let's go to that amusement park, Green something, instead!
I want to try the Viking swing!

Patrik No way, I think that place sucks. You guys can go. I'll go to the Aquaria Water Museum.





Everyone in Sweden Loves It

When I first came to Sweden, my Swedish boyfriend took me to a supermarket and showed me different kinds of food. He said I should take some Swedish food back to London, and pointed to some frozen reindeer and a special can of fish.

When I got back to London my friend Charlotte called me and said: “Jennifer, come to dinner on Friday.” She wasn’t sure what to have as a starter. “Don’t worry,” I said, “I have something. It’s a Swedish speciality. Henric says that everyone in Sweden loves it.”

I arrived at Charlotte’s place a little earlier than everyone else and helped her to get things ready. Charlotte’s three dogs were bouncing around as usual, running in and out of the garden.



I told Charlotte that we should open the can of fish under water. I didn't know why. My boyfriend hadn't told me. Well, we couldn't be bothered with that and began opening it on the kitchen table. There was a hiss as liquid squirted out of the can, covering the wall in front of us. At that moment three things happened at the same time. Firstly, the kitchen was filled with the most disgusting smell, secondly, the three dogs ran howling out of the kitchen into the garden and thirdly, the doorbell rang.

We quickly decided to go without a starter and threw the can away – in the outside bin, as far away from the house as possible. I had to answer the door and explain the smell to everyone. We spent the December evening shivering with all the doors open because the smell was so bad. The dogs refused to come back into the house until the next day.

And if you want to know what happened to the frozen reindeer, it stayed in the freezer for a while, and then I threw it away. It was December and nobody wanted to eat Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.

Zoë, Uday and Osore

Meet three people from three different continents. They have one thing in common – Sweden.

Zoë from Australia

G'day! My name is Zoë and I grew up on a farm in Australia. I came to live in Sweden in 2005 with my Swedish boyfriend. We live in Stockholm and I work as a teacher in an international preschool. I also teach yoga to children.

I have no definite plans to stay living here in Sweden. Actually, I often dream about moving back to the warm land 'down under'. One reason is the climate of course. Before I moved here I had been living for six months in tropical Thailand. The climate in Thailand is similar to the climate of Australia. So I came from bikinis and coconuts to layers of clothing and meatballs!

I am still adjusting to the months and months of cold weather and to some strange food traditions, such as pea soup and pancakes on Thursdays. The sun continues to hide here in Sweden but I am feeling more and more comfortable to eat pea soup any day of the week!



Uday from India

Hi, I'm Uday and I'm from India. When I lived in Sweden I was called Olle. I was a student in 'Mother Svea' for 11 years. Why is Sweden called Mother? I will tell you. I have lived in several countries so I should know. Sweden is the mother of all countries. I mean, where else would you find a country that gives you almost free health care? Where else do you get paid leave if you fall sick and free education up to University levels? Where else do they heat the buses and trains in the cold winters? And the pavements, so that you may walk on 'dry' paths!



When I first heard about the concern that Swedes have for each other I was surprised. I almost fell off my chair. That was difficult, though. You see, the chair was designed by Swedes. Well-designed, like the rest of Sweden. But I didn't like your food. It was so bland. You must spice it up! I live in India now, but every day I remember my old beautiful Mother. I still speak Swedish. I even read the *Dagens Nyheter* on the Net. Yes, the true son of 'Mother Sweden' – that's me.

Osore from Kenya

Hello, my name is Osore. I come from Kenya, East Africa, but I live in Sweden now. I work as a teacher in Södertälje.

I moved to Sweden because I loved a girl who lived here. It was winter when I arrived and the first thing to catch my eyes was all the snow. 'Wow,' I said to myself, 'these people don't have to buy sugar, God has given them plenty.' But what I found the most strange was the white stems of the birch trees. I remember telling my friend, 'These Swedes must be crazy, they must have plenty of time to paint every single birch tree stem in white colour!' My friend laughed and laughed and then he said, 'You fool, that is not paint, it is the natural colour of the bark of the birch tree!'

At first I had a hard time getting used to the cold climate, the food and the language. I also found it difficult to understand certain parts of the Swedish system, like the pharmacies and the housing policy. But today, after more than 20 years, I am used to it. And I like it here, in the land of sugar and snow!



The Great Storm

Caught in a snow storm just before Christmas. That's what happened to the Bullerby children one day at school. Here is Lisa's story.

Shall I tell you about the great storm which came just before Christmas? It was the worst storm Father could remember, he said.

Every day from the beginning of December as we set off for school Lars used to say: "There'll be no snow at Christmas this year, you'll see."

It made me sad every time he said it, as I was longing for a white Christmas, but day after day passed, and not the least little snowflake came floating down. But in Christmas week itself, as we sat in school doing arithmetic, Pip suddenly cried: "Look! It's snowing!"

And it was. We were so pleased we all began shouting, and teacher told us to stand up and sing a song we knew called "Now has winter come indeed".

When we went out into the school yard at break there was a thin, white covering of snow. We trampled out a large figure of eight in the snow, and ran round and round it shouting: "Hurrah, hurrah," but Lars said: "This is all the snow there'll be."

When we went to school next day, however, there was so much snow that we had to plough our way through it, and it was still snowing. But Lars said: "This is the last of the snow, and there'll be plenty of time for it to melt before Christmas Day."

But he was absolutely wrong. When we reached the school it began to snow more than ever. It snowed so hard that it was quite white outside the window, and it was impossible to see even across the school yard. It went on the whole day and then it began to blow too.

It blew and snowed, and snowed and blew till at last our teacher grew anxious and said: "I don't know how you Bullerby children are going to get home today."

She asked us whether we would like to stay the night with her, and we would have liked to do so very much indeed, but we knew that they would all be anxious at home if we did not come. So we said we had better go. She sent us home at once before it grew dark.

It was one o'clock when we left school, and oh what deep snow drifts there were already! *And* how it blew! We had to walk almost bent double.

"Have you had enough snow now?" cried Britta angrily to Lars.



“It isn’t Christmas yet,” said Lars, but we could scarcely hear what he said because of the wind.

We walked and walked and walked. We held hands so that we should not lose each other. The snow was high above my knees and when it is like that it is difficult to walk quickly. The wind blew right through us until we were so frozen that we had no feeling in our toes and fingers and noses.

Finally my legs were so tired that I told Lars I wanted to rest for a moment.

“Not on your life,” said Lars.

Anna was tired too and wanted to rest, but Lars said it was dangerous. Then Anna and I began to cry for we thought we should never get home to Bullerby again.

We had only got halfway when suddenly Ollie said: “We’ll go in to the cobbler! He can’t eat us.”

Anna and I wanted to go in to the cobbler’s even if he did eat us.

It was blowing so hard that we were almost blown in through the cobbler’s door. He was not very pleased to see us.

“What are you kids doing out in this sort of weather!” he asked.

From *The Six Bullerby Children* by Astrid Lindgren

○ To be continued on the CD.

Unit 4

Sports of All



Sorts

"It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game."

Old American saying

"Let me win. But if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt."

The Special Olympics Oath

- ★ Are there sports that girls can't play? Is hockey one of them?
- ★ Shawn's father thinks he is a great athlete. But is he really?
- ★ How did Mårten become a famous floorball goalie?
- ★ American football or soccer? Read about Jodi's fave game.
- ★ Have you heard about the Special Olympics? Do you know what they are?

When you have finished this unit you will be able to answer these questions and many more.

TEXT A

Can Girls Play Ice Hockey?

Vincent Girls can't play ice hockey.

Zara Don't talk rubbish, of course we can.

Vincent Girls can't hit the puck as hard as boys can.

Isabella You don't know what you're talking about!

Vincent And you don't skate as fast as us.

Ella I skate faster than you.

Vincent You only won that race 'cos I fell over.

Isabella Don't be a bad loser!

Vincent Bahar, help me out here.

Bahar Well ... , I don't know. I think girls *can* play ice hockey.

Vincent You traitor!

Bahar The national women's team has got some really good players.

Zara Yeah, and they're doing really well too.

Ella And look at the school teams – who's doing better in the league, the boys or the girls?

Vincent Em ... well ...

Isabella Exactly! The girls are.

Vincent Well, people don't want to watch girls play ice hockey.

Zara Oh yeah! Who did I see at the match last night?

Ella Yeah, Vincent, for somebody who doesn't like girls' ice hockey, you looked like you were having a great time.

Zara I saw you clapping and cheering.

Vincent Bahar forced me to go. I didn't want to.

Bahar You might as well give up.

Vincent Oh, well, if you can't beat them, join them. Who's for a game of ice hockey?





TEXT B

The Skateboard

Hi, I'm Shawn. I live with my dad. He's a workout freak. He goes to the gym almost every single day. My buddies think it's cool but it's embarrassing. All he ever does is work out. And work. He's a physics professor. Yes, I'm the son of a rocket scientist who looks like a caveman.

You know what I mean. He's got a little tiny head, no neck, huge shoulders, short little legs and tiny feet. I'm just the opposite. You'd never guess we were related, which is fine by me.

I'm tall and lanky, with huge feet. I'd rather be inside on my computer, thank you, where the smart guys are. I know people think I'm a geek, but hey, I'm proud of it.



My dad is always trying to get me to go work out with him. 'My son,' he said one day. 'You're a beanpole. I think you could bulk up a bit.'

No way did I want to go work out with him. I mean, I'm only 14. I'm going to get even taller, and the only muscle I want to bulk up is my brain. So I said no. I refused to go to the gym with my dad that Saturday. He complained but didn't make me go.

When Dad came home later that day he had a strange look on his face. He didn't say a word through dinner and then suddenly left the table. I noticed he was limping and had a couple of bruises on his arm.

Finally, he confessed. He hadn't gone to the gym at all. On the way there he ran into some of my buddies who were skateboarding. Being Mr. Muscle Man, he thought he'd hang out with them, instead, and try skateboarding. He hadn't done that for 30 years.

So you can imagine how it went. Yup. He fell. He fell many times. And he really embarrassed himself. My friends even took pictures on their cell phones of him falling, but he doesn't know that.

'I thought I could do this. How hard can it be to ride a skateboard? It's just a board and four wheels. It's simple physics,' he said. He went on and on about how stupid it was for him to fall so much.

He's lucky he didn't break his neck. I mean, I love my dad but, for a rocket scientist, he sure doesn't use his head sometimes.



Skateboarding Facts

- ◆ Skateboarding is a modern sport. It started in the 1950s in California as 'sidewalk surfing'.
- ◆ Most skateboarders are under the age of 18 – and male.
- ◆ The *ollie* is a skateboarding trick in which the skater jumps into the air, and his feet stay on the board the whole time.
- ◆ Longboards are skateboards with a different shape, longer and wider. They are used for downhill racing, slalom, or transportation.
- ◆ Norway is the only country that has ever banned skateboards. They did this from 1978 to 1989. They wanted to reduce the number of skateboarding injuries.
- ◆ Danny Way was the first person to jump over the Great Wall of China without using an engine. How did he do it? With a huge ramp and his skateboard, of course!
- ◆ Fashion is an important part of skateboarding. Shoes, jeans, T-shirts, hooded sweatshirts, windbreakers, caps, beanies – they're all part of the package!
- ◆ Some people don't look upon skateboarding as a sport but as a hobby or a lifestyle. What do you think?

COOL READS

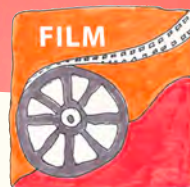
– Sports of All Sorts



American Girl – American Football

Jodi from Minnesota plays American football and she loves it. Once, during a game, a much heavier opponent tackled her. What happened to Jodi?

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Goal!

A poor Mexican boy gets the chance to play for a top English football team. In a match they have to win, Santi is chosen to take a free kick. All eyes are on him ...

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Floorball World Champion

Mårten Blixt was a successful floorball goalie, he was a World Champion. But what does the word 'winning' mean to him? And why did he quit playing?

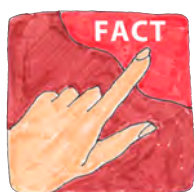
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Come on, Sunny!

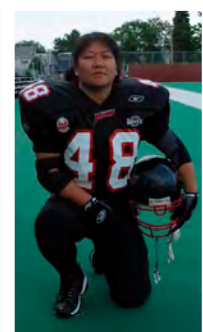
Skye's older brother Sunny, who she loves very much, has Down Syndrome. After taking swimming lessons for a long time he has finally reached his goal, to compete in the *Special Olympics* ...

Page 62



American Girl – American Football

My name is Jodi, and I live in Minnesota, USA. I play American football on a team called *The Minnesota Vixen*. We're all girls! Pretty cool, huh?



Now in most of the world, football means soccer. In America, it means putting on a helmet and shoulder pads and chasing a little brown ball around the field. If you have heard of the World League of American Football, that's the kind of football I mean. Some people say American football is not as interesting as soccer. But I love the game!

We travel all over the country to play. Some of the other states that have teams are Indiana, Iowa, New York, Texas, Nebraska and California. There's even a team in Montreal, Canada.

I have played football for nine years. Right before I played in my first game, I remember being kind of worried that I would drop the ball or run the wrong way. I didn't make a mistake in that game, but I have made many since then. It's very hard to play a perfect game of football.

My team practices three days a week, in the evenings and sometimes on Saturday mornings. Practice sessions can be as long as three hours. We work on running, throwing, catching and kicking the ball at every practice.

In the game, when your team has the ball, you are on offense. Otherwise you are on defense. I play mostly on defense. My position is linebacker. My job is to recognize what kind of play has been called, then find the person with the ball and tackle them.

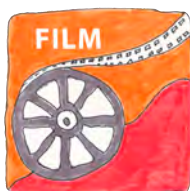
Football rules are simple. A *touchdown* is worth six points, and you can kick a *PAT* for one point or run or throw it into the end zone for two points. A *field goal* is three points. You can also get a *safety*, which is good for two points. There are four quarters, each 15 minutes long, with a 15-minute "halftime" between the second and third quarters.

My favorite part of playing football is getting to smash into other people on purpose without getting in trouble. You can tackle

somebody on every play, if you want to, no matter if you're on offense or defense. It's great!

Of course, all that hitting means you can get hurt. I have broken a few fingers. And sometimes it's a little scary when our opponents are a lot bigger and heavier than we are. I weigh 150 pounds and once I had a 300-pound woman fall on top of me. Can you imagine that? I couldn't breathe, but then she rolled off of me and I was okay.





Goal!

It is the middle of the night in Mexico. A young boy is smuggled across the border to California by his father. The boy's name is Santiago Munez and he is ten years old. His new life as an illegal immigrant in the USA has just started.

Santiago grows up in Los Angeles. He works at low-paid jobs without a green card but with a dream – to make it big in the world of football. In his spare time, he plays for a local league where he is the star.

One day, when he is about twenty, his life changes. A British talent-scout sees him play and is impressed. He offers him a tryout with Newcastle United in England. This is the chance of a lifetime for Santiago.

He arrives in Newcastle to another new life and to a football world which is totally different from LA. The players are gods here. Football is a religion. And Santiago, or Santi, has a lot to learn.

Santi's new career starts out in a shaky way. He is aware of his talent but he often plays for himself and not for the team. At his first big match in London, he wins a penalty and is the hero. Still his manager tells him off afterwards.

Manager What did you notice when you won that penalty?

Santi Uh, I noticed ... the goal.

Manager You should have noticed the other two players with a better position than you. *You don't pass! You go for glory!*

The manager's words make Santi think and act in a different way. Their next match against Liverpool puts Santi to the test again. Newcastle needs a really important goal badly. And Santi is picked to take a free kick ...

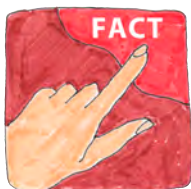
Goal! is the first film in a series of three about football. The next one is set in Real Madrid.

The film is from 2005.

Starring: Kuno Becker as Santiago

Directed by: Danny Cannon





Floorball World Champion

Coming first isn't everything ... winning is!

'Remember, you should be the first guy up in the court when we attack and the first guy back home when we defend.'

Those were my coach's words to me before my first game of floorball when I was 15. I remember thinking, 'That sounds pretty tough!' At the time I couldn't even dream that one day I would play and win the World Championship in Finland in front of over 14,000 spectators ... as a goalkeeper. Anyway, we lost that first game. To be honest, we lost most of the games during my first year when I played the centre position at my home club Lidingö IBK.



So how did I become a goalie then? Well, I wanted to play throughout the whole game. I never liked to change lines, to rest and wait for my turn. Of course I wasn't really fit enough to do that but I didn't care, I wanted to play so badly. Also I soon realised that I didn't have a future playing out on the field so what the heck ... at least I could give it a try.

The third reason was more of a coincidence or maybe it was 'destiny'. Our ordinary goalie was going to quit and the team needed a replacement. So it was pure chance! My surname means 'lightning' in Swedish, so I had to live up to my name. I had to be fast. Fast as lightning!

I won three Swedish Championships, one European Championship and two World Championships. I was voted the best goalkeeper in the world. Now I look back at the three reasons above with a smile on my face and think, "Thank God I didn't like to change lines. My choice to become a goalie paid off!"

I quit playing at the age of 27 after winning the World Championship in Helsinki, Finland in 2002. Why? Well, I worked full-time and studied part-time. My girlfriend was tired of me being away four days a week and almost every weekend. The main reason why I chose to quit was much simpler though. I had accomplished everything I ever wanted to within my sport. And I had other goals in my life.

What do I miss the most from my floorball days? Well, many things. My teammates, the atmosphere in the locker room before a big game, the intensity of the game, the cheering of the crowd. The feeling I miss the most is the feeling of winning! That feeling is priceless, but what I learned later is that you can actually experience this feeling outside the sports arena.

Let me explain what I mean by using the expression, 'Coming first isn't everything ... winning is!' You can experience the feeling of 'winning' in many areas. It can be anything in the world as long as you have fun doing what you're doing. In my case, today I'm 'winning' again, but I have a tougher target now. I'm aiming to become World Champion in being a good dad to my children. I also want to continue to learn and develop in my work. *'Coming first isn't everything ... winning is.'* Remember that!



Come on, Sunny!

Skye and Mom have come to watch Sunny swim the 100m freestyle in the Special Olympics. It's his last event and he needs their support more than ever now.

The swimmers from the previous heat climbed out, and the starter called Sunny's heat to the blocks. Sunny stepped up, shaking out his arms in an eerie likeness of me. I never thought we'd ever have anything in common.

The swimmers took their marks, and then they were off. Sunny's start was the fastest, but he did a belly flop.

When he came up, he was clearly in the lead. His first few strokes were awkward. They were short and choppy, almost panicky. But then he started to stretch out, started to get smooth.

He held the lead for the whole first length. He reached out, grabbed the wall, and pushed off as quickly as he could. His lead only increased during the second length.

"Come on, Sunny!" Mom hollered next to me. "Yeah, Sunny!"

I stayed quiet, watching him swim. His strokes were long and powerful. He had a good rhythm, and he was kicking consistently. Each pull increased his lead. He was slicing easily through the water; he was flying.

He started the third length and I couldn't see any signs of fatigue; the strokes looked the same. He was breathing every other stroke, using a tight turn of his head instead of rolling over on his back like his competitors. But coming off his last turn, he started to fall apart. I could see the strokes getting sloppier.

"Come on, Sunny," I murmured. "Hang in there, Sunny, you've got it, just finish tough."

He did. His strokes kept getting worse and I could almost feel his fatigue. But he finished tough. He completed the race, which was more than the swimmers in two of the lanes could say. And he finished almost a length in front of everyone else.

Mom and I screamed and yelled. He stood up and looked behind him, and the smile that spread across his face could have lit up the whole pool area if the electricity had gone out.

From Head Above Water by S.L. Rottman

The Special Olympics

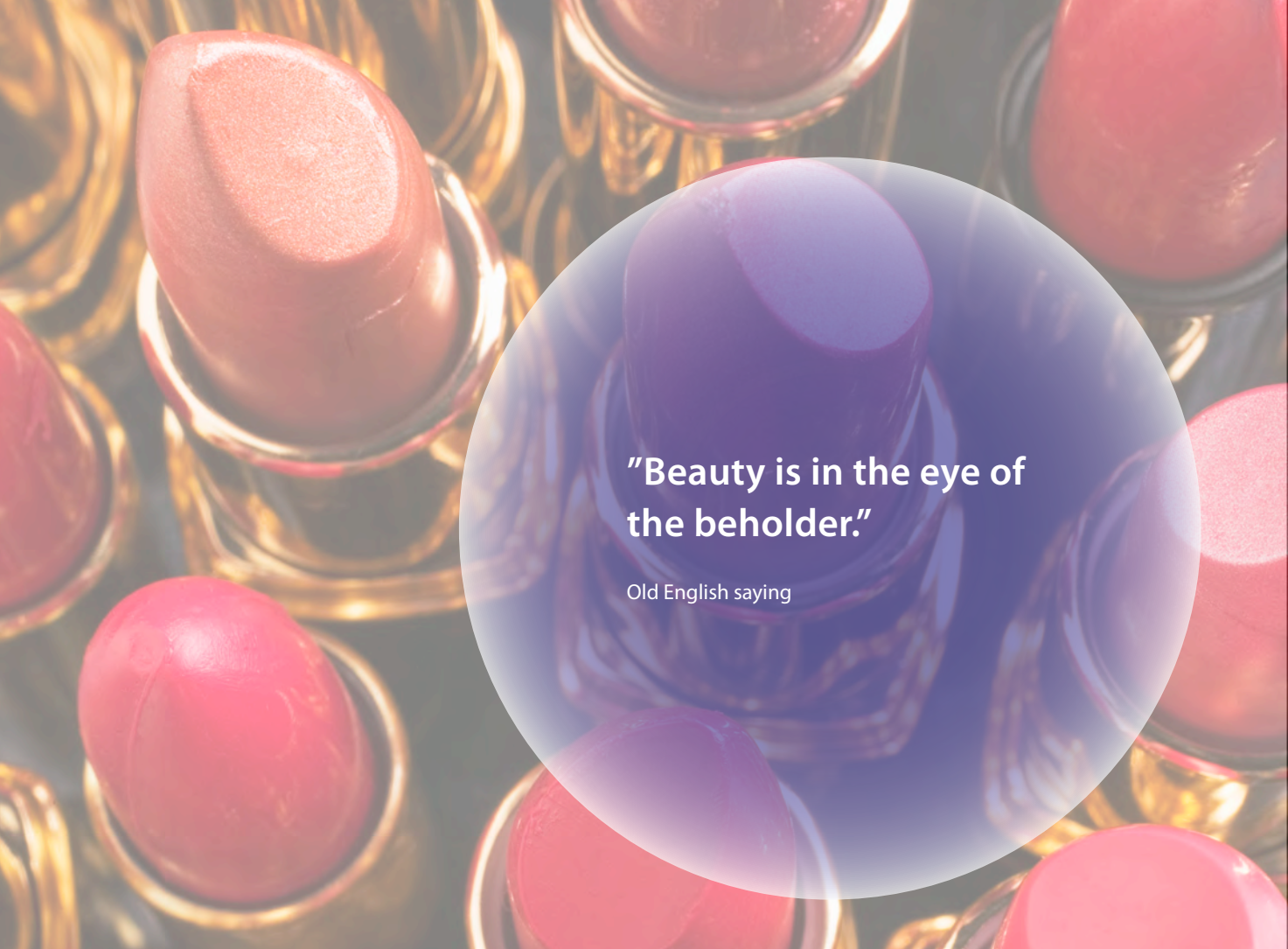
The Special Olympics is an international sports organization for people with mental retardation such as Down Syndrome. It offers training and competition in both summer and winter sports. Every four years there are Special Olympic World Games. The international headquarters are in Washington D.C.



Unit 5

Fashion and Looks





**"Beauty is in the eye of
the beholder."**

Old English saying

- ★ What are combats?
- ★ Did you know that it hurts a lot to get a tattoo?
- ★ What is Beatlemania?
- ★ Why have young boys started to use make-up?
- ★ Can 7-year-old kids be stressed out? Is that why they visit spas?
- ★ In what way is Axel different from other teenage boys?

Read the following unit and you will be able to answer these questions.

TEXT A

Browsing Through a Fashion Mag

Marcos These trousers would look great on you Rihanna.

Rihanna No combats thank you. It's just not me.

Marcos But they're cool and quirky, don't you think?

Rihanna Nope. Oh, look at this velvet jacket. It's gorgeous ...

Marcos No, too flashy. When would you be wearing it?

Rihanna Any time. I hate looking like everyone else on the street.

Marcos I sort of like this tank top. What do you think?

Rihanna Yeah, you'd look sharp in that. It's super trendy.

Marcos Hm ... and these ripped jeans with matching t-shirt?

Rihanna Nooooo, too geeky. Not your style at all.

Marcos And these shades ... wow!

Rihanna Oversized if you ask me. You know what Marcos?

Marcos No, what?

Rihanna That blazer and those trousers you're wearing now ... they're just perfect on you!

Marcos Thanks, you're a bit of alright in school uniform too!





TEXT B

My Tattoo

Hi, I'm Justin. I got a tattoo yesterday. My mom is going to kill me.

I have always wanted a tattoo. My grandfather had two tattoos. He got them when he was a young man in the army. He had an eagle on one arm and a hand on the other arm. He could make the hand wave when he flexed his arm muscles.



For months I had looked at magazines like *Rolling Stone* with pictures of rock stars. They all have tattoos. I kind of knew the tattoo I wanted. It couldn't be cute. It couldn't be weird. It had to be tough, like a tiger or a snake. It had to be cool because I was going to have it for the rest of my life. I saved the money I earned mowing the lawn, shoveling snow and working for my dad. I saved the money I got for my birthday and Christmas. After a year I had enough to pay for an awesome tattoo.

I also had a plan. You have to be an adult – 18 years old – to get a tattoo or to get your ears, eyebrow, nose or belly button pierced. I'm only 15, but my brother is 18 and we look alike. So yesterday morning I took his ID card to school with me. After school, my buddy and I took the bus across the city to a tattoo parlor we had heard about and I pretended I was my brother.

There we looked at catalogs of tattoo designs and pictures of real people with tattoos. And then, I found the tattoo for me. It's a green and blue dragon with orange flames coming out of its mouth. The tail is under my arm. The head is on the top of my shoulder and the flames go down my arm a little. It's so cool.

The tattoo artist did my tattoo first. It took about two hours and it really hurt. A small, sharp needle pokes colored dye into your skin again and again. It makes you bleed a little. He had to stop often to wipe my shoulder.

After a while my buddy said, "Dude, are you OK? You're really pale." I don't think I was crying. I was just scared. I didn't know a tattoo would hurt so much and I wanted to stop right then. But I couldn't have half a dragon tattooed on my shoulder. That would look dumb. So I let the artist finish my dragon.

That night, I could hardly move my arm. My shoulder was all red, but I could see my dragon. I liked it. I think my grandfather would have liked it, too. My mom will hate it. I don't know how I'll be able to hide it from her. Maybe my brother will have a plan. I hope so, because I think I just heard the dragon roar.

Fashion Facts

- ◆ Fake eyebrows made from mouse skin was high fashion in the 18th century.
- ◆ Clothes especially for children have existed for only about 200 years. Before that, children wore what adults wore, but in smaller sizes.
- ◆ German actress Marlene Dietrich wore slacks in the movie "Morocco" in 1930. That was the go-ahead for women across the world to start wearing slacks too.
- ◆ Clark Gable was a star actor in the 1930s and also a fashion icon. Once, in a film, he didn't wear a vest under his shirt. Vest sales went down by half.
- ◆ Doc Martens boots came to England from Germany in the 1960s. Did you know that the very first pair was made of rubber, from old tyres?
- ◆ Modern fashion trends are often set by celebs at 'glam and glitz' shows like the Oscars. It is called 'red carpet fashion'.
- ◆ The fair trade movement is coming into fashion as well. Fair trade means buying clothes from companies in poorer countries, where wages and working conditions are fair.



COOL READS

– Fashion and Looks



Got a Spot? Go to the *SPAhhhT!*

In Texas, USA, there is a spa especially for children, called the *SPAhhhT*. Seven-year-old Madison loves going there. Why? And why do parents spend so much money on their kids' hair and skin and nails?

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Guy-liner and Man-scara

Cosmetics are not only for girls and women these days. Young men have started to test the skin products and sniff the scents. Not only rock stars use eyeliner and mascara. Ted has his own reasons for using make-up ...

Page 74



Beatlemania

In the early 60s, four lads from Liverpool called the Beatles started a music revolution that changed the music world. They were also fashion trendsetters and had their own, very special hairstyle ...

Page 76



The Journey

Seema is off on holiday with Mum and Mum's boyfriend Olly. Axel, Olly's godson from Paris, is joining them and Seema is excited to meet him for the first time. But he is not exactly the kind of 16-year-old gorgeous French god she expected ...

Page 77



Got a Spot? Go to the *SPAhhhT*!

Do you have piles of homework, and tests to study for? Are you feeling stressed? Do you need help to relax? Perhaps you should visit a spa. A relaxing massage, a manicure or a pedicure may be just what you need.

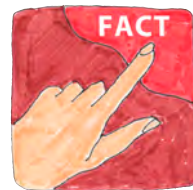
Does that sound good? For thousands of American kids, visits to a spa are quite normal. There are many spas for young people in the US. The *SPAhhhT* is a spa in Texas especially for children aged 3–17. This is no normal spa with soft music and gentle colours. Step inside the *SPAhhhT*, and you will see funky decorations, bright colours, round mirrors and big beanbags. Boys and girls love the *SPAhhhT* and their parents are paying thousands of dollars for treatments.

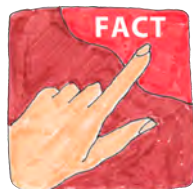
“I can’t make an appointment for myself,” says 12-year-old Kyra. “My mother has to make the appointments. Mom also has to be with me during the massage.”

There are other reasons for visiting the *SPAhhhT*. One of the most popular treatments is a facial. Have your face cleaned properly, enjoy a facemask, and try make-up. Nobody likes having pimples. Teenagers say they don’t want to look like film stars, but they do want to look good. Both boys and girls go for facial treatments when they begin to get spots. Facials are the most expensive treatment at the *SPAhhhT*. But parents are paying, because they think beautiful skin is worth it.

Why would a 7-year-old visit a spa? Madison says: “I love having my hair braided into tiny braids. It keeps my hair off my face and it makes me look pretty. When I have a test coming up at school, I like to have a massage, it helps me relax. It was really cool last Christmas, I had a manicure and the lady painted tiny snowmen on my nails. I also like it when they put make-up on me. I feel grown-up, like a movie star. And my friends tell me I look eight or nine years old!”

Some parents think that spas are simply a fun idea, something different to do – instead of a movie and a meal, or a trip to an adventure park. Others think that visits to spas are important. They say their kids need a spa to take care of their skin, and to help them relax. Whatever their reasons, this is one ‘spot’ their children love.





Guy-liner and Man-scara

“Baby girls find Mum’s make-up and start painting their face. Baby boys find Mum’s make-up and start painting the walls.” This old saying is perhaps true. But times are changing. Nowadays, some boys and young men are using make-up for their faces too.

Boys who need to cover up acne or a skin problem can easily find the right counter in the department store. There are entire shelves with products for men – bodycare, haircare and shaving products. Many male celebs sell their own brand of skin products and scents. If David Beckham’s eau de toilette is a success, why not get it? Many young boys start using aftershave long before they actually start shaving. It is the smell they are after.

But really heavy make-up is normally used only by men on stage, like rockers, or film stars. They are in the spotlight. They want to stand out – and they do! Sometimes it is impossible to tell whether the artist is male or female. The secret is called guy-liner and man-scara.

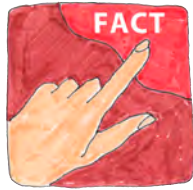
Ted is 15 and lives in London. “Yes, I’ve been using make-up for some time,” he says. “Every morning I apply black eyeliner and mascara. In the evening I have to use a special cleanser to get it off. I feel cool when I wear make-up. I want to look good and not like everyone else. Sometimes other boys ask me if I’m gay but I’m not. The girls at school like my look. Mum and Dad aren’t too happy about it but they accept it as long as I do okay at school.”

The use of cosmetics is very old. It dates back to Ancient Egypt around 4000 BC. The Ancient Greeks and Romans also used cosmetics. So, why do people use make-up and spend incredible sums of money on it? Well, to improve their looks of course, or simply to change them.

Watch out girls! If big boys find your make-up, they probably won’t use it as wall paint. Some may well use it on their faces. They want to make themselves more attractive too. Or are boys becoming more like girls?







Beatlemania

Bill was 18 when he first saw the Beatles on stage in London. It was in 1963. “I remember the moment they entered the stage,” he says. “People got crazy. The music was new and revolutionary. And they looked fabulous, like nothing we had seen before.”

The Beatles’ popularity exploded. Songs like *She Loves You* and *Twist and Shout* soon swept the world. But it was not only the Beatles’ music that caused “Beatlemania”. The four Liverpool rebels also started a fashion trend. Today we think they look neat and tidy on photos, but in the 60s their style was daring and sensational.

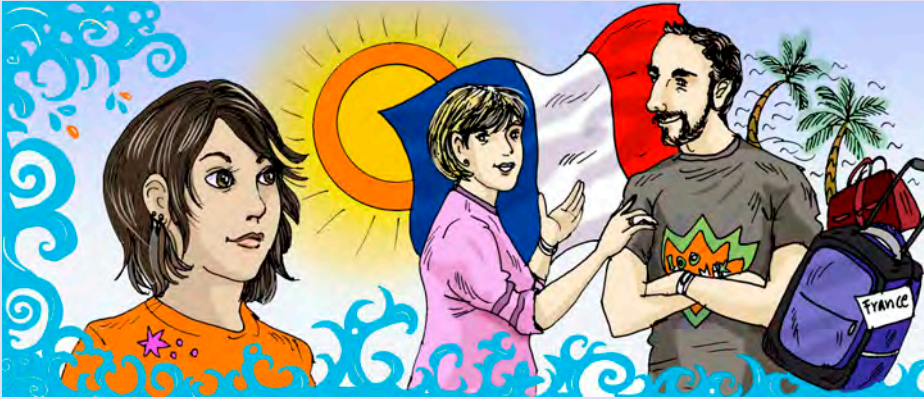
The haircut made popular by the Beatles was called the mop-top haircut. “It was a straight collar-length cut at the back and over the ears. The long fringe was an important part of the look. It was combed forward,” Bill remembers.

Millions of young men wanted to wear the stylish clothes the Beatles wore on stage. “They were dressed in black suits with collarless jackets and drainpipe trousers,” Bill continues. “They introduced a new type of boots called Beatles boots. Soon everyone was wearing what the Beatles wore.”

Bill thinks back on Beatlemania. “The combination of a new look and really great music is probably the secret to this worldwide youth movement. And it hasn’t stopped yet,” he adds. “The other day my grandson was over the moon when he discovered my old Beatles outfit in a wardrobe. He couldn’t wait to put it on. I laughed when I saw him.

I was back in the 60s and the two of us had a great time twisting and shouting!”





The Journey

No-one could have been happier than I was when Mum got herself a new boyfriend. But after a couple of months with Olivier, she was starting to develop some pretty embarrassing verbal tics. For example, she never said “OK” anymore. Instead she said “Hip-cool, oui.” Coming from Olivier with his great French accent, it was hip-cool indeed. Coming from Mum, it was just a bit sad.

Anyway, it was getting close to the summer holidays. Normally, I would have gone and stayed with Dad but that year he had been promoted at work and had to spend two months digging in the dust in Saudi Arabia. Mum didn’t want me to go there. I definitely didn’t want to go there. So I had to go on holiday with her and Olly instead.

“You are so lucky,” said my best friend Emma. “Two weeks in the South of France. Two weeks with a French boy!”

Oh yeah. Olly’s godson from Paris was coming too. Axel was his name. He was going to catch the train across country and meet us in the seaside town near St. Tropez where Olly had grown up. Axel was sixteen. I was fourteen. Emma predicted the perfect opportunity to improve international relations.

“Axel!” Olly shouted down the platform.

I scanned the passengers getting off the train for my future French husband, making sure I looked as good as possible for the moment when we first locked eyes. You have no idea how long it took me to get ready that morning. I wore an outfit I bought with the money Dad sent to make up for the fact I wouldn’t be holidaying with him. Great jeans, a cute top. A pair of shoes that were killing my feet ...

“Axel!”





Eventually, there was no-one left on the platform but me, Mum, Olly and one super-gorgeous French boy. His clothes were great. His hair was great. His face was great. And, be still my beating heart, he was a nice guy with it. He was actually helping some poor guy in a wheelchair with his bags.

“Hey, Olly!”

A poor guy in a wheelchair who was addressing my future step-father by name ...

The gorgeous boy walked straight past us and into the arms of his waiting girlfriend.

“Axel, this is Seema.” Olly introduced me to the cripple.

“Nice shoes,” said Axel.

I glanced down at his feet, dressed in what appeared to be a cross between 1970’s platforms and medieval torture instruments, and felt more than a little bit weird.

So much for my fantasy that I’d spend the next two weeks floating along the beach in the company of a dashing French god, listening to

compliments drop from his lips in that fabulous accent until I couldn't stop myself from hurling him onto the sand and covering him with kisses.

There was to be no floating along the beach with Axel. Olly had to carry him down the steps and across the sand to the island of beach blankets Mum set up every morning. He stayed there all day, in the shade of an umbrella, reading piles of books or talking to the grownups. He didn't even have to get up to go to the bathroom because he had some kind of bag attached to his kidneys, I think.

The holiday was turning out to be a disaster. Mum wasn't happy for me to go very far on my own and Axel couldn't come anywhere with me. I read all the books I'd brought with me in the first three days. Axel offered to read me some of his poetry.

"I think he was trying to flirt with me," I told Emma when I called her that night.

"Oh, yuck," said Emma. "That really is gross." I began to think I might have been better off in Saudi.

On the fourth day, I rebelled. I told Mum that I wasn't going to the beach that day. I was going to stay in the villa. On my own.

"You can't stay on your own all day," she replied.

"I'm fourteen," I reminded her.

"I still think of you as thirteen and four quarters. I can't leave you here by yourself."

"I'll stay with her," said Axel.

"An excellent idea," said Olly. He whispered something in my mother's ears that made her giggle and agree.

So now I was stuck in the villa with the cripp.

"You don't like me, do you?" said Axel when Mum and Olly had gone.

"Of course I like you," I snorted back.

"Then why won't you look at me?" he asked. "Perhaps it's because you fancy me. That's usually why a girl won't look at a guy."

"Oh, dream on," I said. "You're a cripple." I regretted that immediately.

"You know, it's just my legs that don't work," said Axel. "Everything in here is perfectly functional." He tapped his head. "And here," he tapped his heart.

By Chris Manby

● *To be continued on the CD.*

Unit 6

Fast and Furious





- ★ What is the speed of light?
- ★ Annie Seel – every doctor’s nightmare. Why?
- ★ Interested in an encounter with a wild Black Rhino?
- ★ Do you have to prove that you’re not chicken?
- ★ Should Burt give up his dream to break a speed record?
- ★ Chocolate Milk – a winning team?

In the following unit you will get the answers to these questions and many more.

TEXT A

Cockroaches and Space Shuttles

Cockroaches and space shuttles – what do they have in common? Both are record holders in their own worlds. You might think the cockroach is slow, but in the insect world, it is the sprint champion with a top speed of 5 km/h! The space shuttle is one of the fastest vehicles ever invented. Its top speed is over 27,300 km/h. Compare that with your family car!





Cheetahs and skateboarders, for example, are speeders that can both reach 100 km/h. Peregrine falcons and Formula One cars are more than three times faster. Their top speed is 320 km/h. Jumbo jets travel at 900 km/h and jet fighters at 3,200 km/h – and even that is slow compared to space shuttles.

Now imagine a 100m race with four competitors – a cockroach, a cheetah, Asafa Powell and yourself. You are all in top form. The cheetah wins easily, in less than 4 seconds. Powell, one of the world's fastest men, needs 9.74 seconds. But what about you? What is your PB? Will you beat the cockroach?

Speed is also about feelings. People have always wanted to move faster, not only in vehicles. Bungee jumpers, sailboarders, speed skiers ... They all get a kick out of the thrill of speed. And the danger.

Nothing in the Universe can travel faster than light. The speed of light is 1,079,000,000 km/h. This means that light travels more than *one million* times faster than a jumbo jet. Hard to imagine! Nowadays we can also send messages to each other at the speed of light. Thank the Internet for that.

Want to take a trip to the stars? You would need a starship that could travel almost at the speed of light. But, sorry, it would still take *many years* to reach the stars. You might just as well forget it. Why don't you go for the 100m world record instead?

Nobody Remembers a Coward

Marcus is interviewing Annie Seel for the school newspaper. She is a famous Swedish motorcyclist from Täby, north of Stockholm.

Marcus So when did you start motorbike racing?

Annie I started when I was 15. I've been doing it for more than 20 years now. And I still love it.

Marcus Do you race around a track?

Annie No, I'm a rally driver. I take my bike on dirt roads, across deserts, up mountains. I've been up Everest and through deserts in South America and Africa. There's a famous race called the Dakar Rally. Have you heard about it? It's one of the toughest competitions in the world. Most of the drivers are in cars, but some of us are on motorbikes. You start in Europe and finish in Dakar, that's in Senegal. It goes right across the Sahara desert!

Marcus The Sahara, that's awesome! How long does that take?

Annie About 14 days, if you're lucky. Not everyone finishes. And some people die trying.

Marcus That sounds dangerous. Have you ever injured yourself?

Annie Ha ha! I've crashed too many times to count. I've broken more than 20 bones, my knees are shot, I've cracked two vertebrae, I've had 40 stitches on my face and I often have pain in my back. Once, I broke my hand in two places during a race. I couldn't hold on, so I taped my hand to the handlebar and I could keep going. After a while you stop feeling the pain. When I get hurt during a race, doctors tell me to stop. But I just lie to them, tell them I'm feeling fine and get back on my bike.

Marcus So you're not planning to stop racing?





Annie Oh no. I'm planning to ride as long as I can. Doctors have tried warning me. They say if I don't stop now I might end up in a wheelchair. But I'm not going to spend my life sitting on a sofa watching some stupid soap opera.

Marcus Wow, that's radical ... So what do you do when you're not training and competing?

Annie I have my own company. That keeps me busy ... I get bored really quickly. I have to stay active or I go crazy.

Marcus It sounds like you've had a very exciting life!

Annie You bet! My friends think I'm a bit crazy, but I can't imagine doing anything else. My motto is: "Nobody remembers a coward." I don't believe in giving up.



COOL READS

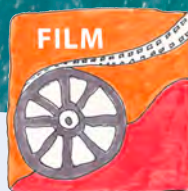
– *Fast and Furious*



Shop Boy

Vipul and his sister Rita are on their own, looking after the family's grocery store. Vipul is bored but when two young shoplifters enter the shop, he takes action. He must prove to them and to himself that he is not chicken.

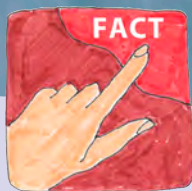
Page 88



The World's Fastest Indian

Burt is obsessed with speed. His dream is to beat a motorcycle speed record. To do this, he has to travel to the USA. But he is 67, he has a serious heart problem and he lives in New Zealand. Should he give up his dream?

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The Black Rhino Adventure

Richard and his family are on a safari in South Africa. There are many wild animals out there and some of them are very dangerous. The jeep has stopped and Richard can feel his heart beating fast. This is Black Rhino territory ...

Page 93



Go, Chocolate Milk! Go!

Jemmie and Cass are best friends. The girls' great interest is running and today they are taking part in a race. They are in the lead, people are cheering them on and the finish line is coming up when something unexpected happens. Cass has to decide if winning is more important than friendship ...

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Shop Boy

Vipul hated Sanganee Groceries. But Mum was back in hospital and Dad wanted to be with her. Vipul and his big sister Rita had to take care of the family business for a few hours every day after school. Vipul picked up his French homework and sighed. Rita was in the office at the back.

Two youths came into the shop and looked around. The girl had curly hair and the boy was very tall. "Give us a few sweets, Shop Boy!" snapped the girl.

"Sorry, can't do that," answered Vipul. "Not unless you pay."

She came over to the till and stood in front of Vipul. Out of the corner of his eye, Vipul saw the tall boy slip several slabs of chocolate under his sweater.

Vipul leapt to the door and blocked the way. "You need to pay for those!"

"For what, Shop Boy?"

"For the chocolate under your sweater," he said pointing.

"Shove off!" barked the tall boy, slamming Vipul against the doorframe and running out.

They wouldn't do this to Dad, thought Vipul. They think I'm too chicken to do anything.

"Rita! Rita! Take care of the shop! I'm going after two idiots!" shouted Vipul. The boy and girl were spurting down the road. Vipul sprinted after them. He called the security firm on his mobile: "I'm following two shoplifters ... Belgrave Road ... black sweaters ... heading towards the flyover ..."

The tall boy turned round and spotted Vipul. He shouted to the girl and they started running faster. Vipul kept going. Without warning, the boy turned right. Vipul dialled Security again. "Hello? ... I'm still following one ... Buller Road ..." He had a pain in his chest and sweat running into his eyes, but he couldn't stop. Not now.

The tall boy was slowing down. He kept turning round, grinning. What was going on? Vipul looked back. The girl was right behind him. He was caught between them. "I've called Security! They're on their way!" he screamed.

“Ooh ... Security ... I’m so scared ... You little retard!” sneered the girl.

She shoved him into the wall. Vipul saw something shiny in her hand. A knife! His heart leapt in his chest. “Give me back the chocolate and I’ll tell them not to come!” he blurted out.

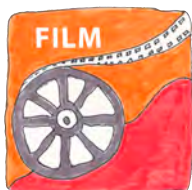
“Shop Boy wants to negotiate!” scoffed the boy.

“Let’s just ditch him and go!” the girl shot back.

Ditch me? What’s that? For what? For chocolate? Thoughts were flying through Vipul’s head.

Suddenly, a dark green security van turned into Buller Road. Vipul waved wildly to them. “Shit,” said the boy. The girl kicked Vipul on the shin and they ran. Vipul’s eyes filled with tears. Whether it was from pain or relief, he didn’t know.





The World's Fastest Indian

WROOOOM! What was that? A flash of lightning? No, it was Burt Monroe racing down the street on his Indian ...

Burt Monroe is obsessed with speed. He works day and night on his Indian to make it go faster and faster. His Indian is a motorbike. Burt is something of a legend in his hometown in New Zealand where he races against local biker gangs. His bike is from the 1920s and Burt himself is 67 years old. He suffers from heart problems but that won't stop him from running his Indian.



The film *The World's Fastest Indian* is based on a true story. Herbert James Munro (1899–1978) set a world record for Indian motorcycles in 1967, at Bonneville. He reached a speed of 190.07 mph. That is more than 300 km/h. The record still stands.

Burt's dream is to take his bike to Bonneville in Utah, USA, where a speed week is arranged every year. There he will try to set a new land speed record on the fast salt flats. Some people say he is crazy and too old, but he won't listen.

Tom, the boy next door, helps him in his garage.

Tom Do you think you'll break the record?

Burt Well, I hope so ... yeah!

Tom Dad doesn't think you can do it.

Burt Oh, is that what he said?

Tom He says everyone thinks so.

Burt Oh, well ...

Tom Except me!

Burt Aye, you're a good boy, Tom. I'll tell you something, son. If you don't follow through on your dreams, you might as well be a vegetable.

Tom What type of vegetable?

Burt I don't know. A cabbage? Yes, a cabbage!

Burt is no cabbage. He follows his dreams and sets off for Utah. It's a long and troublesome journey. But nothing will stop Burt. He is determined to make it to Bonneville and to run his bike fast and furiously on the salt flats. He knows what he wants: he wants to be known as the man who ran the world's fastest Indian.

The film is from 2005.

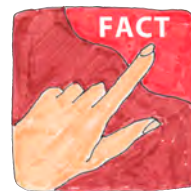
Starring: Anthony Hopkins as Burt Munro

Directed by: Roger Donaldson



The Black Rhino Adventure

Suddenly, out of nowhere, we heard a loud rushing sound and then, about 5 meters away from us – there it was!



Hello, my name is Richard Wright and I am from Canada. I am 14 years old. Last month, my parents and my sister Cleo and I went on a safari to South Africa. The safari was called The Black Rhino Adventure! We left early in the morning in a jeep with a guide from Johannesburg and went to Augrabies Falls National Park for three days.

At sunset we arrived at our campsite. I will never forget the first night, sitting by the campfire listening to the animal sounds from the dark wilderness around us. It was exciting but a bit scary too. I didn't sleep much that night ...

Early the next morning we set off with the driver and our guide Erica, to search for the Black Rhino. She told us that rhinos are in danger. There are not many left and they need to be protected. People hunt them for their horns and the hunting is often illegal. She also explained that a wild male rhino guards and fights for his mate and they can't see very well. And that rhinos can live 35 years, weigh 800–1,350 kilos and only eat plants. Cleo and I were happy that they don't eat meat! But still, I kept thinking about how dangerous a rhino could be and I wondered if we would be safe ...

We had been driving for about two hours when our driver stopped the jeep. Erica pointed to the riverbank. "Sometimes they come here to drink," she said. But we couldn't see any rhinos. Then Erica pointed again. All of us were quiet. We were nervous and excited as we looked for the rhino. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, we heard a loud rushing sound and then, about 5 meters away from us – there it was!

A gigantic Black Rhino came charging out of the bush. It was heading straight at us! Cleo grabbed me and I grabbed my dad who was holding my mom's hand. The driver started the engine and tried to back away but the rhino was running at us and was now only about 3 meters away. As the jeep kept moving backwards, the huge beast passed right in front of our faces! I could feel my heart beating in my throat. It was incredible. Nobody said a word for a long time. We all just looked at each other, happy and also relieved. Erica was laughing. "Now that's your Black Rhino!" she said grinning.



Go, Chocolate Milk! Go!

"Pick it up, Cass, pick it up!" Daddy yelled.

I could've picked it up a little, but I could hear Jemmie's breathing, so loud it sounded like it was tearing her chest. Her lips were pulled back. We were running about three feet apart, but I moved in closer to let her know we were together no matter what, and that's when 40 made her move.

Like a blue flash, 40 cut between us. Jemmie told me later that she had heard 40 pulling up, had even heard the sound of her breathing. When she did, Jemmie tried to run faster, but couldn't. She had nothing left. Still, she strained forward as if wanting it so badly could get her there first. That's when 40's shoulder clipped hers. It was just a light brush, Jemmie said. Later, when she got over being mad, she had to admit that 40 probably hadn't even noticed.

At that moment one of the guys broke the tape, so there was a huge cheer just as Jemmie fell. Every braid stood out, every bead flashed as she pinwheeled on a twisted ankle, and the crowd roared. It happened in a heartbeat. One second she was with me, the next she was gone. I looked back over my shoulder. As she fell, she threw her arms out. Her body shook with the jolt of hitting the road, and her hands scraped across the pavement. The distance between us was getting wider and wider and I was still running.

Daddy yelled, "Don't look back, Cass! Run!"

Number 40 was ahead of me, but not by much. It seemed like she'd used her last kick just getting ahead of us.

"Come on, Cass!" Daddy yelled again.

If I could catch up with 40 I would be the winner all by myself.

Ben was jumping up and down yelling, "You can do it, Cass!"

But I couldn't do it, I couldn't leave Jemmie behind, so I turned back.

"Are you crazy, Cass?" Daddy yelled.

"You crazy, girl?" Jemmie was kneeling on the road. She waved me away. "Go on, get outta here." Tears streaked her cheeks. Both palms were bleeding. "Go!"

"Not without you," I said. So I wouldn't touch her hurt hand and I grabbed her arm and slung it around my neck. "Come on, let's go." I lifted her up.

There was a cheer. Number 40 had crossed the line.

“You could’ve won it, Cass,” Jemmie said as we hobbled along. “You could’ve.”

The other runners in the pack passed us. There were scattered cheers as they crossed the line. I thought the audience would wander away, but they didn’t. They started calling out to us, “Come on thirty-two, come on thirty-three, you can do it!”

Jemmie had taken too hard a fall to hurry. Even with most of her weight on me she could still barely hobble. “Come on!” the crowd shouted. When we stumbled across the line I was practically carrying her, but everyone was cheering, even Daddy. When I looked at Ben he grinned and gave me a wink.

A woman pointed a camera at us and snapped our picture, although I couldn’t see why. We were the losers.

She whipped out a small pad. “Can I get your names, girls?”

Jemmie lifted her head up. “Chocolate Milk,” she said.

“Excuse me...chocolate milk?”

“That’s right,” I said. “We’re a team. Jemmie Lewis and Cass Bodine: Chocolate Milk.”

From *Crossing Jordan* by Adrian Fogelin



Unit 7

Britain Is Great!

Great Britain – or is it the United Kingdom?

Great Britain, Britain, England, the United Kingdom – why are there so many names? Let's try to sort that out!

Great Britain, or Britain, is made up of the three countries England, Scotland and Wales. It is also the name of the largest of the British Isles.

The United Kingdom, or the UK, is made up of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

British people are people who live in the UK.

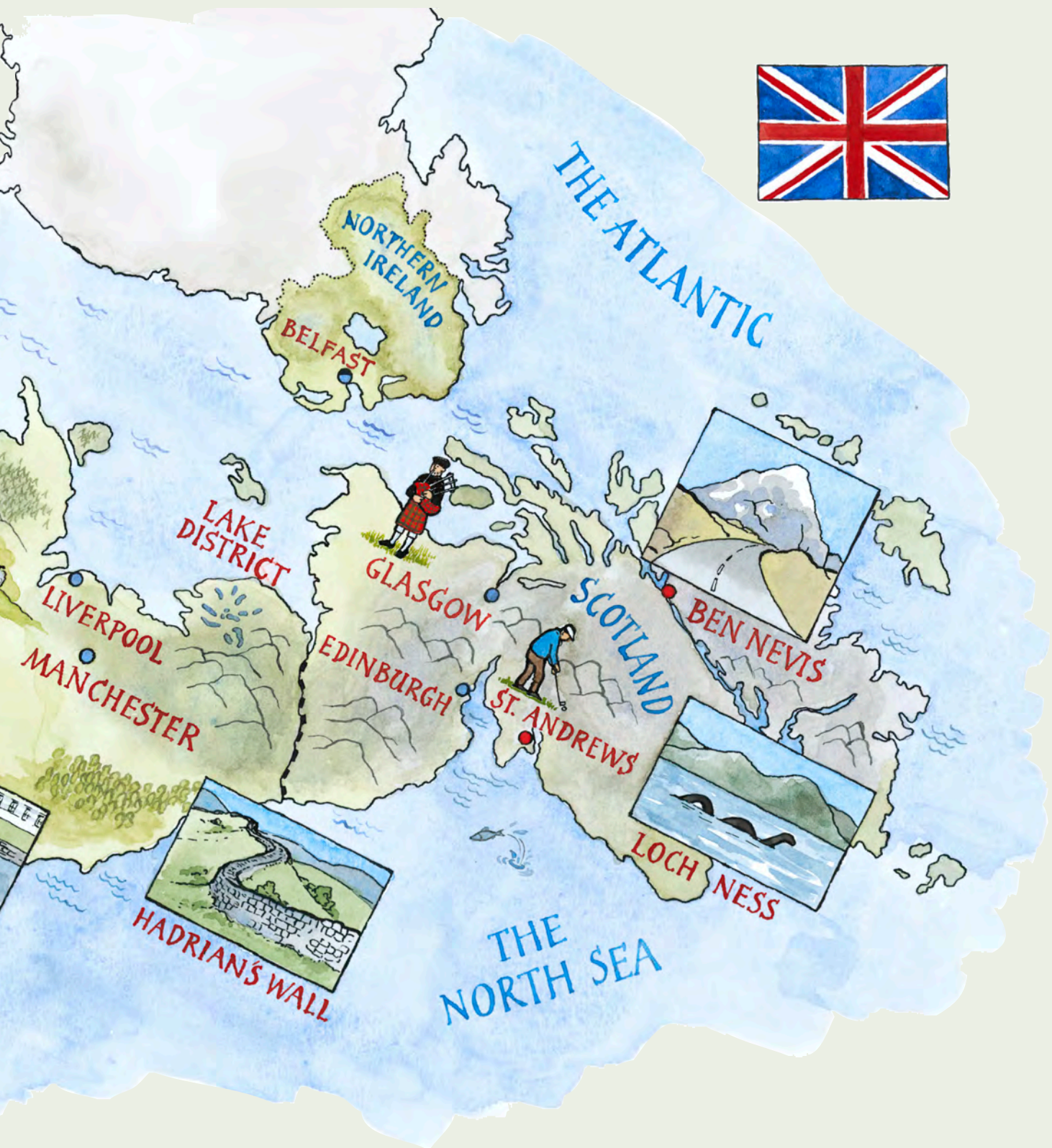
Sometimes the name Britain means Great Britain, sometimes it means the UK.

The national flag of the UK is called the Union Jack.

London is the capital of both England and the UK.

The wordlist is on page 131 in this book.





1 *This impressive monument of huge rocks arranged in a circle has fascinated people for 5,000 years. Who built Stonehenge and why? We can only guess.*



2 *In the Lake District you will find beautiful scenery, mountains, lakes, English countryside roads, picturesque villages – the perfect place for a hike.*



3 *Hadrian's Wall was built by the Romans to keep out the wild Scottish warriors from the north.*



4 *St Andrews is called the home of golf because this is where the game was invented.*

The wordlist is on page 131 in this book.



5 *If you want to get a great view of London, try the London Eye – it is 135m high. The London Eye is located on the banks of the river Thames and it was opened at the turn of the century.*



6 *In Wales, the Gaelic language is still used in some places. Can you pronounce this name?*

British All Sorts

Mixed cultures

Take a walk down a street in one of Britain's big cities and you will see that people all look different. Britain is a society of mixed cultures. As early as the year 800 AD, the Vikings came across the North Sea. Since then, people from every continent have come to make Britain their home. Many have come from the Caribbean, India, Pakistan, Hong Kong, Uganda and Somalia. Most people who move to Britain try to hold on to some of their own culture. One example is the Notting Hill Carnival in London. It celebrates the Caribbean culture and has over two million visitors. There are also different cultures and languages in certain parts of Britain, like Scotland and Wales. The Scots and the Welsh sometimes get angry when they are called 'English'.





Food and drink

What is typical British food? Difficult question. Some traditional examples are Yorkshire pudding, fish and chips, bangers and mash. But times have changed and the most popular food now is ... curry! The famous traditional British breakfast is mostly served only in hotels today. It consists of bacon and eggs, sausages, fried bread, baked beans and mushrooms. In most homes, the typical breakfast nowadays is a bowl of cereal, toast, orange juice and coffee. Most schools have a canteen where children can buy their lunch, served by 'dinner ladies'. Many people eat a packed lunch – sandwiches, crisps and some fruit. Others grab a takeaway burger and dash off! British people love their tea but coffee has become just as popular. The *caffe latte* lifestyle has invaded the nation!

Football

Football, the world's biggest sport, comes from Britain. In the very beginning, there were as many as a hundred players on each team because everyone in the village took part. There were lots of fights and no rules so the game was dangerous. Modern football started in 1863. Football is a big part of life in Britain. Masses of people play football just for fun, in parks and playgrounds. People grow up with football. They love to discuss it. It is a passion. The game can still be rough and footy fans get violent sometimes. Britain has many famous football clubs, like Arsenal, Celtic and Manchester City. The FA Cup Final each May is an important event of the football year.

Humour

British people are famous for their humour, sometimes called 'dry'. It means that it is difficult to tell if they are joking or not. The actor may look very serious even if the situation is hilarious. The rest of the world are either wild about it or don't get it. Swedish people generally love British humour. Comedians like John Cleese and Rowan Atkinson have become very popular. Remember *Fawlty Towers*, *Monty Python* and *Mr Bean*? More recent TV series like *Little Britain* have attracted a new generation of fans. In *Little Britain*, Matt Lucas and David Walliams have created unforgettable characters like Daffyd and Vicky Pollard. Are you a fan of British humour?

Music

What would the music world be like without British music? Britain has produced pop icons such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, David Bowie and Elton John. The Spice Girls with the slogan 'Girl power' was one of the biggest selling female groups of all time. British pop music has started several new trends, for example the punk movement. It began in the 1970s with bands like The Sex Pistols and The Clash. Bands such as Motörhead and Iron Maiden produced heavy metal, another music trend. Young people in Britain today listen to garage, house, pop, punk, rock and R & B.



The Routemaster

My name is Sophie and I'm from London. I'm going to tell you about a sad day for Londoners – the 9th December 2005. The last 'Routemaster' bus route in London was replaced with new, bendy buses. London will never be the same again.

Everyone knows what these buses look like. They're as much a part of London as black cabs or Beefeaters. Do you know the ones I mean? Red double deckers, with an open back door where you could hop on and off between stops? And every bus had a conductor, who came along to check your ticket. He also rang the bell to let the driver know when to drive off.

I always take the bus in London. The tube stops in the tunnel – sometimes for ages – and no one tells you what's happening. In the summer it's like being in an oven. The tunnels are really deep and the trains are packed. Scary!

The bus takes longer. A lot longer sometimes, depending on traffic. But you can see where you're going. And something interesting always seems to happen ...

One day I was sitting on the number 12 on my way home from the city, and the bus was getting fuller and fuller. There was a rule – 52 seated and only 5 standing passengers allowed.

There was one woman who had her bag on the seat next to her. The conductor asked her to move her bag because it was taking up valuable space. She said no. I don't know why. Perhaps she'd had a bad day. After a bit of an argument, the conductor just stopped the bus, got off and started to cry. And we all sat there, on Whitehall, right outside Downing Street where the Prime Minister lives, going nowhere because the conductor was having a breakdown.

Everyone just sat there. No one did anything to help him. No one spoke. But then the driver got out of his cab and had a chat with the conductor. I saw them standing there for about ten minutes, the driver's arm around the conductor's shoulders. Soon we were on our way home again.

At the next set of traffic lights, a man jumped on the bus platform and tried to squeeze his way inside. 'We're full,' the conductor shouted. But the man refused to get off. I saw the conductor's face crumple. The whole bus sighed ... here we go again!





Will Alex Rider Take Over?

Fourteen-year-old Alex Rider's parents are dead. He lives with his uncle Ian Rider, a banker. But Ian is killed in a mysterious car crash and Alex suddenly finds his world turned upside down. After the funeral, he is kidnapped by his uncle's employers, Mr Blunt and Mrs Jones. Over dinner they tell Alex what his uncle's real job was and why he has been kidnapped. Alex is dumbfounded ...

Alex waited until the food had been served. Blunt and Mrs Jones drank red wine. He stuck to water. Finally, Blunt began.

"As I'm sure you've gathered," he said, "the Royal & General is not a bank. In fact it doesn't exist ... it's nothing more than a cover. And it follows, of course, that your uncle had nothing to do with banking. He worked for me. My name, as I told you at the funeral, is Blunt. I am Chief Executive of the Special Operations Division of MI6. And your uncle was, for want of a better word, a spy."

Alex couldn't help smiling. "You mean ... like James Bond?"

"Similar, although we don't go in for numbers. Double 0 and all the rest of it. He was a field agent, highly trained and very courageous. He successfully completed assignments in Iran, Washington, Hong Kong and Cairo – to name but a few. I imagine this must come as a bit of a shock to you."

Alex thought about the dead man, what he had known of him. His privacy. His long absences abroad. And the times he had come home injured. A bandaged arm one time. A bruised face another. Little accidents, Alex had been told. But now it all made sense. "I'm not shocked," he said.

Blunt cut a neat slice of meat. "Ian Rider's luck ran out on his last mission," he went on. "He had been working undercover here in England, in Cornwall, and was driving back to London to make a report when he was killed. You saw his car at the yard."

"Stryker & Son," Alex muttered. "Who are they?"

"Just people we use. We have budget restraints. We have to contract some of our work out. Mrs Jones here is our Head of Special Operations. She gave your uncle his last assignment."

"We're very sorry to have lost him, Alex." The woman spoke for the first time. She didn't sound very sorry at all.

"Do you know who killed him?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to tell me?"

"No. Not now."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't need to know. Not at this stage."

"All right." Alex put down his knife and fork. He hadn't actually eaten anything. "My uncle was a spy. Thanks to you he's dead. I found out too much so you knocked me out and brought me here. Where am I, by the way?"

"This is one of our training centres," Mrs Jones said.

"You've brought me here because you don't want me to tell anyone what I know. Is that what this is all about? Because if it is, I'll sign the Official Secrets Act or whatever it is you want me to do, but then I'd like to go home. This is all crazy anyway. And I've had enough. I'm out of here."

Blunt coughed quietly. "It's not quite as easy as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"It's certainly true that you did draw attention to yourself both at the breaker's yard and then at our offices on Liverpool Street. And it's also true that what you know and what I'm about to tell you must go no further. But the fact of the matter is, Alex, we need your help."

Help! *(The Beatles)*

Help, I need somebody,
Help, not just anybody,
Help, you know I need someone, help.

When I was younger, so much younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these days are gone, I'm not so self assured,
Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up the doors.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being round.
Help me, get my feet back on the ground,
Won't you please, please help me.

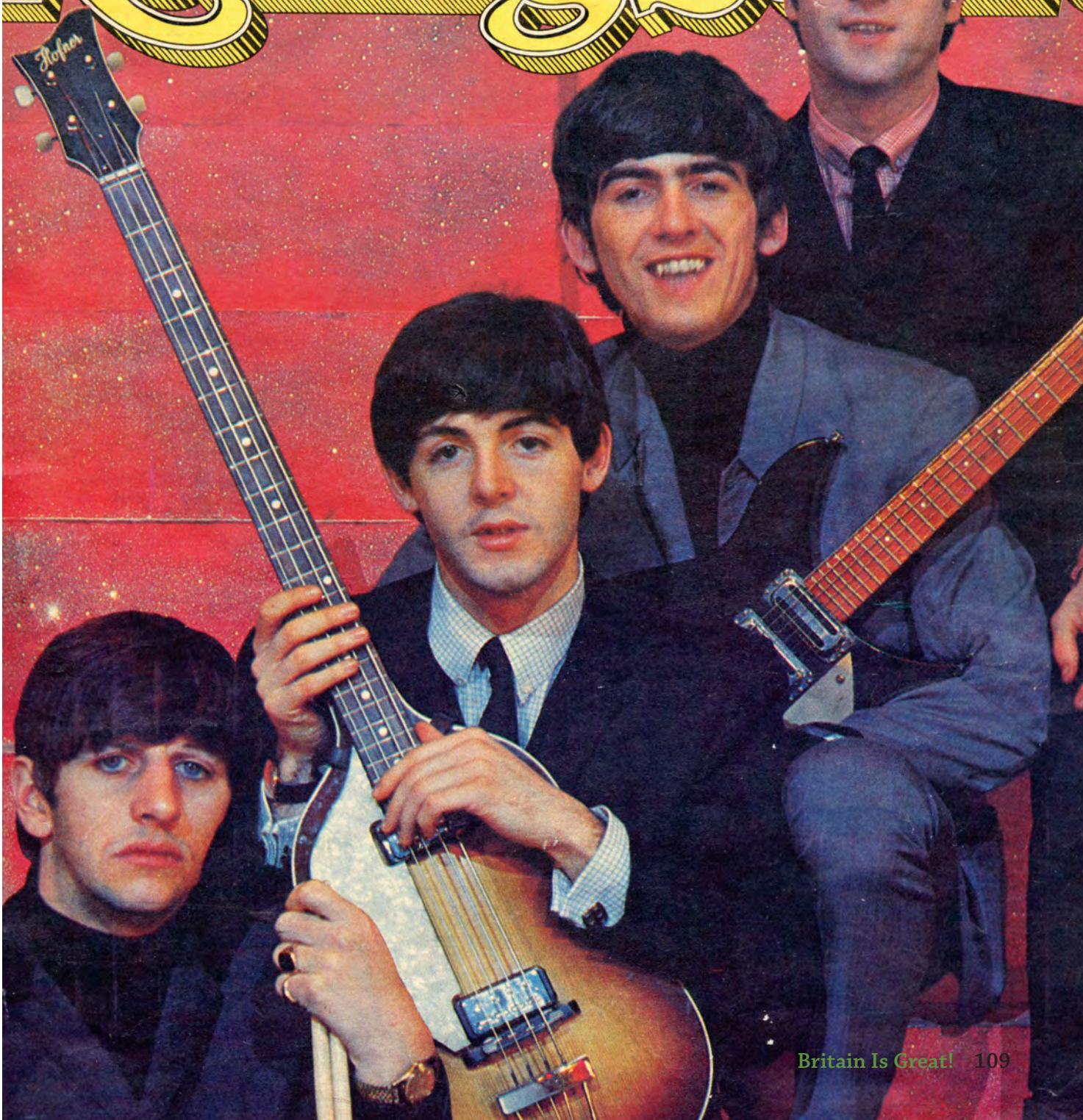
And now my life has changed in oh so many ways,
My independence seems to vanish in the haze.
But every now and then I feel so insecure,
I know that I just need you like I've never done before.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down ...

When I was younger, so much younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these days are gone, I'm not so self assured,
Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up the doors.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down ...

Rolling Stone



Unit 8

The USA – Last but Not Least

Some American Hot Spots

1 San Francisco in California

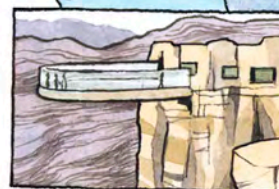
Hop on a cable car and ride the steep hills of this favorite city! Watch street performers at Fisherman's Wharf and the Golden Gate Bridge at sunset. Cruise out to Alcatraz, the escape-proof island prison, called "the Rock." Al Capone spent time here in the 1930s but Alcatraz now is home only to sea lions, sea birds and tourists.



SAN FRANCISCO

2 The Grand Canyon Skywalk in Arizona

If you're afraid of heights, stay away from this place! It's an amazing new walkway out over the Grand Canyon. The only thing between you and the floor of the world's largest canyon is 10 cm of clear glass. That's a dizzying 1,220 meters below! The walkway and railings are made *entirely* of glass. Are you brave enough?



THE GRAND CANYON
SKYWALK

3 Ten states, one river – the Mississippi River

How about a steamboat trip down the mighty Mississippi? One of the world's great rivers starts as a creek in Minnesota in the north and ends in Louisiana in the south, where it is several km wide. Waterskiing was invented on the Mississippi. Marathon swimmer Martin Strel once swam the entire river, 3,800 km, in 68 days.

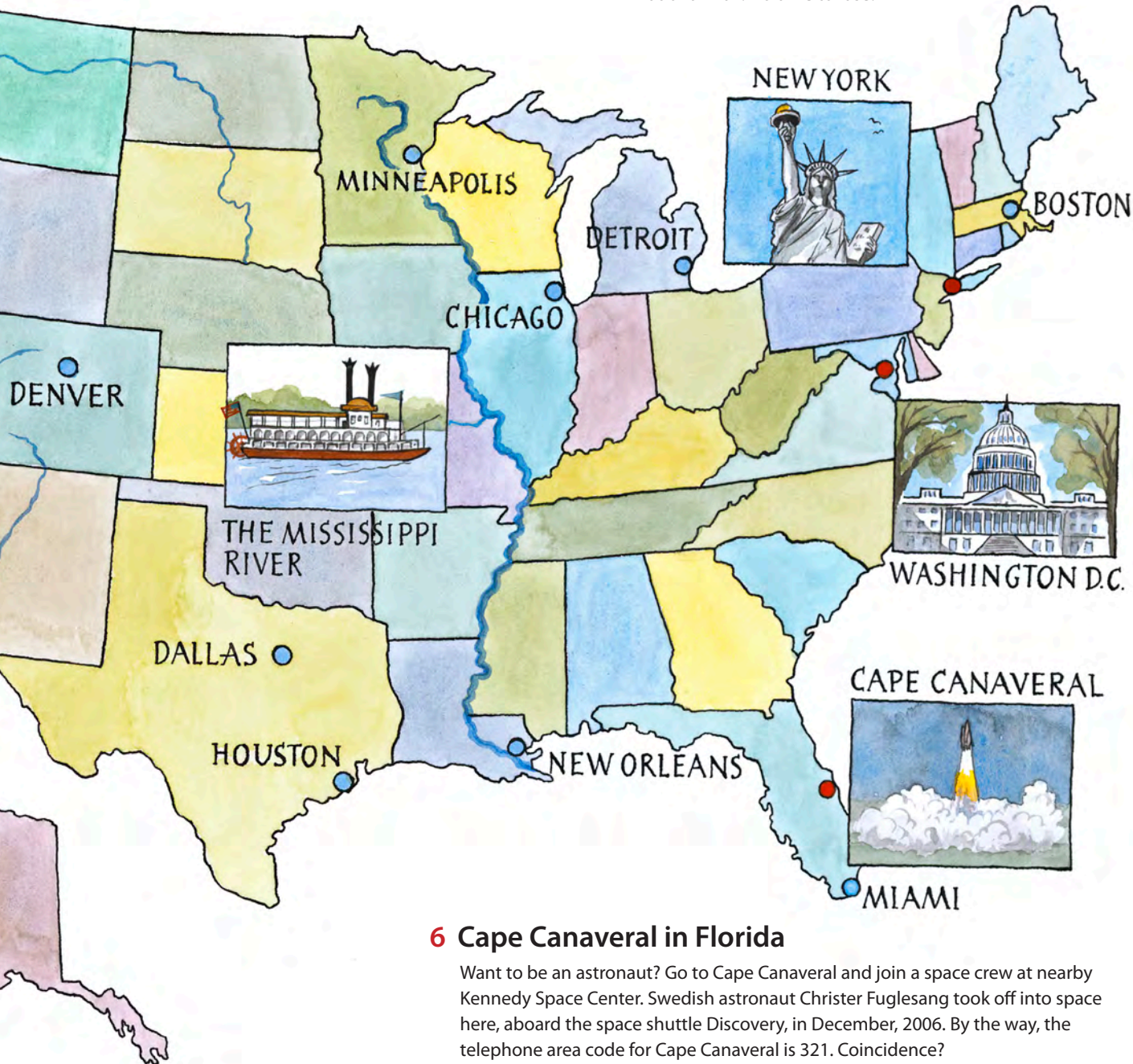
The wordlist is on page 132 in this book.

4 New York – the city that never sleeps

New York is often called the Big Apple. Take a bite of this magical megacity! Visit Central Park, the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, Times Square and Coney Island, where the hot dog was born. There you can also ride the Cyclone roller coaster, built in 1927. It goes 100 km an hour, so have your hot dog *after* your ride!

5 Washington, DC – the capital of the USA

Go straight to the National Air and Space Museum, one of the most visited museums in the world, and see famous aircraft and spacecraft. Then walk over to the White House and say *Hi* to the President. Washington, DC is full of monuments and other exciting “must-sees” along the National Mall. No time to lose!



6 Cape Canaveral in Florida

Want to be an astronaut? Go to Cape Canaveral and join a space crew at nearby Kennedy Space Center. Swedish astronaut Christer Fuglesang took off into space here, aboard the space shuttle Discovery, in December, 2006. By the way, the telephone area code for Cape Canaveral is 321. Coincidence?



Out of the Blue

It came, literally, out of the blue.

I had no warning at all; not even the slightest hint of danger on the horizon. The water was crystal clear and calm; it was more like swimming in a pool, rather than the deep ocean waters in Kauai, Hawaii, where I go almost every morning to surf with my friend Alana Blanchard or the other girls on the Hanalei girls' surf team. The waves were small and inconsistent, and I was just kind of rolling along with them, relaxing on my board with my right hand on the nose of the board and my left arm dangling in the cool water. I remember thinking, "I hope the surf picks up soon ...," when suddenly there was a flash of gray.



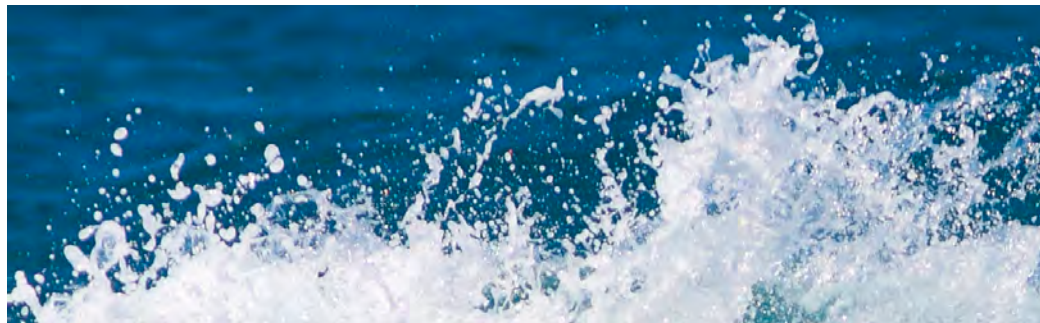
That's all it took: a split second. I felt a lot of pressure and a couple of lightning-fast tugs. I couldn't make out any of the details, but I knew that the huge jaws of a fifteen-foot tiger shark covered the top of my board and my left arm. Then I watched in shock as the water around me turned bright red. Somehow, I stayed calm and started to paddle toward the beach. My left arm was gone almost to the armpit, along with a huge, crescent-shaped chunk of my red-white-and-blue surfboard ...

* * *

This shocking story is true. It's from the book "Soul Surfer" by Bethany Hamilton, the competitive surfer and victim of the shark attack.

Bethany grew up on the Hawaiian island of Kauai. Like most kids there, she started surfing when she was little. By the time she was seven, she was surfing on her own and was on her way to becoming a champion. The shark attack happened in 2003, on Halloween. Bethany was thirteen years old. She lost her left arm and 60 percent of her blood, but she survived.

A month after the shark attack she was back on her surfboard. Eight months later she was competing again. Since then, she has won several championships. Her positive attitude, courage, faith and determination helped her recover. She hopes that her story will inspire others who are faced with a crisis. A documentary about Bethany, "Heart of a Soul Surfer," was made in 2007.





Luck

Hassan skated around the ice rink again and took another practice shot at the net. His team's first game was tomorrow. They called themselves the Tornado, because they would take the sport by storm – and be the first immigrant team to win the Minneapolis city championship.

“Hey, Nelson!” he called to his teammate, who had just arrived at the rink. “Where have you been, man?”

“I had to shovel snow for my granny. Sorry,” Nelson said. His grandmother was from Jamaica and the boys all loved her. “Granny’s coming to our game tomorrow. She says there’s no reason why I can’t be a professional hockey player. Or you.”

Nelson was lucky. He had someone who believed in his dream. Hassan did not. “Stupid game,” his father said. “Anyone can slide on ice. Running – *that* is a sport. There are no fights, no broken teeth. Why can’t you be happy running?”

His mother held the same opinion, “Your uncle Tariq – *he* is an athlete.” Uncle Tariq had run on the Somali Olympic team. He lived in California now. “In Somalia all the boys want to run like Tariq ...”

To Hassan, his mother’s stories about the “old country” were all the same. It was friendlier, more beautiful, the food was better. His friends heard the same stories from their parents, too, about entirely different countries.

Now Hassan, Nelson and Tou Ger – the Tornado’s captains – were all living in a place where it was cold and snowed every winter. None of them wanted to go “home” to the “old country”, because they were already home.

Sometimes this was a problem. Tou Ger had already told them he couldn’t play in their first game. His family was making him go to a Laotian festival instead, so he could be introduced to nice girls from good Laotian immigrant families now that he was 16.

Tou Ger thought this was ridiculous – he could always meet girls – but there was no arguing with his parents, even if he was the Tornado’s best player.

A knock came on Hassan’s bedroom door just as his alarm clock started to ring. “Gooooood morning, nephew!”

“Uncle? Uncle Tariq?” It was morning already.



“I’ve come to watch my favorite nephew in his first hockey game. So you had better win!”

Hassan was confused. “But you’ve always wanted me to run, just like you.”

Uncle Tariq laughed. “Ah, but running was *my* dream. This is *your* dream. So I have brought you my Olympic medal for good luck.”

At the rink, the Tornado huddled together to review their strategy one last time. “We can do this, even without Tou Ger.” The players all touched Uncle Tariq’s medal for luck; they got into position on the ice; the referee blew his whistle; and the game began.

The Tornado remembered little of their first game. But the spectators would never forget the last minute of the game, tied 0–0, when Hassan slid down the ice, with hockey stick and puck, head first into the net. It was the winning goal.

Hassan knew his Uncle Tariq’s Olympic medal had led the Tornado to victory. Nelson was sure it was the old Jamaican spell his granny had cast over the opposing team. But Uncle Tariq and Nelson’s granny both knew the truth: the boys had done it on their own.



Thank You, M'am

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it. It had a long strap, and she carried it across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone. A boy ran up behind her and tried to steal her purse. The strap broke, but the purse was so heavy that he fell on his back on the sidewalk. The large woman just turned around and kicked him. Then she picked him up, and shook him.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my purse, boy, and give it here." She still held him. He picked it up. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

The boy said, "Yes'm."

The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?"

The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You lie!"

Two or three people passed, stopped, and turned to look.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman.

"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. Ain't you got nobody to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen.

The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Are you hungry?"

"No'm," said the boy. "I just want you to turn me loose."

"But you put yourself in contact with *me*," said the woman. "And this is going to last for a while. You are going to remember Mrs Luella Bates Washington Jones."

The boy started to sweat and he began to struggle. Mrs Jones dragged him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, and into the kitchen. She left the door open. The boy could hear other people talking in the house, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still held him.

She said, "What is your name?"

"Roger," answered the boy.

"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, and she turned him loose – at last. Roger looked at the door – looked at the woman – looked at the door – and went to the sink.

"Let the water run until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a towel."

"You gonna take me to jail?" asked the boy.

"Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Have you eaten?"

"There's nobody home at my house," said the boy.

"Then we'll eat," said the woman, "I believe you're hungry to try to steal my pocketbook."

"I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.

"Well, you didn't have to *steal* my pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could have asked me."



“M’am?”

The boy looked at her. There was a long pause. He dried his face and then, dried it again. The door was open. He could run, run, run, run, *run!*

The woman was sitting on the bed. She said, “I were young once and I wanted things I could not get.”

There was another long pause.

The woman said, “Um-hum! You thought I was going to say *but*, didn’t you? You thought I was going to say, *but I didn’t steal people’s purses*. Well, I wasn’t going to say that.” Pause. Silence. “I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son. So you sit down while I fix us something to eat.”

Mrs Jones got up. She did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, and she did not watch her purse which lay on the bed. But the boy took care to sit on the other side of the room, away from the purse, where he thought she could see him if she wanted to.

“Do you need somebody to go to the store,” asked the boy, “maybe to get some milk or something?”

“Don’t think I do,” said the woman, “unless you just want milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here.”

“That will be fine,” said the boy.

She heated some food, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his family, or anything else. Instead, she told him about her job in a beauty-shop, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out. Then she cut him a half of her cake.

“Eat some more, son,” she said.

When they were finished eating she got up and said, “Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not try to steal *my* purse *nor nobody else’s*. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from now on.”

She led him to the front door and opened it. “Goodnight! Behave yourself, boy!” she said.

The boy wanted to say something else than “Thank you, m’am” to Mrs Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn’t do so. He just said “Thank you” before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

By Langston Hughes (Adapted)

Iris

Steph's parents have separated. She and her little brother Bruce are spending their Christmas holiday with their Dad, in his new home in California. She writes a letter to her best friend Rachel ...



Dear Rachel,

Well, here I am in sunny California! It's so weird here! It smells like summer but there are Christmas decorations everywhere. You can sit on the deck of Dad's apartment and watch the volleyball games on the beach. And there's a marina with hundreds of boats just a block away. Bruce likes to hang out there with his new friend, Shirley. Shirley is visiting her father, who's divorced. She's ten, same as Bruce. I'm glad Bruce has found a friend here because now I'm free to do whatever I want and there's just so much to do ...

I went on for three pages in my letter to Rachel but I didn't tell her the real truth except for the description of Dad's place. I didn't tell her how unhappy I was feeling or how homesick, or how Bruce has been having nightmares. We were sleeping next to each other in rollaway beds in the living room. So every night I'd get up with him and comfort him until he fell back to sleep.

I didn't tell Rachel that it wasn't always sunny here, that sometimes it was damp and foggy and the ocean was freezing and nobody in his right mind would get wet. I didn't tell her that Mom wasn't with us. And I certainly didn't tell her about Iris.

Iris is Dad's friend. That's how he'd introduced her to us on our first night in California. "Kids ... this is my friend, Iris. She lives down the hall. We met in the laundry room."

"I've heard a lot about you," Iris said.

"I haven't heard a word about you," I answered.

Before we went out to dinner that night Dad looked me over and said, "Wow, Steph ... you've really been putting it on."

I was hoping he would add something else. Something like, *But you still look great to me!* When he didn't, I said, "I haven't gained an ounce. You've just forgotten what I look like."





Then Iris said, “Maybe you could come to exercise class with me. I go every day at four.”

“That’s a fine idea,” Dad said.

“I have other plans,” I told them both. Right away I could tell it was going to be a long two weeks.

I suppose it could be worse. Iris could look like one of those girls on the beach who are always playing volleyball. They’re tall and tan and skinny with long blonde hair and they say *Hi* as if it’s a six syllable word. But Iris is small with short dark hair and pale, creamy skin. She isn’t even young. She’s thirty-six. She’s divorced but she doesn’t have any kids. I knew from the start that Dad and Iris weren’t just friends. I knew from the way they looked at each other – the same way Dana and Jeremy do – like sick dogs.

Iris works for an entertainment agency. Her job is finding books that would make good movies. It sounds like a really easy job to me. All she has to do is read. But over the holidays she was reading at home instead of at her office. Except *home* seemed to mean Dad’s place. After a couple of days I’d asked Dad, “Doesn’t Iris have any other friends?”

“Sure,” Dad said. He was also taking time off from the office.

“Then how come she’s always hanging around here?”

“I think her other friends are away for the holidays.”

“What about family?” I asked. “Doesn’t she have any family?”

“No,” Dad said, “she doesn’t.”

I thought about what Rachel had told us. About how people can get very depressed during the holidays if they don’t have friends or family. So I didn’t say anything else about Iris hanging around. Not then, anyway.

I decided the only way to get through the two weeks was by telling Dad I had a lot of school work to do. “Tons of reading,” is how I put it. Dad and Iris were impressed, which meant they left me alone.

I still hadn’t worn the bathing suit Mom bought for me. Nobody thought that was strange because Iris doesn’t wear a bathing suit either. She says she’s allergic to the sun. I told her that’s a real coincidence because so am I. When Iris does sit outside she wears a wide-brimmed straw hat. The only makeup she uses is lip gloss,

which she carries around in her pocket and smears on her lips at least a hundred times a day. I wonder if Dad gets it on his face when they kiss. I hate to think of them kissing! But I'm sure they do. Iris is always touching Dad. She touches him a lot more than he touches her but I haven't heard him complaining. I wonder if Mom knows about her.

We were eating out every night at medium fancy restaurants where I ordered huge dinners and finished every mouthful. "You certainly have a healthy appetite," Iris said one night.

"Yes," I said, "isn't Dad lucky ... suppose he had a daughter with anorexia instead?"

"Mmm ..." Iris said. She says that a lot.

Everyone around here is thin. Everyone except me. Well, who cares! Since I've been here I eat as much as I feel like eating, whenever I feel like eating.

After dinner, we'd usually play a game of Scrabble and I'd eat either ice cream or cookies, depending on what I'd had for dessert at the restaurant. I'm getting good at Scrabble. Once I scored thirty-two points on the word *fusty*. Iris asked if I knew what that meant. "Yes," I told her. It has two meanings – one is *musty* and the other is *old-fashioned*. She couldn't believe I knew so much.

Yesterday, Dad took Bruce on a fishing trip. The boat left at five AM. Dad wanted me to come, too, but I said, "No, thanks." I don't like the idea of fishing. It's bloody and disgusting. I was really shocked that Bruce wanted to go. After all, fishing is a violent act. But I didn't discuss that with him. I was afraid if I did he'd have more nightmares, about fish getting nuked.

"If you won't come with us I'll ask Iris to keep you company," Dad said.

"I don't need a babysitter," I told him.

"Iris won't mind. And the two of you can spend the day reading."

There was no point in arguing.

I slept until ten that morning. And when I got up Iris was already there, reading on the deck.

From *Just As Long As We're Together* by Judy Blume



Born in the U.S.A. (Bruce Springsteen)

Born down in a dead man's town
The first kick I took was when I hit the ground
You end up like a dog that's been beat too much
Till you spend half your life just covering up

Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A ...

Got in a little hometown jam
So they put a rifle in my hand
Sent me off to a foreign land
To go and kill the yellow man

Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A ...

Come back home to the refinery
Hiring man says "Son if it was up to me"
Went down to see my V.A. man
He said "Son, don't you understand"

I had a brother at Khe Sahn fighting off the Viet Cong
They're still there, he's all gone

He had a woman he loved in Saigon
I got a picture of him in her arms now

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary
Out by the gas fires of the refinery
I'm ten years burning down the road
Nowhere to run, ain't got nowhere to go

Born in the U.S.A., I was born in the U.S.A ...

I'm a long gone Daddy in the U.S.A.
Born in the U.S.A.
I'm a cool rocking Daddy in the U.S.A.



Useful phrases

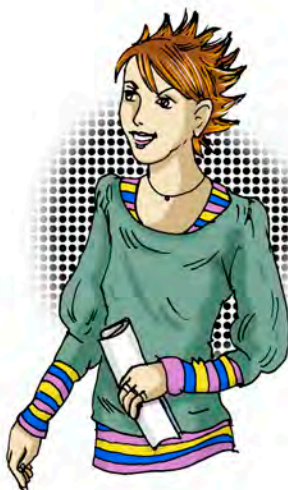
A Meeting an old friend

Sebastian Hello Jemma! Good to see you.

Jemma Hi Sebastian. How are you? / How are things? / Are you all right?

Sebastian I'm fine, thanks. And you?

Jemma Just fine. / I'm all right. / Not too bad.



B Meeting a new friend at a party

Vicky Hi, I'm Vicky, Jemma's cousin.

Kevin Hello, Vicky. I'm Kevin. Jemma and I are in the same form at school.

Vicky Nice to meet you, Kevin.

Kevin Nice to meet you too, Vicky. Where're you from?

Vicky I'm from Prestwick.

Kevin Prestwick? Where's that?

Vicky It's in Scotland, on the west coast.

Kevin Oh, I see. So what do you do in Prestwick?

Vicky I'm still at school. I'm in the 5th form.

Kevin Cool. And what do you do in your spare time?

Vicky I play tennis three times a week. Are you into sports?

Kevin Yes, I play rugby. I'm in the school team. But most of all I like to hang out with my mates or play computer games.

Vicky I don't like games really, but I do like chatting.

C At the table

Could you pass me the rice, please?

Would you like some more salad?

Help yourself to some more chicken.

Would you like some walnut bread?

Would you like some mineral water?

Could I have some more curry sauce, please.

Of course. Here you are.

No thanks, I'm full.

Thanks. It's delicious / great.

I'm allergic to nuts, I'm afraid.

Yes please.



D Excuse me or Sorry?

A Excuse me, can you tell me how to get to Trumpington, please.

B Yes, of course. Take the City 7. There's a bus stop in front of the station.

Notaðu *Excuse me* þegar þú biður um aðstoð, þjónustu eða vilt spyrja um eitthvað.

A Sorry! Did I hurt you?

B No, that's all right.

Notaðu *Sorry* þegar þú rekst utan í einhvern eða hefur gert mistök.

Töluorð

Töluorð skiptast í tölur og raðtölur. Raðtölurnar eru myndaðar með því að bæta endingum við tölurnar.

Tölur

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 0 | zero |
| 1 | one |
| 2 | two |
| 3 | three |
| 4 | four |
| 5 | five |
| 6 | six |
| 7 | seven |
| 8 | eight |
| 9 | nine |
| 10 | ten |
| 11 | eleven |
| 12 | twelve |
| 13 | thirteen |
| 14 | fourteen |
| 15 | fifteen |
| 16 | sixteen |
| 17 | seventeen |
| 18 | eighteen |
| 19 | nineteen |
| 20 | twenty |
| 21 | twenty-one |
| 22 | twenty-two |
| 23 | twenty-three |
| 30 | thirty |
| 40 | forty |
| 50 | fifty |
| 60 | sixty |
| 70 | seventy |
| 80 | eighty |
| 90 | ninety |
| 100 | a / one hundred |
| 101 | a / one hundred and one |
| 110 | a / one hundred and ten |
| 300 | three hundred |
| 1,000 | a / one thousand |
| 1,000,000 | one million |
| 10,000,000 | ten million |

Raðtölur

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1st | the first |
| 2nd | the second |
| 3rd | the third |
| 4th | the fourth |
| 5th | the fifth |
| 6th | the sixth |
| 7th | the seventh |
| 8th | the eighth |
| 9th | the ninth |
| 10th | the tenth |
| 11th | the eleventh |
| 12th | the twelfth |
| 13th | the thirteenth |
| 14th | the fourteenth |
| 15th | the fifteenth |
| 16th | the sixteenth |
| 17th | the seventeenth |
| 18th | the eighteenth |
| 19th | the nineteenth |
| 20th | the twentieth |
| 21st | the twenty-first |
| 22nd | the twenty-second |
| 23rd | the twenty-third |
| 30th | the thirtieth |
| 40th | the fortieth |
| 50th | the fiftieth |
| 60th | the sixtieth |
| 70th | the seventieth |
| 80th | the eightieth |
| 90th | the ninetieth |
| 100th | the (one) hundredth |
| 101st | the (one) hundred and first |
| 110th | the (one) hundred and tenth |
| 300th | the three hundredth |
| 1,000th | the (one) thousandth |
| 1,000,000th | the millionth |
| 10,000,000th | the ten millionth |

The speed of light

- A** What is the speed of light?
- B** Easy – one billion and seventy-nine million kilometres an hour.
- A** What? Could you write it down please!
- B** Sure, it looks like this: 1,079,000,000 km/h ...

Enska stafrófið

| | |
|----------|----------|
| A | J |
| B | K |
| C | L |
| D | M |
| E | N |
| F | O |
| G | P |
| H | Q |
| I | R |

S
T
U
V
W
X
Y
Z

Hljóðin

Samhljóð

boy
door
fish
good
horse
king
love
must
near
long
put
rat
song
shall
chips
tell
then
thing
very
well
young
zap
usually
jet

Stuttir sérhljóðar

hat
another
fell
it
box
ook
sun

Löng sérhljóð

fast
see
short
blue
her

Tvíhljóð

nice
now
fame
chair
near
home
boy
sure

Kennimyndir óreglulegra sagna

| Nafnháttur | | Þátíð | Lýsingarháttur þátíðar |
|---------------|-----------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| awake | vakna | awoke | awoken |
| be | vera | was, were | been |
| bear | bera; fæða | bore | born, borne |
| beat | slá, sigra | beat | beaten |
| become | verða | became | become |
| begin | byrja | began | begun |
| bet | veðja | bet | bet |
| bite | bíta | bit | bitten |
| bleed | blæða | bled | bled |
| blow | blása | blew | blown |
| break | brjóta | broke | broken |
| bring | hafa með sér | brought | brought |
| build | byggja | built | built |
| burn | brenna | burnt | burnt |
| burst | springa | burst | burst |
| buy | kaupa | bought | bought |
| catch | grípa | caught | caught |
| choose | velja | chose | chosen |
| come | koma | came | come |
| cost | kosta | cost | cost |
| creep | skriða; smjúga | crept | crept |
| cut | höggva; klippa, skera | cut | cut |
| dig | grafa | dug | dug |
| do | gera | did | done |
| draw | teikna | drew | drawn |
| dream | dreyma | dreamt | dreamt |
| drink | drekka | drank | drunk |
| drive | aka, keyra | drove | driven |
| eat | borða | ate | eaten |
| fall | detta, falla | fell | fallen |
| feed | ala, fóðra; mata | fed | fed |
| feel | finna fyrir; snerta | felt | felt |
| fight | berjast, slást | fought | fought |
| find | finna | found | found |
| fly | fljúga | flew | flown |
| forget | gleyma | forgot | forgotten |

| Nafnháttur | | Þátíð | Lýsingarháttur þátíðar |
|----------------|---------------------|----------------|------------------------|
| forgive | fyrirgefa | forgave | forgiven |
| freeze | frysta | froze | frozen |
| get | fá; verða | got | got |
| give | gefa | gave | given |
| go | fara | went | gone |
| grow | vaxa | grew | grown |
| hang | hengja | hung | hung |
| have | hafa; eiga | had | had |
| hear | heyra | heard | heard |
| hide | fela | hid | hidden |
| hit | slá | hit | hit |
| hold | halda | held | held |
| hurt | meiða; særa | hurt | hurt |
| keep | halda; geyma | kept | kept |
| kneel | krjúpa | knelt | knelt |
| know | vita; kunna; þekkja | knew | known |
| lay | leggja | laid | laid |
| lead | leiða; stjórna | led | led |
| leap | stökkva | leapt | leapt |
| learn | læra | learnt | learnt |
| leave | fara | left | left |
| lend | lána | lent | lent |
| let | láta; leyfa | let | let |
| lie | liggja | lay | lain |
| lose | týna; tapa | lost | lost |
| make | gera; búa til | made | made |
| mean | meina, þýða | meant | meant |
| meet | mæta; hitta | met | met |
| pay | borga | paid | paid |
| put | láta, setja | put | put |
| quit | hætta | quit | quit |
| read | lesa | read | read |
| ride | ríða, aka | rode | ridden |
| ring | hringja | rang | rung |
| rise | rísa, standa upp | rose | risen |
| run | hlaupa | ran | run |

| Nafnháttur | | Þátíð | Lýsingarháttur þátíðar |
|-------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| say | sagja | said | said |
| see | sjá; skilja | saw | seen |
| sell | selja | sold | sold |
| send | senda | sent | sent |
| set | setja | set | set |
| shake | hrista | shook | shaken |
| shine | skína | shone | shone |
| shoot | skjóta | shot | shot |
| show | sýna | showed | shown |
| shut | loka | shut | shut |
| sing | syngja | sang | sung |
| sink | sökkva | sank | sunk |
| sit | sitja; setjast | sat | sat |
| sleep | sofa | slept | slept |
| slide | renna | slid | slid |
| sling | sveifla; slöngva | slung | slung |
| smell | lykta | smelt | smelt |
| speak | tala | spoke | spoken |
| spell | stafa | spelt | spelt |
| spend | eyða | spent | spent |
| spin | spinna; snúa | spun | spun |
| spit | spýta; hrækja | spat | spat |
| spread | breiða; dreifa | spread | spread |
| stand | standa | stood | stood |
| steal | stela | stole | stolen |
| stick | stinga; líma | stuck | stuck |
| strike | slá | struck | struck |
| sweep | sópa | swept | swept |
| swim | synda | swam | swum |
| | | | |
| take | taka | took | taken |
| teach | kenna | taught | taught |
| tear | rífa | tore | torn |
| tell | segja | told | told |
| think | hugsa; halda; finnast | thought | thought |
| throw | kasta, henda | threw | thrown |
| | | | |
| understand | skilja | understood | understood |
| | | | |
| wake (up) | vakna; vekja | woke | woken |
| wear | vera í, bera | wore | worn |
| win | vinna | won | won |
| write | skrifa | wrote | written |

Orðskýringar með textunum Sweden, Great Britain og USA

Sweden from Toe to Top p. 38–39

The Öresund Bridge

no need engin nauðsyn
cable-stayed bridge bita- og hengibrú
artificial gervi, tilbúinn

Universeum

curious forvitinn
space geimurinn
giant ray risaskata
electric eel rafmagnsáll
human manns-; mannlegur; mennskur
miss out on missa af
science vísindi
exhibition sýning

Trollywood

filmmaking kvikmyndaframleiðslu-
fame frægð

The City Wall of Visby

wall múr; veggur
medieval frá miðöldum
age tímar

The Hultsfred Festival

hip svalt, „inn“
event viðburður

Nusnäs

giant risi
workshop vinnustofa
wooden viðar-
Dalecarlia Dalirnir

The Thai Pavilion

rub núa, nugga
fairy tale ævintýr
golden gylltur
spire spíra
piece of woodland skógarspilda
tiny pínulítill
honour heiður
several flera
Siam gamalt heiti yfir Tæland

The Icehotel

chill out slappa af
cool kaldur; svalur (í merkingunni flottur)
rebuilt endurbyggður
spring vor
the Arctic Circle norður-heimskautsbaugur
season árstíð

Great Britain – or is it the United Kingdom? p. 96–100

Great Britain Stóra-Bretland

united sameinaður

kingdom konungsveldi

sort out skilja, finna út úr

the British Isles bresku eyjarnar

Northern Ireland Norður-Írland

impressive tilkomumikill, áhrifamikill

rock steinn, grjóthnullungur

fascinate heilla

scenery náttúra

countryside landsbyggð

picturesque fagur; hrífandi

hike ganga (í óbyggðum)

the Romans Rómverjar

keep out halda frá

warrior stríðsmaður

invent finna upp

view útsýni

located staðsettur

turn of the century aldamót

Gaelic gelískur

pronounce bera fram

Some American Hot Spots p. 110–111

San Francisco

cable car sporvagn
ride fara með
steep brattur
street performer götulistamaður
sunset sólarlag
cruise sigling
escape-proof sem ekki er hægt að flýja úr
rock klettur
sea lion sæljón

The Grand Canyon Skywalk

skywalk „himnastígur“
height hæð
amazing ótrúlegur, undraverður
walkway göngustígur
floor botn
clear gegnsær
dizzying svimandi
below fyrir neðan
railing handrið
entirely eingöngu
brave hugrakkur

The Mississippi River

steamboat gufubátur
mighty mikill; voldugur
creek lækur
wide breiður
invent finna upp
entire allur

New York

mega- risa-
the Statue of Liberty Frelsisstytta
roller coaster rússíbani

Washington, DC

straight beint
aircraft flugvél
spacecraft geimfar
“must-see” eitthvað sem vert er að skoða

Cape Canaveral

join ganga til liðs við
space crew áhöfn geimfars
nearby sem er nálægur
space shuttle geimskutla
discovery uppgötvun
by the way vel á minnst
area code svæðisnúmer
coincidence tilviljun

Orðskýringar í stafrófsröð

Óreglulegar sagnir eru litaðar. Kennimyndir þeirra eru á bls.128–130.
(Am.) býðir bandarísk stafsetning.

A

a bit smávegis
aboard um borð
above fyrir ofan, yfir
above all umfram allt
abroad erlendis
absence fjarvera
absolutely algjörlega
accept taka við; samþykkja
accident slys
accomplish ná
across þvert yfir, yfir
act hegða sér
action starf; athöfn; verk
actress leikkona
actually raunar, reyndar
AD (Anno Domini) e.Kr. (eftir Krist)
add bæta við
address ávarpa
adjust laga sig að
admit viðurkenna
adopt ættleiða
adult fullorðinn
adventure ævintýr
aeroplane flugvél
afraid hræddur
after all þrátt fyrir allt
afternoon síðdeggi
afterwards á eftir
against á móti
age aldur; tímabil; tímar
agency skirfstofa, umboðsmaður
ago fyrir ... síðan
agree samþykkja, vera sammála
ahead of fyrir framan
aim stefna að
ain't = aren't
air loft
aircraft flugvél
alarm clock vekjaraklukkan
'all sorts' blanda
all the time alltaf, sífellt, stöðugt
allergic með ofnæmi fyrir
allow leyfa
almost næstum því
alone einn
already fyrir, þegar, nú þegar
although þó að, þótt
always alltaf
amazed undrandi
amazing ótrúlegur, undraverður
American bandarískur, amerískur
amusement park skemmtigarður
ancient forn
animated teiknaður
anonymous nafnlaus
anorexia átröskun, lystarstol
answer svar; svara

answer the door fara til dyra
Antarctica Suðurskautslandið
anxious áhyggjufullur
any time hvenær sem er
anybody einhvers; hver sem er
anyone hver sem er
anyway alla vega
apart from fyrir utan
apartment íbúð
appalled gengið fram af, blöskrað
appear virðast; birtast
apply setja á
appreciate kunna að meta
approach færa sig nær
arch enemy erkifjandi
area svæði; svið
area code number svæðisnúmer
argue rökraða; rífast
argument rökraður; rök
arithmetic reikningur
armpit handarkriki
army her
around kringum
arrange raða; undirbúa
arrest handtaka
arrive koma
artificial gervi, tilbúinn
as eins, eins og
as well líka
ask spyrja
asleep sofandi, sofnaður
assignment verkefni
at a time í einu, í hvert sinn
at dawn í dögum
at least í það minnsta, a.m.k.
at once undireins, strax
athlete íþróttamaður
attach festa
attack árás
attempt tilraun
attention athygli
attract draga að sér, laða að
attraction aðdráttarafli
attractive aðlaðandi
audience áhorfendur
awake vakna
awaken vekja; vakna
aware of meðvitaður um
away í burtu
awesome rosalegur
awful hræðilegur
awkward klaufalegur
aye já

B

babysitter barnapía
back bak; tilbaka
backwards aftur á bak

bad luck óheppni
baked beans bakaðar baunir
ballet class balletttími
bamboo stick bambusstafur
ban banna
bandaged vafinn sárabindi
bangers and mash pylsur og kartöflumús
banker bankastarfsmaður
bare bera (sýna sig nakinn)
barely varla
bark (trjá)börkur; gelta
based on byggður á
bathing suit sundbolur
battle-axe stríðsöxi
BC (= before Christ) fyrir Krist (f. Kr.)
be vera
be allowed fá leyfi
be ashamed skammast sín
be faced with verða fyrir
be fit vera í góðu formi
be in pain vera kvalinn, finna til
be lonely for sakna
be related vera skyldur
be starving vera banhungraður
be stuck sitja uppi með
beach blanket strandteppi
bead perla
beak goggur
beanbag pokastóll, „hrúgald“
beanie þröng þrjónahúfa
beanpole löng og mjó manneskja (eins og hrífuskaf)
bear þola, afbera
bear cub bjarnarungur
beat sigra, vinna; slá
Beatlemania Bítlaæði
beauty-shop snyrtistofa
because af því að
because of vegna, út af
become verða
Beefeater vaktmaður í London-turni
beefy kröftugur, „nautsterkur“
before áður, fyrir
beg grátbiðja
behave hegða sér
behind fyrir aftan
beholder áhorfandi
believe trúa
bell bjalla, klukka
belly button nafli
belly flop magalending
belong to tilheyra
below fyrir neðan
bendy bus liðvagn
bent double í keng, boginn
besides þar að auki, ennfremur; einnig
bet veðja
between á milli

bib smekkur
biker mótorhjólakappi
bin ruslatunna
birch tree birkitré, björk
bite bita
bland bragðlaus
blanket teppi
blazer jakki
bleed blæða
block hverfi, loka
blockbuster ofurvinsæll
blood blóð
bloody blóðugur; fjandans
blow blása í
blub væla
blurt out ryðja út úr sér
board borð, bretti
body líkami
bodycare líkamsrækt
bone bein
bonkers galinn
border landamæri
bored leiðast
born fæddur
borrow fá lánað
boss yfirmaður
bossy ráðríkur
both báðir
bother hafa fyrir; ónáða
bottom rass; botn
bounce hoppa og skoppa
bowl skál
braid flétta
brain heili
brand vörumerki
brave hugrakkur
break frímínútur
break slitna
break out brjótast út
breakdown áfall
breaker's yard bílakirkjugarður
breakfast morgunverður
breathe anda
breathing andardráttur
breed kyn, tegund
brew brugg, samsuða
bright bjartur, skær
brilliant snjallt; skínandi
bring færa; taka með
British breskur
browse blaða í, glugga í
bruise marblettur
bruised blár og marinn
brush nudd
buddy vinur
budget restraints takmarkaða fjárveitingu
build byggja
bulk up stækka, „massa“
bullshit della, vitleysa
burn brenna
burst springa
bush runni
business fyrirtæki

busy hafa nóg fyrir stafni
but nema
buy kaupa
buzz off láttu þig hverfa
by the way vel á minnst

C

cab leigubíll
cabbage kálhaus
cable car sporvagn
cable-stayed bridge bita- og hengibrú
cage búr
calculator vasareiknir
call kall, kalla upp, hringja
calm rólegur
calm down róa sig
campfire varðeldur
campsite tjaldstæði
can dós
canned í dós
cannon fallbyss
canteen matsalur
capital höfuðborg
captain skipstjóri
car crash bílslys
care láta sig varða
career (starfs)frami
careful gættinn; nákvæmur
the Caribbean Vestur-Indíur, (Karíbahaf)
cape höfði
carnival skemmtiganga
carpet gólfteppi
carrot gulrót
carry bera
carton pappakassi
case mál
cast a spell over setja í álög
catch grípa
catch up with ná
caught fastur
cause orsaka
caveman hellisbúi
celeb (celebrity) fræg manneskja
celebrate halda upp á
cell phone farsími
cellar kjallari
century öld
cereal morgunkorn
certain viss
certainly vissulega
champion meistari
championship meistaramót
change breyta
change one's mind skipta um skoðun
charge taka greiðslu; ákæra; gera áhlaup
chase elta
chat spjall
check athuga, kanna
checker eftirlitsmaður
cheek kinn, vangi
cheer hvetja
cheers takk; bless; skál
cheetah blettatigur

chest brjóst(kassi)
chicken kjúklingur; raggeit, gunga
Chief Executive forstjóri
child, ft. **children** barn
chill out slappa af
chin haka
chips franskar
choice val
choose velja
choppy rykkjóttur
Christmas Day jóladagur
chuck henda í eða til
chunk stór biti
church kirkja
circle hringur
claim gera tilkall til, heimta
clap klappa
claw kló
cleanser andlitshreinsir
clear gegnsær; skýr
clever klár
climate loftslag
climb klifra
clip klippa
close loka
close to nálægur
clothing fót
coach þjálfari
coast strönd
cobbler skósmiður
cockroach kakkalakki
cocoa kakó
coconut kókoshneta
coincidence tilviljun
collar kragi
collarless kragalaus
collect sækja; safna
college of journalism blaðamannaháskóli
colored dye litarefni
comb greiða
combats eins kona stórar, víðar buxur
come koma
comedian gamanleikari
comfort hugga
comfortable þægilegur
common algengur
company fyrirtæki; félagsskapur
compare bera saman
compete keppa
competitor keppandi
competition keppni
competitive keppnis-
complain kvarta
complete klára
completely algerlega
complex mannvirki
compliment hrós, gullhamrar
concern umhyggja
conductor stjórnandi
confess játa
confused ringlaður
consist of samanstanda af
consistent jafn

constant endalaus
continent heimsálfa
continue halda áfram
contorted afskræmdur
contract out úthýsa (verkefnum)
control stjórn; stjórn
cooked soðinn; eldaður
cookies smákökur, kex
cool kaldur; svalur
cough hósta
count telja
counter afgreiðsluborð
country land
countryside landsbyggð
couple par
courage hugrekki
courageous hugrakkur
court völlur
cover yfirskin; þekja
cover up hylja slóð, þagga niður
covering lag
coward raggeit, gunga
crack brjóta
cradle vaggja
crash árekstur; keyra um koll
crawl skriða
cream rjómi
creamy kremaður (litur)
create skapa
creek lækur
creep skriða
crescent-shaped í laginu eins og hálfmáni
crip (cripple) fötluð manneskja
crisps kartöfluflögur
croak krunka, garga
cross kross; mitt á milli
cross out strika yfir
crowd áhorfendur, hópur
cruel miskunnarlaus
cruise sigling
crumple hrukkast
cuddle kúra
cure lækna
curious forvitinn
curly krullaður
curry karrý(réttur)
cut klippa, skera, höggva
cute krúttlegur

D

Dalecarlia Dalirnir (í Svíþjóð)
damp rakur
dance floor dansgólf
danger hættu
dangerous hættulegur
dangle dingla
daring djarfur
dark myrkur; dökkur
dart þjóta
dashing glæsilegur, smart
date back to ná aftur til
dawn dögun
day care centre dagheimili

dead dáinn
deadly banvænn
decide ákveða
decide against ákveða að gera e-ð ekki
deck svalir
decoration skreyting
deep djúpur
defense (Am.) vörn
defend verja
definite ákveðinn
delicious ljúffengur
department store vöruhús
depending on eftir því
depressed þunglyndur
description lýsing
desert eyðimörk
design mynstur, hönnun
designed hannaður
destiny örlög
determination ákveðni
determined harðákveðinn
develop þroskast, þróa
dial velja númer
die deyja
different ólíkur
difficult erfiður
dig grafa
dinner lady matselja
direct leikstýra
dirt road malarvegur
disappear hverfa
disappointed vonsvikinn
disaster hörmungar
discover uppgötva
discovery uppgötvun
discuss ræða
discussion samtal, rökræður
disguised í dulargervi
disgusting viðbjóðslegur
distance fjarlægð
disturb trufla
ditch losa sig við
division deild
divorced skilinn
dizzying svimandi
do gera
documentary heimildarmynd
dog pound eins konar athvarf fyrir flækingshunda
doggie voffi
doorframe hurðarkarmur
Down Syndrome Downs heilkenni (erfðagalli)
down niður
down under átt er við Ástralíu
downhill niður á við
drag draga
dragon dreki
drainpipe niðurfallsrör
draw draga
dream draumur
dream dreyma
dress kjóll

drink drekka
drive keyra, aka
driver ökumaður
drool slefa
drop missa; sleppa
drown drukna
dry þurrka; þurr
dry pellets þurrfóður
duck önd
dude félagi
dumb heimskulegur
dumbfounded steinhissa
dunno = don't know
during á meðan
dust ryk

E

each hver, hver og einn
each other hvor annan, hver annan
eagle örn
ear eyra
early snemma
earn þéna
earth jörð
the Earth jörðin
easy auðveldur
eat borða
edge brún
education menntun
eel áll
eerie óhugnanlegur
Egypt Egyptaland
either annar hvor, hvor sem er
either ... or annaðhvort eða
elderly eldri, aldraður
electric rafmagns-
electricity rafmagn
embarrass oneself gera sig vandræðalegan
embarrassing vandræðalegur
emerge birtast, koma fram
employer vinnuveitandi
empty tómur
encounter rekast á; óvænt mót
encouraging hvetjandi
end up enda
end zone marksvæði
enemy óvinur
engine vél, mótór
enjoy njóta
enormous gífurlegur
enough nógur
enter koma inn; ganga í
entertainment skemmtun, skemmti-
entire allur
entirely algjörlega; eingöngu
entrance inngangur
escape flótti
escape-proof sem ekki er hægt að flýja úr
even jafnvel; flatur; sléttur; jafn
even though jafnvel þótt
not even ekki einu sinni
evening kvöld

event viðburður
eventually að lokum
ever nokkru sinni
every other annar hver
every single hver einasti
everywhere alls staðar
exactly einmitt, nákvæmlega
examine rannsaka
excellent framúrskarandi
except nema
excited spenntur
excitement spennna; æsingur
exciting spennandi
exclaim hrópa upp yfir sig
excuse oneself afsaka sig
exercise class æfingatími
exhibition sýning
exist vera til
expect búast við, vænta
experience reynsla
explain útskýra
explode springa
expression tjáning; komast að orði
extract útdráttur
eyebrow augabrúnn

F

FA (Football Association) knattspyrnusamband
fabulous stórkostlegur
face andlit
facemask andlitmaski
facial andlitssnyrting
fade upplitast; fölna
fair sanngjarn
fair trade sanngjörn viðskipti
fairly tale ævintýri
faith trú; traust
fake gervi
fall detta
fall apart detta sundur; lyppast niður
fall asleep sofna
fall sick veikjast
false door leynihurð
fame frægð
familiar kunnuglegur
famous frægur
fancy lítast vel á, kunna vel við
fantasy ímyndum
far langt (í burtu)
so far fram að þessu, hingað til
fascinate heilla
fashion tíska
fashion mag tískutímarit
fast hraður, fljótur
fatigue þreyta
fave (favourite) uppáhalds
favorite (Am.) uppáhalds
fear ótti, hræðsla
feather fjöður
feed mata, fæða
feel finna
feel comfortable líða vel, kunna vel við

feel homesick hafa heimþrá
feel like langa til
feeling tilfinning
feet fætur
felt tip pen tússpennti
female kvenkyns
field völlur
fight slagsmál
fight berjast, slást
figure vaxtarlag; tala
fill fylla
filmmaking kvikmyndaframleiðsla
fin uggi
finalist þátttakandi í úrslitakeppni
finally loksins, að lokum
find finna
find out komast að e-u
finish ljúka við, klára; komast í mark
fire eldur
firstly í fyrsta lagi
fishing trip veiðiferð
fit hnefi
fit vera passlegur; spengilegur, í góðu formi
flank síða, huppur (á hesti)
flame logi
flash áhlaup; leiftur, elding
flash by þjóta hjá
flash of lightning elding
flashy skrautlegur, íburðarmikill
flat flatur
fleece jacket flíspeysa
flex beygja
float svifa
flood flóð
floor botn
floorball bandý, gólfbolti
flow renna, flæða
flyover göngubrú
foggy þoka
folks fólk, manneskjur
follow fylgja
follow through on fylgja eftir
following eftirfarandi
food matur
fool asni, kjáni
foot, ft. feet fótur; *lengdareiningin 0,3 metrar*
footstep fótspor
footy fan fótboltaáhugafólk
for ages í eilífðartíma
for fun til gamans
for sale til sölu
for the worse til hins verra
for want of vegna skorts á
force þvinga
foreign útlenskur
forget gleyma
forgive fyrirgefa
form bekkur, árgangur
form a line myndaröð
forward, forwards áfram
free frjál; ókeypis
free kick aukaspyrna

free oneself losna
freedom frelsi
freestyle frjáls stíll (í íþróttum)
freeze ískaldur; frysta
freezer frystir
French franskur
fried steiktur
friendly vingjarnlegur
friendship vinátta
frigging fjandans
fright ótti, hræðsla
frighten hræða
frightened hræddur
frightening sem vekur ótta/hræðslu
fringe toppur
front framhluti
front edge fremri brún
in front of fyrir framan
frozen frystur, frosinn; kaldur
funky smekklegur, flottur
funny fyndinn; skrýtinn
fur loðfeldur
furious öskuillur, bálreiður
furry loðinn; lubbalegur
fusty úreltur; gamaldags
future framtíð; verðandi

G

Gaelic gelískur
gag kúgast
gain fá, ná; hagnast; þyngjast
gal stelpa
game leikur
gather skilja
gay hommi; glaður
geek nörd
geeky púkalegur
gelled spikes gelgaddar (hárgreiðsla þar sem gel er notað)
generally vanalega, almennt
gentle mildur
German þýskur
Germany Þýskaland
get fá; ná; verða; komast; skilja
get close to nálgast
get into trouble lenda í vandræðum
get married gifta sig
get nuked eldað í örbylgjuofni
get off fara úr
get picked vera valinn
get ready gera sig tilbúinn
get to know kynnst
get up fara á fætur, standa upp
get used to venjast
get picked vera valinn
get used to venjast
giant risi; risastór
giant ray risaskata
gigantic risastór
giggle flissa
gill tálkn
give gefa
give a wink blikka

give in to gefa eftir
give it a try reyna
give up gefast upp
glam and glitz glamúr og glys
glance renna/gjóa augunum yfir, kíkja
glare hvessa augun á
glint glampi
global warming hlýnun jarðar
glory frægð
gnaw naga
go fara; ganga; ferðast; verða
go crackers verða galinn, klikkaður
go for vera á höttum eftir
go in for beita sér fyrir; hafa áhuga á
go on halda áfram
go further fara lengra
go on about röfla um
go through with halda e-u áfram til enda
go-ahead undanfari, upphaf að
goal mark; markmið
goalie markmaður
goalkeeper markmaður
god guð
godson guðsonur
golden gylltur
gorgeous æðislegur
grab grípa, ná taki á; hrífsa
graduate útskrifast
grandchild barnabarn
grandfather afi
grandmother amma
grandson sonarsonur; sonardóttir
granny amma
grave gróf
gray (Am) grár
great stór, mikill; frábær, stórkostlegur
Great Britain Stóra-Bretland
the Great Wall of China Kínamúrinn
the Greeks Grikkir
green card grænt kort (atvinnu- og dvalarleyfi í BNA)
grim dapur
grin glott; skælbrosa, brosa breitt
groceries matvörur
gross ógeðslegur
ground jörð
grow vaxa; verða
growl urra
grown-up fullorðinn
guard hafa gætur á
guess giska, geta upp á; gera ráð fyrir
guy strákur

H

hair hár
haircare hárumhirða
haircut klipping
hairy hárugur, hærður
halfway hálfa leið
hand vinnumaður
handle handfang
handlebar stýri

hang hanga
hang around dvelja, halda til
hang in there! ekki gefast upp!
hang out with vera með
happen to vilja svo til
hard harður; erfiður
hardly varla
hasten flyta sér, hasta sér
hate hata
haunt fara oft til; ásækja
have hafa; eiga
haze þokuslæða, mistur
head stefna
head yfirmaður
heading towards stefna í átt að
headlines fyrirsagnir
headquarters höfuðstöðvar
health care heilsugæsla
healthy heilsusamlegur
heap hrúga
hear heyra
heart hjarta
heartbeat hjartsláttur
heat hita; hiti
heaven himinn
heavy þungur; mikill
height hæð
helmet hjálmur
helpless hjálparlaus
Helsinki Helsinki
herd hjörð
hero hetja
hidden compartment leynihólf
hidden passage leynigangur
hide fela
hiding barsmiðar
high street clothes merkjavörur (föt)
hike ganga (í óbyggðum)
hilarious drepfyndinn, stórskemmtilegur
hint vísbending
hip svalt, „inn“
hippo flóðhestur
hiring man hér: vinnumiðlari
hit hitta; slá
hit the ground lenda á jörðinni
hiya hæ
hobble haltra
hold halda
hold on to halda dauðahaldi í
holiday frí, sumarfrí
holler kalla, hröpa
hometown heimabær
homework heimavinna
honest heiðarlegur
to be honest í hreinskilni sagt
honour heiður
hooded með hettu
hoodtop hettupeysa
hoof hófi
hop hoppa
hope von
hopeful vongóður
horrid hræðilegur

hospital sjúkrahús
housing policy stefna í húsnæðismálum
howdy! hæ
however samt sem áður
howl ýlfra
huddle together hnappast saman
huge risastór
human manns-; mannlegur; mennskur
humour kímni, gamansemi
hundreds of hundruð af
hunt veiða
hurl kasta
hurt særður; særa
husband eiginmaður

I

ice age ísöld
Iceland Ísland
icon tákn
icy ís-
ID card persónuskilríki
ignore gefa skít í, hunsa
illegal ólöglegur
imagine ímynda sér, gera sér í hugarlund
immediately undireins
immigrant innflytjandi
impossible ómögulegt
impressed hrifinn
impressive tilkomumikill, áhrifamikill
improve bæta
in a heartbeat hér: eldsnöggt
in common sameiginlegt
in fact reyndar
in front of fyrir framan
in the 60s á sjöunda áratugnum
in trouble í vandræðum, í klípu
inch þumlungur (2,54 cm)
incident atvik
including að meðtöldum
inconsistent rykkjóttur
increase auka
incredible ótrúlegur
indeed svo sannarlega, vissulega
independence sjálfstæði
independent sjálfstæður
India Indland
the Indian Ocean Indlandshaf
influence hafa áhrif á
injure slasa
injury meiðsl
insecure óöruggur
inside inni
inspire fylla andagift, blása í brjóst
instead of í staðinn
instruction fyrirmæli
insult móðgun
intend ætla sér, hafa í hyggju
intensity styrkleikastig; ákefð
interest áhugi
interesting áhugavert
international alþjóðlegur
introduce kynna
invade ráðast inn í

invent finna upp
investigate rannsaka
involve vera hluti af; varða; flækja í
inwardly innst inni
Ireland Írland
irritated pirraður
island eyja
isle eyja

J

jail fangelsi
jam klípa; sulta; stífla
Jamaican frá Jamaíka
jaws kjaftur
jet fighter orrustuflugvél
join ganga til liðs við
joke brandari; grín
jolt skellur
journalism blaðamennska
journey ferðalag
juicy safaríkur
jump stökkva
just as well allt eins

K

karaoke karaóki
keep halda; eiga; geyma
 keep going halda áfram
 keep out halda frá
 keep sb company halda e-m félagsskap
kick spark; sparka; kraftur
kid barn, krakki; grínast
kidnap ræna manneskju
kidney nýra
kind góður; tegund
 kind of um það bil; smávegis; tegund af
kingdom konungsveldi
kitchen eldhús
kitten kettlingur
km/h km/klst.
knee hné
kneel knékrjúpa
knock banka
 knock out rota; rothögg
know vita; kunna; þekkja

L

label merkimiði
lad strákur
lake vatn
land ice landís
lane braut
language tungumál
lanky renglulegur
Laotian Laosbúi
large stór
last endast; taka tíma; síðastur
late seinn
laugh hlæja
laundry room þvottahús
lawn grasflöt
layer lag
lead leiða; stjórna; fylgja

lead leiðsla; blý
leaf *pl.* leaves laufblað
league deild
leap stökkva
learn fréttá; læra
least minnstur
leave leyfi
leave yfirgefa; fara; halda af stað
left eftir; vinstri
length hér: ferð
less minni
let láta; leyfa
 let go of sleppa (hendi af)
level stig
lick sleikja
lid lok
lie liggja
 lie down leggjast
lie ljúga; lygi
life líf
lifeless liflaus
lifetime lífstíð, ævi
lift lyfta (no.); lyfta (so.)
light ljós; lýsa; kveikja; léttur
lightning elding
lightning-fast eldsnögg
like that svona, á þennan hátt
likely líklegur
likeness líkindi, svipur
limp haltra
linebacker *heiti á stöðu leikmanns í bandarískum fótbolta*
lip gloss varagloss
liquid vökvi
listen hlusta
literally bókstaflega
litter hópur (kettlingar eða hvolpar)
littermate vinir úr sama goti
 live lifa; búa
 live on lifa áfram
live one's dream láta drauma sína rætast
live lifandi
living room stofa
loads of hellingur af
loathing viðbjóður
located staðsettur
local league heimalið
local people heimafolk
located staðsettur
lock loka, læsa; lás
 lock eyes horfast í augu
locker room búningasklefi
Londoner Londonbúi
lonely einmana
 be lonely for sakna
long for vonast eftir, þrá
look horfa, líta; augnatillit
 look after líta eftir, líta til með
 look alike vera líkur
 look forward to hlakka til
 look sb over horfa rannsakandi á
 look upon líta á, virða fyrir sér
looks útlit

loose týna, tapa
loser tapari
lost týndur; hjálparlaus
loud hávær
lounge dóla sér, hanga
low lágur
low-paid láglæunaður
luck heppni
lucky heppinn
luckily sem betur fer

M

mad reiður; brjálaður
mag (magazine) blað, tímarit
magic galdur, töfrar
mailbox pósthólf
main helsti, aðal-
mainly aðallega
make gera, búa til; neyða
 make an appointment panta tíma
 make it big ná árangri, „meika það“
 make out skynja
 make sense vera skiljanlegur
 make sure fullvissa sig um
 make up for bæta upp
male karl, karlkyn
mammoth mammútur
manage takast
mane makki (á hesti)
manicure handsnyrting, naglasnyrting
march ganga, halda
marina höfn, smábátahöfn
mark merkja
market markaður
mass magn, massi
master húsbóndi
mate vinur
matter mál; skipta máli
 no matter what sama á hverju gengur
maybe kannski
mean meina; þýða
meat kjöt
meatball kjötbolla
medal verðlaunapeningur
medieval miðalda
meet mæta; hitta
mega rísa-
melt bráðna
meltdown bráðnun; hrun
mental retardation andleg fötlun
menu matseðill
message skilaboð
middle miðja
might gæti kannski
mighty mikill; voldugur
mile ensk míla (u.þ.b. 1,6 km)
millions milljónir
mind hugur; hafa ekkert á móti e-u
mine náma
mining town námubær
miss sakna
 miss out on missa af
mission sendiför, verkefni

mistake mistök
mixed blandaður
mobile phone farsími
model módel
mom mamma
moment andartak
money peningar
mongrel blendingur
month mánuður
moody fúll, í vundu skapi, geðvondur
mop moppa; lubbi
most mestur; flestir
most of all mest af öllu, helst
most of the time oftast; að mestu leyti
mostly vanalega
motorcyclist mótorhjólaökumaður
mountain fjall
mouse mús
mouth munnur
mouthful munnbiti
move hreyfa sig; flytja
move in closer færa sig nær
movement hreyfing
movie star kvikmyndastjarna
mow the lawn slá grasið
mph (= miles per hour) hraði (1 mile = 1,6 km)
muscle vöðvi
mushroom sveppur
"must-see" eitthvað sem vert er að skoða
musty úreltur; fúinn
mutter muldra; kvarta, tuða
muzzle snoppa, trýni
mysterious dularfullur
mystery leyndardómur, ráðgáta

N

nail nögl
name nafn
nanna amma
nation þjóð
national team landslið
natural náttúrulegur
nearby sem er nálægur
nearly næstum því
neat snyrtilegur
neck háls
need þörf; þurfa
need sth badly þurfa virkilega á e-u að halda
needle nál
negotiate semja
nephew frændi
never aldrei
news fréttir
next to við hliðina á
nightmare martröð
no longer ekki lengur
no matter what hvað sem gerist, hvað sem öðru líður
no need engin nauðsyn
no point in arguing þýðir ekki að malda í mótmæla
no way aldrei í lífinu

no wonder engin furða
nod nikka
noise hávaði; hljóð
none of enginn af
nope nei
nor né
normally venjulega
north norður
the North Sea Norðursjór
Northern Ireland Norður-Írland
Norway Noregur
not even ekki einu sinni
not untill ekki fyrr en
nothing ekkert; núll og nix (um persónu)
notice taka eftir
nowadays nú um stundir, nú
nowhere hvergi
number fjöldi; tala, númer
numbered númeraður
nut hneta
nuzzle nudda trýninu að

O

oath eiður
obey gegna, hlýða
obsessed gegntekinn
ocean haf
of course auðvitað
off af, frá
offense (Am.) sókn
offer tilboð; bjóðast til
office skrifstofa
often oft
old-fashioned gamaldags
the Olympics Ólympíuleikarnar
on guard á verði
on one's own á eigin spýtur
on one's way to becoming á leiðinni að verða
on purpose viljandi, með ásetningi
on top of ofan á, fyrir ofan
once einu sinni
oops úff!
Open Evening opið hús
opinion skoðun
opponent andstæðingur
opportunity tækifæri
opposing team lið andstæðingsins
opposite andstæða; á móti
or eða
order skipa; panta
ordinary venjulegur
otherwise annars
ought to ætti að
out of the blue upp úr þurru, óvænt
outfit fót
outside úti, fyrir utan
oven ofn
over the moon hæstánægður
oversized of stór
owner eigandi

P

the Pacific Ocean Kyrrahafið
pack fjöldi; pakka
packed lunch matarpakki, nesti
pad skrifblokk
pain verkur, sársauki
be in pain finna til
painkiller verkjатаfla
paint mála
pale fölur
palm lófi
panic snögg hræðsla; fum, fát
panicky fátkenndur
part of the package hluti af pakkanum/heildinni
part-time hlutastarf
pass the time drepa tímann
passenger farþegi
passion ástríða
PAT = Point After Touchdown
path göngustígur
pause stoppa
pavement gangstétt
paw loppa
pay borga
pay off (paid, paid) borga sig
PB (Personal Best) besti persónulegur árangur
pea soup baunasúpa
pedicure fótisnyrting
peer kíkja
penalty refsing; víti
penitentiary fangelsi
percent prósent
perched trónandi
peregrine falcon förufálki
perfectly algerlega, fullkomlega
pet gæuldýr
pet shop gæludýrabúð
pharmacy lyfjaverslun, apótek
photocopy ljósrita
physics eðlisfræði
pick velja; tína
pick up taka upp; sækja
pick up speed auka hraða
picturesque fagur; hrifandi
piece stykki, hluti
piece of cord reipi, snæri
piece of woodland skógarspilda
piglet grís
pile haugur, stafli
pimple bóla
pinwheel snúast í hring
plant planta
plaster múrhúð
platform skór með þykkum sóla
player leikmaður
playful gáskafullur, sem leikur er í
playground leikvöllur
pleasant vinalegur, þægilegur
pleased ánægður, glaður
plenty of nóg af
plough plægja

pluck kippa
pocketbook handtaska (*if BNA*)
poetry ljóð
point benda; beina
no point in tilgangslaust
poison eitur
poke pota
polish pússa
polite kurteis
poor fátækur; aumingja
popular vinsæll
position staða
pound 0,45 kg
power kraftur; völd
powerful kraftmikill
practically í raun
practice æfing; æfa
predict spá fyrir um
prepare undirbúa
preschool forskóli
pressure þrýstingur
pretend þykjast, láta sem
pretty frekar, fremur; sætur
previous fyrri
price verð
priceless óborganlegur
privacy einkalíf
prize verðlaun
probably sennilega
probs (problems) vandamál
produce framleiða
programme forrita; efnisskrá
promise lofa
promoted fá stöðuhækkun
promptly tafarlaust
pronounce bera fram
properly almennilegur, á réttan hátt
protect vernda
proud stoltur
prove sanna
prowler snuðrari
pull draga; sundtak
pull back klemma aftur
pull up sækja fram
punch kýla
puppy hvolpur
pure chance hrein tilviljun
on purpose viljandi
purse handtaska
push ýta
push off spyrna frá
put setja; leggja; orða
put it on bæta á sig (þyngjast)
put on fara í (föt); setja á
put to sleep svæfa (aflífa)
put to the test reyna á
put up with þola

Q
quarter fjórðungur, fjórði hluti
quick fljótur
quiet hljóður, kyrr
quirky óvanalegar

quit hætta
quote tilvitnun; vitna í
R
R & B = rhythm and blues
race keppa
racing kapphlaup, keppni
rack rekki, hilla
radical öfgakennt
railing handrið
rainforest regnskógur
raise hækka; lyfta
reach ná, komast
read lesa
read lestrarstund; eitthvað að lesa
ready tilbúinn
real alvöru, raunverulegur
realise, realize gera sér grein fyrir
really virkilega
reason ástæða
rebel mótmælandi; uppreisnarmaður
rebel mótmæla, gera uppreisn
rebuilt endurbýggður
recent nýr
recognice, recognize þekkja, bera kennsl á
record deal plötusamningur
record holder methafi (t.d. í íþróttum)
recover ná bata
reduce minnka, draga úr
referee dómari
refinery hreinsunarstöð (t.d. fyrir olíu, sykur o.fl.)
refuse neita
regret sjá eftir
regular sem fylgir reglum; venjulegur
reindeer hreindýr
be related vera skyldur
relations samband, tengsl
relax slappa af
relaxed afslappaður
relief léttir
relieve létta
religion trú
remember muna; minnast
remind minna á
repeat endurtaka
replace skipta um, leysa af hólmi
replacement staðgengill
reply svar; svara
report skýrsla
research rannsókn(ir)
do research stunda rannsóknir
rescuer björgunarmaður
response viðbrögð; svar
rest hvíla sig
result útkoma, niðurstaða; afleiðing
retard þroskaheftur
retire fara á eftirlaun
review fara yfir
revolutionary byltingarkenndur
rhino nashyrningur
rhythm rytmi, taktur
ride ríða; aka, keyra

ride ferð
rider reiðmaður
ridiculous fáránlegur
rifle riffill
right hægri; réttur
right? allt í lagi?, eða hvað?
right up beint fram, beint að
ring hringja
rip to pieces rakka niður
ripped jeans rifnar gallabuxur
rise hækkun
rise fara á fætur
river á
riverbank árbakki
road vegur
roar öskra
rock steinn, grjóthnullungur
rock rokkari
rocket scientist eldflaugavísindamaður
role model fyrirmynd
roll rúlla
rollaway bed beddi á hjólum
roller coaster rússíbani
the Romans Rómverjar
rough hörkulegur
route leið
Royal Ballet School Konunglegi ballettskólinn
rub núa, nugga
rubber gúmmí
rubbish vitleysa, della
ruin eyðileggja
rule regla
ruler reglustika
run hlaupa; renna
run into rekast á
run out hlaupa út; vera á enda
run through fara gegnum
running hlaup; stjórnun
rush þjóta; streyma
Russian Rússneskur

S
sabre-tooth tiger sverðköttur
sad leiður, sorgmæddur
safe öruggur
safety öryggi
sailboarder brimbrettasiglari
sailor sjómaður
sales sala
salmon lax
salt flats saltsléttur
sanctuary friðland
sandwich samloka
sauce sósa
Saudi Arabia Sádi Arabía
sausage pylsa
save bjarga; spara
say segja
saying málsháttur; orðatilteki
scale hreistur
scan skanna, skima
Scania Skánn

scarcely varla
scared hræddur
scary ógnvekjandi
scatter dreifa
scenery náttúra
scent ilmur, lykt
schoolyard skólalóð
science (náttúru)vísindi
scientist vísindamaður
coff hlægja hæðnislega
score points skora eða fá stig
scowl með reiðisvip; hleypa brúnum
Scrabble orðaspil
scape skrapa, skafa
scream öskra
sea level yfirborð sjávar
sea lion sæljón
search leit; leita
search me! ekki hugmynd!
seaside town sjávarpláss
season árstíð
seat sæti
seated sitjandi
sec (second) sekúnda
secondly í öðru lagi
secret leyndarmál
secretly leynilega, á laun
security firm öryggisgæslufyrirtæki
see sjá; skilja
seem líta út fyrir, virka sem
self-assured sjálfsöruggur
sell selja
sensational áberandi
sense skyn; skynjun; skilningarvit
serious alvarlegur
separate aðskilja
series röð, flokkur, sería
serious alvarlegur
serve þjóna; afgreiða
session tími
set setja, leggja, stilla
set off halda af stað
set the table leggja á borð
several nokkrir
shade skuggi
shades sólgleraugu
shadow skuggi
shake hrista
shaky titrandi
shallow grunnur
shape lögun
shark hákarl
sharp beittur, hvass; flottur
shave raka; rakstur
shaving product rakstursvara
shelf, ft. shelves hilla
shin sköflungur
shine skína; lýsa
shiny glansandi, skínandi
shiver skjálfa
shocking hrikalegur, hneykslanlegur
shoot skjóta
shop assistant sölumaður (-kona)

shoplifter búðarþjófur
shopper viðskiptavinur, kaupandi
short stuttur
shot skot; búinn; útkeyrður
should ætti
shoulder öxl
shoulder pads axlapúðar
shout hrópa, kalla
shove hrinda, ýta
shove off! burt með þig!
shovel skófla; moka
show sýna
shut loka
Siam gamalt heiti yfir Tæland
be sick vera veikur; óglatt
sidewalk gangstétt
sigh andvarpa, stynja
sign skilti; merki; undirrita
silence þögn
silent þögull
similar svipaður
simple einfaldur
simply einfaldlega
since then síðan þá
sing syngja
sink vaskur (*í BNA*)
sink sökkva
sit sitja
size stærð
skate skauta
skater skautamaður, skautari
skinny grannur
sky himinn
slab plata
slacks síðbuxur
slam slengja
sleep sofa
sleep svefn
slice kljúfa (vatnið); sneið
slicked back aftursleiktur
slide renna
sling slengja
slip smeygja
sloppy hroðvirknislegur
sloth letidýr
slow down hægja á
smash eyðileggja, mölbrjóta
smash into skella á
smear smyrja
smell lykta; finna lykt af
smell lykt
smirk sjálfumglatt glott
smooth rólegur, jafn
smuggle smygla
snake snákur
snap hvæsa; smella
sneer gera lítið úr
sniff lykta af; sniffa
snore hrjóta
snort fnæsa, hnussa; hreyta út úr sér
snowdrift snjóskafi
snowflake snjókon
snowman snjókal

so far hingað til
soccer fótbolti, knattspyrna
society samfélag
soft mjúkur; ljúfur
soldier hermaður
solve leysa
somehow einhvern veginn
someone einhver
sometimes stundum
soon bráðum
sore aumur, sár; meiða
sort out skilja, finna út úr
soul sál
sound hljóma
South Africa Suður-Afríka
space geimurinn; rými, pláss
space crew áhöfn geimfars
space shuttle geimskutla
spacecraft geimfar
spare time frítími, tómstund
spay gera ófrjóan, gelda
speak tala
special sérstakur
speciality sérréttur
spectator áhorfandi
speechless mállaus, orðlaus
speed hraði
speeder sá sem fer hratt
spend eyða, verja
spice krydd
spin þeyta, spinna
spire spíra
spirits andi, skap, lund
spit spýta, hrækja
spilt second sekúndubrot
sporting event íþróttaviðburður
spot bóla; staður; koma auga á
spotlight sviðsljós
spread breiðast út
spring vor
sprint hlaupa spretthlaut
spurt lokasprettur; sprauta, gusa
spy njónsari
squeeze kreista; troða
squirt sprauta
stage svið; tímapunktur, stig
at this stage á þessu stigi
stand standa; reisa
stand out vera áberandi
star stjarna
stare stara
starring í aðalhlutverkum (*í blómmyndum*)
starship geimskip
starter forréttur
starve svelta
state ríki
statement staðhæfing
the Statue of Liberty Frelsisstytta
stay quiet halda ró sinni
steal stela
steamboat gufubátur
steep brattur
stem trjábólur

step skref; spor; þrep
step-father stjúpfaðir
stick fastur, festast
stick it out berjast, halda það út
stick to halda sig við
stick stafur
still samt; ennþá
sting sársauki, sviði
stinky illa lyktandi
stitch spor
stone steinn
stop stoppa; stoppistöð; hætta
stop short snarstansa
straight beinn
strain streða, strita
strange skrýttinn, furðulegur
strap ól
strategy skipulag; klækir; herstjórnarlíst
straw hat stráhattur
streak gera rák í
stream of water vatnsbuna
street performer götulistamaður
stressed out stressaður
stretch teygja
strike slá
strike verkfall
stroke sundtak
stroll off halda á braut
strong sterkur
struggle brjótast um; berjast við að
stuck fastur
stuck-up drjúgur með sig
stuff dót
stumble staulast
stunned agndofa
stupid heimskur, vitlaus
stylish nýttísku
succeed takast
success árangur, velgengi
successfully á árangursríkan hátt
it sucks glatað
suddenly allt í einu
suede rúskinn
suffer from þjást af
suffering þjáning
sugar sykur
sunny sólríkur
sunset sólarlag
super frábært
support styðja; stuðningur
suppose gera ráð fyrir; hugsa sér
sure auðvitað
surname eftirnafn
surprise koma á óvart
surprised hissa
survive lifa af
suspicion grunur
Swahili swahili (tungumálið)
sweat svitna
sweater peysa
sweaty sveittur
Swedes Svíar

sweep sópa með sér; fara eins og eldur í sinu um
sweets sælgæti, nammi
swim synda
swimmer sundmaður (-kona)
swing róla
syllable atkvæði
T
tackle tækla, höndla
tagline slagorð
tail hali
take taka
take a fall detta og meiða sig
take a shot skjóta (í hokki)
take action aðhafast, grípa til aðgerða
take care gæta þess
take care of hugsa um
take part taka þátt
take place gerast, ske
take time off fara í frí
takeaway matur sem er sóttur
talent hæfileiki
talent contest hæfileikakeppni
talent-scout maður sem leitar að hæfileikaríkum leikmönnum
talk sb into sth tala e-n inn á að gera e-ð, tala til
talkative málgefinn
tall hár, hávaxinn
tan (sól)brúka; brúnn
tank top ermalaus toppur
tap banka á
target takmark, markmið
tasty bragðgóður
tattoo húðflúr
tattoo parlor (Am.) húðflúrsstofa
teach kenna
team lið
teammate félagi (í liði)
tear rífa sundur
tear tár
technology tækni
teeth tennur
television series sjónvarpsþættir
tell segja, segja frá, segja til um
tell on sb kjafta frá
tell sb off skamma e-n
tense spennur
terrible hræðilegur
terrified dauðskelkaður
terrify hræða
terrifying hræðilegur
territory svæði
terror ógn, ótti, skelfing; ógnvaldur
thanks to þökk sé
that way þessa leið, þangað
thin grannur; þunnur
think hugsa
thirdly í þriðja lagi
though þrátt fyrir; en, hins vegar
as though eins og; samt sem áður
thought hugsun

threaten hóta
thrill spennna; vekja spennu
throat háls
throughout um allan, á enda
throw henda
throw up kasta upp
thumb þumall
thumbs-up sign þumla upp (merki um að allt sé í lagi)
thump slá þungt á, berja
ticket miði
tidy snyrtilegt og hreint; þrúður
tied jafnt, jafntefli
tight þéttur, fastur, strekktur
til þar til
till (búðar)kassi
time tími; skipti
all the time allan tímann
at the same time samtímis
most of the time oftast
tin tin
tiny þínulítill
tip oddur
tired þreyttur
toast ristað brauð
toe tá
together saman
tomorrow á morgun
tonight í kvöld
tons of hellingur af
too líka; of
tornado skýstrókur
tortoise skjaldbaka
torture pyndingar; pynda
totally algjörlega
touch snerta, hreyfa við
touchdown snertimark (í bandarískum fótbolta)
tough erfiður
towards á móti; í átt að
towel handklæði
trace spor, merki
track braut
trade skipta; viðskipti
tradition hefð
traditional hefðbundinn
traffic lights umferðarljós
train lest; æfa
trained lærður
traitor svikari
trample þramma
travel ferðast
treatment meðferð
trendsetter sá sem skapar ákveðna tísku
trendy töff, smart, samkvæmt nýjustu tísku
trial reynsluleikur; réttarhöld
trick gabba, plata
triumph sigur
tropical hitabeltis-
trouble vandræði, vandamál
get into trouble lenda í vandræðum
troublesome erfiður
trousers buxur
true sannur

trunk filsrani; trjábörkur
trust treysta á
truth sannleikur
try reyna, prófa
try hard leggja hart að sér
tryout reynslutími
tube neðanjarðarlest
tug rykkur
tumble hrynja
tune lag
turn verða
turn into beygja í/til; verða að
turn loose sleppa, láta lausan
turn of the century aldamót
turn out to be reynast
turn to snúa sér að
twist snúa; tvista (dans)
twisted ankle snúinn ökkli
typical dæmigerður
tyre hjólbardi

U
umbrella regnhlíf; sólhlíf
uncle frændi
undercover í dulargervi
understand skilja
underwater undir vatnsyfirborði
unexpected óvæntur
unforgettable ógleymanlegur
unfortunately því miður
united sameinaður
universe alheimur
unless nema
until fyrr en, þar til
unusual óvenjulegur
use nota
used to vera vanur
useful gagnlegur; nothæfur
usually vanalega

V
vacation frí
valley dalur
valuable dýrmætur
vanish hverfa
various ýmsum
vat tankur, geymir
vegetable grænmeti
vehicle farartæki
velvet flauel
vertebra hryggjarliður
vest nærbolur
vet dýralæknir
victim fórnarlamb
victory sigur
view útsýni; skoðun
viewer áhorfandi
violent ofbeldisfullur
visitor gestur
vixen refalæða; skass
voice rödd
vote kjósa
vulture hrægammur

W
wages laun
wail kveina, emja
wake vakna
walk ganga
walkway göngustígur
wall múr; veggur
the Great Wall of China Kínamúrinn
walnut valhneta
waltz vals
wander ráfa, reika
want langa; vilja
for want of vegna skorts á
wardrobe klæðaskápur
warn vara við
warning viðvörðun, aðvörðun
warrior stríðsmaður
waste sóa, sorp
watch horfa á
watch out! gættu þín!
waterskiing sjóskiði
wave alda; veifa, vinka
way leið
weak heilsuveill; máttvana; linur
wear klæðast, vera í
weather veður
web vefur
website vefsíða
weekend helgi
weepy grátgjarn (væluskjóða)
weigh vega
weight þyngd
weird skrýttinn
weirdo furðufugl
welcome velkominn
as well líka, sem og
well-kept vel geymt, vel varðveitt
wet blautur
whack skellur, smellur; slá
what if hvað ef
what the heck! hver fjandinn!
whatever hvað sem
wheel hjól
wheelchair hjólastóll
where else hvar annars staðar
whether hvort
while á meðan; stund
while stund
whip out draga upp
whiskers veiðihár
whisper hvísla
whistle flauta
Whitehall gata í London
who cares! hverjum er ekki sama?
whoever hvern þann sem; sá sem
whole allur; heill
wide breiður
wide-brimmed barðastór
wiggle smeygja sér
wild viltur
wild about brjáláður í
wilderness óbyggði
wildlife náttúru- og dýralíf

willing viljugur
win vinna
windbreaker vindjakki
wink blikka, depla augunum
wipe þurrka
wish ósk; óska
with it þar að auki
without án
witty hnyttinn, orðheppinn
woman kona
wonder furða sig
wooden viðar-; úr tré
work vinna
work out æfa, þjálfa
worker vinnumaður, starfsmaður
working conditions vinnuskilyrði
workout æfing, þjálfun
workshop vinnustofa
world heimur
World Championship HM
world record heimsmet
worldwide um allan heim
worried áhyggjufullur
worry hafa áhyggjur
worthless einskis virði
wrestling glíma
wrinkle hrukka; fitja upp á
write skrifa
writer rithöfundur
wrong rangt
be wrong hafa rangt fyrir sér

Y
yank rykkja, kippa
yard hér: bílakirkjugarður
for years í áraraðir
yell öskra, kalla, hrópa
yet enn, ennþá
you guys þið (tveir eða fleiri)
young ungur
youth ungt fólk, æska
youth movement ungmennahreyfing
yuck! oj bara!
yup = yes

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