

## Complex v Simple

### Activity 8

We are now going to look at a passage which is deliberately quite complicated. The task you will have is to rewrite the passage so the ornate language is presented more clearly. You will find a simpler form of this passage in the key after this lesson: you can check your dictionary as often as you like.

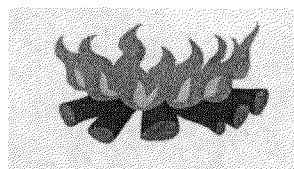
As Peter was proceeding rapidly along the highway, he suddenly caught sight of a trail of dusky smoke deep in the far blue yonder. "Can that be a conflagration?" he queried. Silence reigned in the vehicle, none of his entourage would hazard any variety of conjecture. "Cat got your tongue?" Tom inquired with a touch of curtness.

"Well, Pater," answered William, the most mature of his progeny "You are just as much entitled to speculation as we are. What causes you to think we should have any better idea of the identity of that plume than yourself?"

"A little less impudence, young 'Un," remonstrated Peter, with a wry smirk. "You have just a little more time to survey the landscape than I have. You may not have noticed, but my attention should at least be fixed on my driving this conveyance, not contemplating the attractive panorama..."

At this, there ensued a loud cachinnation from Peter's dotting offspring.

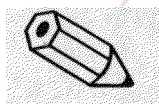
THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE!



### A Description

### Activity 9

#### Paraphrase



Read through the following description of a seaside bay in the South of Spain, the Costa de Almeria, and then rewrite it in your own words. Try not to read the passage when you are doing your Paraphrase; but you can write notes to be used when you are making your description. This exercise is a cross between a Paraphrase and a Composition:

A suggested description is given in your Key: limit your version to about 100 words.

THE TIME was 7 am. The sun had risen long ago and was already shining on the still Mediterranean waters of Miramar bay. A few sailing boats were anchored close to the shore, and paddling in the breakers that in spite of the calm still beat regularly on the white sand, a man with his dog walked southward towards the low cliff. The usual atmosphere of Sunday morning, quieter than during the week as the fishermen hadn't gone out; their boats were pulled up close to the white houses. The weekend visitors in the apartments were still asleep, having stayed up late last night, chatting and drinking. The atmosphere was quite idyllic

An elderly still lithe figure appeared at the southern side of the bay. He waved to the man with the dog who waved back. No one said a word, words were not needed now, to break the peace would have been almost sacrilege. The elderly figure walked carefully towards the rocks at the foot of the cliff. Don Spencer enjoyed a morning dip, especially on Sunday, and he wore trunks under his khaki trousers, and a towel was draped over his shoulder. He liked this spot. It was a distance from the village and so more private, and above him loomed the white cliff, pitted with intriguing caves that Don liked to investigate.

(225 Words)

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