

<i>900 exercises in vocational communication</i>	<b>Notes for teachers</b>	<b>D3 / 33</b>
<i>General aim</i>	<b>D: PRODUCE A WRITTEN MESSAGE</b>	
<i>Level of difficulty</i>	<b>3</b>	
<i>Intermediate aim</i>	<b>3 Write a message</b>	
<i>Operational aim</i>	<b>3 Sum up a text.</b>	
<i>Pre-requirements</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Understanding of the content and structure of a text.</li> <li>- Ability to write simple and complex sentences.</li> </ul>	
<i>Number of exercises</i>	<b>4</b>	
<i>Summing-up exercise</i>	<b>D3 / 33 – 1.5</b>	
<i>Comments</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- In case of difficulty, see C2/31 and D2/34.</li> <li>- The sketch D3/33-1.4 can be acted out if the work is done in a group.</li> <li>- The text in D3/33-1.5 can also lead to an improvisation.</li> <li>- The texts D3/33-1.4 and D3/33-1.5 are reproduced here by kind permission of their author, Dominique Sadri-Faure, and are for the exclusive use of these modules.</li> </ul>	

### Tulips from Amsterdam?



The tulip is a member of the lily family. Contrary to what most people think, tulips **do not come from Holland at all**.

Tulips actually come from central Asia. The name **“Tuliband”** means **turban in Turkish**, because the flower **resembles a turban**. From Turkey, tulips arrived in Vienna in the **17<sup>th</sup> century**. A gardener in the Imperial court in **Vienna**, Charles de l’Ecluse, was then appointed to the University of Leiden in the **Netherlands**. He took with him his favourite flower.

Tulips soon became fashionable plants and spread successfully throughout Europe. Today, there are about 150 different kinds of tulip and **over 80 % of tulips** are grown by **the Dutch**.

#### How do you sum up a text?

First you find the most important points in the original text. Then you bring them together to create a new text that is shorter but that contains all the main ideas.

You can mark the most important points in the text itself.

#### Summary:

*Tulips do not come from Holland but from Turkey. The tulip flower resembles a turban, and that is why the Turkish name for tulip is “Tuliband”. In the 17<sup>th</sup> century, tulips arrived in the Netherlands from Austria. Today, 80% of tulips are grown in the Netherlands.*



## Dogs for the disabled



Injured in a car accident 12 years ago, Gilbert now lives in a wheelchair. Jack, a Labrador, has changed his life. The telephone rings... Jack picks it up and brings it to his master. He can open cupboards for his master; he goes to fetch various objects and barks on request to call for help. Not to mention the love and affection he gives Gilbert... And it's mutual! In the street, people are more likely to approach Gilbert because of his dog. He is a link with society and that too is very important for Gilbert.

Dogs, who are intelligent, caring animals, are often more than willing to help their master, but... it doesn't just happen that way! For the relationship between the disabled master and the dog to be truly efficient from the beginning, the dog must first have been brought up in a foster family. There, until the age of 16 months, he will be house-trained, and taught to be sociable with everybody and to obey basic orders. The family also has to take him everywhere in town, in the country, in public places, and in shops, to get him used to all sorts of noise. If he is not frightened, later on, he will not be difficult for the future master to control.

Of course, it is not easy, after almost a year and a half, to let go of a dog that the foster family has grown attached to. But they made a promise at the start... When you see the wonderful complicity between the dog and the disabled person, it's very encouraging, and you end up taking on another one, explains a young woman who regularly trains dogs in this way.

But a dog cannot go from its family to its future master without first taking a training course in a specialised centre. For six months, it works with trainers and learns all sorts of specific orders (about fifty in all) to help disabled people. The future master also takes a short course in the centre to learn to live with his future dog. And the foster family officially hands over the animal to its master. This is always a very emotional time.

Anyone can become a foster family. You just need to have a little free time, to love dogs and to like being of service. And this sort of service is so important!



*Sum up this text.*

**LOOK AT THE SUGGESTED ANSWERS FOR D3/33-1.2**



## **Dogs for the disabled**



Injured in a car accident 12 years ago, Gilbert now lives in a wheelchair. Jack, a Labrador, has changed his life. The telephone rings... Jack picks it up and brings it to his master. He can open cupboards for his master; he goes to fetch various objects and barks on request to call for help. Not to mention the love and affection he gives Gilbert... And it's mutual! In the street, people are more likely to approach Gilbert because of his dog. He is a link with society and that too is very important for Gilbert.

Dogs, who are intelligent, caring animals, are often more than willing to help their master, but... it doesn't just happen that way! For the relationship between the disabled master and the dog to be truly efficient from the beginning, the dog must first have been brought up in a foster family. There, until the age of 16 months, he will be house-trained, and taught to be sociable with everybody and to obey basic orders. The family also has to take him everywhere in town, in the country, in public places, and in shops, to get him used to all sorts of noise. If he is not frightened, later on, he will not be difficult for the future master to control.

Of course, it is not easy, after almost a year and a half, to let go of a dog that the foster family has grown attached to. But they made a promise at the start... When you see the wonderful complicity between the dog and the disabled person, it's very encouraging, and you end up taking on another one, explains a young woman who regularly trains dogs in this way.

But a dog cannot go from its family to its future master without first taking a training course in a specialised centre. For six months, it works with trainers and learns all sorts of specific orders (about fifty in all) to help disabled people. The future master also takes a short course in the centre to learn to live with his future dog. And the foster family officially hands over the animal to its master. This is always a very emotional time.

Anyone can become a foster family. You just need to have a little free time, to love dogs and to like being of service. And this sort of service is so important!



### **Summary:**

Some dogs are specially trained to help disabled people in their everyday life, for example by bringing them things. These dogs are first raised in a foster family until the age of 16 months. They learn to obey basic orders and get used to crowds and noise. Then they do a 6-month training course in a specialised centre. There they learn their future job by carrying out about fifty orders to help the disabled person. The future master will also attend, in order to learn how to live with his future dog before taking him home with him.



900 exercises in vocational communication	<b>Exercise</b>	<b>D3 / 33 - 1.4</b>
		<i>Eval.:</i>



## The Chops

**Sketch:** 4 people: a man – a woman – a waitress – a waiter.

*A couple with a large dog walk into a smart restaurant ... A waitress approaches:*

The waitress: For two people?

The woman: Three! With the dog.

The waitress: Oh, er, right... now, where shall I put you ...

The woman: Over there! That big table will be fine.

The man: But dear, it's a table for 6 ...

The woman: Exactly! We can put the dog under the table. Isn't that right, Pogo?



*Pogo, the dog, says nothing, and goes to lie under the table.*

The man: What will you have? The set menu?

The woman: No, that's far too much. Just the fish with vegetables.

The man: All right. I'll have the chops.

The woman: Chops are much too rich. They're bad for your digestion.

The man: Yes, but I like chops... Just for once ...

And maybe a little drink first ...

The woman: No alcohol! Think of your digestion!

The man: Well then, a half bottle of red... or would you prefer white with your fish?

The woman: Waiter! Mineral water please. A large bottle!



*The waiter brings the mineral water and the food. In a pretty casserole dish, there are 6 chops. He serves 3 of them to the man, with the potatoes. The other 3 keep warm in the casserole. He places the plate of fish in front of the woman. A piece of white fish is swimming around in a soup with a few vegetables at the bottom...*



The woman: What's this soup?! I didn't ask for soup!

The sketch continues on the next page



*But the woman eats her fish soup and the man his first 3 chops. The waitress arrives with the pretty casserole:*

The waitress: Would you like your other 3 chops, Sir?

The man: No thank you. I've had enough.

The woman: What! What about the dog? Have you forgotten him!

The man: Er... actually, my wife promised the dog some meat.  
Could you put the remaining chops into a little bag? We'll give them to him this evening for his dinner.

The waitress: Certainly, Sir. I'll be right back.

The woman: You were going to leave those chops here! And what about our dinner this evening! It's obvious you never do the cooking!



*The waitress comes back with the chops in a plastic bag. The woman thanks her and puts them in her handbag which is on the floor. A short time later, the waiter arrives with another casserole.*



The waiter: Would you like your last 3 chops, Sir?

The man (a little surprised): Er... No thank you. I've had enough.

The waiter: What about you, Madam? Would you like a chop?

The woman: Oh yes please! I would love one! Give me all three!

*The waiter turns round and sees that the chops are in fact for the next table.*

The waiter: Oh! I'm sorry! These chops are for those people! The people at the next table!  
I made a mistake!

The woman: Well, I've never heard anything like it!

The man: Remember, dear, my chops are in your bag for our dinner...

The woman: Of course I remember! But we could have had even more!

*She leans over and looks in her handbag. The chops have disappeared! The plastic bag, torn and empty, is lying on the floor next to the dog, who is sleeping peacefully.*

The woman: Do you know where your chops are, Henry?

The man: In your bag?

The woman: No. In the dog's stomach!



**LOOK AT THE SUGGESTED ANSWERS FOR D3/33-1.4**

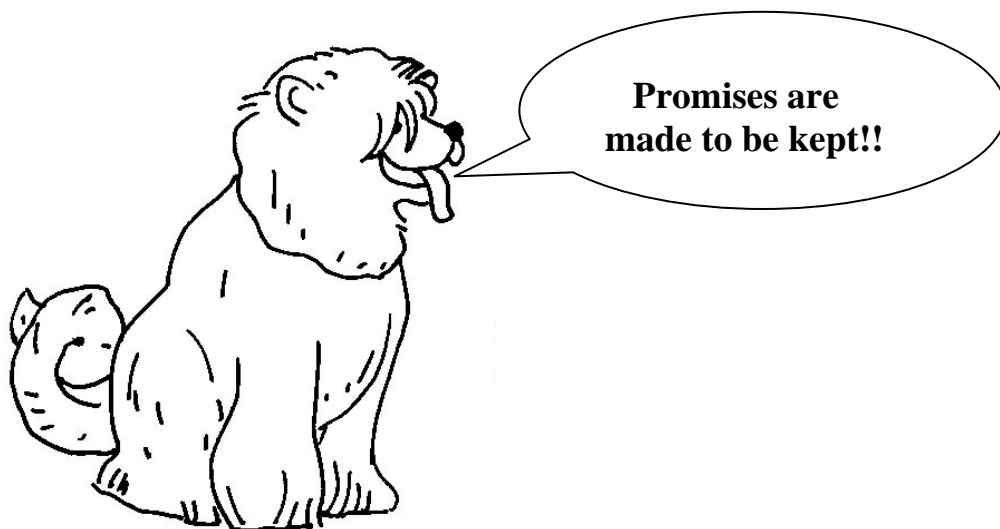


### The Chops

Sketch: 4 people: a man – a woman – a waitress – a waiter.

#### Summary

A couple with a large dog sit down at a table in a restaurant. The man wants to have a really good meal, but his wife reminds him he has to think of his digestion. He chooses chops, and eats two. The other two are placed on a dish-warmer to keep hot. The waiter comes to serve them. As the man refuses, his wife takes them, supposedly for the dog. In fact, she wants them for their supper that evening. Another waiter comes to the table with two more chops. An unexpected surprise! The wife wants to take these too, again for their supper. But just as he is going to serve the chops, the waiter realises that they are for the next table! He apologises, but the woman is not very pleased. She looks in her bag. The chops are no longer there. The dog, hearing the promise of chops, had helped himself!





This is a true story, told by Dominique,  
a regular customer of a Parisian supermarket ....



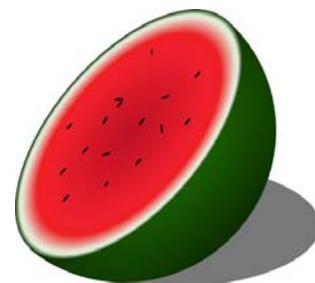
## The watermelons

Saturday morning. The supermarket is very crowded. I have to struggle to get through the aisles. I look at my list again. Watermelon...it just so happens that I am standing in front of a mountain of enormous fruit shaped like a rugby ball. I move closer, I lift up a lovely blue-green watermelon, I sniff it (no smell), I feel its weight (it's very heavy, but is that a good sign?). I know nothing at all about watermelons!

Just then an elderly lady comes up and says: "Are they ripe for once?" I inform her of my total ignorance: I really don't know... "You have to open one!" says the old lady with assurance. Fine, but how? She asks me to go and get a saw, a brand new one, in the DIY department, on the other side of the shop... "If the watermelon is bright pink inside, we'll each take half" she says by way of conclusion. And with an authoritative air, she sends me off to look for the saw.

I hesitate... And for good reason! But I end up going off for the saw. In a large wooden case, I find about twenty big saws, all identical. I come back, as discreetly as possible, with the tool pressed against my raincoat.

"Ah!" exclaims the old lady, "just the thing! Go on then, cut it!" Armed with the saw, which must be half a metre long, I get to work cutting the melon in two roughly equal halves. The sticky juice immediately begins to run down the pile of watermelons. At last, the huge fruit opens in two. I discreetly lean the saw against the shelf. The lady looks doubtfully at the pink centre of the fruit and declares: "No, I think I'll buy grapes instead!"



Highly embarrassed by my operation on the watermelon, I close it up and put it back between two others to keep it in place. I move away, looking innocent. At that moment, a man, also rather elderly, walks up to the watermelons and, as if irresistibly attracted, grabs hold of the only one that should not have been picked up. Immediately it opens in two in the hands of the old man who, surprised and alarmed, jumps backwards. This brusque movement makes him drop the two halves of the watermelon, which, in their turn, make a good dozen others fall on to the floor, to the amazement of the crowd that had gathered. They then start to roll under the feet of the customers.

I run for the nearest checkout, pay for my packet of coffee, the only item purchased from the twenty or so on my list. I get out into the street as fast as I can, both ashamed and amused by the incident. My only hope is that a video camera did not film the entire thing!

*You are now going to tell this story in about ten lines.*



**LOOK AT THE SUGGESTED ANSWERS FOR D3/33-1.5**



This is a true story, told by Dominique,  
a regular customer of a Parisian supermarket....

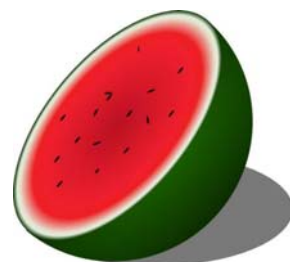
## The watermelons

Saturday morning. The supermarket is very crowded. I have to struggle to get through the aisles. I look at my list again. Watermelon...it just so happens that I am standing in front of a mountain of enormous fruit shaped like a rugby ball. I move closer, I lift up a lovely blue-green watermelon, I sniff it (no smell), I feel its weight (it's very heavy, but is that a good sign?). I know nothing at all about watermelons!

Just then an elderly lady comes up and says: "Are they ripe for once?" I inform her of my total ignorance: I really don't know... "You have to open one!" says the old lady with assurance. Fine, but how? She asks me to go and get a saw, a brand new one, in the DIY department, on the other side of the shop... "If the watermelon is bright pink inside, we'll each take half" she says by way of conclusion. And with an authoritative air, she sends me off to look for the saw.

I hesitate... And for good reason! But I end up going off for the saw. In a large wooden case, I find about twenty big saws, all identical. I come back, as discreetly as possible, with the tool pressed against my raincoat.

"Ah!" exclaims the old lady, "just the thing! Go on then, cut it!" Armed with the saw, which must be half a metre long, I get to work cutting the melon in two roughly equal halves. The sticky juice immediately begins to run down the pile of watermelons. At last, the huge fruit opens in two. I discreetly lean the saw against the shelf. The lady looks doubtfully at the pink centre of the fruit and declares: "No, I think I'll buy grapes instead!"



Highly embarrassed by my operation on the watermelon, I close it up and put it back between two others to keep it in place. I move away, looking innocent. At that moment, a man, also rather elderly, walks up to the watermelons and, as if irresistibly attracted, grabs hold of the only one that should not have been picked up. Immediately it opens in two in the hands of the old man who, surprised and alarmed, jumps backwards. This brusque movement makes him drop the two halves of the watermelon, which, in their turn, make a good dozen others fall on to the floor, to the amazement of the crowd that had gathered. They then start to roll under the feet of the customers.

I run for the nearest checkout, pay for my packet of coffee, the only item purchased from the twenty or so on my list. I get out into the street as fast as I can, both ashamed and amused by the incident. My only hope is that a video camera did not film the entire thing!

### Summary:



On Saturday in the supermarket, Dominique is looking for a nice ripe watermelon. You have to open it to make sure, says an old lady, who, with an air of authority, sends her to look for a saw in the DIY department. On her return, Dominique cuts the watermelon in half, right in the middle of the store. The lady then declares that she would rather buy grapes. Dominique puts the saw on the floor, closes the fruit and starts to move away. An old man then arrives. As if attracted like a magnet, he picks up the split watermelon, which opens suddenly and pulls down a dozen or so watermelons that roll under the feet of the other customers.

Dominique gives up her shopping, goes to the checkout and leaves the shop as quickly as possible, hoping that a video camera did not film the whole thing...