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BEFORE READING



1 The story takes place in two capital cities, Paris and London. Which things are in Paris and which in London? Tick (✓). What else do you know about these two capital cities? Discuss with a friend.

	Paris	London
a Eiffel Tower	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
b Shard	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
c River Thames	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
d River Seine	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
e Tube	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



2 These are some of the different places where the story takes place. Match the place to the picture, then look at the pictures and with a friend guess what happens in the story.

- a bank b hospital c café d concert



BEFORE READING



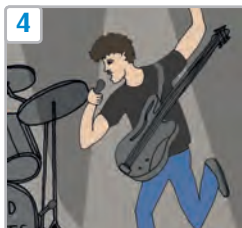
1 Match each job to the definitions below.

- | | |
|---|--|
| a <input type="checkbox"/> rock star | 1 person who manages a band |
| b <input type="checkbox"/> accountant | 2 person who keeps financial accounts |
| c <input type="checkbox"/> actress | 3 person who plays the bass guitar in a band |
| d <input type="checkbox"/> bass guitarist | 4 woman who acts in plays or films |
| e <input type="checkbox"/> manager | 5 person who plays and sings in a rock band |

2 Use the words from Exercise 1 to complete the sentences about the characters in the story. Listen and check your answers.

- a Nic Wild is a who sings in a band called the Wild Kats.
- b Liz, Nic Wild's girlfriend is an
- c Stoneface is a in the Wild Kats.
- d Andy, Nic Wild's son, is studying to be an
- e Alan Carver is the of the Wild Kats.

3 Can you match the pictures to the characters in Exercise 2? How do you know? Tell a friend.



1 At the hotel



'Not my son. Never in a million years!'

We were arguing again. Dad wanted things to be his way. I wanted them to be my way.

'But Dad,' I said. 'I'm twenty years old! I can make my own decisions. Come on, Dad, you did when you were my age, right? Why should it be any different with me?'

There we were, father and son. People said we looked just the same because we're both tall with blue eyes and dark hair. Dad was only forty-two and looked young for his age. It was no surprise when people said we looked like brothers. I suppose we did. Dad hadn't really changed much in the last twenty years.

That was the problem.

'You always did whatever you wanted to when you were my age,' I told him. 'And you haven't stopped.'

'It's my job, son.'

I smiled.

My dad was Nic Wild, the famous rock star. He was the lead* singer and guitarist with the Wild Kats. It's what he had done for most of his life. He loved the Wild Kats. Everybody did. His face was famous all over the world. Everyone loved his music and everyone loved his face. His face was always in all the best music magazines and the newspapers. Nic Wild's face was almost as famous as his behaviour. What do I mean by that? I mean that when Dad was my age he went to loads* of parties and stayed out far too late. He was also famous for having lots of friends. Then he met my mum. They still went out and were always together. Instead of one face in the photos there were two.

• **lead:** main; most important

• **loads:** lots

When I was born, he and Mum had to stay at home a bit to look after me. Then as soon as we could, all three of us went out and instead of two faces in the photos there were three. We didn't go to parties but we went to the park, to the zoo and to all his concerts. Dad was great fun and we were a very happy family.

Then Mum died.

'So you think the way you live just comes with the job?' I asked. I looked at Dad over the table. It was eleven in the morning on a summer's day. Dad was tired from the night before. We were drinking coffee on the terrace of an expensive hotel in Paris. The waiters were good at keeping people away. Especially people who couldn't stop themselves from staring[•] at us all the time, as if they couldn't quite believe that it was Nic Wild they were looking at.

We were used to that.

The Wild Kats always played in Paris every summer because Dad loved the place. He always spent at least a week there after every gig[•].

Dad had always loved his times in Paris with Mum. They were so happy there. Whenever Dad remembered those days he felt sad and happy at the same time. Dad was probably feeling like that right then. He drank some more coffee, then he looked at me through his sunglasses.

'People expect me... want me to be like I am, son,' said Dad. 'I have to go out all the time to show my face. People want to see me and talk about me.'

• **gig:** concert; live performance

• **staring:** looking in a fixed way



WILD
CATS

‘Why won’t you give me what I want, Dad? After all, I *am* your son. I want you to understand, that’s all. I don’t want to be exactly like you! You can see that, can’t you? I want to be *me*!’

I looked back into Dad’s eyes as I said this. I knew he could see me from behind the sunglasses he often wore.

‘Do you think Mum wanted me to be like you? Do you think she wanted me to be another Nic Wild, to join the rock world? Is that what you think, Dad?’

Dad stood up. I knew I had said too much. Me and my big mouth.

‘You leave your mother out of[•] this, or...’

‘Or what?’ I said, looking up at Dad’s face with its mask[•] over his eyes. ‘Will you walk off[•] in a bad temper[•]? Isn’t that what you do to nosy[•] journalists and photographers when they ask too many questions? Go on – why don’t you just walk away from your own son?’

Dad said nothing. He sat down, took his sunglasses off and put his hand to his head.

‘Andy, you know I’d never do anything like that. Not to you.’

‘Do I? Sometimes it’s hard to know what you’re going to do.’

Dad took another drink of his coffee and looked like he was thinking things over. Then he put his coffee cup down and spoke. ‘I don’t care what journalists or photographers think. I don’t care what any of them think. I live my life the way I want to. I like going out, so of course there are always photos of me everywhere.’

‘And what does that make me, Dad? Boring?’

- **in a bad temper:** feeling angry
- **leave out of:** don’t involve
- **mask:** cover

- **nosy:** too curious
- **off:** away

Dad put his sunglasses on again but I knew he was looking hard at me.

‘Andy, you’re my son. You can sing and you can play the guitar like an angel. There’s no question about it. You are good! There’s a job for you in the Wild Kats any time you want. But no! Andy, the only son of Nic Wild, doesn’t want to be a rock star and go to concerts, he wants to be a boring accountant[•]. I ask you, what do expect me to think...?’

The truth was that I expected Dad to say that.

Ah, well – at least I tried. I loved my Dad and he loved me. But being the son of a rock star wasn’t always easy. In some ways I’m more grown-up than he is. Before he met Mum he was *always* in the newspapers. Journalists and photographers loved him. When he was with Mum and then me they liked him a bit less but there was always a photographer wherever he went. And the newspapers were still full of pictures of the three of us. It wasn’t always easy for Dad. And it wasn’t for me either.

Photos

Do you think Nic Wild enjoys having his photo in all the newspapers?

Would you like to have your photo in all the newspapers?

Why?/Why not?

- **accountant:** person who keeps or inspects financial accounts