


Work in groups. Write at least 10 reasons for the question. Share your ideas with the rest of the class.

Why is being a footballer better
than being a doctor?



Why is being a doctor better
than being a footballer?



Update the tweets of the narrator and the ex-footballer.

twitter



Orhan
@ex-footballer



 Reply  Retweet  Favorite

twitter



WannaBeaFootballer
@number10



 Reply  Retweet  Favorite

If you were the film director of “The Ex-Footballer”, what would be the last scene of the film? Write notes below. Draw the last scene. (Minimum 200 words)

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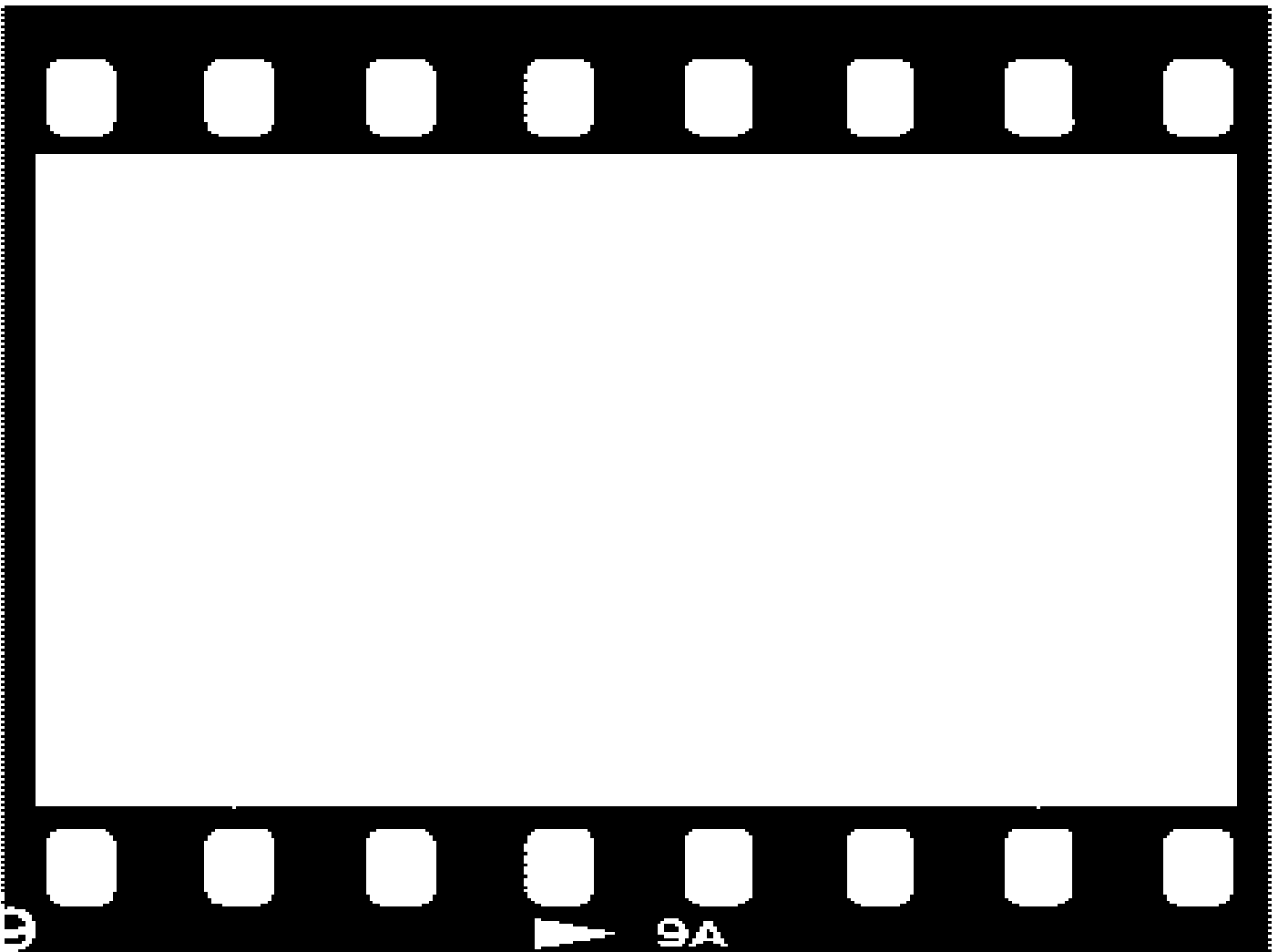
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You are a journalist for a newspaper. You are going to interview Orhan. Write down 5 questions that you would like to ask him. When you finish, swap your questions with your partner. Answer the questions as if you were the ex-footballer.

1.

Orhan:

2.

Orhan:

3.

Orhan:

4.

Orhan:

5.

Orhan:

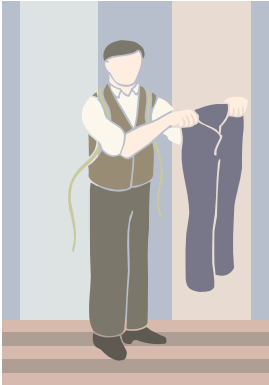
Write the headline of the newspaper for the interview that you have done with the ex-footballer, Orhan.

DAILY NEWS

A newspaper has interviewed Orhan. Reorder the questions then write Orhan's answers to the questions:

1. football Can tell us about career you your?
2. give football Why you did up playing?
3. repair Why you working a are shop in?
4. team What football you do support?

DAILY NEWS



1.....?

Orhan:

2.....?

Orhan:

3.....?

Orhan:

4.....?

Orhan:

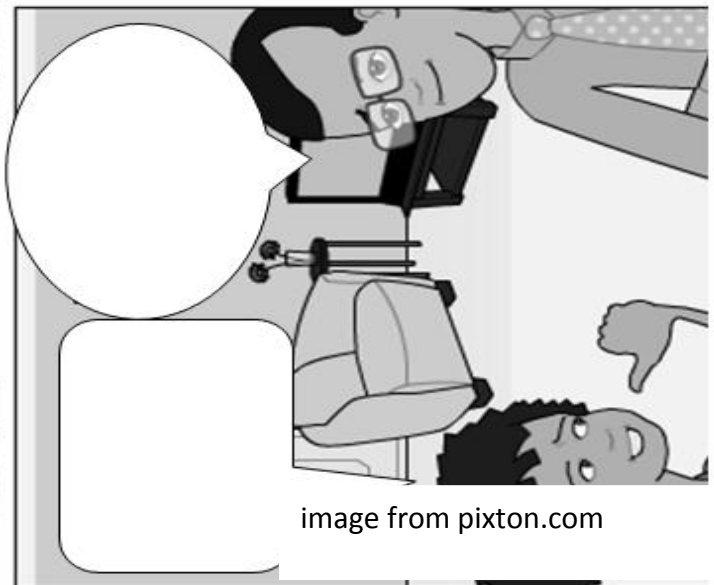
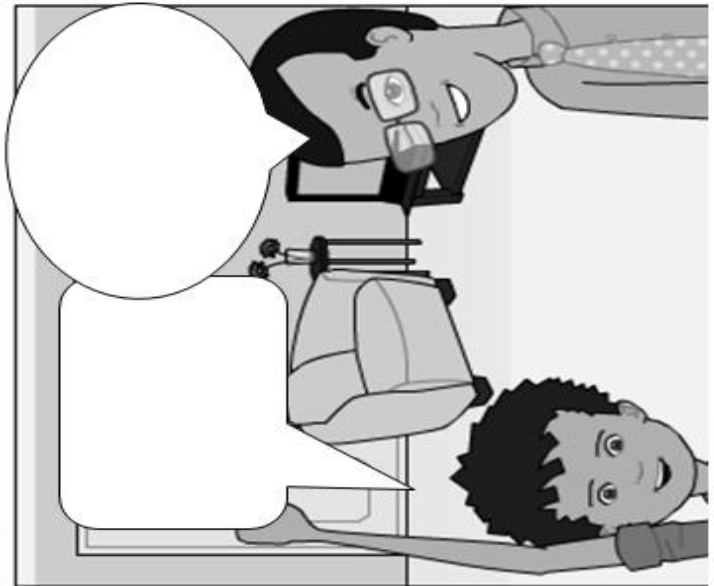
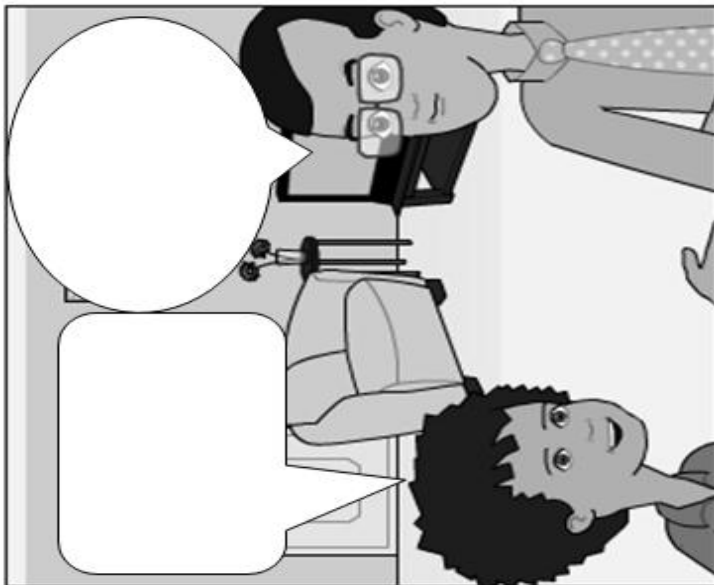
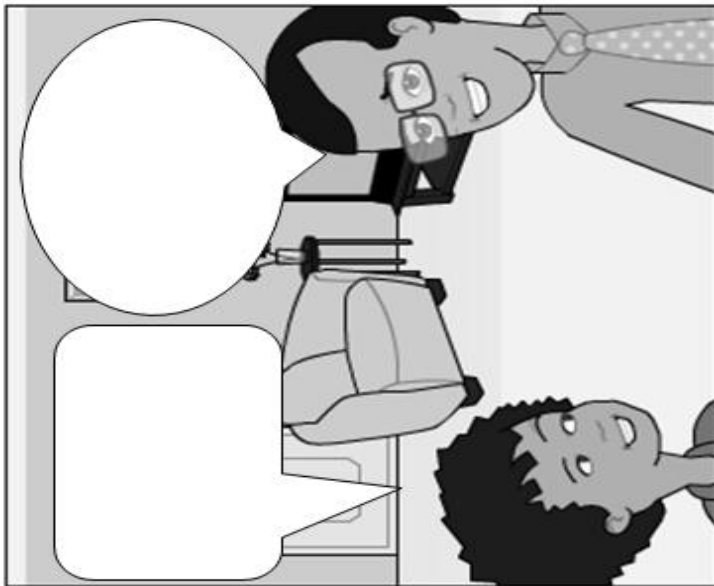
Read the sentences about the story below. Decide if they are true or false. Write the related lines.

The Ex-Footballer	True	False
The narrator's family bought him a new football shirt because he had lost the old one.		
The narrator's shirt's sleeve ripped while playing street football.		
The narrator went to the tailor's after the match.		
The narrator was a striker.		
The narrator's father wants him to be a footballer.		

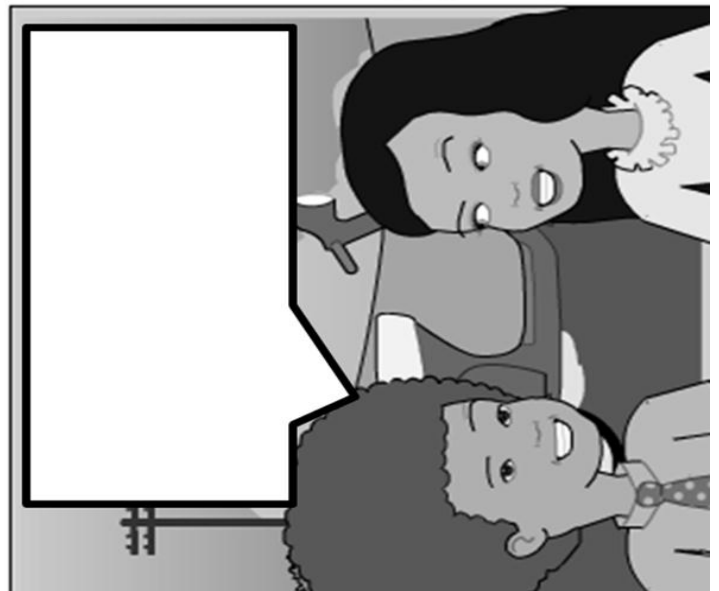
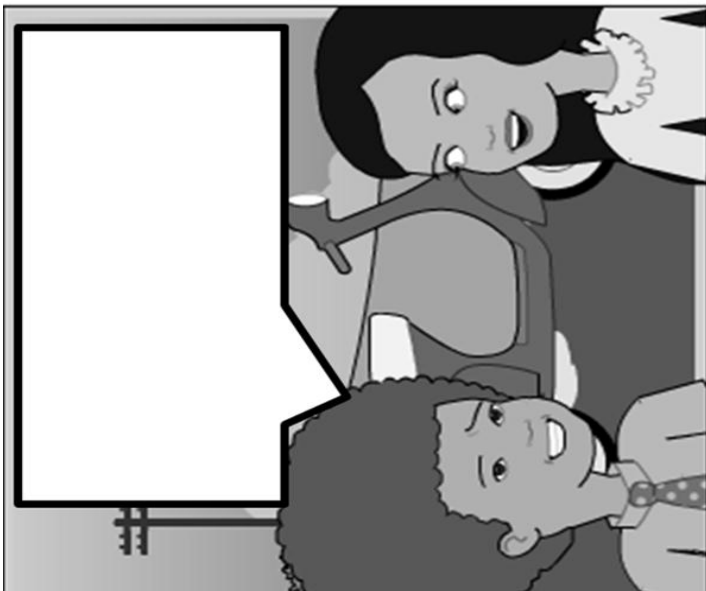
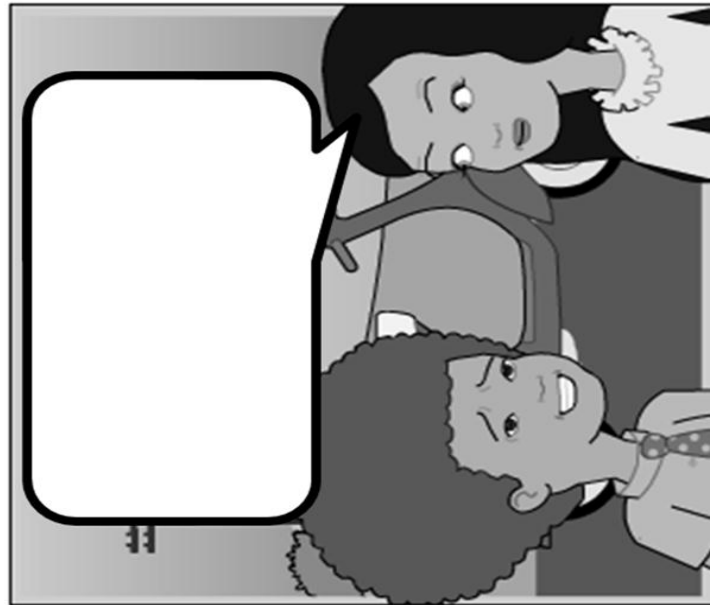
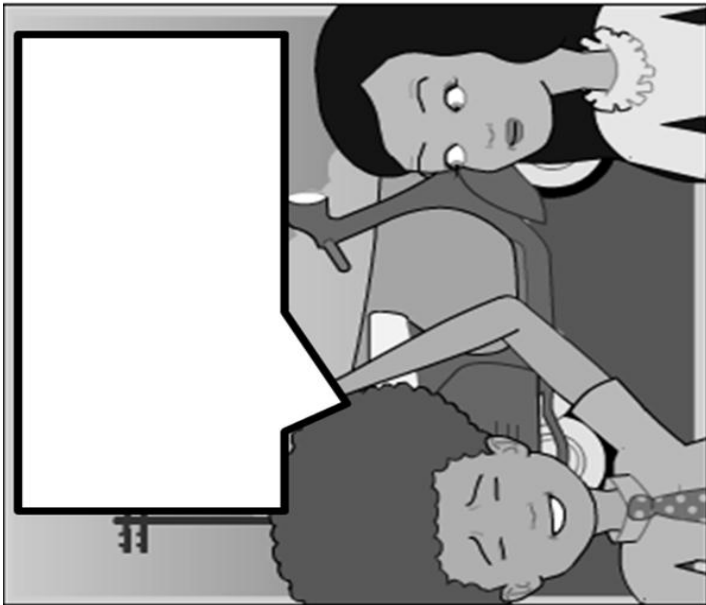
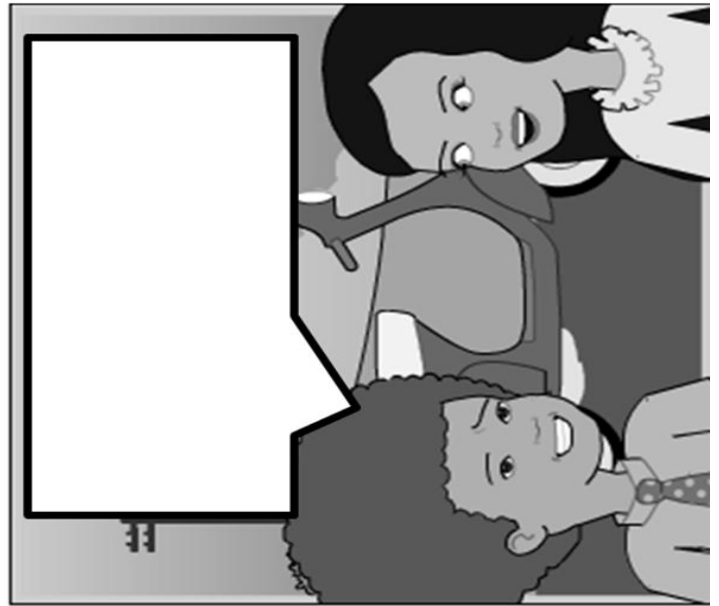
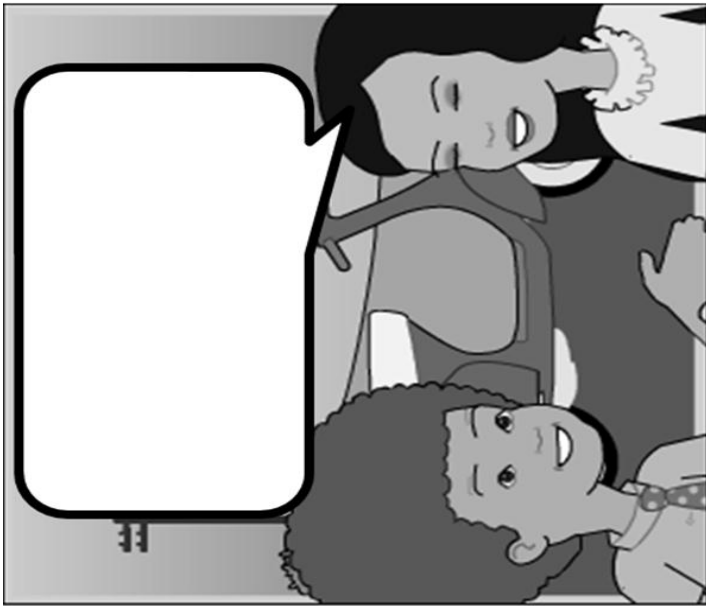
Now it's your turn to write 5 sentences about the story. Swap your paper with your partner and decide if they are true or false.

The Ex-Football Player	True	False

You have ripped your new football shirt. Work in pairs. Write a dialogue to persuade your father to buy you a new one. Role play your dialogue.



Work in pairs. You are the narrator. Tell your friend what happened yesterday. Role play your dialogue.



Number the subtitles in order according to the story.

Button under the table

In the repair shop

My shirt sleeve ripped

My first match with my football shirt!

The ex-football player, Orhan!

Looking for someone to repair my shirt

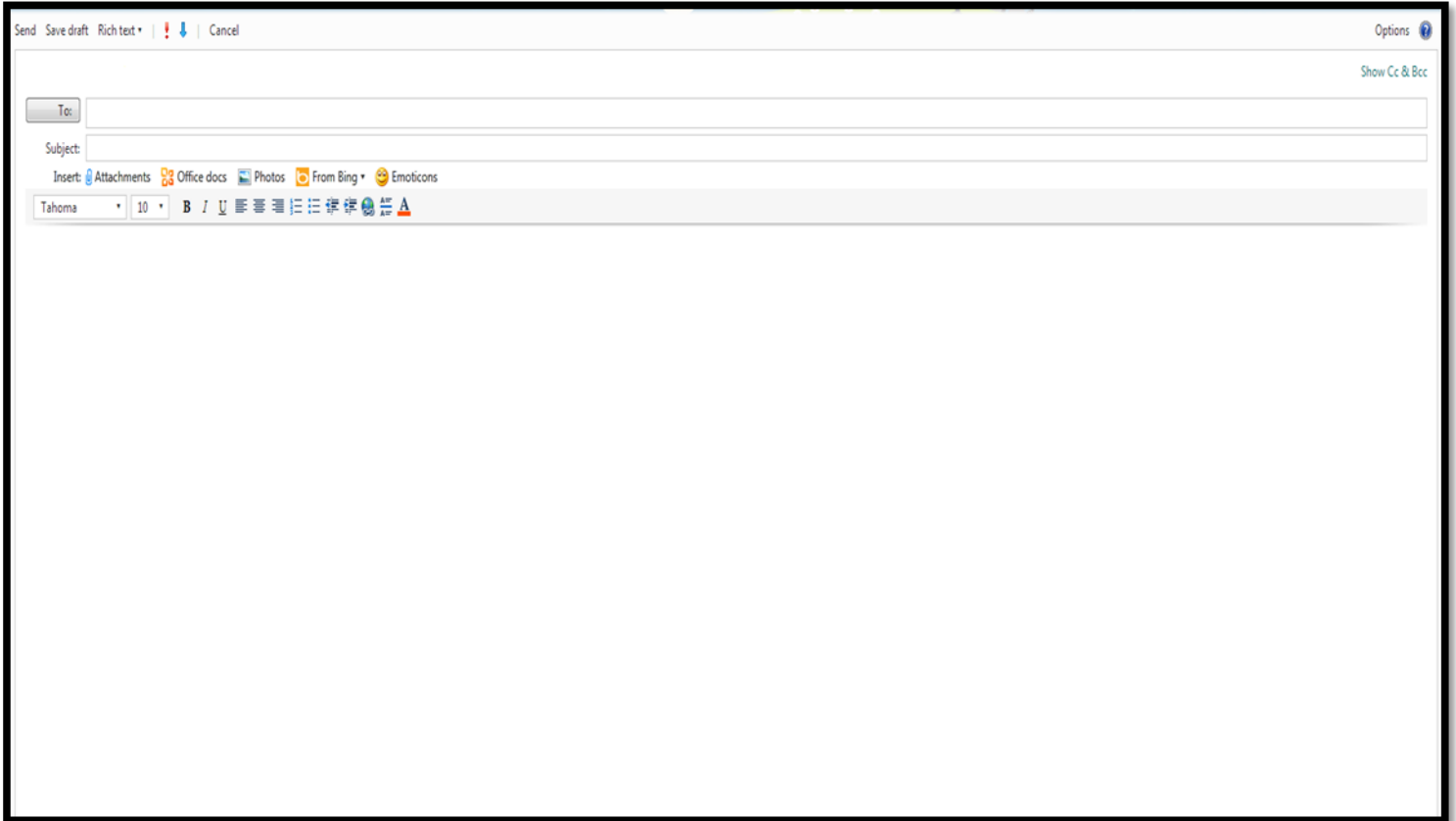
Read the sentences. Then, write down who is dramatizing that sentence from the story.

Sentences	Name of the Student
The shirt sleeve ripped when I made a turn.	
As I walked home, feeling totally at a loss what to do, I was startled to suddenly come across a shop sign.	
I hadn't seen the step in front of the door and I tripped into the shop.	
I looked around the shop feeling embarrassed and blushing bright red.	
I looked around the shop.	
I held the shirt tight so he couldn't take it from me.	
He took the shirt from me, pulling it out of my hand.	
The man was repairing the tear with thread.	
He smiled at me with his blue eyes.	
He nodded his head with passion.	
He shook with laughter.	
He put my repaired shirt in a bag and patted me on the shoulder.	
Just then he reached under the table and pressed a button.	
The fans were delirious.	
He watches them often to cheer himself up.	

Tell the story from the ex-footballer's point of view.

Yesterday was an ordinary day. I was mending a broken toy. Then a boy came into the shop running.

Work in pairs. Write an email to the ex-footballer the next day. Swap your paper with your pair. Write the answer from the ex-footballer to the narrator.



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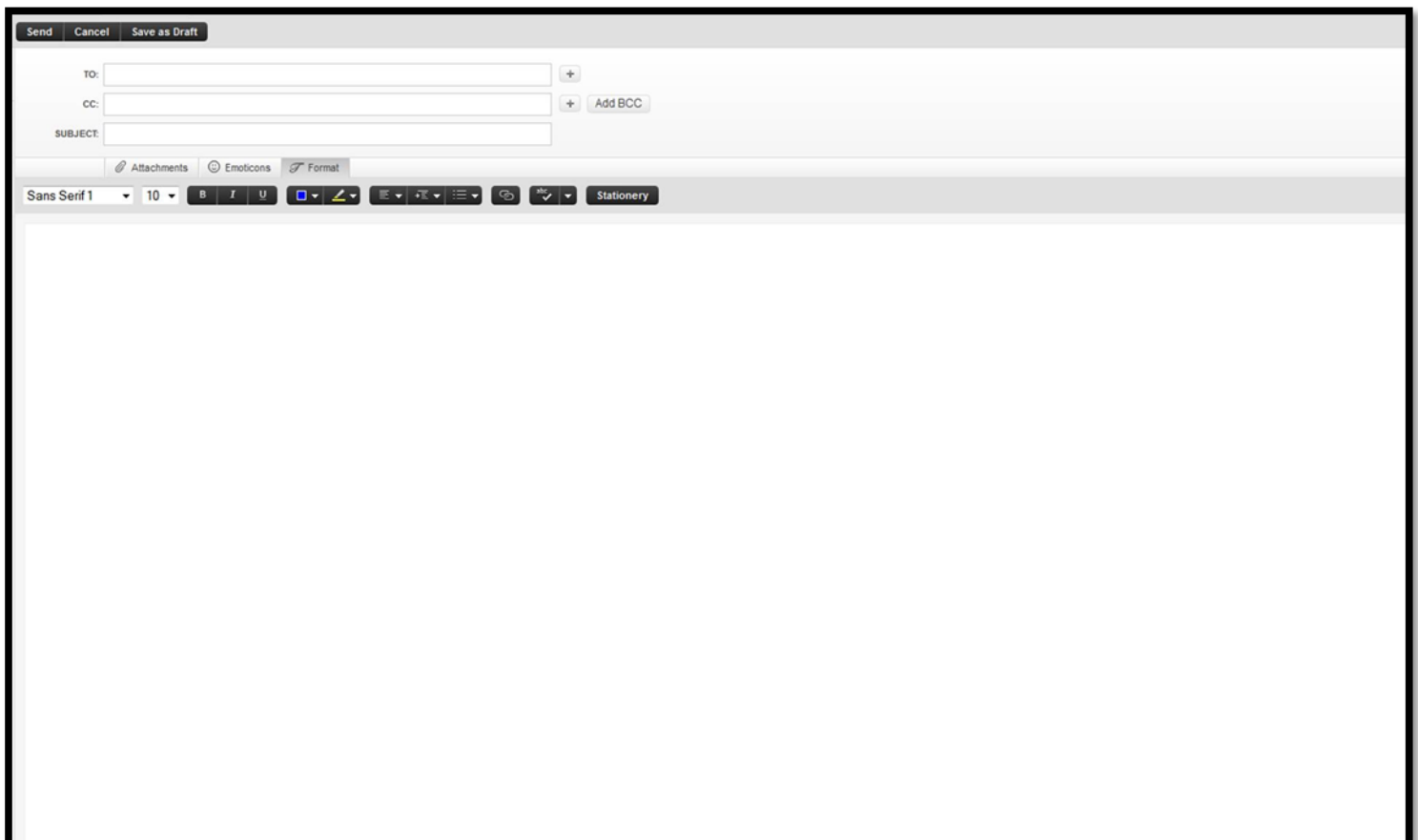
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Attachments Emoticons Format

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Work in groups. Cut up the cards and put the story in the correct order.

in today! I just wish I could just run out of this shop and dive into the first tailor's I can find!" But...the man didn't let me move. He took the shirt from me, pulling it out of my hand. He sat down on the sofa, my shirt in his hands. "Are you a striker?" he asked. Before I could reply, "Yes, how did you know?" he asked, "Are you a Fenerbahçe fan?" Of course, my answer was 'yes' to this as well...

I opened this shop, I have repaired many things, but never a football shirt. "What do you mean? Is this the first time you're going to repair a football shirt?! I hope you aren't going to make it worse... It's new. My parents only bought it yesterday." "It's OK...I've been waiting a long, long time to repair a football shirt." "Are you serious?" I held the shirt tight so he couldn't take it from me. I thought to myself, "My luck isn't

As soon as we had been playing for ten minutes, the shirt sleeve ripped when I made a turn. I didn't pay much attention to it at first. "I'll sew it back together after the match", I thought. But then I noticed that it wasn't just the stitch that had come out, the whole sleeve was torn. Only a professional can mend it now. I couldn't tell my mum and dad that my new football shirt was ruined. I needed a tailor.

calmly, "Welcome!" "I'm sorry... I broke your sculpture." "You've broken it in just the right place. This is a repair shop... Repairs are my job!" I looked around the shop...I saw an oud, an iron, broken toys and a broken chair. "I guess this is the wrong place. What I really need is a tailor's", I said, putting my fingers through the tear in the shirt. "This tear needs repairing." I said. "Don't worry. This is just the right place, son. Since

As I walked home, feeling totally at a loss what to do, I was startled to suddenly come across a shop sign... "All kinds of repairs and services!" I went inside immediately. However, I hadn't seen the step in front of the door and I tripped into the shop hitting a wooden sculpture to the left of the entrance...When I crashed into it, it broke. I looked around the shop feeling embarrassed and blushing bright red. A man with white bushy hair said

I eventually managed to persuade my parents to buy me a new football shirt for the school matches. My old shirt had worn out and made me depressed every time I put it on. But now I had a brand new shirt! I was so excited. The next school match wasn't until next week though! How could I wait that long? I couldn't, so decided to wear it today for the first time during a kick about in our street...I wish I hadn't!

<p>play football. I have so much confidence... I feel like a lion with a golden mane running towards the goal... I want to play just like Ridvan does! Even my father likes him!" The man was repairing the tear with thread. He showed me the patch that he was sewing onto the tear. "Great! The tear hardly shows now. Sorry for doubting you. I was sure you wouldn't be able to repair it." I felt so relieved. He smiled at me with</p>	<p>with laughter. He didn't say anything else. He put my repaired shirt in a bag and patted me on the shoulder as I started to leave. "Follow your dreams," he said. I had heard that saying a lot from my uncles and aunts... They too often told me to live my dreams. I wanted to reply "That's easy to say," ... but I held back. Just then he reached under the table and pressed a button. The commentator's voice was familiar. He</p>
<p>used to be popular in the old days. He was commenting on a match from years ago. "The national team is playing South Korea, we're into the final minute and the score is 6-0... One minute to go... Orhan has the ball at his feet... He's attacking the Korean defence... and ORHAN FINDS THE NET!!!! 7-0 ... And that's the last action! The referee blows the final whistle... ORHAN, ORHAN, ORHAN!!!" The fans were delirious. He patted me on the back and asked, "Do you</p>	<p>his blue eyes... I noticed other objects waiting to be repaired with small notes attached to them. There was a black and white photo next to the sewing machine. It was a photo of a football team. I couldn't make out which team it was or any of the players from where I was sitting. I asked him if he liked football. He nodded his head with passion. "Why didn't you become a football player then?" I asked. He shook</p>
<p>"I play for both the street and the school team." "You have many years ahead of you. We may see you play for a professional team one day." "Impossible! My dad doesn't see football as a profession. He thinks I should be an engineer, a doctor or an economist." "Not at all... People who choose a career they really desire, become successful and happy." "Yes, yes you're right! I know what I want to be! I'm not shy when I</p>	<p>understand now?" I left the shop. A soft breeze played on my face. What should I make of that? Who was that man? Could he really be Orhan, the ex-footballer? My dad has black and white films of those old football matches. He watches them often to cheer himself up. You can often hear the name "Orhan" mentioned in those films. If I told my dad all about this he would probably just say, "You must have dreamed it son."</p>

Find the missing words.

I eventually managed to persuade my parents to buy me a new football shirt for the school matches. My old shirt had worn out and made me depressed every time I put it on. But now I had a brand new shirt! I was so excited. The next school match wasn't until next week though! How could it wait that long? I couldn't, so I decided to wear it today for the first time during a kick about on our street... I wish I hadn't! As soon as we had been playing for ten minutes, the short sleeve ripped when I made a turn. I didn't pay much attention to it at first. 'I'll sew it back together after the match', I thought. But then I noticed that it wasn't just the stitch that had come out, the whole sleeve was torn.