

# Task 1

**Check the following two texts. How did the coursebook writer adapt the original text to make it a pre-intermediate classroom text?**

## The original Text

Sometime during rush hour a man and his teenage son got in the cab. They were visitors from Canada. Shortly after getting in, the man commented on the "Passenger's Bill of Rights" posted on the partition. We laughed at how ridiculous it is, and how sad. And also what it says about how the city feels about its taxi drivers, and so on .

We also got along because, when a bunch of genius pedestrians walked in front of my cab against the light, the man suggested I invest in something called a "cow catcher." He explained that it's that slanty thing seen on the front of locomotives and they serve to move animals and objects out of the way and off the tracks. I agreed that I absolutely needed a cow catcher. Especially today when the pedestrians seemed particularly suicidal.

They told me they were visiting the man's brother and leaving tomorrow. The son had never been here before; the father hadn't been here in over 20 years. We had a pleasant ride together and when they got out, they left me a decent tip.

Anyway, when my next passenger got in, he handed me a wallet and said he found it on the backseat. I immediately knew it belonged to the Canadian man. It contained only a Canadian "Operator's License" and a credit card, nothing else.

Now, I have to admit, had this guy been a dick, I might've taken some pleasure in throwing the wallet away, but he hadn't been. So I found the 800 number on the back of the credit card and called the company. I explained what happened and gave them my number. I felt bad for the guy. There was no way he was gonna be allowed on a plane tomorrow without his ID.

A half hour later, he called and asked if I could go back to where I dropped him off and return the wallet, telling me he would make it worth my while. Those words are like magic. They just make it a lot easier to go off-duty during rush hour for a complete stranger. It's like, at least the person knows you're going to be losing time, which equals money in this business, and they don't have an unhealthy sense of entitlement, which many New Yorkers definitely seem to have when it comes to cabs. But it's also a gamble, because you never know at what rate a person values your time .

Still, at that point, it didn't really matter. This guy deserved a favor, and I was happy to do it, even if it ended up as a loss for me. I hit my off-duty light and, of course, that was the moment when a hundred people decided they absolutely needed my cab, but I was on a mission to do a good thing and be a good person for a change, so I ignored their hails.

When I finally made it back to him, I jokingly told him that I only did a little shopping with his credit card at Circuit City and Best Buy, but I hadn't maxed it out yet. He was so relieved that I came back, he just laughed. Then he handed me fifty bucks and said, "You're my favorite New Yorker ever".

The whole interaction, plus the generous reward, pretty much made my night. So, ultimately, I came out way ahead. I'm totally gonna use that fifty bucks as a down payment on a cow catcher.

The classroom Text

During rush hour, a Canadian man and his teenage son got in the cab and asked me to take them to La Guardia airport. They were going back to Canada. We had a nice conversation together and when they got out, they gave me a good tip.

When my next passenger got in, he handed me a wallet and said he found it on the back seat. I immediately knew it belonged to the Canadian man. It contained a driving license and a credit card, nothing much else.

Now, I liked the Canadian guy, so I found the 800 number on the back of the credit card and phoned the company. I explained what happened and gave them my number. After about half an hour, the Canadian guy called and asked me to go back to the airport and return the wallet. So I turned off my cab light and I started for the airport. Five or six people tried to stop me as I was driving through the city, but I didn't stop. I was doing a good thing.

Forty minutes later, I arrived at La Guardia. The guy was standing outside the terminal building and looking pretty stressed. I gave back the wallet and told him that I only did a little shopping with his credit card! Just a joke. He was so happy, he just laughed. "You're my favourite New Yorker ever," he said. Then he handed me fifty dollars and ran back into the airport. The whole thing – plus the fifty dollars! – really made my night.

Text One: [http://newyorkhack.blogspot.com/2006\\_08\\_01\\_archive.html](http://newyorkhack.blogspot.com/2006_08_01_archive.html)

Text Two: English Unlimited / Pre-intermediate Coursebook / p.36