



RAINBOWS

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button

Francis Scott Fitzgerald





R A I N B O W S

Francis Scott Fitzgerald

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button

Adaptation, dossiers, and activities by
Martina Morinelli



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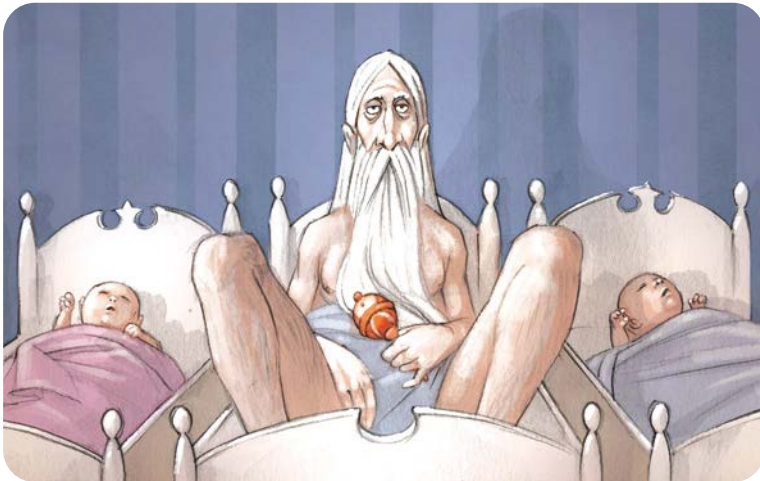
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The Author

Francis Scott Fitzgerald



LIFE

Francis Scott Fitzgerald was born into a rich family in St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 24th, 1896: his father was a Southern gentleman, while his mother was the daughter of an Irish salesman who became wealthy in America. Unlike other rich families who were generally Protestants, both of his parents were Catholics.

He attended the Newman School, a prestigious Catholic prep school¹ in New Jersey. There, he met a teacher who supported and encouraged his passion for writing, and, at 13 years old, he published his first story in the school newspaper. In 1913, he was accepted at Princeton University; however, whereas his interest in literature and writing grew fonder and fonder, his academic performance was poor, and he did not graduate. He therefore joined the US Army in 1917 during World War I.

While living in Alabama as a lieutenant², Fitzgerald fell in love with Zelda Sayre, the daughter of a Supreme Court judge. After the war, he tried to seek his fortune in New York City working in advertising and writing his works, but Zelda cancelled their engagement³ because she could not accept a marriage without money.

In 1920, his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, was published and became a best-seller, making him rich and famous, so, that same year, he married Zelda. They had a daughter the year after. The couple became a living icon of the Jazz Age, where all that was valued was youth, freedom, and the pursuit of pleasure and luxury. They often traveled between America and Europe and met other literary figures such as Ernest Hemingway and Gertrude Stein in Paris.

Between 1922 and 1925, Francis wrote *The Beautiful and Damned* (1922), *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1922), and *The Great Gatsby* (1925), novels which well described both the great enthusiasm and the dangerous delusion⁴ of the American Dream.

1. *prep school*: a school, usually private, that prepares students for college.
2. *lieutenant*: an officer of middle rank in the army.

3. *engagement*: an arrangement to marry somebody.
4. *delusion*: a false belief or opinion about something.

Despite his literary success, Fitzgerald struggled with financial difficulties and alcoholism because of the luxurious and expensive life he was living with his wife, in line with the Jazz Age. Moreover, Zelda started suffering from mental health issues and was eventually hospitalized.

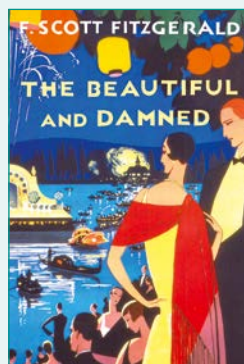
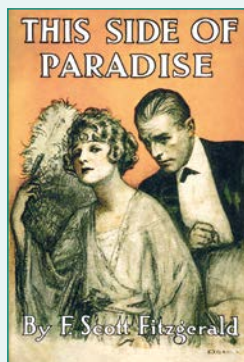
In the late 1930s, Fitzgerald moved to Hollywood to work as a screenwriter⁵, hoping to make some more money. He wrote *Tender is the Night* (1934) and *The Last Tycoon* (1941 – published after death), which dealt with the dreams and ideals of the Twenties, but they were not as successful as he hoped: America was experiencing the Great Depression⁶ now, and people were no longer interested in those themes.

He spent his last years writing scripts in Hollywood for Metro-Goldwin-Mayer to earn the money to pay for his wife's treatment. On December 21st, 1940, Fitzgerald died of a heart attack at the age of 44.

KEY WORKS

- *This Side of Paradise* (1920) tells the story of Amory Blane, a handsome, rich, young man and his experiences at Princeton University. There, he follows his ideals of eternal love and passion for literature, lives among his rich fellow students and observes their privileges. However, World War I shattered⁷ all his beliefs. The elegant and clear analysis of the meaning of life and the loss of one's ideals made the book a best-seller.

- *The Beautiful and Damned* (1922) narrates the rise and fall of Anthony and Gloria, a glamorous couple and the destructive nature of wealth and excess. The novel examines the negative impact of wealth on their relationship as they wait for Anthony's inheritance⁸.

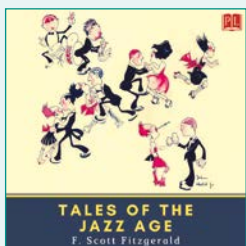


5. *screenwriter*: a person who writes texts for films.

6. *Great Depression*: in the US, a decade of poverty and unemployment following the Crash of Wall Street in 1929.

7. *to shatter*: to suddenly break into small pieces.

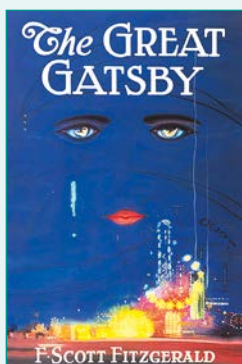
8. *inheritance*: money and property that you receive from somebody when they die.



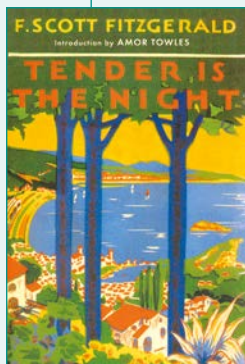
- *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1922) is a collection of eleven short stories which were published in many magazines, including *Vogue*. The main characteristic of the tales is a fantastic element mixed with a humorous writing style and a clever and thorough analysis of American society. Some key stories are *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, about a

man who ages backwards; *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*, where a man discovers a hidden mountain made of a giant diamond; and *The Camel's Back*, a humorous story about a man who dresses up as a camel to win his girlfriend back at a costume party.

- *The Great Gatsby* (1925) tells the tragic story of Jay Gatsby, a wealthy and mysterious man who throws excessive parties, hoping to win his love back. The novel explores the themes of ambition, love, and the American Dream. It is considered his masterpiece.



- *Tender Is the Night* (1934) is a tragic



romance about a charming and talented psychiatrist and his wife, who suffers from mental illness. Set mainly in the south of France, the novel talks about their complex relationship and the impact of wealth and social status on their lives. It also touches on themes of love, betrayal⁹, and psychological decline.

- *The Last Tycoon* (1941) follows Monroe Stahr, a powerful Hollywood producer, and his problems with controlling the movie studio during a time of personal and professional crisis. The book describes the early

days of Hollywood and the film industry in California.



9. *betrayal*: the act of hurting somebody who trusts you by lying to or about them or telling their secrets to other people.

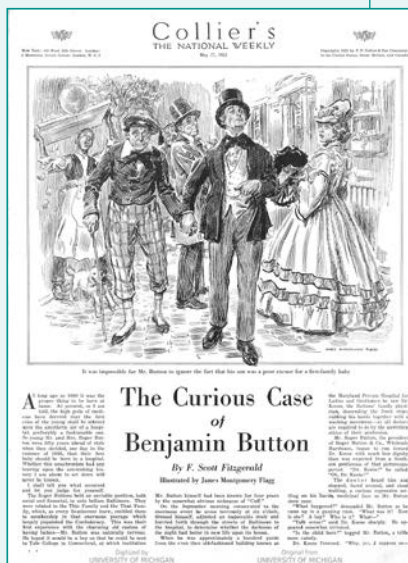
THEMES AND TECHNIQUES



The Jazz Age

Most of Fitzgerald's works are inspired by his life. They are a vivid description of the Jazz Age, human nature, and the meaning of life in modern times. His characters are complex and multi-dimensional, and he often uses them to reflect on social changes and personal imperfections. His works frequently explore the failure of the American Dream and the moral collapse of society as a consequence of the pursuit of wealth and success.

His writing style is characterized by lyrical¹⁰ and poetic prose, with clever dialogues and amusing situations, showing his characters' absurdities. He often uses a first-person narrator, which allows him to give an intimate¹¹ and subjective view of the story's events. Symbolism and subtle humor are also present, adding lightness to his stories while still offering a sharp social commentary¹².



10. *lyrical*: expressing strong emotion in a beautiful way and with imagination.
 11. *intimate*: private and personal.

12. *commentary*: a description of an event given in real time.



BEFORE READING

1 Choose the best option.

a. What do you think this story will be about?

- ☐ 1. An infectious disease.
- ☐ 2. An impossible judicial case.
- ☐ 3. An adventurous life.
- ☐ 4. A scientific discovery.

b. This story is set in Baltimore, Maryland, at the end of the 19th century. Where is it?

- ☐ 1. Northern United States.
- ☐ 2. Western United States.
- ☐ 3. Southern United States.
- ☐ 4. Eastern United States.

c. Read this quotation from the text. What style do you think the author uses?

He saw the family doctor rubbing his hands while walking – what kind of doctor doesn't do that? It's written in manuals.

- ☐ 1. Humoristic.
- ☐ 2. Romantic.
- ☐ 3. Scientific.
- ☐ 4. Dystopian.

2 The story starts with a birth. Write down what usually happens when a baby is born, following the prompts.

- Location of birth
- Feelings of parents
- Attitude of medical staff
- Features of newborn baby

.....

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Benjamin Button

The birth

Chapter 1



In 1860, the proper thing to do was to have babies at home; however, today – or so they tell me – the high gods of medicine have declared that the first cries of babies should be shouted within the pure (and anaesthetic¹) air of a hospital – a fashionable one, preferably.

So, one day in the summer of 1860, fifty years before this was considered normal, young Mr. and Mrs. Button decided to have their first baby in a hospital. Who knows if this anachronism² had any effect on the extraordinary story I am about to tell you...

Let me tell you about it, so you can decide for yourself.

Before the war, the Buttons were envied³ in all Baltimore for their social and financial position. They were related to the This Family and the That Family, and that, as every Southerner knew, allowed them to be part of the Confederacy⁴'s aristocracy.

It was the first time that they had had the opportunity to try that old, charming tradition of having babies, so Mr. Button was naturally nervous. He hoped it would be a boy so that he could send him to Yale College in Connecticut, where, by the way, he himself had studied for four full years and had been known as "Cuff⁵" – quite an obvious nickname, don't you think?

The September morning devoted to the child's birth was a big day for Mr. Button and he was very nervous. He woke up at six o'clock, got busy with improving the already perfect suit he wanted to wear and then hurried along the streets of Baltimore

1. *anaesthetic*: containing a substance that makes you unable to feel pain.
2. *anachronism*: event that happened before or later than the period when it is or was supposed to occur.
3. *to envy*: to wish that you had something that someone else has.
4. *Confederacy*: a political group of Southern states in America from

1861 to 1865 which supported slavery and started the American Civil War against the Union (the Northern states). Being part of the Confederacy's aristocracy guaranteed influence and power in Southern society.

5. *cuff*: the lower, thicker end of a sleeve, at the wrist, where a button is usually placed.



"Before the war, the Buttons were envied in all Baltimore for their social and financial position."

to go to the hospital to find out if the night had been productive.

When he was a hundred meters from the Maryland Private Hospital, he saw the family doctor, Doctor Keene, going down the front steps and rubbing his hands – what kind of good doctor doesn't rub their hands while walking? It's the ethics⁶ of their profession that requires it.

Mr. Button, president of Roger Button & Co., started to run toward him with much less dignity than you would expect from a Southern gentleman of that period.

"Doctor Keene!" he called. "Oh, Doctor Keene! What happened?" asked Mr. Button, as he joined him, flushed⁷. "What was it? How is she? A boy? Who is it? What..."

The doctor heard him, turned around, and a curious expression appeared on his medicinal face.

"What are you talking about? I don't understand!" said Doctor Keene severely; he looked rather annoyed.

"Is the child born?" Mr. Button asked, worried.

Doctor Keene frowned⁸.

"Yes, I suppose so... somehow." Again, he threw an odd look at Mr. Button.

"Is my wife all right?"

"Yes."

6. *ethics*: the study of what is morally right and what is not.

7. *flushed*: red in the face.

8. *to frown*: to make a serious, angry or worried expression with your eyebrows.



“Is it a boy or a girl?”

“Come on, now!” cried an upset Doctor Keene. “You should go and see for yourself. Unacceptable!”

He then added, between his teeth,

“Do you think a case like this will help my professional reputation? One more would ruin me... ruin anybody, actually.”

“What’s the matter?” demanded Mr. Button, shocked. “Triplets?”

“No, not triplets!” answered the doctor unpleasantly. “Anyway, you can go and see for yourself. And get another doctor. I brought you into the world, young man, and I have been your doctor for the last forty years, but I’m done with¹⁰ you! I don’t want to see you or any of your relatives ever again! Goodbye!”

With no other words, he drove away angrily in his carriage, which was waiting for him right in front of the hospital.

Mr. Button stood there on the sidewalk, shocked and shaking from head to foot. What horrible accident had happened? In one moment, he had lost all his desire to go into the hospital, and it took all his willpower¹¹ to finally go up the stairs and enter the front door of the Maryland Private Hospital for Ladies and Gentlemen.

A nurse was sitting behind a desk in a dark hall. Hiding his shame, Mr. Button approached her.

“Good morning,” she said nicely.

“Good morning. I... I am Mr. Button.”

When she heard those words, a look of pure terror appeared on her face. She stood up so fast that it seemed she wanted to fly away from the hall and only with great difficulty remained there.

“I want to see my child,” said Mr. Button.

The nurse gave a little scream. “Oh... of course!” she cried hysterically¹². “Upstairs. Right upstairs. Go... up!”

She pointed in the direction and Mr. Button was covered in cool sweat as, uncertainly, he began to go up to the second floor.

9. *triplets*: three children born at the same time to the same mother.
10. *to be done with*: to have finished dealing with someone.
11. *willpower*: the ability to control

your thoughts and the way in which you behave.

12. *hysterically*: without being able to control your feelings or behaviour because you are extremely angry or excited.



In the hall upstairs, he met another nurse who was coming toward him, a basin in her hand.

“I’m Mr. Button,” he managed to say. “I want to see my...”

Clank! Clank! The basin fell to the floor and rolled away down the stairs, as if sharing the same terror that Mr. Button was provoking in everyone.

“I want to see my child!” said Mr. Button, now almost shrieking¹³. He was about to collapse.

Clank! The basin had reached the first floor. The nurse recovered a little and looked at Mr. Button with deep contempt¹⁴.

“All right, Mr. Button,” she agreed in a low voice. “Very well! But if you knew the state you got us into this morning! Perfectly outrageous¹⁵! The hospital will lose all its reputation after...”

“Hurry!” he cried in a rough voice. “I can’t stand this!”

“Come this way, then, Mr. Button.”

He followed her with a huge effort. At the end of a long hall, they arrived in what, in the future, was going to be called the *crying-room* because of the variety of long, painful cries that could be heard there, and they entered.

“Well,” gasped¹⁶ Mr. Button, “which is mine?”

“There!” said the nurse.

Mr. Button’s eyes followed her finger, and this is what he saw:

13. *to shriek*: to speak with loud, high cries especially because you are excited, frightened, or in pain.

14. *contempt*: disrespect, the feeling something or somebody has no value.

15. *outrageous*: offensive and unacceptable.

16. *to gasp*: to breathe loudly and with difficulty, trying to get more air.

wrapped in a big white blanket, and half-squeezed¹⁷ into one of the cribs¹⁸, was what seemed to be a seventy-year-old man. He had thin, almost white hair on top of his head, and a long, grey beard attached to his chin which slowly and ridiculously moved back and forth¹⁹ because of the breeze coming from the window. He looked up at Mr. Button with eyes that were all but bright and that held a silent question.

“Am I mad? Is this some horrible hospital joke?” Mr. Button shouted angrily, turning his terror into anger.

“It doesn’t seem like a joke to us,” replied the nurse harshly²⁰. “And I don’t know if you’re mad or not, but this is definitely your child.”

More and more cool sweat appeared on Mr. Button’s forehead. He closed his eyes, and then, opening them, looked again. There was no mistake: a seventy-year-old man, a seventy-year-old *baby*, whose legs were too long for the crib and hung over its sides, was looking at him.

The old man looked at them peacefully for a moment, then, suddenly, in an old, cracked²¹ voice, asked,

“Are you my father?”

Mr. Button and the nurse were startled²².

“Because, if you are,” the old man continued, complaining, “I wish you would get me out of this place, or, at least, convince them to provide me with a comfortable rocker²³.”

“Where in God’s name did you come from? Who are you?” exploded Mr. Button without control.

“I can’t tell you exactly who I am,” replied the irritating, complaining voice, “because I’m just a few hours old, but my last name is Button, for sure.”

“You lie! You’re a cheat!”

The old man, annoyed, turned to the nurse and commented in his weak voice,

17. *to squeeze*: to force into a small space.

18. *crib*: a small bed with sides for babies.

19. *to move back and forth*: moving in one direction and then in the opposite one.

20. *harshly*: in a severe, cruel, and unkind way.

21. *cracked*: sounding rough because the person is upset.

22. *to startle*: to surprise in a scary or shocking way.

23. *rocker*: a chair which moves backwards and forwards.

“Nice way to welcome a newborn child! Nurse, please, tell him he’s wrong, will you?”

“You’re wrong. Mr. Button,” said the nurse severely. “This is your child, and you’ll have to make the best of it. And, well... you have to take him home with you as soon as possible. Erm... sometime today I’d say.”



“Home?” repeated Mr. Button, unable to believe his ears.

“Yes, we can’t have him here. We really can’t, you know?”

“I’m really glad of it,” the old man added. “This place is good only for babies with few needs. With all this crying, I haven’t been able to sleep a single minute since last night... I even asked for something to eat,” here his voice was higher for the protest, “and they brought me a *bottle of milk!*”

Mr. Button collapsed on a chair near his son and hid his face in his hands.

“Oh my God!” he mumbled²⁴, terrified. “What will people say? What must I do?”

“You must take him home,” insisted the nurse. “Immediately!”

A grotesque²⁵ but horribly clear picture formed itself in Mr. Button’s tortured²⁶ mind: a picture of himself walking in the streets of the city (full of people, by the way), with this... shocking apparition by his side.

“I can’t. I can’t...” he was almost crying.

People would stop to say hi, and what would he say? He would have to introduce this... this septuagenarian²⁷,

“This is my son, born early this morning.”

And then the old man would put his blanket around him and they would slowly go on, past the shops full of people, past the slave market – for a dark instant Mr. Button even wished very

24. *to mumble*: to say in a quiet voice in a way that is not clear.

25. *grotesque*: strange in a way that is unpleasant or offensive.

26. *tortured*: suffering a lot, involving a lot of pain and difficulty.

27. *septuagenarian*: seventy-year-old man.

hard that his son was black, can you imagine? – past the rich, residential neighborhood, past the home for the aged...

“Come on, pull yourself together²⁸!” ordered the nurse.

“Hey,” the old man announced suddenly. “If you think that I’m walking home in this blanket, you’re totally wrong.”

“Babies always have blankets,” said the nurse.

With a nasty look, the old man showed everyone a small, white piece of clothing.

“Look! This is what they gave me...”

“Babies always wear those,” pointed out the nurse, stubbornly.

“Well,” said the old man, “this baby is going to wear nothing in about two minutes. This blanket is itchy²⁹. You should at least have given me a sheet.”

“Keep it on! Keep it on!” said Mr. Button in a hurry. He turned to the nurse. “What shall I do?”

“Go downtown and buy some clothes.”

Mr. Button’s son’s voice followed him down into the hall,

“And a cane³⁰, father. I want to have a cane.”

Mr. Button left and shut the door with a certain violence...

Mr. Button entered the Chesapeake Dry Goods Company.

“Good morning,” he said to the clerk, nervously. “I want to buy some clothes for my child.”

“How old is your child, sir?”

“About six hours,” answered Mr. Button, without thinking.



28. *to pull oneself together*: to take control of one's emotions again after being upset.

29. *itchy*: a feeling which makes you scratch.

30. *cane*: a stick used by old people for walking.



“Clothes for children and babies are in the back.”

“Well, I don’t think... I’m not sure that’s what I want. It’s... he’s an unusually big child. Incredibly... erm... large.”

“They have the largest child’s sizes.”

“Where is the boys’ department?” asked Mr. Button, shuffling³¹ nervously. He felt that the clerk would surely understand his shocking secret.

“Right here.”

“Well...” He hesitated. He hated the idea of dressing his son in men’s clothes. If... let’s say he were able to find a *very large* boy suit, then he could cut off that long and awful beard, dye his white hair brown and, well, he would manage to hide the worst. This solution would preserve some of his self-respect and – possibly – his position in Baltimore society.

However, after a quick and angry search in the boys’ department, he realized there were no suits suitable for the newborn Button. He blamed³² the store, of course – in such cases the right thing to do is to blame the store, what else?

“How old did you say your boy was?” the clerk was curious.

“He’s... sixteen.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, then. I thought you said six *hours*. You’ll find the youths’ department over there.”

A depressed Mr. Button turned away. Then he stopped and, relieved, pointed at a dressed dummy³³ in the window display.

“There!” he exclaimed. “I’ll take that suit on the dummy.”

The clerk looked at him, surprised.

31. *to shuffle*: to move from one foot to another because you’re nervous or embarrassed.

32. *to blame*: to say someone is responsible for something.

33. *dummy*: a fake person in a shopping display.

“But,” he protested, “that’s not a child’s suit. Well, it is, in fact, but it’s for fancy dress. You could wear it yourself!”

“I’ll take it,” insisted his nervous customer. “That’s what I want.” The confused clerk obeyed.

Angry and frustrated, Mr. Button went back to the hospital, quickly entered the nursery, and almost threw the package at his son.

“Here’s your clothes,” he snapped³⁴.

The old man opened the package and observed its contents with curious eyes.

“They look weird to me,” he complained, “I don’t want people to make fun of me because of...”

“People will make fun of me because of you!” replied Mr. Button, furious. “Don’t you worry about how weird you look. Put them on or I’ll... or I’ll spank³⁵ you.”

That verb had been very difficult to say, but he thought it was the right thing to say.

“All right, father,” with a clearly ridiculous pretense³⁶ of respect toward him. “You’ve lived longer; you know best. Just as you say.”

As before, the sound of the word *father* caused Mr. Button to jump uneasily.

“And hurry.”

“I’m hurrying, father.”

When his son was fully dressed, Mr. Button looked at him sadly: the costume was made up of dotted³⁷ socks, pink pants, a belt, and a blouse with a large, white collar. Over this, was his son’s long, grey, and white beard, which reached almost the waist. The effect was not good, not good at all.

“Wait!”

Mr. Button took some hospital scissors and got rid of a large portion of the beard in three quick cuts. But, even with this

34. *to snap*: to say in an impatient and angry voice.

35. *to spank*: to hit somebody, usually a child, on the bottom as a punishment.

36. *pretense*: a claim that you have a particular quality or skill.

37. *dotted*: covered in small, round marks.

improvement, the overall look was far from perfect. The untidy and thin hair, the watery eyes, and the old teeth were in a complete contrast to the silliness of the costume. Mr. Button, however, was adamant³⁸; he held out his hand and said, seriously,

“Come along!”

His son took the hand with trust.

“What are you going to call me, dad?” he asked in an unsure voice while walking away from the nursery. “Just baby for a while? Until you think of a better name?”

“I don’t know,” Mr. Button answered severely. “I think we’ll call you Methuselah³⁹.”

38. *adamant*: determined not to change one’s mind or to be persuaded about something.

39. *Methuselah*: Bible patriarch, he was the oldest man who ever lived (he died at 969). His name is used as a metaphor for “very old”.



WORKING ON THE TEXT

1 Put the summary of the first chapter in the correct order.

- a. ☐ Keene refused to explain further; so Roger Button went inside.
- b. ☐ It was September; the day had come, and Roger Button was nervous and enthusiastic about seeing his first baby.
- c. ☐ Roger Button felt really miserable; however, he had no choice but to go and look for some clothes for his son and take him home.
- d. ☐ Outside the hospital, he met Dr. Keene, irritated; he wondered why.
- e. ☐ There, he found out that his “newborn” baby was a weird old man covered in a blanket.
- f. ☐ Father and son finally went home together: one furious and shocked, the other calm, with a funny costume on.
- g. ☐ He was angry at him, saying that it was only his and his family's fault if his reputation was at risk.
- h. ☐ At the hospital, a terrified nurse led him to the “crying room”, where all the newborn babies were, and pointed to his son.

2 Match each quotation from the text with its related emotion.

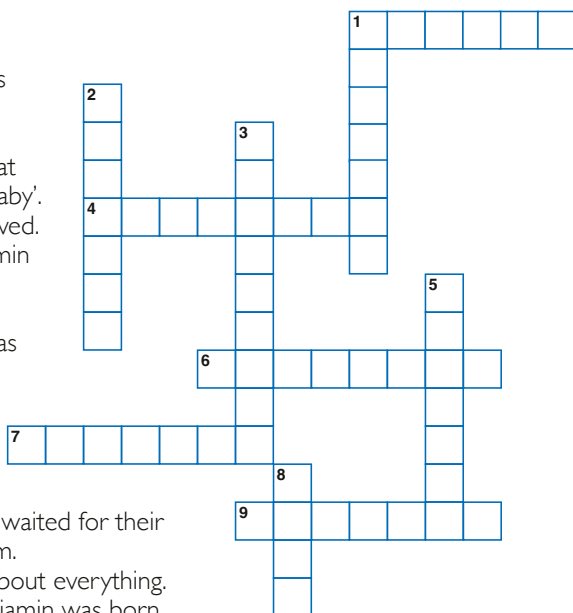
anger • shame • complaint • challenge • suspicion • confusion

SENTENCE	EMOTION
a. But I'm done with you! I don't want to see you or any of your relatives ever again! Goodbye!	
b. Well, I don't think... I'm not sure that's what I want. It's... he's an unusually big child. Incredibly... erm... large.	
c. Oh, I'm sorry, then. I thought you said six hours. You'll find the youths' department over there.	
d. They look weird to me [...] I don't want people to make fun of me because of...	
e. People would stop to say hi, and what would he say? He would have to introduce this... this septuagenarian...	
f. Well, [...] this baby is going to wear nothing in about two minutes. This blanket is itchy. You should at least have given me a sheet.	

3 Complete the crossword.

DOWN

- 1 Mr. Button's work was being president of a hardware....
- 2 Everybody felt like that when they saw the 'baby'.
- 3 Where the Buttons lived.
- 5 What covered Benjamin in his crib.
- 8 At first Mr. Button thought his doctor was playing a... on him.



ACROSS

- 1 Every newborn baby waited for their parents in the... room.
- 4 What Benjamin did about everything.
- 6 The place where Benjamin was born.
- 7 What Mr. Button bought to dress his son in.
- 9 Mr. Button was afraid of what... would say about his son.



WORKING ON VOCABULARY

- 4 Match each character with their features and add one more. Some may apply to more than one character.**

*unique • worried • obedient • influential • desperate •
furious • annoyed • confused • angry*

- a. Roger Button:
- b. Dr. Keene:
- c. Benjamin:

- 5 Write a sentence using each character and at least one of the adjectives you matched with him.**

.....

.....

.....

WORKING ON GRAMMAR

6 **INDIRECT SPEECH.** Transform each sentence into an indirect question.

- a. "Doctor Keene, what happened?" asked Mr. Button.
- b. "What are you saying?" he asked annoyed.
- c. "Is the child born?" was Mr. Button's question.
- d. "Am I mad? Is this some horrible hospital joke?" he asked.
- e. "What must I do?" he asked in horror.
- f. "Where is the boys' department?" he asked the clerk.
- g. "What are you going to call me, dad?" Benjamin asked.

WORKING ON SKILLS

Listening



7 Listen to these sentences and decide who may have said them.

*Mrs. Button • Benjamin • Mr. Button going to the hospital •
Dr. Keene • Clerk • Mr. Button at the clothes shop*

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| a. | b. |
| c. | d. |
| e. | f. |

Speaking

8 Look back at activity 2 page 8. Now you know the story, make a comparison between a normal baby and Benjamin.

Writing

9 Imagine it's 1860. Answer this job ad using about 80 words.

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