

Match the words to the sentences

beard, bird, books, flying, hawk, rock, pupil, read, seen, wings, write

WART: Universe?

ARCHIMEDES: Oh, you're only confusing the boy. Before you're through, he'll be so mixed up, he'll, he'll be wearing his shoes on his head. Man has always learned from the past. After all, you can't learn history in reverse. It's-it's-it's confusing enough, for heaven sakes.

MERLIN: Alright! Alright! Have it your way, Archimedes. You're in charge. You're the headmaster now. So from now on, he's your (1)\_\_\_\_\_.

ARCHIMEDES: So, from now on, boy, you do as I say.

WART: Yes, sir.

ARCHIMEDES: All right. Now to start off, I want you to read these (2)\_\_\_\_\_.

WART: All of them?

ARCHIMEDES: That, my boy, is a mountain of knowledge.

WART: But I, but I can't (3)\_\_\_\_\_.

ARCHIMEDES: What, what? What? Then I don't suppose you know how to write?

WART: No, sir.

ARCHIMEDES: Well what do you know?

WART: Well, I...

ARCHIMEDES: Well never mind, never mind. We'll start at the bottom. The ABC's. First the A, and now the B. Loop and around and there's the C.

WART: Merlin. Look. I can (4)\_\_\_\_\_.

MERLIN: Oh, yes, yes. That's very good, boy.

ARCHIMEDES: Henscratch, that's all. Henscratch. Now, come on. D,E, F, and now the G. You see, it's as simple as... No, no, no. No boy! Now, use your head. Use your head, will you? How do you ever expect to learn anything?

MERLIN: Archimedes! Have you seen that flying machine model?

ARCHIMEDES: I have nothing to do with your futuristic fiddle-faddle, you know that.

WART: What's that thing up there?

MERLIN: Hmmm? Oh, oh, yes of course. Here we are.

WART: You mean man will fly in one of those someday?

ARCHIMEDES: If man were meant to fly, he'd have been born with wings.

MERLIN: I am about to prove otherwise, Archimedes, if you care to watch. Here she goes. Oh no, no, no, no.

ARCHIMEDES: Man'll fly all right. Just like a (5)\_\_\_\_\_.

MERLIN: It would have worked if it weren't for this infernal (6)\_\_\_\_\_!

ARCHIMEDES [laughing]: I never, never in my whole...

MERLIN: Man will fly someday, I tell you. I have been there. I have  
(7)\_\_\_\_\_ it.

WART: Oh, I do hope so. I've always dreamed about  
(8)\_\_\_\_\_. That I was a bird and that I could go sailing all  
over the sky, high above everything.

MERLIN: Prestidigitonium.

WART: It's my favourite dream. But then I suppose everybody dreams  
about flying. I'm a bird! I'm a bird! I'm a bird!

MERLIN: Hold it, boy. Not so fast. Not so fast. First, I'd better explain  
the mechanics of a bird's wing. Now, these large feathers are  
called the primaries, and--.

ARCHIMEDES: And, since when do you know all about birds'  
(9)\_\_\_\_\_?

MERLIN: I have made an extensive study of birds in flight, and I--.

ARCHIMEDES: And if you don't mind, I happen to be a  
(10)\_\_\_\_\_.

MERLIN: All right, Mr Know-It-All, he's your pupil.

WART: Ouch!

ARCHIMEDES: Now, boy, flying is not merely some crude mechanical  
process. It is a delicate art. Purely aesthetic. Poetry of motion. And  
the best way to learn it is to do it. Now, since we're pretty far up,  
we'll start with a glide. Spread your wings way out, way out. That's  
it. That's it. Now, fan your tail. Tippity-toe, tippity-toe, and off we  
go. Now, tuck your feet under, like me. That's it. That's the idea!

WART: Whoa! What? Oh!

ARCHIMEDES: And don't fight the air currents. Use them. Well, say, boy! That's pretty good. Well, boy, you're a natural! Are you sure this is the first time that you've--. Wart! Wart! Hawk!

(11)\_\_\_\_\_! Look out, boy! Heads up! Wart!

Answers:

WART: Universe?

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WART: But I, but I can't (3)read.

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ARCHIMEDES: If man were meant to fly, he'd have been born with wings.

MERLIN: I am about to prove otherwise, Archimedes, if you care to watch. Here she goes. Oh no, no, no, no.

ARCHIMEDES: Man'll fly all right. Just like a (5)rock.

MERLIN: It would have worked if it weren't for this infernal (6)beard!

ARCHIMEDES [laughing]: I never, never in my whole...

MERLIN: Man will fly someday, I tell you. I have been there. I have (7)seen it.

WART: Oh, I do hope so. I've always dreamed about (8)flying. That I was a bird and that I could go sailing all over the sky, high above everything.

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