

**Hello and
welcome back
to LEP**



**Premium. This
is P41 part 2.**

Oooh a premium episode.

Does it feel like luxury? It
should do. This is like being
in business premier class
on an aeroplane or a nice

train travelling from London to another major city. This is like being upgraded in a hotel, going to the room and when the door opens you say “wow, this is nice” and when you take your shoes off you can actually feel the extra quality in the thick carpet under your

toes, and the sheets on the bed are clean and welcoming. It's exactly like that here in LEP Premium.

This is P41 part 2 and the focus is on pronunciation.

Actually, my aim in this episode is just to help you tell the story from part 1 just like me. That is my aim,

that is my goal, that is the
objective, that is the target.

Can you read the story out
loud, just like me, with all
the pauses and emphasis in
the right places?

You can see this as if you're
going to the gym for your
English. I want you to do
some repetitive practice,

using your mouth, jaw, lips, tongue, vocal chords and diaphragm. We're not going to over-analyse it, we're just going to do it, and it helps if you focus on what you're doing and think about how to communicate the story in an emotional and

meaningful way. That's
what you're trying to do.

Your voice becomes a
delivery system for
emotional communication.

This exercise should help
you.

No need to mess around.

You know how to get the
PDF and video. Let's start.

Doppelganger, by Sue Clayton

From →

[www.FridayFlashFiction.c](http://www.FridayFlashFiction.com)

[om](http://www.FridayFlashFiction.com) and adapted slightly
by me.

“This **book** says **everyone**
has a **doppelganger**,
a **mirror image**,
and if you **meet yours**

face to face,

you'll die."

Janice,

my flatmate,

closed the book,

finished her tea and toast,

and slammed out of the

door

for her **A&E shift** at St.

Margaret's hospital

just down the road.

She **loved any** kind of

fantasy literature,

always immersed in some

supernatural genre book.

Not **my** cup of **tea** at **all.**

Give **me** a good **Nordic**
Noir mystery **anytime**.

After taking a **shower**
I went to **brush** my **teeth**.

*If you **meet** your*
doppelganger face to face
*you'll **die**,*

my reflection in the
bathroom mirror **laughed**
as I **recited** the **words**,
but
they'd begun to **worm** their
subliminal **way**
into my sub**conscious**,
waiting to **claw** their **way**
to the **surface**

and **pounce**.

One day,

a couple of weeks **later**,

I **headed** for the front **door**

ready to set **off** into **town**

where I **worked** at a **music**
store.

Doppelganger,

**I froze as my mind hissed
the insidious word.**

**What if I saw me on the
train?**

Or stood **behind me**

in the **line** at the **coffee**

place?

What if **I** came into the

shop

to buy a **record**

and I had to **serve myself?**

The words **shot** through my

mind.

I let **go** of the **door** handle

as if I had been

electrocuted,

and **phoned** in **sick**.

“Do you **fancy** a night **out**

at that new **wine** bar down

the **street**?”

Janice bounced through
the front **door**
one afternoon,
chirpy as a **blue** bird,
her **shift** trauma-**free** for
once.

“Not **tonight**, **Janice**,
I’m **still** not **feeling** very
good.”

The **image** of my other **self**
perched on a **stool** at the
far end of the **bar**,
possibly raising a **toast**,
was too **hard** to **stomach**.

“You haven’t been outside
for **ages**, Natalie,
not even for **work...**”

you'll **end** up getting **fired**.

What's going **on** with you?"

Janice **pressed**.

"I'll meet my **doppelganger**
and **die** if I go **outside**,"

I **burst** into **tears**,

knowing how **ridiculous** I
sounded.

“You **know** there’s no such **thing**.

You need to get **help**,
Natalie.

I’ve got a **therapist** friend
who works at the **hospital**.

I’ll **fix** you up an
appointment.”

She **wrapped** me in a
comfort hug.

“You’re **booked in** for **ten**
o’clock this **morning**.”

Two days **later**

Janice **grabbed** my **arm**
and **pulled** me through the
front **door**;

I **didn't** stand a **chance**.

“You won't **meet** yourself
between **here** and St.
Margaret's.”

She **smiled** reassur**ingly**
and we **set** off down the
street.

“**Excuse** me,”

a **hand** tapped my

shoulder as we **waited** to

cross the busy main **road**.

I turned **around**

and my **shriek** **froze** the

blood of **everyone** close

by,

before I **stepped**

backwards

off the **footpath**

into the **path**

of an **articulated lorry**.

“I didn’t mean to **frighten**
her,”

tears ran **down** the

anguished **face**

of one of the two **men**

who'd been **standing**

behind me.

He was **holding** a **large**

six-feet square **mirror**

which they were **carrying**

across

to the **framing workshop**
across the **road**.

“I **just** wanted to **ask** her to
step to one **side**.”