**USER GUIDE for Naxos Spoken Word Library**

It consists of more than 1,000 tracks of spoken word on classic novels, plays, poetry and non-fiction literature from medieval times to the 20th century. Texts on the literature are available on screen along with the spoken presentation.

**[Note: Recommended Browser - Internet Explorer 7+, FireFox 2+, Safari 2+, Chrome (any version with Flash support)]**

1. **Browse/Search**

   1. Type keyword in the search field, e.g. Author, Reader, Title, ISBN etc

   2. Browse by Readers/Actors, Author, Titles List, Labels etc.

   3. Or click here to filter titles by Category browse the title list.

2. **Advanced Search**

   1. Enter keyword into the appropriate fields

   2. Browse and select recommended criteria

   3. Click Search Now

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*Note: Naxos Spoken Word Library (NSWL) app is also available in iPhone and iPad.*
2. Search Result

1. Click on the title, a new window containing the track list, CD cover and control buttons will appear.

2. Click the box to select the tracks and click Play Selections to play from the selected tracks.

3. Playing a CD

You can print out the notes by clicking Print.

The full text of titles marked with a can be followed on screen as it is being read. For the time-being, only titles with a have texts displayed on screen. More texts are added regularly.

4. The notes include information on the author, composer, works as well as artists ((Note: this feature is not available for all titles)

Use the Media Player to stop, play, pause, forward or backward tracks.

And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light mist, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, moving the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honoured guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

They ran in their children's striped stockings, together on the garden path. They carried their books...