



## Chapter 1: Shared Pain

My arm is *numb*, Sir Anthony Baker thought as he rubbed his right arm. I can't feel a thing. All of the pain is in my *chest*.

Sir Anthony closed his eyes. Images of his life *flashed by* as in a film.

Oh no, Sir Anthony thought. So it is true: you do see your life *flashing by* you when you're dying. But I want to live. I'm not ready to let those people get their hands on my money.

Sir Anthony Baker had felt the same pain before. Over the years his heart had got weaker and weaker. His doctor had told him to *avoid* stress and to *improve* his *diet*. But Sir Anthony liked to *live life to the full*. He wasn't very good at following orders.

"I can see that you aren't feeling very well," Sir Anthony heard someone say.

He *blinked*. A person was standing on the other side of the desk.

You might be waiting for me to die, but you are not going to *get rid of* me that easily, he thought bitterly.

*Grimacing* with pain, Sir Anthony opened his desk *drawer*. His hand searched for his heart pills.

Where are they? I know I put a bottle in here.

His hand moved faster. The pain in his *chest* was growing stronger. Suddenly he heard the sound of pills rolling around in a bottle. For a moment, he felt *relief* instead of panic. Sir Anthony could hear the pills, but he still could not feel the bottle.

The person standing on the other side of the desk shook the bottle of pills again.

"If I were you, I would give up," the person laughed. "I'm enjoying watching you *suffer*. Now you know how I've felt all my life."

Sir Anthony saw another face. He knew it from somewhere.

"I want this to be the last face you see before you die."



Sir Anthony opened his mouth, but no words came out. He *blinked* once more before closing his eyes for the last time.

**!** Übung 1 Wie heißt der Begriff auf Deutsch? Übersetzen Sie!

**ÜBUNG 1**

- 1 numb \_\_\_\_\_
2. improve \_\_\_\_\_
3. suffer \_\_\_\_\_
4. grimace \_\_\_\_\_
5. flash by \_\_\_\_\_
6. relief \_\_\_\_\_
- 7 diet \_\_\_\_\_
8. chest \_\_\_\_\_

Inspector James Hudson was enjoying a relaxing Saturday afternoon reading the London Times. He liked reading news that was not about the *cases* he was *investigating*. Seeing news about his *cases* was something Inspector Hudson was used to. He had noticed a long time ago that bad news often made the *headlines* while good news was reserved to a small article on page two.

Usually, Inspector Hudson did not need to read the newspaper to know if he had made the *headlines* or page two. *Headline* stories were often *accompanied* by an invitation to talk to his boss, Sir Reginald, in Sir Reginald's office. When stories *appeared* on the second page, he only received a phone call from Sir Reginald thanking him for all his hard work.



*Leafing through* the paper, Inspector Hudson decided that it was time to get out of the house. The day was bright and sunny. Why read about the happenings in London when one could *experience* them *first-hand*?

*Übung 2: Schreiben Sie die Sätze um! Verwenden Sie dabei ein Adverb.*

1 Inspector Hudson was happy reading the paper.

*Inspector Hudson was reading the paper happily.*

2. Hudson had a quick look at the front page.

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3. Hudson listened to Sir Reginald with patience.

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4. He was slow to rise.

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5. The sunshine was bright.

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6. Hudson was comfortable in his chair.

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As he was about to rise from his chair, Hudson heard the phone ring. I hope that's for Miss Paddington and not me, he thought, even though he knew that it was *unlikely*. His housekeeper had



trained her friends and family to phone her on her mobile phone. *According to* Miss Paddington, Inspector Hudson's *line* was to be kept for important calls *summoning* him to *crime scenes*.

The phone stopped ringing and Inspector Hudson heard Miss Paddington talking to someone. A few seconds later she was knocking on the library door.

"Just what I was afraid of," Inspector Hudson *mumbled*. "What is it, Miss Paddington?" he asked out loud.

"Sergeant Brooks is on the phone for you."

"Sergeant Brooks?" Hudson was surprised to hear that Sir Reginald was not on the other end of the *line*.

"Is there an echo in here?" Miss Paddington asked *irritably*. "That's what I said. He said that it's *urgent*."

Inspector Hudson put the paper down, walked to the telephone in the hallway and prepared himself for bad news.

"Brooks, what can I do for you?"

"Sorry to *bother you*, sir, but there's been a death at the Baker *residence* that we think you should take a look at."

"Does Sir Reginald know about this?"

"He knows, sir. The *victim* is a friend of his. Tony Barrington also recognized his name. But the *circumstances* of the *victim's* death are not very clear." Sergeant Brooks *hesitated*. "We just think you should have a look before people *jump to* the wrong *conclusion*."

"We?" Hudson asked.

"Yes, sir. Both Tony Barrington and I would like you to take a look at the scene before we finish for the day. The *victim's* family doctor is a friend of Tony Barrington. He came to the house when he was told about the death. But he thought something was strange. He called Tony and Tony called us. Sir Reginald will never let us forget it if his friend was killed and we let the killer *get away with it*."