



Chapter 1: Strange Conversation

Jessica Langer was helping Mrs Lockwood in the kitchen. They were getting the main course ready for dinner. In the background she could hear the guests talking and laughing. Mrs Lockwood took the steak pie out of the oven and placed the *steaming* dish on the kitchen worktop.

“Looks nice, eh?” she said with a smile.

Jessica smiled back and *nodded*. She was being a little *dishonest* because she did not actually care too much for British food. In fact, after a year as an au pair at the Lockwoods’, she was quite fed up with it. She was looking forward to her mother’s excellent cooking when she got back to Germany. Not long to go, just one more week and then it would be goodbye, England. Jessica was enjoying her stay at the Lockwoods’, they were very nice people; however, she felt homesick and was looking forward to returning to Germany.

“Could you please take the *brussel sprouts* out of the pan and put them on the plates?” Mrs Lockwood asked her.

“Yes, of course,” she answered.

Jessica walked over to the oven, which stood right beside the window. She began putting the *brussel sprouts* on the plates. Jessica looked out of the window.

“It’s really foggy out there,” she said.

“Yes, I know,” answered Mrs Lockwood. “It’s enough to *give you the creeps*. Just as well we’re in our *cosy* little house.”

Thick, grey-white *mist* was *spreading out*, reaching for the house like a thousand helpless *pale* hands wanting to *drag* the *abode* into the dark *uncanny* moors. Jessica could never really get used to the *mist*. The *mist* was created by the moors nearby. It often blurred the view of the comforting *scenery* of fields and trees. *Laughter roared* again from the dining room. John Lockwood’s deep jovial laugh



could be heard above all.

“They’re having a good time, aren’t they?” Mrs Lockwood smiled.

“They sure are,” replied Jessica.

“I’m so glad John has found his humour again,” Mrs Lockwood *carried on*. “The last couple of weeks he has seemed so *distracted* and nervous. I guess he’s just had a lot of work,” she sighed.

Jessica agreed. Mr Lockwood had seemed very *preoccupied* for the last couple of weeks, not at all his usual talkative and humorous self.

ÜBUNG 1

Übung 1 Welche Gegenteile gehören zusammen? Ordnen Sie zu!

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. <input type="checkbox"/> dishonest | a) walk |
| 2. <input type="checkbox"/> enjoy | b) pale |
| 3. <input type="checkbox"/> foggy | c) blurred |
| 4. <input type="checkbox"/> rough | d) honest |
| 5. <input type="checkbox"/> run | e) preoccupied |
| 6. <input type="checkbox"/> give | f) sorry |
| 7. <input type="checkbox"/> colourful | g) smooth |
| 8. <input type="checkbox"/> clear | h) sunny |
| 9. <input type="checkbox"/> glad | i) take |
| 10. <input type="checkbox"/> carefree | j) hate |

They took the main course out and served it.

“Mmm, that looks lovely!” Mr Smith said.

“Yes, just delicious!” Mrs Smith remarked.

Mr and Mrs Lockwood smiled at each other warmly. Jessica sat down. She was dining with them. Mr and Mrs Lockwood were always very kind and treated her almost like a member of the family. Mr Smith picked up his glass.



“I would like to *propose a toast*,” he said. “Thank you for being such great hosts. It’s always a pleasure to be here.”

“It’s always a pleasure to have you,” Mr Lockwood replied.

“I’m so glad you didn’t mind me getting the job you were after. I always thought, that man is going to hate me,” Mr Smith joked.

“But now we are friends.”

Mr Lockwood smiled. He felt a little uncomfortable, but tried to hide this feeling as well as he could.

“Some you win, some you lose” he replied jovially.

The crystal glasses clinked, creating an *erratic* tune. Then everybody picked up their *cutlery* and started to eat.

Mr Smith was Mr Lockwood’s boss at the local bank. He actually got the job Mr Lockwood thought he was getting, but, to his *disappointment*, he missed out. Mr Lockwood did not let Mr Smith feel this, but in a way, he *resented* the man; additionally, Mr Smith was five years younger than him. However, he knew it was important to get on well with him. In fact, as time went by, they actually became something like friends, *occasionally* having each other round for dinner and playing squash every Monday against each other – Mr Smith usually won.

Suddenly Kevin, their five year old son, appeared at the table. He was holding his teddy in one hand and rubbing his eyes with the other.

“Mummy, I can’t sleep,” he said.

As Mrs Lockwood was about to get up, Jessica stopped her.

“It’s all right; I’ll take care of him”, she insisted. “I can take him back to bed.”

Jessica took Kevin by the hand and led him upstairs.

“She’s such a pet,” Mrs Lockwood said to her husband.

“Yes!” he answered with his mouth full. “Don’t know what we’re going to do without her.”



When they got upstairs, Kevin all of a sudden started to *head for* the bedroom of his sister Barbara, who was three years older than him.

“What are you doing?” whispered Jessica.

“Maybe Barbara wants to hear a good night story as well,” he answered excitedly.

Jessica ran along the hall and managed to stop him just in time before he opened her door.

“I think she’s asleep and so should you be,” she smiled.

Kevin *shrugged*, took Jessica’s hand and walked *obediently* with her towards his room.

ÜBUNG 2 Übung 2. Welches Wort ist das „schwarze Schaf“? Unterstreichen Sie das nicht in die Reihe passende Wort!

- 1 son, father, mother, brother
- 2 I, you, his, me
- 3 erratic, incoherent, consistent, irregular
- 4 dark, night, bright, gloomy
- 5 say, answer, speak, talk
- 6 dreaming, awake, asleep, snore
- 7 obey, follow, do, decline
- 8 mouth, teeth, lips, tongue

Jessica picked up the *nursery rhyme book* she had been reading to him on previous occasions.

“No, no, I know all of them. I want you tell me a new story, one I’ve never heard before,” Kevin said.

“But Kevin, it’s late and. ” Jessica answered.

“Oh please!” he *begged* her.