



## Chapter 1: And the Mighty Will Fall

Judge Nicholas Tremberg always had dinner at his club on Mondays. His butler, Roberts, always tried to be very quiet the following morning. The judge liked his *port*, and this meant he was rather *sensitive* to noise when he woke up on Tuesdays.

As the old butler *tiptoed* across the *hall*, he sighed. Everything seemed to take twice as long these days. He wanted to *retire*, but the judge wouldn't let him.

Roberts stood on the doorstep, as he had every day for so many years, and looked out at Belgrave Square. Spring was here at last, he reflected. The butler paused for a moment and admired the tulips in the large flowerpot in front of the house. Opening the door a bit wider he let Percival, the silver Siamese cat, into the *hall*. The four-legged aristocrat pushed past, rubbing against the butler's legs.

"Good morning, Your *Highness*," Roberts whispered as he slowly bent down to pick up the newspaper and then, equally slowly, stood up to put it on a *tray* on the windowsill.

As he *braced himself* for the long walk up the stairs to the judge's room, the butler heard Percival *spitting* angrily. Roberts could not see what was upsetting the animal. The curving staircase, which stretched right across the *hall*, was blocking his view. He made his way to the other side, where he almost *tripped* over Percival. The terrified animal was staring at something ahead of him, his *turquoise* eyes wide and shocked.

The butler followed the cat's *gaze* to a large bundle lying wrapped in the judge's *distinctive* red *dress*ing gown. He moved a step closer, his heart beating *furiously*.

"Oh my God!" Roberts *gasped*, when he eventually realized what was lying there on the ground.



It was the Tuesday after the London Marathon. There were still a lot of metal *railings stacked* along the side of the roads next to Hyde Park, waiting to be *picked up*. Radio 2 was full of reports about the money raised for *charity*.

Detective Inspector James Hudson grinned broadly as he listened to an interview with a man who had run the entire 42 kilometres dressed as a duck. The detective was in a good mood, despite the fact that he was on his way to Belgrave Square to see a *corpse*. Looking at bodies was, after all, a routine part of his job. As he approached Belgrave Square, Hudson switched off the car radio and started to think about the telephone call he had received from the Chief Inspector.

“Tremberg is a member of my club,” Sir Reginald had *sarled* angrily during his phone call with Hudson, as though it was *inconceivable* that a member of his club could actually die.

“Joined about the same time I did. I want you to go over there immediately and find out what happened.”

**!**  
**ÜBUNG 1**

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

1. retire \_\_\_\_\_
2. brace oneself \_\_\_\_\_
3. spit \_\_\_\_\_
4. tiptoe \_\_\_\_\_
5. railings \_\_\_\_\_
6. tulip \_\_\_\_\_
7. corpse \_\_\_\_\_



8. dressing gown \_\_\_\_\_

9. staircase \_\_\_\_\_

In Belgrave Square, Hudson parked his Bentley in front of the German *Embassy*. The young constable standing outside the judge's house looked at the detective's ID card and nodded politely. "The forensic team is already here, sir," he remarked, standing to one side to allow the inspector to walk past.

Hudson walked through the gate and up the steps to the house. He was just wondering whether or not to ring the bell when the door suddenly opened. Hudson found himself face to face with a butler who must have been at least 80. Both men stared at each other for a moment, Hudson was not quite sure what to do. Butlers always seemed to him like representatives of a past world. There was nothing in the man's *demeanour* that *suggested* any emotion, and Hudson nearly asked the butler to just show him where the body was, but he did not want to sound *insensitive*.

Instead he said, "I am Detective Inspector James Hudson from Scotland Yard."

Nothing was ever going to be the same again, Roberts reflected as he examined the tall man with greying *temples*. The inspector's worn tweed jacket, *corduroy trousers* and *scuffed* shoes made him look more like a university professor than like a successful detective who specialized in complicated murder cases. However, there was something in the way the man held his *gaze* which told the butler that it was probably best to stay on the right side of DI Hudson.

"Please come in, sir. Judge Tremberg is over there behind the stairs," the butler said, pointing through the *porch* into the *hall*. "Some of your colleagues are already here."



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

1 The constable was polite when he asked the question.

The constable asked the question politely.

2. The butler looked thoughtful as he examined the constable.

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3. Hudson had a quick look at the body.

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4. The butler spoke in a quiet voice.

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5. His English is good.

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6. The man's reaction was insensitive.

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7 The young constable was patient as he waited for Hudson.

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Hudson walked around the curving staircase. The body, surrounded by bits of broken *banister*, was lying face down on the ground. Tony Barrington, the *head* of forensics, was beside the *corpse*, his thick-framed glasses *perched crookedly* on the end of his nose. When he saw Hudson, the forensics expert quietly *recited* the popular *nursery rhyme*: