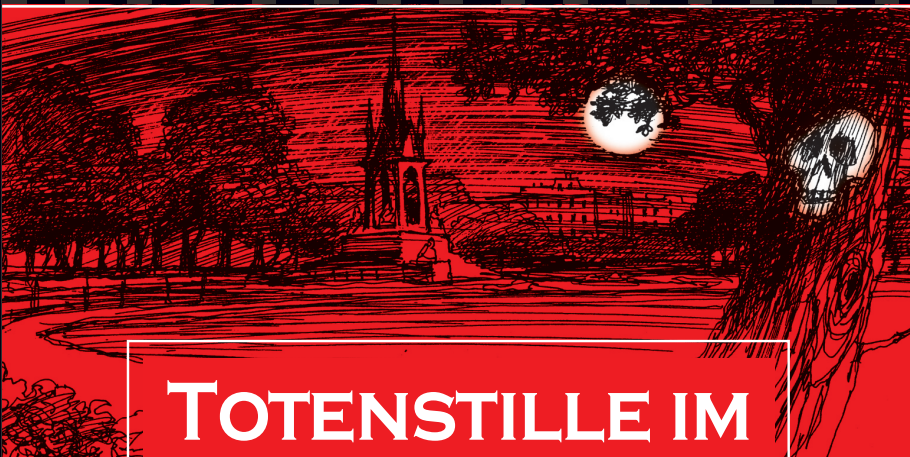


# Lernkrimi Englisch



## TOTENSTILLE IM HYDE PARK



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## **A DEATHLY SILENCE IN HYDE PARK**

Text: Michael Bacon  
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Chefredaktion: Dr. Angela Sendlinger

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Titelillustration: Karl Knospe

Typographischer Entwurf: Maria Seidel

Umschlaggestaltung: Carsten Abelbeck

ISBN 978-3-8174-7797-5

7277971

Besuchen Sie uns im Internet: [www.compactverlag.de](http://www.compactverlag.de), [www.lernkrimi.de](http://www.lernkrimi.de)



## Vorwort

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## Inhalt

Lernkrimi .....	5
Übungen .....	36
Lösungen .....	56
Glossar .....	58

## Story

Inspector James Hudson arbeitet bei der legendären Polizeibehörde Scotland Yard. Als einer der fähigsten Männer wird er immer dann zurate gezogen, wenn seine Kollegen mal wieder vor einem Rätsel stehen. Seine resolute und krimibegleitete Haushälterin Miss Paddington unterstützt ihn stets mit liebevoller Fürsorge.

Im Londoner Hyde Park wird eine weibliche Leiche gefunden, die zunächst niemand identifizieren kann. Eine Weile tappt Hudson im Dunkeln, doch schon bald gibt es gleich mehrere Verdächtige.

Hat der Sohn der Ermordeten die grausame Tat begangen, um das Geld ihrer Lebensversicherung zu kassieren? Oder handelt es sich um einen einfachen Raubmord zweier Jugendlicher, die mit der Kreditkarte des Opfers aufgegriffen werden? Kann vielleicht die neugierige Nachbarin der Toten zur Lösung des Falls beitragen?



## Chapter 1: The Last Night

The crowds outside London's Royal Albert Hall were very noisy. People were shouting, laughing and opening bottles of champagne. Others were waving flags and singing either "*Rule Britannia*" or "*God Save the Queen*". Some were sitting or lying on the grass, eating sandwiches and *staring at* the giant screen. Hudson, a Scotland Yard detective inspector, gave a deep *sigh of relief* and *headed north*. The Last Night of the Proms was over and finished for another year. Thank God! It was a strange kind of ritual that the British celebrated each year in the summer. For several weeks, the BBC Symphony Orchestra, among many other national and international orchestras, had played all kinds of music, mostly classical. Sometimes, the audiences at the concerts were relatively small, but the last concert was always a major event. People stood, sat and even slept in a *queue* for days, just to get tickets for the Last Night.

The Promenade Concerts (Proms) had become a British institution. In 1895, Sir Henry Wood, the English *conductor*, had had a brilliant idea. He wanted to make ordinary people more interested in classical music and so he organized a season of concerts for the "Promenaders", for Londoners who took a walk through Hyde Park after a day of hard work. Over the years, the Promenade Concerts became more and more popular. Nowadays, it is almost impossible to get tickets for the last concert. That's why the organizers *erect* a giant screen in Hyde Park for all the fans without tickets. In fact, the Last Night of the Proms is almost like a football match, a World Cup game with a public viewing area.

Hudson walked towards the bridge over the Serpentine, the large lake in the middle of the park. He felt proud, *grateful* and *relieved*. Proud, because he was part of a community that was essentially British. *Grateful*, because he did not have to pay for the ticket. His



boss at Scotland Yard, Sir Reginald, received four free tickets every year and was quite pleased to *distribute* them among his staff. Also, Hudson was *relieved*, because nobody had got too drunk and nobody had placed a terrorist bomb nearby. In half an hour, he would be back at home in Baker Street, drinking a glass of fine *port* and telling his housekeeper, Miss Paddington, how the first violinist had *made a fool of himself* during the second *movement* of Beethoven's 5<sup>th</sup>.

The weather was not too good and Hudson was glad that he had brought an umbrella. When he reached Bayswater Road, he *hailed* a taxi and, five minutes later, he was standing in front of his house, trying to find the key to the front door. But Miss Paddington was already waiting for him.

"James! Come in and tell me all about it! Did they really wave those huge flags? I saw bits of it on TV. Go into the living room and I'll bring you a glass of *port*."

Hudson, as always, had no choice. He was the most successful detective at Scotland Yard, but at home he was just James, totally under the control of Miss Paddington. She cleaned the rooms, she cooked the meals and she made the beds. In this house in Baker Street, Miss Paddington, quite simply, *ruled the roost*. Hudson hung up his coat and sat down in his armchair.

"Bring a bottle of *port*, Miss Paddington. If I tell you everything, it might take a bit longer. Unfortunately, it's always the same procedure – it's like a *fancy dress party* gone mad. They behave like fools, throw balloons up in the air, make silly noises – you know. And then, when everything's finished, Hyde Park is like a *cemetery*. Deadly quiet."

"But what about all those people, young children, as well? What were they doing? I'll get the *port* and then, you must tell me more!" Hudson sank back in his favourite armchair and closed his eyes. He *desperately* wanted to go to bed. It had been a long week. But Miss



Paddington wanted her report and Hudson was good at giving reports. It was part of his job.

After midnight, Hyde Park was quiet. Cars were still driving along the Ring, one of the main roads through the park, but the crowds had disappeared. The Serpentine shimmered in the light of the moon. The rain had stopped and there was no wind. Lancaster Walk was deserted. Standing there, you could hear the distant roar of traffic from Bayswater Road and Knightsbridge. But Daphne was not standing and she heard nothing. Daphne would never hear anything ever again. Daphne was dead. The leaves *rustled* gently; under the trees and bushes one or two flies were *buzzing*. They knew that a *corpse* was lying there; very *still*, very dead and not quite cold yet.

When Miss Paddington returned with the *port*, Hudson continued... “... and then the first violin *sneezed*, right in the middle of the second *movement* of Beethoven’s 5<sup>th</sup>. The *conductor* ignored it, but then the poor *fellow* started to *sneeze* again. Most unfortunate; obviously an attack of *hay fever*. The crowd standing right in front of the orchestra began to laugh and then began to sing that old children’s song – you know: ‘Ring-a-Ring o’Roses, a-tishoo!, a-tishoo!, we all fall down’. The *conductor* stopped the music, gave the first violin a large, red handkerchief and then asked him to leave the stage. The audience laughed and clapped, but finally everybody was quiet when the *conductor* tapped his *baton*. ‘Da-da-doom, da-da-da-doom’ – and then we were back at the beginning.”

Miss Paddington smiled.

“The poor dear. He must have felt simply terrible. I hope he hasn’t shot himself or jumped into the Serpentine. I can just see tomorrow’s headlines – ‘FIRST VIOLIN COMMITS SUICIDE AFTER *SNEEZING* ATTACK’.”





Hudson yawned and *heaved* himself out of his armchair.

“Anyway, Miss Paddington – that’s the end of my report. Tomorrow’s Sunday – your day off. Going anywhere special?”

“Nothing special, James. Only my sister, so I’ll be back late.”

“Fine. I have to be in the office early on Monday morning to write more reports, including the one about that robbery in Bond Street. The Bulldog’s been waiting several days for it and I hate to *disappoint* him. You know what he’s like.”

Miss Paddington smiled again. “Yes, only too well. Sir Reginald really does look like a bulldog. Go on, James, you run along upstairs to bed. How would you like your breakfast eggs on Monday?”

But Hudson did not even hear the question. He was already out of the room and halfway up the stairs.

On Monday morning, Miss Paddington marched into the dining room as Hudson was about to crack his second boiled egg. Triumphantly, she placed the paper on the table and stood in front of him, arms folded. Hudson looked from the egg to the paper, to Miss Paddington and back to the egg. Then, he sipped some tea.

“They’re a bit overdone this morning, Miss Paddington. About sixty-five seconds too long, in my opinion. But it doesn’t matter – *not in the slightest*.”

“Yes – and you know why, James? Look at the paper!”

Whenever Miss Paddington stood like that, her arms folded and her face very red, Hudson knew that he must *obey*. He looked at the headlines and almost *choked on* his tea.

“A body in Hyde Park? Discovered early in the morning by a park attendant. They must be joking!”

“No, they aren’t! Read the report, James! An unidentified body was found near Lancaster Walk. I told you! It must be the first violin! Obviously, he *was* so *ashamed* that he waited until the concert



had finished and everybody had left the park. Then, he walked across Kensington Road, lay down in a comfortable place under a few bushes and *slit his wrists. It stands to reason!* It's so obvious!"

Hudson knew from experience that his housekeeper had a *vivid* imagination. She was an enthusiastic reader of detective stories and had solved several Sherlock Holmes mysteries before the great detective had even heard about the crime. Hudson *skimmed* through the report and then quietly folded the paper and put it on the table.

"I hate to say this, Miss Paddington, but you really should read more than just the headlines. The body they found is that of a woman – and both you and I know that the first violin is a man. I imagine he is at home right now, in his bed, *recovering from* that most unfortunate attack of *hay fever*. He's probably wondering whether he'll lose his job."

Miss Paddington took a step backwards. She *stared at* Hudson and then *grabbed* the paper. As she was walking towards the kitchen, the telephone rang. She picked up the phone, her tone of voice was rather sharper than usual.

"Yes, can I help you? This is Mr Hudson's residence."

There was a long pause, during which Hudson finished eating his boiled egg and started to spread marmalade on a piece of toast. Miss Paddington reappeared with the phone.

"It's him," she whispered, "your boss, the Bulldog!"

She put the phone on the table and began to clear the dishes, while Hudson, almost automatically, tried to *adjust* the tie he wasn't wearing. He cleared his throat, crossed his legs and forced himself to smile.

"Good morning, Sir Reginald. How was your weekend?"

Miss Paddington went back to the kitchen and sat down with the paper. She read the whole report. James, as always, was quite right. The park attendant had found a body under the bushes near Lan-



caster Walk early on Sunday morning. He had informed the police immediately. The woman was *middle-aged*, whatever that might mean, and her body had not yet been identified. It seemed that she had been strangled and, so far, the police had no further clues and no further evidence. They had found a rather expensive handbag nearby – it was empty. They assumed that the woman had been killed after the Proms had finished, sometime during Saturday night. There was also a photo of the dead woman's face. Perhaps it was a *mugging* that had gone wrong. Miss Paddington laid the paper to one side as Hudson rushed into the kitchen.

“Must be off, Miss Paddington. Forget about dinner this evening. I'll call you when I can. The murder in Hyde Park has become a priority case! Sir Reginald wants immediate results!”

Miss Paddington smiled *in anticipation*.

“No problem, James. The beef can wait!”

While Hudson ran upstairs to change, she began to reorganize her menu for the week.

Hudson was back at Baker Street shortly after three in the afternoon, much earlier than Miss Paddington had expected. He went upstairs and packed a small suitcase – a change of underwear and the usual stuff, such as electric shaver, toothpaste and one or two other things. But, most importantly, notebook and pencil. As he came down the stairs, the doorbell rang. Miss Paddington was already at the door.

“Oh, Miss Elliot! How nice to see you again. Is this a social call? I'm afraid, James is involved in a rather difficult case at the moment. I'm not really sure whether it's *convenient*.”

Of course, Miss Paddington was pleased to see the young insurance investigator. Secretly, she hoped that James and Elvira might “*get together*” at some stage. Hudson, as she knew from long experience, was a bit of a *stick-in-the-mud*. He did not want any change in his



private life. But Elvira was dynamic, enthusiastic and very attractive, with her red hair and her *fancy* clothes. She was also successful and financially independent. Miss Paddington invited her into the sitting room.

“James!” she called shrilly. “James. It’s Miss Elliot to see you.”

Hudson *sauntered* into the room, smiling a welcome.

“Elvira! How nice to see you again! Is this a social or a business call?”

“Business, James. Big business. Newspapers, photos, details. Take a look.”

She put a newspaper on the table. Hudson *pretended* to be confused.

“Oh, that. Very unfortunate! Hyde Park can be a sensitive area, particularly when the *Royal Horse Artillery* are firing their salutes there. We don’t want any bodies lying around after they’ve finished.”

Elvira pointed to the headlines.

“The police have *released* this photo. They don’t know who she is, so they say. Is that true?”

Hudson said something about *confidential* evidence and called out to Miss Paddington to bring a pot of tea and some coffee. He remembered that Elvira hated Earl Grey tea.

“Take a seat, Elvira, and tell me more. You must know something, otherwise you wouldn’t be here. The police *released* the picture to the press early this morning. Who is she? An innocent *victim* of a *mugging*? We don’t know – and Sir Reginald is *breathing down my neck*! So, Elvira, have you got any information that could help?”

Miss Paddington appeared with the tray and *fussed around* with the milk and sugar. She walked to the window and rearranged some flowers. Then she started to dust the sideboard.

“Thank you, Miss Paddington,” said Hudson. “And close the door, please, would you? This is a *confidential* meeting.”

The housekeeper left for the kitchen, smiling. She was quite happy



to leave James and Elvira alone together. The last thing she wanted to be was a *chaperone*.

“Now, listen carefully, James,” said Elvira. “I know who she is. I know where she lives – or lived. And now you’re going to ask me what her name is, aren’t you?”

There was a note of triumph in Elvira’s voice.

Hudson decided to change tactics. After all, this was a case of murder.

“OK. What’s her name, Elvira?” he asked in a sharp voice. “How and why do you know her name? Where did she come from, what’s her background?”

Hudson was firing questions at Elvira, one after the other.

So, she thought, you’ve *taken the bait* – now I’ll play with you for a while. She smiled. Elvira knew something that James Hudson, quite possibly, did not know. She made a suggestion.

“Why don’t we work together on this one, James?”

“I’m sorry, Elvira. No way. This is a police matter. We don’t want amateur detectives involved.”

Elvira finished her coffee and stood up. She knew she had him *hooked*. She could see he was rather surprised that she already knew who the woman was and that pleased her.

“Ah – the amateurs. You mean the people who don’t spend all their time at Scotland Yard, looking through their files, dreaming about their pensions. You mean the people who actually have real information. I think, James, I had better leave.”

Elvira *grinned* at Hudson, put on her coat and *headed* towards the front door. Baker Street was wet and uninviting. It had started to rain heavily. Her sports car was parked in front of the house. She shouted a farewell to Miss Paddington and then turned to Hudson on the doorstep.

“Well, James? What do you want? As a professional, you obviously know everything. I’m just an amateur, as you’ve already told me.”



“All I want to know is how you got your information – but I can see that you’re not going to tell me.”

Elvira walked down the steps. She was *disappointed*. Hudson had refused to accept her offer of help. Oh well, let him *stew in his own juice*. She had to locate the person who would *inherit* the huge life insurance policy that Daphne Cole had. But, although she *admired* Hudson, she also wanted to impress him. As she got into her car, she decided to *throw him a crumb*.

“The name is Cole! The place is Southend!”

After that, she drove away.

Hudson closed the door and turned to his housekeeper, who was *hovering* near the kitchen.

“You know, Miss Paddington, that woman is highly attractive, and, she’s not stupid. But she’s *pushy*. She wants to help solve this murder and she will probably *make a fool of me*.”

Miss Paddington *wiped* the suitcase that Hudson had left standing next to the stairs.

“She doesn’t, James,” said Miss Paddington in a very businesslike tone. “She thinks you’re marvellous. Now, tell me, when did you find out who was murdered in Hyde Park? And who is she?”

Hudson picked up his car keys and *headed* towards the back door with the suitcase. He turned to his housekeeper.

“There is certain information, Miss Paddington, that I may not *divulge*. But my task now is to discover who murdered that woman in Hyde Park. I’ll be back tomorrow – otherwise, I’ll ring you. And I’ll give my private number to anyone who might have some information. You know what I’m like with my mobile. I often forget to put it in my pocket. So, please, make sure you answer the phone.”



## Chapter 2: The Neighbour

There are two major routes to get from London to Southend-on-Sea. One is the A127 and the other the A13. Hudson chose the A127 and arrived shortly after six in the afternoon. A traffic jam had slowed him down for more than an hour near the Rayleigh *roundabout*. He introduced himself to the local police, where they told him that the person who had identified the woman in the photo was a certain Mrs Brown. Then, he drove to Warrior Square, parked the Bentley and rang the doorbell at Number 10. A rather *frail* woman opened the door.

“Oh, so you’re the policeman from London?” she asked. “They told me someone was coming down. I’ve been waiting. Come in! Would you like a cup of tea?”

Hudson was led into the kitchen, where Mrs Brown produced a pot of tea and some sandwiches. Hudson switched on his best smile. After a few minutes, he paid Mrs Brown the usual compliments.

“My God, this tea is marvellous. *Just what the doctor ordered!* I’m afraid, I got stuck in a traffic jam just before Rayleigh.”

Mrs Brown inspected Hudson closely and then looked out of the window towards the seafront. It was *low tide*. Everything looked rather grey and *drab*.

“Inspector, let’s not waste any time on pleasant conversation. You’re here because Daphne was murdered – in Hyde Park, it seems. It was me who contacted the police. I saw it in the papers this morning. She was my neighbour, you know. She lived at Number 12. What exactly do you want? She was a very nice woman. We’ve known – sorry – we had known each other for years.”

Suddenly, Hudson felt rather stupid.

“Oh dear, I’m afraid they didn’t tell me that. I do apologize, Mrs Brown. It must have been a great shock for you. Perhaps I should



come back tomorrow morning?”

Mrs Brown took out a handkerchief and *wiped* her eyes. Then she folded her arms and looked Hudson directly in the eyes.

“No. Ask me what you need to ask. Best to *get it over and done with*.”

After an hour, Hudson had most of the information he needed. Daphne Cole had run a *bed and breakfast* establishment for the last twenty years or so. It had been quite successful, but during the last five years there had been fewer guests. And when the *pier* burnt down, one of the last great attractions in the town had been lost. But there had been one or two regulars who still spent a weekend there. Hudson stood up.

“You’ve been very helpful, Mrs Brown. Thank you for seeing me *at such short notice*. This must be awful for you. And I have to check in at my hotel, ‘The George’ – not far away, so the local police told me.”

Mrs Brown showed him to the door.

“It’s about five minutes from here. Drive down Pier Hill and then along the seafront. You can’t miss it.”

On the doorstep, Hudson asked one last question.

“Mrs Brown, what do you think Daphne was doing in Hyde Park? I mean, why was she in London at all? Why leave the *bed and breakfast unattended* at a weekend?”

“I was waiting for that question, inspector. The answer’s quite simple. About six months ago, she came into some money. She told me that her aunt had died and left her something. That was the first time I’d ever heard about an aunt. After that, she often went up to town, to London, and came back with all sorts of things. Dresses, handbags, shoes and every kind of jewellery. She even gave me a very expensive pair of earrings on my birthday.”





Hudson looked at the *B and B*, now *sealed off* by the police. A pleasant looking house with a nice garden.

“Look, Mrs Brown, our *inquiries* are centred on Hyde Park, but if you remember anything unusual, do let me know, please. This is my private number. A Miss Paddington will take the call.”

Hudson thanked Mrs Brown and walked back to his Bentley. By now, he was quite exhausted and was looking forward to a *stiff whisky* at ‘The George’ and then bed. It had been a long day.

He checked in at reception and was about to walk upstairs when he heard a *peal of laughter* from the small bar. The voice seemed *familiar*. He looked round.

“James! What a coincidence! You got here much later than I expected. You should have taken the A13. No traffic jams there.”

Elvira Elliot stood up and turned towards the barman.

“If it’s not too late, I think the inspector would like a double whisky.”

Twenty minutes later, Hudson was sitting at the bar, watering his whisky down with a little soda. He had contacted his office and Shirley, the secretary, had told him that several people had identified the person in the newspaper photo. In particular, the police had picked up two youths who had tried to use Daphne Cole’s credit card in Oxford Street. It really did look like a *mugging* that somehow had gone wrong. Hudson realized that he had been a little too brusque with Elvira back in London. She obviously had access to information that the police did not have. He gave Elvira his most charming smile and sniffed the whisky.

“This is a *double malt*. The best there is on my salary.” He took a sip.

“Very good, marvellous. Thank you very much, I needed this.”

Elvira smiled and turned on her bar stool.

“Yes, it’s a Clanmunro! I remember Miss Paddington once mentioned that it was your favourite.”



“Ah, Miss Paddington! A jewel! Did she also mention that I prefer soft-boiled eggs for breakfast?”

Elvira gazed at Hudson, her mouth open.

“But Inspector Hudson, how can a *hard-boiled detective* like you, a professional, eat soft-boiled eggs for breakfast? How *disappointing!*”

Hudson laughed and drank his whisky.

“OK, Elvira, you win. But now I need to know what you know. Firstly, how did you find out it was Daphne Cole? And secondly, how did you know I was staying here?”

Elvira *grinned*. She had Hudson on the *hook* and was *reeling* him in.

“Buy me a gin and tonic, James, and I will tell you all.”

Hudson nodded to the barman, who placed the drinks on the bar.

“Is this a joint venture, James?” Elvira *twirled* her glass. “*I scratch your back, you scratch mine?*”

Hudson had no choice. Elvira really did know more than he did.

“Second question first. You – here – at the hotel? Easy! At school, they always taught me to ring the police when I needed help. So I did and they were very helpful when I told them that I had some important information for a certain Inspector Hudson, concerning a recent murder in Hyde Park. Address? ‘The George’. Very simple, don’t you think, my dear Hudson?”

Hudson nodded. Too simple. He ordered another drink for Elvira.

“Now the name. How did you know it was Daphne Cole?”

“Contacts, James. My *source* is a newspaper man. Somebody rang him up with the details. An *insurance broker*. He didn’t give his name and refused to contact the police. All he said was that it was rather *fishy*. A large, no, a huge life insurance policy and he had recommended Redfearns and then taken his *cut*. When my newspaper friend heard the name Redfearns, he contacted me immediately. Yes, Daphne Cole was insured with us. For more than a million, two



for *accidental* or *violent death*. A very large monthly *premium* – but our *whiz kid* thought it was OK. She was only 55 and as *fit as a fiddle*.” Hudson continued to sip his whisky.

“And the *beneficiary*? Her cat? Her dog? Her neighbour?”

“Much more interesting, James,” said Elvira. “The *beneficiary* is her son – Rodney Cole!”

Hudson *stared at* Elvira in amazement.

“Her son!” he almost shouted. “Nobody told me she had a son. Mrs Brown didn’t mention a son either. What’s all this about? He may be a *prime suspect*! We have no others at the moment.”

Hudson hated to lie – but sometimes it was necessary. He had visions of the Bulldog.

“I know that, James – and calm down. Look, here’s the deal. I’ll *trace* the son – you can do your Sherlock Holmes thing. *Magnifying glass*, logical deduction, DNA and all the rest. What do you say?”

Hudson said nothing. He *drained* his glass and took a few peanuts from a dish on the bar. He had a distinct feeling that Elvira was playing with him. *Magnifying glass*! He started to move away towards the stairs and then turned to Elvira. He had made a plan. Scotland Yard could probably find the son, but Elvira might manage things faster.

“OK, Elvira. I’ll leave the son to you. It’ll save me some time. But I need to know everything you discover. Remember, we’re not playing games here. Daphne Cole was strangled in the middle of Hyde Park. This is a murder case!”

The next morning, Hudson breakfasted and paid his bill. He rang through to his office again. Shirley told him that several other people had identified the person in the newspaper photo. One of the callers was a sales assistant at Harrods who remembered that Daphne had bought a rather expensive handbag on Saturday. The



two young men who had tried to use her credit card were being held at Fulham Police Station. Good, thought Hudson. A simple case of *mugging* that had gone wrong. Sir Reginald will be pleased. He put his bags into the Bentley. OK, Elvira could try and locate the son. That would keep her busy. Whoever the son was, he was obviously going to *inherit* a fortune. Lucky *fellow*. Hudson moved out into the Esplanade. The weather was good – the sun was shining. It was *high tide* and the boats were *bobbing to and fro* on the water. He decided to follow Elvira's advice to take the A13 for the journey back to London.

### Chapter 3: Southend-on-Sea and London

As Hudson was driving back to London, Elvira began her own investigation. She had been working for Redfearns for almost ten years and during that time, she had come across several cases where the *beneficiary* had “organized” the death of the policyholder. Now, she had to locate a Rodney Cole, who, at least on paper, was *due* to *inherit* two million pounds. After finishing her coffee, she asked to speak to the manager of ‘The George’. A few minutes later, a man in his mid-thirties pulled up a chair and sat down.

“Ms Elliot. You wanted to speak to me. I’m the manager here. Tony Rossi. I hope there are no complaints?”

The manager clicked his fingers and ordered more coffee. Elvira noticed that his eyes moved around the lounge, checking the guests and the tables. He was clearly Italian, black hair and beautiful brown eyes. He gave her a broad smile.

“Now, tell me. What can I do for you?”

“No complaints, Mr Rossi, none at all. Your hotel is excellent. But perhaps you can give me some information. I’m an insurance



investigator and I have to locate someone who will shortly be receiving a large sum of money. All I know is that he originally comes from Southend.”

She showed him her business card.

“I understand,” said Rossi. “But why ask me? Can’t the police help you? And what’s his name, if I may ask?”

“Precisely, Mr Rossi. His name. That’s why I wanted to talk to you. You see, his mother had a large life insurance policy with my firm – and now – well, now she’s dead. His name is Rodney Cole. His mother, Daphne, ran a *B and B* in Westcliff. Not quite a hotel – but the same line of business as yours.”

At the name Cole, Tony Rossi almost *choked on* his coffee and then *stared* out at the seafront to gain some time.

“You know the Coles, then,” said Elvira. “Tell me more, Mr Rossi.” The manager took a deep breath. He turned back to Elvira and suddenly, his face was very pale.

“This is rather a shock, Ms Elliot. Yes, I knew Daphne. A lovely woman. I also know Rodney. We went to school together, the local grammar school. And I can tell you, Ms Elliot, Rodney is a real Jekyll and Hyde character, sometimes charming, sometimes evil. He *went off the rails* when we were about 16. Drugs and all the rest. Daphne threw him out of the house when he failed his exams. His father died years ago. Since then, he’s been on the streets, *peddling drugs*. He even turned up here a few weeks ago. He sat there at the bar and tried to sell cocaine. Can you believe that? I had to show him the door – or call the police. He chose the door. Since then, I haven’t seen him again.”

Elvira thought quickly.

“Mr Rossi, do you think that Rodney might have killed his own mother to *inherit* an insurance policy?”

Rossi stood up and ordered a waitress to clear one of the tables.



Then, he looked back at Elvira and smiled.

“He was my best friend for years. We used to play on the beach, fish off the *pier*. Something went wrong with Rodney. Perhaps it was connected with his father. He had a hate, which I could never understand; and he hated his mother more than anyone. Yes, indeed. Rodney could have killed Daphne. Believe me, he was capable of anything when he was high on drugs.”

Rossi nodded and took his leave. Elvira finished her coffee. She decided to drive up to Westcliff and talk to some of Daphne Cole’s neighbours.

Hudson drove into the car park, looking for a free parking space. Then he rushed up the stairs and went straight into Shirley’s office.

“Ah, there you are, inspector. What was Southend like? My goodness, I don’t think I’ve been there since I was a teenager.”

Hudson was always quick to take the opportunity of paying Shirley a compliment.

“When was that, then? Not more than three or four years ago, I’m sure.”

Shirley, who was in her mid-fifties, clapped her hands.

“More like three or four decades!” she said. “Those were the days – young, wild and free. But I won’t bore you with the details, inspector. I’ve put all the info concerning the Daphne Cole case on your desk. And,” she added ominously, “Sir Reginald wants a result – by yesterday, if possible.”

Hudson *snorted* and walked through to his office. He sat down and immediately began to read the reports. The two youths who had been caught trying to use Daphne Cole’s credit card were being held at Fulham Police Station. He rang through and said that he would be there around three for their *interrogation*.

First of all, though, he wanted to interview the sales assistant at Har-



rods. He dialled the number she had given and arranged to meet her in the canteen during her tea break. That left him about an hour to take a second look at the report from the forensic *squad* who had *sealed off* the area around the body. Most probably strangled. Yes. A post-mortem report *due* soon. Yes. Nearby, an empty handbag. Yes. He had read the report quickly before leaving for Southend. At the time, he had thought it was rather unusual. Now it seemed even more unusual. But, first things first. He walked back into the general office.

“I’ll be back later, Shirley. Do me a *favour* and tell Sir Reginald that I’ve had a very interesting tip-off from one of my informants. I’ll be in touch.”

The secretary looked over her spectacles at Hudson, frowned and then concentrated on her computer screen. She was quite happy to tell a *white lie* – if it helped inspector James Hudson to solve the case.

Kate Hewitt drank her coffee and then gave Hudson a sad look.

“It’s such a shame, awful. She was such a nice lady. Why would anyone want to kill her – apart from *muggers*, of course. Nowadays, they stop at nothing, just to get a couple of *quid*. But Hyde Park! I mean – it’s just round the corner, isn’t it? And always so busy. The whole thing *scares me stiff*.”

Hudson smiled.

“That’s what I thought, Kate. I was there on the Saturday evening – at the Last Night of the Proms. But when you think about it, Hyde Park covers a huge area. You can find places to sit and almost feel that you’re in the middle of the country, not in the capital. Quite peaceful, even more so at night. Sometimes, you can’t even hear the traffic.”

“Yeah, I suppose you’re right, inspector.” Kate paused. “So, what do you want to know? I can’t really tell you very much. Mrs Cole was a



regular customer over the last few months. She bought all sorts of things and we *got* quite *chatty*. She mentioned that her aunt had died, or something like that and now she wanted to *splash out*. She told me she ran a *B and B* in Southend-on-Sea, but she didn't really need that anymore. She came up to London about once a month and spent quite a bit of money in my department – handbags. She bought mainly clothes, shoes, jewellery and so on. You know – fashion things.”

“And she bought this handbag the last time you saw her?”

Hudson showed her a photo.

“That's it! A Diva. It cost £578.”

“But didn't she have another handbag with her? You know, for credit cards, purse, make-up items and so on?”

Kate Hewitt frowned, trying to remember. She took a sip of coffee.

“Of course she did. She had the one I sold her two or three months ago. That was a much cheaper one. Nothing special.”

Hudson looked around the canteen. He saw many young female sales assistants, all sitting with their handbags either placed on the table or by their feet. He also knew that every handbag contained the secret life of its owner. But forensics had found only one handbag, totally empty.

“Kate, did Daphne Cole transfer the contents of her old handbag into the new one? Did she perhaps leave the old one with you, if it wasn't so special?”

Another pause whilst Kate Hewitt concentrated.

“Definitely not! I remember quite clearly. She told me there was no need to *wrap up* the new one. She said that she was quite happy to carry two handbags, particularly since both came from Harrods. She didn't even want a *carrier bag*.”

Hudson's eyes *glinted*. Two handbags!

“You've been really a great help, Kate. I'll be in touch shortly. Sorry to rush, but I have to interview two suspects in Fulham now.





Thank you so much.”

”You’re welcome,” said Kate. “And if you...”

But Hudson was already on his way downstairs.

Back in Southend, Elvira was *pretending* to *admire* the houses that overlooked the cliffs. As always, she had a camera with her and proceeded to take some photos of the *estuary*, the houses and the *band-stand*. She registered that Daphne Cole’s *B and B* had been *sealed off* by the police. Should she try the neighbour on the left or the right? She decided *in favour* of the one on the left. There was no reply when she rang the doorbell. OK, try the neighbour on the right. After a few seconds, the door opened.

“Good morning. Sorry to disturb you, but I’m down in Southend for a few days and am looking for a place to stay. The *B and B* next door was recommended, but something seems to be wrong. All sorts of police *tape* and so on. Could you tell me what’s going on?”

Mrs Brown opened the door wider.

“You’d better come in for a moment. The police have been here ever since she was killed.”

Elvira put on her most innocent face.

“Killed? Who was killed? I don’t wish to *intrude*.”

But Mrs Brown was only too pleased to talk about what had happened. She showed Elvira into the kitchen and produced a cup of tea.

“Here you are. Sit down and I’ll tell you all about it. I’m almost *at the end of my tether*. All these reporters, policemen and so on! But if you’re looking for a *B and B*, well, I can give you a couple of addresses.”

Elvira heard exactly the same story that Hudson had heard the evening before. But when Mrs Brown mentioned that Daphne Cole’s aunt had died, she became more curious.



“So, Daphne Cole had this house next door and then came into some money. And now she’s dead. Who’s going to *inherit*, for God’s sake? I mean – there must be a lot of money involved here.”

Mrs Brown shifted in her chair.

“I don’t really know,” she said. “Daph never talked about things like that. But she has got a son – Rodney! I suppose, that devil will get everything!”

Elvira paused.

“Lucky chap – but also unlucky. I mean, who wants to *inherit* something from a relative who had been murdered?”

“That won’t bother him,” said Mrs Brown. “He’s a *good-for-nothing*. Drugs, alcohol – you name it. London, Southend and anywhere in between. Mind you, the police have never managed to *nail* him. He’s never been in prison. He’ll *turn up* sooner or later, *like a bad penny*. Years ago, he used to play the guitar in the High Street, would you believe! Not like some of her guests. Lovely people, they were. But Daphne always said she’d look after Rodney. She loved that boy.”

Elvira looked at her watch.

“Well, thank you, Mrs Brown. I’m so sorry that all of this has happened. Can you give me the numbers of any other *B and Bs* nearby?” Mrs Brown wrote down several addresses and led Elvira to the door. “Try the first two. Good value for money.”

She closed the door and Elvira walked back to her car. The sun was shining, lighting up the Essex coast far away across the *estuary*. She saw the *pier*. After the fire, the far end of the *pier* was now a total wreck. Perhaps a total wreck, a bit like Rodney Cole? She decided to walk down the High Street. Rodney Cole, playing a guitar. A *good-for-nothing*. A junkie. Selling cocaine. Often in London? Well, it’s only an hour by train, plus the underground journey. Perhaps he had killed his own mother to feed his *addiction*. Elvira sighed. She had experienced much more bizarre cases.



Fulham Police Station was not the Ritz. No lifts, no *liveried footmen*, just endless stairs and badly lit corridors. Hudson finally found the interview room and sat down behind a table. He *stared at* the three chairs in front of him. He felt very confident. This must have been a *mugging* that had gone wrong. But Daphne had been strangled, no knives were involved.

There was a knock at the door. Hudson quickly sorted his papers. The sergeant led in the duty responsible adult and two young boys, probably around 15 or 16 years old. One black, one white. Hudson gave them a *piercing* look. They smiled, *sheepishly*. He knew, immediately, that they had not killed Daphne Cole. Call it intuition, call it experience. So, the case would not be solved by “yesterday”, as the Bulldog had demanded. But the boys might have important evidence concerning the handbags. Hudson sighed and began to ask his questions.

Sometimes a murder case takes an unexpected turn. Elvira was walking down the High Street in Southend, trying to find someone who might know Rodney Cole. Hudson was sitting in Fulham Police Station, interviewing two youths who had no idea why they were under *suspicion* of murder. Mrs Brown had been reading one of the society magazines. Then, suddenly, she *caught her breath*. She saw the photo of a young woman. And she was certain that she recognized who that young woman was. She found Hudson’s private number and dialled it.

## Chapter 4: A Change of Plan

“Do you know a Rodney, Rodney Cole?” asked Elvira.

The long-haired *layabout* shook his head and gazed into his own nirvana. She walked on. Tap-tap-tap. The sound of the high heels of



young *dolly birds*, secretaries, out for lunch. Tap-tap-tap. She saw another *drop-out*, sitting in front of a bookshop. He was playing a guitar, singing verses from some old Bob Dylan hit. There was a hat in front of him with a few pennies in it. Elvira kneeled down.

“I’m looking for a Rodney Cole. Can you help me?”

“Spare a few pennies, madam? I can tell you all about Rodney Cole.”

Elvira placed a pound coin in the hat. This produced an immediate result. The man jumped up and began to play a *medley* of Beatles hits. The performance was very good. Elvira waved her hands.

“Stop, stop! That’s all fantastic. But what about Rodney Cole? Do you know him? Do you know where he is?”

The young man looked slyly at Elvira.

“The pound was for the Beatles. Rodney costs more.”

“How much more?”

“That depends, miss. Are you from the police?”

Elvira showed him her business card, which he studied intently.

“For 50 *quid*, I’ll tell you where he does his business, for a 100, I’ll give you a mobile number.”

Elvira took five ten-pound notes from her purse, counting them carefully.

“Fifty for the mobile number. I don’t need anything else. And you might get a *kickback*. He’s come into some money.”

When he saw the notes, the young man licked his lips.

“OK – but don’t tell him who told you.”

Elvira gave him a pen and paper and he wrote down the number. Then, he took the money and began to play another Beatles number. Elvira continued to walk down the High Street and, when she looked back, he was gone.

It took half an hour of intensive questioning for Hudson to confirm his *suspicions*. Jimmy and Marvin, the two boys, had not murdered



Daphne Cole. They had not even seen her. Early on Monday morning, they had been *roaming around* Hyde Park, collecting empty bottles and cans. They had also found several coins and things left behind by the people who had been watching the concert. Eventually, they had a bit of luck. They found a handbag under a bush. It contained a credit card and about £100 in cash, plus a lipstick, eyeliner and so on. They took the cash and the credit card. The next thing they did was to put the card into the nearest cash-dispenser to see what might happen. They tried a few numbers. No result. They had no PIN. Unfortunately for them, they were caught on *CCTV* and, very soon afterwards, the police picked them up.

“Have you two been in trouble before?” asked Hudson, a *stern* expression on his face.

“No, sir,” said Marvin, whilst Jimmy shook his head and *sniffled*.

“You won’t tell my dad, will you, sir? He’ll *go round the bend*.”

“Sorry, lad, he needs to know. You should have thought of that before you got into trouble.”

Hudson gave them both a short lecture about what they should do when they found lost property and sent them out. As he was writing the report, his mobile rang. Irritating! Hudson thought that he had turned it off.

“James, it’s me!”

“Oh, Miss Paddington. Sorry! I forgot to ring. Lots to do.”

“Don’t be silly, James – and listen! I’ve just had a call from someone called Brean or Brawn. It was a bad line. I think it’s important. She told me that she saw the photo of a young woman in that magazine – you know, the society stuff. Her name is Josie – I did get that bit; she’s married to a very wealthy businessman, Sir Max Holden – or Halham. It was a ‘Sir’, anyway...”



Hudson signed the report and looked out of the window. Miss Paddington loved to dramatize a situation.

“Miss Paddington, I’m rather busy at the moment. The Hyde Park case. The murder case! Look, I’ll ring you back later...”

There was a pause, whilst Miss Paddington coughed and *spluttered*.

“Listen, James, the person who called me is from Southend-on-Sea. She said you gave her your private number. The woman she saw in the magazine was a frequent guest at a *B and B*. It’s all a *muddle* and you never tell me anything! But the man she was always accompanied by was not the husband in the photo. He seems to be very old. No, the one she spent time with was about 30. Do you understand, James? James! Are you listening?”

Hudson *froze* in his chair. This news opened a whole new line of *inquiry*.

“OK, Miss Paddington, well done. Thanks for contacting me so fast. I’ll be in touch.”

Hudson rushed downstairs to the duty sergeant.

“Bob, give those two youngsters a symbolic *clip round the ear*, I mean a formal warning, you know, in the presence of their parents and send them all back home in an unmarked car. Oh, and tell the two lads not to *roam around* Hyde Park in the early hours again. I’ve got a real *lead*.”

“Is that Rodney Cole?”

Elvira was using her mobile, sitting in her car, looking across the *estuary*. By now, it was *low tide* again and the boats were sitting on the mud. Southend-on-Sea? More like Southend-on-Mud!

“Who wants to speak to him?” The voice was low and rather threatening.

“My name’s Elvira Elliot. I’m a private investigator for an insurance company. I need to locate Rodney Cole – he’s the *beneficiary* of a



rather large insurance policy. Unfortunately, I have no address for him.”

There was a pause.

“OK, what’s it all about, then?”

“Perhaps you don’t read the papers, Mr Cole. I’m afraid, your mother has died – in fact, she was murdered in Hyde Park. But that has nothing to do with me. It’s a police matter now. The point is that she was insured with us and you will receive the money. That is, if we can locate you and check your *credentials*. I suggest that we meet as soon as possible.”

Another long pause.

“It sounds a bit *fishy* to me. I haven’t seen my mother for months. Where are you ringing from?”

“Southend, about 100 yards away from your mother’s *B and B*. And where are you?”

Rodney giggled.

“Not so fast, dear. Look, give me your office number and I’ll ring you back early this evening. I’ve got one or two things to *wrap up* first. Then I’ll tell you where we can meet. It’ll be somewhere in London, a pub near Victoria Station. Details later.”

Elvira gave him her Redfearns number and rang off. She wondered whether James Hudson could have located Rodney Cole as quickly. Probably not. But now she had to return to London. Hudson could wait until after Rodney’s call. Perhaps Rodney Cole had not killed his mother? On the other hand, he had shown no surprise that she had been murdered. Had he read the papers? Did he know about the insurance policy? Questions, questions – and, so far, no answers.

Hudson was back in his office, looking through the notes he had made during his telephone call to Mrs Brown. He remembered she had told him that, during the last six months, Daphne had *let the B*



*and B* slide a little. But one or two regular guests still came. Now, Mrs Brown, by a *stroke of luck*, had identified one of them. Josie Halham was thirty-four years old, a former model and married to Sir Max Halham, one of the wealthiest businessmen in the City of London. Photos of the couple often appeared in magazines and the Sunday papers. They attended all the usual events that attracted high society in Britain: Ascot, Cowes, Wimbledon and so on. But now, it seemed that Josie had also spent a lot of time in Southend, at Daphne Cole's little *B and B*. And her companion, according to Mrs Brown, was definitely a much younger man than Sir Max Halham.

Hudson knew from experience where such relationships can lead: scandal and bitter battles over a *divorce*. If Daphne Cole had known what Mrs Brown knew, then *blackmail* was also a possibility. Had Daphne been *blackmailing* Josie? That, at least, would explain why, suddenly, she had so much money that she could shop at Harrods, more or less close down the *B and B* business and also take out a life insurance policy for a large sum of money. Hudson had a strong feeling that he had finally found a motive for the murder. Daphne had *blackmailed* Josie and then, something had gone wrong. After a little research, he managed to discover the address of Sir Max Halham. By now, it was almost five p.m., time to pay them a visit. He went into the general office.

"Shirley, I've got a little job for you. Daphne Cole. Find out everything you can about her relatives. We know she had a son. But what about her background? Parents, uncles, aunts and so on. See what you can find out, will you? If Sir Reginald calls, you can tell him that I guarantee that the Cole case will be solved by tomorrow. OK?"

Shirley nodded.

"By the way, inspector, one of your *admirers* has just rung up. A Ms Elvira Elliot. She wants you to meet her at the 'Duck and Pheasant' in Victoria at eight p.m. tonight. She's got an appointment there with





a Mr Rodney Cole – at nine.”

“Right – I’ll *give her a buzz* later. See you tomorrow, Shirley!”

## Chapter 5: After Eight

Hudson had not notified the Halhams that he would call on them. Surprise was always the best plan of attack. He parked near Knightsbridge underground station, walked down Basil Street and turned left into Melton Place. Number 42 was in the middle of a long row of white Georgian houses. He rang the bell. A voice came through on the *intercom*.

“Sorry to call *unannounced*,” said Hudson in a *breezy* tone. “I need to talk to Lady Halham. Rather important business.”

“I’m afraid, her ladyship is not available at the moment.”

“My name’s Cole, Rodney Cole,” said Hudson. “I’m sure, she’ll want to see me.”

He waited for a minute or two. Then the door was opened by a young man in a dark suit, obviously the butler. He showed Hudson into a small room off the entrance hall.

“If you’ll take a seat here, Mr Cole, Lady Halham will be down shortly. I’m afraid, we’re rather busy at present.”

Hudson sat down on a chair that was probably made in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century. The room contained very little furniture, but what there was must be worth a fortune. Five minutes later, a door on the other side of the room opened.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr Cole. What can I do for you?”

Josie Halham was a highly attractive woman. As a former model, she knew how to walk and how to pose. Hudson stood up.

“What you can do for me, Josie, really depends on what I can do for you. We’re in this together, aren’t we?”



Hudson registered the *startled* look in her eyes and the slight *tremor* in her voice.

“I’m afraid, I don’t understand. What exactly do you mean?”

“My mother was *blackmailing* you, wasn’t she? You’ve been unfaithful to your husband, haven’t you? And then, on Saturday, you decided to finish the deal and murder her in the Park – you or someone else. What happened? Was she trying to *squeeze* too much out of you? Quite possible... Or did your husband find out and deliver an ultimatum? Lady Halham, I don’t really care. All I want is my *cut*. Two thousand in cash and you’ll never hear from me again. I think that’s a fair price, don’t you agree?”

Josie went as white as a sheet and sat down on the sofa.

“OK, Mr Cole. You may be right – or you may be wrong. It doesn’t matter. We have to leave for Greece soon and I don’t want any trouble. You want cash, of course.”

“Of course,” *leered* Hudson.

She left the room and, shortly afterwards, returned with an envelope.

“Here you are then. And don’t come back! Remember what happened to your mother!”

Hudson counted the notes and went out into the entrance hall. As he opened the front door, he tapped his nose.

“Don’t worry, Josie, you’ll never see Rodney Cole again!”

The door was slammed behind him. Hudson walked back to his Bentley, put the cash in the *glove compartment* and then phoned the office.

Twenty minutes later, he was standing at the corner of Melton Place, as Lady Halham was *bundled* into a police car. The Cole case was finally *wrapped up*. Forensics could work on the handbags and all the rest. It would take time, but Josie, or her lover, or perhaps even Sir Max, would end up in prison. Now, he wanted to meet the real Rodney Cole. He set off to the pub.



Shortly after eight, Hudson was sitting in the ‘Duck and Pheasant’, reading the paper and drinking a pint of beer. When Elvira walked in, he caught her eye and nodded. At 8:30 p.m., he noticed a rather well-dressed man entering the pub and going to the bar. He had long hair and a beard. The man was carrying a copy of ‘The Times’; he seemed to be rather nervous. Elvira stood up and approached him. They began a conversation and then moved over to a free table. Elvira began to take out various documents which both of them signed. Hudson *grabbed* his pint and walked over to the table.

“Mind if I join you, Rodney?”

Rodney Cole looked at Hudson and then at Elvira.

“This is a *frame-up*, isn’t it? You’ve *framed* me, you bloody bitch.”

Very discreetly, Hudson *snapped* a pair of *handcuffs* onto Rodney’s wrists, after reading him his rights.

“Elvira, why don’t you order our guest another pint, whilst I ask Rodney to tell us more about his drug operations between London and Southend. He won’t mind helping us with our *inquiries*, I’m sure. Particularly, since he’s *due* to *inherit* a million or two!”

The murder of Daphne Cole and the drug dealings of her son had been an open and shut case. Over the past few months, everybody in the country had followed the sensational *high-profile court case* at London’s *Old Bailey*. The day after the successful conviction of the guilty, Hudson, Elvira, Sir Reginald and Miss Paddington joined a large crowd in Hyde Park. It was 12 o’clock on a chilly, but sunny day – 21 April – the birthday of The Queen. The guns of the Kings Troop *Royal Horse Artillery* roared, one after the other, giving their 41 gun salute. This was also a tradition, in fact, a tradition rather like the Last Night of the Proms. The Bulldog turned to Hudson.

“No unidentified bodies today, I assume, inspector?”

“Impossible, Sir Reginald, in the park, the *RHA* only fire *blanks*.”



The Bulldog rubbed his nose and looked towards the Serpentine.

“Well, Hudson, this was an excellent piece of police work, concluded just in time for your promotion next month. You deserve it, it was long overdue.”

Hudson, trying to hide his pride in his achievement and the praise from his governor, looked at the Bulldog. He gazed into the distance. By now, the last gun had been fired.

“To tell you the truth, Sir Reginald, I can’t believe myself how obvious it all was in the end.”

The Bulldog’s moustache twitched.

“I’m *relieved* it wasn’t Max, he’s an old friend. Thank goodness, the newspapers weren’t too hard on him.”

Hudson could not help quickly going over the whole sad story again. After all, he was very good at giving accurate police reports. He made sure, everyone around could hear him.

“Remember, lover-boy would not have gained from murdering Daphne, neither would Rodney; we finally *nailed* him too. It was just a simple case of *blackmail*, sir. As it turned out, Josie, Lady Halham, strangled Daphne Cole near Lancaster Walk in Hyde Park after the Last Night of the Proms performance last September. Daphne wanted more and more money, but Josie couldn’t pay. Sir Max would have found out. So she lost her temper and strangled Daphne. Then, she dragged the body into the bushes, but forgot about the handbags. You know, what some women are like, Sir Reginald.”

The Bulldog growled.

“Yes, Hudson, only too well. For instance, only recently, my wife said...”

But then, Miss Paddington clapped her hands.

“OK, all of you! The show is finished. It’s back to Baker Street now for fillet of beef with *roast potatoes*, *Yorkshire pudding* and a vegetable surprise!”



## Exercises

### Chapter 1: The Last Night

*Exercise 1:* Listen and repeat.

*Exercise 2:* Odd one out.

*Exercise 3:* Spelling.

*Exercise 4:* True or false?

*Exercise 5:* Asking questions.

*Exercise 6:* Listen and write.

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*Exercise 7:* Negative form.

*Exercise 8:* Reading comprehension.

*Exercise 9:* Fill in the right word.

The park attendant had informed the police \_\_\_\_\_.  
The woman was middle-aged and her body had not yet been identified. It seemed that she had been strangled and, so far, the police had no further \_\_\_\_\_ and no further evidence. The rather expensive handbag they had found nearby was \_\_\_\_\_. Perhaps it was a mugging that had gone \_\_\_\_\_.

*Exercise 10:* Prepositions.

*Exercise 11:* Listen and repeat.



*Exercise 12:* Question tags.

*Exercise 13:* Comparatives.

*Exercise 14:* Descriptions.

*Exercise 15:* Fill in the right word.

**Inspector Hudson:** “Tomorrow’s your day off, Miss Paddington. What are you going to \_\_\_\_\_?”

**Miss Paddington:** “Nothing special – I will \_\_\_\_\_ and see my sister.”

**Inspector Hudson:** “Will you be back late?”

**Miss Paddington:** “Yes, I \_\_\_\_\_ so.”

**Inspector Hudson:** “Fine, so we will \_\_\_\_\_ each other Monday morning.”

*Exercise 16:* Irregular Verbs.



*Exercise 17:* Fill in the right word.

**Inspector Hudson:** “What’s her \_\_\_\_\_, Elvira?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Why don’t we work \_\_\_\_\_  
on this one, James?”

**Inspector Hudson:** “I’m sorry, Elvira. This is a \_\_\_\_\_  
matter.”

**Elvira Elliot:** “I think, James, I had better leave.”

**Inspector Hudson:** “Wait! \_\_\_\_\_ me her name!”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Her name is Daphne Cole.”





## Chapter 2: The Neighbour

*Exercise 18:* Negative form.

*Exercise 19:* Fill in the right word.

**Inspector Hudson:** “\_\_\_\_\_ did you find out  
\_\_\_\_\_ I am?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “It was easy – I called the police.”

**Inspector Hudson:** “\_\_\_\_\_ told you the name of  
the victim?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “One of my contacts, a newspaper man.”

**Inspector Hudson:** “Well, it seems \_\_\_\_\_ you have  
more information than I have.”

*Exercise 20:* Spelling.

*Exercise 21:* True or false?



*Exercise 22:* Listen and repeat.

*Exercise 23:* Listen and write.

\_\_\_\_\_

*Exercise 24:* Fill in the right word.

**Hudson:** “Good morning, Shirley. \_\_\_\_\_ new  
on the Cole case?”

**Shirley:** “Yes, Inspector. \_\_\_\_\_ other people have  
identified the woman in the photo.”

**Hudson:** “I see. Anything else?”

**Shirley:** “A \_\_\_\_\_ at Harrods remembers  
that the woman bought an expensive handbag.  
Also, two young men have tried to use the woman’s  
credit card.”

**Hudson:** “Oh, that’s interesting. \_\_\_\_\_,  
Shirley.”



*Exercise 25:* Superlatives.

*Exercise 26:* Fill in the right word.

Daphne Cole \_\_\_\_\_ a bed and breakfast establishment for the last twenty years or so. It had been quite successful, but during the last five years there \_\_\_\_\_ fewer guests. And when the pier burnt down, one of the last great attractions in the town \_\_\_\_\_. But there \_\_\_\_\_ one or two regulars who still spent a weekend there.

*Exercise 27:* Reading comprehension.

*Exercise 28:* Odd one out.

*Exercise 29:* Mumbo-jumbo.

*Exercise 30:* True or false?



*Exercise 31:* Question tags.

*Exercise 32:* Descriptions.

*Exercise 33:* Personal Pronouns.

*Exercise 34:* Third person.



## Chapter 3: Southend-on-Sea and London

*Exercise 35:* True or false?

*Exercise 36:* Positive form.

*Exercise 37:* Fill in the right word.

**Tony Rossi:** “Hello, I’m the manager here, Tony Rossi.

I hope there are no complaints?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “No complaints, \_\_\_\_\_. I just  
need some information about Rodney Cole.”

**Tony Rossi:** “Oh, Rodney. We went to school together, but  
then he started to \_\_\_\_\_.”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Do you think he might have killed his mother?”

**Tony Rossi:** “Well, he was \_\_\_\_\_  
when he was high on drugs.”

*Exercise 38:* Descriptions.



*Exercise 39:* Prepositions.

*Exercise 40:* Odd one out.

*Exercise 41:* Spelling.

*Exercise 42:* Irregular Verbs.

*Exercise 43:* Fill in the right word.

“Mrs Cole was a \_\_\_\_\_ customer over the last few months. She bought all sorts of things and we got quite \_\_\_\_\_. She said her aunt had died, and now she wanted to splash out. She came up to London \_\_\_\_\_ once a month and spent a lot of money in my department – handbags. She bought \_\_\_\_\_ clothes, shoes, jewellery and so on. You know – fashion things.”



*Exercise 44:* Listen and repeat.

*Exercise 45:* Asking questions.

*Exercise 46:* Possessive Pronouns.

*Exercise 47:* Reading comprehension.

*Exercise 48:* Present Progressive.

*Exercise 49:* Listen and write.

\_\_\_\_\_

*Exercise 50:* Listen and repeat.



*Exercise 51:* Fill in the right word.

**Elvira Elliot:** “Who is going to inherit Daphne’s  
\_\_\_\_\_?”

**Mrs Brown:** “Well, I guess her \_\_\_\_\_ will inherit  
everything.”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Lucky chap. But he will be quite sad to have  
lost his \_\_\_\_\_ in such a cruel way.”

**Mrs Brown:** “I don’t think so – he’s a good-for-nothing. But  
Daphne \_\_\_\_\_ him.”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Thank you very much, Mrs Brown.”





## Chapter 4: A Change of Plan

*Exercise 52:* Spelling.

month

London

office

penny

*Exercise 53:* Short-form answers.

*Exercise 54:* Descriptions.

*Exercise 55:* True or false?

*Exercise 56:* Translation.

Er schrieb die Nummer auf.

Ich denke, es ist wichtig.

Hudson schaute zum Fenster hinaus.

Ich werde Ihnen sagen, wo wir uns treffen können.



*Exercise 57:* Fill in the right word.

“Listen, James, it’s Miss Paddington here. Mrs Brown rang up an \_\_\_\_\_ ago. She said she’d seen a \_\_\_\_\_ of a husband and wife in a magazine. The woman in the photo was a frequent \_\_\_\_\_ at Daphne Cole’s bed and breakfast. But the man she stayed with was definitely not her \_\_\_\_\_.”

*Exercise 58:* Listen and repeat.

*Exercise 59:* Reading comprehension.

*Exercise 60:* “a” or “an”?

*Exercise 61:* Pronunciation.

bush      number      rush      push      husband



*Exercise 62:* Fill in the right word.

**Elvira Elliot:** “Is that Rodney Cole?”

**Rodney Cole:** “Who wants to \_\_\_\_\_ to him?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “My name’s Elvira Elliot. I’m a private investigator for an \_\_\_\_\_ company.”

**Rodney Cole:** “Okay, what’s it \_\_\_\_\_, then?”

**Elvira Elliot:** “Perhaps you don’t read the papers, Mr Cole. I’m \_\_\_\_\_ your mother has died.”

*Exercise 63:* Odd one out.

*Exercise 64:* Listen and write.

\_\_\_\_\_

*Exercise 65:* Irregular Verbs.



*Exercise 66:* Homophones.

Hudson ☒ knew from experience where such relationships  
☐ new can lead.

Rodney Cole will inherit a large ☐ some  
☐ sum of money.

Give me ☐ you're office number.  
☐ your

*Exercise 67:* Fill in the right word.

Hudson knew from experience where such relationships can  
\_\_\_\_\_: scandal and bitter \_\_\_\_\_ in a  
divorce court. And if Daphne Cole had \_\_\_\_\_  
what Mrs Brown knew, then \_\_\_\_\_ was also a  
possibility. Had Josie been blackmailing Daphne?

*Exercise 68:* Personal Pronouns.



## Chapter 5: After Eight

*Exercise 69:* True or false?

*Exercise 70:* Question tags.

*Exercise 71:* Listen and write.

\_\_\_\_\_

*Exercise 72:* Descriptions.

*Exercise 73:* Negative Imperatives.

*Exercise 74:* Mumbo-jumbo.



*Exercise 75:* Fill in the right word.

**Hudson:** “Good afternoon. I need to talk to Lady Halham.”

**The butler:** “\_\_\_\_\_, her ladyship is not available at the moment.”

**Hudson:** “Well, \_\_\_\_\_ she will want to see me – my name is Rodney Cole.”

**The butler:** “Please take a seat here and \_\_\_\_\_.”

**Hudson:** “Thank you very much.”

*Exercise 76:* Odd one out.

*Exercise 77:* Spelling.

*Exercise 78:* Will-future.



*Exercise 79:* Fill in the right word.

Shortly after eight, Hudson \_\_\_\_\_ in the ‘Duck and Pheasant’, reading the paper and drinking a pint of beer. When Elvira \_\_\_\_\_ in, he caught her eye and nodded. At 8:30 p.m., he \_\_\_\_\_ a rather well-dressed man entering the pub. He had long hair and a beard. He \_\_\_\_\_ a copy of ‘The Times’ and seemed to be rather nervous. Elvira stood up and approached him.

*Exercise 80:* Listen and repeat.

*Exercise 81:* Adverbs.

*Exercise 82:* Descriptions.

*Exercise 83:* Reading comprehension.



*Exercise 84:* Fill in the right word.

**Josie Halham:** “Sorry to \_\_\_\_\_,  
Mr Cole. What can I do for you?”

**Inspector Hudson:** “You’ve been unfaithful to your husband,  
\_\_\_\_\_. All I want is my  
cut. Two thousand in cash and you’ll  
never hear from me again.”

**Josie Halham:** “\_\_\_\_\_ then. And  
don’t come back! Remember what hap-  
pened to your mother!”

**Inspector Hudson:** “\_\_\_\_\_, Josie. You’ll  
never see Rodney Cole again!”





## Lösungen

**Exercise 5:** Was the moon really shining? Had the crowds really disappeared? Was Hyde Park really quiet? Did the leaves really rustle gently?

**Exercise 6:** rain, moon, night, crowd

**Exercise 8:** The violinist began to sneeze during the second movement. Hudson has to leave early on Monday because he has to write some reports. Miss Paddington must answer the phone because Hudson often forgets to take his mobile.

**Exercise 9:** immediately, clues, empty, wrong

**Exercise 10:** Hudson is driving at the moment. Elvira is an attractive woman with red hair. Hudson talked about the case.

**Exercise 12:** She likes to solve mysteries, doesn't she? She has a vivid imagination, hasn't she? Hudson reads the paper, doesn't he? The violinist could lose his job, couldn't he?

**Exercise 13:** obvious/more obvious, great/greater, unfortunate/more unfortunate, sharp/sharper

**Exercise 15:** do, go, think, see

**Exercise 17:** name, together, police, Tell

**Exercise 19:** How, where, Who, that

**Exercise 23:** money, garden, doorbell

**Exercise 24:** Anything, Several, sales assistant, Well done

**Exercise 25:** marvellous/the most marvellous, fast/the fastest, expensive/the most expensive

**Exercise 26:** had run, had been, had been lost, had been

**Exercise 27:** Daphne Cole's neighbour was Mrs Brown. His name is Rodney. Rodney Cole is going to inherit a fortune. He meets her at the hotel bar.

**Exercise 29:** Pardon? Who did he talk to? – Pardon? Where did Elvira go? – Pardon? What did Hudson drink?

**Exercise 31:** Daphne Cole lived in Southend, didn't she? She bought a lot of things, didn't she? Hudson likes whisky, doesn't he?

**Exercise 37:** none at all, take drugs, capable of anything

**Exercise 39:** Hudson walked back into the general office. Shirley concentrated on the screen. Then she looked at Hudson.

**Exercise 43:** regular, chatty, about, mainly

**Exercise 45:** Do you want to see her today? Does she want to speak to her today? Does he want to talk to him today?

**Exercise 47:** Sir Reginald wants a result by yesterday. She called him be-



cause she recognized a woman in a society magazine. He wanted to interview a sales assistant there.

**Exercise 49:** policy, murder, hotel

**Exercise 51:** money, son, mother, loved

**Exercise 56:** He wrote down the number. I think it's important. Hudson looked out of the window. I'll tell you where we can meet.

**Exercise 57:** hour, photo, guest, husband

**Exercise 59:** Josie Halham is thirty-four years old. She paid £50 for Rodney's phone number. No, she doesn't get his address.

**Exercise 60:** an insurance, a policy, an hour, an address, a hotel

**Exercise 62:** speak, insurance, all about, afraid

**Exercise 64:** address, paper, wrong

**Exercise 66:** knew, sum, your

**Exercise 67:** lead, battles, known, blackmail

**Exercise 70:** Surprise is always the best plan of attack, isn't it? Hudson can solve every crime, can't he? Hudson and Elvira like each other, don't they?

**Exercise 71:** butler, Greece, cash

**Exercise 73:** Don't keep me waiting! Don't go off the rails! Don't end up in prison! Don't lose your temper!

**Exercise 74:** Pardon? What will we have for dinner? – Pardon? Who opened the door? – Pardon? Where does she go?

**Exercise 75:** I'm afraid, I am sure, wait a minute

**Exercise 79:** was sitting, walked, noticed, was carrying

**Exercise 81:** breezy/breezily, slight/slightly, good/well, nervous/nervously

**Exercise 83:** Sir Reginald's nickname is "The Bulldog". He is going to inherit one or two million pounds. She planned to go to Greece.

**Exercise 84:** keep you waiting, haven't you, Here you are, Don't worry



## Glossar

<i>fam</i>	umgangssprachlich
<i>fig</i>	bildlich
<i>pl</i>	Plural
<i>v</i>	Verb
<b>accidental death</b>	Unfalltod
<b>addiction</b>	Sucht
<b>adjust v</b>	zurechtrücken
<b>admire v</b>	bewundern
<b>admirer</b>	Bewunderer/Bewunderin
<b>at such short notice</b>	so kurzfristig
<b>B and B (bed and breakfast)</b>	einfache Pension
<b>bandstand</b>	Musikpavillon
<b>baton</b>	Taktstock
<b>be (was/were, been) v ashamed</b>	sich schämen
<b>be (was/were, been) v at the end of one's tether <i>fig</i></b>	am Ende sein
<b>beneficiary</b>	begünstigte Person, Erbe/Erbin
<b>blackmail v</b>	erpressen
<b>blackmail</b>	Erpressung
<b>blank</b>	hier: Platzpatrone
<b>bob v to and fro</b>	hin und her schaukeln
<b>breathe v down sb.'s neck <i>fig</i></b>	jmd. die Hölle heiß machen <i>fig</i>
<b>breezy</b>	hier: fröhlich
<b>bundle v</b>	hier: verfrachten
<b>buzz v</b>	summen
<b>carrier bag</b>	Plastiktüte
<b>catch (caught, caught) v one's breath</b>	den Atem anhalten
<b>CCTV (closed circuit television)</b>	Überwachungskamera
<b>cemetery</b>	Friedhof



**chaperone**  
**choke** *v on sth.*

**clip round the ear**  
**conductor**

**confidential**  
**convenient**

**corpse**  
**credentials** *pl*

**court case**  
**cut**

**desperately**  
**disappoint** *v*

**distribute** *v*  
**divorce**

**divulge** *v*  
**dolly bird** *fam*

**double malt**  
**drab**

**drain** *v*  
**drop-out**

**due**  
**erect** *v*

**estuary**  
**familiar**

**fancy**  
**fancy dress party**

**favour**  
**fellow**

**fishy** *fig*  
**fit as a fiddle** *fig*

**frail**  
**frame** *v sb. fam*

Anstandsdame  
hier: sich an etw.  
verschlucken  
Ohrfeige  
Dirigent(in)  
vertraulich  
passend  
Leichnam  
Papiere  
Gerichtsfall  
hier: (finanzieller) Anteil

dringend  
enttäuschen  
verteilen  
Scheidung  
preisgeben  
Püppchen *fam*,  
attraktives Mädchen

billiger Malzwhisky  
trist, eintönig  
leeren, entleeren  
Aussteiger(in)  
fällig, vorgesehen  
aufstellen  
Flussmündung  
bekannt  
schick, ausgefallen  
Kostümfest  
Gefallen  
Bursche  
suspekt  
kerngesund  
gebrechlich  
jmd. etw. anhängen



<b>frame-up</b>	abgekartetes Spiel
<b>freeze (froze, frozen) v</b>	hier: erstarren
<b>fuss v around</b>	herumfuhrwerken
<b>get (got, got) v chatty</b>	sich anfreunden
<b>get (got, got) v sth. over and done with</b>	etw. erledigen
<b>get (got, got) v together</b>	hier: zusammenkommen
<b>give (gave, given) v sb. a buzz <i>fam</i></b>	jmd. anrufen
<b>glint v</b>	funkeln
<b>glove compartment</b>	Handschuhfach
<b>God Save the Queen</b>	britische Nationalhymne
<b>good-for-nothing <i>fam</i></b>	Taugenichts
<b>go (went, gone) v off the rails <i>fig</i></b>	auf die schiefe Bahn geraten
<b>go (went, gone) v round the bend <i>fam</i></b>	hier: ausrasten
<b>grab v</b>	greifen, schnappen
<b>grateful</b>	dankbar
<b>grin v</b>	grinsen
<b>hail v</b>	hier: anhalten
<b>handcuffs <i>pl</i></b>	Handschellen
<b>hard-boiled detective <i>fig</i></b>	hartgesottener Detektiv
<b>hay fever</b>	Heuschnupfen
<b>head v</b>	hinsteuern, hingehen
<b>heave v</b>	hieven
<b>high-profile</b>	hochrangig
<b>high tide</b>	Flut
<b>hook</b>	Haken
<b>hooked</b>	gefangen
<b>hover v</b>	sich herumtreiben
<b>in anticipation</b>	erwartungsvoll
<b>in favour of</b>	zugunsten von
<b>inherit v</b>	erben
<b>inquiries <i>pl</i></b>	Ermittlungen
<b>insurance broker</b>	Versicherungsmakler(in)
<b>intercom</b>	Sprechanlage



**interrogation**

**intrude** *v*

**I scratch your back, you scratch mine.** *fig*

**It stands to reason!**

**Just what the doctor ordered!** *fam*  
**kickback**

**layabout**

**lead**

**leer** *v*

**let (let, let)** *v* sth. **slide**

**liveried footman**

**low tide**

**magnifying glass**

**make (made, made)** *v* a fool of sb.

**make (made, made)** *v* a fool  
of oneself

**medley**

**middle-aged**

**movement**

**muddle**

**mugger**

**mugging**

**nail** *v* sb. *fig*

**not in the slightest**

**obey** *v*

**Old Bailey (Central Criminal Court)**

**peal of laughter**

**peddle** *v* drugs

**pier**

**piercing**

Verhör

stören

Eine Hand wäscht die  
andere. *fig*

Das leuchtet ein!

Genau das Richtige!

Extravergütung,  
Bestechungsgeld

Penner *fam*

Spur

heimtückisch blicken

etw. vernachlässigen

Diener in Livree

Ebbe

Vergrößerungsglas

jmd. auf den Arm  
nehmen *fig*

sich blamieren

Potpourri

mittleren Alters

hier: Satz (Musik)

Durcheinander

Straßenräuber

Raubüberfall

jmd. festnehmen

nicht im Geringsten

gehorschen

alter Gerichtshof in London

schallendes Gelächter

Drogen verkaufen,  
verhökern

Pierpromenade

durchdringend



<b>port</b>	Portwein
<b>premium</b>	hier: Beitrag
<b>pretend</b> <i>v</i>	vortäuschen
<b>prime suspect</b>	Hauptverdächtige(r)
<b>pushy</b>	penetrant, aufdringlich
<b>queue</b>	Schlange
<b>quid</b> <i>fam</i>	Pfund (britische Währung)
<b>recover</b> <i>v from</i>	sich erholen von
<b>reel</b> <i>v in</i>	an Land ziehen
<b>release</b> <i>v</i>	hier: freigeben, veröffentlichen
<b>relieved</b>	erleichtert
<b>roam</b> <i>v around</i>	herumstreunen
<b>roast potatoes</b>	grob geschnittene, im Ofen gebratene Kartoffeln
<b>roundabout</b>	Kreisverkehr
<b>Royal Horse Artillery (RHA)</b>	ein Garderegiment
<b>Rule Britannia</b>	altes, patriotisches Lied
<b>rule</b> <i>v the roost</i> <i>fam</i>	der Herr im Hause sein
<b>rustle</b> <i>v</i>	rascheln
<b>saunter</b> <i>v</i>	schlendern
<b>scare</b> <i>v sb. stiff</i> <i>fam</i>	jmd. zu Tode erschrecken
<b>seal</b> <i>v off</i>	abriegeln
<b>sheepishly</b>	verlegen
<b>sigh of relief</b>	Seufzer der Erleichterung
<b>skim</b> <i>v</i>	überfliegen
<b>slit (slit, slit)</b> <i>v one's wrists</i>	sich die Pulsadern aufschneiden
<b>snap</b> <i>v</i>	zuschnappen
<b>sneeze</b> <i>v</i>	niesen
<b>sniffle</b> <i>v</i>	schniefen
<b>snort</b> <i>v</i>	schnauben
<b>source</b>	Quelle
<b>splash</b> <i>v out</i>	tüchtig in die Tasche greifen



<b>splutter</b> <i>v</i>	stottern, zischen
<b>squad</b>	Mannschaft, Trupp
<b>squeeze</b> <i>v</i>	herauspressen
<b>stare</b> <i>v</i> <b>at</b>	anstarren
<b>startled</b>	überrascht
<b>stern</b>	streng
<b>stew</b> <i>v</i> <b>in one's own juice</b> <i>fam</i>	im eigenen Saft schmoren <i>fam</i>
<b>stick-in-the-mud</b>	Muffel <i>fam</i>
<b>stiff whisky</b>	Whisky ohne Zusatz (Whisky pur)
<b>still</b>	hier: reglos
<b>stroke of luck</b>	Glücksfall
<b>suspicion</b>	Verdacht
<b>take (took, taken)</b> <i>v</i> <b>the bait</b> <i>fig</i>	anbeißen
<b>tape</b>	Band
<b>throw (threw, thrown)</b> <i>v</i> <b>sb. a crumb</b>	hier: jmd. einen Informa- tionsbrocken zuwerfen
<b>trace</b> <i>v</i>	auffinden
<b>tremor</b>	Beben, Zittern
<b>turn</b> <i>v</i> <b>up like a bad penny</b> <i>fam</i>	immer wieder auftauchen
<b>twirl</b> <i>v</i>	hier: (herum)drehen
<b>unannounced</b>	unangemeldet
<b>unattended</b>	unbeaufsichtigt
<b>victim</b>	Opfer
<b>violent death</b>	gewaltsamer Tod
<b>vivid</b>	lebhaft
<b>white lie</b>	Notlüge
<b>whiz kid</b>	Senkrechtstarter, Experte
<b>wipe</b> <i>v</i>	(ab)wischen
<b>wrap</b> <i>v</i> <b>up</b>	hier: einpacken; abwickeln
<b>Yorkshire pudding</b>	typisch englische Beilage zu Fleischgerichten





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