Introduction


Winter can be the most magical time to visit Britain. Find out why in the Roundtable discussion.

We put a modern twist on another famous fairy tale as the Grammar Tales series continues. This time, it’s The Princess and the Pea.

If cold and snow are getting you down, perhaps a horseback safari in South Africa might cheer you up. Climb into the saddle in the travel section.

Britain Today

[2] Love English? Oh, yes we do!

David: What on earth could 1970s pop group Abba, Christmas Mass and pantomimes have in common? Somehow our columnist Colin Beaven has found the connection in Britain Today.

At Christmas, the British go places they avoid during the rest of the year. They go to church, for example. Sometimes it’s standing room only when cathedrals have a carol service, and midnight Mass on Christmas Eve can be surprisingly busy anywhere.

What makes people want to go to church so late at night? I suspect it’s because a lot of old Abba songs are played at noisy Christmas parties. Clearly, the words “Gimme, gimme, gimme a man after midnight” are misheard as “Gimme, gimme, gimme amen after midnight”.

Theatres are also fuller than usual, because families go to pantomimes. A Christmas panto is based on a fairy story such as Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty. Retold as a family show, it has song, dance, colourful costumes,
Whenever you hear that a product is “clinically proven” to help you, it’s time to shout, “Oh, no it isn’t!”

There are also plenty of extremist politicians who seem to think they’re Prince Charming and that a simplistic idea is the answer to a complex problem. All together now: “Oh, no it isn’t!”

Some pantomimes take place inside a theatre, others outside it. If we tried to export open disbelief from the one to the other, it might help to shake us out of our usual stupor.

It’s a waste of time trying to do that on Christmas Day, when we’ve had far too much to eat and drink and have sunk deep into our traditional Christmas mega stupor. Or, as Abba called it in a song that became one of their biggest hits: “Super stupor...”

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, page 13
A Day in My Life

[3] Come stay with me

David: In A Day in My Life, we meet Peter Mangan. The 47-year-old Irishman is the founder and CEO of The Freebird Club, a peer-to-peer social travel and home-stay club for people over 50 years of age. Listen now as Mangan explains the concept of the club.

The Freebird Club — it’s a peer-to-peer social club based around travel. What we’re trying to do is create a community of like-minded peers, people over 50, who are interested in meeting new people, either through traveling and staying with other members of the club or hosting them, inviting them to their own homes. It’s often been compared to Airbnb, but what I would say is, it’s a social club version, which is based around predominantly the social interaction side of things. So, it’s not just finding a nice place to stay, it’s about connecting with somebody who might have similar interests and is willing to invite you to stay in their house.

David: Where did Mangan get the idea for the club?

I came up with the idea because I actually built a house [on] a bit of land down in County Kerry in Ireland, where I’m from. And while I was away, working and living in the city in Dublin, my father, who’s retired, he’s a widower now and living on his own, he’s in his early 70s, he was the one doing most of the meeting and greeting of guests on my behalf because I was away in the city. And he clearly enjoyed this, meeting people from different places, and that social interaction was very positive for him. But then, when some older guests came, people of a similar vintage to himself, things just went to a whole other level. All of a sudden, they were going sightseeing together, he was taking them out and about. There were dinners and nights in the pub together and even the odd game of golf. And this was really adding value and adding a whole new social dimension to his life. Furthermore, the kind of reviews I got from these older guests was that this social connection was one of
the highlights of the trip, so it led me to think: There’s an awful lot of older people, some of whom are struggling with issues of loneliness and isolation that we keep hearing about. Here’s a great way to enable people to connect, spend some time together and have some fun. And so I started thinking how I could replicate this, and the next thing you know you’re in a start-up, trying to make it happen.

See Spotlight 13/2018, pages 38–39

Roundtable

[4] A British winter

David: Cosy pubs, crisp winter walks, Christmas markets in quaint villages — winter in Britain can be surprisingly enjoyable. In a society feature in Spotlight, we look at some of the best ways to enjoy this special season in the UK. Now, members of the Spotlight team and guests discuss the theme in this edition’s Roundtable.

Inez: Hello, welcome to Roundtable. Our topic this time is Britain in winter. Now, I have with me in the studio our speaker Tania Higgins. Welcome, Tania. And Claudine Weber-Hof, Spotlight’s deputy editor. We’re going to talk about our experiences of Britain in winter and, of course, I hope there’s going to be some nice romantic stories. Tania, what’s your association with Britain in winter?

Tania: Well, I went to boarding school, and one of the first thing that I associate with winter was the beginning of the winter term and that meant greasing the lacrosse sticks, because [they have] leather straps. So first of all, we had to do that, and then going to play lacrosse, which was on the front pitches, on the cliff, which was really windy because it was down in Brighton. And so we had this cold, biting wind and playing lacrosse with short skirts and no gloves on. So that’s my association with the beginning of winter, and then there are a lot of other very pleasant associations with winter in England. Pantomime definitely has something to do with winter for me. Pantomime in
England, which I’m happy to explain to German friends.

**Inez:** I get that, I get that. I think they should have pantomimes here. I think they’re great.

**Tania:** And then all the great Christmas food — the mince pies and the Christmas pudding. And then Christmas in England, of course.

**Inez:** Well, the first thing you were talking about sounds like something from an Enid Blyton novel. It really does. I think anybody who’s read *Malory Towers*, what were those books called, I can’t remember, will be able to understand that. Claudine, you’re an American. The British winter — can you find anything to love?

**Claudine:** Well, I can. It takes a little doing perhaps, one might say. For example, I can very much recommend a train trip in the wintertime, and I took one. I went from southern Scotland up to the far northeast.

**Inez:** Oh, wow! That’s a brave trip to take in winter.

**Claudine:** In December, believe it or not! But it’s actually really a nice kind of adventure. We started out in Glasgow where the weather was bad. That said, The Willow Tea Rooms, which is a famous place to visit, designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, was a fantastic place to get in out of the weather.

**Inez:** I can imagine, yeah. We do cosy in a big way.

**Claudine:** The Scots do cosy in a really wonderful way. So, the journey went on from there to Edinburgh, the capital, which was also, you know, a little on the chilly side. But there’s wonderful shopping in Edinburgh that’s all indoors. You can get yourself a very nice pull-over there.

**Inez:** Some tartan.

**Claudine:** Indeed, indeed. But then the exciting parts of the trip was that we went up to the north-east. We went to this little place called Lossiemouth, have you ever heard of it? We’ve got the River Lossie, which meets the North Sea, and you have this, essentially, fishing village right there on the water with beautiful, broad beaches. And you’re standing out there, and the North Sea wind is whipping through your hair, and you’re watching the

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**chilly**  
- kalt, eisig

**Christmas pudding**  
- Plumpudding, eine Art flambierter Kuchen mit Trockenfrüchten

**mince pie**  
- kleine, mit Trockenfrüchten gefüllte Küchlein

**tartan**  
- Tartan, karieter Schottenstoff

**do cosy**  
- es sich warm und gemütlich machen

**Malory Towers**  
- dt. Buchtitel: Dolly

**whip**  
- peitschen
black-headed gulls wheeling overhead, and then you think to yourself, “Good Lord, it’s cold!”

Inez: Which it most certainly is, yes.
Claudine: Do you know what the next thing is that you do?
Inez: Something to do with a pub?
Claudine: That’s correct! There’s a pub on the beach there at Lossiemouth. You go inside, go up to the bar and if you’re very, very nice to the bartender, he or she will give you an introduction to the single malt Scotch.
Inez: Which you need.
Claudine: Which at that point, you really do need — almost on a medicinal basis. And that’s what we did, and we had a really lovely time. I mean, the thing about Scotland is people are so warm and friendly that no matter the temperature, you’re likely to have a good time.
Inez: No, I get that. I have to confess that although I have Scottish ancestors, I’ve never been to Scotland. I know! It’s, like, honesty.
Claudine: Which it most certainly is, yes.

Tania: I’ve got Irish ancestors, Higgins is an Irish name, and I’ve never been to Ireland.
Inez: So, for me, Britain in winter is definitely England, and I was talking about this with some colleagues yesterday, and I said how nice the climate is because it doesn’t actually get freezing, freezing cold. And then I mentioned the term “maritime climate”, and they all fell about laughing because to them it’s something like Bermuda or Barbados. But what I meant is, because we’re always somehow quite close to sea, there’s lots of weather. So you get sunshine and you get snow and you get a little bit of rain, and if you have a lovely blue afternoon, winter afternoon, with a nice sort of reddish-blue sky, and you plop a nice stately home in front of it, I mean, what could be more romantic and lovely than that? And we got dragged around every stately home in Britain by my German mum, who felt it was incumbent upon her to educate us in British history. So that’s what I remember. I also do remember the schooling in Britain, and how strict they were. I don’t know whether it’s still the case now, but we got sent out in every weather in our school uniforms, which were not warm. And it was just a process of hardening us. It was cruel, I felt. My mum thought it was cruel, too, but
that didn’t help. So that’s a little bit, sort of, my memory as well. Yes, I do think the British do cosy, as well. Even if it’s that sort of bone-chilling cold outside, you can always go into a nice pub or restaurant.

**Tania:** But on the topic of weather, which the Brits like so much, I must say that, like you said, the cold that you experience in winter in England is nothing like the cold that I experienced the first time I came to Germany. And I always say I learned to wear long johns for the first time when I moved to Germany because the first winter I spent in Germany was minus 25 degrees! That was a different kind of cold. And, like you say, because it’s a maritime climate in England, yeah, it’s cold, but especially in the south of England, which is again different to the north of England, and definitely different to Scotland, it rarely snows. I mean, if it snows in England in winter, you know, they go crazy. They don’t have winter tyres, everything stops. They just don’t know what to do with it! And in Germany, everyone’s so organized, and they’ve got the gravel and the salt, and straight-away they’re clearing up. Everything is sorted, and in England it’s just chaos if it snows. So, this whole concept of cold, I learned about that when I moved to Germany. Real cold.

**Inez:** I understand that. My first winter, I can’t remember, some time in the ’90s, it was freezing, and I went out in a pair of thin trousers and I thought my legs were on fire. It was just so cold. I’d no experience of that at all.

**Tania:** One of the things about cold that a lot of Germans laugh about when they go to England is the British women wear miniskirts without tights in the midwinter. Now that is typically British: British women wearing short skirts and no tights in winter.

**Inez:** And the nice blue legs to go with it.

**Tania:** They just don’t feel the cold so much.

**Inez:** So, lots of things to see in Britain in the winter. Thank you very much indeed. Thank you.

See Spotlight 13/2018, pages 14–21

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**Everyday English**

[5] **Baking for Christmas**

**David:** It’s hard to believe that the holidays are almost upon us. It’s that magical time of year

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when everything glitters, secret packages pile up in stockings and Christmas treats beckon. In Everyday English, we meet Holly and Chris, a married couple who are getting into the holiday spirit. In the first dialogue, it’s Friday evening, and Holly has just come home from work. She and Chris are in the kitchen. Listen and answer the following question. Why won’t the family have mince pies for dessert?

Chris: Hi, love! You’re a bit late. The traffic was probably awful, was it?
Holly: It wasn’t great. I did a little bit of shopping after work, and it took longer than I thought. The town was packed. It’s just bonkers at this time of year.
Chris: I know. Anyway, dinner’s nearly ready.
Holly: It smells delicious. What are we having?
Chris: Chicken curry. We’re just waiting for the rice.
Holly: Yum! And we can have mince pies for dessert.
Chris: Um, I have a confession to make. I’m afraid there aren’t any mince pies left.
Holly: What? Who ate them? You can’t have eaten all of them!
Chris: Well, the kids helped, and George from across the road popped in. He had one or two.

David: So why won’t the family have mince pies for dessert? It’s because Chris, their sons and their neighbour George have eaten the mince pies already. However, Christmas without mince pies just wouldn’t be the same. And because Chris and his sons feel bad about eating the pies, they decide to bake new ones. What are the main ingredients they will need to bake them?

Holly: Jack! Elbow off the table!
Jack: But Sam’s got his elbow on the table, too.
Chris: Sam! You, too!
Holly: I have a bone to pick with you two. Dad said you ate all the mince pies.
Jack: We did not! Dad had loads and so did George. Are they all gone?
Chris: Sorry, boys. They were just so good! How about us all helping to make some more tomorrow? It’s only fair, seeing as we ate them all.
Holly: Great! How about you three doing the baking, while I put my feet up?
Chris: We can handle that, can’t we boys? How hard can it be?
Holly: You’ll have to go and get some more mincemeat first.
Chris: OK. Is there anything else we need?

becken — winken, locken
piloup — sich stapeln
stocking — Strumpf
confession — Beichte, Geständnis
treat — Leckerei
imaginable. My African-American contemporaries, however, did not have the same opportunities. I can remember the days when schools were segregated, and blacks were not allowed to sit at the same lunch counter as whites. There were still laws on the books that made it illegal for a white person to marry a non-white. And there were even lynchings in the South. All this happened during my lifetime. Not to mention our long history of treating Native Americans terribly. Yes, there is surely a lot about America that is great, but there has also been a lot that was not so great. The 1960s were another dark chapter in our history — and not just for blacks. The Vietnam War was raging; there were race riots in many US cities; and President John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Bobby Kennedy were assassinated. In the spring of 1970, it

“Make America Great Again.” It’s a slogan that began to appear on T-shirts and hats when Donald Trump was running for president. Apparently, he and his supporters did not think that America was great at that point in our history. It’s a debatable topic. I was born in the 1950s and grew up in a country that provided me with every opportunity

| apparently | offensichtlich |
| assassinate | ermorden |
| cinnamon | Zimt |
| debatable | umstritten, fragwürdig |
| flour | Mehl |
| icing sugar | Puderzucker |
| lunch counter | Snackbar, Imbisstheke |
| race riot | Rassenkrawall |
| rage | wüten |
all came to a head when members of the National Guard shot and killed four students on the campus of Kent State University in Ohio as they were protesting against the war. Our government was killing young US citizens for exercising their right of free speech. America, “the great”? Although I am proud to be an American, I am also not so naive as to believe we have no faults. Our country is extremely divided today. But that’s nothing new. In the 19th century, the American Civil War pitted friends and family members against each other. And 100 years later, in the 1960s, the battle lines were drawn again. Today, we have aggressive white supremacists, bullies of all ages, and people who want to close our borders to immigrants. They are afraid of people who look different from themselves. They support the president’s call for a wall to keep the “undesirable elements” out. Other countries built walls in the recent past — but they were to keep people in, not out. Is this perhaps the underlying reason for Trump’s wall as well? Will we become a country that citizens want to leave instead of one that people are anxious to move into? I moved from the US to Germany in the early 1970s because I didn’t agree with the direction in which our country was moving. Thankfully, I had the freedom to do so. But I kept my citizenship and moved back to the US 20 years later. Today, I disagree more strongly than ever with the direction our country is headed. But I’m not leaving this time. I’m staying and working to change things for the better. It’s the one thing that Trump and I happen to agree on: Making America great again. It’s just that his definition of “great” differs so much from mine.

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, page 26

Grammar Tales


David: Our series of fairy tales with a twist continues. This time, we present a modern
didn’t think he was fussy. He simply didn’t want to make the same mistake that his uncle, his aunt and his parents had made. He had no desire to go through a right royal divorce. “The public have simply lost interest, your royal highness,” Darren said. Merchandise sales have slumped dramatically, and the loss in revenue has meant that we’ve had to open up a retelling of *The Princess and the Pea*, reinvented here as “The prince and the pea”. Our grammar focus in this episode is on adverbs. Listen out for examples of adverbs in the story, for example in this sentence: “A dried pea had been secretly placed under all the mattresses.” The adverb is, of course, “secretly”. Adverb forms are explained in the booklet.

Once upon a time, there was an unmarried prince called Ferdinand. Ferdinand looked in the mirror. He straightened his tie and tried to ignore his receding hairline. One more elimination round, and he could go home to the palace — perhaps with a bride. Finding a wife on national television seemed to be very much against the grain, but his advisers had told him it was just what the royal family needed to boost its popularity. Prince Ferdinand’s private secretary, Darren, was quite insistent. “The royal family needs to prove that it’s not just a collection of relics from a bygone era,” he said. “Did you know that, according to recent polls, 74 per cent of the population think you’ll never get married? You can no longer afford to be so fussy.” Ferdinand winced. The tabloids were full of tales of his dalliances with beautiful women and regularly listed them, together with their “flaws”: too thin, too athletic, too old, too political... The list went on. It was all rubbish. He

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the east wing of the palace for weddings and other events.”

Ferdinand sighed.

“A royal wedding is the answer,” Darren went on. “It would give a huge boost to morale. And a royal baby or two would be even better.”

More than 5,000 women had applied to appear on the show, but after a strict vetting procedure, only 12 were considered worthy to take part. These women had been on one-on-one or two-on-one dates with the prince and had taken part in various challenges and competitions. Now only three women were left — Amelia, Brigid and Carmeline. Ferdinand knew which of the three he would like to know better. When he had first seen her, he had known that she had a face he would never tire of looking at. When she smiled, it was as if a light shone from within her, making everything around her warmer and brighter. But did she like him?

The prince had lost count of how many elimination rounds there had been. The rounds that stuck in his memory were the glass-slipper round, the seven-dwarfs round and the kiss-the-frog round. The producers had gone mad with the princess theme. They’d saved the pea round for last. Apparently, there had been a great deal of discussion about the name.

Last night, the contestants had slept in four-poster beds piled high with 20 mattresses, beneath which a dried pea had been secretly placed. Only a real lady would be sensitive enough to feel the pea through so many mattresses.

Ferdinand walked on to the set. The contestants had been styled to within an inch of their lives and smiled at the prince as he entered. Ferdinand glanced at the autocue and asked Amelia, “How did you sleep last night?”

“Very well,” replied Amelia. “It was the best night’s sleep I’ve had in ages.”

“That’s good,” said the prince. He was relieved. He wasn’t keen on Amelia. He’d overheard her joking about the other women, but the producers had insisted on keeping her on the show because she was popular with viewers.
Turning to Carmeline, he asked, “How did you sleep?” “Very peacefully,” she giggled. “With all those mattresses, it was like sleeping on a giant marshmallow.”

“Excellent!” responded Ferdinand. There was no doubt that Carmeline had a sweet nature, but Ferdinand hadn’t been able to have a proper conversation with her at any point during filming. He hadn’t had the heart to eliminate her, though.

He looked at Brigid and smiled. “And Brigid, how did you sleep?”

“I slept fine,” replied Brigid.

“Really?” Ferdinand was disappointed.

“Well, actually, no, not really. I hardly slept at all, to be honest. There was something hard in the mattress, and it kept poking me in the ribs.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” beamed the prince.

“You don’t look very sorry,” teased Brigid with a twinkle in her eye.

“I appreciate your honesty,” laughed Ferdinand as he walked towards her.

Brigid held out her hands. Ferdinand took them and asked hopefully, “Do you think you would like to get to know me and my complicated family?”

“Why, yes!” exclaimed Brigid. “But does that mean you’re not going to propose to me on national television?” She asked this, pretending to sulk.

Ferdinand smiled. “We already know you’re a queen. You felt the pea through all the mattresses. You won the round!”

“There was a pea under the mattresses? Who’d have thought it?” laughed Brigid.

After getting to know each other — away from prying eyes and hidden cameras — Ferdinand and Brigid decided they would like to spend the rest of their lives together. The nation rejoiced, Darren heaved a sigh of relief, and the pea was put on display in the television studio, where future generations would be able to look at it and wonder at the role it had played in bringing together the king and queen. And everyone lived happily ever after.

**What did they say?**

When the prince asks the contestants, “How did you sleep?”, each one responds differently, but they all use **adverbs** to describe how they slept.

Amelia says: “Very well.”

And Carmeline says: “Very peacefully.”

Brigid says: “I slept fine.”

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**Glossary**

- apprecie - schätzen
- giggle - kichern
- heave - hier: ausstoßen
- prying - neugierig
- rejoice - jubeln
- sulk - schmollen
- twinkle - Funkeln, Zwinkern
A lot of adverbs are formed by adding “-ly” to the end of the adjective: 

deepl — deeply; peaceful — peacefully; sound — soundly

I had a peaceful night. I slept peacefully.

Some adjectives and adverbs have the same form:

fast — fast; fine — fine; hard — hard;
late — late; straight — straight

She’s doing fine. She’s doing a fine job.

The first “fine” above is an adverb; the second is an adjective.

In some cases, the adverb can have two forms — one like the adjective and one ending with “-ly”. The two different forms usually have different meanings, however.

Finely means “cut into very small pieces”:

She cut the onion finely.

Hardly means “very little” or “almost not”:

I hardly slept at all.

Lately means “recently”:

Have you seen any good shows lately?

Well is the adverb corresponding to good:

I had a very good night. I slept well.

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, pages 22–24

Replay

[8] Inez: Welcome to Replay, the listening exercise in which we look at a recent news story, its background and language. In this edition: Life and health insurance companies are benefiting from big data to select the most profitable clients. This could leave those who most need insurance out in the cold.

[9] Big data and insurance: knowing too much

Inez: In the past, insurance companies sold policies to customers they knew little about. The companies could always refer to group statistics for more information, but these were highly generalized. Today, insurance companies in some countries work with data brokers that collect huge amounts of information about individuals from both public and private sources. Developing from the rise of the internet and advances in computing technology, these massive collections of information have been given the name “big data”.

In an opinion piece from Britain’s Guardian
a “mismatch” is a combination of things that don’t go together well or aren’t suitable for each other. Here’s the second excerpt.

Insurance works because we are ignorant of our individual fates. ... Any of us might turn out to be a bad risk [which] makes it sensible for everyone to insure against that remote chance. The pooling of individual risks ... underlies the whole system. But there is a subtle mismatch of aims between insurers and their customers. The customers want to avoid the consequences of misfortune; the insurers want customers who avoid misfortune. The two aims are reconciled because both sides are operating behind a veil of ignorance.

Insurers have an interest in knowing as much as possible about their customers. Customers

Is it reasonable for life insurance companies to demand that their customers try to get fit? ... John Hancock, one of the oldest life insurance companies in the US, announced [recently] that it would in future only write policies that offer rewards for customers who use various forms of fitness trackers or join gyms. Similar offers are available in Britain, where 1.1 million people have signed up to such schemes. ... But if the process is carried to extremes, it could undermine one of the fundamental principles of any insurance market.

Inez: In the second excerpt, the writers discuss how the insurance industry has traditionally worked for the benefit of insurance companies and their customers. Before you listen, let’s look at some useful vocabulary. A “remote chance” is a very small possibility. And
have an interest in insurers underestimating their real risk. ... Each individual customer also has an interest in the insurers pricing all the others accurately, with the help of as much information as possible. And both sides will benefit if ways are found to reduce the risk of the misfortune insured against. ... The balance between knowledge and ignorance of risk has traditionally been struck at the level of statistical knowledge about large groups. ...

**Inez:** In the final excerpt, the Guardian writers warn that the use of big data for insurance purposes could fundamentally damage both the concept of insurance and society in general. Here’s some important vocabulary. A quality or feature of somebody can be called an “attribute”. And a “disparity” is a difference, especially one connected with unfair treatment or social inequality.

But statistically significant groups are getting smaller in the age of big data. In the US, one data company uses 442 nonmedical attributes to predict medical costs and so which clients are profitable to insure. In the light of the health disparities between the rich and poor areas of Britain, private insurers could do the same here with no more information than a postcode. This is why the NHS has to cover everyone, if it is to work as it should. The risks must be shared between healthy and unhealthy, rich and poor. ...

**Source:** Guardian News & Media 2018

**[10] Words and phrases**

**Inez:** Let’s see if you can remember the meaning of some of the words and phrases from the text. I’m going to give you a definition. Do you know the word or phrase that fits? Ready?

A quality or feature of somebody can be called an... attribute.

What can we call a combination of things that don’t go together well or aren’t suitable for each other? A mismatch

What noun is a plan or system for doing or organizing something? A scheme

A difference connected with unfair treatment or social inequality is known as a... disparity.

What verb means to make something weaker or less effective? To undermine

And a very small possibility can be called a... remote chance.
With that, we end Replay for this edition. We hope you’ve found our explanations useful. Till next time, goodbye.

See Spotlight 13/2018, page 29

Travel


David: How does a horseback safari in South Africa sound to you? In the Spotlight travel feature, correspondent Lois Hoyal and her family travel through the African bush in search of giraffes, rhinos and antelopes. You’re about to hear an excerpt from the feature. As you listen, try to answer the following questions.

What two animals are excluded from the game reserve?
How many varieties of birds are there in the reserve?

Do you remember that scene near the beginning of the Steven Spielberg blockbuster Jurassic Park, when giant, long-necked brachiosaurus peacefully graze on the top leaves of a tree, much to their onlookers’ surprise? I am reliving that scene right now. Of course, there isn’t a dinosaur in sight. But directly in front of me stands a herd of huge, graceful and mind-blowingly beautiful giraffes happily chewing away on some treetops. My mouth falls open. I am speechless with wonder.

The giraffes stand among the trees in front of us, happy in their herd and busy grazing. We move closer to watch them enjoy their morning feed.

The largest giraffe, clearly the dominant male, throws a questioning look in our direction. We must meet with his approval or aren’t considered a threat, for no matter how close we are, he simply returns to the more important business of chewing his cud.

Mixed in among these elegant creatures is a small herd of zebra, including a foal, already showing the distinctive black and white markings. I am here with my own little herd: my husband, Barnaby, and my two daughters, Eleri, 11 years old, and Aeronwy, nine. For the

chew the cud
→ wiederkäuen

distinctive
→ charakteristisch

excerpt
→ Auszug

foal
→ Fohlen

game reserve
→ Wildreservat

graceful
→ elegant, anmutig

graze on sth.
→ etw. abweiden

marking
→ Markierung; hier: Zeichnung

onlooker
→ Zuschauer(in), Betrachter(in)

rhino
→ Nashorn
After walking for a long time, we increase the tempo. “Are you ready for some yee-haw?” shouts Moses, as his horse breaks into a canter. My horse, Tongabeze, whom I call Tongababy, also begins a steady canter, not even slowing when a herd of zebra crosses the track in front of us. “Zebra crossing!” jokes Aeronwy. Never have I cantered for so long, around bends, up hills, red dust flying up from the horses’ hooves the entire time. Brightly coloured birds fly overhead: there are some 300 varieties in the reserve.

next week, our knowledgeable guide, Moses Skosana, will be leading us around the African bush on horseback.

We’re a long way from home: in the Waterberg, a UNESCO biosphere reserve in northern South Africa’s Limpopo Province. We’re spending five days at Ant’s Nest, a luxurious bush camp in a 12,500-acre private game reserve that is rich in wildlife. Here, 90 horses live alongside the wild animals, including rhino, buffalo, leopard, wildebeest, mongoose, baboon, jackal, aardvark, hyena, porcupine, impala and what seem like every type of antelope known to man, including rare Livingstone eland and sable. Elephants and lions are excluded, Moses tells me, as these could be dangerous for horse and rider. Too right, I think to myself.

It’s our first full day and we are still getting used to the heat, the expansive landscape and the sheer wildness and otherness of it all. For the animals, though, this area of harsh beauty is home. Luckily, the horses here don’t spook when they encounter other animals. And the wildlife recognizes you only as a harmless horse, not as a horse and rider, when on horseback, Moses explains. This allows you to observe the wildlife from up close.

“It’s not a good idea to stand up in your stirrups or wave your arms about, though,” Moses tells me, and I’m happy to take his word for it.
**David:** Were you able to answer the questions? What two animals are excluded from the game reserve? Elephants and lions are excluded.

How many varieties of birds are there in the reserve? There are around 300 varieties there.

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, pages 30–37

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**English at Work**

**[12] Teleconferencing**

**David:** In each edition, business communication expert Ken Taylor joins us in the studio with tips on using English at work. This time, Ken has advice on successfully teleconferencing.

**Ken:** Hello. This is Ken Taylor from London. Teleconferencing is an important tool for international teamwork. But it can be a difficult tool to manage when you have participants with different levels of linguistic competence. A good teleconference facilitator can usually deal with this situation, but unfortunately many facilitators are not that competent. Then you have to manage the situation yourself. Let’s practise five common situations that you may face during a teleconference and the language you can use to deal with those difficulties. John’s taking part in a teleconference. First, you’ll hear a description of the problem he’s facing. Then you’ll hear a short **extract** from the conference. Finally, we’ll explain and practise the language John uses to deal with the situation. OK? Let’s begin. In the first extract, Mary is speaking too quickly. Listen to what John says.

**Mary:** So first we should set up a small team to look into the problem that needs to report **asap** to Charles, and then we need to come up with some solutions that our **CEO** and **CFO** can buy into...

**John:** Sorry to interrupt, Mary, but could you take that again more slowly, please?

**Ken:** John interrupts politely and asks Mary to repeat what she has said more slowly. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** Sorry to interrupt, Mary, but could you...
take that again more slowly, please?

**Ken:** Now, Mary is speaking too quietly. Listen to what John says again.

**Mary:** We only need two or three people to look into this. I’d be happy to volunteer.

**John:** Sorry, Mary. I’m afraid I didn’t catch that. Could you speak up a bit, please?

**Ken:** John uses the word “catch” to show he hasn’t heard what Mary has said. Then he asks her to “speak up”, which means to speak more loudly. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** Sorry, Mary. I’m afraid I didn’t catch that. Could you speak up a bit, please?

**Ken:** In this next extract, John doesn’t understand what Mary’s saying. Again, listen to what John says.

**Mary:** We need to get down to the nitty-gritty and stop pussyfooting around on this issue.

**John:** I’m afraid I didn’t get that, Mary. Can you explain it another way?

**Ken:** John tells Mary he doesn’t understand her by using the less formal word “get”, and then asks for an explanation. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** I’m afraid I didn’t get that, Mary. Can you explain it another way?

**Ken:** In the following extract, Mary has been talking for some time. John wants to know what her key message is.

**Mary:** And that’s also important. So there are several approaches we need to take into account, but probably my initial suggestion could be the path we take.

**John:** Sorry, Mary, but could you tell me the bottom line of what you’ve just said?

**Ken:** John uses the expression “the bottom line” to mean the most important, key message. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** Sorry, Mary, but could you tell me the bottom line of what you’ve just said?

**Ken:** Now Mary has stopped talking. John wants to check he’s understood what she’s said.

**Mary:** So that’s basically what I think.

**John:** Sorry, Mary. Do you mean that we should invest in automating our warehouse rather than increasing warehouse capacity?

**Ken:** John checks his understanding by summarizing what he’s heard. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** Sorry, Mary. Do you mean that we should invest in automating our warehouse rather than increasing warehouse capacity?

**Ken:** John tells Mary he doesn’t understand her by using the less formal word “get”, and then asks for an explanation. Listen to John again and repeat what he says in the following pause.

**John:** Sorry, Mary. Do you mean that we...
should invest in automating our warehouse rather than increasing warehouse capacity?

**Ken:** Good. Well done. If you learn the expressions that John’s used in the exercise, it’ll help you deal with those difficult situations in teleconferences in which you’re not sure whether you’ve heard or understood what’s been said. And remember to be a good example yourself. If you speak slowly and clearly, others are more likely to do the same.

**David:** If you have a question for Ken, send it by e-mail to language@spotlight-verlag.de If Ken chooses your question to print in Spotlight magazine, you’ll receive a free copy of his book, *Dear Ken... 101 answers to your questions about business English.*

See Spotlight 13/2018, page 63

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**Peggy’s Place**

**[13] A no-fun fest?**

**David:** It’s time to stop by for a drink and a chat at our favourite London pub, Peggy’s Place. Christmas is fast approaching, and our friends at the pub are looking forward to the holiday season. However, Peggy is trying to convince them to take it easy while celebrating. With Phil’s love of the good life, Peggy will have her work cut out for her.

**Phil:** Are you sure you don’t want to come Christmas shopping with me tomorrow?

**Peggy:** Absolutely sure. I told you: this year, Christmas is going to be different.

**Phil:** Remind me, dear...

**Peggy:** First, there is not going to be the usual orgy of present-buying.

**George:** Orgy? What orgy?

**Phil:** Hello, George! The usual?

**George:** Yup! OK, so no orgies this Christmas? What’s going on?

**Peggy:** I’m serious about this. We are going to celebrate a different kind of Christmas this year.

**Phil:** Peggy is just explaining the 12 rules of a no-fun holiday season.

**George:** Oh, right! Maggie tried that a couple of years ago.

**Peggy:** Phil, you’ll thank me when January comes round.

**George:** So what’s going to be different?

**Peggy:** As I said, no big shopping trips like the one I took with you two last year.

**George & Phil:** Oh, no!

---

**holiday season** ➔ Feiertage

**no-fun** ➔ spaßbefreit

**orgy** ➔ Orgie
Peggy: Yes, I imagine the two of you had a great time drinking hot toddies at the Christmas fair, while I ran around buying the stuff you’d forgotten about.
George: But you are going to get a present for Simone, aren’t you?
Peggy: Of course. I wouldn’t want my granddaughter to feel left out.
George: So there’s a minimal-present rule. What else is going to be different?
Peggy: Well, we’re going to go on lots of invigorating walks. We’ll take the Tube to Hampstead and walk across the heath.
George: That sounds rather nice. Maybe Maggie and I will join you.
Phil: Hey! Whose side are you on?
George: Come on! Taking a walk is hardly extreme.
Phil: To me, the perfect Christmas is about sitting around, watching old films, eating too much and falling asleep after the Queen’s speech.
Peggy: Yes, and then comes January, when I have to listen to weeks of griping about all the weight you need to lose.
George: She’s right, you know.
Phil: I hate it when a woman’s right and I have no good arguments in my favour.
George: Does that mean, Peggy, that there’s going to be only diet food over Christmas?
Peggy: No, we’ll have the usual menu for the pub, but Phil and I won’t be having too much rich stuff.
Phil: No Christmas pudding with brandy butter?
Peggy: Yes, but only a small portion, and then we’ll take a nice long walk.
Sean: Hi, everyone! I’ve just baked the first round of mince pies. Anyone want to try one?
Phil: I don’t think I’m allowed to.
Peggy: Of course you can have a mince pie, just not the whole tray.
George: Oh, they are delicious!
Peggy: Actually, they really are good. What did you put in them?
Sean: That’s my secret ingredient. Have an -
other one.
Peggy: Why not! Two can’t do any harm.
Sean: Now I have to get back to the kitchen.
Peggy: Leave the tray of mince pies here. The smell is so lovely. I’ll just try one more...
George: I think your no-fun Christmas has ended before it even began.

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, page 12
The other committee members nodded in agreement. The doctor of history, who was the oldest among them, moved into the circle to speak: “Our ancestors used resources with no respect for the ecosystem, causing a catastrophic climatic event that almost annihilated our species. Through this, we learned our place in the grand scheme of things, that this planet is our home and that our role is not to dominate it, but to live in harmony with it, to be its custodian.”

“And look where that got us!” said the doctor of politics, his face now a lot redder than usual. “I don’t need one of your history lectures to know that we ourselves are history. Look at us: the Committee for the Conservation of Our Species. What a joke! We couldn’t even conserve a remnant of our civilization, all because of a way of thinking that we popularized. ‘Oooh, let’s live in harmony with nature!’” he shouted.

The doctor of philosophy looked at his colleagues on the committee. Everyone seemed relatively calm, which was remarkable, considering that they would all be dead in a few days. The one exception was the doctor of politics, who was gesturing wildly.

“We should have invested our resources in colonizing some other place, not this godforsaken planet,” he shouted. “Now it’s too late. We have nowhere to go, and we’re damned — the lot of us!”

“My dear sir,” said the doctor of philosophy, “it was this way of thinking that defined the Age of Arrogance, when we thought our species was at the centre of the universe, when we prioritized technological progress over all other things.”

Short Story


David: The holiday season is a time for family and friends to come together and celebrate. However, it can also be a time of hyperconsumerism. This edition’s short story shows a society that’s gone far in the other direction, away from all waste and over-consumption. Now facing the end of their civilization, they must accept the consequences of their choices.

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“My dear sir,” said the doctor of philosophy, “it was this way of thinking that defined the Age of Arrogance, when we thought our species was at the centre of the universe, when we prioritized technological progress over all other things.”
said in a **mocking** voice. “‘Let’s minimize our impact on our planet!’ We great thinkers have annihilated ourselves — to a greater extent than our ancestors did.”

He was right in a way. After the catastrophe that marked the end of the Age of Arrogance, the old cities and technologies were lost and forgotten. The few survivors were **reformed**, their primary motivation changed from “progress at any price” to “leave no **trace** behind”. Engaging their greatest thinkers, they found ways to **reverse** the chemical imbalance their species had caused the planet, to heal the ecosystem, to **restore** resources. They built homes and cities that were in harmony with nature, and lived much as their earliest ancestors had done before the First Age of Civilization: using only resources that were local and plentiful, living off the land, becoming one with the planet. While this guaranteed the conservation of their species, it also eliminated any trace of their existence for future civilizations to find. Once they were gone, it would be as if they’d never existed.

The doctor of philosophy wasn’t sure what to think about this, but he felt **compelled** to give a philosophical opinion. “All life begins and ends, and every species has its time,” he said. “This is nature’s way.”

“One wishy-washy nonsense!” said the doctor of politics, and gave a **roar** of frustration. He’d always been very critical of the committee’s ideology, and now he felt **vindicated**. “If we’d followed in our ancestors’ footsteps, we would have the technology to save our species.”

“If we’d followed in our ancestors’ footsteps, we would have died out millennia ago,” shouted the doctor of history, now also turning bright red. “Our **obsession** with progress would have **brought about** our end.”

“Good sirs,” said the doctor of philosophy, moving between them, “we are going around in circles. Let’s not use the time we have to argue. What’s done is done, and here we are. My only **regret** is that all we have learned will be lost to future generations.”

“But there will be no future generations,” said the doctor of politics, in a more **resigned** voice. “Isn’t that the point?”
They all looked now to the doctor of science, who had yet to speak. “Not of our species,” he said, moving into the circle. “This is true. In approximately 72 hours, a meteorite, travelling at 30 kilometres per second, will strike our planet. The impact will create a massive crater. A rock storm will follow, causing a rise in temperature. The planet will burn, and the light of the sun will be blocked out for a year. About 75 per cent of all forms of life, including our species, will be annihilated. But eventually, new life forms will emerge, and in tens of millions of years, a new race of intelligent beings will quite likely take our place.”

“But they will know nothing of our existence,” said the doctor of history. “This is true, too, is it not?”

The doctor of science nodded. “Every material thing will be destroyed, every building, every monument, every tool, every work of art...”

“But there will be fossils at least,” said the doctor of politics, looking more white than red now.

“Perhaps. Perhaps not. The fraction of life that will be fossilized is extremely small. And there is no knowing how this future race will interpret any fossilized remains of our species. With no evidence of our civilization, they would quite likely theorize that we were simple beings with minimal intelligence.”

After his colleagues left, the doctor of philosophy stood for a while in thought. Perhaps the doctor of politics was right. Perhaps they should have balanced harmony with progress, colonized another planet, guaranteed their survival. Perhaps the next intelligent race would find the right balance and never face annihilation, whether of their own doing or that of nature. Then again, perhaps not.

He bent over and ate the top of a tree, then pulled it out of the ground to bring home to his family — 65 million years before members of his clade were given the name “Dinosauria”, by a species that would one day face the same fate.

Source: Spotlight 13/2018, pages 72–73

**Conclusion**

[15] David: Thanks for joining us for Spotlight Audio. You’ll find more information about becoming a regular subscriber to either our CD or download at www.spotlight-online.de/hoeren Join us again next month, won’t you? Until then: goodbye.
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