

Introduction

[1] **David:** Welcome to the 1/2019 edition of Spotlight Audio. I'm David Creedon from Britain. Join me now for a 60-minute expedition around the English-speaking world — with stories, language tips and exercises.

London is a walker's paradise! Come with us on a special tour of Britain's capital city.

We reinvent the classic fairy tale *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* in a new episode of Grammar Tales.

And in a special three-part short story, we welcome back *Spotlight's* very own amateur detective, Dorothy Winslow.

Britain Today

[2] Taken for a ride

David: Train travel is supposed to be convenient, efficient and easy — and it certainly can be. However, as our UK correspondent Colin Beaven explains, it can also quickly turn out to be the kind of adventure no traveller needs, especially when technology starts causing trouble.

Last summer, I took a train to Exeter to spend some time with a charming group of visitors. They were on a tour of Devon and Cornwall that had been organized by *Spotlight* and *Zeit Reisen*. We had arranged to meet by the quay, where, in the old days, ships were loaded with wool. It came from local farms, and it brought Exeter much of its wealth.

My journey didn't start very well. As I waited for my train, an Asian lady came hurrying along the platform saying, "War! War!" in a rather loud voice. Alarming news, but she was waving a ticket, which soon explained the mystery: she and her husband were looking for the train to Wool, a village in Dorset.

They hadn't chosen the easiest destination to pronounce. Historically, the name Wool seems to have more to do with wells than with wool. But never mind that. To quote Shakespeare, "all's wool that ends wool". I mean, "all's well that ends well" — or not?

Once they were on their train, I realized from the automated announcement that only half of it was going to Wool. The other half didn't go beyond Bournemouth, and they were in the wrong half.

convenient ▶ bequem

quay ▶ Kai, Ufermauer

fairy tale ▶ Märchen

well ▶ Quelle, Brunnen

“That’s their problem,” said the station official when I told him. Not a friendly response, but the train was waiting for him to say it could leave. He was clearly under pressure.

I bit my lip, but not all rail passengers do. Recently, many have been very angry about trains that were late or cancelled as a result of strikes and mistakes in the timetable. They get upset with station staff, who can’t do much about it, and just get stressed.

I did knock on the window and gesticulate, however, trying to make it clear across a language and culture barrier — and through a thick pane of glass — that the visitors needed to move. I don’t imagine that trains in the Far East are often split mid-journey, so the people just sat there looking mystified. Luckily, a girl on the train had grasped the situation and gesticulated more gracefully, and also effectively. I’m sure that automation’s the key to solving such problems. Soon we’ll no doubt be able to change electronic announcements to the language of our choice with a flick of a mobile phone. Great for customer service, but will the staff still have jobs? Another reason for them to feel stressed and depressed.

Later, when I’d caught my own train, and with lovely Wiltshire countryside rolling past the window, the electronic display kept listing all the stations on the route. It was supposed to be reassuring, but each time it repeated the

list, it announced that the next station would be Clapham Junction, which is in London. It’s a station with almost 20 platforms.

My train was travelling in the opposite direction, on a single-track line in the middle of nowhere, in countryside where sheep outnumber people.

Technology helps — except when it’s trying to pull the wool over your eyes.

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, page 71

flick

- Schnipser

gracefully

- anmutig

grasp

- begreifen

mystified

- verwirrt

official

- Bedienstete(r)

outnumber

- in der Mehrheit sein

pane

- Fensterscheibe

rail passenger

- Bahnkunde, -kundin

reassuring

- beruhigend

single-track

- eingleisig

staff

- Personal, Mitarbeiter (Pl.)

supposed: be - to be

- sein sollen

wool: pull the ~ over sb.’s eyes

- jmdn. hinters Licht führen

A Day in My Life

[3] Queen of ingredients

David: Delicious smells, complex flavours, exciting colours — Indian food is as tasty as it is varied. In *A Day in My Life*, we meet Amninder Sandhu. The 38-year-old is the executive chef of Arth restaurant in Mumbai and Pune, India. Sandhu explains the concept behind her restaurant and the types of special ingredients she uses. By the way, Assam is a state in northeast India, and gutti aloo are a type of baby potato.

The concept of Arth is to use ancient Indian cooking techniques. I use no gas in the kitchen. I cook everything on charcoal and on wood. I also have a sandpit that I use to cook meats under hot sand. The other thing that we really emphasize on is the use of ingredients that are not necessarily looked at as Indian ingredients. Because I grew up in Assam, so I travelled extensively through Assam, Meghalaya and Nagaland before I started Arth and sourced a lot of cool ingredients from there, like the gutti aloo, which is as big as chickpeas. I use the leaf of the Szechuan peppercorn, which is not necessarily looked at as an Indian ingredient, you know, it's used a lot in South-East Asian cuisine, and the kaji lemon. I use Manipuri

black rice, which has now become very popular. I use Koni Joha, which is a sharp-grained fragrant rice from there. I use Alpinia leaf. I cook mutton in a bamboo.

See Spotlight 1/2019, pages 20–21

Travel

[4] London walks: Five classic sights

David: London is a surprisingly foot-friendly city. Many of the most famous landmarks are closer than you might think, so walking can actually save you time. Walking is also a great

by the way

- übrigens

charcoal

- Holzkohle

chickpeas

- Kichererbsen

emphasize on sth.

- auf etw. Wert legen

executive chef

- Küchenchef(in)

fragrant

- Duft-

landmark

- Sehenswürdigkeit, Wahrzeichen

mutton

- Hammel(fleisch)

sandpit

- Sandgrube

sharp-grained

- hier: ungeschliffen

source

- beziehen

way to experience the hustle and bustle of the British capital. In the current travel feature, correspondent Lorraine Mallinder takes you on a special walking tour of London's most famous sights. Now, Spotlight editor-in-chief Inez Sharp joins us in the studio to talk about walking through this great world city.

Inez: Hello, this is Inez Sharp, editor-in-chief of *Spotlight*. In this issue of *Spotlight*, our focus is on London, a London tour, in fact. And, of course, I love all of our travel features, but anything about London is a little closer to my heart, perhaps, than some of the other stories, because I was born and brought up just outside London. Anyway, so I read the feature and I loved it. Lorraine Mallinder, our author, has done a fabulous job. And then I realized, OK, between receiving the story and working on it and having it in layout and so on and so forth, I would actually be travelling to London with my god-daughter and my sister. And it's my god-daughter who's German; it's her very first visit to London, and why not just do the tour with her? Which is what we did. And we started off, as did Lorraine, at the Tower of London, and let me just sketch out the kind of atmosphere. It's a maritime climate, as I think I've said before, so you get lovely skies, especially in the autumn. It was a slightly windy day, but the sky was clear. There were,

as always, many, many tourists, but somehow in London it doesn't feel too close or overrun or whatever. So we took the Tube from our Airbnb to the Tower of London, and I actually sent in — I didn't go in myself; this was a bit cheeky — I sent in my god-daughter and my sister to look at the Crown Jewels and have a walk around. And I went and stood over Traitor's Gate, which is a part of the Tower of London at the front facing onto the Thames. And Traitor's Gate always represents a sort of heart-stopping moment for me, because as a child I remember being told that Princess Elizabeth, before she became Queen Elizabeth I, was actually brought to the Tower of London as a prisoner, as a very young woman, at night in a boat. I think with a guard and maybe one of her ladies-in-waiting. And it wasn't clear whether she was ever actually going to come out again. In fact, it's a legend that she came in

cheeky

- dreist, frech

editor-in-chief

- Chefredakteur(in)

fabulous

- großartig, wunderbar

god-daughter

- Patentochter

hustle and bustle

- geschäftiges Treiben, Trubel

lady-in-waiting

- Hofdame

sketch out sth.

- etw. skizzieren, kurz schildern

through Traitor's Gate, but still when I stand there and look down at that gate, I wonder what it must have been like to be imprisoned in the Tower. So, anyway, my sister and my god-daughter have been off looking at the Tower, and I've bought myself a bag of crisps, which is part of the ritual of being in London. And then we headed off on foot to the Bank of England. I think it was one of the next stops. And this again, it has nice memories for me. When I was a child, we would go up and see, I think it was called the Lord Mayor's Show. I don't even know whether it still exists, but we would be dressed up to the nines and stand by the Bank of England and watch processions go past, people in coaches and so on and so forth. I can't remember a lot about what or whom we saw there, but it was just very atmospheric and it was a nice day to be out with my dad, who was a Londoner and, of course, enjoyed events like that. St Paul's Cathedral, well, we would walk there easily. We did walk there easily. It's not far. I have to confess that I also didn't go up to the Whispering Gallery. Anybody listening to this who's tried this will know that it is an interesting experience. So, the Whispering Gallery is in the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, and you walk up many, many, many, many steps — one of the reasons why I didn't want to go up there. And then you stand at the top, and it seems to me you have a very frail

little, tiny fence. It's actually sort of made of wood or wire or something that separates you from a long drop down into the middle of the church. And you stand and you lean against the wall and you whisper a message into the wall and, because of the acoustics, it gets carried all the way around the inside of the dome and comes back to you. And it does actually work, but the problem was that I was so busy at the time when I went there, so busy hanging onto that little piece of fencing, that I couldn't really enjoy it. So it's something for people who have a head for heights. So that was part of my experience of walking around London and it was a wonderful tour. We had a lot of fun.

See Spotlight 1/2019, pages 30–36

confess

► zugeben

crisps

UK
► Kartoffelchips

dome

► Kuppel

dressed: ~ up to the nines

UK *ifml.*

► fein gemacht, in Schale geworfen

fence

► Zaun; hier: Brüstung

frail

► schwach, instabil

head off

► sich auf den Weg machen

head: have a ~ for heights

► schwindelfrei sein

wire

► Drahtseil

Everyday English

[5] Living with less plastic

David: In Everyday English, we meet Ali and Brea. The friends are spending the day together in town and are now in a café. You're about to hear two conversations in which they discuss the serious global problem of plastic pollution. Ali calls Brea "hon". That's a short version of "honey" and can be used to address someone you are close to and like very much.

Now listen to the first dialogue and try to answer the following question: What experience has made Brea determined to use less plastic?

Ali: Hey, hon! You look gorgeous!

Brea: Aw, thanks. It's so good to see you, Ali. It's been too long.

Ali: I know, it's been far too long. How was your holiday? Bali, right?

Brea: Yeah. It was awesome — the perfect mix of relaxation, interesting trips and water sports.

Ali: Great! And the beaches?

Brea: Beautiful! Clear, turquoise water and golden sand. But there was so much rubbish, especially on one of the beaches on the west-coast. It was really awful.

Ali: What do you mean? What kind of rubbish?

Brea: It was mainly plastic, and it covered at

least two thirds of the beach. Actually, it was very disturbing. As a result, I've come home determined to use less plastic.

So what experience has made Brea determined to use less plastic? It was seeing all the rubbish on the beaches when on holiday in Bali. In the next dialogue, the friends are shopping and talking. They discuss what changes they could make in their own lives to cut down on plastic. Brea is impressed by Germany's deposit return system. That's a scheme by which bottles or packaging can be brought back to be recycled. As you listen to the next conversation, try to answer the following question: What do Brea and Ali plan to do to reduce their plastic use?

Brea: We take too much for granted in the UK. When I was visiting friends in Germany last month, I was really impressed by their deposit return system for bottles. You can even buy yogurt in glass jars.

Ali: That's cool! Half the items in my shopping basket yesterday were in plastic packaging. It's hard to avoid. It's everywhere.

disturbing
• beunruhigend

glass jar
• Glasgefäß

gorgeous ▶ umwerfend

item ▶ Artikel

turquoise ▶ türkis

Brea: I know. Take berries: I love them, but they're always packed in plastic. I've decided not to buy them unless I can select them myself.

Ali: You're right. The only way to make a change is to be resolute.

Brea: There's a plastic-free store opening close to where I live soon. I can't wait to shop there. It'll make things much easier.

David: Did you find the answer? What do our friends plan to do to reduce their plastic use? They will only buy berries if they're not wrapped in plastic. They also hope to do their shopping at plastic-free stores.

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, pages 56–57

Around Oz

[6] And the world laughs at us

David: No matter where you look these days, global politics seem to follow a soap-opera script filled with intrigue, betrayal and private interests. Our Australian correspondent Peter Flynn tells us it's no different in his country. In Around Oz, he predicts what might happen next on the country's unstable political front.

What most Australians are not looking forward to in the new year is another federal

election. In this country, politicians are more than ever on the nose. Over the past 10 years, seven prime ministers have been knifed by their own colleagues, which further supports the view that politicians are in it only for themselves, not for the people who elect them. Ex-PM Malcolm Turnbull, who quit parliament soon after being thrown out of the top job last August, described it as “a form of madness”.

Turnbull, a moderate conservative and highly successful banker and barrister, was cut down by his enemies on the far right of his oddly-named Liberal Party. He successfully campaigned to get same-sex laws through parliament and was seen as being too soft on environmental issues. The hard-right also wanted revenge because Turnbull had similarly

barrister UK, Aus.

► Rechtsanwalt, Rechtsanwältin (bei höheren Gerichten)

berry ► Beere

betrayal ► Betrug

knife sb. ifml.

► jmdm. in den Rücken fallen

nose: be on the ~

Aus., NZ ifml.

► verdorben, korrupt sein

oddly ► seltsam

predict ► vorhersagen

revenge ► Rache

unless ► außer

wrap ► einwickeln

deposed his predecessor, Tony Abbott (once quoted as saying “climate change is crap”).

Oh, the Labor Party is no better, although it has stuck with opposition leader Bill Shorten for more than five years. He came within two seats of winning government at the last election. But he was the orchestrator of the coups that saw ex-PM Kevin Rudd replaced by Julia Gillard, before Rudd was returned to “save the furniture” only months in advance of the 2013 election. In opinion polls over the past five years, Shorten has never been ahead as “preferred PM” and, not surprisingly, voters in independent focus groups describe him as “shifty”.

Actually, they think all mainstream politicians are shifty, which is why loopy independents and extremist minor parties have held a lot of power in Canberra over the past 10 years. We used to shake our heads in disbelief at chaotic Italian governments, but now we wonder if the world is laughing at us.

New PM Scott Morrison has to call an election in 2019, and while technically that could be as late as November, many people are strongly tipping that it will be in May. Morrison was not the instigator of Turnbull’s knifing and was elected leader by the party as a sort of compromise candidate.

He was the former treasurer, a party campaign director in Sydney, after making his name as

the first managing director of the Tourism Australia agency with some smart marketing strategies. He likes a beer and football, but is also deeply religious, attending an unconventional Pentecostal church in his Sydney seaside electorate. However, his government has been four per cent behind in major opinion polls for years. The party infighting has also meant that it has lost a lot of financial support. Shorten and the Labor Party, on the other hand, have trade-union support and have been ready for a poll for months. My forecast is that Labor will win, but only narrowly, and that this will lead to three more years of unstable government, while the Liberal opposition continues its bloody internal war.

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, page 65

crap *ifml.*

► Mist, Quatsch

depose sb. ► *jmdn.*

enthronen, absetzen

electorate ► Wahlkreis

instigator

► Anstifter(in)

loopy *ifml.*

► durchgeknallt, verrückt

opinion poll

► Meinungsumfrage

PM (prime minister)

UK, Aus. *ifml.*

► Premierminister(in)

predecessor

► Vorgänger(in)

shifty *ifml.*

► verschlagen, durchtrieben

treasurer

► Schatzmeister(in)

Grammar Tales

[7] “Goldi Lox and the three Daves”

David: Now it’s time for a new episode in our series of fairy tales with a twist. Do you remember the story of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*? Well, it’s now been reinvented as “Goldi Lox and the three Daves”, a story about a band of musicians who are experiencing mysterious incidents on their tour bus. Our grammar focus in this episode is on the present perfect continuous.

Once upon a time in a far-off land, Goldi Lox and her band, The Three Daves, were on tour together on a luxury bus. One night, after a gig, Goldi was freaking out.

“Dave! DAVE!” screamed Goldi.

“What?” shouted the three Daves.

“Who’s been eating my chocolate again?”

“It wasn’t me,” said Big Dave.

“Not me,” said Medium-sized Dave.

“It definitely wasn’t me,” said Little Dave.

“Anyway, there’s still loads in the cupboard.”

“That’s not the point,” complained Goldi. “Half of it’s gone. I’ve told you before, my room is OFF LIMITS!”

The three Daves sighed.

Things in the bus were disappearing and then reappearing elsewhere. It was driving Goldi up

the wall. The Daves were getting on her nerves, too. She loved making music with them, and they were all good blokes, but she hated living with them. Big Dave, a gentle bear of a man and the band’s drummer, passed wind often and loudly. Medium-sized Dave was untidy and never put the toilet seat down. And the bassist, Little Dave, had a foot infection and had the habit of taking off his socks after a gig and using them to rub off the flaky skin between his toes.

“DAVE!” Goldi would snap, disgusted.

“Oh, yeah, sorry,” Little Dave would say. “Nearly finished.”

As well as having to put up with the less-than-ideal living conditions, Goldi had been feeling

bloke UK *ifml.*

► Kerl, Typ

disgusted

► angewidert

fairy tale

► Märchen

flaky ► hier: schuppig

freak out *ifml.*

► ausflippen, austrasten

loads *ifml.*

► Berge, Unmengen

pass wind *ifml.*

► pupsen

rub off ► abreiben

sigh ► seufzen

snap

► schnauzen, blaffen

twist: with a ~

► mit Pffiff

wall: drive sb. up the ~

ifml. ► jmdn. auf die Palme bringen

a lot of pressure lately. She was very aware that the livelihood of her bandmates and crew depended on her, the star. Sometimes, she just wanted to give it all up and go back to her job as a hairdresser. The band might be successful, but she had no private life and was worried that she'd never be able to find the right guy and start a family.

One evening before the gig, Goldi was particularly stressed.

"Dave! DAVE!" screamed Goldi.

"What?" shouted the three Daves.

"Who's been sitting on my sofa? The cushions are all on the floor and I can't find my favourite blanket!"

The three Daves looked down. Little Dave shrugged, Medium-sized Dave shook his head and Big Dave said: "Sorry Goldi, but we all know that we're not allowed on your sofa." Goldi glared at him and founced out of the bus. The Daves followed.

Once on stage, Goldi seemed to relax and, after the first song, looked round at the Daves and grinned. She was enjoying herself again. And the Daves were, too. In the middle of the third song, however, everything went black. The audience booed. The band soon found out that the power cut was citywide. They waited for the power to come back on, but after 15 minutes, security asked everyone to leave.

The band walked back to the coach. "That's

weird," said Little Dave.

"What?" asked the others.

"I know I closed all the windows and that one's open — look," said Little Dave.

"Don't tell me some crazy fan is stealing our belongings to sell on eBay," complained Goldi. "Should we call security?"

"No, it's all right," said Big Dave. "I'll go in first." Slowly, Big Dave opened the door. There was nothing to be heard from within. Dave flicked on the light and signalled to the others to follow him.

"Somebody's been using my towel!" said Little Dave, picking it up from the floor. "And it's all wet."

"Somebody's been drinking my cola!" said Medium-sized Dave, pointing towards the table.

bandmate UK *ifml.*

► Bandmitglied

boo ► buhen

coach UK

► (Reise)Bus

cushion ► Kissen

flick sth. on

► etw. anknipsen

founce

► stolzieren

glare at sb.

► jmdn. zornig anstarren

grin ► grinsen

livelihood

► Lebensunterhalt

power cut

► Stromausfall

shrug ► mit den Schultern zucken

weird *ifml.* ► seltsam

“And they’ve finished it.”

“Somebody’s been using my laptop!” said Big Dave. “Now the battery’s dead!”

The three Daves suddenly noticed that Goldi wasn’t with them. They found her kneeling beside her bed, looking at the face of a young boy who was fast asleep. He was clutching a ragged-looking bear.

“This explains everything,” whispered Goldi. “This boy has been sleeping in my bed, and he’s still here.”

The boy suddenly opened his eyes, and as soon as he realized that the four band members were all staring at him, he sat upright. With a terrified look on his face, he tried to get out of bed. Goldi put her hand on the boy’s shoulder and, smiling, gently pushed him back down.

“Do you think he’s a refugee?” whispered Little Dave.

“Mama? Papa?” asked Goldi.

The boy seemed to understand and drew a finger across his throat. Then, with the same finger, he pointed at Goldi, “Peng! Peng!” he said, and then fell back on to the pillow and, hiding his face, he let out a single sob.

Big Dave wiped his eyes.

Goldi stroked the boy’s hair. “It’s OK. You’re safe here. We’ll look after you.”

The band members left Goldi’s bedroom and Goldi softly closed the door.

“God, I’ve been such a cow,” said Goldi. “I’m so

lucky and I’ve been so ungrateful.”

“Are you going to call the police?” asked Little Dave.

“No,” said Goldi. “The police won’t know what to do with him either. The poor boy looked so scared. Maybe he can stay with us and help out with the equipment or something. And we can carefully find out from the authorities how we can best help him.”

So that’s what they did. And after a while, Goldi was even allowed to adopt the boy. Goldi never complained again, and they all lived happily ever after.

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, pages 22–24

clutch

- umklammern, festhalten

kneel

- knien

pillow

- Kissen

ragged

- zerlumpt, abgenutzt

scared

- verängstigt

sob

- Schluchzer

stroke

- streicheln

ungrateful

- undankbar

upright

- aufrecht

whisper

- flüstern

Replay

[8] A look at recent news events

Inez: Welcome to Replay, the listening exercise in which we look at a recent news story, its background and language. In this edition:

The insect world is silently vanishing. This dramatic global extinction will have an effect on almost every other species, including humans.

[9] Vanishing insects: a silent threat

Inez: For many people, insects are not a valuable part of nature. Indeed some of us feel we'd be better off without them. Even though insects greatly outnumber us, they might even seem inconsequential, which means of no importance. Yet animals and plants depend on insects to survive. It's an intricate web — in other words, a system that has a lot of different parts and small details that fit together. In an opinion piece from Britain's *Guardian* newspaper, the editorial writers discuss the global collapse of insect numbers and the consequences of this for other species. Now let's listen to the first excerpt from the editorial.

One of the classic moments in the *Simpsons* comes when the venal TV anchorman Kent

Brockman sees on his screen an ant crawling across a lens and assumes at once that this is ... a giant alien descending from space that will become one of "our new insect overlords" ... The joke hinges on the idea that in real life ants are inconsequential compared with human beings. The world, we feel, could get on perfectly well without them...

...Insects form the greatest part of animal life on Earth, and almost every other kind of animal depends on them — directly or indirectly. They pollinate plants and nourish animals, especially birds. In turn, everything that relies

anchorman

► Moderator

ant ► Ameise

better: be ~ off

► es besser haben

crawl

► krabbeln

descend

► herunterkommen

editorial writer

► Leitartikelautor(in)

excerpt

► Auszug

extinction

► Aussterben

hinge on sth.

► hier: sich auf etw. stützen, sich um etw. drehen

nourish ► ernähren

outnumber

► in der Mehrzahl sein

overlord ► Oberherr

pollinate ► bestäuben

vanish ► verschwinden

venal ► korrupt

on these plants or animals depends on the insects. And the whole intricate web of interdependent exploitation is collapsing, and has been for decades. We ourselves are part of this web, in the long run quite as much dependent as exploitative.

Inez: In the second excerpt, the editorial writers discuss the dramatic drop in insect numbers worldwide, even in protected areas where there should be an abundance of insects — an “abundance” is a very large quantity of something. A more easily seen phenomenon is that cars are no longer speckled with insects after a long drive — “speckled” means covered with a large number of small spots or marks. Now let’s listen to the second excerpt.

On the island of Puerto Rico, a rainforest ... shows a terrifying drop in the abundance and variety of insects. ... The same trend is apparent in German nature reserves, where the number of insects appears to have dropped by about 75%; and these are ... places deliberately preserved ... from human intervention. The collapse of insect life is obvious to anyone who looks in Britain... Car windcreens and headlights are no longer thickly speckled after any long journey.

Inez: In the third excerpt, the *Guardian* writers

discuss the reasons for the huge drop in insect numbers. In industrialized countries, for example, insects must contend with the mass use of pesticides. If you have to contend with something, you have to deal with a difficult situation or thing. Another factor affecting insect decline is latitude, which is the distance north or south of the equator. Now listen to the third excerpt.

The causes of this global decline seem to vary with latitude. ... In the temperate regions insect populations are more adaptable to fluctuations in temperature, but insects must contend with the mass use of pesticides across the bleak monocultures of industrial agriculture, as well as the generalised pollution of the air and water. In the rainforest, where the pattern of losses across species and over time shows that there must be some single vast factor acting on the whole ecosystem, it appears that the main driver is simply the climate catastrophe. ...

Source: *Guardian News & Media* 2018

bleak ➔ öde, trostlos

exploitation

➔ Nutzung, Verwertung

headlight

➔ Autoscheinwerfer

temperate

➔ gemäßigt

windscreen

➔ Windschutzscheibe

[10] Words and phrases

David: Let's see if you can remember the meanings 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?

What noun describes the distance north or south of the equator? Latitude

What adjective means covered with a large number of small spots or marks? Speckled

What term describes a system that has a lot of different parts and small details that fit together? An intricate web

Something of no importance and not worth considering is...inconsequential.

What noun describes a very large quantity of something? Abundance

What verb means to have to deal with a difficult situation or thing? To contend with

With that, we end Replay for this edition. We hope you've found our explanations useful. Till next time, goodbye.

See Spotlight 1/2019, page 29

English at Work

[11] Meeting notes

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 about writing meeting notes and following up decisions.

Ken: Hello. This is Ken Taylor from London. We have a saying in Britain — “When all is said and done, there's usually more said than done!” And business people complain that this is the case in the meetings they go to. It's really important that the decisions made in meetings are recorded in a clear, understandable way. It's then much easier to follow up whether what has been said has been done. In this exercise, you'll hear a statement about writing meeting notes and following up decisions. In the pause after each statement, decide whether you agree or disagree with the speaker. Then I'll tell you my opinion. We'll begin.

Speaker: The meeting notes should include when and where the meeting was held.

Ken: I agree. This reminds the participants of

participant

• Teilnehmer(in)

the context for the meeting.

Speaker: The meeting notes should only list those people who attend the meeting.

Ken: I disagree. The notes should also list those people who were invited but were absent.

Speaker: It's important to write down everything that was said so that nothing's forgotten.

Ken: I disagree. All that's needed is a summary of the main points of the discussion.

Speaker: When writing down the decisions of the meeting, you need to say who's responsible for doing what has been decided.

Ken: I agree. But this is not enough. You also need to specify exactly what's to be done and give a deadline for when it should be completed.

Speaker: After the discussion of an item on the agenda, it's up to the person writing the meeting notes to summarize what was decided.

Ken: I disagree. The meeting facilitator should summarize the discussions, and this makes it easy for the meeting secretary to write the meeting notes.

Speaker: The meeting notes should be

circulated to the participants as soon as possible.

Ken: I agree. The participants need to check that this is a correct record of their meeting.

How was that? Did you agree with my opinions? If you're asked to be the secretary of a meeting, get the meeting facilitator to help you by summarizing clearly at the end of any discussion. You can also read back your notes to the meeting to double-check that what you have written is correct. And make sure that for any decisions made in the meeting, you specify exactly who does what by when.

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 1/2019, page 63

absent ▶ abwesend

circulate ▶ ausgeben

copy ▶ Exemplar

double-check
▶ genau nachprüfen

facilitator

▶ Moderator(in)

summary

▶ Zusammenfassung

Peggy's Place

[12] Remember when...?

David: Now let's sit down at the bar and find out what's going on at our favourite London pub, Peggy's Place. In this edition, Peggy has lost one of her granddaughter Simone's most important possessions. Will our friends be able to solve the mystery before Simone finds out?

Peggy: I've looked everywhere.

Helen: What is it that you've lost?

Phil: Hi, Helen! She's trying to find Simone's diary.

Peggy: I was so sure I'd put it in my handbag.

Helen: You've lost your granddaughter's diary? What were you doing with it in the first place?

Peggy: I didn't take it to read, if that's what you're implying.

Phil: You'll have to excuse my wife's tetchy tone.

Peggy: I am not being tetchy. There's just a lot going on in the run-up to New Year. And now this!

Phil: It's just a teenager's diary.

Helen: Sorry, but "just a teenager's diary"? Have you any idea how important a diary is to a teenage girl?

Peggy: At last someone who understands.

Now, where can I have left it?

Helen: I still have to ask: why did you have it in the first place?

Peggy: Jane was invited to a party, so Simone stayed with us last night.

Helen: And Simone left the diary behind...

Peggy: Exactly!

George: Hi, everyone! I'll have the usual, Phil. Someone told me they saw the police here yesterday. What was going on?

Phil: Oh, just a very rowdy customer who didn't want to go home and kept trying to show Peggy his family jewels.

Peggy: Sometimes I think I should write a book about all the things that have happened at this place. Then I think no one would believe me.

George: I'm in the mood for some good stories. What are your favourite incidents — if I may ask?

Peggy: Hmm, let me think.

Phil: What about the time when Jane had a semi-nude picture painted of herself as a nymph and wanted us to hang it between

family jewels *ifml*.

• männliche Genitalien

imply • andeuten

incident • Vorfall

rowdy • ungehobelt

run-up: in the ~ to sth.

• in der Zeit vor etw.

semi-nude

• halb nackt

tetchy • gereizt

some shrubs in the beer garden?

George: I remember that. It was a fine painting.

Peggy: I liked it when those crazy Germans came here to make a film.

Phil: The only reason you remember it is because you had a crush on the director.

Helen: What about the time when you found those valuable records behind a wall somewhere?

Phil: Oh, yeah, that was really exciting.

Peggy: It would actually make a great story for a film.

George: What happened to the records?

Peggy: You can't have forgotten. They were really worth a lot of money. We sold them, and that's how we were able to keep the pub going. It was an incredible piece of luck.

Phil: Yeah, business was really bad at the time.

Helen: Where exactly were the records hidden?

Peggy: Here, beside the bar. We knocked an old wall away, and there they were.

Phil: The covers were a bit dusty, but the records were in mint condition.

Helen: Just imagine, if you hadn't done that renovation, the pub would have been sold, someone else would probably have discovered them and...

George: ...we wouldn't all be sitting here now.

Peggy: True, that's why I had this little

cupboard made. See? It's just where the old wall began.

Helen: What do you keep in there?

Phil: Peggy calls it the glory hole. She puts anything really important in there that she doesn't want to forget.

Peggy: I've just remembered where I put the diary!

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, page 72

Short Story

[13] “The agent and the poet — Ms Winslow investigated — Chapter 1”

David: In a special three-part short story, we welcome back *Spotlight's* very own amateur detective, Dorothy Winslow. Ms Winslow is about to visit her niece, Lucy, in the German town of Heroldstein. But just before Ms Winslow arrives, someone from her past appears with an astonishing tale to tell.

crush: have a ~ on sb.

ifml. ▶ in jmdn. verknallt sein

mint

▶ hier: einwandfrei

shrub

▶ Strauch

glory hole *ifml.*

▶ Rumpelkammer

Lucy Tischler poured milk into her coffee and settled herself in an armchair with her book, while Trotsky, the dog, lay down at her feet. She had four hours before she had to collect the twins, Roland and Freddie, from kindergarten, and she intended to spend them reading. The book had been a Christmas present from her aunt, Dorothy Winslow, and as she was arriving in Heroldstein that evening, Lucy was keen to finish it.

She was concentrating so hard that she didn't hear the doorbell when it first rang, and it was only when Trotsky started barking that she realized there was somebody outside. She opened the door and found, standing on the doorstep, a tall, elderly man with a moustache. He wore a well-cut suit and had a military air to him that was unusual for Heroldstein.

"Mrs Tischler?" he asked, bowing slightly. "My name is Renno. I used to know your aunt Dorothy Winslow quite well. I understand she will be visiting soon and, as I was passing this way, I thought I could drop something off for her. Would you mind?" He held out a large envelope that seemed to contain a book. "It comes from an acquaintance of hers who died recently. I was asked to pass it on to her."

Lucy was more than surprised. "I'm terribly sorry, could you give me your name again?" she asked in confusion.

"Renno, Colonel Lukas Renno. But don't let

me disturb you, Mrs Tischler. If I may just leave the package with you..." He handed it over and was about to turn away when Lucy caught him by the arm.

"No, no, Mr... Colonel Renno, please. Excuse me. It's lovely to meet a friend of Aunt Dorothy's. Come in and have a cup of tea or coffee." He hesitated for a moment. "Are you sure?" "Please," begged Lucy. "Aunt Dorothy would never forgive me if I let you go."

"Well, that would never do. Thank you."

He followed her into the kitchen, and as she made some more coffee, he complimented her on the house, admired the pictures and was generally very pleasant. His English was excellent, but Lucy couldn't quite place his accent, so when they were finally both sitting at the kitchen table, she asked him where he was from.

"Estonia," he said. "I knew Dorothy when she

acquaintance

► Bekanntschaft

admire ► bewundern

air ► Auftreten

armchair ► Sessel

bark ► bellen

bow ► sich verbeugen

Estonia ► Estland

keen: be ~ to do sth. UK

► unbedingt etw. tun wollen

moustache

► Schnurrbart

pour

► gießen, einschenken

settle oneself

► sich niederlassen

was working at the British consulate in Tallinn back in 1987.”

Lucy pricked up her ears. Her aunt was always very vague about the work she had done while she was in the diplomatic service. This was an opportunity to learn a little bit more.

“Oh, yes,” she said. “I remember now. She said something about organizing cultural exchanges there.”

The Colonel laughed. “Cultural exchanges? In a way, that’s true, I suppose.”

“Yes, I think that’s what she said. What was your connection to her?”

“I was chief of police in Tallinn at the time, and your aunt was somebody I had to keep a very careful eye on.”

Lucy nearly spilt her coffee at that point. So she left her cup on the table as the Colonel continued his story.

“Back then,” he began, “Estonia was still a Soviet republic. But when Gorbachev let the glasnost genie out of the bottle in the 1980s, the whole USSR began to change. By the late 1980s, some people in Moscow were beginning to think it would be a good idea to try to put the genie back, with tanks and guns if necessary. Because of my position in the police, I knew of these discussions. I wanted to make sure Moscow found no excuse to send troops across the border, because there would have been terrible bloodshed. So I tried to make

sure that any Estonian nationalist troublemakers were safely locked up. My big fear was that some hothead would get hold of a gun and shoot a Russian soldier...”

He had met Dorothy at a reception in the consulate at the beginning of her stay in Estonia.

“I was suspicious of your aunt because she was too good for the job that she was doing. Here was this clever, attractive woman in her forties, and apparently the best the British could do with her was to send her to Tallinn to arrange poetry readings or help local theatre groups put on performances of Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde. But although I had her followed and we listened to her phone calls, nothing suggested she was a risk. So after about three months, I reduced the surveillance and just kept an eye on her myself. She was

apparently

► anscheinend, scheinbar

bloodshed

► Blutvergießen

genie

► Flaschengeist

hothead

► Hitzkopf

prick: ~ up one's ears

► die Ohren spitzen

spill

► verschütten

suggest

► nahelegen

suppose

► annehmen, vermuten

surveillance

► Überwachung

tank

► Panzer

always a very charming and persuasive companion, and I have no idea how many tickets she got me to buy to see local amateur theatrical groups. It seemed to me that she could be a useful channel to the British Foreign Office, so I told her my fears about the situation. Normally, I would never have done such a thing, but I must confess, Mrs Tischler, I had a soft spot for your aunt — maybe even more than that.”

He poured himself another cup of coffee. “So you can imagine my disappointment when Dorothy fell in love with a local poet.”

Source: *Spotlight* 1/2019, pages 38–39

[14] “The agent and the poet — Ms Winslow investigated — Chapter 2”

The poet — Viktor Laur — had been a professor of linguistics at the University of Tartu until he was reported to the authorities for listening to Radio Free Europe.

“It was forbidden to listen to Western broadcasters at the time,” the Colonel explained, “so Viktor was fired. I knew about him, but he was a pacifist, not the kind of person who would shoot anybody, so I wasn’t very interested. But then he started teaching Dorothy Estonian.” When she found out that he wrote poems as well as teaching, she suggested he should do public readings. At first, the events were very small and there wasn’t much interest. But one

day something happened.

“Viktor was reading to an audience in a bar, when some Russian soldiers came in. They were drunk and causing a nuisance, so Viktor stopped reading, stood up and began singing the old Estonian national anthem. Slowly everybody in the bar stood up and joined in, even though the song was supposed to be illegal. The soldiers had no idea what it was about, but they felt the hostility and quickly left.”

The next day, the whole of Tallinn was talking about the poet who had made the Russian soldiers run away. From then on, it was standing room only at his readings, and the Colonel started to pay closer attention.

“His poems were very clever,” the Colonel continued, “because they never did anything obvious like criticizing the Russians, otherwise he’d have been arrested. He would take famous 19th-century Estonian nationalist poems that

broadcaster ➤ Sender

companion
➤ Gesellschaft

confess ➤ gestehen

hostility
➤ Feindseligkeit

national anthem
➤ Nationalhymne

nuisance

➤ Belästigung, Störung

persuasive

➤ überzeugend

soft spot

➤ Faible, Schwäche

supposed: be ~ to

➤ hier: eigentlich ... sein

people had learned at school and change the words slightly to give them a modern feel and relevance.”

There was not much the Colonel could do to stop him, but he decided one day to bring Viktor to the police department.

“People in Moscow were starting to ask questions, so I had a police car pick him up and bring him to headquarters. I simply wanted to warn him to be careful, or else, with his background, he’d be shipped off to a gulag. I was just letting him sit for a while in a prison cell, to get a feeling of what it might be like in Siberia, when your aunt appeared in my office.” The Colonel paused. “Mrs Tischler,” he asked, “have you ever seen your aunt when she’s angry?”

Lucy nodded. “Last year, I went to visit her in Cambridge. She had a Nigerian student from the university renting a room in her house at the time. Anyway, he got a really rude letter from the Home Office about his student visa, saying it had expired and he was going to be deported. They’d got everything completely wrong, of course, but when poor Babatunde tried to explain, they wouldn’t believe him. He was in the middle of his exams and terrified that he was about to be thrown out of the country. When Aunt Dot found out, she telephoned the Home Office, insisted on speaking to the person in charge of the student-visa section, told them what they’d done wrong

and tore whoever it was into little pieces. She became all analytical and icy. It was terrifying.” The Colonel smiled. “Yes, well I experienced that face-to-face. In ten minutes, she pointed out three ways I had violated the Estonian legal code, threatened to use her contacts to the Western media to denounce me personally for the suppression of free speech in Estonia and hinted that she had access to material about me that would lead to my arrest by the KGB.” Lucy giggled. “Goodness! What did you do?” “Let Viktor go, of course, as I had always intended to do. But the incident taught me two things. Firstly, that your aunt was more than just a cultural attaché. Her threat to reveal information about me to the KGB was based on something concrete.”

“You mean Aunt Dot was a spy?” Lucy asked in

denounce

► denunzieren

expire ► ablaufen

giggle ► kichern

hint ► andeuten

Home Office

► Innenministerium

in charge ► zuständig

incident ► Vorfall

legal code

► Gesetzbuch

reveal ► enthüllen

rude ► unhöflich, grob

ship off ► verfrachten

suppression

► Unterdrückung

violate

► verletzen

amazement. The Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

“Certainly connected to such people. She knew stuff she shouldn’t have known. But secondly, it was clear that Viktor wasn’t just some poor Estonian dissident she was trying to protect from a wicked policeman. There was too much passion in her eyes and voice. She was in love with Viktor. They were having an affair.”

Despite herself, Lucy blushed. Aunt Dot having an affair? To hide her embarrassment, she picked up her coffee again. It was horribly cold, but she pretended to sip it.

“As I said before, I was disappointed,” continued the Colonel, pretending not to notice Lucy’s pink cheeks. “Your aunt is a very attractive woman. But there was nothing I could do, so I just kept my eye on her and her poet and collected evidence of their relationship. It is always useful to have such things. But before I could decide what to do with the information, something happened...”

Every five years, Tallinn hosted a huge song festival. The Colonel was responsible for the security arrangements.

“The visitors don’t just listen to the music. They’re also involved. They sing these traditional songs together. It’s a choir with a hundred thousand voices.”

That year, the authorities in Moscow were keeping a careful eye on what was happening.

They thought that protests from small groups of dissidents would lead to riots and give them an excuse to march in and take control, claiming they were protecting the people from a violent minority.

“They were right to be worried about a revolution,” said the Colonel, “but what nobody was expecting was a singing revolution.”

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, pages 40–41

[15] “The agent and the poet — Ms Winslow investigated — Chapter 3”

The Colonel’s men rounded up a few of the usual dissident suspects in advance, so the opening ceremony of the festival went very smoothly. It wasn’t until the evening that anything unusual happened.

blush ▶ erröten

cheek ▶ Wange

choir ▶ Chor

dissident
▶ Regimekritiker(in)

embarrassment
▶ Verlegenheit

host ▶ ausrichten

riot ▶ Aufstand, Unruhe

round up

▶ fassen

shrug: ~ one’s shoulders

▶ mit den Schultern zucken

sip ▶ in kleinen Schlucken trinken

suspect
▶ Verdächtige(r)

wicked ▶ böse

“I noticed lots of small children walking through the crowd, handing out pieces of paper. I got one of my men to bring me a copy, and at first I was puzzled. It was just one of Viktor’s poems about freedom and independence. But then, suddenly, the lead choir began to sing on the stage. The tune was an old Estonian song that everybody knew, but the words were those of the poem, which had been written to fit the music. And suddenly, as more and more people joined in and the sound grew and grew, I understood what Viktor was doing. His poems could reach only a few people at his poetry readings, but when they were transformed into songs, they could quickly reach thousands and thousands of people.”

It was an extraordinary experience, the Colonel said. The crowd sang the poem three times all the way through, and louder and louder each time, as they became more and more familiar with the words. The applause was deafening.

“I can tell you, Mrs Tischler,” said the Colonel, “when I think of that evening, it still gives me gooseflesh. And it made a difference to me as well. For the first time, I realized that maybe Estonia could become free and independent and this was worth trying for. It was the moment I joined the cause.”

The next morning, the Colonel had a number of problems on his hands. The local politicians

were panicking, and Moscow was on the phone demanding to know what was going on. “It was clear to me that the person behind this idea was Dorothy,” said the Colonel. “Viktor was inspiring, but not very practical. Simply organizing the photocopies of the text was something that only a person like Dorothy could have done, using copiers in the consulate. In Tallinn at the time, such machines were very carefully controlled. But the more I thought about it, the clearer it became to me that, if this revolution was to have any chance of success, Dorothy had to go. She had to leave Viktor.”

Lucy’s face was horror-struck. “But why?” she asked. “Why?”

“Because the KGB would quickly find out that your aunt and Viktor were lovers. She would be expelled as a spy, and he would be tried as an agent of the corrupt Western powers and

cause ▶ Sache

deafening

▶ ohrenbetäubend

demand ▶ verlangen

expel ▶ ausweisen

gooseflesh

▶ Gänsehaut

horror-struck

▶ von Entsetzen gepackt

puzzled

▶ verduzt, ratlos

try sb. ▶ jmdn. vor

Gericht stellen

tune ▶ Melodie

possibly shot. The whole movement would be seen as a plan to undermine the Soviet Union, not as a desire for change by the people of Estonia. She had to go, and I knew I would have to tell her.”

He contacted Dorothy and they arranged to meet. He drove her to a nearby beauty spot, Catherine’s Quay.

“The quay goes out into the Bay of Tallinn. During the week, there may be a couple of fishermen, but it’s quiet. I wanted to be sure nobody could overhear us.”

They sat on the wall, looking out to sea as the Colonel told Dorothy what he knew about her and Viktor, and why she had to leave Tallinn.

“What did she say?” asked Lucy in a whisper.

“For a long time, nothing. She just stared into the distance. After a while, I noticed a tear on her cheek. I offered a handkerchief, she patted her face dry, thanked me and said something about the wind making her eyes water. ‘Oh, you English and your stiff upper lip,’ I thought to myself. ‘Is that all you can say?’ I asked. I’ve never forgotten her answer: ‘The hopes of two little people don’t count for very much compared to the hopes of a whole people, do they, Colonel?’”

He stopped. Lucy had tears streaming down her cheeks. She wiped her face and blew her nose.

“Go on!” she said finally between sobs.

“That’s it. She left. She wrote and told Viktor why she had to go, and he accepted it. After we gained independence in 1991, he married an Estonian woman and, when he died, his wife brought this book round to me. She said it contained poems that Viktor had written for Dorothy, and I should give it to her.”

“But why didn’t you just post it?”

“Old habits, Mrs Tischler. I was attending a security conference in Speyer, and I thought I would leave it with somebody I could trust to look after it.”

The phone rang. It was the kindergarten asking why Lucy hadn’t collected the twins. She asked the Colonel to wait a moment, ran down the road and received a ten-minute lecture on the importance of punctuality from the teacher. When she got home again, the Colonel had gone, having left the package on the kitchen table.

beauty spot

► schönes Fleckchen
Erde

cheek ► Wange

desire ► Wunsch

handkerchief

► Taschentuch

overhear ► mithören

pat: ~ dry

► trocken tupfen

sob ► Schluchzer

stiff upper lip

► hier: Fassung

whisper ► Flüstern

After Dorothy arrived that evening, Lucy waited until the children were in bed and Klaus was watching the news on television before giving her aunt the package. She said someone called Mr Renno had dropped it off for her that morning.

Dorothy opened it and stood reading for a moment, before looking up at Lucy, who had found something very interesting out of the window to stare at.

“Perhaps tomorrow I will tell you a story,” Dorothy said, “when the children are in kindergarten and we have our coffee...”

Source: Spotlight 1/2019, pages 42–43

Conclusion

[16] 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 time, won’t you? Until then: goodbye.

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• Abonnent(in)

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Tonstudio: Cebra Studio, Gröbenzell
Gestaltung: Georg Lechner
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Produktion: Dorle Matussek
Gesamt-Anzeigenleitung: Matthias
Weidling (DIE ZEIT, V.i.S.d.P.)
Litho: Mohn Media Mohndruck GmbH,
33311 Gütersloh
Druck und Vervielfältigung:
optimal media GmbH, D-17207 Röbel/
Müritz

Titel: Martin Haake

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David Creedon (Anmoderation, Replay,
Peggy's Place)
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Spotlight Verlag GmbH,
Kistlerhofstr. 172, 81379 München

Kundenservice: abo@spotlight-verlag.de
Redaktion: spotlight@spotlight-verlag.de

Einzelverkaufspreis: € 14,50 (D)



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