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Introduction

[1] David: Welcome to edition 7/2019 of Spotlight Audio. This is David Creedon from Britain. Join me now for a 60-minute expedition around the English-speaking world — with stories, language tips and exercises.

London has two millennia of history to discover and explore. And the best way to do it is by foot. Take a walking tour of the British capital in the travel section.

British amateur detective Dorothy Winslow returns to solve another mystery in an exciting three-part short story.

It's best to keep e-mails clear and direct. Learn the most useful methods in English at Work.

Britain Today

[2] Leonardo in London?

David: By anyone's standards, Leonardo da Vinci was a man who was well ahead of his time. With current and upcoming exhibitions of Leonardo's drawings in Britain, our columnist Colin Beaven wonders what would have happened had the great artist lived in the UK.

It's 500 years since the death of Leonardo da Vinci. More than 500 of his drawings are held in Britain's Royal Collection. There've been small exhibitions of them in cities round the country, and a larger selection's now on show at Buckingham Palace till October, with a further exhibition to follow in Edinburgh.

Leonardo often wrote on his drawings. He used mirror writing, which seems odd. But he was left-handed, and no doubt found it easier to write from right to left, given that paper back then was quite bumpy. As for actual mirror writing, well, why make life simple when you're a genius?

The drawings were brought to Britain in the 17th century, and were finally given to King Charles II. What a shame Leonardo didn't come here in person. I'm sure he'd have found plenty of work.

Hans Holbein certainly did. Born in Augsburg, he had come to London via Basle only a few years after Leonardo's death, and produced portraits of Henry VIII and his family. Surely, a younger Henry, soon after he'd come to the throne, would've liked to have his portrait done by the great Leonardo.

bumpy

• uneven

odd

• seltsam

Would the mirror writing have helped him or hindered him professionally? It's not always wise to be ahead of your time. If they'd had more ambulances, he might have offered to write the word "ambulance" backwards on the front, as is usually done now to make sure other road users recognize the vehicles in their mirrors. But a horse and cart with wing mirrors was a rarity in the Renaissance. So was an ambulance.

What about the hospitality industry? Leonardo's design for the *Last Supper* might have been useful in restaurants. How else do you tell customers that the kitchen's closed and food is no longer being served? And he could always have painted the signs that hang outside or stand on the pavement. In the case of *La Gioconda*, perhaps it's the painting that takes its name from a *trattoria*, not the other way round.

Are we absolutely sure that Leonardo didn't come to Britain in his lifetime? I really think Sotheby's and Christie's should check out some of our pub signs. There could still be some real Leonardos flapping about outside pubs like the Fox and Hounds in Britain's wet and windy weather. That painting called *Lady with an Ermine* was probably sold off when the pub it belonged to was closed and redeveloped. I suspect, though, that Leonardo's mirror writing would have landed him in hot water on occasions. Imagine the angry scene when the

wine shop discovered that the person it had hired to paint its sign liked to spell his words backwards.

"Here's the new sign for your wine shop, sir. I've done it in Italian like you told me: *enoteca*." "What do you mean, *enoteca*? The way you've written it, it looks more like 'acetone'. How dare you say my Prosecco tastes like acetone! That's what they use to make nail polish remover."

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, page 11

dare

- ▶ sich trauen, etw. wagen

ermine

- ▶ Hermelin

flap about

- ▶ *ifml.* herumhängen, klappern

hinder

- ▶ behindern, aufhalten

horse and cart

- ▶ Pferdefuhrwerk

land: ~ sb. in hot water

- ▶ jmd. in Teufels Küche bringen

nail polish remover

- ▶ Nagellackentferner

pavement UK

- ▶ Gehsteig, Gehweg

redevelop

- ▶ sanieren

suspect

- ▶ befürchten, vermuten

wing mirror

- ▶ Außenspiegel

A Day in My Life

[3] Making art from animals

David: The centuries-old craft of taxidermy has become surprisingly popular in recent years. Perhaps even more surprising is that many of these new taxidermists are young and female. In *A Day in My Life*, we meet Allis Markham. The 36-year-old owns the Los Angeles-based studio Prey Taxidermy. In the first excerpt from the interview, Markham talks about the importance of multitasking in her job and how she starts her day. She uses the term “prepping”. Short for preparing, here it refers to removing the skin from a dead animal.

Really everything, every day for me is different, because taxidermy, what I do, is multitasking. Every animal is different, and they're all organic specimens you're working with. So, you might start the day by prepping out a mammal. But ultimately that skin has to be treated and tanned and turned into leather. So, then I'll switch over to bird mode. So, every day is a little bit different, but I usually wake up, and I come my 13 steps down from my house into the studio and I pull something out of the freezer that's on my to-do list.

David: And where does Markham get all the animals she works on? Listen now as she explains. By the way, the word “roadkill” describes the remains of an animal that has been killed on a road by a car or other motor vehicle.

Some of them are roadkill, and they're collected by [the Department of] Fish and Wildlife. Then, the museum or nature center gets a permit to have me work on them. And I do have special permits to work on certain birds and things like that. Other things die in... You know, they may have been nuisance animals that were some kind of pest-control situation. So, yeah, the kind of a way I look at my work, and why I love working for museums, is I love that something can die, even if it's in a horrible way, like roadkill, something like that, but then I can put it to good use for education or conservation. Or if something is hunted or from a farm and eaten, if I can use just another part

-based ▶ in ... ansässig

excerpt ▶ Ausschnitt

freezer ▶ Tiefkühltruhe

nuisance

▶ lästig, schädlich

pest-control

▶ Schädlingsbekämpfung

specimen ▶ Exemplar

tan ▶ gerben

taxidermy

▶ Tierpräparation

ultimately

▶ letztlich, schließlich

of that animal that would have been rubbish anyway, then that's another positive. You use every part of the animal.

See Spotlight 7/2019, pages 12–13

Travel

[4] London walks: from King's Cross to Piccadilly Circus

David: Although it's the largest city in Western Europe, with a population of around 10 million, London is surprisingly walkable. And even though there's an excellent public transport system, it sometimes pays to go by foot because London is full of interesting places. That's certainly what correspondent Lorraine Mallinder discovered when she walked from King's Cross to Piccadilly Circus for the current travel feature.

You're about to hear an excerpt, which begins as Lorraine exits The British Library. As you listen, try to answer the following questions: Which author made a controversial comment about the Duchess of Cambridge in the *London Review of Books*? What can you find in Sir John Soane's Museum on Lincoln's Inn Fields? And which street used to be known as the home of British journalism?

10.15 a.m. — A walk into Bloomsbury

Back in the silvery morning light, I walk southwards into the heart of Bloomsbury. In Montague Street, I'm confronted with the monumental British Museum. Modelled on the architecture of ancient Greece, this 19th-century temple of world art and artefacts is an exhibit in its own right. The sculpted display above the entrance shows man emerging from a rock as an ignorant being, meeting figures symbolizing religion, science and the arts on his journey to civilization.

But there's no time to go in, as I'm on my way to a rather less conventional establishment hidden down a side street in the shadow of the museum. If you like books, you'll love the London Review Bookshop.

10.45 a.m. — The London Review Bookshop

But first, cake. I enter the bookshop's cafe,

artefact

► (Kunst-)Gegenstand

controversial

► umstritten

Duchess

► Herzogin

ignorant

► unwissend, ungebildet

pay

► hier: sich auszahlen, lohnen

right: in one's own ~

► für sich, selbst

walkable

► begehbar; hier: zu Fuß erkundbar

taking a seat among wealthy-looking intellectuals sipping tea. At least I think they're intellectuals. I try to listen to the hushed conversations around me. From what I can gather, the two men seated to my right appear to be discussing Arabic literature, which seems very educated to me.

Awaiting my Sichuan dew tea and orange and lemon cake, I pick up a copy of the *London Review of Books* (LRB), parent publication of the bookshop and said to be one of the most controversial literary magazines in Europe. Well, it was in these pages that author Hilary Mantel called the Duchess of Cambridge, also known as Kate, a “shop-window mannequin”, prompting strong reactions from the conservative media.

The bookshop itself is quietly fascinating. There's everything here, all the latest thoughts on lit crit, psychology, politics, travel, you name it. I speak to bookseller John Clegg, a 32-year-old poet, whose own collection, *Holy Toledo!*, can be found on the shelves. “It's amazing working here,” he says. “There's so much time to read!” You can keep up with what everyone's writing.” According to Clegg, this is the only bookshop in the UK where staff choose the books.

Listening to Clegg, the bookshop sounds like the best place in the world to work.

11.30 a.m. — A walk to Holborn

From Bloomsbury, I go directly to Holborn. Squeezed between the wealth of the “Square Mile” financial district and the frivolous West End, Holborn is full of historical curiosities, like Sir John Soane's Museum on Lincoln's Inn Fields. This house museum, once owned by the eponymous 19th-century architect, has an eclectic collection of paintings and decorations. Inside, it feels like being in an ornate jewellery box.

From the square, it's a brisk walk down to Fleet Street, once the home of British journalism. Known for printing and publishing since the 16th century, all the big newspapers used to have offices in the “Street of Shame”. But all that disappeared in 2016 with the departure of the last two journalists.

brisk ▶ stramm, flott

copy ▶ Exemplar

eclectic
▶ vielseitig, gemischt

eponymous
▶ gleichnamig, namen-
gebend

hushed
▶ gedämpft

ornate
▶ kunstvoll, verziert

parent
▶ hier: bedeutend

sip sth. ▶ an etw. nippen

squeeze
▶ pressen, quetschen

staff ▶ Personal,
Mitarbeiter (Pl.)

David: Were you able to answer the questions? Which author made a controversial comment about the Duchess of Cambridge in the *London Review of Books*? It was historical novelist Hilary Mantel. What can you find in Sir John Soane's Museum on Lincoln's Inn Fields? You can find an eclectic collection of paintings and decorations. And which street used to be known as the home of British journalism? It's Fleet Street.

Source: *Spotlight* 7/2019, pages 28–35

[5] London Review Bookshop

David: As you heard in the excerpt from the travel article, the *London Review of Books* is one of Europe's leading literary magazines. Founded in 1979, the LRB specializes in long essays, often from well-known writers. In 2003, the London Review Bookshop opened in the heart of Bloomsbury. While visiting the bookshop, our author Lorraine Mallinder had a chat with Deputy Manager David Lea. In the first extract from the interview, Lea describes the ethos of the bookshop.

It's a very open ethos. It's quite political in some ways, but open to all political ideas, very interested in history, art, photography. One of our strongest areas in the shop is poetry, which accounts for about 10 per cent of our

sales, which is very unusual for a bookshop in Britain, but also literary fiction, just any books that are interesting.

David: Lea is one of the founding team at the London Review Bookshop. How did the bookshop come about?

I suppose we were making it up as we went along. We wanted a bookshop that reflected the magazine. And it's actually quite an unusual model. Not many newspapers or magazines have bookshops. So we didn't know quite what to do. So we were guided really by our brilliant and loyal customers who told us what they wanted to buy. So that's what we stocked.

See *Spotlight* 7/2019, pages 28–35

account for sth.

➤ etw. ausmachen

come about

➤ zustande kommen, entstehen

deputy

➤ stellvertretend

stock sth.

➤ etw. einlagern

Everyday English

[6] A picnic

David: Eating outside on a lovely summer's day is a real treat. It's even better when family and friends get together, meet in a park and enjoy a picnic where everyone brings something delicious. That's exactly what flatmates Adele and James have planned for the weekend in our Everyday English section. Let's listen in as they discuss what to bring. James suggests picking something up from a bakery, while Adele wants to contribute something home-made. As you listen to the dialogue, try to answer this question: What kind of picnic food and drink does James remember from his childhood?

James: When did picnics get so fancy, anyway? When I was a kid, all we had was cheese sandwiches, a packet of crisps and a carton of orange squash. Now it's all crushed potato salad and tiramisu in kilner jars.

Adele: Food got fancier, James.

James: Do you remember the picnics in the Famous Five books? “Loaves of crusty bread” and “lashings of ginger beer” ... Those were the days!

Adele: I can see you're not going to help me make these scones. You win — let's just pick

up something yummy on the way there.

James: Now you're talking. You know what? For a laugh, we could buy some ginger beer.

Adele: Yeah, why not? And a loaf of crusty bread, too. How about that?

David: Were you able to answer the question? What kind of picnic food and drink does James remember from his childhood? James gives the examples of cheese sandwiches, a packet of crisps and a carton of orange squash. Orange squash is a sweet liquid made with orange juice and sugar. It's almost like syrup, and you add water to make a drink.

When Adele and James arrive at the park to meet their friends, they're impressed by the variety of dishes. What idiom does their friend Martha use when she tells them there's enough food for everyone?

crisp UK ➔ Kartoffelchip

crushed ➔ zerdrückt

crusty

➔ Krusten-, knusprig

fancy ➔ extravagant

flatmate

➔ Mitbewohner(in)

ginger beer

➔ Ingwerlimonade

lashings

➔ Unmengen

loaf

➔ Brotlaib

treat

➔ Genuss

Martha: Hey, you're here! Come and sit down. There's plenty of room on the blanket.

James: Hi, Martha. What a spread!

Adele: I'm so sorry we're late. It's my fault. Making the scones took longer than I thought. Poor James is starving.

Martha: Don't worry. Thanks for the scones — they look fantastic. We've got enough food to feed an army, so help yourselves. Plates and cutlery are over here. What would you like to drink? Is Prosecco OK?

Adele: I'd love some, thanks. I think James is having ginger beer, though.

James: No, no, I'll have a Prosecco — I wouldn't want to be rude.

Martha: Did you actually bring ginger beer? That's hilarious. Cheers!

David: Martha tells her friends there's enough food to feed an army. In the end it doesn't matter how fancy a picnic is. What it really comes down to is great company, fine weather and lots of laughter.

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, pages 54–55

Grammar Tales

[7] “The ugly duckling”

David: Do you know the story of The Ugly Duckling? It was written by Danish author Hans Christian Andersen and first published in 1843. In a new edition of Grammar Tales, Andersen's classic has been updated for the 21st century. The grammar focus this time is on the order of adjectives, for example, “strong white wings” and not “white strong wings”. Pay attention for more examples as you listen.

Once upon a time a duck and the Easter bunny were watching the duck's eggs hatch. The duck had chosen to build her nest in a nice quiet spot by the riverbank, away from the noise of the farmyard.

“Don't you have to be somewhere?” the duck asked the Easter bunny.

“Nope,” said the Easter bunny. “Don't have to be anywhere till March, really. I'm at a bit of a

cutlery ▶ Besteck

nope *ifml.* ▶ Nö

Easter bunny
▶ Osterhase

riverbank ▶ Flussufer

hatch ▶ schlüpfen

rude ▶ unhöflich

hilarious ▶ lustig

The Ugly Duckling

▶ das hässliche Entlein

loose end... Oh, look! The first one's hatching."
"Why are you so interested in my eggs?" asked the duck. "It's a bit weird."

"Sorry," said the bunny. "Occupational hazard. I'm a bit of an egg nerd — an 'eggs-pert'," giggled the bunny.

First one, then two, three, then four ducklings pecked their way through the eggshells. The duck was happy: "Look at my fluffy yellow babies! They're so cute! I love them."

The fifth chick was different, however. He was big and grey and not exactly attractive, and the mother duck couldn't hide her disappointment. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "What a big ugly duckling you are!"

"That's a bit harsh," said the Easter bunny. "Just because he doesn't look like the others doesn't mean he's ugly. It might mean something else, Mrs Duck!" And the bunny gave the duck a long and meaningful look.

"I don't know what you're insinuating, but I don't think I like your tone," retorted the duck. "I'm just suggesting that perhaps this duckling didn't hatch from one of your eggs," said the Easter bunny.

"Rubbish!" said the duck, who waddled off down to the river with her ducklings to teach them how to swim.

"Bye, then! And congratulations!" said the Easter bunny. Then he bounced off.

It didn't take the ugly duckling long to realize

that he wasn't his mother's favourite and that his brothers and sisters were always trying to exclude him. He often heard the other farmyard ducks and hens cough, "Ugly!", when he passed by. He even heard his own mother say that he was "no oil painting". No one seemed to like him. The ugly duckling decided to run away. "No one will miss me anyway," he thought sadly, as a big fat tear rolled down his cheek.

bounce off

► wegspringen

cough

► husten; hier: von sich geben

cute ► niedlich, süß

duckling ► Entenküken

eggshell

► Eierschale

fluffy

► flauschig, flaumig

giggle

► kichern

harsh

► streng, harsch, hart

insinuate

► andeuten, unterstellen

loose end: be at a ~

► nichts zu tun haben, in der Luft hängen

nerd *ifml.*

► Fachtrottel, Freak

occupational hazard

► Berufsrisiko

peck

► picken

retort

► zurückgeben, erwidern

suggest

► andeuten, nahelegen

waddle

► watscheln

weird *ifml.*

► seltsam, sonderbar

The ugly duckling ran off down to the river and swam and swam. When he could swim no more, he climbed out on to the riverbank. It was cold, and the poor little ugly duckling was frightened and lonely. As he was making himself a nest in a pile of leaves, he heard voices overhead. He looked up to see some beautiful white birds flying in the sky.

“Wow!” he exclaimed. “I wish I could be like them.”

“Swans,” said the Easter bunny, appearing from nowhere. “Nice birds. Extremely long necks,” he added, and bounced off again.

Early the next morning, the ugly duckling was looking for his breakfast in the river, when he came upon some wild ducks. “Ugh!” they said. “What a great big ugly duckling you are! Go away!” And they chased the duckling away.

Soon, he was in a wood and had no idea where to go or what to do. The little duckling was tired and weak with hunger. He saw a cottage in the distance and headed towards it. When he got to the door, he quacked and quacked until a little old lady let him in. Inside, there was a lovely warm fire with a cat and a hen in front of it. The kind old lady gave the duckling some water and some bread, and set a chair in front of the fire. “Make yourself at home, little one,” she said. The cat and the hen, however, weren’t pleased.

“You can’t stay here,” said the cat.

“We don’t want to live with a big scruffy duckling!” clucked the hen.

“Just look at you!” added the cat. “You certainly weren’t first in line when they were handing out looks, were you?” And with that, she hissed at him so loudly that the duckling ran out of the house as fast as his little legs would carry him. The poor little duckling was homeless and alone once more. Winter arrived, and as the days passed, it became harder and harder for him to find food.

One day, a farmer found the duckling, weak and tired, in one of her fields. She took the duckling home, fed him and looked after him, and soon he was strong again. But whenever the farmer wasn’t looking, her children would chase him all round the farmhouse. The duckling didn’t like that, and once again, he decided to run away. On his way out of the farm gate, he

chase

► jagen

cluck

► gackern, glucken

exclaim

► ausrufen

first in line

► in der ersten Reihe

hiss

► fauchen

pile

► Haufen

quack

► quaken

scruffy

► ungepflegt, dreckig

swan ► Schwan

bumped into the Easter bunny.

“Hey,” said the Easter bunny. “How’s it going?”

“Not great,” said the duckling, shaking his head.

“One day, you’ll find someone who loves you just as much as you love her,” said the Easter bunny kindly, “and you’ll stay together for the rest of your lives.”

“You’re just trying to make me feel better,” said the duckling. The Easter bunny patted him on the head and bounced off.

The ugly duckling hid by the river for the rest of the long cold winter, until slowly, the sunshine became warmer. One day, the duckling stretched himself and flapped his strong white wings, and suddenly he realized that he was flying up into the sky. When he looked down, he saw three lovely white swans swimming in the river below. They saw him, too, and whistled, “Come and join us!” The duckling could hardly believe they were talking to him. As he flew down, he saw his reflection in the river, and to his astonishment, he realized that he was just like them. He wasn’t an ugly duckling any more. For the first time in his life, the young swan felt a sense of belonging.

When he finally stopped looking at his handsome reflection, he turned his head to see the Easter bunny jumping up and down and waving to him from the riverbank. “Excellent!” called the bunny. “Excellent! I told you that

you would live happily ever after.” And with that, he bounced off.

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, pages 22–25

Around Oz

[8] The fine art of packing light

David: It’s that time of year when most people head off to spend their holidays somewhere fun and interesting. While it’s hard enough to settle on what to do during this precious free time, it can be even more difficult to decide on what to take with you. Our Around Oz columnist, Peter Flynn, has perfected packing his bag. Follow his advice, and you’ll be ready to go anywhere!

astonishment ➤ Überraschung, Erstaunen

belonging
➤ Zugehörigkeit

flap ➤ flattern, schlagen

handsome ➤ gut aussehend, stattlich

head off
➤ sich aufmachen

pat
➤ tätscheln, leicht klopfen

precious
➤ kostbar

settle on
➤ sich entscheiden

whistle
➤ pfeifen, flöten

I like packing a travel bag. My aim is always to take as little as possible. (I once left Australia for Europe with only a toothbrush as luggage, although I did buy a few things on my stop-over in Bangkok and then a bit more at the Piraeus markets on my way to months of exploring the Greek Islands.)

This time, I'll be away for up to six weeks, carrying about 15 kilograms, including some basic fishing equipment. That's half the allowed free limit for most Australian airlines of 23 kilograms of check-in baggage and seven kilograms of carry-on.

Contrary to expert advice, I've never written down a packing list in my life. I keep my list in my head — and it varies, depending on whether the trip is for business or pleasure. I start with shoes (only two pairs on this trip), socks, pants both long and short, underwear, shirts for all seasons, jumpers, a leather jacket to take on the plane, a sun hat and caps. Then there's the toiletries bag, which has all else you might need, including phone charger and spare reading glasses.

Almost all those clothes are dual purpose and designed to be layered. The two most useful pieces, though, are an old sarong from Bali and an equally lightweight spray jacket from my boating days. The former can be used as a sheet, towel or robe, while the latter keeps out the wind and rain. Oh, and there's a modern

torch — no bigger than a pen — that would light up a highway.

I do agree with the travel packing tipsters on the seven-day rule: that is, regardless of how long you will be away, never pack more clothes than you could ever wear in a week. Yes, that may require some handwashing. And if you're away long enough and get sick of wearing the same clothes, go buy something from a local second-hand charity shop.

Back to the actual travelling and flying bit: very carefully split your clothes so that you have two days' supply in your carry-on luggage, along with the other essentials (all valuables) that will pass security screening. (I've had luggage lost at travel hubs all over the world for days, even weeks, at a time.)

carry-on ► Handgepäck

charger ► Ladegerät

dual purpose

► zweifach verwendbar

hub ► Knotenpunkt

jumper UK, Aus.

► Pullover

latter ► letztgenannt

layer ► hier: übereinander anziehen

regardless of

► ungeachtet, egal

spare ► Extra-

spray jacket ► Spritzschutz-, Regenjacke

tipster ifml. ► Tipp-; hier: Ratgeber(in)

toiletries bag

► Kulturbeutel

torch UK, Aus.

► Taschenlampe

The other thing I hide deep in my carry-on bag is a spare credit card from a bank separate to my usual one; I've gone through the inconvenience of having my primary card blocked due to the bank's security fears about scammers or unusual transactions in exotic places. (God bless them for their concern, but that can take days to sort out.)

Now, once you get to your destination, I have another really important piece of advice: do not live out of a suitcase. Even if you are staying for only a few days, unpack everything. Hang up those shirts, spread out your personal effects on the bedside table and make yourself at home. And that's when the empty, flattened daypack that you put last into your luggage will become your best friend again. Throw in the sarong, hat, sunglasses and water bottle, and you're ready to explore.

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, page 63

English at Work

[9] Learning to KISS

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 keeping your English e-mails clear and direct.

Ken: Hello. This is Ken Taylor from London. When you write an e-mail in English to another second-language speaker, the message should be crystal clear. And to do this you need to KISS your language — keep it short and simple. This means using short sentences and simple vocabulary. Let's practice how good you are at KISSing! I'll say a word or phrase and then use it in a sentence. In the following pause, find one simple word to replace the phrase I've used. Then you'll hear the new word and a KISSed version of the sentence that you can repeat in the pause. Good. We'll start.

Commence. The meeting will commence at ten o'clock.

Start or begin. Listen and repeat.

The meeting will start at ten o'clock.

The meeting will begin at ten o'clock.

crystal clear

► glasklar

daypack

► Tagesrucksack

scammer *ifml.*

► Betrüger(in)

sort out

► in Ordnung bringen

In the near future. We should meet in the near future.

Soon. Listen and repeat.

We should meet soon.

Due to the fact that. I cannot come to the meeting due to the fact that I'm on a business trip then.

Because. Listen and repeat.

I cannot come to the meeting because I'm on a business trip then.

With reference to. I'm writing to you with reference to the conference next month.

About. Listen and repeat.

I'm writing to you about the conference next month.

In the event of. In the event of your late arrival, please call the following number.

If. Listen and repeat.

If you arrive late, please call the following number.

In order to. I'm writing in order to check your time of arrival.

To. Listen and repeat.

I'm writing to check your time of arrival.

Short, simple language does not make you seem less elegant or less sophisticated. It

allows you to get your message across in a clear and understandable manner. Your readers will thank you for that.

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 7/2019, page 61

Peggy's Place

[10] The pub and the palace

David: It's time to pull up a chair, order a drink and find out what's going on at our favourite London pub, Peggy's Place. In this episode, a visitor to the pub gives Peggy some incredible news.

copy

- ▶ Exemplar

incredible

- ▶ unglaublich

sophisticated

- ▶ anspruchsvoll, gehoben

George: Would you like to hear our plans for the pub now, Peggy?

Sean: Yeah, you're going to love our ideas.

Peggy: Can it wait? I'm expecting Sam any minute.

Sean: Fireman Sam?

George: Who is fireman Sam? And why does he get precedence over our glorious plans?

Sean: You know Sam: Jane's boyfriend...

Peggy: Correction: ex-boyfriend.

Sean: Sorry, yes: Jane's ex-boyfriend and the one who warned us about the collapsing ceiling after the storm.

George: Is he coming to check the fire precautions?

Peggy: No, he was a bit secretive about the reason for his visit.

Jane: Hello, mum! Has Sam been here?

Peggy: I thought you two had split up?

Jane: We have, but he's got something to tell you and I wanted to be there to see your face.

Peggy: I hope you're not expecting...

Jane: Mum, you always think it's going to be trouble.

Peggy: A baby is never trouble. It's just that, well, you know — single mum and all that. I'm just poppping out to the back to get some more Beaujolais, Sean. If Sam comes, ask him to wait for a moment.

George: So, if it's not a baby, what is it?

Jane: You'll have to stay here and have another

drink if you want to find out.

Sean: A little clue maybe?

Jane: OK, if I were Madam Jane looking into my crystal ball, I'd see a lady in a lovely outfit, maybe wearing a hat.

George: No idea!

Sean: A guessing game with two men and the clue is about clothing, Jane? Know your audience.

Jane: Fair enough: I see a big house, a red carpet or maybe a beautiful garden with lots of smartly dressed people everywhere.

George: Sounds like a wedding.

Sean: Jane never mentioned a church.

Jane: That's right, I didn't. What else do you get dressed up for?

George: I don't know. Work?

Jane: You're useless, both of you!

Sam: Hi, everyone! Hi, Jane! I didn't expect to see you.

fire precaution

► Brandschutzmaßnahme

guessing game

► Ratespiel

pop out

► kurz rausgehen

precedence: get ~ over sth.

► Vorrang haben, vorgezogen werden

secretive

► geheimnistuerisch

split up

► sich trennen

George: We hear you're the bringer of exciting news.

Sean: I'll get Peggy.

Jane: I can hardly wait to see mum's face.

Peggy: Hello, Sam! It's lovely to see you. How are things?

Sam: Actually, rather good. That's why I'm here.

George: Spit it out, man. I can't bear the tension.

Sam: I didn't know there was an audience.

Peggy: Shall we go to the kitchen?

Jane: Only if I can come, too.

Peggy: OK, tell me here...

Sam: I got an award for bravery after the storm. No big deal, but I will be collecting my award from Buckingham Palace and I was wondering if you wanted to come along with me... Peggy?

Jane: I think she's passed out.

Peggy: No, I haven't. I'm just speechless... with joy!

Sam: My parents are no longer with us and I can't think of anyone I'd rather take than you.

Peggy: Are you really sure?

Sam: I am.

Sean: It's surprising what people think is exciting news.

George: I know. Meeting the royal family? Exciting? I ask you!

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, page 10

Short Story

[11] "The Tischler inheritance — a Ms Winslow investigation" Chapter 1

David: In this special three-part short story, we welcome back Spotlight's very own super-sleuth, Dorothy Winslow. Retired from the British diplomatic service, she enjoys visiting her niece in Germany and every now and then solving the odd crime or mystery. This time, Ms Winslow is back in the little village of Heroldstein in the Palatinate, where her niece and nephew's family relations are about to get very complicated indeed.

Dorothy Winslow turned the bedside table light on and gently shook her niece, Lucy. "Lucy, dear, you need to get up," she whispered. "But don't wake the children..." Trotsky, who always slept upstairs when Lucy's husband,

bear the tension

► die Spannung ertragen

bravery

► Tapferkeit

every now and then

► hin und wieder

pass out

► in Ohnmacht fallen

sleuth

► Detektiv(in)

the odd

► den/die/das ein oder andere(n)

whisper

► flüstern

Klaus Tischler, was away on business, wagged his tail at Dorothy, then settled down again with a sigh. Lucy squinted at the clock next to her bed.

“What’s the matter, Aunt Dot?” she asked, yawning. “It’s two o’clock in the morning.”

“There’s an elderly gentleman wearing a beret sitting in the armchair next to the fire in the sitting room,” said Dorothy. Lucy sat up, now wide awake.

“A beret? Oh, dear. That’ll be Klaus’s Uncle Peter. He’s a bit eccentric. He sometimes just turns up here, though not normally this late. This was his house, you see, so he has a key to everything. I’d better go and make sure he’s all right and then phone his home to say he’s safe. He has a live-in nurse, you see.”

“No,” said Dorothy. “You need to call a doctor. He’s dead.”

Uncle Peter was buried a week later in the Tischler family grave, just above his parents and next to his brother. Lucy stood with Klaus and the rest of the close family at the front, while Dorothy stayed at the back with her friend from the village, Armin von Weiden, and learned about the relatives.

“Peter was a bachelor,” Armin told her quietly. “But his brother, Fritz — Klaus’s father — and his sisters all had children.”

“Lucy and Klaus don’t talk about them much.

Is there a reason?” asked Dorothy.

“Fritz was close to Peter, but not to the sisters, Gertrude and Evangelina. Gertrude — she’s the one with the died blonde hair — married a Herr Grüber, who worked for a pharmaceutical company, and they spent a lot of time in America. They came back to Germany when he retired, but then he died shortly afterwards. Klaus said Herr Grüber’s heart just gave up when he realized he was going to be spending all his time with Gertrude.”

“Oh, dear! Children?”

“Living in Houston. Apparently, they barely speak German any more.”

“And Evangelina?”

apparently

► anscheinend

bachelor

► Junggeselle

barely

► kaum

beret

► Basenmütze

died

► gefärbt

elderly

► älter

live-in nurse

► 24-Stunden-Pfleger(in)

settle down

► hier: sich hinlegen

sigh ► Seufzen

squint ► blinzeln

turn up *ifml.*

► auftauchen

wag: ~ **one’s tail**

► mit dem Schwanz wedeln

yawn ► gähnen

“She’s standing next to Gertrude. She was an English teacher — not a very good one — at a *Gymnasium* in Speyer and is married to Herr Steinherz, who worked for the tax office. They have two children, who must be in their late thirties now. I once had to rescue Klaus from them when they were small, at some family party of Peter’s. They’d locked him in a wooden crate with wheels and were about to push it down a hill.”

“Poor Klaus! No wonder he...” but then Dorothy had to stop because the vicar, Frau Apfelbaum, had begun the service.

Afterwards, Lucy and Klaus provided food for everybody at their house. At some point, Dorothy found herself in a corner with the two sisters. How very different they were. Gertrude was tall and thin and peered down at people like a stork hunting for frogs around her feet. Evangelina was short and round, and Dorothy suspected that she wore a wig. Her black suit was at least two sizes too small for her.

“You’re Lucy’s aunt, then?” asked Gertrude as she removed a bit of lettuce caught between her teeth with a long fingernail.

“Where are your manners, Gertrude?” interrupted Evangelina. “You must introduce yourself and shake the hands. So you do it in England!” She transferred the chicken leg she’d been holding to her plate and offered her hand. “Miss Winslow, can I me introduce,

Evangelina Steinherz, and that is my sister Gertrude Grüber. How do you do?”

“How do you do?” answered Dorothy, shaking Gertrude’s sticky hand. “Please, call me Dorothy.” “So, you were the one who found poor Peter, then. How did that happen?” asked Gertrude. “I couldn’t sleep,” said Dorothy. “So, I came downstairs to make some cocoa and found Mr Tischler sitting in the chair opposite the secretaire.”

Evangelina looked confused. “The secretary?” “She means Peter’s old writing desk,” explained Gertrude, pointing out the piece of furniture on the other side of the room. “The one he gave to Lucy when she and Klaus got married.”

“Oh, yes!” said Evangelina, and Dorothy noticed a small frown appear. “The Biedermeier piece of our mother’s. Most generous of Peter.” She pressed her lips together as if to stop herself saying anything else.

“Well, I said ‘hello’, but he didn’t answer and,

frown ▶ Stirnrunzeln

sticky ▶ klebrig

generous ▶ großzügig

stork ▶ Storch

lettuce ▶ Kopfsalat; hier: Salatblatt

transfer ▶ hier: ablegen

peer: ~ down at sb.

wig ▶ Perücke

▶ von oben auf jmdn. herunterstarren

wooden crate
▶ Holzkiste

when I got up close, I could see he was dead,” Dorothy continued. “I woke Lucy and she called the doctor and his nurse.”

“I told the agency to fire that damn nurse,” said Gertrude. “She had one job, to make sure Peter didn’t come to any harm, and she blew it.”

“But what for was he coming here?” said Evangelina. “That is what I am wondering.”

“Perhaps he just wanted to see the house one last time,” said Dorothy. “I understand Lucy and Klaus have left it very much as it was when he lived here.”

“Yeah, well, that’s going to change,” said Gertrude. “Soon as Klaus moves out, we’ll knock this place down. We could put four houses on this land, sell them and make a load of money for all of us... for Klaus, too.”

“Oh, yes,” added Evangelina enthusiastically. “My husband, you know, he told Peter much times he could make big profit with this land. But Peter say always no, no, no. The house is for the young ones to live in. Now, we see!”

“Oh, dear,” said Dorothy. “But doesn’t the house belong to Klaus and Lucy? Lucy said Mr Tischler promised to...”

The sisters smirked.

“That’s what she believed,” said Gertrude. “But as the lawyers don’t have a will and nothing has been found at his apartment, everything will be split amongst the three of us.”

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, pages 36–41

[12] “The Tischler inheritance — a Ms Winslow investigation” Chapter 2

The next day, Lucy and Klaus came back with long faces after speaking to Uncle Peter’s lawyer. It was true: there was no sign of a will.

“What I can’t understand,” said Klaus, “is that Uncle Peter kept on telling me he was going to write a will and give it to me to look after. In the end, it seems he never did, though. He was very forgetful in the last year or so, and I didn’t want to ask him myself. The trouble is that we simply can’t afford to buy out Gertrude and Evangelina.”

“What about the flat he lived in?” Dorothy asked. “If you gave up your share of it to them, couldn’t they give up this house?”

Klaus shook his head. “This land with four new houses on it would be worth an awful lot of money. I had no idea how much. It’s very sad, but we’ll have to move. I don’t see any alternative.”

a load of *ifml.*

• einen Haufen

blow sth. *ifml.*

• etw. vermässeln

look after sth.

• sich um etw. kümmern

smirk

• geziert lächeln

split

• teilen

will

• Testament

“Well, at least you’ll profit from the sale.”
 “Not really,” said Klaus. “We’ll have to put any money it generates into buying a new house, which can never be as nice as this one. And of course, while we’re waiting for the new houses to be built and sold, we’ll have to rent somewhere else. Aunt Evangelina was very keen to point out that we’d been living here rent-free since Uncle Peter invited us to move in after the twins were born. She asked the lawyers whether they could now start charging us rent until we move out. Can you believe it? Even Gertrude looked embarrassed about that.”
 “It’s not right!” Lucy complained to Dorothy when Klaus took Trotsky for a walk. “Uncle Peter told those two witches that he wanted us to have the house when he died so that Freddie and Roland could grow up here like he and his brother did. And now they’ll just knock down this lovely house and build horrible little rabbit hutches covered in satellite disks and solar panels. I’d like to tie Gertrude and Evangelina to a couple of chairs and tell them exactly what I...”
 “Are Great-Aunt Gertrude and Evangelina really witches, Mummy?” interrupted Freddie, who’d been playing at the kitchen table with Roland. “Like the one in the story of Hansel and Gretel who wanted to eat the children?” he added nervously.
 “No, Freddie,” said Dorothy. “Mummy means wretches. A ‘wretch’ is someone who’s cross

and miserable. And Gertrude and Evangelina are going to be very cross and miserable if we find Uncle Peter’s will. So, let’s put our thinking caps on and try to imagine where he would hide it in the house.”

“The seckartree writing thingy,” said Roland. “He told me he liked it even more than the telly. Old people can be so strange.”

“Wait!” said Lucy. “I’m confused. Here?”

“Well,” answered Dorothy, “I was thinking. Why did he come to the house in the middle of the night like that? There must have been a reason.”

“You mean he wanted to bring round the will? But why not do it in the daytime?”

“Klaus said his uncle had become very forgetful. Maybe he remembered the will, and even though it was the middle of the night, he was

charge

► berechnen, verlangen

cross

► zuwider, sauer

embarrassed

► verlegen

keen: be ~ to do sth. UK

► eifrig dabei sein

rabbit hutch

► Kaninchenstall

telly UK ifml.

► Flimmerkiste

thinking cap: put on one’s ~

► scharf nachdenken

wretch ifml.

► erbärmliches Wesen

determined to bring it over straightaway, before he forgot again.”

Lucy looked thoughtful. “So, he came here, put the will somewhere safe, then sat down to have a little rest, had a heart attack and died?” “Something like that. Freddie? Roland? Shall we look in the desk?”

It wasn’t there, but when Klaus and Trotsky came back, everybody joined in turning the house upside down. Although they found several socks that had lost their partners, a rubber bone belonging to Trotsky, three earrings and a mobile phone, they didn’t find a will.

They carried on looking the next day, but by the evening, when Dorothy had to fly back to London, they were still empty-handed.

“Don’t give up, dear,” she told Lucy, who was beginning to despair. “Something will turn up.” “I hope so,” said Lucy miserably. “If there is a will, we need it quickly. Gertrude and Evangelina want to have a meeting next week with the lawyers to discuss the next steps.”

“Let me know how that goes.” The doorbell rang. Armin was driving Dorothy to Frankfurt airport. “I’ll call if I have any more ideas.”

In the car, neither Armin nor Dorothy spoke for a while.

“Bad business, eh?” said Armin eventually. “Difficult to find another place like that in Heroldstein.”

“I will never understand this habit you have in Germany of knocking down beautiful old houses and replacing them with horrible new ones,” answered Dorothy crossly. “It’s waste-ful. Your villages lose all their charm, and they all look exactly the same!”

Armin was about to discuss the point, but the look on Dorothy’s face told him this was not a good idea.

“Well, is there anything I can do to help?” he offered.

“Perhaps,” Dorothy replied. “Find Peter’s nurse and see if she knows anything about a will. We don’t know for sure if there really was one, do we?”

“Good idea,” said Armin. “That shouldn’t be too difficult...”

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, pages 36–41

despair

➤ verzweifeln

determined

➤ entschlossen

eventually

➤ schließlich, irgendwann

rubber

➤ Gummi-

wasteful

➤ verschwenderisch;
unnötig

[13] “The Tischler inheritance — a Ms Winslow investigation” Chapter 3

The afternoon sun was high in the empty sky, empty apart from a couple of vultures circling on silent wings, looking for something dead or dying on the ground. In the shade of a large rock, Julia Braun drank some water from her flask before reattaching it to her rucksack. She was going to wait another half hour until the sun was lower and then continue down the desert trail across the Mexican Sierra de la Laguna. It had been good to have this holiday, especially after that last job. Was it only four weeks ago? It felt like a lifetime ago.

From far away, the sound of an engine reached her. The noise grew until she could see a Land Rover approaching with two men inside. She shrank back into the cover of the rock. Who were they? What were they doing out here? She'd been warned about drug cartel gangsters in the area. The car drove past with a roar, stopped, and then the two men inside put their heads together for a moment before reversing to the rock Julia was hiding behind, her heart beating like a drum. The car stopped in a cloud of dust, the passenger door opened and a tall, elderly man in dark glasses and a pale linen suit got out. He saw her and walked over with his hand extended.

“Frau Braun?” he said. “Frau Julia Braun? Darf ich

mich vorstellen? Mein Name ist von Weiden, Armin von Weiden.”

A week later, as Armin told his story over a cup of tea in the drawing room of Dorothy's Cambridge home, she couldn't help laughing. “Armin, you're amazing!” she said finally. “You flew all the way to Mexico and hired someone to drive you across the desert to find Peter's nurse? I really didn't mean for you to go to so much trouble. I thought she'd have another job somewhere in Speyer or Mannheim. But how did you find her in the desert?”

“She was on a tour organized by a company that specializes in back-to-nature holidays. The rucksacks have tracking devices, so the

approach ▶ sich nähern

circle ▶ kreisen

cover ▶ hier: Schutz

desert trail

▶ Wüsten-Wanderweg

drawing room

▶ Salon, Wohnzimmer

elderly

▶ älter

engine ▶ Motor

flask ▶ Flasche

reverse ▶ zurücksetzen;
rückwärts fahren

roar

▶ hier: Getöse, Dröhnen

shrink back

▶ zurückweichen

tracking device

▶ Peilsender

vulture ▶ Geier

users can easily be found if they need rescuing. Anyway, after I persuaded her that we weren't drug dealers or kidnappers, she was happy to sit in the Land Rover and tell me everything she knew. I think she appreciated the air conditioning, and I have to say I've never seen a bar of chocolate disappear so quickly."

"I hope whatever you learned from her was worth it," Dorothy said. "Lucy and Klaus have packed up everything and are moving next week."

"Well, there definitely is a will," Armin said. "Somewhere. Frau Braun said that, on the day before he died, Peter shut himself in his study all afternoon. When she took him some soup for his supper, she saw his desk was covered in papers. He told her he was going to finish writing his will before turning in. She went to bed herself and was woken by Lucy calling her at three o'clock in the morning with the bad news. When Frau Braun went into his study, there was a little note for her saying he was going out and would be back for breakfast. But no sign of any will."

"So, it should be in Lucy's house. Hmm... did she have anything else to say?" Dorothy asked. "Gertrude and Evangelina came round to Peter's flat and wanted to see his papers. They were wasting their time: Peter's lawyer had already collected them, but in conversation, Frau Braun told them about Peter writing a

will. And guess what happened then?"

"They offered to pay for her to have the holiday of her dreams as long as she went immediately?" Armin looked annoyed. "Yes. How did you know?"

"They wanted her out of the way so nobody could hear her story. Was there anything else?" "There was something else in Peter's note," Armin explained. "It said he had something for his secretary, which meant nothing to Frau Braun. But I'm guessing he was making a little joke about that desk he gave Lucy, don't you think?"

"Yes. But we looked all over it and there's no will there or anywhere else in the house."

Armin sighed. "Which means he dropped it when he was walking across the fields. It's about two kilometres from his flat to the house. It could be anywhere, and it's been raining for the past week in Heroldstein. I'm afraid it's hopeless."

annoyed

► verärgert; irritiert

appreciate

► hier: zu schätzen
wissen

bar

► Riegel

sigh

► seufzen

turn in ifml.

► schlafen gehen

It was depressing but true. What use was it to have found out that there really was a will if it had been destroyed? Armin felt crushed.

"I've got an idea," Dorothy said after a miserable lunch. "Let's go and look at some antique shops. You always enjoy that and there are some lovely ones in Cambridge. Come on!"

It helped. Armin bought himself a silver candlestick from one shop and a print of a fox hunt as a present for Lucy from another. They were looking in the window of a third when he spotted something. Behind some tables, desks and chairs stood a secretaire.

"That's quite similar to Lucy's, isn't it?" he said. "Let's ask if it's German."

The saleswoman was delighted to have some knowledgeable customers. "Yes, it is," she said. "A 19th-century piece from Baden-Baden. The walnut veneer is a little cracked on the front right-hand door. But everything is still in perfect condition in the writing section." She opened it up. "Now, how many desk drawers are there?"

"Eight," answered Armin. "Four on the left, four on the right."

"No, ten. Look carefully." The saleswoman leaned forward and pressed two points underneath the drawers, releasing hidden springs. Two small drawers sprang open.

"Et voila!" she said triumphantly. "Secret drawers!"

"Armin, you're a genius," said Dorothy, grabbing his arm. "That's where it is!"

Source: Spotlight 7/2019, pages 36–41

Conclusion

[14] **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.

candlestick

• Kerzenhalter, Kerzenleuchter

cracked

• gesprungen, gerissen

crushed

• niedergeschmettert

delighted

• erfreut

grab

• packen, greifen

knowledgeable

• sachkundig, kompetent

spring

• Feder

subscriber

• Abonnent(in)

veneer

• Furnier

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