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Introduction

[1] David: Welcome to edition 11/2019 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. English is now a global language spoken by over a billion people. How is English changing as a result and what new words have entered the language? Spotlight focuses on the matter in a roundtable discussion.

Have you ever tried stand-up paddling? If not, it might be time to try this easy and enjoyable sport. To help you get in the mood, why not join dedicated paddleboarder Dagmar Taylor as she navigates the lakes and bays of Scotland. The famous fairy story Jack and the Beanstalk gets a modern makeover in a new episode of Grammar Tales.

Britain Today


David: As Brexit chaos continues to dominate UK politics, our British columnist Colin Beaven takes a critical look at his country’s parliament. And he has some interesting ideas on how to improve politicians’ behaviour and help them be more understanding of neighbouring countries.

Scenes from Parliament in London, with its fruitless Brexit debates, seem to have been an international TV hit. The world clearly enjoys laughing at the House of Commons and all its crazy rituals.

Such as using the word “aye” when votes are reported. It’s a perfectly normal word for “yes” in many parts of northern England, but “aye” sounds odd if you use it in London as the opposite of “no”. “The ayes to the right” — we hear the Speaker say — “the noes to the left”.

Eyes to the right and nose to the left? Is Mr Bercow describing a portrait by Picasso? And when he wants MPs to calm down and behave, why shout “Order! Order!” in such a menacing but ineffective tone of voice? He sounds like someone in a Haribo advert pretending to be a Chicago gangster.

We regularly complain that MPs behave like children; since the Brexit referendum, they’ve

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bay → Bucht
billion → Milliarde
dedicated → engagiert, begeistert
fairy story → Märchen
makeover → gründliche Überarbeitung
menacing → bedrohlich
MP (Member of Parliament) → Abgeordnete(r)
navigate → befahren
odd → seltsam, merkwürdig
really been throwing their toys out of the pram. The Father of the House, Ken Clarke, has made frequent calls for a return to “grown-up politics” — a bit of courtesy and compromise, I imagine — but in vain.

We’d be wrong, of course, to think that children behave as badly as MPs. Many wouldn’t want to, and if they did, their schools would probably exclude them. Besides, not all our badly behaved politicians are in Parliament. Nigel Farage campaigned successfully to leave the EU in the referendum, but he hasn’t so far won a seat at Westminster. He did, however, do his best to be obnoxious as a member of the European Parliament, having stood as a candidate for UKIP. Farage was back with a new party for this year’s European elections: the Brexit Party. And plenty of people voted for him.

Whatever makes them do it? Especially when they ought to know better — like my old German teacher. A few years after he taught me, he became head of the school that Nigel Farage attended. Later, he admitted that he had voted for his chauvinist ex-pupil in 2009, despite being a brilliant language teacher who loved spending time on the Continent.

True, his methods now seem old-fashioned. The only way many of us could start a conversation with a visitor from Germany was to say Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh. Well, perhaps EU summits really will be more peaceful once Britain has finally left.

Unlike Parliament at Westminster, no doubt, which will soon be moving out for a few years; its traditional home needs urgent repairs. It won’t move far, though. Perhaps it should. Perhaps it should travel like the European Parliament. It could visit Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Or even go international, like the Tour de France. Having the Republic of Ireland as its host might finally lead to a breakthrough in border negotiations between north and south on the island of Ireland.

Perhaps Mr Bercow could help to start the process by shouting “Border! Border!”

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, page 11
**A Day in My Life**

**[3] Caring for your pearly whites**

David: Some people are scared stiff of dentists. Maybe it’s something to do with those noisy drills. But there’s no need to be afraid of Bernie Shaw. The 57-year-old is a dentist for a small community south of Brisbane in Australia. In the first excerpt from Spotlight’s interview with Shaw, he talks about his job and his dental practice.

Shaw: I’m only 12 minutes from work, 12 minutes’ drive, so it’s an easy, low-stress trip to work, and I normally see in my surgery about 12 patients a day. I always have two helpers with me, two dental assistants. One does the reception desk and helps with the admin of the practice, and the other helps me chair-side with managing patients and treating them.

David: So, what is Shaw’s favourite part of his job as a dentist?

Shaw: My favourite part of being a dentist is interacting with my patients. I like to run a happy practice, and I chat to them and share a little story or two. And occasionally a patient will have a joke. That’s [my] favourite part, just getting to know people and helping them in one little aspect of their life.

See Spotlight 11/2019, pages 12–13

**Travel**

**[4] SUP, Scotland! A paddling adventure**

David: Scotland is famous for its great natural beauty and there is plenty to see on land. However, in the current Spotlight travel feature, correspondent Dagmar Taylor sets off to explore her native country by water. She takes us on an adventure of a lifetime as she goes stand-up paddling in Scotland. In the first excerpt from the feature, Dagmar and her friend explore Loch Ness. As you listen, try to answer this question. How wide is the loch at its broadest point?

**Monster paddle: Loch Ness**

We start planning our day’s paddling after breakfast in the youth hostel in Inverness, which is close to the lake’s north end. I have
no idea how to get into Loch Ness. I’ve driven past it, and remember that its banks are quite steep. The ladies at the tourist office couldn’t be more helpful, and after discussing it, they suggest that we get into the loch at Dores Beach. After a picnic lunch, we head north towards majestic Aldourie Castle. The tourist office says we can rent the whole castle — if we’re not on a tight budget. It’s a beautiful day and we feel hot in our dry-suits, which protect us if we fall into the cold water. Loch Ness is some 36 kilometres long and only about three kilometres wide at its broadest point. There are just a couple of cruise boats on the water, their passengers no doubt on the lookout for Nessie. Not surprisingly, there’s no sign of the monster. After admiring the castle, we head back to the beach and pack up. We’re off to the west coast tonight — it’ll be about a two-hour drive to Plockton.

**David:** Were you able to answer the question? At its broadest point, Loch Ness is only about three kilometres wide. In the next excerpt, our adventurers head west to paddle on Loch Carron. Try this question. What is the village of Plockton known for?

**The mild, mild west**
Plockton is a small fishing village on the shores of Loch Carron. It’s not my first visit — in fact, this sea loch is the only place in Scotland where I’ve paddleboarded before. Here, on the west coast, the weather is milder and Plockton is famous for its palm trees. We can’t wait to get out on the water — it’s actually warm enough to paddle barefoot. We paddle out of the bay, along the shoreline and then across the loch towards Duncraig Castle. When we arrive back in the harbour after a couple of hours, we meet two other paddleboarders — the only ones we’ve seen so far. Will Evans and his partner, Kate Magee, have just relocated from North Wales to set up a SUP rental company here. We exchange numbers and hope to go paddling together in a few days.

**David:** The village of Plockton is known for its palm trees. In the final excerpt, Dagmar and her friend take a ferry to the Isle of Harris, where they find a sparser landscape. What animals does Dagmar mention seeing in Luskentyre Bay?
To Harris and beyond
We’re up early to drive to Uig, a village on the beautiful Isle of Skye, to catch the ferry to Tarbert, on the Isle of Harris, as the southern part of the Outer Hebridean island of Lewis and Harris is known.
About 90 minutes later, the ferry approaches Harris. The rocky landscape here is very different to that of the mainland. There are no palm trees in sight — or any other trees, for that matter. After disembarking, we drive for about 20 minutes and catch our first glimpse of Luskentyre Bay. We spend the afternoon relaxing among the warm sand dunes, looking at the changing colours of the roaring sea.
After dinner in Tarbert, we go for a paddle, starting out from the tiny beach in front of our hostel in Drinshader. The water is calm here. Wearing head torches so that we can be seen, we stay out until after dark — which is after eleven. The next morning, we go out again before breakfast. The smooth surface of the water is broken only occasionally by the sleek head of a curious seal. This is the life!
It’s soon time to leave, though, and after a ferry ride back to Skye, we’re treated to a gorgeous pink sunset as we drive along Skye Bridge over Loch Alsh to our next stop: Ratagan Youth Hostel on the banks of Loch Duich.

David: Dagmar mentioned seeing seals in Luskentyre Bay.

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, pages 26–35

Roundtable
[5] The state of English today
David: Now we have another in our Roundtable series of discussions, in which we’ll be looking at the state of the English language today.
Inez: Welcome to Roundtable. Our topic is the state of the English language today, and here to discuss this with me are Spotlight’s Deputy Editor Claudine Weber-Hof, welcome, and Spotlight author Dagmar Taylor. Let’s begin with a statistic. So, the British Council estimates...
that English is spoken at a useful level by some 1.75 billion people worldwide. That is around a quarter of the world’s population. So, now if many people, so many people, are speaking English at some level, the language is clearly being influenced and subjected to a lot of influences. As two people who write in English and about the English language for your work, what changes have you noticed in English in the last decade or so. Dagmar?

Dagmar: Well, I think my focus has been on grammar, and I’ve noticed that native speakers have changed the way they say things slightly. When I was growing up in the UK, I never heard anyone say, “I was sat there” or “I was stood there”, and now it seems to be quite common. I don’t know why they’re using the passive to talk about something that they’ve decided to do, but it seems to be common usage now.

Inez: Claudine, what about you?

Claudine: Well, one example that really pops out in my mind is the word “gift” — using the word “gift” as a verb. And this is no longer the newest thing, but every time someone does it, to me it sounds very, very new. For example, “My grandmother gifted me her old car.” We might say — other native speakers of English might say — “My grandmother gave me her old car” or “donated her old car to me”. But “to gift something”, that, for me, is very new.

Inez: I have to say, I listen to Radio 4, BBC Radio 4, a lot, and there were things, expressions, “going forward”, for example, to talk about plans, which for many years, I want to say, I always thought was sort of bad English. “Going forward into the future”, for example, just somehow parts of which seem redundant. Yet I noticed that even presenters on Radio 4 use a lot of these kind of terms, and it’s wearing down my resistance, I have to say, as well. Using digital devices, do they change, are they changing, have they changed the way you use English? Claudine?

Claudine: Well, do you two use WhatsApp on your phones? I find that using WhatsApp has become integrated into my daily life in a way I never would have expected as a communication tool and, as a result, I have taken to using more abbreviations — more abbreviations than I would do in regular written English. What about you two?
Dagmar: Because I’m using WhatsApp, and often in two languages in one day, I find it quite annoying to change the language each time. So sometimes I just make do and will write over the predictive texting in German when I’m writing in English, and that’s something that’s quite awkward, but I found it’s catching up with me. It’s learning from my mistakes as we go along.

Inez: I tried for a long time in WhatsApp and messaging to maintain a sort of letter style and write “Dear Henry”, “Dear James”, “Dear whatever”, but obviously it’s completely pointless because, looking on your phone, you know who the message has come from, so you tend to just fall straight into what it is that you want to say, which is nice because it saves time, but is just... It can be sometimes a little abrupt. But I appreciate the fact that we can communicate so quickly and that sometimes an emoji, one emoji, saves a thousand words.

Claudine: That’s true.

Inez: Right. One area that we cover in Spotlight magazine every month are new words. Do you have a new word or phrase? Dagmar?

Dagmar: I found a new word and I really like it because it has cake in it, and cake’s always great. It’s called “cakeism”. Have you heard of cakeism? Well, I think it’s from the idiom “to have your cake and eat it” and it’s the belief that you can have all the benefits of a particular thing but none of its disadvantages, and guess which context it’s used in? Yes, Brexit.

Inez: Claudine?

Claudine: Well, you won’t believe it, but that’s exactly the same one that I brought with me today. Although, another one I like, and we’ve had it in the magazine not too long ago, is “crasslighting”. Which is taking gaslighting, sort of manipulating someone into thinking that their feelings or interpretation of a situation are somehow false, and adding the word “crass” to it. And this is something I picked up from the American press. There was a story a couple months ago about woman who had been sent some rather crass, rude messages from a fellow male journalist. And he then proceeded to pretend that this had never happened or “Oops! I meant to send that to someone else.” And it was extremely clear that wasn’t the case of all. And columnists who
wrote about this instance coined essentially the word “crasslighting” to put a name to, unfortunately, something that’s becoming a more common occurrence than one would want.

Inez: I won’t say I love the word “manspreading”, but it’s one that, when it turned up a few years ago, I noticed that men were doing it, and beforehand I actually hadn’t noticed. And so I’ll be sitting in the Tube, and some guy next to me will be taking up half of my seat as well, and then I realize, ah, OK, well, this is my spot. I don’t actually know what the German word for this is, which is not much use when you’re in Munich, so I just sort of try to stare them down and keep saying “manspreading”, “manspreading” under my [breath], sort of quietly just to myself. Hasn’t actually helped. One time, a guy sort of stood up and just marched off because he could see that I was upset. But, yeah, it’s an interesting phenomenon.

Claudine: It’s related to “mansplaining”. Are you familiar with that word?

Inez: I am familiar with “mansplaining”, yes. Fortunately, there isn’t an alternative for women because that’s what I’d like to do sometimes to the manspreading is “womensplain” to them what they’re doing wrong. Thank you very much indeed.

See Spotlight 11/2019, pages 14–23

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**Everyday English**

**[6] Work-life balance**

**David:** For many people it can be a real challenge to maintain a healthy work-life balance. In Everyday English, we meet Frank, whose dedication to his job is having a negative effect on his home life. Listen to a conversation Frank has with his wife, Laura, and try to answer this question. Why is Frank working so late?

**Frank:** Hi, honey. I’m really sorry, but I’m only now leaving the office. Just go ahead with dinner.

**Laura:** The kids and I have already eaten. It’s nearly eight o’clock! I tried to call you, but you didn’t pick up.

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**coin** ➞ prägen

**dedication** ➞ Einsatz, Engagement

**essentially** ➞ im Grunde

**mansplaining** ➞ herablassende, besserwisserische Erklärungen von Männern, vorzugsweise Frauen gegenüber (Wortschöpfung aus „man“ und „explaining“)

**pick up** ➞ (Telefon) abheben, drangehen

**stare sb. down** ➞ jmdn. sehr grimmig anstarren

**Tube** ➞ hier: U-Bahn

**upset** ➞ verärgert
Laura: That’s what I was thinking. Maybe even two. I was also wondering whether he should talk to a business coach. Isn’t one of your friends a coach?
Vicky: You mean Dave?
Laura: Dave. Yes, that’s right. Is he any good?
Vicky: Well, he’s a great guy and he seems to be pretty successful. Do you want his number?
Laura: Yeah. It might be worth a shot.

David: Here’s Laura’s plan to help Frank. She hopes he can take on an assistant or two and most importantly get advice from a business coach. Let’s hope this idea will help Frank improve his time management skills so he can enjoy more personal time away from work.

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, pages 54–55

Frank: I’m sorry, I didn’t realize how late it was. I had to finish off the presentation for tomorrow and I had my phone on silent.
Laura: Oh, you’re meeting with that potential new client tomorrow, aren’t you? Did you get your presentation finished?
Frank: Yes, I did. Let’s hope the client likes it.
Laura: Fingers crossed. What time will you be home?
Frank: It shouldn’t take too long. If the traffic’s OK, in about half an hour, I think.
Laura: OK. See you in a bit.
Frank: See you.

David: Frank is working late to finish a presentation in the hope of winning a new client. In the second dialogue, Laura is hiking with her sister Vicky. Frank was supposed to be there, too, but he had to do his tax return instead. Laura is worried about Frank. What’s her plan to help her husband regain a good quality of life?

Vicky: It’s such a shame that Frank couldn’t join us today. It would have done him the world of good.
Laura: I know. I hope he realizes that he can’t go on like this. He’s working himself into the ground.
Vicky: I understand that he’s worried about costs, but if he gets this new client, won’t he
intimidation. At around the same time, I was having my home raided by about 10 cops after writing a story on the chain of bribes paid — all the way up to the police commissioner — to protect illegal betting shops. Of course, they found drugs in my house, because they had put them there; but the charges were eventually thrown out of court.

Only a few months ago, the Australian Federal Police raided the home of a prominent News Limited journalist and the Australian Broadcasting Commission’s Sydney headquarters. The police and their computer technicians were trying to find the source of leaked

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**Around Oz**

[7] He’s no messiah

David: For seven years, Australian-born WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange was given asylum in Ecuador’s London embassy. That all came to an end in April of this year when Ecuador withdrew Assange’s asylum and allowed British police into the embassy to arrest him. Our Around Oz columnist Peter Flynn says Assange will find the world a very different place now that he’s facing possible extradition to the US.

Australian-born WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange — due to face a hearing in London next February for his extradition to the United States — does not appear to get much sympathy in this country.

Assange often reminds me of that famous line from Monty Python’s Life of Brian: “He’s not the Messiah. He’s a very naughty boy!” Assange’s name came up in conversation the other day when I was having a drink with some experienced fellow journalists. “He’s not a journalist,” said one. “He’s a hacker and a dumper.” My friend then went on to talk about his time as a young journalist in Sydney in the late 1970s and 1980s (when Assange was still a boy) investigating police corruption. He was shot at, had his home fire-bombed and his car was run into in a campaign of police
government documents describing horrific misconduct by some of our special forces in Afghanistan.

Real journalists will go to jail to protect whistleblowers and their sources, but the subliminal message I got from Assange seeking refuge in the Embassy of Ecuador in London was that, somehow, he was the victim. Sure, the material that Chelsea Manning leaked to Assange revealed repeated criminal behaviour by US forces, but she was the one who went to prison.

Indeed, Assange sees the millions of indiscriminately dumped documents on WikiLeaks as “a giant library of the world’s most persecuted documents”. Please, give me a break!

And then there’s the matter of sexual assault and rape in Sweden, charges Assange has denied, but that one of his victims still wants investigated. While Assange was locked up in the Ecuadorian embassy for nearly seven years, the world changed quite a bit. The #MeToo movement has shown that even powerful men have to face the music instead of blaming their victims.

Look, Assange had a difficult childhood, living in dozens of towns and cities, but still managed to do well at university in mathematics and programming. Yet his greatest love has always been hacking. At 16, he was a founding member of the hacking group International Subversives. At nearly 50, he’s not the “messiah of truth”, but he’s still playing God.

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, page 63

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**Grammar Tales**

**[8] “Jack and the beanstalk”**

**David:** “Fee-fi-fo-fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!” Our Grammar Tale in this edition is a reworking of the fairy story Jack and the Beanstalk. Anthropologists believe that the story can be traced back more than 5,000 years. However, the tale we know today is English in origin and first appeared in print in the 18th century. In the version you’re about to hear, a few key aspects have been given a modern twist. But don’t worry, there’s still a giant at the top of that beanstalk!

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Once upon a time Jack’s mum opened the door to find a man from the council standing on the doorstep. “Mrs Flageolet,” he said. “What is that growing in your garden? We’ve had complaints from your neighbours.”

“It’s a beanstalk,” said Mrs Flageolet. The man from the council looked at her and waited. Mrs Flageolet sighed. “Jack swapped our cow for some magic beans yesterday.” Jack’s mum drew *air quotes* with her fingers when she said “magic beans”. “I told him to buy seed from the money he got for our cow. I was so angry when he brought home three beans that I threw them on to the compost. Overnight, they grew into this monstrosity.”

The man from the council gave her the *side-eye*. “Really?” he said. “Well, it’s going to have to be *chopped down*. You realize that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do,” said Mrs Flageolet. “But Jack climbed the beanstalk. He’s still up there. Could you wait for him to come down?”

After a long climb, Jack was at the top of the beanstalk. There, to his surprise, he saw a road leading to an enormous castle. He made his way towards it and as he reached it, the door slowly opened. In front of him was a very large lady with only one eye — right in the middle of her face. “Come this way, boy,” she said. Jack turned to run away, but the *giantess* reached out with one long arm, *grabbed* him, pulled him into the castle and shut the door. “Why are you in such a hurry?” she asked. “You look like you could do with a nice big breakfast. You’re so thin!” She took Jack into the kitchen and began cooking a full English breakfast, with *black pudding, baked beans, the works.* As Jack sat there waiting for his breakfast, he looked around the room and saw a white hen sitting at the window. The hen *blinked* at Jack and *clucked*. Suddenly, Jack remembered that his father — God rest his soul — had owned a white hen and it used to lay golden eggs. The hen had disappeared the night Jack’s dad was murdered by a horrible old giant. “Oh,” thought Jack, putting two and two together. At that moment, the whole castle began to shake
and the heavy sound of giant feet got louder and closer.

“Quick! That’s my husband. Get in here,” said the giantess, lifting Jack into a huge copper pot. Then the giant roared:

“Fee-fi-fum-foy,
I smell the blood of a poor young boy,
Steal my hen and he’ll soon see,
A friend of mine he’ll never be!”

“What are you talking about?” said his wife. “There’s no boy here, you big silly billy! Breakfast’s almost ready. Why don’t you have your shower first? And remember to use your anti-fungal shampoo!”

The giant stomped off towards the bathroom. Jack saw his chance and climbed out of the copper pot. He was about to make a run for it when the giantess stopped him. “Wait until he’s asleep,” she said, “He always has a little sleep after breakfast.” A few minutes later, they heard giant footsteps coming closer. “He’s coming,” said the lady giant. “Quick! Get back in the pot.”

The giant stomped into the kitchen. Jack looked out from his hiding place to see the giant poke the poor hen and roar, “Lay!” A few seconds later, the hen had laid a golden egg. The giant took it and placed it in a basket on the table.

Jack waited until the giant had eaten his breakfast and gone to have his snooze. When he was quite sure that the big man was asleep, Jack climbed out of the pot, grabbed the hen and began to creep out of the castle.

The hen, realizing that she was being saved, gave a joyous cackle. “BUCK-uck-uck-uck-UCK!” she cried.

“Wifie! What are you doing to my hen?” Jack heard the giant roar.

The young boy ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Within seconds, the giant was hot on his heels. Jack got to the beanstalk just in time and the giant saw Jack suddenly disappear. Looking through the clouds, he saw Jack, with the hen under his arm, climbing down the beanstalk as fast as he could. The giant stomped his foot and roared angrily.

“Fee-fi-fum-foy,
I smell the blood of a poor young boy,
Steal my hen and he’ll soon see,
A friend of mine he’ll never be!”

“What are you talking about?” said his wife. “There’s no boy here, you big silly billy! Breakfast’s almost ready. Why don’t you have your shower first? And remember to use your anti-fungal shampoo!”
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: London’s Heathrow is one of the busiest airports in the world. Nevertheless, the UK government plans to increase capacity by building a third runway. This could spell disaster for the climate.

Heathrow expansion: stop it to save the planet

Inez: Despite fierce opposition, plans for a third runway at London’s Heathrow Airport are progressing fast. As things now stand, the new runway will be constructed by 2026 and the full expansion of the airport will be completed by 2050. However, these plans

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necessitate diverting rivers, moving roads, demolishing homes and rerouting the M25 motorway through a tunnel under the new runway. There will also be more than 700 extra flights a day.

In an opinion piece from Britain’s Guardian newspaper, the writers say that the government shouldn’t be expanding airports. Instead, it should be encouraging people to fly less for the sake of the environment. Air travel adds a significant amount of pollution to the atmosphere, which is why some travellers are starting to shun flying. “To shun” means to avoid someone or something. The results of such pollution can be seen, for example, in the vanishing of Arctic ice sheets. “To vanish” means to disappear suddenly. Now let’s listen to the first excerpt from the article.

“Come on, stop calling us polluters.” That was the shocking message of denial from the head of the International Air Transport Association at a summit that took place this [summer] as it emerged that ... passengers are shunning flights because of the climate emergency. ... With ice sheets vanishing from the roof of the world and fjords disappearing in the North Atlantic, Big Air must first accept the scale of the problem. Aviation needs to be part of the global commitment to phase out fossil fuels and limit catastrophic temperature rises.

Industry emissions are growing faster than ... forecasts. This year, for the first time, global aviation emissions passed the one gigatonne of CO2 mark. The industry contributes about 3% of annual global emissions but could be [responsible for] a 10th or more of the total by 2050.

Inez: One airline initiative to reduce CO₂ emissions is the practice of carbon offsetting. “To offset” means to use one cost, payment or situation in order to cancel or reduce the effect of another. With carbon offsetting, air passengers pay a little extra for their tickets to offset the level of carbon dioxide caused by flying. The airline then uses this money to, for

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- demolish ➔ abreifen
- denial ➔ Leugnung
- divert ➔ umleiten
- ice sheet ➔ Eisdecke
- motorway ➔ Autobahn
- necessitate ➔ erforderlich machen
- opinion piece ➔ Kommentar
- phase out ➔ schrittweise aus dem Verkehr ziehen
- reroute ➔ umleiten, verlegen
- sake: for the sake of ➔ zugunsten von
- scale ➔ Ausmaß
It is the better-off who can afford to fly all year round. They are behind the 40% rise in holiday flights in the last decade — an astonishing 11m extra trips. …

If the UK government was serious about the climate emergency it would think again about a third runway at Heathrow. … The government’s climate advisers said we could reach net-zero emissions and still be flying in 2050. The aviation sector, they calculated, would account for 31 megatonnes of CO₂. If a third runway at Heathrow goes ahead that will shoot past 40 megatonnes of CO₂. … [In] a few years’ time the transport secretary will have a chance to block Heathrow’s proposals. To save the planet, whoever is in the post should do so.

Source: © Guardian News & Media 2019


Inez: 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?

To be the explanation or cause of something is... to account for.

sustainable
► nachhaltig, umweltverträglich
Which verb means to disappear suddenly? To **vanish**

Cancelling or reducing the effect of CO₂ by planting more trees can be called... **carbon offsetting**.

What verb means to make something weaker or less important? To **lessen**

People who have more money than others are called... **the better-off**.

What verb means to avoid someone or something? To **shun**

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

**English at Work**

[12] **The PEACE process**

**David:** Business communication expert Ken Taylor joins us in the studio now with tips on using English at work. Ken has advice on how to bring peace to a troubled situation at work.

**Ken:** Hello. This is Ken Taylor from London. Getting someone who is angry and **upset** to calm down is never easy. And to do it in a **second language** can be quite **demanding**. Let’s practise a five-step process that can help you in this situation. The five steps are based on the word PEACE. The P stands for “perceptive listening”. The E means “empathize”. The A is “ascertain the facts”. The C is “consensus seeking”. And the E is “execute a plan”. Listen to the way George uses this process to help his colleague Iris to calm down.

**Iris:** I’m really mad at John and the others for being so **inconsiderate** and hurtful.

**George:** I see.

**Iris:** They don’t realize how stupid they’re being.

**George:** Tell me more.

**Iris:** They just don’t think before deciding things like who will be going to the **trade fair**.

**George:** Ah. I see what you mean.

**Iris:** I was promised to go last month, and now they’ve changed everything, and I’m not on the list now. It’s upsetting.

**George:** I understand, and I’d probably feel the same.

[**ascertain** ➔ **feststellen**]

[**demanding** ➔ **anspruchsvoll**]

[**upset** ➔ **rucksichtslos**]
Iris: It’s not fair — after all the work I’ve put in.
George: Let me see if I understand. You’ve been working on organizing the trade fair stand, but now John and his team have told you that you won’t be going. Is that right?
Iris: That’s right. I’m really upset.
George: So, what can we do? Should I have a word with John?
Iris: Would you? I’m afraid I’d just lose my cool if I talked to him.
George: I can’t promise anything, but I’ll talk to him. How does that sound?
Iris: Thanks. I really feel I ought to be on the trade fair team.
George: I’ll see John tomorrow morning and I’ll talk to him then.

Ken: Now it’s your turn. Let’s practise the PEACE process. You take the part of George. I’ll tell you which stage of the process we’re in. Then you’ll hear Iris. I’ll remind you of what to say. You speak in the pause. Then you’ll hear George again. Good. We’ll start.

Ken: P for perceptive listening.
Iris: I’m really mad at John and the others for being so inconsiderate and hurtful.
Ken: Say that you see.
George: I see.

Iris: They don’t realize how stupid they’re being.
Ken: Ask her to tell you more.
George: Tell me more.

Ken: E for empathize.
Iris: They just don’t think before deciding things like who will be going to the trade fair.
Ken: Say that you see what she means.
George: Ah. I see what you mean.

Iris: I was promised to go last month, and now they’ve changed everything, and I’m not on the list now. It’s upsetting.
Ken: Say that you understand and would probably feel the same.
George: I understand, and I’d probably feel the same.

Iris: It’s not fair — after all the work I’ve put in.
Ken: Ask if you can see if you understand.
George: Let me see if I understand. You’ve been working on organizing the trade fair stand, but now John and his team have told you that you won’t be going. Is that right?
Iris: That’s right. I’m really upset.
Ken: Now ask what we can do.
George: So, what can we do?

Ken: A for ascertain the facts
Iris: It’s not fair — after all the work I’ve put in.
Ken: Ask if you can see if you understand.
George: Let me see if I understand.

Ken: C for consensus seeking
Iris: That’s right. I’m really upset.
Ken: Now ask what we can do.
George: So, what can we do?
Peggy’s Place
[13] Reading matters

David: It’s time to visit our favourite London pub. If you’re a regular listener, you might remember that pub-owner Peggy is always trying to support her granddaughter, Simone. So, it should come as no surprise that Peggy wants to encourage Simone to read more. Hopefully, the bar staff and customers will have some good suggestions for reading material. Let’s find out in a new episode of Peggy’s Place.

Sean: Here, let me help you with those bags. Wow! They’re really heavy. What have you been buying?

Peggy: I’m trying to get my granddaughter interested in reading. So I bought her some of my favourite books.

Helen: Can I have a look?

Peggy: Go ahead!

Helen: His Dark Materials: Northern Lights, by Philip Pullman.

Phil: I didn’t know Simone liked fantasy fiction?

Peggy: I’m trying to get my granddaughter interested in reading. So I bought her some of my favourite books.

Helen: Can I have a look?

Peggy: Go ahead!

Helen: His Dark Materials: Northern Lights, by Philip Pullman.

Phil: I didn’t know Simone liked fantasy fiction?

Helen: I loved it when I was her age.

Surprise: sth. comes as no ~ etw. ist nicht verwunderlich

See Spotlight 11/2019, page 61
Peggy: Well, me and Simone watched The Golden Compass on telly the other night — you know, the film that was based on Northern Lights. I thought she might enjoy the book.

Sean: Isn’t it a bit strange to see the film first and then read the book?

Helen: Does it matter?

Sean: I think it does. When you read a story, you imagine the characters and places in your head. It’s a very personal version of the story.

Peggy: I remember going to see Gone with the Wind. I’d loved the book and was really disappointed by the actor who played Ashley Wilkes. He was such a wimp.

Helen: It’s like the James Bond character. Everyone has their favourite actor and thinks the others are rubbish.

Sean: I like Sean Connery — very smooth. Daniel Craig, on the other hand — not good. Too cerebral.

Helen: Really? Well, I suppose you don’t focus on his body quite the way we ladies do.

Phil: What else is in your book bag, Peg?

Peggy: I thought Little Women could be fun.

Helen: I never liked that book. Too preachy…

Peggy: You’re all so critical. What would you lot have bought her?

Sean: Ooh, this is fun: everyone gets to name their favourite children’s book. You first, Phil. What’s your desert island reading material for Simone?

Phil: That’s hard. I’ve never been a 14-year-old girl. There is one book I really loved when it came out — must be about 20 years ago now — called Isaac’s Storm.

Sean: I know that book! It’s a true story about a gigantic hurricane that killed thousands of people in Texas.

Helen: Sounds like fun.

Phil: No, it’s a real page-turner. I read it in one go. Didn’t even stop to have my tea. What about you, Helen?

Helen: OK, I was a really big reader at 14.

Sean: You show-off! Just tell us the name of your book.

---

cerebral
- intellektuell, kopplastig

desert
- hier: verlassen, einsam

in one go ifml.
- in einem Rutsch

matter: does it ~?
- Spielt das eine Rolle? Ist das wichtig?

page-turner ifml.
- fesselndes Buch

preachy ifml.
- moralisierend

show-off ifml.
- Angeber(in)

suppose
- annehmen, vermuten

tea UK ifml.
- hier: Abendessen

telly UK ifml.
- Flimmerkasten, Glotze

wimp ifml.
- Niete, Versager

you lot UK ifml.
- ihr
They say I’m crazy, but I’m not. I — I really do hear voices!
At night, I lie awake in bed — and I hear them. Mother and Father think I’m making it up, because we were told when we moved into this house in Hanbury Street that a girl was murdered here, in 1888. They say it was Leather Apron’s fourth victim. That was only three years ago. No one else wanted this house. Father paid almost nothing for it. He’s says it’s better to have his barber’s shop in the house we live in and not pay rent weekly to “that horrible Mr Sykes”.
I was happy living in our old house in Southwark. Mother says the move will “put the past behind us and give the boy a fresh start”.
I don’t like the way she speaks about me. I’m 21. I’m a man. And I don’t need the past behind me. My sister drowned. We didn’t fight and I didn’t push her into the Thames. It was an accident! Mother always speaks in mysterious ways. Father doesn’t say much. Not about that.

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, page 10

**Short Story**

[14] “29 Hanbury Street”

**David:** This edition’s short story transports us back to Victorian London and the years when Jack the Ripper terrorized the city. A young man named Frederick has moved to the area where the murders took place. Every night, Frederick is haunted by the ghost of a girl. Is she real? Or is he insane? Perhaps he’s even guilty of a terrible crime. Decide for yourself.
“The less said, the better,” was his last word, putting an end to the discussion.
Spitalfields is not an improvement on Southwark. The smells of urine and old fish fill the streets, and people throw rubbish out the windows. There are rats and mice. Men fight and sell their souls. You hear the cries of the animals in the slaughterhouse. They say these are the worst streets in London, here in Spitalfields and Whitechapel. Since the Elephant Man was removed from the penny gaff shop in Whitechapel Road, the only forms of entertainment here are women and beer.
It’s in Spitalfields that the crying starts. I hear it at night. A girl’s voice. They say Leather Apron’s fourth victim had red hair and sold flowers.
I love to read horror stories, particularly those of Mr Collins and that American, Mr Poe. Father thinks reading is of the devil and that the voice is my fantasy.
But it’s real!
I hear her speaking to me with the wind that blows through the curtains in my bedroom. She says, “Freeedddderiiiiick, you must repent! Repent, Freeedddderiiiiick, repent!”
She’s howling. My heart races. I can feel the blood rushing through my body. I go cold all over. I try to cover my ears, but I can’t! It’s in my head — but it’s real! She’s there!
Under the bedcover, I hear her. She’s there!
There’s nowhere I can go!
“Freeedderiiiiick!” She’s looking for me — but I don’t know what she wants.
One night, I’m so terrified that I jump out of bed and run out of the house. I run barefoot through the snow to the garden shed. The next morning, my parents find me freezing and bloody from the trees that scratched my face as I ran. I cannot speak. I cannot tell them! I sit in the shed, shaking all over.
This happens not once but several times. I nearly catch my death out there in the shed and end up with fever in bed. My parents call for the doctor to come.
I can hear them speaking about me behind closed doors. They’re not just talking about my fevers.
“… monomania … moral insanity …”
I’m not sure what this means, but one can know without knowing. Whatever my parents
and the doctor are planning is bad. When I hear the doctor speak of Hanwell Asylum, I know I’m doomed. I’m not a lunatic. The girl is telling me to repent. After the doctor leaves, I hear Mother speak of Broadmoor — even worse. I’m not criminally insane! For what shall I repent? What have I done? I’m not Leather Apron! I’m not the Whitechapel Murderer! At night, when Wailing Girl comes, I pull the bedcover over my head and press my face as hard as I can into the pack of ice I have for my fever. I press so hard, my face loses all feeling. The cold is louder than her wailing. I cannot let them send me to the asylum. I shall never return from there. I must stop this. The wailing comes every night now. “Repent, Freeeddderiiiick, repent!” The chills run down my spine and my hair stands on end. I have to make it stop. To fight the terror, I sleep in my clothes. I dress in my bedclothes for Mother and Father to see, but as soon as it is quiet and the candles are dark, I change into my trousers and shoes and jacket. The nightly wailing is worse indoors — to escape, I spend the nights in the garden. I pace, back and forth, in the hope that the rhythm of my steps will cover any sound in my head. In my pocket, I have the straight razor from my father’s barber’s shop.

And then it happens. “Freeeddderiiiick,” she howls — but not inside in my head. She appears, a figure in white, up on the garden wall. Her arms are outstretched and her hair is blowing, yet I can feel no wind. I hold the straight razor tightly in my hand. “What do you want, Ghost?” I shout. “For what shall I repent? In truth, I have done nothing!” As she comes for me, I grab father’s straight razor and slash wildly all about to defend myself against her. I start running and slash and fight until she comes over me like the night fog.

**back and forth**
- auf und ab, vor und zurück

**chill**
- Schauer

**doomed**
- verloren, dem Untergang geweiht

**grab**
- packen

**lunatic**
- Geisteskrank(e), Verrückte(r)

**on end: sb.’s hair stand ~**
- jmdm. stehen die Haare zu Berge

**outstretched**
- ausgestreckt

**slash**
- zerschlitzen; hier: um sich schlagen

**spine**
- Rücken

**straight razor**
- Rasiermesser

**Whitechapel Murderer**
- Spitzname für Jack the Ripper
I don’t remember what happens after that. I’m told the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee found me in Spitalfields Market. I was covered in blood — my own and that of the animals they say I slaughtered. No one has ever believed me.
I’ve done nothing, yet am to spend the rest of my natural life in Broadmoor Hospital for the Criminally Insane.
I am told to repent.

Source: Spotlight 11/2019, pages 70–71

Conclusion

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