



Hot Shots

Outside the pub, two constables were going from door to door. They were looking for **witnesses**. So far, no one they had talked to had seen or heard anything unusual. Inside, the pub was full of activity. Abigail watched the **evidence** technicians doing their jobs. One of them was **dusting for fingerprints**. Another was taking photographs. The **coroner** was there and was just finishing her first examination of the body.

witness

evidence

to dust for
fingerprints

coroner



Zeuge/Zeugin

Beweis(e)

nach Fingerab-
drücken unter-
suchen

Gerichts-
mediziner

Exercise 7: Verb forms. Lesen Sie weiter und unterstreichen Sie die richtige Variante!

Chief Inspector Bowles 1. was / had arrived and
2. was / had trying to call Inspector Cooper again.
He still 3. wasn't / hadn't answering his phone. He
also 4. wasn't / hadn't replied to any of the text
messages Bowles 5. was / had sent.

This was another mystery to Abigail. And really, she felt, she **had enough on her plate** at the moment without having to worry about Cooper, too. There was still no clue about where Brian was. And the police also didn't know the dead man's name. The clothes he was wearing were very expensive, but his pockets were empty, except for a very high-tech smartphone. It wasn't switched on, though, and a police expert was busy trying to **crack** the password. Then maybe the police could use it to try and discover the man's identity – and how and why he had died.

"Well, Superintendent Collins," the coroner was saying, "I won't be able to tell you for sure until I do the autopsy. But it looks as if the man was killed **instantly**. One shot, right through the heart."

"The technicians have found signs that the **victim** recently fired a gun," Abigail told the coroner, "though we haven't found a weapon. Still, is there any chance that he killed himself?"

"I don't think so. The entry wound is wrong. I think somebody shot him. But as I said, I'll be able to tell you more tomorrow." The coroner looked at her watch. "I mean later today."

The telephone behind the bar suddenly started ringing. Its tone was very loud and unexpected. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at it. Inspector Bowles asked if he should answer it. But Abigail shook her head.

"I'll get it," she told him.

The phone rang once more. Then Abigail picked up the **receiver**. She didn't say anything but waited to see if the other person would speak first. The person did. Abigail heard a woman's voice but couldn't understand a word. The woman on the phone was speaking in a foreign language. It sounded like Chinese. The woman also seemed a little bit hysterical.

⚡ to have
enough on
one's plate

to crack

instantly

victim

receiver



genug am Hals
haben

knacken

sofort

Opfer

hier: Telefon-
hörer

Exercise 8: Unscramble the text. Lesen Sie weiter und bringen Sie den Dialog in die richtige Reihenfolge!

- "Where is he? And who are you?" the woman asked.
- "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid he's, um... he's not here right now. May I help you?"
- "Brian." the woman answered. "Please let me speak to Brian Buckley."
- "Madam," Abigail interrupted her. "I'm sorry, but I can't understand you. Do you speak English?"

1	2	3	4
cl			

Before Abigail could identify herself, the woman said something else. She sounded surprised – and frightened.

"What's that? Is someone... who's there?" she **gasped**. "Brian, is that you?"

It took Abigail a second to realize that the woman was talking to someone else.

Suddenly, the woman screamed. "Help! Brian, no, no!"

Then Abigail heard gun shots. The woman screamed again. Abigail couldn't believe what was happening.

"Madam, madam are you okay? Are you still there?"

The only reply was the sound of the phone at the other end hitting the ground. Then the connection was as dead as the man on the floor of the pub.

At first, everyone working on the case in the pub was quiet, too.

Then the questions started coming at Abigail from all directions.

"Who in the world was that?" asked the coroner.

"Can we **trace** the call?" a technician wanted to know.

"Was Brian Buckley there? Did he shoot her?" That was Bowles. And he

had another question: "What the bloody hell is going on?"

Abigail didn't like it when Bowles cursed. But in her heart, she felt like doing it, too. The whole investigation was turning into a **nightmare**, and Abigail **suspected** it was going to get worse.

"I don't have the answers to your questions right now," she told them.

"But together, we are going to find them. Now get back to work here. As soon as you're finished, report back to me at headquarters. It's going to be a long night."

A few hours later, as the sun began to come up over Belfast, Abigail watched the sky lightening from her office window in the eastern part of the city. She **yawned** and then stretched her tired shoulders. Then she picked up the cup of now cold tea from her desk and left for the conference room. Chief Inspector Bowles was already there. And Inspector Shane Cooper had finally turned up. Both men looked up from the papers in front of them as Abigail came into the room.

"Ah, Inspector Cooper. How very kind of you to join us." Abigail's words were very polite, but the tone of her voice told Cooper she was not happy with him.

"I'm terribly sorry, Superintendent. I, um, was at home and fell asleep in front of the **telly**. For some reason, I just didn't hear my phone. It won't happen again."

to gasp



keuchen,
nach Luft
schnappen

to trace

(zurück)-
verfolgen

nightmare

Albtraum

to suspect

vermuten,
den Verdacht
hegen

to yawn

gähnen

⚡ telly

Glötze

Exercise 9: Tenses. Lesen Sie weiter und setzen Sie die Verben in der korrekten Zeitform ein!

be not have think need drink

Abigail 1. _____ this was a **lame excuse**.
Cooper often 2. _____ too much beer
after work. Maybe he 3. _____ at a
pub again. But she 4. _____ time now
to question him about it. They 5. _____
to discuss more important things.

"So, I want to know what you've learnt so far. Bowles, you start."
Bowles picked up one of the papers in front of him.
"Okay, we have finally identified the victim. His name is Chung
Ming. He was 34 years old, married and had one child. He lives, I
mean lived, in Belfast with his family. He was a well-paid computer
programmer. But his wife told us he spent a lot of his money on
gambling. We're looking into that."
"Do we have any idea what he was doing at the pub last night?"
"No, Superintendent. His wife reported him missing a couple of
hours ago. We know that he was at the Lord Mayor's reception last
night, but he left early."

lame excuse

faule Aus-
rede

gambling

Glücksspiel

"Have we had any luck cracking his
smartphone?"

"Yes. And that's where things get
really interesting. His call records
were empty. But there was one text

message still in the file. It said 'Am taking care of the woman. You
kill the spy'."

"The spy?" Abigail was shocked to hear this. "That must mean Brian!
Who sent the message?"

"We don't know yet," Bowles answered. "But our expert is working
on it. He's also still trying to get into Mr Chung's email account."
Cooper **frowned** at this news.

"Okay. Let's move on," Abigail told
them. "What about the phone call
from the unknown woman to the
pub?"

Bowles looked down at another one
of the papers.

"We've had no reports of an **injured**
or dead woman. But a couple of people did hear gunshots late last
night near the Lookout. Someone also saw a man running away
from the area shortly after."

Inspector Cooper's frown deepened and he asked, "Could they de-
scribe the man?"

"Not really," Bowles replied. "It was too dark. But the caller said the
man was tall and thin and wearing a dark hat."

"Then it wasn't Brian," said Abigail. "He's quite short and well, he's
not exactly fat, but he's got a big beer belly."

"Yes, well, that's one of the **downsides** to working in a pub." Cooper
laughed a little bit as he said this.

"This is no time for jokes, Cooper. Brian is in danger. It's our job to
find him, not laugh about him."

"Well actually, Superintendent Collins, we don't really know what
Brian **is up to**. Here are the facts. We found a dead man in his pub.
Brian's missing. The woman on the phone shouted his name before
you heard the gunshots. That all sounds very suspicious."
Cooper's words made Abigail angry.

to frown

die Stirn
runzeln

injured

verletzt

downside

Nachteil

⚡ to be up
to sth.

etw. im Schil-
de führen

"Are you trying to say that Brian is involved in something **fishy**? I can't believe that for a second. Brian had found out something."

"Yes, but what, and how?" asked Bowles. "And Superintendent Collins, I think I've found out something, too."

 **fishy**

to overhear

female



verdächtig,
suspekt

zufällig (mit)-
hören

weiblich

Bowles told the others about the conversation he had **overheard** between Tamsin O'Reilly and the Chinese guest, Mr Wu.

Abigail raised an eyebrow at his report. "Well, it sounds like one of us needs to have a talk with the lovely

Ms O'Reilly. Bowles, I'm sure you won't mind doing that!"

Bowles smiled to himself. That job would be a pleasure.

"No, I don't mind at all. I can call her as soon as we finish here."

"Not so fast, Bowles," Abigail told him. "Our top priority is for us to find Brian before something bad happens to him, or anyone else."

Just then someone knocked on the conference door. A young **female** constable came in.

"Sorry to interrupt you, Superintendent, but I thought you should know immediately. A woman's body has just been found at the end of Riverside Walk near the Weir. There's a bullet wound between her eyes."

Abigail closed her own tired eyes for a moment. There was just no end to the bad news in this case.

"Is the victim Chinese?"

"No, Superintendent."

That surprised Abigail. She waited for the constable to continue.

"The woman was a natural blonde and had blue eyes. We found an evening bag near her body. Inside it was an employee ID  card from the Lord Mayor's Office. It belonged to Tamsin O'Reilly."

ID ist die Abkürzung
für identification.

Employee ID card be-
deutet hier „Mitarbeiter-
ausweis“.

