

Waving Death

Niveau B1

Gina Billy



Making Waves

Another big wave **rocked** the car ferry and sent salty water flying into Phoebe Calloway's face. She smiled to herself as she licked the drops from her lips. They tasted like home. Oh it felt so good to be coming back to the Isle of Wight! That's where Phoebe had grown up. But her father had got a job in London when Phoebe was sixteen and her family had then moved to the **mainland**. Now she was almost thirty.

This was her first trip back to the island in all those years. In just ten more minutes, the voyage from Southampton across the Sorent **Strait** would be over.

It was warm outside on the ship's deck, but the sky was starting to get cloudy. It was still clear enough, though, for Phoebe to see East Cowes getting closer. The town's name was pronounced like "cows", but there weren't any around. Instead, the harbour was filled with all kinds of boats. Phoebe's smile got bigger. Hopefully, she would have time to do some sailing. The wind suddenly blew her long, dark brown hair in front of her eyes. Phoebe pushed it back and her smile changed to a **frown**. She reminded herself that she was not on holiday. She was returning to the island because of work. The job she had been given to do was hard, dangerous and above all – secret.

to rock

mainland

strait

frown



erschüttern,
schaukeln

Festland

Meeres-
straße

Stirnrunzeln

Captain Manuel Rodriguez couldn't help worrying about the cargo hidden in the yacht's **hold**. So far, it had been **smooth sailing** for him and the five crew members on board the expensive boat. They had left their home port in South America last week and enjoyed eight days of excellent weather. But now, the waves on the open sea were getting higher and higher. The wind was also blowing stronger and Captain Rodriguez was worried. A storm was coming. And his seaman's instincts told him it was going to be a bad one. The "Blues" was a fine ship, though, and she should manage the storm without too many problems. No, the trouble was his cargo. It had to be at the Isle of Wight at midnight in just two days. The storm could make him miss that deadline. That would make his contact on the island very unhappy. And being late would also cost Captain Rodriguez and his crew a very **fat cash bonus**. Even worse, the

"Blues" was not on the way to a safe harbour. Instead, she was sailing to the island's southern coast. The water there was filled with rocks and well-known for **shipwrecks**. Rodriguez **cursed** in Spanish. If the "Blues" did get into trouble, he could not call the coast-guard for help. It would **make a lot of waves** if police found his cargo.

None of the people Phoebe knew on the island must know the real reason for her visit. That was going

to be hard, especially at Bainbridge **Manor**. That's where Phoebe was going to stay. Alec Bainbridge was an old friend of her father's; the two men had **kept in touch** for years. Alec and his second wife Maura had often invited Phoebe to visit. Still, Alec had been sur-

hold

smooth sailing

fat cash bonus

shipwreck

to curse

to make a lot
of waves

manor

to keep in
touch



hier: Fracht-
raum

hier: ruhige
Fahrt

fette Bar-
prämie

Schiffs-
unglück

fluchen

großes Auf-
sehen erregen

Herrenhaus

in Kontakt
bleiben



hospitality

Gastfreundlichkeit

to put a stop to sth.

einer Sache ein Ende machen

prised when Phoebe had called two days ago to ask if she could come and stay for a few days. He had said, yes, of course. Phoebe felt a little bit bad about accepting the Bainbridge's **hospitality**.

But her boss had told her that the Bainbridge family home was the perfect location for Phoebe to do the job in front of her. And maybe Alec and his sons, Jordon and Trent, could help her.

Exercise 1: Adverbs. Lesen Sie weiter und unterstreichen Sie die richtige Variante!

The thought of Jordon Bainbridge made Phoebe's heart beat a 1. **little** / **few** faster. He had been 2. **so** / **such** a good looking boy! Phoebe wondered what he looked like 3. **yet** / **now**. The two of them had played 4. **lot** / **lots** together as children. 5. **Then** / **When** they were teenagers, their feelings for 6. **every** / **each** other had started to change.

Jordan had even kissed her once! But Phoebe's move to London had **put a stop to** their innocent romance.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please prepare for arrival."

The message from the ship's captain made Phoebe stop thinking about the past. It was time to get to work and follow orders.

"What time is Phoebe arriving?" Jordan Bainbridge asked his father. The two of them were sitting on the terrace at Bainbridge Manor.

The lovely old house was just outside Ventnor. The terrace and gardens had a beautiful view over Monks **Bay** and they could hear the waves **crashing** on the rocks below.

"She should be here in time for drinks before dinner," his father Alec replied. "Maura's also invited a few other people. Are you nervous about seeing Phoebe again?"

"No, not really. It's just a bit strange to think about her coming back to visit after all this time."

Alec also thought that Phoebe's spontaneous visit was a bit surprising. It also wasn't the best time for her to come. He **had a lot on his mind** at the moment

and wasn't really in the mood for guests. There were so many problems. His marriage to Maura was in trouble. His youngest son, Trent, was being very difficult – again. The family's shipbuilding business still wasn't back on its feet after the financial crisis. But most of all, Alec was very worried about what was going to happen two days from now.

"Dad?"

Alec realized Jordan was waiting for him to say something.

"Well, Jordan, I'm sure you and Phoebe will enjoy **getting re-acquainted**. She was always a lovely girl."

"Did she say why she suddenly decided to come?"

"Well, just that work was a bit slow at the moment and that her boss had given her a few days off."

"What does she do?"

"She didn't say much about it. Something about 'import and export' in a London company and '**customs** and **tax** paperwork'."

"How **dreadfully** boring," a woman's voice said.



bay

Bucht

to crash

hier: brechen

to have a lot on one's mind

den Kopf voll haben

to get re-acquainted with sb.

jmd. wieder besser kennenlernen

customs pl

Zoll

tax

Steuer(n)

dreadfully

schrecklich

Maura Bainbridge was coming through the glass doors with a gin and tonic in her hand. It wasn't her first drink of the day. She **stumbled** slightly and **spilt** part of her drink on her short, red dress. As usual, Alec didn't comment on his wife's alcohol problem.

"Maura, darling, you look beautiful. I love it when you wear red. It is a wonderful colour on you," he said and stood up to kiss her. But Maura turned her lips away from him.

"Well, well Jordan. I see you've come home from the **shipyards** early. Can't you wait to see your old flame?"

Maura was already so drunk that it was hard to understand what she was saying. But her sarcastic tone made it clear that she wasn't being nice to him. That was usual, too.



to stumble	stolpern
to spill sth.	etw. verschütten
shipyard	Werft
to slam	zuknallen

Exercise 2: Odd one out. Welches Wort ist das „schwarze Schaf“? Unterstreichen Sie!

- son husband man brother
- kind lovely wonderful beautiful
- employer boss supervisor chef
- difficult trouble problem worry

Jordan started to say something unpleasant to her, but then he heard the sound of a car speeding up the drive. It wasn't Phoebe, though. The silver sports car belonged to his younger brother. The group on the terrace watched Trent Bainbridge park the car, open the door and **slam** it shut.

"What's the matter with Trent?" Maura asked her husband.

"Oh, it's nothing important dear. The two of us had a little talk at work this morning, there's no need for you to worry."

Jordan could only shake his head at his father. The "little talk" had been a very big fight. Everyone in the office at the shipyards had heard Trent and their father shouting at each other. Clearly, Trent was still angry. Just then he came up to the others.

"Hello Maura, Jordan." After a slight pause he added, "Dad."

Then he saw Maura's almost empty glass.

"Would you like another, Maura? I could use one, too. It hasn't been a great day."

Maura smiled at Trent and started to give him her glass. Before he could take it, Alec took it gently out of her hand.

"Maura's waiting until Phoebe arrives, Trent. She should be here any time now."



incredible	unglaublich
Area of Outstanding Beauty	Region von herausragender Schönheit, Naturpark
cliff	Klippe
cove	Bucht
Channel	Ärmelkanal
United Kingdom Border Agency	brit. Grenzschutzorganisation

Phoebe stopped her car just a few miles away from Bainbridge Manor to take a short break. She had really enjoyed the drive right through the middle of the diamond-shaped island. The Isle of Wight covered an area of 147 square miles. That made it the largest island in England. Almost half of it was an official "**Area of Outstanding Beauty**", with lots of **incredible** sandstone and chalk **cliffs**. There were also hidden **coves** and high points looking out over the **Channel**. These had often been used in the past by pirates and smugglers. Phoebe was very afraid that the island was still a smuggler's paradise. She took out a piece of paper from her handbag. It was a copy of a letter sent to her boss at the **United Kingdom Border Agency**



Waves of Suspicion

"So tell me, Alec. How are things in the Bainbridge shipyards?" Phoebe asked and took another **sip** of white wine.

"Well, I'm afraid that business isn't so good right now. The financial crisis has hit us hard. Lots of people just don't have the money to buy our boats at the moment. But I hope the new prototype Jordan designed will change that."

sip

test run

splendid

for ages



Schluck

Probelauf

großartig,
prächtig

seit einer
Ewigkeit

Alec was sitting at the head of the oval dining room in Bainbridge Manor. ¹ Phoebe was seated next to him. So far, the evening had gone well. The Bainbridge's and their two other dinner guests had made Phoebe feel welcome. There had been a lot of small talk during the meal. But now, they were finished eating and Phoebe had turned the conversation around to business.

Mit dem Begriff **Manor** bezeichnet man in Großbritannien ein Landgut oder ein Herrenhaus.

"Yes, Phoebe. Our new sailing yacht is very innovative. As long as the weather doesn't get any worse, Jordan's taking

It out for a **test run** tomorrow morning. Jordan, why don't you take Phoebe with you?"

Jordan looked across the table at Phoebe.

"What a **splendid** idea," he said. "Do you want to come, Phoebe?"

"Oh, that would be lovely! I haven't been sailing **for ages**."