

Hueber Lektüren

Body on the Rocks

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The visitor

The gardener glanced up from the roses. The man across the road was still there – standing on the footpath and looking up at the house. What did he want?

The man had a tattoo on his arm and his hair was long. He didn't look like a visitor. No, not a visitor to this house – this enormous house with its carefully kept gardens and its river views, its swimming pool and tennis court and four-car garage. No, the visitors to this house were carefully chosen. The gardener himself had only been inside once, and that was only into the kitchen. He snipped off another dead rose.

He heard the sound of footsteps.

The man with the tattoo had crossed the road and was walking up the path to the house.

The gardener quickly moved his position so that he could see the front door. He snipped off another dead rose.

'This will be good,' he said to himself. Whatever the man wanted, he wouldn't get past Mrs Balfour. She was fierce.

The man rang the doorbell. A moment later, Mrs Balfour answered.

The gardener was too far away to hear the conversation but he could see the man holding out a book towards her. Mrs Balfour raised her voice. Then suddenly she stopped. She disappeared into the house and left the man standing there. A few minutes later she returned and let the man into the house.

The gardener, surprised, snipped his finger by mistake.

'Agh!' he said, and went to wash the cut under the garden tap. 'I knew I should have worn gloves.' But his hands got so sweaty in the heat.

He took his finger out from under the stream of water. It

Chapter 3

West End

The next morning Becky and Amber sat on the front verandah of the cottage eating breakfast. A low wall ran around the small front yard and beyond that was the beach. But the girls weren't looking at the water. The little wooden gate in the wall was open and two quokkas had wandered in.

'They're so sweet,' said Amber, kneeling down and holding out her hand. The smaller one put its nose to her fingers hoping for some food. 'Oh, look at his little face.'

Just then Natalie came out onto the verandah and the quokkas jumped back towards the gate.

'So, what's the plan?' asked Natalie. She sat on the low wall that divided their cottage from the one next door.

'Well,' said Becky, 'we ride out past Geordie Bay to West End. Maybe we can have a swim at Parakeet Bay on the way. And then we come back on the road on the south side of the island.'

'We'll need supplies from the bakery,' said Natalie.

'Of course,' grinned Becky. 'If we leave soon, we should be back by about one o'clock.'

Suddenly a window in the cottage next door opened and Natalie turned to see the face of a young man with sandy-coloured hair. He smiled at her. She turned and stood and walked back to the other girls, her eyes wide.

'There's a really good-looking guy next door,' she whispered.

There was a solid wall at the end of the verandah, so Becky and Amber couldn't see into the cottage. But they heard the front door open.

Two young men came out into the yard – one with sandy hair and one with dark hair. They looked across at the girls. The dark-haired one spoke first.

To the lighthouse

'Hey, Bec, have you still got that list of tours that the woman gave you on the ferry?' asked Natalie.

'I don't know,' answered Becky. 'It's probably still in the pocket of my skirt. Why do you want it?'

Natalie went inside to find Becky's skirt.

'Dominic said that you can go to the top of the lighthouse,' she called. 'I thought it might be fun.'

'The lighthouse near Pinky Beach?' asked Amber.

Natalie returned with the yellow pamphlet. 'No, the one in the middle of the island – on Wadjemup Hill.' She looked at the list. 'Yes, here it is,' she said, reading. 'It was opened for tours eighteen months ago – the first time in a hundred and nine years. They take you there on a bus. You can get tickets from the Tourist Information building.'

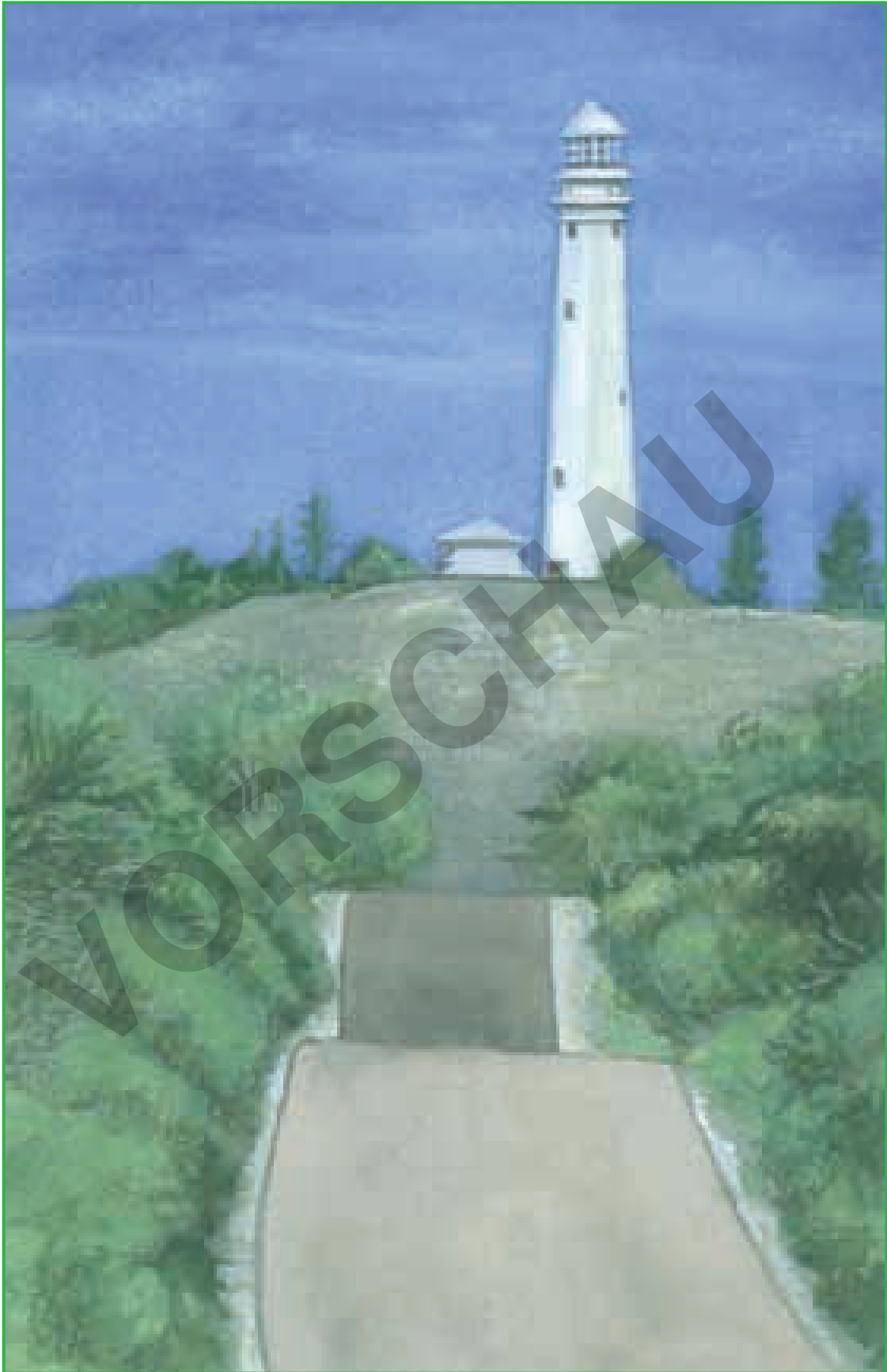
She looked at the others. They didn't look very excited.

'It would be a great view from the top,' she said. 'Come on.' Amber and Becky looked at each other.

'Okay,' they agreed.

It *was* a good view from the top of the lighthouse. You could see the whole island. And the tour turned out to be quite interesting.

The lighthouse they climbed was in fact a 'new' one, having been built in 1896. All that remained of the original one, built in 1849, was a small stone building next to the lighthouse. Inside this building there was information about the history of the lighthouse – the plans of the original tower, details about the height of the tower and the size and strength of the lamp and, over on one wall, photographs of some of the lighthouse keepers and underneath them a full list of all the



Wealth and influence

Three days later Becky and Amber sat on the verandah of the cottage eating a late breakfast.

'I still can't believe you stood up to Scanlon like that,' said Amber. 'And that you thought Richard was trying to kill you. You must have been so frightened.'

'It all happened so fast,' said Becky. She stood up and walked a few steps down the yard to look at the empty cottage next door.

They heard Natalie returning.

'I've got it,' she called. She came outside holding the morning newspaper. 'It's on the front page again,' she said, dropping into a chair. 'And page four and page five. Scanlon's confessed everything. They searched his boat and found Leslie Tavis Newman's diary from the time the girl was killed. Apparently Scanlon took it from Radcliff before he killed him. Listen to this.'

Becky moved to sit down as Natalie read from the newspaper.

"It is clear from the diary that Leslie Newman knew the Keegan family," said Detective Troy Jameson late yesterday afternoon. "However, Newman denies having killed the girl."

In the diary, Newman also describes his feelings of hopelessness after being accused and says that he feels unable to stand up to a family of wealth and influence like the Scanlons. He is deeply upset by the effect of the scandal on his family. He writes that at the time Charles Scanlon said he had seen him with Lizzie Keegan, Newman had, in fact, been playing on the beach with his son. He remembers seeing a Keegan girl in the distance but it wasn't Lizzie. It was her younger sister, Ruth Keegan.'

Natalie put the paper down.

'He saw Ruth?' said Becky, puzzled.

Chapters 11, 12 and 13

Before you read

A. Look at the picture on page 63 and circle the correct answers.

1. What is the old man doing to Becky?
a. hugging her b. holding her arms c. feeding her
2. What is Becky wearing around her neck?
a. a scarf b. a tie c. a necklace.

B. Find these words in your dictionary. Use them in the sentences.

claustrophobic ridiculous spin around apparently

1. It was _____ to hope that the thief would return the camera, and Henry accepted that it was gone forever.
2. Jason was _____ so he didn't go into the cave.
3. I didn't see what happened, but _____ the red car hit the blue one.
4. Fiona loved ice-skating. She loved to _____ on the ice.

C. Listen to Track 6 on the CD and answer these questions.

1. What is on Oliver Hill?
a. a lighthouse b. a big gun
2. If they get to Oliver Hill by eleven, what can they go on?
a. a tour of underground tunnels b. a tour of a lighthouse
3. When do they have to leave?
a. in fifteen minutes b. in fifty minutes

After you read

COMPREHENSION

A. Circle the correct answers.

1. When they rode to Oliver Hill, who stayed close to Becky?
a. Dominic b. Richard c. Amber
2. Whose grandfather had a yacht?
a. Richard's b. Dominic's c. Natalie's
3. Who wore a red and white cap?
a. Keith, the tour guide b. Dominic c. Charles Scanlon
4. Who confessed to murdering John Tavis Radcliff?
a. Keith, the tour guide b. Dominic c. Charles Scanlon

ingredients /ɪn'ɡri:diənts/ <i>n.</i>	Zutaten
jagged /'dʒæɡɪd/ <i>adj.</i>	zerklüftet
jetty /'dʒeti/ <i>n.</i>	Mole, Landesteg
lighthouse /'laɪt,haʊs/ <i>n.</i>	Leuchtturm
lighthouse keeper /'laɪt,haʊs 'ki:pə/ <i>n.</i>	Leuchtturmwärter
maiden name /'meɪdn neɪm/ <i>n.</i>	Geburtsname
medal /'medl/ <i>n.</i>	Medaille
motive /'məʊtɪv/ <i>n.</i>	Motiv
ochre /'ɒkə/ <i>adj.</i>	ockerfarben
pamphlet /'pæmflət/ <i>n.</i>	Broschüre, Flugblatt
punch /pʌntʃ/ <i>v.</i>	boxen
ridiculous /rɪ'dɪkjʊləs/ <i>adj.</i>	lächerlich
sandy /'sændi/ <i>adj.</i>	sandfarben
scandal /'skændl/ <i>n.</i>	Skandal
Scrabble /'skræbl/ <i>n.</i>	Scrabble
settlement /'setlmənt/ <i>n.</i>	Siedlung
snip off /snɪp ɒf/ <i>v.</i>	etw. abschnippeln
spin around /spɪn ə'raʊnd/ <i>v.</i>	(sich) herumdrehen
statement /'steɪtmənt/ <i>n.</i>	Aussage
strangle /'stræŋɡl/ <i>v.</i>	erwürgen
suicide /'su:ɪ,saɪd/ <i>n.</i>	Selbstmord
supplies /sə'plaɪz/ <i>n.</i>	Vorräte
surname /'sɜ:neɪm/ <i>n.</i>	Nachname
tattoo /tæ'tu:z/ <i>n.</i>	Tätowierung
tighten /'taɪtn/ <i>v.</i>	zuziehen, sich zusammenziehen
tissue /'tɪsju:z/ <i>n.</i>	Papiertaschentuch
uneasy /ʌn'i:zi/ <i>adj.</i>	unbehaglich, beklommen
verandah /və'rændə/ <i>n.</i>	Veranda
voluntary /'vɒlənt(ə)ri/ <i>adj.</i>	freiwillig
wallaby /'wɒləbi/ <i>n.</i>	Wallaby
wheel /wi:l/ <i>v.</i> (a bike)	schieben
windswept /'wɪnd,swept/ <i>adj.</i>	windzerzaust; über den/die/das der Wind fegt