

LEKTÜRE

PONS

# Murder in the Fog

Mörderische Kurzkrimis  
zum Englischlernen



confidential



feet despite the pain in my head.

I do not know what to do for a moment. I only know that I must find her, that I must help her.

I think about the lump on the back of my head and the fresh blood on my fingers. Is there somebody in the fog? Somebody who has Catherine? Someone who wants to hurt her, who wants to kill her?

I want to shout again, but then I do not. If the person who has Catherine hears me, she is in danger. And another image comes to me. It is the face of a man. An **ordinary**<sup>19</sup> face with small dark eyes and dirty brown hair. There is nothing **cruel**<sup>20</sup> about the face, but I know instantly that this is the man that has Catherine, and I hate that face with all of my heart.

I begin to walk, slowly at first, unsure of

the direction that I must go. It seems like the ground is moving slowly up, and I believe that this is right. The image I remember of Catherine tied to the grey stone is in less fog, and I think that it must be on higher ground.

I begin to walk faster, but I am soon running. The fog surrounds me, and the dark is without end. I try not to think of **anything but**<sup>21</sup> the direction I am moving in, but I am starting to remember things now. I remember Catherine. She has a black uniform, which she always wears at work in the restaurant, and on the uniform is a **badge with her name**<sup>22</sup>.

“Hello handsome,” she always says to me, “another day at the office?” And I never say much, but I do not have to: we understand each other without words. And I remember that after I eat, I wait for her in the car park until she finishes work, and she is surprised

to see me there. But I **suppose**<sup>23</sup> that's just who I am: a romantic.

Suddenly, there is a sound like a gun shot, and I fall. For a moment I think that I am dead and that Catherine is alone, tied to the grey stone in the fog. But then I see the light in the sky, and I realise that the shot was a **flare**<sup>24</sup>. I watch the light fall and illuminate the **hillside**<sup>25</sup>.

Is it the man with the dark eyes and dirty brown hair? Does he know I am here? Good! If he looks for me, he is not with Catherine, I think. And I get up again and run faster now.

Do I hear voices in the fog behind me? I try to turn to look, but the fog behind me is too thick, and I only see the occasional light in the distance.

But in front of me the fog seems to be thinner, and I begin to slow. I am scared now

because I know that I am near, and in the dark I begin to see large, grey stones standing like **giants**<sup>26</sup> on the top of the hill. In **amazement**<sup>27</sup>, I think that I recognise this circle of ancient stones.

“Stonehenge!” I say.

“Yes,” a voice replies, “and this is where it ends.” And a tall man steps from behind one of the silent giants.

I **expect**<sup>28</sup> him to have dark eyes and dirty hair, but he does not. His hair is blond, his eyes light, and I think that this is not the man who has Catherine. Maybe he is his friend, his partner, and I am about to run when I see the small gun in his hand.

“I just want Catherine,” I say, but I can see the hate in the man's eyes, and I know that the only thing I can do now is run to the stone where I know she is tied and try to escape

into the fog with her.

“Don't!” says the man, as if he can see my intention in my eyes, but I have to. **At first<sup>29</sup>**, I think that maybe I am quick enough, but then I hear the **snap<sup>30</sup>** of the gun and feel the explosion in my back.

For a moment more I run, and I can see the shape of the stone where Catherine is tied, and I fall to the floor in front of it.

“Catherine,” I shout, but there is no reply. When I look to see why, I see that she is not there: the white ropes are still tied to the stone, but she is not.

“Catherine,” I say again, smiling, because **she is all that matters<sup>31</sup>**, and I can rest now because I know that she is safe.

“You got him, Detective?” a voice says behind me.

“Yeah, that's him,” the tall man says. “He