



## Chapter 1: A Dandy's Life

It was a mild morning as Philip Havisham stepped out of his house on Grosvenor Square, a large garden square in the exclusive Mayfair district of Victorian London. He picked up a newspaper from his doorstep. It was dated July 6, 1879. The headlines said "Zulu War Over!" Philip Havisham looked up. A coach drawn by horses approached his house, the horses' hooves drumming rhythmically on the cobbled street. The coach stopped in front of his gate. A well-dressed man in his late twenties stepped out. He tipped his top hat. The two men smiled at each other.

"I say, you're up early my dear friend!" beamed Philip Havisham. "Well, you know what they say: 'The early bird catches the worm'," laughed Simon Manlove. They warmly shook hands.

"So, what brings you here so early, Simon?"

Mr Manlove looked surprised.

"Have you forgotten today's rowing competition on the Thames?"

"Oh yes, great, I forgot!" said Philip Havisham excitedly. "Come in, come in!"

The two friends entered the house.

"Wait in the drawing-room. I'll be back in a minute, help yourself to a drink."

*Übung 1 Lesen Sie weiter und setzen Sie die Wörter in Klammern richtig ein!*

*(bright, room, glasses, stairs, pour, peace)*

Philip Havisham disappeared up the (1.) \_\_\_\_\_. Simon Manlove entered the drawing-room. The wallpaper had an extravagant



pattern of birds and flowers. Its (2.) \_\_\_\_\_ colours of gold, red and green seemed to lighten up the (3.) \_\_\_\_\_. On a shiny round rosewood table was a tray with bottles of alcohol. Simon Manlove poured himself a gin. Shortly after, Philip Havisham entered the drawing-room.

“Would you kindly (4.) \_\_\_\_\_ me some of that exquisite port?”

His friend lifted up the port bottle and whistled.

“That must have cost you a pound or two!”

“Three to be precise,” he answered ironically.

The companions lifted their (5.) \_\_\_\_\_.

“To my late wealthy father, may his soul rest in (6.) \_\_\_\_\_, if it were not for him I would not be able to live such a wonderful, breathtaking and immoral life.”

“Yes, let us drink to your old man: one of the most successful company promoters of his time.”

They laughed and clinked glasses.

“Cheers!”

Simon Manlove took his golden pocket watch out of his waist jacket pocket.

“Drink up then and let’s go. The race starts in half an hour.” Philip Havisham downed his port.

“Yes, let’s go. This is going to be a lot of fun.”



*Übung 2. Lesen Sie weiter und unterstreichen Sie acht Begriffe, die mit Wasser zu tun haben!*

Philip Havisham and Simon Manlove arrived just in time. Mr Havisham was in a very good mood. He rubbed his hands together joyfully.

“I never like to miss a rowing competition on the Thames.”

“Yes, it’s always such a great spectacle.”

“And so full of life.”

The men got out of the coach, which had stopped right beside the river. The water was full of boats and the riverbank was crowded. Crowds of spectators stood at the different landing stages along the Thames. Men, women and children cheerfully and eagerly awaited the beginning of the race.

“What a great atmosphere. I could do with a drink, what about you?” asked Simon Manlove.

“You know me, I never say no.”

They swiftly walked towards a stand selling beer and tobacco. People turned around and looked at Philip Havisham. Some of them whispered or smirked, others just shook their heads. This was always the case as Philip Havisham liked to wear extravagant clothes. He never left the house without one of his long, shiny colourful scarves which he wore boldly around his long thin aristocratic neck. It fluttered in the mild summer breeze like an exotic flag. His top hat was elegantly tipped to one side and he never went anywhere without his shiny white cane made of pure ivory.

“Just arrived and you are already the centre of the show, Philip.”

“Well, one does what one can.”

Simon Manlove ordered two beers. The companions took their drinks and wandered along the riverbank. Groups of watermen had gathered at the different stairs which led into the river.



They were eagerly discussing the qualities of the individual boat race participants.

“Who do you think shall win?” Philip Havisham asked one of the men.

“I think the men rowing the boat called ‘Sullivan’ have a good chance, sir.”

“A toast to Sullivan!”

Their glasses clinked. Mr Manlove and Mr Havisham moved on.

**ÜBUNG 3** *Übung 3. Finden Sie das passende Gegenteil und setzen Sie die richtige Ziffer ein!*

- |            |                                   |
|------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. crowded | <input type="checkbox"/> cold     |
| 2. good    | <input type="checkbox"/> move     |
| 3. mild    | <input type="checkbox"/> empty    |
| 4. bold    | <input type="checkbox"/> lose     |
| 5. long    | <input type="checkbox"/> cowardly |
| 6. stop    | <input type="checkbox"/> evil     |
| 7. win     | <input type="checkbox"/> short    |

“Where are John and Stewart?”

“They should be here soon. I told them to meet us at this landing stage, and you have the best view from here.”

“I hope they hurry up or they’ll miss out on all the fun.”

Just at that moment a man came hurrying towards them; he was very tall and slim. His long curly whiskers were perfectly groomed.

“Sorry I’m late, chaps. I had some important business to attend to.”

Stewart Portman smiled and greeted his friends warmly.

“Where’s John?” asked Philip Havisham.

“He didn’t want to come to the race. You know he has been trying to avoid the Thames ever since Susan drowned herself in it.”