



## BLOOD AND BREAKFAST

Andrew Ridley

### Chapter 1: A Shot in the Night

How good it is to be on holiday with my daughter, thinks Detective Inspector Rush. He is happy to be away from his job in Leeds in the north of England for a few days. His job is very important to him, but he also likes to spend time with his daughter, Sally. A week in Kent on the south east coast will be *enjoyable* for both of them.

“Drive a little slower, Dad,” says Sally. “You aren’t driving a police car now. I would like to enjoy the *view*. It’s so beautiful.”

They are driving along the coast road between Folkestone and Hastings and there is a beautiful *view* of the sea.

“Okay,” says her father. “We have a few hours yet. We must arrive in time for the evening meal, though.”

They are quiet for a few minutes, and then he speaks again.

“I’m so *pleased* that you have come on holiday with me,” he says.

“There are not many 24-year-old daughters who want to go on holiday with their fathers.”

“No,” she laughs. “You really are very lucky to have me with you.”

He laughs as well. “Yes, I know I am. It’s so long since we spent some time together. I think that the last time was two years ago, when we went on the Aikido course in Birmingham. I’m sorry that I always seem to be so *busy*.”

“Don’t *worry* about it, Dad,” she replies. “It makes the time that we do spend together really special.”

“Thanks,” he answers. “I’m really looking forward to this week. *Especially* the open-air classical concert at Leeds Castle. That should be really good.”



“Yes,” she agrees. “The 1812 Overture with real cannons and fireworks should be *amazing*.”

After a moment, she asks, “Do you know why it’s called Leeds Castle? It can’t be anything to do with the city of Leeds where we live, can it?”

“No,” replies her father, “it isn’t. I read somewhere that the Saxons called the area ‘Esledes’ Over the years it became ‘Leeds’ ”

“You’re so clever, Dad,” says Sally, *proudly*. “Sometimes I think that you know everything.”

Detective Inspector Rush smiles, but says nothing.

Sally looks at her father. He is 47 years old, but he looks younger. His brown hair has some grey at the sides. He is not *handsome*, she thinks, but he is good-looking. He is also still a fit man. They used to do Aikido together, but now her father practises yoga.

**ÜBUNG 1**

*Übung 1 Trifft die Aussage zu?*

*Markieren Sie mit richtig ✓ oder falsch – !*

1. Sally’s father is a policeman in the north of England.
2. Sally and her father are going on holiday to Kent.
3. They are travelling by bus.
4. They will go to a rock concert at Leeds Castle.
5. DI Rush is old and ugly.
6. He does not spend a lot of time with his daughter.
7. Sally and her father do yoga together.
8. Leeds Castle is in the city of Leeds.

Twenty minutes later they drive past St Mary’s *Bay* and after a few hundred metres see a sign at the side of the road.

“Littlestone Farm, Bed and Breakfast,” reads Sally. “That’s it.”



DI Rush turns left down a narrow lane. He drives slowly, as the road is *uneven*. After a few minutes they arrive in the *yard* of a small farm. There is a house with a *thatched* roof and a *barn* stands at the end of the *yard*. DI Rush parks his car at the side of it. They both climb out of the car and *stretch*. A dog is barking and as they turn towards the house, the door opens. A man dressed in old jeans and a dirty, blue shirt stands in the *doorway*. He is about forty years old, small and *wiry* with brown hair. As they *approach*, Sally can see that his eyes are a beautiful blue.

“Good afternoon,” he says. “Mr Rush, is it?” He holds out a *grubby* hand. “I’m Alan, Alan Larkin.” They *shake* hands. “And you must be Sally,” he says as he turns towards her. She *shakes* his hand *reluctantly*, because she doesn’t like the fact that it is dirty.

“Come inside,” he says. “Brenda will make you a cup of tea and then you can bring in your cases and *unpack*.” They follow him into the house. “How was your journey here?” he asks. He doesn’t wait for an answer, but calls, “Brenda, Mr Rush and his daughter are here.”

DI Rush and Sally walk behind him down the *hall* and into the living room. There are two large *settees*, a television, a dining table with six chairs and other pieces of furniture. Sally is *surprised* to see that the room is clean and *tidy*. Not like Mr Larkin, she thinks. Brenda *appears* from the kitchen. She looks a little older than Mr Larkin and is also a few inches taller. She is quite large and has a round face with red cheeks. She wipes her hands on a towel before she *shakes* their hands.

“I’m just making the evening meal,” she says. “I hope you like meat and potato pie.”

“Yes, that will be fine, Mrs Larkin,” says DI Rush. “Sally used to be a *vegetarian*, but she started to eat meat again last year.”

“Please call me Brenda, Mr Rush,” she says. “Well, I’m sure you’ll



enjoy my pie, Sally. Everyone does. Now sit down and I'll bring you both a nice cup of tea. You must be ready for a drink after driving all that way."

She goes back into the kitchen and Mr Larkin follows her.

I wish that my mother and father were still together, thinks Sally. DI Rush has been in the police for twenty-five years. Twelve years ago he became a detective inspector, and two years later her mother left him because he was never at home. He was always working. Since then, Sally has lived with her mother. I love them both, she thinks. Sometimes life is so difficult.

They sit on the *settee* and look around at the pictures on the walls. "What do you think so far?" asks the inspector.

"Well, it's not The Ritz, but it seems okay," replies Sally. "Mr Larkin looks a bit *grubby*, though. I'm glad he's not cooking our evening meal."

They both laugh.

Just then Mr Larkin comes through the kitchen door. Behind him is Mrs Larkin with a *tray* in her hands. She places the cups and teapot on the table.

"Did you have a good journey here?" she asks as she *pours* the tea. "Yes, thank you," answers DI Rush, as unlike Mr Larkin, Mrs Larkin waits for an answer.

When they all have a cup of tea, Mr Larkin asks, "What job do you do, Mr Rush?"

"Please, call me David," replies DI Rush. "I work in a bank, the same as Sally," he lies. When he is on holiday, he never tells people that he is a policeman. People always want to talk about police work or *complain* about the police. "Is this actually a farm or do you just have the bed and breakfast business?" he asks.