**Lecture: 4**

**Reading and analysis**

**Episode 3**

It is 6.30 in the evening now, and the wind is still blowing. It is getting colder. About ten miles away from Princeville Prison a man is hiding in a field. The wind is cutting through his thin prison uniform like a knife. A dog is barking somewhere in the distance. Is it a police dog perhaps? The man in the field does not know. There is only one idea in his mind at the moment: he must find food and some warm clothes, but where? Two hundred miles away in London. Baxter's train is standing at platform 9 in Paddington Station. Baxter is sitting in a comfortable compartment. There is another man opposite him. Baxter does not know the man but he can see he wants to talk. The man is holding a newspaper in his hands. "I see someone escaped from Princeville Prison this morning." "Oh, really?" "Yes . . . Would you like to read about it? It's all here in the paper." "No. thank you."

The train is leaving the station now. Baxter is looking out of the window. He can see a thousand bright lights in the windows of pubs, cafes, houses and flats. Everywhere people are sitting down to warm meals and hot cups of tea. The world looks warm and comfortable. The man opposite Baxter is still talking. "The paper says the man was a spy ... he gave important military secrets away. I hope the police catch him!" ''Yes, so do I."

**Episode 4**

NOTE: From this point onwards, there is a synopsis at the beginning of every episode. The synopsis tells in a few words what happened in the last episodes. The story is also told in the *past tense* from now on. Baxter got on the train at 5 o'clock. An hour later, at 6. he was asleep in the warm train compartment. Coke was still in his hiding-place in a field. 100 miles away. The winter evening got darker and colder. The wind cut through Coke's thin uniform like a knife.

Coke was hungry and tired, and his arms and legs were so cold that he could hardly feel them. He knew he had to find food, warm clothing, and a warm place somewhere. "I have to make a move! I can't just stay in this field and die of the cold!" he thought.

Coke got up and began to walk. "Where am I'.' Which direction am I walking in? Am I going back towards the prison?" he asked himself. 10 A few minutes later, the moon came out and Coke could see better. He stopped and looked around. Suddenly he saw a small light not far away. "What can it be? It can't be a car. It isn't moving! It must be a house!" he said to himself and began to walk towards it. The light got larger. It was a house! He could see the form of the roof in the darkness. Ten minutes later he was outside the house. He stopped and listened. "Strange!" he thought. "I can't hear anything, not even a radio or a television, but there must be

someone in there! There's a light on!" Just at that moment, a thought struck him. "This is probably the only house around for miles! The police know I'm probably around here somewhere; and if they're anywhere, they're in that house, waiting for me!" Coke did not move. The wind became colder. His feet and hands felt like ice in the snow. "I have to take the chance! I have to! This is the only place 1 can find warm clothes and food!" he thought.