**Lecture:8**

**Reading and analysis**

**Episode 7**

"You know, your clothes are in a terrible state," the old lady said after the meal. "You ruined them when you had the accident!" "That's all right. They're just my work clothes," Coke answered. "My husband was just about your size. A little heavier perhaps. All his clothes are upstairs. They're no good to him. He died two years ago." She pointed up to the room above them."Why don't you see if any of his clothes fit you. You can bring them back tomorrow."

"Nobody can be this lucky!" Coke thought to himself. He went upstairs and turned the light on. It was clear that the old lady was almost in another world. She trusted everybody.

He found a heavy jacket, a woollen shirt and some trousers hanaine in the room. "What do you know about Coke?" Baxter asked Halls. They were in the car now. "Very little. I'm afraid. In fact. I don't think I know anything about him at all. Wasn't he the fellow who was in that spy case about four years ago?" "Yes. that's right. Coke always said it wasn't him . . . that it was someone else."

"That's what they all say. But what's so special about him?" "Coke was in Army Intelligence. He knew important secrets. We could never understand why he sold them. There wasn't a real motive. Some said he did it for money. We couldn't prove it. but if he was a spy, he still knows too much. We could never find out who he sold the secrets to. That's why we have to catch him before he makes contact with anv of his old friends!" Coke put the clothes on as quickly as he could. They were old and shabby, but at least they were warm. When he came downstairs, the old lady was still in front of the fire. She smiled when she looked at him. "You know, you look just like my husband in those clothes . . . when he was much younger, of course." Coke tried to be polite. He wanted to leave quickly. 'T can't thank you enough. It's very kind of you to do all this for me." The old lady did not seem to hear him. 'Just like my husband," she said again. Just then, there was a knock on the door.

**Episode 8**

The deaf old lady did not hear the knock, but Coke did. His heart began to pound wildly. Whoever it was obviously knew there was someone inside because there was a light on and smoke coming from the chimney. He had to decide what to do, and quickly. "There's someone at the door", he said loudly, but the old lady did not understand. "There's someone at the door", he said again, this time even more loudly than before. She went out of the room and Coke quickly stepped back into the shadows of the front room. The old lady opened the front door. Coke could see her quite clearly. but nothing else.

He listened carefully."Hello, Mrs Bentley. I'm from the village police station. The sergeant sent me. I've got something to tell you." Then Coke saw the policeman very clearly. Coke looked around quickly. There was a poker lying in the fireplace. He almost went to get it and then stopped. "No!" he thought "That's too dangerous. They already think I'm a spy. Whatever I have to do I can do just as well with my fists." He stepped back and waited. The old lady and the policeman came through the door into the sitting-room. Coke was still behind the door, so the policeman could not see him.

"Good evening officer. Can I help you?" Coke said very loudly and clearly. The policeman turned around and looked at Coke. He was very surprised. Then Coke hit him as hard as he could in the stomach and he fell to the floor heavily. The old lady screamed. The policeman tried to get up, but fell back weakly. Coke ran out of the room. The phone rang about five minutes later at the local police headquarters. Halls answered it. "What'? Coke? Where'? When?" Baxter stood up as soon as he heard Coke's name. He quickly put his hat and coat on. Halls listened carefully to the voice on the other end and quickly made a few notes. Then he put the phone down and turned to Baxter. "Well, we know where Coke is now. A policeman almost caught him only five

minutes ago." "What do you mean, 'he almost caught him"? Did he catch him or didn't he?"

"No. he got away. He stole the policeman's bike."