

2.9 The Night

2.9.1

When he told **Julie** in the morning that he wasn't coming tonight, that he needed a little break, she seemed completely out of her mind.

James had no idea that she had met Dana, so he didn't realize that her **outburst** was a desperate show of jealousy that she never wanted to show.

Anyone can have a weak moment. Anyone can be hysterical sometimes. But this was almost psychotic. She threw a vase at him. She almost killed him.

And that reminded him of something else... The dream. The first memory. They were in the woods, on the edge of a cliff. She said that she would rather kill him. And she pushed him off the cliff. Was it really *her*? He didn't remember the face clearly. Perhaps it wasn't her. He didn't want her to tell him a false story, so he shouldn't lie to himself either.

The next day, she called him and was sweet and kind again. They spent a fun night together, and in the morning, he carefully asked her about it. For the first time, he told her that he remembered the argument on the cliff. And that he remembered how scared she had been. He didn't admit that he hadn't recognized the face yet.

"I didn't want to tell you about it because I know that you didn't do it on purpose."

Learning Tip

outburst – výbuch (emocí)

2.9.2

Those scared eyes! He understood now. It was **the other way around**. Dana was right. Again.

"But I forgave you immediately. I know that you just slipped. I didn't want you to remember. I know that you were upset and that you didn't want to hurt me."

"Why was I upset? For goodness' sake, I told you that there was a woman pregnant with my child. You're the one who should be angry and upset, not me! I want the truth!"

She frowned, as if she wanted to protest that she always said the truth.

But then she shook her head and admitted, "I made a scene. I yelled at you in the car, and we almost crashed. That's why you **pulled over**. You got out to calm down. But it wasn't because of a baby, we've talked about this before. It was because you had someone else. And then I said that I'd rather kill you. That I was going to kill you both. And you got mad. Then you slipped and pushed me. But you grabbed my arm right away."

He felt guilty for a second. She always said something that made her look like the victim, and then he didn't ask any more questions. She controlled every conversation. She said what she wanted to say and decided when and how it would end.

It can't go on like this! This time, James was going to keep asking until she told him everything.

Learning Tip

the other way around – obráceně, naopak

2.9.3

"We broke up? I was seeing another girl? And now, five years later, you come back to tell me how much we loved each other? You're crazy. You're mad!"

He needed to say it. He had been holding back until she threw the vase at him. His uncle's notes were probably true. Julie might really be mentally unwell.

The corner of her mouth twitched, but she answered calmly, "You really don't remember what you were like? What kind of person you were? Although you remember your life before you came to Prague, don't you know that you were... really into women?" She looked at him closely. "You dated me the most, but I definitely wasn't the only one. There was always someone else between us, and I... I accepted that. Sometimes I yelled at you, sometimes I kept silent. You had your fun, and you always came back to me. In the back of that car, that was your new girlfriend with us. The one you saw in the mirror."

Was it a woman? Did she put her hand on his shoulder to support him when he told Julie that he was breaking up with her? Or did he say nothing, and Julie saw the intimate gesture and got angry? Because he had another girlfriend? Did she attack him in anger while he was driving? Why would he take his new girlfriend in the back seat, anyway?

A million questions ran through his mind, but none of them made any sense.

2.9.4

"I thought that we were just bringing someone along for a **threesome**, and I didn't mind. I just didn't like the way you were constantly all over each other. I got angry. But then you told me that *you two* were the couple. That was too much."

He remembered his life in Australia. He didn't think that he was especially into women. Maybe he had gotten wild after he came to Prague. It was possible. He was pretty good with those students in the bookshop. It sounded believable. Anyway, this was the third version of **what was supposed to have happened**.

"Is it true? Please tell me the truth at last! It means nothing to you, and it won't change anything in your life. I just want to know the truth." He started counting his doubts on his fingers. The gaps in her story:

"If my new girlfriend was sitting in the car, then where did she go? Did someone **kidnap** her? Did she lose her memory, too, and that's why she hasn't come back to me? Or did she hit my head, **cripple** you, and then disappear without a trace? I don't believe that. I just don't. And you have a lot of power over me because you keep promising to tell me everything, but you're not telling me anything important!"

Learning Tip

threesome – švédská trojka

to cripple – zmrzačit

2.9.5

Her face went pale. Her eyes were icy.

"If you want to know the truth about yourself..." She waved her hands. She bit her lip, and James thought that again, she was just trying to invent another story.

"Your subconscious erased everything, pushed everything away, so that you could start your life again, like a normal guy. But if you attack me like this, I won't protect you anymore. You want to hear it? Fine. But first, get dressed and stand by the door, because when I tell you, you'll leave, and I never want to see you again."

He didn't understand why she asked him to do that, but he got dressed and stood by the door. The idea of finally learning the truth was too **tempting**.

"You told me that **you were seeing** someone else. That person was sitting in the back of the car. It was a man. You told me that you were into guys, that you couldn't deny it anymore, and that it was over between us. I knew that you had your **flings**, but I didn't know how serious this one was. And no, I don't know why you told me when we were on our way to get the boat. And I have no idea what happened to him, or you, or me afterward. That's all. **We're done**. Goodbye."

She opened the door, and he walked out, dazed and confused. He only woke up from this nightmare when she slammed behind him.

Learning Tip

tempting – lákavé (temptation – pokušení)

to be seeing someone – s někým se vídat (mít vztah)

flings – úlety (flirty)

we're done – doslova "jsme hotovi"; význam "skončili jsme"

2.9.6

All day, he felt like a **cat on a hot tin roof**. He opened the shop at eleven and couldn't wait to close it again and leave. He didn't know where he wanted to go, but he had to get out.

He walked away from Julie's place like in a trance. He didn't really pay attention where he went. He put the key in the lock without thinking. He realized he was at home only when he smelled the familiar **odour** of old paper.

The military-themed rack, behind which there was the vault with his uncle's notes, made him angry. For some reason, he always put his uncle's journals back in the safe after reading a chapter. They were not valuable or secret, but he locked them up to keep the evil away.

Around noon, he took out all the journals and started reading the pages that he had marked. He realized that he had read almost all of them, except for some parts he couldn't decipher. It was either someone else's handwriting, or his **uncle** was writing it drunk. Or maybe he wrote it lying down. Who knows?

In the afternoon, he finished reading and decided to destroy the journals. He didn't know how, but he didn't put them back in the safe. He left them on the counter, thinking what he should do with them.

Larning Tip

odour (UK) odor (US) = smell (odér, zápach, vůně)

2.9.7

When the clock struck seven, James couldn't stay home. He needed to get out. He felt trapped and couldn't escape his thoughts. He locked the door and turned the sign to 'closed.'

He struggled with the curtain for a moment. Then, he **caught a glimpse of** a person standing on the familiar corner. But when he looked again, there was no one there.

This time, it could be a real smoker. It was a cold autumn evening, so people kept their smoking breaks as short as possible – from the first puff to the last one, and not a second longer. When James looked again, the smoker had probably finished and quickly disappeared into the house.

James scratched his head and looked around his shabby room. Did he need anything here? Why had he come here? To take a shower? To change his clothes? No, nothing like that.

So, he just walked through the room and locked the door behind him. Why didn't he go out in the street from the antique store? What am I doing in this **passage**? He was a little confused.

Learning Tip

to catch a glimpse of someone / something – letmo zahlédnout

passage – pasáž, chodba, průchod

2.9.8

As he was locking the apartment door, he heard a noise from the courtyard. He saw that the neighbours across the yard were moving a piece of furniture; and **swearing**. They were carrying an old couch from the **carpenter's workshop**.

James walked over to them and offered help. The three of them finally managed to carry out the dirty, heavy couch. The upholstery was torn and stained, and the whole thing smelled bad. The couch was worn out and was going to the dump.

James helped them carry it through the driveway passage on the street and lift it onto the truck. He said goodbye and looked around.

He realized that he had never walked this way before. After all these years, he had accidentally found a new path. He probably wouldn't be able to go this way again because the opposite house would surely be locked, just like his own. But now he had a unique chance to see Prague from a different angle.

Then he headed straight for **Hooters** in a nearby alley.

Learning Tip

to swear – klít, nadávat

carpenter's workshop – truhlářská dílna

2.9.9

He thought about Julie, about what she had said to him. About what his uncle wrote about her. About what he himself had experienced with her. The woman was out of her mind. Why did she want to **torment** him with doubts about his past so much?

What nonsense! The pregnancy didn't work, the abortion didn't work, so now *this* is supposed to work?!

But why was he sitting in Hooters, sipping his third drink, and staring at the breasts of the topless waitresses? Was he trying to prove to himself that he was **straight**?

He frowned and tried to figure out if he liked the waitresses, if he was attracted to them. He had always liked women's curves... but seeing them on display in every shape and size among the local staff wasn't sexy. The groups of drunken foreigners, however, seemed to think otherwise.

James sat there alone, feeling miserable.

He couldn't let Julie control him. Was she taking her revenge? Maybe Dana wasn't wrong about it. Julie blamed James for suffering so much after the accident. How much damage was a year of lost memories? How much damage was having a scar on his head hidden by his hair? Compared to her losing both legs!

He seemed to be blaming himself, too. Was he really guilty?

He ordered another drink.

Learning Tip

to torment – týrat, mučit, trápit

straight – v tomto kontextu "hetero", opak od "gay"

Hooters – americká restaurace (pro účely románu jsem uvedla, že servírky obsluhují nahoře bez, ale ve skutečnosti mají jen těsné tričko a šortky)

2.9.10

The world was spinning around him, and he could **barely** see the phone screen. He felt betrayed and lonely. He sent Dana a confusing message. But to his dazed mind, it seemed perfectly clear and understandable.

Dana hesitated for a long time before she even read the message. It **was well past midnight** when the phone on her bedside table beeped. *How rude*, she thought. *Texting her at night!* He couldn't expect her to answer his call at any time of day, as if she was waiting for him to contact her. She was awake and reading, but he couldn't know that. What if she had turned off her phone and would read his message in the morning?

She remembered the idea that had unexpectedly crossed her mind some time ago. She wasn't in the mood for James. He was selfish and was only using her.

On the other hand, this was her role in his life. He couldn't remember anyone he knew or anyone who knew him, so he turned to her for help. And she couldn't help him. Perhaps she helped him deal with it, but she hadn't helped him with the memories.

He had a deep-rooted mental block that was hard to explain. Dana felt that there was a problem much farther in the past, even before the accident, but she couldn't figure out what it was. She couldn't help him break through it.

She read two more pages of the novel but couldn't focus. She kept thinking about James. With a sigh, she reached for her phone and read his message.

Learning Tip

barely – sotva, stěží

well past midnight – dobře po půlnoci, ve smyslu "hodně"

2.9.11

It took her a moment to understand what was going on. It wasn't clear what he really wanted from her, but it was obvious that he was drunk and in some kind of trouble.

Luckily, she could understand that he was "looking at the waitresses' chests." She guessed that he was probably sitting in Hooters. She knew that they closed at four in the morning. She also knew which of the Hooters locations in Prague was closest to his place.

He mentioned Julie in his message, which made her feel sure that James needed help. *That bitch!* she thought, feeling a bit better after **cursing** Julie.

She crawled out of bed.

As she got dressed, she tried to convince herself that she wasn't going there for him, but because of her *professional* duty. Out of concern for her patient. She couldn't leave him alone just because of her irrational jealousy, could she?

She literally dragged him back to her place. She could hardly understand what he was mumbling on the way. One moment he was cute and charming, and the next moment he was anxious and terribly rude.

Dana didn't live far from the city centre, but the journey with James was exhausting. She couldn't get him into **a cab** because he kept protesting. They had to walk the three kilometres. And for every three steps forward, he took one step back. They didn't reach her apartment until morning. Dana was exhausted.

James tried to tell her what had happened, but she only understood bits and pieces. If he needed help, he would have to explain it again when he got **sober**.

Learning Tip

bits and pieces – kousky, tu a tam, jen něco

a cab – taxík

sober – střízlivý

2.9.12

She put him on the couch. He didn't fit, so he had to let his legs hang over the side. Dana didn't want James in her bed in that condition. In fact, she was sure that she never wanted him in her bed in any condition ever again.

Still, she felt a warm feeling all over her body when she remembered how happy he looked when he saw her. He was sitting at the bar. As soon as he saw her, he tried to get up from his stool to greet her. He was glad to see her; and he was surprised, because he had forgotten about the message after he had sent it.

He offered her a drink, but she convinced him to pay the bill and leave with her.

He fell asleep almost as soon as he hit the couch. He didn't care about comfort at all. She left him as he was and just took off his shoes.

Then she snuggled into her bed, shivering from the cold, from **lack of** sleep, and from the long walk through the autumn streets of Prague. She didn't even have time to think about what he had said to her at Hooters. She fell asleep, exhausted.

Learning Tip

lack of something – nedostatek

2.9.13

Luckily, it was Saturday, and she could sleep as long as she wanted. She woke up around eleven. She touched the other bed. No one was there.

She opened her eyes and quickly realized the truth. She had dreamed that James was with her. Close to her; not next door on the couch, with a **hangover**. He never stayed overnight, and the dream surprised her. Mostly because she liked the idea.

It didn't matter what James was like. It was only important for her, how she felt with him. And having him physically close just made her feel good. There was nothing she could do about it. Mentally, it didn't make sense. But she couldn't control her feelings.

She got up and dressed quickly. She didn't want to walk around in her **nightgown**, so he wouldn't get the wrong idea. Yes, she felt good with him, but for her own peace of mind, she decided not to get involved with him anymore. It was over.

She would talk to him like a psychologist. Even if it was in her free time, on the weekend. She would do that for him one last time. And then she would say **goodbye for good**.

Learning Tip

hangover – kocovina

nightgown – župan

2.10 Tom

2.10.1

She came out of the bathroom and found James sitting on the couch with his head in his hands. *Hangover*, she thought. She noticed that his phone was on the coffee table in front of him. Maybe he had read the message that he had sent her. *Well, a little self-reflection wouldn't hurt him.*

He looked up at her. His eyes were red. She wasn't surprised.

"I was going to talk to you about Julie, but now I have other things to worry about," he grunted.

"Do you want something for the headache? I think I have some **painkillers** in my medicine cabinet."

"That won't help."

"Then go home and get some sleep," Dana suggested. She wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible. Not **for his sake**, but for hers. She was afraid that she would give in again. That she would change her mind about him.

"I can't."

"Don't be silly. Haven't you ever been drunk before? It will pass. When you want to talk about Julie, call me, and we'll set up a meeting in my office. It's my day off today."

"It's all gone," he said quietly.

Was he talking about Julie?

Or did he finally understand that it was over between him and Dana?

Learning Tip

painkillers – léky proti bolesti

for his (somebody's) sake – kvůli němu, kvůli někomu

2.10.2

"I have to go to the police," he sighed and got up slowly from the couch.

Dana rolled her eyes. "What? Did something happen last night? Did you do something.... to Julie?" She stopped, unable to say it.

"My antique store burned down. Can I use the bathroom?"

"What!?! And why didn't you say something and then go to Hooters instead?"

Dana shouted. *Is that why he got so drunk? Is that why he texted me?* She could remember what he was mumbling about last night.

"I just found out now." He pointed to his phone.

When James woke up, he saw several missed calls on his phone. Some were from unknown numbers, and one was from Adele. ***What the hell did I do last night?*** He wondered if he had called people; those he knew and even people he didn't know.

There was also an unread text message on the screen. He didn't want to read it. Who knows who he texted last night? It could be a message from Julie. Maybe he told her exactly what he thought of her.

Finally, he got the courage to look. The message was from Adele, *"Please call me."* He quickly checked his list of sent messages and outgoing calls. He hadn't texted or called anyone except Dana.

So, why were there so many missed calls?

He called Adele right away to find out what was going on. *What if she needs something from me?*

Learning Tip

What the hell! – co k čertu, co ksakru, krucinál...

2.10.3

She didn't need anything. She just told him the news, and he listened as if he were in a dream.

Adele was nervous. James' shop and apartment had burned down, but she was the one who had to deal with it. Her company was the caretaker of the building. She had to talk to the police, the insurance company, and arrange for cleaning and repairs. She also had to check the other parts of the house. She was overwhelmed.

She was looking for James mainly because she was worried about him. She had told the police that he lived there. She was so relieved when she finally heard his voice. The police said that they hadn't found anyone inside, but she could imagine the mess after the fire. What if he was buried there?

He explained to her that he had gone out and spent the night at a friend's house. Dana heard him call her *a friend* and sighed with relief. It would be easier for her to let go of him.

Adele gave him instructions. He had to go to the police to tell them what happened last night. Although he had no idea what had happened.

He would go to the police again, and again he would have nothing to tell them. He didn't remember anything about the accident last time, and now he didn't know anything about the fire either. He just closed the shop, went out, and woke up in the morning to find that everything was gone.

I guess I don't have to mention that I was staring at the topless waitresses at Hooters, he thought.

2.10.4

"I'm sorry," Dana said sincerely.

She could imagine how she would feel if she lost her home. But she wasn't going to look after him. She would let him stay one more night, but after that, he would have to manage **on his own**.

"You can stay here today, but tomorrow this Adele of yours will surely find you some place to live. After all, you own a lot of apartments in Prague, so you can easily get one for yourself." She set the limit. Mostly for her own sake. She knew very well that she couldn't stay under the same roof with him. She wouldn't be able to resist him.

James realized that he hadn't thought of that at all. He did have a place to go. The apartments were for rent, but surely at least one of them was empty.

He didn't have to live in that smelly, mouldy room at the back of his shop. He liked it, but now he had other options.

Why did I never think of myself as someone who could live comfortably? he wondered.

Surprisingly, he lived quite modestly. He asked his friends for help, but even though his apartment burned down, he was still **well off** and able to help *them*. **And yet**, he never did.

He had so few friends that he could count them on one hand, but he never offered them anything.

Learning Tip

on his own – sám (bez pomoci)

and přesto – a přesto, a stejně

2.10.5

"I'll **pay you back**," he said to Dana.

She looked at him in surprise. Is he going to stop being selfish now that he lost his apartment?

"No need. But you can take me out to lunch if you have any money left."

James instinctively reached into his back pockets. From one, he pulled out a passport, and from the other, a worn-out wallet. He hadn't taken them out of his pockets for the night, and now they looked it.

Luckily, their bad condition didn't affect the validity of his passport, money, or credit cards.

Adele had texted him the contact details of someone who, she said, had already dealt with his old case and would investigate the antique shop fire as well.

James didn't know how the Czech police worked so he agreed to meet the policeman in a restaurant. The same **cop** who **investigated** his accident would now investigate the fire. OK. And James would be as useless as a witness as before.

He washed his face, straightened his shirt a bit, threw his jacket over his shoulders, and went out.

On the way, he called Adele once more. He felt that he was a burden to Dana and didn't want to bother her. He was sure that Adele would find him a temporary place to stay.

But he was wrong. Adele was surprised by his request. One of his houses was under renovation, so about twelve apartments couldn't be used at all. She promised to get back to him later.

Learning Tip

to pay back – oplatit

cop – policajt, polda

to investigate – vyšetřovat

2.10.6

A minute later, Adele called back with an idea. She said that an office a few floors above her own was now empty. Adele's firm was on the second floor of one of James's buildings in the Old Town.

There were two unfurnished rooms, plus a small kitchenette and a toilet. Unfortunately, there was no bathroom. But at least he would have somewhere to stay for a few days.

Adele said she would arrange a mattress for him. In the evening, he could use her office to take a shower.

He thought that was ok for him. Until yesterday, he only had a small basement room. Now he would have two rooms on the top floor, with a terrace and a view over the red roofs of **the golden city of a hundred spires**.

The cop was **in plain clothes**, but James recognized him right away. He remembered him. The cop was almost as tall as James. They shook hands.

"I'm Tom. We can talk informally before we write the official **report**," he suggested.

James nodded. He had nothing to put in the report anyway. It was better this way. They ordered beers, and James tried to tell Tom what he remembered from last night.

Learning Tip

in plain clothes – v civilu (v kontextu policisty)

report – protokol (v kontextu policejní činnosti)

2.10.7

Even though he had a hangover and a headache, he **clearly remembered** what had happened before he got drunk.

He mentioned the person he had seen on the corner of the opposite house. He also mentioned Julie, who had been standing there earlier. He said that he had a fight with Julie yesterday morning.

James looked Tom straight in the eye and, at that moment, decided not to tell him the reason for the argument. It was none of his business, and it couldn't have anything to do with the fire.

Besides, Julie had such a unique way of walking because of her prosthetics that he would always recognize her. It wasn't Julie on the corner last night.

"I locked the shop and went out a moment later."

"Was the person still there when you left?"

"No. I mean, there was nobody there when I pulled the curtain. Or at least, I didn't see anyone. One minute someone was standing there, and the next minute nobody was there," James explained.

"And then?"

Learning Tip

he clearly remembered – evidentně si pamatoval, bylo zjevné, že si pamatoval

he remembered clearly – zřetelně si pamatoval, měl to přesně zapamatované

v tomto kontextu je obojí slovosled správně, jen v každé větě má trošku jiný význam

2.10.8

"Well, then I went into the yard and helped the neighbours move an old couch. They were throwing it out of the workshop, and there was a truck waiting in front of the house. We had to carry it through the **driveway passage**."

"Driveway passage?" Tom asked. "Your house doesn't have a driveway... but I guess that's hard to explain in Czech." He nodded.

"I don't know what it's called, but we didn't carry the couch through our house. We carried it through the house across the yard."

Tom raised his eyebrow. "I see," he said, taking a sip of his beer.

"Then I went to Hooters and there... well, as usual." James, just like Tom a moment ago, didn't finish his thought and took another sip of beer.

"And then you didn't go home...?" Tom asked.

"No, I went with a friend to her place."

This time Tom looked at James in real surprise. He didn't even try to hide it. Did Tom suspect that James had gone home with a prostitute?

"Well, I mean, really with a *friend*... actually... Dr. Vítová. You recommended her to me, to help me with my memories." James realized that Tom must know Dana, at least professionally.

"Did you have a special reason to visit a psychologist in the middle of the night?" Tom asked.

Learning tip

passage – průchod

driveway passage – průjezd

2.10.9

James shrugged.

He took a sip of his beer and looked away. He couldn't look Tom in the eye. The police had recommended him to a psychologist, and he was involved with her. But not last night. James thought it was better to say it himself before Tom started asking questions.

"I slept on her couch. I don't have any friends. I haven't remembered anything about my past all these years. When I argued with Julie in the morning, I wanted to talk about it... I mean, Julie was actually... we knew each other before. She came to my bookshop, and she was supposed to tell me everything about my past because she..." he hesitated.

He knew that he would feel better if he could tell someone, but he also knew that Julie didn't want him to talk about it. He couldn't just reveal her secret now.

No one had ever connected her to his accident. No one knew that they had been in the car together. And telling the truth would give them no answers anyway.

He looked at Tom. He could see that Tom knew he was hiding something. But who cares? Julie didn't burn down his shop. She liked the books.

Tom was an experienced **investigator**, so he didn't push him. He knew that the truth would come out eventually. Right now, he let James talk about what he was ready to share.

2.10.10

"What if someone tried to kill you during that first so-called accident? We're not sure if it was a planned attack or if something just went wrong. But what if someone came back to finish you? Can you think of anyone who might do that?"

James was shocked. He was convinced that his shop was the target. He believed that someone simply set fire to his bookstore. Even if it was a revenge, jealousy, or envy, it was just material damage. He never thought that someone would want to **hunt him down**.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, first of all, someone was watching you. They saw you lock the door. If they had known that you lived there and they didn't see you come out... You were trapped. All they had to do was wait for darkness, and you would be **doomed**," Tom explained.

James shook his head. The idea that the only people who might want revenge were his own sister and his nephew was unbearable.

Yes, he thought, I could accept the punishment for what my horrible family did to Sonia - by losing my beloved store. But surely, they wouldn't try to kill me.

And yet, if he had died in the fire... Sonia would inherit everything now.

He was shaken. *No! It can't be true.*

When they finished their drinks, Tom asked James where he was going to stay now. He also asked if James had his ID and if he needed any help.

Learning Tip

to hunt somebody down – dopadnout (a zabít)

to be doomed – odsouzen (ke zkáze)

2.10.11

"I always have my passport with me. Also, my wallet and cell phone," James listed. "And tonight, I will have a new apartment. It has no bathroom, but it has a terrace and a mattress. It won't be much worse than what I had before." He laughed.

Tom played with his empty glass for a moment, then waved to the waiter. He hesitated a minute and then he offered James to stay at his place for the night. He said that he had a **spare room** and that James could at least take a shower.

When Tom paid, **and then** he explained to James that he felt a little guilty. He said he was sure (that) the fire at the antique shop was connected the old accident case. He blamed himself for not catching the person responsible.

"Will you show me where you were last night?" Tom asked as they left the restaurant.

James thought that this was part of the **investigation**, so they headed towards Hooters.

On the way, Tom told him that he was getting tired of police work. Even though they helped many people, there were always some they couldn't help. And sometimes the guilty people were either freed by the courts or given **lenient punishments**.

He also explained why he had offered James a room. He knew that it was awkward, but he really wanted to help.

Learning Tip

spare room – pokoj navíc (spare room – rezervní pneumatika)

lenient punishments – mírné (neadekvátní) tresty

2.10.12

He and James didn't know each other well. They met once before and had one beer together.

Tom was divorced, and he knew that it was right. But he also knew that he shouldn't invite a witness from his case to stay at his apartment. He quickly pushed these thoughts away and said:

"Wouldn't it be better to have someone to talk to, instead of staying alone in an empty apartment or sleeping in a hotel?"

For the second time that day, James realized that he hadn't thought of this at all. Of course! It would be the simplest solution. It was the easiest way. He didn't need to worry about money. He could easily stay in a hotel, even an expensive one like the InterContinental, which he could soon see from his terrace.

Why did I never think of that? he wondered. *If I grew up in a wealthy family, with all that money, and my mother taught me to take care of my assets – why don't I think like a rich man?*

He realized that he should have explored his life more. He had forgotten too much. He didn't have many memories of Australia. But the fact that he didn't see the property as his own started to make him **suspicious**.

Curious Questions

Can you try and answer James's question which he is asking himself?

Why does he never think of himself as of a rich man?

Why does he forget about his wealth?

Does it also make you suspicious?

it is suspicious – je to podezřelé

it makes me suspicious – je mi to podezřelé, začínám pochybovat