



PLAY WITH FIRE

LEVEL NATIVE
for Advanced Readers

Story and learning tips by Katka Havlová



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Kateřina Havlová

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1. TRIP

1.1

Tuesday (now)

Clare opened her eyes. It was like waking up to a new world. But it was the same room with the same light on the ceiling and a thin line of cracked plaster stretching from the window to the corner of the room where it mercifully hid behind the closet. She could only see a few empty wooden **hangers** through the unlatched **closet** door. Her suitcase was still packed, lying open next to the bed; last night she had only pulled out her **pajamas** and a towel. But she was shaken and couldn't fall asleep, so Vlad gave her two pills, which she obediently swallowed, because she was extremely eager to immerse herself in the darkness and silence, to turn off her brain and forget everything for a while.

It worked well. When she opened her eyes now, her head was perfectly empty, though surprisingly heavy. She was calm, looking again at the **crack in the plaster** that she had stared at with **bulging eyes** in her vain attempt to sleep the night before, waiting to be rescued. Actually, she was waiting for an explanation of what had happened, why she had to be in this room; and why she had to move here in one day from her apartment in Prague, hundreds of **kilometers** away, where she was quite comfortable. She'd stared at the crack in the plaster yesterday, but it hadn't been able to give her any explanation. She understood that she had been hidden here for some reason and that it was probably related to one of her interpreting jobs, but even from Vlad, who had literally dragged her here, she had **gotten** nothing more than those saving two pills.





1.2

She heard a light knock and then a woman in her fifties with a neat hair style showed her head in the door. Realizing that Clare was no longer asleep, she smiled broadly and took a step into the room.

"Good morning," she said in somewhat accented English. "I hope you slept well. I'll call Vlad right away and send you some tea."

Erika lifted herself up on her elbows to say thank you, but her mouth was so dry that she produced only an unintelligible squeak. The woman startled Erika by her appearance. She had dark **complexion** and wore an Indian **saree**. Indian or Pakistani, Erika couldn't tell. She spoke with a slight accent and didn't stop smiling. Then she went straight off to complete the tasks she had dictated for herself.

Vlad slipped through the door with ridiculous caution, like a spy, and despite the situation, Clare was amused. She didn't believe that they could be in such danger that Vlad would have to behave mysteriously like James Bond.

"Pack up quickly and let's go!" A rather surprising follow-up to the promising question, "Would you like to take a little trip?"

I thought he had some incredibly interesting and adventurous interpreting assignment for me. I've been **longing for** something like that for years, I'm tired of the same old rubbish, blah blah blah. I needed a change, and I was hoping that it had finally come. But it never crossed my mind that I'd be running away like a criminal from a boring old assignment, and that I had been in some adventurous, dangerous game for a long time already. It's not nearly as exciting as I imagined, though.

complexion = skin (pleť)

saree – sárí (indický oděv)

to long for something – toužit po něčem

C1 + C2

assignment

broadly

caution

dictated

mysteriously

somewhat

squeak



1.3

A mixture of feelings washes over me, for a moment I'm scared, and for a moment it seems ridiculous and **petty**, and then I'm scared again. When I see Vlad acting all cautious and secretive, I find it peculiar.

When I have a few minutes to think things over, I get a chill down my spine. Vlad wants me not to think about anything and therefore have nothing to say to the police, which is not difficult – I have nothing to say!

I've just always interpreted pretty ordinary, boring rubbish just like any other time. There are no records of those conversations, they were social events. But curiosity, my curiosity, won't let me rest and makes me recall it all again, and at that moment I'm afraid I might remember something I won't be able to keep quiet later. As an **interpreter**, I'm just used to talking, I'm the kind who always speaks her mind, and I'm afraid that won't help me much in this case. Vlad knows this and points out that remembering anything and starting to talk about it can be quite dangerous, and then tries to reassure me that everything will be ok because I certainly don't know anything and don't remember anything significant. But my curiosity is already aroused and presents me with **pell mell** of **vague** memories, and my eyes and ears focus on the past, pushing the drumming noise out of my memories, and trying to hear something from the past...

She obediently unpacked her things from the suitcase. The closet, which she hadn't managed to close properly, at least no longer offers such a sad sight of empty hangers. Clare wore **colorful** clothes, and the open closet made the whole room look more cheerful and friendly, and even the crack in the plaster didn't irritate her so much.





1.4

She got two large towels from Shreya and shut herself in the bathroom. In every movie or even novel, the main character always goes to take a shower at such a moment – she pours a stream of water from the shower on her head and stands there for eternity. The bathroom is then full of steam, and the **heroine** leaves, covered in a towel, encouraged to continue her fight with the circumstances. Clare will now try to do the same. She did feel like she was in a movie. A detective story.

Isn't Vlad making fun of her, isn't he just giving her the adventure she wanted so much? It's her 25th birthday in a month; isn't this just a game? His idea of an original gift? If that's the case, she should keep playing it with him. Enjoy it. Cherish it. She dressed in a purple knitted dress and sat down with Vlad in the small dining room. Biscuits and tea with milk, so perfectly English. Perfectly **birthdayish**. She smiled. She was pleased, charmed with the attention.

"So, what next, James?" She asked, smiling teasingly.

"We don't have to change names," Vlad replied absently. "We're fine here," he added.

"*Where* are we then?" She played on.

He looked at her uncomprehendingly. "As I was saying, we're in Bath. I come here every summer for my English classes, and I always rent a room here. Are you okay?" He asked thoughtfully.

heroine – hrdinka

birthdayish – narozeninově

hovorová koncovka "-ish" naznačuje "tak trochu"

C1 + C2

absently

brushing up

eternity

charmed

cherish

teasingly

thoughtfully

uncomprehendingly



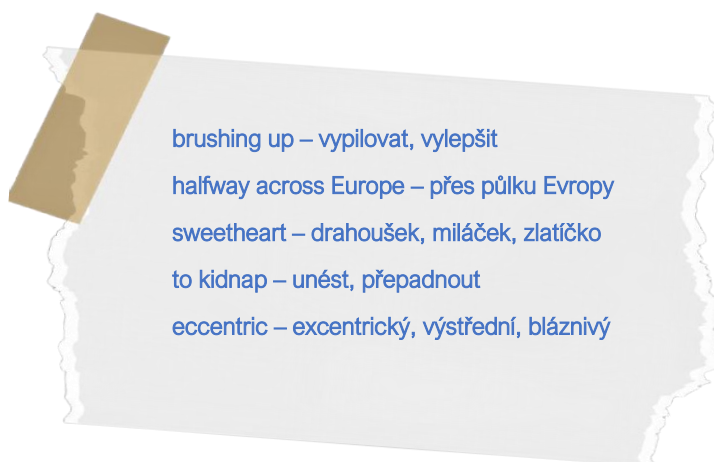
1.5

"You dragged me out of my little flat in the middle of a rather nice day, dragged me **halfway across** Europe in a car, told me about the dangers and not to think about anything... And now we're on a language course? That's a bit of a confusing story, isn't it? The script could use a little **brushing up**." She was having fun. She got him there.

Anyway, why couldn't she enjoy a few days with her **sweetheart**? If he hadn't **kidnapped** her like this, who knew how long they'd have to wait for another date?

"My darling," he reached across the table and took her hands in his. "I fell in love with you because you're so wonderfully **eccentric** and it takes me back to my youth – but now you don't have to be silly at all costs. This is a hell of a serious thing, and until it calms down, I'm really not going to make fun of it."

A thought crossed Clare's mind, wondering if maybe he was going to propose to her. That would be really original!





LEARNING TIP



Did you manage the first chapter all right? If you struggled with it, do this:

First read the whole paragraph and highlight the words which you don't understand and which at the same time prevent you from understanding the meaning of the paragraph.

Don't worry too much about words which you don't understand if you still can grasp the meaning.

The words from **C1 and C2** levels:

- You can learn the words if you are aiming at achieving the specific level (e.g., examination)
- Or try to guess them if you are reading for pleasure.

The "unknown" words will repeat so **the further** you read, **the fewer** of them.

✿ GOOD LUCK! ✿



2. DANGER

2.1

I protest. I refuse to believe it. But if it was a game... if it was a game, Vlad wouldn't be acting like this. So, I'm supposed to let this information go to my head and put it in a drawer **labeled** "facts"? It's all so incredibly crazy! Apparently: sometimes – and Vlad doesn't want to say when – I interpreted to someone – and Vlad doesn't want to say who – and that *someone* is now in big – and Vlad doesn't want to say how big – trouble with the law. The police are investigating and have already started questioning people from the company of the mysterious *someone* and Vlad has been informed – and he won't say why or from whom – that now the business partners will be **interrogated**; and then they will gradually question everyone who participated in the unofficial negotiations, which are, among others, of course... interpreters. Someone must be in a lot of trouble to be making such a big fuss.

And this case must have **scared the hell out of** Vlad, since he's here with me now, pretending that we've been cruising around Europe for a couple of days – we didn't take a plane, so there's no way of knowing exactly when we disappeared. We'll be back in three weeks at the earliest; and in the meantime – In case they're looking for me and suspect I've fled because I knew something about it (for God's sake, WHAT?) – Vlad is willing to **testify** that we've been dating for over a year and now we've come here secretly so we can just be together for a few weeks. And that's why we didn't tell anyone about our trip... He's invented a **bullet-proof** story.

labeled 🌿 **labelled** 🍷
interrogate - vyslýchat
testify – dosvědčit
bullet-proof – neprůstřelný
to scare the hell out of somebody
– někoho k smrti vyděsit

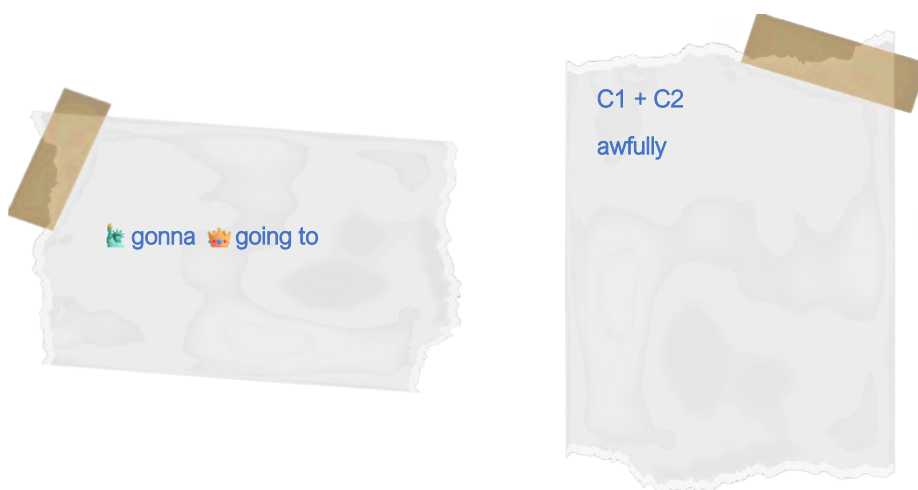
C1 + C2
fuss
negotiations
testify
fled



2.2

The only detail I don't understand is how he's **gonna** explain it to his wife? I just have so many questions on my mind, I don't know what to ask first. I don't even know if I want to ask... If it's not better this way after all.

I'm dating a married guy, we went on a secret trip a few days ago, we're both pretending like we're here for a language course, and yet we're having a great time together a few hundred miles away from where we've always had to hide our relationship. It makes sense, plus it's basically true – and since I'm crazy about Vlad, I'm happy we're here now. I'm grateful for the circumstances. Apparently, no one will be looking for me anyway, and I'm going to enjoy being here, especially with my darling. But there's still something wrong about it. Something doesn't make sense. What good is being here for three weeks? That's an awfully short time. If they want to question me, they'll just do it a few days later. So, what's this crazy trip going to achieve?



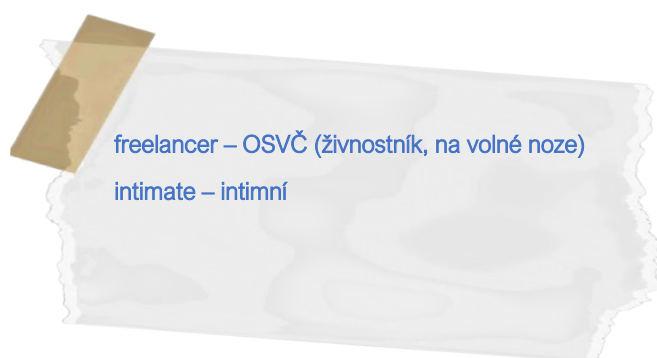


2.3

*He invited Clare to dinner. When he put the phone down, he sighed deeply. He hadn't done anything wrong. He'd invited Clare to dinner. She said yes, she'd be happy to come. Vlad leaned back in his chair and took a moment to calm down. He hadn't been able to make up his mind for a long time, and now he was finally over it and had to get used to the change. He had asked her, and she had said yes, and he suddenly felt terribly old at thirty-six. That he liked the young interpreter and maybe more than that... no one needed to know. He had invited her to a business meeting, Clare was not registered under any agency, she was a **freelancer**, and to arrange a meeting with her was therefore perfectly normal, purely business... but he knew it wasn't. It just wasn't.*

*For a long time, he had been looking for an excuse why he, who didn't need an interpreter, should ask her out, so that it wouldn't sound like a date, because he wanted to be **intimate** with her first, in a completely not-binding way, to get a feel for her before he decided to take any further steps. If he did decide to take any next steps.*

Perhaps her intense closeness during one private dinner together would satisfy him enough that he would have no need to see her again. He couldn't sleep, and he had to see her at least once, otherwise he would've gone mad; he needed to start thinking normally again.





2.4

He hoped that their first meeting would also be their last. He wanted to enjoy her and then live in peace. He wanted to make sure that he wasn't experiencing a crazy **infatuation**, that he just needed to **vent the pressure** that her incredible physical attraction was causing in him. He invited her to dinner, they would meet tonight, she said yes, and Vlad was a big step further along in his plan to rid himself of his insistent desire for that young supple body, and a step closer to **redemptive deliverance** from his infatuation, one step closer to the cliff from which he had fallen headlong almost immediately.

Clare didn't look business-like for a moment; she came dressed casually in a denim miniskirt and white shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra and it showed. She was smiling, her short hair with red highlights was slicked back, and she wore long earrings in her ears; and outside the restaurant where they were meeting, she let him lead her to a table right after greeting him. She declined alcohol, ordered a Kofola and repeated the advertising slogan "if you love her, it's no big deal" with a **flirtatious** wink. Vlad took it as a personal challenge and admitted to himself that what he was experiencing WAS a crazy infatuation, that it wouldn't end with this one dinner, that he couldn't help it and that he would have to deal with it somehow.

infatuation – zamilovanost

vent the pressure – uvolnit tlak

redemptive deliverance – spásné vysvobození

flirtatious = flirting

C1 + C2

headlong

slicked

slogan

supple

wink



2.5

Wednesday (now)

The next day in Bath, Clare was already comfortable with her new role. She had Vlad with her for over forty-eight hours without a break, which was a much longer pleasure than she had ever had before. Neither of them had to rush anywhere.

They got up late, had breakfast when the **guesthouse** dining room was already empty, had lunch at a riverside pub, held hands, and walked through the crowded town back to the guesthouse to enjoy their afternoon siesta. They didn't talk at all about why they were here, but occasionally one of those unanswered questions would pop into Clare's mind. She couldn't help it, she had to get back to it.

"You risk ruining your marriage." She said carefully. She wanted to know the answers to at least some of her questions, but she didn't want to ask Vlad directly.

"I'm protecting you." He replied. Clare was reassured by that answer. Yes, this was the Vlad she knew. Not James Bond, the secret spy.

I'm protecting you – that was basically the only correct answer, which, while it might not be true at all, was simply the most correct and the only one that someone like Vlad could give to someone like Clare. He was saying that her safety was more important than his marriage right now, BUT when her danger passed, he would re-evaluate his priorities and then start saving his marriage.





2.6

And it was important to Clare that Vlad tried to save his marriage. Because she didn't want him to divorce because of her. She didn't want the responsibility. If Vlad were to divorce, it would have to be by his choice and not directly related to her. She simply didn't want anyone, including Vlad, to ever blame her for his divorce. His marriage might be making her a little angry, and she was disappointed that in a whole year he still hadn't made up his mind as to leave his wife, whom he clearly didn't love, but on the other hand she still flourished with enough patience, she was twenty-four, holding all the aces in her fragile hands, and determined not to lose this game.



EXERCISE (1)

This is Vlad. Would you like to describe him?
Describe his looks as well as his personality
based on Chapter 1.



3. DOUBTS

3.1

Vlad the protector, that was her Vlad again, her lover, who sometimes felt ten years younger next to her and sometimes, and much more often, much older, like her teacher, guide, protector. It was these changes that she loved about him, and she was happy that he was behaving normally again. She smiled at him.

"And what if they want to question me when we get back? Do you think after three weeks it'll be okay?" She continued to enquire cautiously.

"Don't even think about it," he said sternly.

What a sweetheart, Clare thought. When they entered their room, she put the other questions behind, pulled her green sweater up over her bare breasts and whispered *come on*.

Third night in this divine exile. All afternoon with Vlad in bed. Two and a half more weeks. **I'll be damned** if he wanted to stay with his wife longer than necessary, Clare thought a little mischievously as she dressed her naked pink body in a sheer blue **tank top** and tight white **pants** for their evening walk along the river; while Vlad let the shower water stream over him and tried to wash the dirt of his dishonest **behaviour** off himself.

The third night in this prison, two and a half more weeks, he couldn't stand it, it would drive him crazy, he would rub his skin until it bled, because the water wouldn't wash the smell of deceit off him. He knew there was nothing better he could do than to load Clare into a car and drive her across half of Europe to **this very spot**.

I'll be damned! –To by v tom byl čert! Ať se propadnu!

tank top – tílko

this very spot – právě tohle místo

👖 pants 🧥 trousers

👤 behavior 🧑🏻 behaviour

exile

C1 + C2

cautiously

deceit

divine

mischievously

protector

sheer

sternly

tank top



3.2

He knew this place, Shreya was like his second mom, he'd put himself and Clare in the perfect place. And if they did find them here, he'd come off as a dirty man cheating on his wife with a young **chick**, a trivial problem compared to what might have happened if he hadn't reacted so quickly.

Clare had been frightened at first, then a little hysterical, but today she was a perfect image of a married man's lover, on a secret holiday with her love – calm, cute, naive, and passionate. She dressed like a **“The Peasant's Wise Daughter”**; the more she was covered up the more she was actually naked, she slipped into her role of **mistress** on a romantic trip so easily, so happy to believe that they were only there to be together, that it slowly filled Vlad with peace. Certainly, hour by hour he was more certain that Clare would not be the weak link; another day or two and then the worst would be over. If only he could bear it for another day or two, because keeping Clare carefree was exhausting him, acting amorously, and devoting himself entirely to her, and having her half-naked magnificent body within his reach all the time. He was knackered by it all, keeping to himself what was on his mind all the time. He scrubbed himself with a rough sponge, but he couldn't wash off the dirt of deception.

Clare woke up in the middle of the night. She was awakened by the chill she encountered on the other side of the bed. Where she instinctively wanted to curl up against Vlad's strong, hot body, she reached only the bare sheets. She opened her eyes to the darkness and was unable to move from surprise that Vlad was gone, and even forgot to pull herself back under the warm duvet on her side of the bed.

The Peasant's Wise Daughter = Chytrá horákyně
(podle pohádky bratři Grimmů)

chick – označení pro mladou holku, kočka

mistress – milenka ženatého muže

hysterical

instinctively

naive

C1 + C2

amorously

awakened

carefree

chill

curl

cute

knackered

peasant

scrubbed



3.3

She got **goosebumps**, but continued to lie in that cold, chilled place, a few confused thoughts running through her head. Surely, he hadn't been in bed for a nice long time, or it would still be warm. Where was he in the middle of the night? Maybe he couldn't sleep – but where would he go? Not for a night walk, sure! Is he downstairs in the lounge watching television? Nonsense. The bathroom door's open, he's not in there. She laughed at her reasoning.

I'm not in a detective story, she told herself, but then realized she wasn't even on a romantic trip. That she was here because maybe she had heard something she shouldn't have heard, or maybe she might as well have, but she'd better not remember it now, and certainly not talk to anyone about it. Vlad had brought her here because he was protecting her. Because he loves her, and he's worried about her.

Suddenly she frowned. She sat up. She had been so confused by Vlad's unexpected offer of a little trip, then terrified by the frantic drive across three European states without stopping, and then here, intoxicated by Vlad's intense presence, that she had forgotten about the whole world. She realized now that she hadn't seen her little red cell phone since she had packed her suitcase in her Prague apartment. In fact, she was sure she hadn't seen it in this room in three days. It hadn't been in the suitcase, she had unpacked everything, she'd have noticed it. She had her purse this afternoon at lunch in the city, but her phone was definitely not in it. She reached for the lamp on the wall and pulled the cord.





3.4

Vlad was sitting on the low wall separating the front yard of the guesthouse from the street, with the dark branches of an old oak leaning over him; he was breathing deeply and fiddling nervously with the cell phone in his hand. It was cold outside, steam rising from his mouth. It was almost 4:30, and still dark. He had been waiting for the electronic vibration for over three quarters of an hour when the phone finally buzzed in his hand.

He pressed the answer button to answer the call and put the phone to his ear without a word. He listened for a moment, then said okay, hung up, and slipped the phone into his pocket. He took another deep breath. Ugh. Looks good. Keep it up! He slipped off the wall onto the **sidewalk** and headed for the path leading to the back door of the guesthouse.

Clare quickly jumped away from the window. Hopefully, he didn't see her. Why did he go out in the middle of the night to make a phone call? She stood barefoot on the cold wooden floor by the wall between the window and the unlocked closet, still naked and cold. Instead of snuggling under the covers, she stood there, shaking her head in disbelief, unable to understand what she was experiencing, what she was supposed to think, what this strange behaviour of Vlad's meant...





3.5

The door creaked faintly, and Vlad slipped in the room. The lamp above the bed was dimly lit and the bed was empty. He turned his head sharply to the right and **caught a glimpse of** the figure at the window. He was startled.

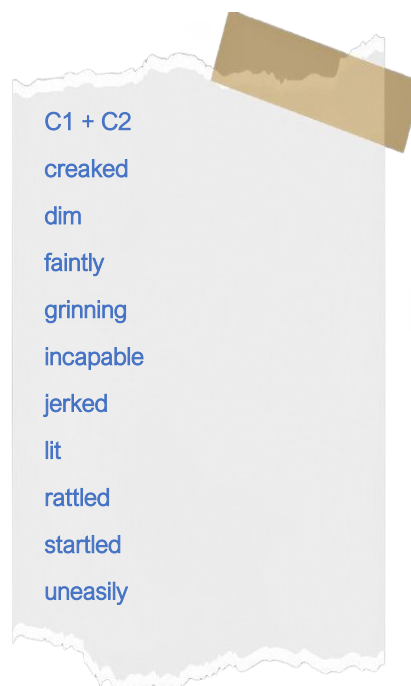
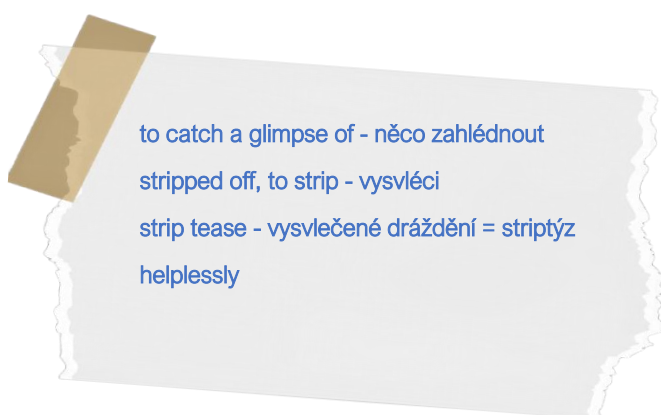
"Why aren't you sleeping, darling?" He said uneasily and remained standing still. He didn't go over to hug her.

"Why *am I* not sleeping? Are you seriously asking me why *I'm* not sleeping?" Clare was slowly starting to shake, partly from cold, partly from anger, and maybe even a little from fear.

Vlad leaned his back against the door, closed his eyes and jerked his head back sharply three times, and the door rattled under three dull blows. Then he opened his eyes, looked at Clare, **stripped off** his pants and sweatshirt, and climbed into bed. He stared at her, saying nothing. He waited. Then he said softly: "I'm just protecting you."

From what, for God's sake, from what? Clare's inner voice screamed, but she was incapable of words. She continued to stand by the open closet, the crack in the plaster above her head grinning.

Vlad took pity on the sad image of her and sighed: "I called home." He threw up his hands helplessly and continued. "My wife knows where I am. I can't just disappear... if everything is supposed to look natural, there's no reason I shouldn't call my wife... you see... but no one knows you're here with me. I'm just protecting you."





EXERCISE (2)

This is Clare. Would you like to describe her?

Her looks as well as her behaviour based on the text above...



LEARNING TIP



Relationship Vocabulary = Vztahový slovníček

infatuation	zamilovanost	cheating on somebody	někoho podvádět
passion	touha	platonic	platonický
to fall in love	zamilovat se	darling	drahoušek
love affair	aférka, známost	to be attracted to	přitahovat někoho
lover	milénec, milenka	mistress	milenka ženáče
dating somebody	chodit s někým	flirting	flirt (flirtování)
sweetheart	miláček	soulmate	spřízněná duše
married	vdaná / ženatý	a date	rande
one night stand	partner na 1 noc	(to) divorce	rozvést se, rozvod
to make love	milovat se (sex)	to break up / breakup	rozejít se / rozchod
devotion	oddanost		



4. CONFUSION

4.1

The mention of Vlad's wife brought Clare back to reality. When they occasionally spent a weekend together, he never called his wife, but now they had been here for three days, she didn't realize that he would have to stay in touch with *his world*. At least he did it considerably at night when she was asleep, or at least when she was supposed to be asleep. I need to stop acting crazy, she advised herself. She crawled, all cold, under the covers to Vlad, and he hugged her, and she slowly began to calm and warm up. Another night in her darling's arms. Every time she felt Vlad's arm around her, she was content. Finally, she fell asleep again.

But Vlad couldn't fall asleep. The position in which Clare remained curled up with him was uncomfortable, his arm was stiff, but he did not dare to move lest he wake her. Moreover, he was angry with himself for letting himself be caught like that. Fortunately, he realized in time that it was better not to make excuses and to tell even the unpleasant truth. And so, he said it. He was relieved as she fell asleep again. I hope the girl will hold out for two and a half weeks, I hope she won't get disgusted when she is reminded day after day that her Vlad is a married man.

In Prague it was different, they saw each other a couple of times a week, sometimes only for half an hour, sometimes for a whole evening, rarely for a weekend. In those moments he was always completely hers. He didn't phone his wife. But this is a different situation. Now he's worried, his mind wandering whether he's forgotten something, some silly little thing that could spoil everything. And all day long, he's been dragged along by this purple-haired cat. As long as she's happy, she's fine, but she can also sizzle, scratch and bite. And now he got caught on the phone out of the house.





4.2

Thursday (now)

He can't leave her the following night; he has missed a great opportunity to stay in touch with Prague. He has quickly created a new but also dangerous camouflage to monitor the situation from afar. He will simply have to withstand her rage if it comes.

At the time, when he had finally resolved to ask her to dinner, he hadn't dreamed that one day she might become dangerous. He'd come up with all sorts of reasons against it – why not to do it, why not invite her, why let it all go – but never once had it occurred to him that he could be risking anything other than his wife finding out. Only now, he was here with Clare under these strange circumstances, and he wasn't prepared for it. He wasn't ready to run and hide and be afraid. And he wasn't ready for Clare's sexual passion either, he was tired of her; and yet he couldn't reveal anything to her in order to avoid scaring her off.

Martine, Martine – he murmured as he was slowly waking from his brief slumber and became aware of his arousal and the wet pleasure his penis was receiving from his wife's hungry mouth. Oh God, darling – he woke up smiling. He reached his arms out to wrap his hands around her black **mane**, then with gentle pressure on the top of her head he would determine the rhythm and depth of his morning pleasure. The hair... Oh, God! He froze. He opened his eyes. A **tousled** head lifted over his lap. Clare.

tousled – rozčuchaný (styl účesu)

mane – hřiva (husté vlasy)

camouflage

C1 + C2

afar

arousal

determine

murmured

resolved

scaring

slumber

withstand



4.3

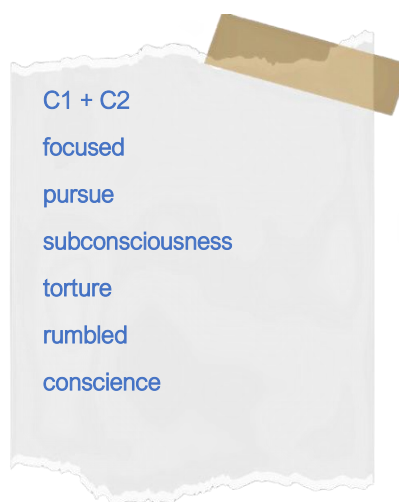
"Is something wrong?" She asked, startled, her eyes wide open.

"No... I thought..." He paused, realizing that he couldn't tell her that; that he had to pull himself together quickly and avoid a terrible embarrassment. "I thought you didn't want to do that."

She smiled at him a little **sheepishly**. "I wanted to try... so that you wouldn't be bored with me in three weeks. Don't you like it?" She inquired carefully.

"It's – great, " he closed his eyes again to avoid further confrontation.

Clare licked her lips and leaned over him again. Vlad breathed deeply, wanting to pursue his morning pleasure, but he was unable to relax, his inner voice was now screaming at him: YOU IDIOT, you almost ruined everything! And how was I to know? His conscience fought against the voice of his subconsciousness. I was asleep and she never did anything like that! Yet the **hundred-voices-canon** of YOU IDIOT – YOU IDIOT rumbled on in his head. Vlad focused the rest of his energy on blocking out the idea of torture until it finally ended with the usual explosion and instant release. He didn't enjoy it; it was the worst oral sex he had ever experienced.





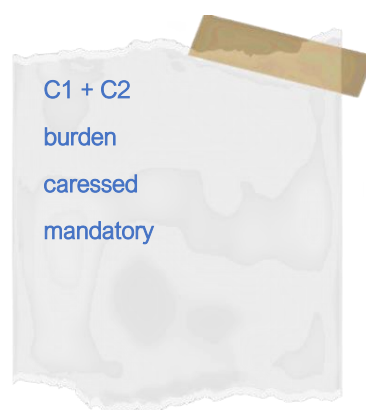
4.4

He had a beautiful, young, naked girl next to him, ready to make him happy and he was sick of the idea. This was beyond him. Not even a week of this mandatory exile had passed, and he was in over his head. Why did he need a mistress anyway? Just a useless burden!

She was always nice to him, and they didn't have to deal with everyday problems, she liked him, she undressed willingly and offered her body for his pleasure, she let herself be admired, caressed, and loved. But didn't he have that with his Martine, too?

"I'm sorry, it's the tension. I want you to be at ease, but I can't relax myself." He **apologized** as he immediately pushed her away from him, got out of bed and headed for the bathroom, where he wanted to recover in complete privacy.

As soon as the lock of the bathroom door clicked behind Vlad, Clare rushed out of bed to get his jeans. She knew he would have his cell phone in his pocket and couldn't resist the temptation to see who he had called during the night. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have looked in his cell phone, but anyone who would like to judge her now would have to admit that these were definitely not normal circumstances.





4.5

When Vlad invited her to dinner more than a year ago, she decided that this step would be fatal for both of them. She was in love with him, therefore agreed to meet him; cancelled her evening plans so that she could meet him as soon as possible.

“Shall we go out somewhere else now?” He asked her after dinner, and it was obvious that he didn't plan on going further that evening, perhaps even dreaded it.

Though she sensed that he liked her too, the fact that he had been staring hypnotically at her chest the whole time, deliberately covered just by a light white shirt, was not enough to start a promising relationship.

*“I'd like to go home now,” she said softly, and he frowned a little, as if he was sorry that she didn't want to spend more time with him; but she knew that at that moment he was glad someone had stepped on the brake for him and that we wouldn't run into the abyss. He just didn't know that Clare was already steering his next destiny **skillfully** like a sports car driver.*

He walked her to his car and offered her a ride home. Clare just waved her hand, yes, that was the plan. Then, almost as if by script, he asked where to stop on her street.

“Pull over there, we won't be in anyone's way, and you can leave it there until morning.” That was the moment. That's when it all started. He stopped immediately on the spot, he couldn't just quietly obey, he couldn't allow her to decide if anything more was going to happen between them.

She smiled at him so promisingly that only then did he start the engine again, parking at the designated, safe place. They started kissing while still in the car and almost ran into her apartment, making out right in the small hallway.





4.6

Was it magic or chemistry? It was electrifying, and it was never going to end. Clare was in love with Vlad and had waited for over a year, patiently, without pressure, for Vlad to decide he didn't want to be with his wife anymore. That he would stay only with her, his beloved Clare. But tonight, he left their warm bed to call his wife. Clare could tolerate it only if he had called his wife to break up with her.

She knew she could only check the list of calls, but she wouldn't be able to find out what they had talked about. Still, she couldn't resist. *I have no right to look in his cell phone*, she warned herself formally one last time and reached for his jeans. A small red Sony Ericsson slipped out of his back pocket.

He came out of the bathroom, his hips wrapped in a towel, water dripping from his wet black hair and running down his shoulders to his chest; on his back the drops joined and flowed down the line of his straight spine, disappearing under the edge of the white towel. Clare was not in the room. **Shit**, he cursed. Shit! On the floor, a small red cell phone peeked out of the crumpled pile of his clothes, which he wore in the night; and Clare was gone. **Damn**, how could he be so careless? Did she see it? Then why hadn't she taken it?

She could sit on the bed, sulking, provocatively naked so that he was **defenceless**, in her hand holding her little red phone that had fallen out of his pocket, with only one question in her eyes:





4.7

*WHY? Why do you have my phone? Why did you use it last night – and who did you call? Why is the entire call history deleted? Why did you lock me in here? How did you – and from whom – learn that I was in some kind of danger? Why are you hiding from me what's going on? And why did you get so shocked about the first **blowjob** earlier?*

He couldn't possibly give a satisfactory answer to any of those questions. He was sure he wouldn't succeed this time with a soothing declaration of just protecting her. But at least he'd know what game he was playing.

Only now, as the phone was here and Clare was gone, he had no idea what he was up against. Whether he was up against a furious, outraged woman who might be more dangerous than she even knew at that moment, or a frustrated, weepy girl he had disrespectfully taken advantage of.

Why didn't he tell her the truth right away? He assumed Clare was smart and sensible. After all, if she was a stupid chick, he wouldn't have dated her. She was independent, had a sober view of life, her job allowed her to meet interesting people, and she was able to talk to anyone about anything.

But would she understand this? And would she even believe him now, no matter what he said?





LEARNING TIP



Proper names = names of people usually don't translate or rewrite.

However, in this short story I have decided to show you the English equivalents of some Czech names:

Vladimír, Vláda – Vlad

Klára – Clare

Martina – Martine

Shreya – an Indian/Pakistani name without an equivalent in Czech/ English

Jitka – Judith

Some more names that might even surprise you...

Bedřich – Frederick, Fred, Freddie

Ondřej – Andrew, Andy

Jindřich – Henry

Jindřiška – Henriette

Vilém – William, Bill

Zdeněk – Sidney

Věra – Faith

Květa – Florence

Jiřina – Georgia



5. TRUTH

5.1

She couldn't believe her eyes as she scanned the internet for news from home over the past week. The cell phone that had slipped out of the pocket of Vlad's jeans had literally shocked her, quite paralyzing for a moment, but you could say it was a kind of **exposure therapy**.

When she recovered from the surprise, she began to think soberly, for the first time in four days, here – whatever this was – a house arrest, exile, an **insane asylum**. But it certainly wasn't a romantic trip! She was enjoying herself with Vlad, and meanwhile back at home... She was staring at pictures of a bunch of policemen in balaclavas and with machine guns in front of the Czech Bank. Other pictures showed deserted streets, police roadblocks, policemen on the roofs of nearby buildings. All the employees coming out of the bank with their hands above their heads, the police commando escorted the bank's top representatives directly to the police cars.

Oh-my-goodness, what the hell is going on? She quickly scanned the news; from the first speculations of the day when she and Vlad had been rushing across Germany and Belgium in the car... to the photo documentation of the **police raid** the day after... to the breaking news published a few minutes ago.

Yes, it was clear that someone she knew was in big trouble. And that's why she was here now. Vlad was right; there was a lot at stake, and it wasn't wise to underestimate it in any way. It was no wonder why Vlad was so anxious. Why he didn't want to talk about anything. That's why. It was obvious: Everyone was looking for him, no one knew where he was, his house was deserted, and his wife had disappeared too.

exposure therapy – léčba šokem

insane asylum – blázinec

police raid – policejní akce, zátah

Oh-my-goodness! – něco jako „panenko skákavá!“

What the hell! – sakra! co se to sakra...?!

commando

paralyzing

speculations

C1 + C2

balaclavas

escorted

exposure

roadblocks

soberly

at stake

deserted

scanned



5.2

Monday (4 days before now)

"How about a little trip?" He blurted out to his wife as he ran into the bedroom. It was only eight in the morning, but this day had already brought its share of worries. Martine turned away from the mirror, still in her robe and brushing her hair.

"How little should it be?" She asked, and Vlad mentally congratulated himself again on having such a wonderful, smart and understanding wife who didn't care about stupid things and got straight to the point.

*"About three weeks, at least five hundred kilometres, ideally a different time zone," he replied, equally **matter-of-factly**.*

"Anything wrong?" She asked intuitively. He wasn't definitely suggesting a trip; he was pale and breathing fast.

"Not yet." He replied.

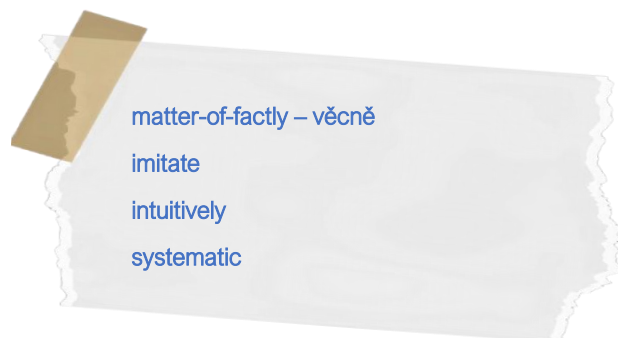
"Together?"

"No, separately."

She put down the comb, hugged him briefly, and said, "Give me thirty minutes."

She opened the closet, pulled a suitcase from the bottom, and carefully began to stow her clothes in it. Vlad drew some energy from her calmness, opened his closet, and tried to imitate her cool systematic way of filling her case with necessities.

"Have we had a quarrel?" She continued to ascertain the situation she was supposed to believe.





5.3

"No reason for that. We've been trying to have a baby for years and it's not working. You're going somewhere to relax. What do you think?" He suggested.

"Only Judith in Geneva. I can't think of anyone else," she mused aloud. Then added: "Can I use my phone?"

When he nodded in agreement, she continued: "Will you use yours?"

Then she nodded comprehendingly in response to Vlad's negative answer and started to get dressed.

"It's better that we've argued. Then there will be a reason not to stay in touch for a few days. Will you get in touch with me later?"

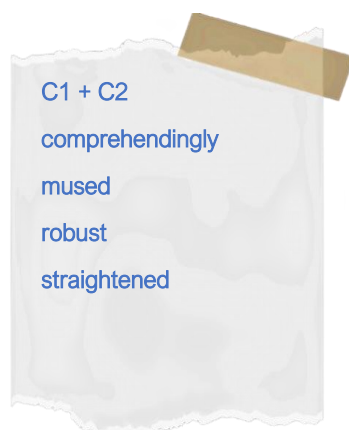
He stood up and walked over to her, taking her hands in his. She was almost as tall and robust as him, with rich, wavy black hair, eyes almost black, full red lips; she never wore makeup, and was incredibly calm at every moment. She had been through a lot with her Vlad, they were best friends, had known each other for a long time and knew each other well. She had no idea what was going on now, but she calculated in a second how many questions she could ask and how many answers she would probably get. He kissed her softly.

"Politics?" She asked.

"Yeah," he nodded. "A nasty affair." He couldn't say more, he wasn't quite sure himself.

"And where will you be?"

He sat down on the bed, elbows resting on his knees and head buried in his hands. He wondered. He ran his fingers through his black hair. Then he straightened up and said: "I left for Bath last night. It was scheduled, like every year, for an English course."





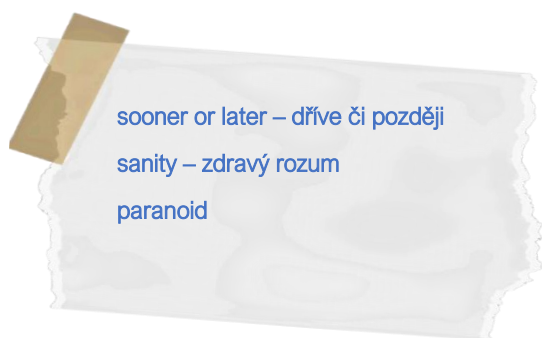
5.4

It hadn't been half an hour since he'd burst into their bedroom with the rash suggestion of a trip, and Martine was already getting into her small car and pulling out of the garage. Perfection. The word that best described her. He had an absolutely perfect wife.

*He was acting crazy. Not now, at this escalating moment, which was bound to come **sooner or later**, given the work he was doing and who he was doing it for. He had been acting like a fool for over a year since he had started lying to his wife and spending evenings and sometimes weekends with Clare.*

He was thinking feverishly. His suitcase was packed. Martine was gone. No one would be looking into exactly when and why either of them had gone, and where. It just mustn't look like they had run away. He had simply gone to a place he had been going to for over ten years quite regularly. He's a freelancer, doesn't report his activities to anyone. Except his wife. She didn't want him to leave, but when he left her home alone for three weeks anyway, she became depressed. She's been trying in vain to get pregnant for a long time and time is flying by. She's already thirty-eight. She's gone to Geneva to see a friend. She and Vlad won't call each other for at least a week. Because they had a fight. It all sounded natural so far.

*Now he will turn off his phone just in case. After a while, he took the battery out. He knew he was being paranoid, but he couldn't help it. Even though the news that had come to him underhand early this morning had completely shaken him at first; he had to try his best to keep his **sanity** and react promptly. Sending Martine away was a good idea, he assured himself. Going away before it all broke out, he had to leave, too. Taking Clare with him was a great idea – in the situation. Even more reason to keep his cell phone off and not arouse suspicion in the process.*





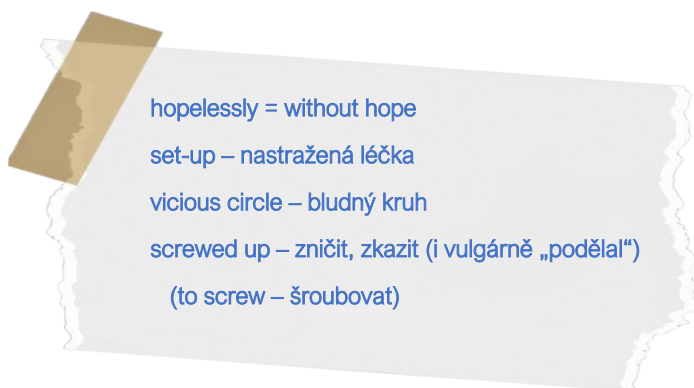
5.5

Thursday (now)

But it wasn't a good idea. He had no idea how hard it would be for him. He didn't know himself well enough, he had never been in this situation before. He was scared, really scared, plus he was angry, it was a nasty **set-up**, and he knew there was nothing he could do to defend himself for now. He could only try to buy time, which he did as best he could, but he only made things more complicated. His whole camouflage was useless.

He needed to find Clare and make sure what's going on between them. He's probably **screwed this relationship up**, ruined it **hopelessly**. He didn't want to hurt her. These are but useless thoughts now. It happened. He had to face it. There was a far greater danger waiting back at home, in Czechia, from which he had so far managed to keep his distance. But he could not avoid the confrontation with Clare.

He was sick of everything, he hadn't slept well for several days, he was living in constant tension, he was lying to the girl he liked and who liked him, and he had to get out of this **vicious circle**.





EXERCISE (3)

This is Martine. Would you like to describe her?

Her looks as well as her behaviour based on the text above...



LEARNING TIP



In this story, you will come across these words:

Words of Sounds	Describing Walk	Emotions & Feelings
buzzed	crawled	agonizing
chimed	descended	delirious
creaked	fled	flattered
drumming	lingered	frustrated
echoed	rounding	hatred
humming	stroll	horrified
murmured	staggered	hysterical
mused	wander	longed for / longing for
roar		outraged
squeak		short-tempered
squishing		sulking
whispered		weepy



6. CONFRONTATION

6.1

She looked out the window into the garden. She would have loved to go out and sit on the bench under the lounge windows, but she sat **as if chained**, trying to assess her situation. *Their* situation. I mustn't be stupid. She convinced herself. I just mustn't be stupid. I mean, I've known him for over a year, I know he's decent, and honest. I love him and I trust him.

Then why doesn't he trust me? Why did he pretend to protect me from something dangerous? I was scared, but at the same time I was glad that he was with me, that he was worried about me, that he wanted to help me. He lied to me. It was the other way round. I was the one who was protecting him. But why shouldn't he expect me to do that for him? Had I known about his problem before, wouldn't I have tried to help him? But I didn't know anything. And yet he needed help, he needed someone to protect him. And he chose me. He lied to me, but he chose me. He's with me. At one of the most difficult moments in his life, he chose to be with me.

He dragged me into danger... Maybe he did. But if he had given me a choice, would I have act differently? I wouldn't have. I would have come here with him and done exactly what he wanted. Not because I was a fool but because I loved him. If he told me now that he needed me, I'd do it because I trust him.

Then why doesn't he trust me? He hadn't said a word about what was going on or what he had to do with it. But that's okay. If he wants to keep it from me, he has the right to do so. But why did he lie to me? He didn't have that right. No matter how difficult the situation is, if he loves me, he shouldn't have lied to me. He'd know that he didn't have to. So, I'm not asking what happened or why I'm here now.

I'm asking: *do you love me, Vlad?* And there's only one correct answer.





6.2

He got dressed and waited in the room for a moment to see if she'd come back, but then he realized that if she found the cell phone in his stuff, she wasn't coming back here. She figured that he had used her phone instead of his for fear of anyone finding out where he was and who he was in contact with. Now he didn't know where she was; angry, or desperate, waiting for his explanation, which she would immediately refuse one by one. He found her in the lounge at their breakfast table, tea service in front of her, sipping her tea as he entered. Their eyes met. Vlad couldn't stand it and dodged her gaze.

Clare put down her cup and poured tea for him as well. He sat down next to her. He didn't understand what was going on, she was so cool. He sat down, said nothing, waited to see what would come. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Vlad was nervous, but he tried to look calm. It was obvious that something had happened, but he wasn't going to reveal more by his behaviour or words than Clare could possibly know or suspect. Clare was nervous too. She wasn't sure if she even knew this guy. She knew what role she wanted to play in this story from now on, but she had no idea if Vlad would let her.

"Are you protecting me?" She asked, careful not to sound like she was being sarcastic, because she really wanted to make peace with him and take this crazy game to the next level.

"No," he replied, biting his bottom lip. "Sorry."

He set the red Sony Ericsson on the table next to her mug and slumped his shoulders. Game over. It was uncomfortable, he didn't want to face it, but at the same time he was relieved, sooner or later it would happen anyway; after all it was clear already that there was no way that he could bear such tension for three weeks.





6.3

He closed his eyes and bowed his head. He didn't want to watch her get angry, he was fed up with himself, he didn't have the energy to face her anger, her rightful but all too useless anger.

"You had nothing to do with this?" She asked another question, tossing her head toward the computer monitor that sat on the next table displaying a web page describing the police raid on the Bank where he had been a top executive until recently. Vlad shook his head helplessly. He was expecting more questions, especially one crucial one: *why did you lie to me?* Or its more **reproachful counterpart**: *how could you?* But nothing came. He lifted his head and looked at Clare questioningly.

She raised an eyebrow. As a challenge. As if to say: *well, say it.* But he didn't know what he should say. She shrugged and turned over to the computer. She began reading aloud a statement from the **Governor of the National Bank**.

"Stop it!" He shouted at her.

She closed the browser and shut down the computer.

He sat in the lounge long after she left. Alone in silence, with her cell phone lying unnoticed on the table. All sorts of thoughts raced through his head. Then a flash of understanding: she wanted him to confirm their relationship out loud! To confirm their partnership. Why hadn't he said anything? What did he have to lose by telling her he loved her? Except his soul?

A trap. Which he set for himself. He was obsessed with Clare, but in another dimension of his life. In another world. Where he possessed almost everything he could think of. He wasn't greedy. He relied on the laws of physics with all his wishes and desires, he didn't float in the clouds; he relied only on his abilities in his ambitious business.

reproachful counterpart – vyčítavý protějšek,
zde: vyčítavější varianta otázky

Governor of the National Bank – Guvernér
Národní banky

executive

questioningly

rightful

C1 + C2

bowed

possessed

relied on

tossing

toward

unnoticed

shrugged



6.4

Occasionally a fleeting weakness would seize him, as when he first asked Clare to dinner. For her incredible feminine attraction. Like the first time he approached Martine. For her unearthly balance. Like the time he agreed to play his role at the Czech Bank. For the preposterous notion of his own genius.

Although he kept his feet firmly on the ground all his life, every one of those moments of natural humanity became fatal to him. That's why he was here now, hiding like a criminal. Martine was **god-knows-where**; the reliable, smart woman who should be sitting here quietly with him right now, and he would be calm and not make a big deal out of this situation because his **goddess** of domestic happiness wouldn't allow it.

Instead, he faced the accusations of an upset girl who couldn't possibly understand him. Now she knew what it was all about, why she was here. Or at least she thought she knew. And she was asking him, urgent and silent, to tell her that he loved her. Otherwise, he would have to admit that he had only brought her along as a cover. As his alibi.

But that wasn't it. He had brought her here because there was no way he could leave her at home, knowing what would follow. He couldn't even tell her what was going on.

If he disappeared without a word, she'd be looking for him. First, she would have heard about the police raid on the Bank. Then about the charges against him. She'd try to reach him. She'd want to know what the truth was. If she believed the speculative allegations, she could help the police find him. If she didn't believe it, she'd want to help him herself, and who knows how she'd make this whole mess even more complicated.

He had no choice. He couldn't tell her anything about it and he had to take her away with him. And that's what he did. It was the best solution. It was the most sensible thing to do. But it was a trap.





7. DECISION

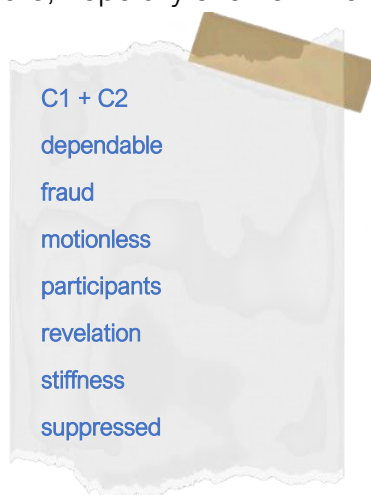
7.1

The guesthouse was slowly beginning to fill with the sounds of life: opening and closing doors and the friendly greetings of managerial language course participants returning from their morning lessons. Vlad came out of his trance. His body was aching as he had been sitting motionless for about an hour slumped in a chair at their breakfast table.

He stood up, stretched a little, and suddenly became aware of a kind of ease. A relief. He licked his dry lips. He had an odd feeling. A hint of a smile. The stiffness was gone. No, he hadn't won yet, but the intense fear was gone. It was extremely tiring to cope on his own. He was relieved now that he had someone to share his fears with, now that he didn't have to **bottle it up**, now that it was out in the open. He'd been dreading it, and he'd wanted to delay the moment of revelation as long as possible, only it had come so unexpectedly, and he hadn't thought he might be happy about it. He had a partner. A **soulmate**.

He didn't believe that he could ever be truly happy with anyone else, with any woman other than Martine. Clare was his obsession, satisfying the suppressed needs of the passionate man he'd trapped inside himself so he could exist in the real, hard, everyday world of business, in which – among an intimate elite group – he was known as cool-headed and dependable ... What was the point, though, when right now, in that real world, he was quite publicly labelled by that very same *elite group* as a fraud, a criminal on the run?

But he was no longer alone. He had Clare. With her, he could be himself again, which he hadn't been for years. If she still wants to listen, he'll tell her he loves her. He won't lie anymore. To Clare or to himself. Hopefully it's not too late, hopefully she'll still want him. Maybe she'll trust him. In everything.





7.2

She was short-tempered. Sometimes, that was an advantage. She'd explode, and before long, she'd be nice and sweet. She just needed to vent her emotions violently; no one could complain about her persistent hostility aroused by long-suppressed anger. No. If a difficult moment came, Clare would scream, swear, scratch and bite. She dealt with everything right at the moment, right at the spot, **no holds barred**. She asked questions when she wanted to know something and spoke when she wanted to say something. When she wanted to get a man, she stripped and got him.

And now, when she wanted to keep Vlad, she just shrugged and waved her hand over her doubts. This wasn't her hard time; it wasn't her turn to scream. This was his moment, and he certainly didn't need a **hysterical bitch** next to him. *He chose me for this difficult moment*, echoed in her head; and that was satisfying. It warmed her heart. It encouraged her and that was all that mattered. She wouldn't ask him any questions. Nothing mattered except whether he loved her. And she was prepared to fight for his love. With anyone, even him.

She walked along the riverbank, thinking. She couldn't go back to the room with the disturbing crack in the plaster. She was immersed deeply in her thoughts. She didn't even notice that the charming path along the water had ended and turned into a narrow track slowly disappearing into the tall grass. She left the humming city behind her, with the church clock just striking, and the afternoon traffic rush hour just beginning. Step by step, she went further and further away from it all.





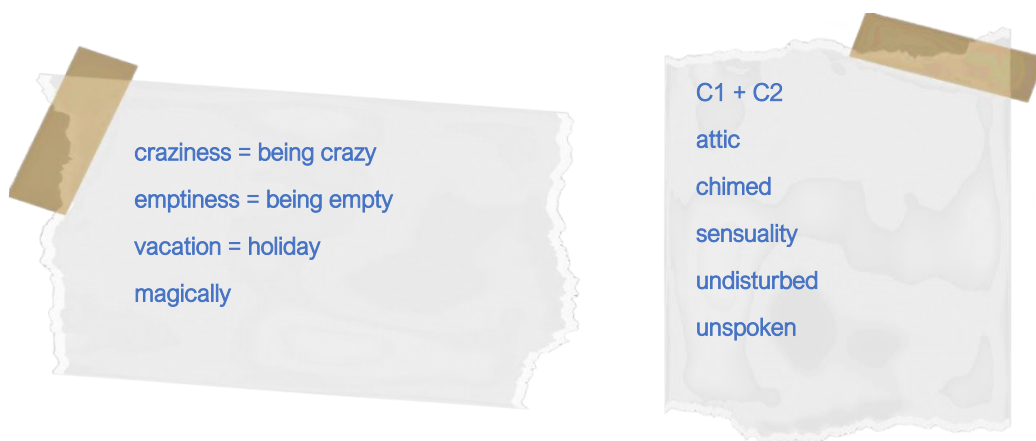
7.3

He wasn't even surprised when he didn't find Clare in the room. If they were here on a real romantic vacation, this attic room at the end of the hallway would be plenty for them. They had privacy, a big bed, a clean bathroom, and heavy curtains that didn't let in daylight, so they could sleep late, undisturbed; sleep through the breakfast Shreya served downstairs in the lounge; and go straight to lunch at some picturesque little pub and then back up here to this room. They would need nothing more than this bed, as every encounter they had had so far had been magically charged with longing for each other, as if they could not physically get enough of each other.

That magic, that excitement – Vlad realized – I had never experienced with anyone before. He had thought for a long time that he only wanted Clare for sex, but only now he understood that there was much more to it. That the sensuality was what filled their relationship, their unspoken harmony. She was his lover, and he loved her. He didn't like to admit it, he had resisted it, had denied it in himself, day after day, here in this room. And now that she wasn't there, he missed her. The next time he feels a similar emptiness, he knows it could be filled only by her.

Yet, it was like their prison here. That was probably why Clare had gotten out for some air, to think about all the craziness that had descended on her mind over the past few days.

He was also extremely tired himself. And sleep deprived. He lay down on the bed. He didn't know where to look for her anyway, and he was sure she'd come back here to see him. For a moment he thought he was happy. He smiled. Yes, he was happy. And he was terribly tired. And sleepy. In the distance, the church clock chimed. It barely reached him before he closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.





EXERCISE (4)



This is Shreya. Would you like to describe her?
Her looks as well as her behaviour based on the text above...

💡 LEARNING TIP 💡

Crime Vocabulary – Kriminální slovníček

accuse	obvinit	murder	vražda
crime	zločin	proof	důkaz
deny	popřít	prove	dokázat
fraud	podvod	punishment	trest
innocent	nevinný	suicide	sebevražda
investigation	vyšetřování	suspicion	podezření
interrogation	výslech	testify	dosvědčit
kidnapping	únos	violence	násilí
kill	zabít	witness	svědek



8. GOODY-GOODY

8.1

He woke up in the dark. The curtains on the window were open, but outside the window was a deep black night. The dim streetlight was shaded by a sturdy old oak tree. The moon and stars were cut off from the ground by thick black clouds, and the monotonous roar of ropes of water hitting the roof directly above Vlad's head revealed that the whole city was engulfed in a cloudburst.

He pulled the cord, and the wall lamp reluctantly spilled a faint yellow light around the bed. But he didn't need to look around to realize he was alone in the room. That Clare hadn't returned, or if she had, she'd left again. The idea lifted him on his elbows. Think! Don't panic and think! He commanded his brain, finally rested after the long sleep. Why would she go away – and where? Would she take her things and disappear while he slept? He squinted in the gloom. The open closet immediately confirmed the **improbability** of this theory. She had not returned. But where had she gone?

He began frantically searching through his belongings, unable to remember where he had put the small red cell phone. The **ringtone** was **muted**, but she might have tried to call him. If something had happened to her or if she needed time to herself and had deliberately lingered somewhere.

A missed call, **thank goodness!** He unlocked the **keypad** and eagerly pressed the button to display the calling number. Zero zero four two... No, it was a Czech number. She wasn't calling him.

Thank goodness! – díky bohu!

improbability – not probable

keypad – klávesnice

ringtone – vyzváněcí tón, melodie

muted (funkce "mute" např. na dálkovém ovladači k TV)

monotonous

streetlight

C1 + C2

commanded

engulfed

lingered

reluctantly

roar

roof

shaded

squinted

sturdy

gloom

cloudburst



8.2

The phone's display was blinding him. It was almost 4:30 in the morning. He'd slept at least fifteen hours. Sleep refreshed him. He hoped that after he would wake up, the whiff of happiness that had so promisingly entered his mind yesterday would slowly intensify. Instead, it grew weaker with every passing second.

When he tried to get up, he felt dizzy. He hadn't eaten anything since dinner the day before yesterday. He felt enormous hunger and an equally enormous fear. He would much rather have shaken the terror off him first but getting rid of the hunger was definitely easier. Shreya was like his stepmother and the boarding house was like his second home. He couldn't wake Shreya now, but he could go into the kitchen without feeling like a thief.

He needs to eat first so he can start thinking. And drink – as he quietly descended the stairs to the ground floor, he realised he was terribly thirsty too. In the kitchen, he drank a pint of water in one go, drops running down his chin as he gulped down the drink. Then he wiped his lips and his chin with his sleeve. He pulled a load of Shreya's traditional marmalade from the fridge and spread a thick layer on two slices of toasted bread. He pressed them together and took a hungry bite. He fought off the acute hunger. There was no time for more lavish dining.

It was 4:30 in the morning, it was pouring rain outside, and Clare was gone. Perhaps she got trapped by the rain somewhere. Maybe she was far from the guesthouse when the rain started. She went to a pub and waited for the **act of God** to pass. But what pub could she still be in at this time? He'd have to find out what nightclubs there were.

👑 realised 🌱 realized

act of God – boží dopuštění

acute

marmalade

toasted

C1 + C2

blinding

dining

gulped

intensify

lavish

refreshed

whiff



8.3

Maybe she'd taken shelter in a house, maybe someone had offered her to stay the night due to that awful weather. But why wouldn't she call him? She knew he had her phone, knew her own number without a doubt. Also, she could have easily found the number to the guesthouse to leave a message...

What if she left a message for him at Shreya's? But she'd be sure to wake him up if Clare was stuck in some place, and he'd go for her right away. He quickly crossed the lounge and scanned the stacks of advertising flyers on the computer table until he found the right one with a simple map of local **downtown** nightspots.

I'll try to find her, he thought, determined. What else am I going to do? I must start somewhere; I can't just sit here and wait for the rain to stop. Searching in nightclubs is as good as anything else, even though it might be just as pointless. But he quickly dismissed that idea. He'll just find her. Nothing worse happened than it started to rain. It certainly wasn't her first night out in the rain. He'll find her.

He was **soaking wet** by the time he reached the car parked just a few metres from the entrance. He felt like a madman, like a lunatic. Sitting behind the wheel of his car, water dripping from his hair down his neck and onto his face, feeling the car seat underneath him quickly soaking up the cold rainwater, his shoes squishing – for God's sake, what kind of plan was this? I'm being an **asshole**, he assessed strictly.

How could this have happened, where had he gone wrong, that his life had taken such a turn?

 **downtown**  **city centre**

soaking wet – promoklý na kůži, durch mokrý

asshole*

rainwater

C1 + C2

dismissed

flyers

lunatic

madman

nightspots

pointless

squishing

stacks



8.4

Clare was eager for adventure, but he was content. His life seemed adventurous enough, he had powerful allies, access to classified information, he made decisions from behind the scenes on billion-dollar deals, he had a secret affair with a beautiful interpreter – it was enough for him. That's all the adrenaline he needed.

He was still young, but not wild anymore. He accepted some responsibility. He planned his life, set milestones, and moved confidently forward. He wanted to have a child. And instead, he got Clare. Who he's looking for now, in a strange land, in the middle of the night, in the pouring rain. He's worried about her. What if he misjudged her? What if it really did shake her? She acted strange and calm when she read about what had happened at home, when she understood that he had fled, and not her; that he hadn't been protecting her, but himself.

When she caught him in a lie, she accused him of taking advantage of her, of deceiving her... He just said *sorry*. Kind of lame after a year of dating. Pathetic. He didn't say he loved her. He didn't say it, and she left. She didn't scream at all, didn't blame him. Did she stay out at night on purpose to punish him? I wish she had! Then in the morning she would come back to him in their room with the unlatched closet and the black crack in the plaster, and he would fall to her feet and beg her forgiveness.

She would look at him with superiority and know she had won. He would tell her that he loved her and that as soon as he got home, he would file for divorce. Without a word, she would pull off her wet clothes and he would throw himself on her and kiss her until he was sure this was all just a bad dream.





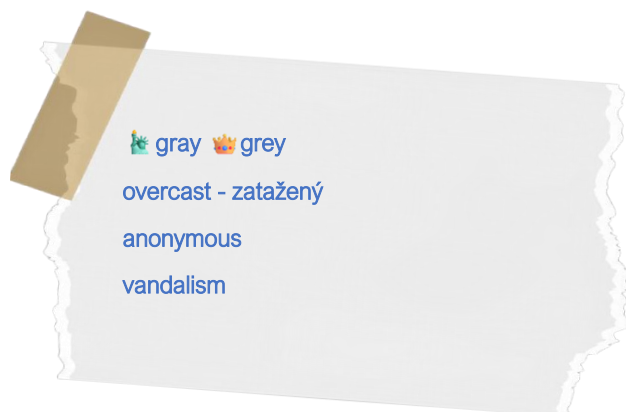
8.5

The rain didn't stop until about eleven in the morning. The sky was still **overcast** with **gray** clouds, but at least it wasn't raining anymore. When all the students left for their lessons in the morning, he made sure Clare didn't stay overnight in another room.

Shreya then immediately called the hospital to find a *student* who hadn't returned to the boarding house the night before. Isn't there a report of an anonymous person having an accident that night? It took forever before anyone was willing to give her any answers. No, there was no one like that. Thank God, Vlad sighed. But then he realized that this was not good news at all, because it did not exclude any misfortune. If Clare was in the hospital, it would mean that she was actually safe. That he had found her – and could go to her immediately. Well, he probably couldn't, anyway; he shouldn't... Shreya would go there. Still, at least he'd have Clare within reach. This way he had nothing.

Half an hour later, Shreya convinced him and called the police. She would have done that in such a situation, even if it hadn't been Clare. If her guest didn't return for the night, especially a young lady, she would call the police just in case. After all, there could have been an accident that wouldn't have landed Clare in the hospital. Maybe some kind of vandalism. Her guests are adults, but students, nonetheless.

In theory, she could run into people from her course in the city and go out and have fun with them. And then sleep over. But in reality, it was nonsense! Clare didn't attend any classes here. She couldn't have met anyone she knew. But she could have talked to someone she didn't know. Go out for a drink with him. Sleep over. Vlad shuddered.





8.6

At any rate, he would even tolerate discovering her amidst an orgy involving the muscular Italian students from the military academy who resided in their guesthouse – as long as he found her at all!

But the police knew nothing. Nothing. And don't worry, madam, she's just forgotten herself somewhere and will be back again before the evening. Maybe they're right. Why wouldn't she come back? I'm sure she's just punishing me for what I did to her. When she thinks I've suffered enough, she'll come. He was responsible for her. He was the one who put her in the car and drove her there. He didn't allow her to let anyone know where she was or why. He lied to her, he hurt her, and he lost her. He lost his only friend. Why is everything falling apart under my hands now? Vlad lamented.

What the hell did I do to deserve this? He asked himself, but immediately laughed at his stupid question: should I name only the worst, or do you want a complete list? His conscience was not clear. Not in any respect. He fooled a lot of people. He didn't take it too personally, it was business. He cheated on his wife. He hurt Clare. And now he's gonna have to make Shreya lie.

You little saint! You goody-goody! Still asking what terrible thing you did?!





9. BETRAYAL

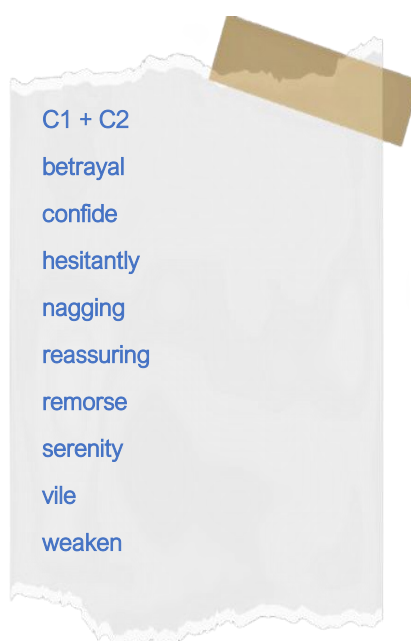
9.1

Friday (now)

When for a few seconds he managed to suppress his painful fear for Clare and weaken the stream of nagging remorse, he took the small red Sony Ericsson in his trembling hands and hesitantly punched in his wife's mobile number. He didn't know what he should say to her. He just felt he had to get in touch with her. He needed her calm, her serenity. He couldn't confide his pain to her, couldn't admit that he had just lost the lover he had been cheating on her with for a year. But he needed to hear that low, reassuring voice.

It was becoming increasingly clear to him that Clare wasn't coming back. Either she'd thrown herself into some kind of danger, or she'd done something to herself. Both would be terrible, and neither could remove his guilt. He was responsible for her, responsible for himself and his actions. Whatever had happened, it had undoubtedly been a result of his actions, his vile betrayal of the kindest soul he knew. The woman he loved. Who was so fragile and whom he should have protected.

He had taken away all his belongings from Clare's room – which now looked like the room of a cheerful Czech student who might have just wandered off. He could not afford to draw attention to himself in the context with... He shuddered. But he must name it. In the context of a possible *suicide*.





9.2

If anything happened to a strange girl staying at the same guesthouse, it had nothing to do with him. Shreya hugged him.

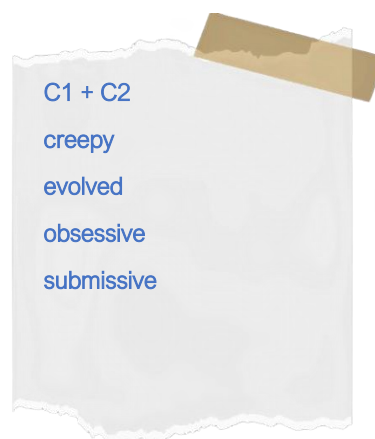
"Don't worry. I'll handle it." Faithful, **motherly love**.

Shreya wasn't his mother, but over the years their relationship had evolved that way. Vlad didn't know his mom; he'd only grown up with his dad. He and Shreya lived here in Bath for a while, but then they had a quarrel, and they broke up. Ten years ago, when Vlad's father died, Vlad began to visit Shreya regularly, at least once a year for three weeks, taking English morning classes at the local school.

Martine was with him a few times, but Shreya didn't like her. She didn't like the way she was emotionally attached to Vlad. She was so submissive, so devoted, lying at his feet, Shreya almost felt like Martine could have licked his shoes in her obsessive addiction, it was creepy.

Vlad laughed at that. What? His cool and always reasonable goddess? You see it wrong, Shreya. Is it possible that you are jealous? He was teasing her. When he arrived with Clare, Shreya was delighted. She liked this girl with tousled hair. She suited Vlad. But now she was trouble. And obviously, she wasn't worth any trouble. It won't make any difference in this mess if they pretend that Vlad and Erica never belonged together. It couldn't hurt Clare anymore. And if she's fine and just sulking, so much the better.

Vlad punched in his wife's number on the little red phone and pressed the green button. He wanted so much to hear her calm voice, to draw some strength from her perfect magical harmony. But there was no satisfaction. Martine didn't answer the phone.





9.3

What was I running from anyway? From a bizarre pack of lies that time would soon explain? From meaningless accusation, ridiculous intimidation, absurd punishment, imaginary danger? To find myself hiding just a stone's throw away, paralyzed with fear, disgusted with myself, scared to death?

A strong river current is said to have carried her body all night before it was fished out dozens of miles away. Shreya had to identify the body. It was horrible. It was her. His little tousled Clare.

Apparently, she slipped on the damp grass by the river, hit her head and fell unconscious into the water. Then the rain came and... They found her today. And Vlad had to pretend that it didn't concern him – yes, he was horrified, after all, it was his fellow resident in the guesthouse, a young pretty girl, from the same country; but personally, he had nothing to do with it. Oh dear, I'm stacking one lie on top of another, what punishment awaits me for this?

He needed Martine more than he'd ever needed her before. His goddess. With shaky hands, he picked up the red cell phone, his eyes stinging and dry, he'd already cried all his tears. He had run out of remorse. It was over. A familiar, soothing, low voice came from the speaker.





9.4

"Darling," he said only, listening to Martine's sweet story about Lake Geneva.

"When will I see you?" She finally asked.

"Soon my love," he promised. They agreed to meet in Amsterdam at their friends' house. Tomorrow.

"I miss you," Martine said as a goodbye.

He couldn't respond. His voice, his whole body, rebelled against another lie. He couldn't take it anymore. He knew exactly what he was. A scumbag who had betrayed everyone he loved, betrayed those who loved him. He had cheated and lied to his wife, he had abused and then denied his lover, he had used and forced a woman who was just like his mother to lie.

He had a dark conscience. It was the same as if he had killed Clare with his own hand! And it started all so innocently. When did it go wrong? And why? But now, it was not the time to look for answers. He had to pull himself together, to forget, to give up the illusion that he could still save his soul. **To come to terms with** his own monstrosity, to put it all behind him and set out to meet Martine, his wife, his **harbor**.





LEARNING TIP



PROVERBS

(Přísloví a zároveň názvy dalších mých knížek pro Vás:)

Čiň čertu dobře, peklem se ti odmění.

What goes around, comes around.

Kdo s čím zachází, tím také schází.

Jak se do lesa volá, tak se z lesa ozývá.

A nod to the wise, rod to otherwise.

Chytrému napověz, hloupého trkni.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Vrána k vráně sedá.

First come, first served.

Kdo dřív přijde, ten dřív mele.

Look before you leap.

Dvakrát měř, jednou řež.



10. AWAKENING

10.1

Monday (5 days before now)

Her hands sweated on the steering wheel as Martine remembered how it all had started.

*"Forget it," she laughed. "Sex only after the wedding," and she opened the door as a sign that their evening was over, and she wasn't going to let him stay the night. It was just a defensive **maneuver, a whim rather than conviction** as she didn't really want to get married, and she certainly didn't want to make the wedding a condition for further intimacy in their relationship. If it were only up to her, perhaps they wouldn't have gone any further. If it were up to her, she would have settled for what they had now.*

Vlad remained seated in his chair and replied, "Then close the door and let's plan the wedding in peace."

They had known each other for about three months and didn't see each other very often because of school and work. Even so, Martine quickly learned that she was as magically attracted to Vlad as he was to her. He called her 'my goddess'. She already knew that he hadn't approached her by chance, that he had chosen her long before, that he had pondered for a long time before making up his mind. She liked the way he spoke, with a strange mixture of shyness and rigidity and authority. He never exaggerated, and she had the impression that he wasn't afraid of anything.

But she was afraid. His closeness was depriving her of her rationality. Even after three months, whenever he touched her, whenever he even took her hand or stroked her hair, she trembled, and when they kissed, she was always the first to pull away because she felt like she would faint if the excitement lasted a second longer.





10.2

Heat washed over her at the thought of them going to bed together – when that happened, the heat would burn away the remnants of her sanity. She was used to holding her life firmly in her hands, making decisions with clear-headed judgment, her emotions never having the upper hand. She couldn't let desire take over her, let a man take over her. She got goosebumps.

'I love him, and if our relationship is to continue, it must happen someday. If I'm going to go crazy with excitement, why not right now?' She thought to herself and closed the door. That night, she discovered a new woman inside her. Six months later, they were married.

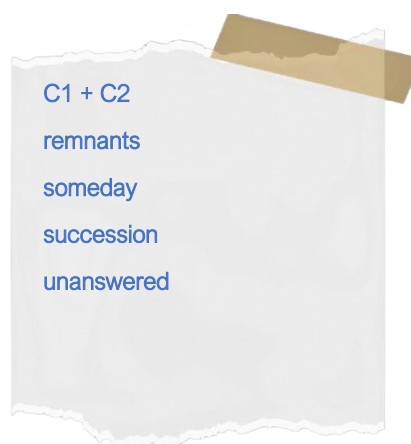
How am I supposed to bear three weeks hundreds of miles away from him, not knowing what's going on, worrying about him, worrying about the future?

So many calls. Missed. Unanswered, to be precise. She only answered the first one, from her mother.

"Are you all right? Thank God."

Martine was pleased that her mother was worried about her. But the remorse came in quick succession.

"I knew it, we've all been telling you for ages, and now here it is."





10.3

Immediately, Martine realized that something terrible had happened, something that Vlad had expected, and why they had to run so quickly to different parts of the world.

There you go!

"Shut up mom, you don't understand." And she hung up.

She herself didn't know what was going on, but she would blindly defend Vlad against her family anytime, anywhere in the world. She didn't respond to the next ring, but this disturbing call made her try to find out what had actually happened. She coldly scanned the news on the internet, about the police raid on the Czech Bank and all the related articles. She didn't **bat an eyelash**, she just accepted it as fact. That's where they are now. She believed Vlad that it was a set-up. There's always a **scapegoat** when things like this break out.

Good thing I'm here now, she sighed. And muted the ringtone on her cell phone. She watched as the number of missed calls continued to grow on the display. I'm not going to talk to anyone but Vlad. I'm sure he'll get in touch with me, I'll wait another day. She decided.

But another day passed, and she still didn't know anything about Vlad. How could she continue her journey to Geneva when Vlad was heading to the other side of Europe? How could she chat with Judith about silly things, absentminded, thinking about her own worries and not having a moment's peace? She needed to think. Think. And do the right thing at the right moment. And that moment was now.

There you go! – A tady to máš!
not bat an eyelash – nehnout brvou
scapegoat – obětní beránek

C1 + C2
absentminded
anytime
blindly
coldly



10.4

She couldn't go to Geneva; in fact, she knew right away that she wasn't going. It just wasn't possible. She needed to be somewhere else. Closer to Vlad. When she was safely far across the border, tired of the long monotonous drive on the German *autobahn*, she checked into the nearest decent motel on the way to Bath, England, instead of Geneva.

When she didn't hear from Vlad all day, she packed her small suitcase again and early the next morning followed the instructions of the kind voice of the navigation to Calais, France. She was lucky to at the Channel tunnel, as the very next train was free, and, in a few hours, she was rounding London on the **M25**. She had no intention of worrying Vlad by turning up at his guest house. She just wanted to be close. She couldn't explain why she was being so unreasonable, but it seemed right. And even if it didn't – she just couldn't do otherwise.

Emotion was taking over her, perhaps for the first time in her life, and it was stronger than her. Than her reason. Than all logical reasoning. Towards evening, she pulled into a **lay-by** near Bath and checked her mobile. To see if Vlad had tried to contact her. Dozens of calls, but none from a number with an English phone code. Had he sent a message? She ignored texts from friends. She didn't read or open them, just deleted them. She was only interested in messages from unknown numbers, but even here none had an English area code. Maybe he had a new Czech sim card, she thought, and opened the first message from an unknown number.

"Honey, hold on. Just a few more days. Yours." No signature was necessary. It was obvious. She saved the number in case she needed to use it, started the car, and headed for town. Suddenly, she wasn't tired anymore. The message from Vlad infused her veins with fresh blood.





10.5

Wednesday (2 days before now)

She checked into a little hotel by the river and then soaked in a hot bath in the tiny bathroom to finally relax. She hoped the soothing bath would help her fall asleep after two sleepless nights.

But instead of sleep, she was in for a night of **agonizing torment**. She thought her head would explode with pain; her heart would burst with grief. She sat on the floor late into the night in nothing but a thin robe and wept bitterly. Over herself. For the betrayal. For the futility of her affection and loyalty.

When she came out of the bathroom in the evening, the room was stuffy. She needed a **breath of fresh air**, so she leaned against the balcony railing. The fresh air from the river was blissfully refreshing. On the path in the distance, she saw an approaching silhouette of lovers hanging out for an evening stroll. She longed for Vlad. For his tenderness.

Am I delirious? She wondered when she heard a familiar laugh. She leaned over the railing. The couple in love was just below her balcony. She couldn't be wrong, it was Vlad, she could never mistake him for anyone else in the world – she recognized his walk, his voice. A little tousled girl was snuggling up to him and they were both laughing. They walked slowly along the river, close together, happy, and completely oblivious to the world around them. Martine was instantly frozen with terror.

She watched after them, unable to move, unable to make a sound, until they disappeared beneath the treetops, in the gloom, until their muffled laughter was drowned out by the sound of the wind.

agonizing torment – trýznivá muka

breath of fresh air – závan čerstvého vzduchu

delirious

silhouette

sleepless

C1 + C2

bitterly

blissfully

futility

longed for

muffled

oblivious

railing

refreshing

stroll

stuffy

tenderness

treetops

wept



10.6

She collapsed on the floor beside her bed, where she had crossed over from the balcony as if in a dream and choked back tears. Pity, for her futile devotion, for her suffering and her previously unknown hatred.

Why should I live? It flashed through her mind.

She cried for hours. She thought about the past. She thought about the future. Where did the little **slut** come from? Who was she? Had Vlad met her here, did he need someone to entertain him, to take his mind off his worries? While I'm shattered, maybe nothing's happening. But what if they arrived together, it didn't seem like a casual acquaintance. Did he bring her here as his alibi, as a reason for leaving Czechia so suddenly? To disprove the suspicion that he was fleeing from responsibility? But why should they act as lovers here, where no one knew them? If it was a camouflage, at least they should have shown themselves among the people in daylight, not in the gloom on a deserted riverside road – what was the point?

No, there's no point in kidding myself. Vlad has a mistress. He sent me to the other side of Europe and came here with the little **whore**. While I have travelled over a thousand kilometres to be as close as possible to my husband, my love, for three days alone in fear for him and our future, maybe the two of them have been in bed together the whole time! I'm gonna kill him.

At last, a merciful sleep, or rather merciful blackout, overcame her towards morning. As if she had fallen unconscious in **self-preservation** attempt, so that she could stop thinking of her suffering.





10.7

Thursday (1 day before now)

She woke up before noon, still on the carpet beside her bed. It seemed to her as if she had hardly closed her eyes. All the pain returned immediately with waking. She was shaking with rage. Despair. She must do something. She must pull herself together. Start thinking rationally. There was no point in any idle thoughts about the past or the future. She wanted her Vlad. She wanted him for herself.

She rinsed her face. She combed her long hair forward to cover her face twisted in pain, to hide her nose, red with crying, and mask her bloodshot eyes. She put on her sunglasses and dressed in black. She couldn't just sit here another day and wait to see what fate had in store for her. She must do something. And she must do it now.

Friday (now)

It was still raining. She was afraid to leave the room. It was her only refuge now. And her prison. She waited. Either **deliverance** would come or **eternal damnation**. She did what she had to do.

Yesterday she had been desperate, but the downpour seemed to be slowly taking away all her anger. It washed away even the fear.

Yesterday she was desperate, today she was reconciled.





11. REVENGE

11.1

She should have left this crazy town right then. In fact, she shouldn't have come here **in the first place**, it was a stupid idea. Why had she given in to her emotions? She should have followed her reason. Go to Geneva. Whatever was going on here, she wouldn't know about it. She wouldn't have been involved in anything.

When she and Vlad meet again later, she wouldn't admit it... But in that cloudburst, she could hardly see a step ahead. There was no point in going anywhere, trying to wander along the roads in a region where she didn't know her way around.

The echo of the church bells announcing her imminent damnation had rumbled in her head constantly since yesterday. It didn't matter, after all, where she was, here or elsewhere. Where would she go? She couldn't leave the pain, the terror, the horror here anyway. She would drag her burdened conscience everywhere with her.

She might as well stay here. Blaming herself for what she did and didn't do. Her nerves on edge, waiting to see what happens next. How the situation at home will turn out. How the situation here will turn out. Where will she receive a harsher punishment? It would be a *punishment*; she was sure of it. Punishment for her naivety. For her love. For the only way she could save her marriage.

She'd been here and seen them together. She hadn't wished it, but it had happened, fate had decided it. Nothing could be taken back. She was afraid to leave the room.





11.2

Suddenly, she noticed her muted phone blinking on the **bedside table**. Someone was calling. She looked at the display. It was Vlad. The number she had saved under the name *Bath*. She swallowed hard and answered the call.

"Yes?" She said, unable to get anything else out. Vlad. It was him. His voice, the one she'd heard under the balcony the day before yesterday. Calling to tell her that he had to get out of Bath right now. And he wanted her with him.

"Darling," he said, listening to Martine's sweet story of Lake Geneva.

She was lying for her life.

"When will I see you?"

"Soon, my love," he promised.

They agreed to meet in Amsterdam at their friends' house. Tomorrow.

"I miss you," she said to **bid goodbye**.

She would leave Bath and forget she had ever been here. She'll forget what happened here. She'll have her Vlad back. There never was any little tousled slut! Nothing else mattered. Could deliverance come, **after all**?





11.3

Thursday (1 day before now)

Clare was sitting on the riverbank, drawing ornaments with a stick in the damp sand of a quiet little river cove and thinking. The last conversation with Vlad was still going through her mind. Conversation? He hadn't said anything. Yet he had made himself clear – he had deceived me. Only in self-defence, she flattered herself. I'm the right woman for him to spend the rest of his life with, I know it. And I understand him. The world he lived in daily didn't forgive mistakes, didn't forgive sincerity. He had to protect himself with a safe lie. I understand him. I understand. I'm the right woman for him to spend the rest of his life with. He's the right man for me. I just know it. I forgive him. When I come back, everything will be as beautiful as before.

She felt the cold rush in. She raised her eyes to the sky. Heavy black clouds began to gather from the west, and the wind drove them towards the city. Suddenly, she felt a wave of coldness wash over her, and at the same time a strange feeling set in, as if someone was standing behind her, watching her. She turned her head. Towering above her was a tall figure dressed all in black, with sunglasses and a fierce face, around which wild black hair flew.

She startled and stood up abruptly, but only had time to open her mouth in surprise when the figure swung and at the same moment something hard struck her temple. She staggered and instantly lost consciousness.

She no longer knew that a sheet of cold, muddy water had closed over her lifeless body.



AMENDMENTS

Instructions

Vocabulary lists


Who is who cheat-sheet

Online lesson access


Fun fact




Instructions

-  **Anglický text:** 11 kapitol / cca 15 000 slov / 1800 individuálních slov,


English text: 11 chapters / ca. 15.000 words / 1.800 individual words

-  Každá kapitola má **číslované sekce**, abyste se v tom líp orientovala a zároveň se na tyto odstavce můžete odkazovat při čtení české zrcadlové verze.

The story is divided into several chapters. Each chapter has numbered sections to help you navigate and you can also refer to these paragraphs when reading the corresponding Czech version.

-  Pod každou sekci jsem umístila **seznam slovíček úrovně C1 a C2**. Pokud míříte na tyto úrovně, například chcete složit zkoušku, můžete se nenásilnou formou naučit potřebnou slovní zásobu v kontextu.


Bellow each section, I have placed a list of vocabulary for levels C1 and C2. If you are aiming for these levels, for example you want to pass an exam, you can learn the necessary vocabulary in the right context.

-  Zároveň je pod každou sekci **seznam slovíček nebo obrátů**, které buď můžete sama odhadnout, nebo jsem Vám je v angličtině vysvětlila, případně rovnou přeložila do češtiny. Některé mají hvězdičku – jsou vulgární, proto je nepřekládám.

Also, you can also find a separate “explanatory box” with a list of words and expressions bellow each section. I have explained or translated it for you. Some of them I am sure you can guess! Some are marked with an asterisk – they are vulgar, so I didn't translate them.

 označuje typický **americký** výraz nebo spelling

 označuje typický **britský** výraz nebo spelling

-  Na konci vybraných kapitol máte **kreativní úkol**, ve kterém si vyzkoušíte, jak se dovedete vyjádřit o tom, co jste se dočetla. A také jsem pro Vás připravila užitečné vzdělávací tipy.


At the end of some chapters, there is an exercise which will test how well you're able to express in your own words what you've read. I also added useful learning tips for you.

-  V přílohách na konci najdete **kompletní seznam slov pro úrovně B2, C1 a C2**.

At the very end you will find a complete vocabulary list for level B2, C1 and C2.

-  Do příloh jsem vložila **obrázkový tahák „kdo je kdo“**. Ke každé postavě si můžete připsat poznámky o jejím vzhledu nebo vlastnostech a trénovat tak vyjadřování v angličtině.

I have added a “who is who cheat sheet” with illustrations in the Amendments. You can practise English by making notes about appearance or personality of the characters.

-  A aby to nebylo jen o „učení“, tak jako všechny mé knihy je i tento příběh zakončený jednou **zajímavostí**.

This story, just like my other books, is concluded with a Fun Fact so it's not all just about "learning".

Read, learn, and enjoy!



VOCABULARY LIST SORTED BY LEVELS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

LEVEL B2

You should know these words from the story if you are aiming at the B2 level examination:

WORD	SECTION <i>and your notes</i>
absurd	9.3
accused	8.4
act as	10.6
addiction	9.2
adventurous	1.2, 8.4
affair	5.3, 8.4
affection	10.5
agreement	5.3
aching	7.1
ambitious	6.3
amused	1.2
anger	3.5, 6.3, 7.2, 10.7
apparently	2.1, 2.2, 9.3
assess/ed	6.1, 8.3
assumed	4.7
assured	5.4
attracted to	10.1
authority	10.1
aware	4.2, 7.1
balance	6.4
bare	3.1, 3.2
barely	7.3
basically	2.2, 2.5
beg	8.4
belonged	9.2
belongings	8.1, 9.1
beneath	10.5
bench	6.1
betrayed	9.4
beyond	4.4
billion	8.4



bizarre	9.3
blinking	11.2
blocking	4.3
bound	5.4
bra	2.4
break out	10.3
break / broke out	5.4, 10.3
browser	6.3
bullet	2.1
burst	10.5
burst into	5.4
calculated	5.3
calm/s down	1.5, 2.3
casually	2.4
causing	2.4
cautious	1.3
cell phone	3.3, 3.4, 4.4, 4.6, 5.1, 5.4, 6.2, 6.3, 8.1, 9.3, 10.3
circumstances	1.4, 2.2, 4.2, 4.4
code	10.4
collapsed	10.6
come up with	4.2
compared to	3.2
concern	9.3
confidently	8.4
congratulated	5.2
consciousness	11.3
constant/ly	5.5, 11.1
content	4.1, 8.4
context	9.1
cope	7.1
crack/ed	1.1, 1.3, 3.5, 7.2, 8.4
crawled	4.1
crucial	6.3
cruising	2.1
curiosity	1.3
current	9.3
cut off	8.1
damp	9.3, 11.3
dare	4.1
darkness	1.1, 3.2
darling	1.4, 2.2, 3.5, 4.1, 4.2, 9.4, 11.2



daylight	7.3, 10.6
deal(s) / dealt	2.4, 4.4, 6.4, 7.2, 8.4
deceived	11.3
deceiving	8.4
decent	6.1, 10.4
declined	2.4
deeply	2.3, 3.4, 4.3, 7.2
deliberately	4.5, 8.1
denied	7.3, 9.4
denim	2.4
deprived	7.3
depriving	10.1
descended	7.3, 8.2
desire(s)	2.4, 6.3, 10.2
despair	10.7
desperate	6.2, 10.7
determined	2.6, 8.3
devoted	9.2
devoting	3.2
dimension	6.3
dishonest	3.1
disturbing	7.2, 10.3
dizzy	8.2
domestic	6.4
drowned	10.5
eager/ly	1.1, 8.1, 8.4
ease	4.4, 7.1
elsewhere	11.1
embarrassment	4.3
emotion(s)	7.2, 10.4
emotionally	9.2
encounter/ed	3.2, 7.3
enquire	3.1
entire/ly	3.2, 4.7
equally	5.2, 8.2
exhausting	3.2
explosion	4.3
eyebrow	6.3
eyelash	10.3
faint	8.1, 10.1
faithful	9.2



fallen out	4.6
falling apart	8.6
fatal	4.5, 6.4
fate	10.7, 11.1
fed up	6.3
fellow	9.3
fierce	11.3
figured	6.2
firmly	6.4, 10.2
flash/ed	6.3, 10.6
focus/ed	1.3, 4.3
follow-up	1.2
fooled	8.6
forced	9.4
furious	4.7
gather	11.3
gaze	6.2
get up	8.2
gradually	2.1
greedy	6.3
grief	10.5
guilt	9.1
hand over	7.2
harmony	7.3, 9.2
headed	3.4, 4.4, 7.1, 10.2, 10.4
heading	10.3
hell	1.5, 2.2, 5.1, 8.6
highlights	2.4
hint	7.1
hips	4.6
cheated (on)	8.6, 9.4
cheating on	3.2, 9.1
chest	4.5, 4.6
ideally	5.2
identify	9.3
ignored	10.4
image	3.2, 3.5
impression	10.1
increasingly	9.1



incredibly	1.2, 2.1, 5.3
inner	3.5, 4.3
innocent	9.4
inquired	4.3
Instant/ly	4.3
instantly	10.5, 11.3
intention	10.4
interpreted	1.3, 2.1
interpreting	1.1, 1.2
investigating	2.1
judgment	10.2
lap	4.2
laughter	10.5
leading	3.4
leaned	2.3, 3.5, 4.3, 10.5
leaning	3.4
licked	4.3, 7.1, 9.2
literally	1.1, 5.1
logical	10.4
looking into	5.4
loyalty	10.5
magical	9.2
make/making ing fun of	1.4, 1.5
make/s sense	2.2
mask	10.7
meantime	2.1
mentally	5.2
military	8.6
mixture	1.3, 10.1
monitor	4.2, 6.3
moreover	4.1
muddy	11.3
mysterious	2.1
naked	3.1, 3.2, 3.4, 4.3, 4.6
neither	2.5, 9.1
nerves	11.1
nervously	3.4
nodded	5.3
nonsense	3.3, 8.5



oak	3.4, 8.1
obey	4.5
obsessed	6.3
obsession	7.1
occasionally	2.5, 4.1, 6.4
occurred	4.2
odd	7.1
overcame	10.6
pack up	1.2
panic	8.1
participated	2.1
partnership	6.3
passion/ate	3.2, 4.2, 7.1
patience	2.6
patiently	4.6
peculiar	1.3
physical/ly	2.4, 7.3
picturesque	7.3
pint	8.2
points out	1.3
precise	10.2
presence	3.3
pressure	2.4, 4.2, 4.6
pretend/ing	2.1, 2.2, 6.1, 9.2, 9.3
priorities	2.5
privacy	4.4, 7.3
process	5.4
promptly	5.4
proof	7.3
propose to	1.5
protest	2.1
pull over	4.5
pulled / pulling out	1.1, 5.4
punched	9.1, 9.2
punishment	9.3, 11.1
quarrel	5.2, 9.2
questioning	2.1
rage	4.2, 10.7
react/ed	3.2, 5.4



reality	4.1, 8.5
rebelled	9.4
recall	1.3
reconciled	10.7
related	10.3
release	4.3
relied on	6.3
relief	7.1
relieved	4.1, 6.2, 7.1
representatives	5.1
resident	9.3
resist/ed	4.4, 4.6, 7.3
respond	9.4, 10.3
response	5.3
responsibility	2.6, 8.4, 10.6
reveal/ed	4.2, 6.2, 8.1
rhythm	4.2
ridiculous	1.2, 1.3, 9.3
risk/ing	2.5, 4.2
ropes	8.1
rub	3.1
ruined/ruining	2.5, 4.3, 5.5
run/ning away	1.2, 5.4
rush/ed/ing	2.5, 4.4, 5.1, 11.3
rush hour	7.2
safety	2.5
satisfaction	9.2
satisfactory	4.7
satisfy/-ing	2.3, 7.1, 7.2
scratch	4.1, 7.2
script	1.5, 4.5
seated	10.1
seize	6.3
separately	5.2
separating	3.4
settled	10.1
sexual	4.2
sharply	3.5
shelter	8.3
scheduled	5.3
sighed	2.3, 3.5, 8.5, 10.3
significant	1.3



simply	2.5, 2.6, 4.2, 5.4
slight	1.2
soaked	10.5
soaking	8.3
spread	8.2
stand by	3.5
stared	1.1, 3.5
staring	4.4, 5.1
statement	6.3
steam	1.4, 3.4
steering	4.5
steering wheel	10.1
stepmother	8.2
stiff	4.1
stood up	5.3, 7.1, 11.3
strength	9.2
stretched/stretching	1.1, 7.1
strictly	8.3
stroked	10.1
suffered	8.6
suffering	10.6
suicide	9.1
suited	9.2
surely	3.3
suspect	2.1, 6.2
suspicion	5.4, 10.6
swallowed	1.1, 11.2
swear	7.2
sweated	10.1
swung	11.3
take/taking over	10.2, 10.4
tasks	1.2
teasing	9.2
temptation	4.4
tension	4.4, 5.5, 6.2
terror	8.2, 10.5, 11.1
theory	8.1, 8.5
therapy	5.1
tolerate	4.6, 8.6
trap/ped	6.3, 6.4, 7.1, 8.2
trembled	10.1
trembling	9.1



trivial	3.2
truly	7.1
turn out	11.1
twisted	10.7
unconscious	9.3, 10.6
underestimate	5.1
undoubtedly	9.1
unexpectedly	7.1
unlocked	3.4, 8.1
unreasonable	10.4
violently	7.2
wander/ed	9.1, 11.1
wandering	4.1
warmed	7.2
weakness	6.4
whispered	3.1
whom	2.1, 2.6, 4.7, 9.1
willingly	4.4
wiped	8.2
wise	3.2, 5.1



LEVEL C1 & C2

Apart from C1 & C2 level words, I am also listing words which are not included by the CEFR.
You can understand these words from the story or find and learn synonyms:

WORD	SECTION	SYNONYMS / EXPLANATIONS
abruptly	11.3	suddenly, unexpectedly
absently	1.4	inattentively, absentmindedly, distractedly
absentminded	10.3	without attention
abused	9.4	mistreated, maltreated, exploited
abyss	4.5	chasm, gulf, void
academy	8.6	school, educational institution, institute
accusation/s	6.4, 9.3	charges, allegations
aces	2.6	excellent, outstanding, superb
acquaintance	10.6	associate, familiar
acute	8.2	severe, intense, sharp
adrenaline	8.4	excitement, exhilaration, rush
afar	4.2	far away, at a distance, remotely
agonizing	10.5	torturous, excruciating, anguishing
alibi	6.4, 10.6	excuse, justification
allegations	6.4	accusations, charges
allies	8.4	colleagues, partners, associates
amidst	8.6	among, in the midst of, surrounded by
amorously	3.2	romantically, passionately, lovingly
anonymous	8.5	unknown, unidentified, nameless
anytime	10.3	whenever, at any time, whenever you like
arousal	4.2	excitement, stimulation, awakening
arouse/d	1.3, 5.4, 7.2	awaken, excite; excited, stimulated,
ascertain	5.2	determine, establish, confirm
asshole*	8.3	jerk, idiot, jerk
assignment	1.2	task, job
asylum	5.1	sanctuary, refuge, shelter
attic	7.3	loft, garret, upper room
awaits	9.3	waits for, expects
awakened	3.2	woke up, became awake, roused
awfully	2.2	terribly, extremely, dreadfully
balACLavas	5.1	ski masks, face masks, headgear
barefoot	3.4	shoeless, without shoes, footloose
barred	7.2	blocked, closed, restricted
bedside	11.2	next to the bed, by the bed
beloved	4.6	loved one, dear one, cherished
betrayal	9.1, 10.5	treachery, deception, disloyalty
bid goodbye	11.2	to say goodbye



(not) binding	2.3	(not) compelling, obligatory, mandatory
birthdayish	1.4	birthday-like, resembling a birthday
bitch*	7.2	female dog, female canine, female dog
bitterly	10.5	resentfully, angrily
blackout	10.6	power outage; loss of consciousness
blinding	8.2	dazzling, glaring
blindly	10.3	without seeing, without vision
blissfully	10.5	happily, joyfully
bloodshot	10.7	red eyes, inflamed eyes
blowjob*	4.7	oral sex, fellatio, oral pleasure
blurted	5.2	spoke out, uttered
bowed	6.3	bent, curved
broadly	1.2	widely, extensively
brushing up	1.4	reviewing, refreshing
bulging	1.1	swollen, protruding
burden/ed	4.4, 11.1	load, weight; loaded, weighed down
buzzed	3.4	hummed, whispered; sound of vibration
calmness	5.2	serenity, tranquillity
camouflage	4.2, 5.5, 10.6	disguise, concealment, masking
canon	4.3	voices repeating the same text with delay
carefree	3.2	untroubled, light-hearted, relaxed
caressed	4.4	fondled, stroked,
caution	1.2	carefulness, alertness
cautiously	3.1	carefully, warily
classified	8.4	categorized, confidential, secret
closeness	2.3, 10.1	proximity, nearness
chained	6.1	shackled, restrained, bound
charmed	1.4	enchanted, delighted, captivated
cherish	1.4	treasure, value, appreciate
chick	3.2, 4.7	young woman, girl
chill/ed	1.3, 3.2, 3.3	cold, cool, refrigerated
chimed	7.3	rang, tolled, sounded
choked	10.6	strangled, suffocated, stifled
closet	1.1, 3.4, 3.5, 5.2, 8.1, 8.4	wardrobe, cupboard
cloudburst	8.1, 11.1	heavy rain, downpour, deluge
coldly	10.3	unemotionally, icily
coldness	11.3	chill, frigidity
colorful	1.3	vibrant, vivid, a lot of colours
commanded	8.1	ordered, instructed
commando	5.1	special forces, elite unit
complexion	1.2	skin tone
comprehendingly	5.3	understandingly, sympathetically
confide	9.1	trust, disclose
confrontation	4.3, 5.5, 6	encounter, conflict
conscience	4.3, 8.6, 9.4, 11.1	sense of right / wrong, ethics, inner voice



considerately	4.1	thoughtfully, kindly
conviction	10.1	belief, certainty, strong belief
cord	3.3, 8.1	rope, cable
counterpart	6.3	equivalent, variation
cove	11.3	bay, inlet
craziness	7.3	madness, insanity, lunacy
creaked	3.5	squeaked, groaned
creepy	9.2	eerie, spooky
crumpled	4.6	wrinkled, crushed
curl/ed	3.2, 4.1	twist/ed, coil/ed
cursed	4.6	damned, hexed
cute	3.2	adorable, charming
damnation	10.7, 11.1	condemnation, eternal punishment
damned	3.1	cursed, accursed
deceit / deception	3.1, 3.2	dishonesty, trickery
declaration	4.7	statement, announcement, proclamation
defense / defensive	11.3	protection, safeguard / protective, guarded
defenseless	4.6	vulnerable, unprotected
delirious	10.5	hysterical, frenzied
deliverance	2.4, 10.7, 11.2	rescue, salvation
dependable	7.1	reliable, trustworthy
deserted	5.1, 10.6	abandoned, empty
designated	4.5	assigned, appointed
destiny	4.4	fate, fortune
determine	4.2	decide, establish, ascertain
devotion	10.6	dedication, loyalty
dictated	1.2	ordered, commanded
dim/ly	3.5, 8.1	faint/ly, weak/ly
dining	8.2	eating, feasting
disbelief	3.4	unbelief, scepticism, incredulity
disgusted	4.1, 9.3	revolted, repulsed
dismissed	8.3	rejected, disregarded, refused
disprove	10.6	refute, contradict
disrespectfully	4.7	rudely, impolitely
divine	3.1	heavenly, godly
dodged	6.2	avoided, evaded
downpour	10.7	heavy rain, rainfall
downtown	8.3	city centre, central area
dreaded / dreading	4.5, 7.1	feared, anxious
dripping	4.6, 8.3	leaking, trickling
drumming	1.3	beating, pounding
eccentric	1.5	quirky, unconventional, peculiar
echo/ed	7.2, 11.1	resonate
electrifying	4.6	exciting, thrilling
elite	7.1	exclusive, privileged



emptiness	7.3	void, nothingness
engulfed	8.1	swallowed, immersed
escalating	5.4	increasing, intensifying
escorted	5.1	accompanied, guided
eternal	10.7	everlasting, timeless
eternity	1.4	infinity, endlessness
evaluate	2.5	assess, analyse, judge
evolved	9.2	developed, progressed
exaggerated	10.1	overstated, inflated
exclude	8.5	omit, leave out
executive	6.3	managerial, leadership
exile	3.1, 4.4, 5.1	banishment, expulsion, forced removal
exposure	5.1	disclosure, unveiling, revelation
faintly	3.5	weakly, softly
feminine	6.4	womanly
feverishly	5.4	eagerly, passionately
fiddling	3.4	tinkering, toying, meddling
flattered	11.3	complimented, pleased, honoured
fleeing	10.6	running away, escaping
fled	2.1, 8.4	ran away, escaped
fleeting	6.4	transient, brief, momentary
flirtatious	2.4	coquettish, playful, teasing
flourished	2.6	thrived, prospered, bloomed
flyers	8.3	leaflets, handbills, pamphlets
focused	4.3	concentrated, attentive, absorbed
forgiveness	8.4	pardon, mercy
formally	4.6	officially
fragile	2.6, 9.1	delicate, breakable, frail
frantic/ally	3.3, 8.1	hectic, frenzied / wildly, desperately
fraud	7.1	deception, scam, deceit
freelancer	2.3, 5.4	independent, self-employed, contractor
frowned	3.3, 4.5	opposite of smile
frustrated	4.7	annoyed, irritated,
fuss	2.1	commotion, disturbance
futile	10.6	pointless, vain, fruitless
futility	10.5	uselessness, pointless, ineffectiveness
genius	6.4	brilliance, talent, intellect
glimpse	3.5	glance, peek
gloom	8.1, 10.5, 10.6	darkness, melancholy, sadness
goddess	6.4, 9.2, 9.3, 10.1	divinity, deity
gonna	2.2, 8.6, 10.6	going to, intending to, planning to
goosebumps	3.3, 10.2	shivers, shudders, tingling
governor	6.3	leader, chief executive, administrator
gray	8.5	grey, silver, ashen
grinning	3.5	smiling



guesthouse	2.5, 3.4, 7.1, 8.2, 8.3, 8.6, 9.2, 9.3	inn, lodging, accommodation
gulped	8.2	swallowed, chugged, guzzled
halfway	1.5	midway, in the middle, partially
hallway	4.5, 7.3	corridor, passage, aisle
hangers	1.1, 1.3	hooks, pegs, racks
harbor	9.4	port, dock, marina
harsher	11.1	rougher, more severe
hatred	10.6	animosity, loathing, aversion
headlong	2.4	impulsive, reckless, precipitous
helplessly	3.5, 6.3	powerlessly, vulnerably, unable to help
heroine	1.4	protagonist, female lead, champion
hesitantly	9.1	reluctantly, uncertainly, tentatively
hopelessly	5.5	desperately, without hope
horrified	9.3	appalled, shocked, terrified
hostility	7.2	animosity, enmity
humanity	6.4	behaving kindly, like a human
humming	7.2	sound of buzzing, murmuring
hypnotically	4.5	mesmerizingly, entrancingly, spellbindingly
hysterical	3.2, 7.2	frantic, frenzied, panicked
idle	10.7	inactive
illusion	9.4	delusion, misconception, fantasy
imaginary	9.3	unreal, fictional
imitate	5.2	mimic, copy
immerse/d	1.1, 7.2	submerge/d, plunge/d, engross/ed
imminent	11.1	impending, forthcoming, looming
improbability	8.1	unlikelihood, implausibility
incapable	3.5	unable, incompetent
infatuation	2.4	crush, obsession, passion
infused	10.4	mixed, blended, imbued
insane	5.1	mad, crazy
instinctively	3.2	intuitively, spontaneously, naturally
intense	2.3, 3.3, 7.1	strong, powerful
intensify	8.2	heighten, strengthen, amplify
interpreter(s)	1.3, 2.1, 2.3, 8.3	translator of spoken language
interrogated	2.1	questioned by the police
intimacy	10.1	closeness, familiarity, connection
intimate	2.3, 7.1	close, personal
intimidation	9.3	threatening, coercion, bullying
intoxicated	3.3	drunk, inebriated, under the influence
intuitively	5.2	instinctively, spontaneously, naturally
irritate	1.3	annoy, bother
jerked	3.5	yanked, pulled, jolted
keypad	8.1	keyboard, number pad



kidding	10.6	joking, teasing, jesting
kidnapped	1.5	abducted, taken, snatched
knackered	3.2	exhausted, worn out, fatigued
labelled	2.1, 7.1	tagged, marked, identified
lame	8.4	feeble, weak, ineffective
lamented	8.6	mourned, grieved, bemoaned
lavish	8.2	luxurious, extravagant
lest	4.1	in case, for fear that, to avoid
lifeless	11.3	inanimate, motionless, dead
lingered	8.1	stayed, remained
lit	3.5	illuminated, lighted, brightened
longed for / longing for	10.5	craved, yearned for, desired
lounge	3.3	salon
lunatic	8.3	mad, insane, crazy
madman	8.3	lunatic, insane person, maniac
magically	7.3, 10.1	enchantingly, miraculously, mystically
managerial	7.1	administrative, supervisory, executive
mandatory	4.4	compulsory, required, obligatory
mane	4.2	big hair, a lot of hair
maneuver	10.1	move, manipulate
marmalade	8.2	jam, preserve, spread
matter-of-factly	5.2	without emotion, factually
meaningless	9.3	pointless, purposeless, insignificant
merciful/ly	1.1, 10.6	fortunately, thankfully, kindly, forgiving
milestones	8.4	achievements, significant events
misfortune	8.5	bad luck, adversity
mischievously	3.1	playfully
misjudged	8.4	misinterpreted, misunderstood
mistress	3.2, 4.4, 10.6	female lover
monotonous	8.1, 10.4	tedious, repetitive
monstrosity	9.4	abomination, freak, grotesque
motherly	9.1	maternal, nurturing, caring
motionless	7.1	still, immobile, unmoving
muffled	10.5	muted, hushed, subdued
murmured	4.2	whispered, mumbled
muscular	8.6	strong, robust, athletic, with muscles
mused	5.3	contemplated, pondered, meditated
muted	8.1, 10.3, 11.2	silenced, hushed, quieted
mysteriously	1.2	enigmatically
nagging	9.1	annoying, persistent, bothersome
naïve/ty	3.2, 11.1	innocent / gullibility, inexperience
navigation	10.4	travel, direction, guidance
necessities	5.2	essentials, needs
negotiations	2.1	talks, discussions



nightspots	8.3	nightclubs, bars, entertainment venues
nonetheless	8.5	however, nevertheless
notion	6.4	idea, concept
obediently	1.1 1.3	compliantly, dutifully, submissively
oblivious	10.5	unaware, clueless, ignorant
obsessive	9.2	fixated, compulsive
orgy	8.6	wild party, excess
ornaments	11.3	decorations, adornments, patterns
outraged	4.7	furious, incensed, angered
overcast	8.5	cloudy, gloomy
paralyzed	9.3	immobilized, incapacitated, frozen
participants	7.1	attendees, members
pathetic	8.4	pitiful, sad, pitiable
peasant	3.2	farmer, country dweller, rural resident
paralyzing	5.1	causing inability to move
paranoid	5.4	suspicious, mistrustful
peeked	4.6	glanced, peered
pell mell	1.3	chaotic, haphazard, disorderly
perfection	5.4	excellence, flawlessness
persistent	7.2	tenacious, determined
petty	1.3	trivial, insignificant, small-minded
plaster	1.1, 1.3, 3.5, 7.2, 8.4	the wall covering on top of the bricks
pointless	8.3	meaningless, purposeless
pondered	10.1	contemplated, considered
possess(ed)	6.3	have
preposterous	6.4	absurd, ridiculous, ludicrous
preservation	10.6	conservation, protection, safeguarding
protector	3.1	guardian, defender
provocatively	4.6	seductively, enticingly, alluringly
publicly	7.1	openly
purely	2.3	simply, solely
pursue	4.3	chase, follow
questioningly	6.3	inquisitively, sceptically, doubtfully
raid	5.1, 6.3, 6.4, 10.3	attack, assault, incursion
railing	10.5	fence, barrier
rainwater	8.3	precipitation, rainfall
rash	5.4	hasty, impulsive, reckless
rationally / rationality	10.1, 10.7	reason, logic / reasonably, logically
rattled	3.5	shaken, unnerved, disturbed
reasoning	3.3, 10.4	rationality, logic, thinking
reassure/ed	1.3, 2.5	comfort, make sure
reassuring	9.1	comforting, consoling, soothing
realised	8.2	recognized, understood, comprehended



reconciled	10.7	resigned
redemptive	2.4	salvation, redeeming, restorative
refreshed	8.2	rejuvenated, revitalized
refreshing	10.5	invigorating, revitalizing
refuge	10.7	sanctuary, shelter, haven
related to	1.1, 2.6	connected to, associated with
relied on	6.3	depended, counted on
reluctantly	8.1	unwillingly, hesitantly
remnants	10.2	remains, leftovers
remorse	9.1, 9.3, 10.2	regret, guilt
reproachful	6.3	disapproving, reproving, admonishing
resided	8.6	lived, dwelled
resolved	4.2	determined, decided
revelation	7.1	disclosure, unveiling
rightful	6.3	legitimate, justifiable
rigidity	10.1	stiffness, inflexibility
ringtone	8.1, 10.3	alert tone, phone ringtone
rinsed	10.7	washed, cleansed
riverbank	7.2, 11.3	riverside, river edge, waterside
riverside	2.5, 10.6	riverbank, river edge, waterside
roadblocks	5.1	barriers, obstacles, impediments
roar	8.1	loud noise, thunder
robe	5.2, 10.5	gown, garment, dressing gown
robust	5.3	strong, sturdy, vigorous
roof	8.1	top of the house
rounding	10.4	circling, encircling
rumbled	4.3, 11.1	grumbled, muttered, growled
saint	8.6	holy person, virtuous individual, martyr
sanity	5.4, 10.2	mental stability, rationality
scanned	5.1, 8.3, 10.3	examined, scrutinized
scapegoat	10.3	fall guy, blame target, sacrificial lamb
scaring	4.2	frightening, alarming
screwed up	5.5	spoiled, messed up, ruined
scrubbed	3.2	cleaned, washed
scumbag*	9.4	scoundrel, lowlife, despicable person
sensed	4.5	perceived, detected
sensuality	7.3	eroticism, passion, sensuousness
serenity	9.1	calmness, tranquility, peace
shaded	8.1	shadowed, covered
shaky	9.3	unstable, trembling, wobbly
shattered	10.6	broken, devastated
sheer	3.1	pure, absolute
short-tempered	7.2	temperamental
shrugged	6.3, 7.2	dismissed, shrugged, disregarded
shuddered	8.5, 9.1	trembled, quivered, shivered
shyness	10.1	timidity, bashfulness



sidewalk	3.4	pavement, footpath, pathway
silhouette	10.5	shadow, outline, profile
sincerity	11.3	authenticity, genuineness, honesty
sipping	6.2	drinking slowly
skillfully	4.5	expertly, adeptly, proficiently
sleepless	10.5	awake, unable to sleep
slicked	2.4	sleeked, smoothed, slicked back
slipped out	4.6, 5.1	escaped, leaked, unintentionally said
slogan	2.4	motto, catchphrase, tagline
slumber	4.2	sleep, rest
slumped	6.2, 7.1	slouched, drooped, hunched
slut*	10.6, 11.2	promiscuous, sexually active person
snuggling	3.4, 10.5	cuddling, nestling
soberly	5.1	seriously, solemnly, with a clear mind
someday	10.2	eventually, one day, at some point
somewhat	1.2	rather, slightly
soothing	4.7, 9.3, 10.5	calming, comforting, relaxing
soulmate	7.1	true love, best friend
speculations	5.1	guesses, conjectures, hypotheses
speculative	6.4	conjectural, hypothetical
spine	1.3, 4.6	backbone, vertebral column
squeak	1.2	high-pitched sound
squinted	8.1	narrowed, squinched, peered
squishing	8.3	squeezing, compressing, squashing
stacking	9.3	piling, accumulating
stacks	8.3	piles, heaps
staggered	11.3	stumbled, stumbled, wavered
at stake	5.1	at risk
startled	3.5, 4.3, 11.3	surprised, alarmed
sternly	3.1	strictly, firmly, severely
stiffness	7.1	rigidity, inflexibility
stinging	9.3	sharp, biting, piercing
stow	5.2	store, pack away, stow away
straightened	5.3	aligned, adjusted
streetlight	8.1	lamppost, streetlamp, light pole
stripped	3.5, 7.2	undressed, naked
stroll	10.5	walk, leisurely walk
stuffy	10.5	stifling, airless, suffocating
sturdy	8.1	strong, robust, solid
subconsciousness	4.3	subconscious, unconscious
submissive	9.2	obedient, compliant
succession	10.2	sequence, series, progression
superiority	8.4	supremacy, dominance, advantage
sulking	4.6, 9.2	pouting, moping, brooding
supple	2.4	flexible, pliable, bendable
suppress/ed	7.1, 7.2, 9.1	inhibit, repress, control
sweetheart	1.5, 3.1	love, darling



systematic	5.2	methodical, organized, structured
tank top	3.1	sleeveless shirt, singlet, vest
teasingly	1.4	playfully, tauntingly, provocatively
tenderness	10.5	gentleness, affection, sensitivity
testify	2.1	attest, affirm, bear witness
thoughtfully	1.4	reflectively, contemplatively
toasted	8.2	roasted, browned
torment	10.5	agony, torture, suffering
torture	4.3	torment, agony, suffering
tossing	6.3	throwing, flinging
tousled	4.2, 9.2, 9.3, 10.5, 11.2	untidy, messy hair cut
toward	6.3	in the direction of
towering	11.3	tall above something or somebody
trance	7.1	daze, stupor, hypnotic state
treetops	10.5	tree crowns
unanswered	10.2	unresolved, unaddressed
uncomprehendingly	1.4	bewilderedly, perplexedly, not understanding
underhand	5.4	sneaky, deceitful, dishonest
undisturbed	7.3	uninterrupted, unaffected, untouched
unearthly	6.4	supernatural, otherworldly, ethereal
uneasily	3.5	uncomfortably, nervously
unlatched	1.1, 8.4	unfastened, unlocked, open
unnoticed	6.3	unseen, unnoticed, overlooked
unspoken	7.3	implicit, unsaid, silent
vacation	7.3	holiday, getaway, break
vague	1.3	unclear, uncertain, indistinct
vain	1.1, 5.4	conceited, narcissistic, self-absorbed
veins	10.4	blood vessels, capillaries, circulatory system
vent	2.4, 7.2	release, express, air
vibration	3.4	tremor, oscillation, resonance
vicious	5.5	cruel, brutal, malicious
vile	9.1	disgusting, repulsive, revolting
weaken	9.1	diminish, reduce
weepy	4.7	tearful, crying, emotional
wept	10.5	cried, sobbed, shed tears
whiff	8.2	scent, aroma, odour
whim	10.1	impulse, fancy, caprice
whore*	10.6	prostitute
wink	2.4	blink, twinkle, with the eye
withstand	4.2	endure, resist



Your words and notes...



WHO IS WHO CHEAT-SHEET

Write your own notes about the characters...



Vlad

Clare



Martine



Shreya





ABOUT ME

My name is Katka, and I've been writing stories ever since I was 14. I only wrote for my close friends at that time.

Some of my short stories in Czech were published as entries in writing competitions.

This is already my second publication in English!

I wrote this story in 2010 on my cell phone in the form of text messages.

There were 450 of them and it took me about two weeks.

I usually wrote on the train, on the way to and from work.

Having a small baby, I was relaxing by remembering the "old times".

When I was much younger, independent, and perhaps also naïve. You can find all of this in my story from the 90'.

Název povídky vychází ze rčení "Čiň čertu dobře, peklem se ti odmění" – anglický ekvivalent přímo není, ale této povídce sluší PLAY WITH FIRE (you'll get burned).

Protože mně nejde jen o překlad, ale hlavně o to, aby to, co čteš, dávalo smysl!

Nejsem jen autorka, jsem taky lektorka angličtiny a pokud máš jakékoli potíže se čtením této nebo jakékoli jiné knížky, tak to znamená, že ti k tvým teoretickým znalostem chybí praktické dovednosti.

Ráda ti pomůžu k přemýšlení v angličtině.

Stačí se připojit k mému "GENIÁLNÍMU PŘÍBĚHU" – informace máš v mailu.

Katka Havlová

Kateřina Havlová!

Thanks for reading my story!

I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it for you.
I wrote this story also in Czech, so you can use it as a cross-check reference
for understanding.

With love 🇨🇵



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