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Who is Holly? sample  
NOT FOR SALE

## WHO IS HOLLY?

Level 3 - A2/B1 Intermediate (1) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

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Who is Holly?

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## 1. The dress

“What a beautiful dress!” said Glenda.

Jed was surprised. He looked at Glenda. “The dress?”

Glenda’s face became pink.

“Sorry!” she said. “But I have never seen such a lovely dress.”

The woman was young. She was lying face down. Her dress was long and strapless. It had a wide skirt. The skirt was spread out. She looked like a sleeping princess. But she was in a dark, narrow street behind a row of townhouses. And she was dead.

Jed and Glenda are detectives. They work in the Boston Police Department. They are partners. Glenda is 40 years old. She is a tall strong woman with short red hair. Jed is 35. He is shorter than Glenda. He thinks Glenda is very tough. He thinks she is stronger than him. She always wears jeans and T-shirts. So Jed was surprised when Glenda talked about the dress.

Jed and Glenda watched the medical and technical staff while they worked. It was a strange scene. The technicians had set up bright lights so they could see well. After a few minutes, one of the policemen walked over to them. Jed knew him. His name was Pete.

“Who found her?” asked Glenda.

“I did,” answered Pete. “I was driving down the main road, when I saw something on the ground in this street. I stopped and came to look.”

“Does the doctor know when she died?” Glenda asked.

“He’s not sure. But he thinks about ten thirty pm,” said Pete. “It’s midnight now, so she died about one and a half hours ago. He says someone hit her on the back of her head. He will make a report tomorrow.”

“Do you know who she is?” asked Jed.

“Yes. We couldn’t find a handbag, or any ID. But we took a picture of her. We talked to all the people in the townhouses. A young woman, called Linda Stein knew the woman in the picture. She said the dead woman was Holly Warburton. They were housemates.”

“We should go and talk to her,” said Glenda.

“Yes,” said Jed. “Which townhouse is it, Pete?”

“Number fourteen,” said Pete. “That is the back door over there.” He pointed to one of the doors in the brick wall along one side of the street. “But it is easier to go to the front door in the next street. A policewoman is there.”

“OK, Pete,” said Jed. “Thanks.”

Jed and Glenda walked to the next street. It was wider. The town houses looked expensive. Number 14 was in the middle of the row. The lights were on in the downstairs rooms.

Jed and Glenda walked up to the door and rang the bell. A young policewoman answered the door.

“We’ve come to talk to Linda Stein,” said Glenda.

“Sure,” said the policewoman. “I don’t think we met before. I’m Sandra. Come in. She is very upset, but I think she can talk to you.”

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