

© I Talk You Talk Press
Haversham House sample
NOT FOR SALE

HAVERSHAM HOUSE

Level 4 - B1/B2 Intermediate (2) Graded Reader from I Talk You Talk Press

Copyright

Haversham House
Copyright © 2022 by I Talk You Talk Press
ISBN: 978-4-910971-04-9
Publisher: I Talk You Talk Press

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be resold, reproduced, stored in retrieval system, copied in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise transmitted without the prior written permission from the publisher. You must not circulate this publication in any format, online or otherwise.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, products, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or are used in a fictitious manner. We have no affiliation with any existing companies mentioned in this story. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, existing stories or actual events is purely coincidental.

Although the author and publisher have made every effort to ensure that the contents of this book were correct at press time, the author and publisher do not assume and hereby disclaim any liability to any party for any loss, damage, or disruption caused by errors or omissions, whether such errors or omissions result from negligence, accident, or any other cause.

For more information, see the Copyright Notice on our website.

Cover illustration image copyright: © ECrafts Adobe Stock #535449283

I Talk You Talk Press contact: info@italkyoutalk.com

Website: <http://www.italkyoutalk.com>

© I Talk You Talk Press
Haversham House sample
NOT FOR SALE

1. Milton's surprise

Louise had finished packing. Her suitcases were closed and labelled. She looked around the hotel room.

Tomorrow morning, I will have a few things to put into my carry-on bag, but everything else is done. I can't wait to get back to England. I miss Milton so much. It was a great experience to come to Sydney and help set up the bank's new computer systems, but three months was too long.

She lay on the bed and opened her laptop. She checked her emails. There were three from Milton. They all said the same thing.

---Where are you? Can we talk?---

Louise smiled. *It's only eight am in England. We will be together in about twenty-four hours. Why does he want to talk now?*

She opened FaceTime and clicked Milton's number. He came online immediately. He was smiling. He looked very excited. "Hi beautiful!" he said.

"Milton. I'll be back tomorrow. I'm tired. I want to sleep. I have a long flight. Why do you want to talk now?"

"I'm so excited. I couldn't wait to tell you. I bought a house!"

"A house?"

"Yes! You'll love it. It's amazing!"

"But Milton, we agreed to buy an apartment in London. We don't need a house, and a house in London would be too expensive!"

"The house isn't in London. It's in Devon."

"Devon! Why Devon?"

Louise was sitting up now. She was holding her laptop very tightly in both hands. She could not believe what her husband was saying.

"You bought a house and you didn't ask me! I haven't seen it! I don't want a house!" She was shouting.

Milton looked surprised. "I had to be quick. There were other people who wanted to buy it. I bought it for you. It's perfect."

Louise took a very deep breath. "Uh, Milton. How did you find the money to buy a house?"

Milton's face was red. "I used our savings for a deposit. I told the agent we had the rest of the money. We will use the money your father left you when he died. You have more than seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the bank. So there's plenty to

pay for the house. Of course, you will have to sign all the papers at the bank, so we can get the money.”

Louise was so angry. She didn't want to talk anymore. "I'll be in London late tomorrow, England time. We'll talk about it then."

"I'll be at Heathrow Airport to meet you. I'll tell you all about the house. I love you..." Milton was still talking when Louise ended the connection. She was very upset.

She didn't sleep well. The thoughts in her head were always the same.

He is using my money to buy a house. He didn't talk to me. He didn't ask me. I hate him.

The flight from Sydney airport to Heathrow in London was very long. Louise didn't feel good. *Not enough sleep, and too much stress*, she thought. She was very tired, but she couldn't sleep.

She thought about Milton. He was American. They met when Louise went to MIT for some special computer courses. He was a mathematician. Some people said he was a genius. He was also very handsome and charming. He was tall, with dark blonde hair and big brown eyes. They fell in love. They went to England to meet Louise's family.

Milton loved everything about England. He loved the culture and the history. He wanted to live there. Milton got a job at a university in London. They married, and for two years, life was very good.

But now? thought Louise. *Do I want to be married to a man who does such a thing?*

Then she thought, *We're married. My money is our money.*

It was very difficult. She had a headache.

When she walked into the arrivals area at Heathrow Airport, Milton was waiting. He was holding a big bunch of red roses. He looked very happy. Other passengers smiled when they saw him. Louise heard a woman say, "I don't know who that young man is, but he is in love."

Louise forgot about being angry. She was so pleased to see Milton after so long.

"I missed you. I wanted to do something very special for you. You'll love this house!" Milton was hugging Louise and talking at the same time.

"I missed you too," said Louise. "Thank you for the roses. But I want to go home and sleep. We'll talk about the house tomorrow."

They travelled back to their apartment. It was in a house that belonged to Louise's cousin. Her name was Griselda. She lived downstairs, and Milton and Louise lived upstairs. Louise didn't speak for the whole journey. She stared out of the window of the train and the taxi.

Louise cried when she walked into their apartment. There were more flowers and candles. There was a bottle of champagne, cheese, snacks and fruit on the table.

"I'll light the candles," said Milton.

"Milton, it's lovely. You are so romantic," Louise said. "But I'm too tired. I must sleep."

Louise lay on their bed and went to sleep. She slept for fourteen hours.

When she woke up, she looked for Milton. He was sleeping on the sofa in the living room. *I'm still wearing the clothes I wore on the plane*, she thought. *I'm so confused and worried. I want to talk to Griselda.*

Louise took a shower. She washed her hair and put on jeans and a T-shirt.

She walked downstairs and rang the bell at Griselda's door.

Griselda opened the door. "Welcome back!" she said. Then she looked at Louise. "Something's wrong. Come in. I'll make coffee. You can tell me what the trouble is."

-----END OF SAMPLE-----