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A Dangerous Weekend sample  
NOT FOR SALE

## **A DANGEROUS WEEKEND**

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

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A Dangerous Weekend  
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## 1. Wednesday

My name is Kirstie Brooks. I am English, but I live in Austria in a city called Graz. I am a secretary. I work for a lawyer. Last Wednesday, I was very happy. My boyfriend Heinrich called. He said his mother was coming to Graz, and she wanted to meet me. Heinrich is a lawyer for another company. We started dating about six months ago. We planned our first holiday together for Easter. Easter Monday is a public holiday in Austria. My company and Heinrich's company are closed on Good Friday too, so we could go away for four days. I thought Heinrich was getting serious about our relationship because he was taking me to stay with his grandmother. Now his mother wanted to meet me too! I started thinking about engagement rings and weddings.

On Wednesday afternoon, I asked my boss if I could go home a little early. I wanted to look my best when I met Heinrich's mother. I am very tall and thin. I hate to wear dresses or skirts, but I put on a simple dark blue dress, and the pearl necklace and earrings I was given by my grandmother. And flat shoes of course. Heinrich is shorter than me. He doesn't like me to wear high heels. He says it makes him look stupid.

I did my hair and make-up very carefully, put on my best coat and went out to wait for the bus.

The restaurant was in a very expensive hotel in the middle of town. I arrived late. Heinrich and his mother were waiting in the hotel lounge.

Heinrich introduced me to his mother. She looked at her watch.

"You're late," she said.

"I'm sorry. The bus took longer than I thought. But I am very pleased to meet you," I said nervously.

"There is no time for a drink before dinner," she answered. "We must go to our table now."

The dining room was very formal. The tables were set with silver knives, forks and spoons, and crystal glasses. The food was delicious, but the evening was terrible. Heinrich's mother asked me about my family.

"What is your father's job?" she asked.

"He has a small bookshop in my hometown. My mother works in the shop too."

"What university did you go to? Did you study German at university?"

"I never went to university," I answered. "I went to secretarial school. I got a job in an office. I liked German at high school, so I did a lot of courses by distance learning."

"Now I understand why you do not have a good German accent," she said.

After that, she didn't talk to me. She talked to Heinrich about family friends and relatives. I tried hard to be friendly, but I was sure she didn't like me.

We left the restaurant at 10:00pm. Heinrich spoke to the man at the front desk.

"Please tell the car park staff to bring my car now."

We walked out onto the hotel steps.

"Good night," I said to Heinrich's mother. "It was a pleasure to meet you."

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," she answered. "It is one of the best restaurants in Graz."

"Thank you for the lovely meal, Heinrich," I said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes," said Heinrich. "See you tomorrow." He turned to talk to his mother. "Mother, are you cold? Would you like to wait inside until the car comes?"

I walked down the steps and along the street to the bus stop. I felt very depressed. *That was not a success, I thought. Heinrich's mother doesn't like me.*

When I got home I changed into my favourite pyjamas and made myself a cup of hot chocolate. I turned on my music player and sat on the sofa. I started to feel more cheerful.

*Heinrich is thirty years old, I thought. It's OK if his mother doesn't like me. He is not a child. We are going on holiday on Friday. We will stay with his grandmother. I am sure she will like me, and I will like her.*

## 2. Thursday

Heinrich and I ate lunch together every Thursday. We always went to a nice sandwich and coffee bar near the park. That Thursday, I was ten minutes early.

*His mother was angry last night because I was late, I thought. I will show Heinrich that I can be early.*

I was surprised when I arrived. Heinrich was already sitting at our usual table.

I sat down at the table and held his hand.

"Hi!" I said. "Tomorrow, we'll be on holiday. What time will we leave? I checked on Google maps. It will take six hours to drive to your grandmother's house. What time does she expect us?"

Heinrich pulled his hand away. "We're not going."

"What!" I said loudly.

"Well, I'm going. But you are not invited now. My mother doesn't think you will be a good wife. She says wives must be useful for their husbands' careers. She says you are the wrong person for me."

“Heinrich! You are thirty years old! Why do you care what your mother thinks? You shouldn’t listen to her!”

Heinrich didn’t answer. He picked up the menu and looked at it. Then he put it down, and looked at me.

“My grandmother knows some very rich and powerful people. My mother called her this morning. She asked my grandmother to talk to her friends. She wants my grandmother to introduce me to some nice girls from good families.”

I was very angry. I stood up and shouted at him. “My family is no good?”

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

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