

C4 WB C2, p. 102

- a) Read the following statements. The verbs in bold can be followed either by the **gerund** or by the **infinitive with to** with a difference in meaning. Copy the grid and add the verbs *stop*, *mean* and *try*. Then add a possible German meaning. Use a dictionary if necessary.

• Lf 198: The gerund, pp. 220/221

- 1 Many people **remember** feeling like an outsider during their school days.
We must **remember** to avoid segregation in everyday life.
- 2 People have never **stopped** arguing about what multiculturalism really means.
These days many people wear religious or traditional clothing and no one **stops** to stare at them.
- 3 Even if people don't **mean** to offend someone, their words still hurt.
Being part of a minority ethnic group sometimes **means** experiencing discrimination.
- 4 Politicians **try** to understand the worries and fears of ethnic minorities.
Some politicians **try** working with minority communities.

b) Work with a partner.

Choose the statements you agree with most and least, and explain your choices.

• PB

I (don't) think it is right to say that ... because ...
I would agree/can't agree with that because ...
For me it is obvious that ...
I doubt that ... because ...

C5 WB C3, C4, pp. 102/103

The author Bali Rai writes young adult novels about the Asian community in England.
The story of his novel *Killing Honour* is set in Leicester, where 15-year-old Sat lives with his well-to-do Sikh family, the Kooners. Both Sat's elder brother Amar and his sister Jas are married. One day, Jas's husband Taz turns up at the Kooners' home with his brother Ricky and his mother.



- a) Work with a partner: Use the information above for a quick "who's who". Take turns to ask each other who the different characters from the novel are.
- b) Read the first extract to find out why Rick and Taz are visiting the Kooners' home.
- c) Describe how Sat experiences the situation.
- d) Read the first and the second extract and use adjectives on the right to describe how Sat and his family feel about the visit. Explain your view by referring back to the text.

• Wordbank: Feelings, p. 222

relieved · astonished · shocked · disinterested ·
reproachful · ashamed · embarrassed · angry ·
unconcerned · furious · alarmed · disbelieving ·
protective · hurt · humiliated

Extract 1

I heard raised voices from the front room and decided to investigate¹. My dad was sitting on the large chocolate-brown sofa, next to Taz and Ricky. Each held a glass of Chivas. Dad's face was red with anger. He saw me and shook his head. I started getting paranoid, thinking that I'd done something wrong. Only Taz and Ricky's presence didn't make sense. It couldn't be about me.

My mum sat opposite Dad. Next to her were Taz's mum and sister. The woman who'd help arrange Jas's wedding sat with them – short, fat and middle-aged, wearing a green outfit and a look of disgust. Mum sat with her head bowed. She looked like she had been crying.

'What's going on?' I asked.

By that point I knew there must be a problem with Jas. I just didn't know what it was. 'Where's my sister?' I added.

No one spoke at first. Then Ricky stood up and came over to me. He was wearing a shiny metal-grey suit at least one size too small. The trousers looked like they would burst², stretched over on his huge thighs. He put his meaty³ hand on my shoulder. For a second I looked at the gold rings he was wearing.

'Fat things that looked well expensive.'

'What can I say, bro?'

Extract 2

'No way,' I said.

'She didn't leave a note or anything,' Ricky went on, 'but we know she was planning it.'

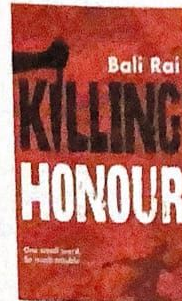
I went over to an armchair and sat down. Why would my sister have run away? It wasn't like she was some seven-year-old kid. There had to be something wrong.

'Why?' I asked again.

My dad spoke in Punjabi, told me to shut up.

'No,' I replied. 'I don't believe it ...'

'They found emails and text messages and stuff,' Amar told me. 'It's all true.'



I pulled away and looked him in the eye. 'About what? Where's my sister?' I asked again.

'That's why we're here,' said Ricky.

'She's done a runner', I said.

Without realizing what I was doing, I shook my head.

'What do you mean?' I looked at Amar.

Jas had mentioned a holiday last time I'd seen her. [...]

Amar was standing by the window, leaning on the sill. He straightened up⁴. 'She left home,' he said softly. 'Run off ...'

'Why would she run off?' I stared at Taz. The dark circles under his eyes were puffy⁵ and swollen. He picked up his glass of whisky and looked at it.

'Well?' I asked. 'She said she was going on holiday.'

'She ain't on holiday,' Amar insisted.

'She waited until we were all out,' Ricky explained.

'She took a large suitcase, most of her clothes, about five grand in cash⁶ and the car ...'

I shook my head. 'I know my sister, Amar. You do, too ...'

His face fell⁷. He looked down at his feet.

'OK, then,' I heard Taz say, his voice getting louder. 'You tell me this, Sat – if you know your sister – why was she seen⁸ some Paki?'

I flew out of my chair, squaring up to him. 'Don't tell lies, you bastard!' I shouted.

Taz looked me in the eye. He reached into the pocket of his expensive-looking dark-grey suit and pulled out some papers. 'Read these, you dickhead!' he spat, throwing them in my face.

¹ to investigate sth – einer Sache nachgehen
² burst – platzen
³ meaty – fleischig

⁴ she's done a runner (informal) – sie hat die Fliege gemacht
⁵ to straighten up – sich aufrichten
⁶ puffy – verquollen

⁷ five grand in cash (informal) – fünf Tausen in bar
⁸ His face fell – Er machte ein langes Gesicht.

I wanted to punch him in the mouth, but
 80 suddenly my dad shot to his feet and grabbed me.
 'Out!' he spat into my face. 'Go to your room!'

I tried to get past him, get at Taz. My head was
 burning with rage. It couldn't be true. It *couldn't* be –
 not unless Taz was the cause. I *knew* my sister. No
 85 way would she have cheated on⁹ him. It dawned on
 me then. They weren't *worried* about Jas. They'd
 come over because Jas had *embarrassed* them. Or so
 they said.

'I have been shamed enough today,' Dad added.
 90 He let me go, seeming calmer. 'Please don't take the
 little dignity I have left. Please ...'

The look on his face nearly made me cry. I stared
 into his pale brown eyes and realized that he was
 fighting back tears. Trying desperately to hide the
 95 pain and shock. I gave Taz another look, picked up
 the papers he'd thrown at me and walked out of the
 room. Behind me, I heard my dad begin to
 apologize.

Later, after Taz had gone, I sat at the garden table,
 100 shivering. I couldn't stop thinking about Jas. She had
 mentioned a holiday when we last spoke – not
 running away. The printouts from Taz lay in front of
 me. I picked one of them up. I couldn't believe that
 my sister had written them. The words were nasty
 105 and sexual, and Jas wouldn't have used them. Not
 unless she had two personalities and had kept one
 hidden from me. It just didn't make sense. There was
 no way she'd have lied. Jas didn't know *how* to lie.

Behind me, the kitchen door opened. Without
 110 looking, I sensed Amar behind me. I could smell
 Hugo Boss aftershave – his favourite, a present from
 Jas. I often used it without asking. I didn't turn
 round.

'You OK?' he asked.

115 I didn't respond. Instead, I laid the printout down
 on the table.

'This is difficult for all of us,' Amar said. 'But
 you've got the proof right here –'

'This don't mean shit'¹⁰, I snapped. 'I tried calling
 120 – her phone's off. And the number for that Khan

bloke doesn't work either. And what kind of lad has
 a Facebook page with only one friend listed? It's a
 con'¹¹ –'

'No,' he said. 'They were hiding their affair so
 they only used Facebook to contact each other. The
 way no one would know anything.'

Amar came over and took the chair next to mine.
 He picked up a printout and looked at it. 'These
 messages were from Jas's phone,' he pointed out
 needlessly. I knew they were from her phone.

'Something's wrong,' I said, pulling up the hood
 of my grey and white Adidas top.

'You can say that again,' replied Amar. 'Dad is in
 bits and Mum just keeps crying.'

I turned to face him. 'She wouldn't do this.
 There's just no way ...'

Amar shrugged. 'How much do we really know?

'We're talking about *Jas*,' I reminded him.

'We don't know what went on,' he continued.
 'Taz said that she'd been acting weird for a while;
 like she had stuff to hide. That's why he started
 checking emails and stuff ...'

I picked up another sheet of evidence and studied
 it for a moment. 'Why are we even *listening* to Taz?
 asked. 'I mean, she's our *sister*. Surely we should be
 talking to *her*.'

'We don't know where she is. She didn't come
 here. She's not answering your calls. She's run off
 with another man; a Muslim.'

'Who cares if he's Muslim, Christian or sodding
 Alien?' I asked angrily.

'You know what Dad is like,' replied Amar.

I did. My dad had many qualities but he was a
 traditionalist too. For him, Sikh girls married Sikh
 men, and that was that. They didn't get divorced
 or run away over affairs. They definitely didn't go off
 with Muslims. His feelings had more to do with
 prejudice than with any sense of tradition. It was
 something I didn't like about him. That's why I
 hadn't told him about Charlotte.

⁹ to cheat on sb – *jdn betrügen*

¹⁰ This don't mean shit (*informal*) –
Das heißt gar nichts

¹¹ con – *Schwindel*