What did the old lady find when she got home?

The old lady was glad to be back at the block of flats where she lived.

Her shopping had tired her, and her basket had grown heavier with every step of the way home.

In the lift, her thoughts were on lunch and a good rest, but when she got out at her own floor, both were forgotten in her sudden discovery that her front door was open.

She was thinking that she must reprimand her home help the next morning for such a monstrous piece of negligence, when she spots of bother remembered that she had gone shopping after the home help had left, and she knew that she had turned both keys in their locks.

She walked slowly into the hall and at once noticed that all the room doors were open, yet following her regular practice, she had shut them before going out.

Looking into the drawing room, she saw a scene of confusion over by her writing desk.

It was as clear as daylight then that burglars had forced an entry during her absence.

Her first impulse was to go round all the rooms looking for the thieves, but then she decided that at her age it might be more prudent to have someone with her, so she went to fetch the porter from his basement.

By this time her legs were beginning to tremble, SO she sat down and accepted a cup of very strong tea, while he telephoned the police, Then, her composure regained, she was ready to set off with the porter's assistance to search for any intruders who might still be lurking in her flat.

They went through the rooms, being careful to touch nothing, as they did not want to hinder the police in their search for fingerprints.

The chaos was inconceivable.

She had lived in the flat for thirty years and was a veritable magpie at hoarding, and it seemed as though everything she possessed had been tossed out and 20 turned over and over.

At least sorting out the things she should have discarded years ago was now being made easier for her.

Then a police inspector arrived with a constable and she told them of her discovery of the ransacked flat.

The inspector began to look for fingerprints, while the constable checked that the front door locks had not been forced, thereby proving that the burglars had either used skeleton keys or entered over the balcony.

There was no trace of fingerprints, but the inspector found a dirty red bundle that contained jewelry, which the old lady said was not hers.

So their entry into this flat was apparently not the burglars' first job that day and they must have been disturbed.

The inspector then asked the old lady to try to check what was missing by the next day and advised her not to stay alone in the flat for a few nights.

The old lady thought he was a fussy creature, but since the porter agreed with him, she rang up her daughter and asked for her help in what she described as a little spot of bother.

The old lady and the porter went through the flat, careful not to touch anything.

Later, a police inspector looked for fingerprints while a constable checked the front door locks.

There were no fingerprints, but the inspector found a bundle of jewellery, suggesting this was not the burglars' first job that day.

The inspector asked the lady to check what was missing and advised her not to stay in the flat.

Eventually, she rang her daughter to ask for help.

There is nothing like your first visit to a foreign country.

Whatever you may have heard, or whatever you have read or seen, you still don't really know what to expect.

You will hear and read a new language, you will be surrounded by a completely different culture, and everything will seem new and strange.

My first visit abroad was three years ago when I went to the UK.

I had booked to attend a short English language course in London with a friend of mine.

After a very long flight, we landed at Heathrow Airport and were met by a representative of the A1 English Language School.

She welcomed us and took us to our accommodation.

We were staying with a small English family.

At first, everything was so strange-the food, the furniture in their home, and the way they live, everything!

But after three or four days, we both began to enjoy our stay, and of course, we made lots of friends at the school, which was only half a mile away.

There are so many things to learn when you are in England.

For example, one day my friend and I were sightseeing in London and stopped to ask an Englishman the way.

“Excuse me,” I said. “Where is Albert Hall?” I thought my English was just right.

“Oh,” he said, “you mean the Albert Hall!”

“Yes,” I said, “where is the Albert Hall?”

He then explained how to get to the Albert Hall, but I didn't realize the word 'the' was so important in English!

It is impossible to overestimate what you get from foreign travel.

Going to the UK made me realize how small the world is, it made me see how important travel is, and it helped me to understand what foreign visitors feel like when they visit China for the first time.

The old lady's thoughts were on lunch and a good rest, but the sight of the open front door put them both out of her mind.

When the old lady and the porter got back to the scene of the crime they searched the rooms for any burglars who might not have escaped.

What made the police think the burglars had been disturbed? They had left behind some jewellery which did not belong to the lady.

At least it was now being made easier for her to sort out the things she should have discarded years ago.

The old lady thought he was unduly concerned.

In describing the burglary as 'a little spot of bother', the old lady was understating the case.