

LEKTÜRE

PONS

Murder in the Moonlight

Mörderische Kurzkrimis
zum Englischlernen



confidential



stone and **contemplated**²⁰ the possibility of placing him beneath it, but no, it was a **ridiculous**²¹ idea. At some point it would be moved again, and then it would be obvious that she had placed him there.

“Think!” she told herself, but all she could do was repeat the words *it was an accident*.

An accident. Yes, that was it. The tunnels were newly excavated and still not completely **safe**²². She could **drag**²³ the body down one of them and then destroy the **supports**²⁴ keeping the heavy stone in place. The body would be crushed and the injury from the hammer hidden.

She almost smiled. It was so simple.

Then she heard the sound of footsteps from the entrance and she **froze**²⁵.

“Emily?” a voice said, and then Claire was there, another torch in her hand, a smile on

her face. “Are you still here?”

“Yes, nearly finished.”

“I’m walking back to the camp in a moment. I can wait for you.”

“Oh, no. You should go. Mounier said he wanted to inspect something.”

Claire shook her head. “Yeah, right, he just wants to get you in here alone. I hate that man.”

Emily saw the hammer on the floor. She tried to smile. “Look, you go, honestly. I want to speak to him too.”

Claire stopped smiling, “Wait, you’re not? You know? You and him?”

Emily moved in front of the murder weapon. She **vigorously**²⁶ shook her head. “God, no!”

Claire laughed. “Good! Okay, well. If he tries to touch you, **give him a slap**²⁷. See

you later.”

And then Emily was alone again. She took a deep breath of the warm air and quickly picked up the hammer and put it in her pocket.

She had to be quick now.

Which was the best tunnel to leave the body in? The east passage was easier to get to, but the west passage was less **secure**²⁸. She could easily break one or two of the supports, and the stone would **collapse**²⁹.

Yes, the west.

This time she took hold of Mounier by his feet and began to drag him further into the tunnel, the torch in her mouth.

For ten minutes she dragged him, and when, finally, they were at the less secure area, she stopped, sweat covering her entire body, and looked around.

It was perfect.

A few metres in front of her there were two **vertical**³⁰ supports and next to them was a sign that said no one should enter.

She could move the body there and then **weaken**³¹ the supports.

No.

If she did that, the whole structure could collapse on top of her.

“Think!”

Then in the shadow of the tunnel she saw a **coil of rope**³². Yes, that was it. First she could weaken the supports, then drag the body there, and when she was ready, she could **tie**³³ the rope to a support and from a safe distance pull on it until it collapsed.

She went to the supports, leaving the body there, and began to examine them.

She had to be very careful. She had to

weaken the support, but not too much.

She took the hammer from her pocket and began to destroy a little of the stone at the top of one of the supports, while constantly listening to the stone.

For ten minutes she worked, slowly and carefully, and then she moved to the other support. She thought this one already looked weaker and after just two minutes she heard the stones about her move. She froze.

Above her she could imagine the ancient pyramid and the hundreds of thousands of blocks of stone. Suddenly, she felt like she should leave the tunnels and Belize, return to Oxford and never enter this horrible place again.

But no, she could not. She had to finish this now.

She ran back to the rope and picked up one