

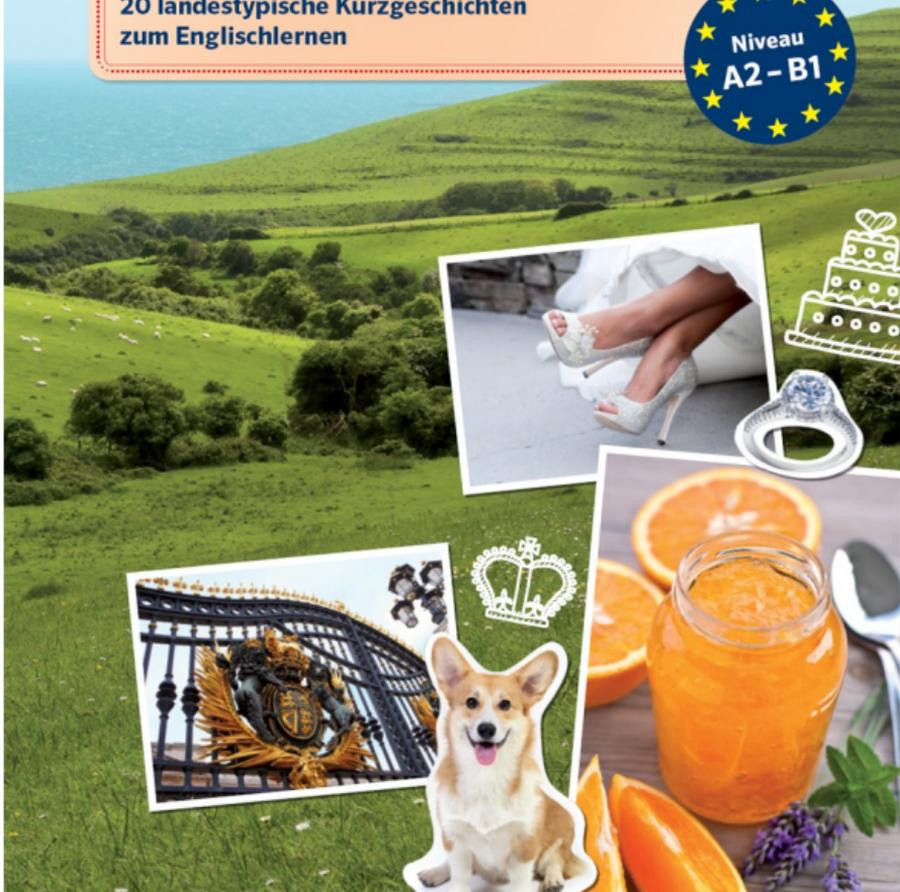
LEKTÜRE

PONS

Mrs Winterbottom's Wicked Orange Jam

20 landestypische Kurzgeschichten
zum Englischlernen

Niveau
A2 - B1



will be, but I reckon about half an hour. I notice a group of protesters walking past Green Park. They're easy to spot because of the placards and the long hair. No doubt they're heading to Westminster for some kind of demonstration.

Not long to go now. If the sausages are still in the freezer, we'll have to eat fish fingers instead. I hope we've got some ketchup. What's that? In the distance I can hear a quiet, metallic jingle, like the sound of one of those miniature ornamental bells old women have on their **mantelpieces**⁷. It's coming from behind me, but I'm not allowed to turn round.

What could it be? Quickly I realise – it's the sound of a dog's **collar**⁸. Perhaps Captain James' spaniel, Tilly, has escaped from the mess? Or a policeman's sniffer

dog on patrol?

Suddenly there's a **roar**⁹ from the crowd, I'm almost blinded by camera flashes and I spot excited Japanese tourists jumping up and down, pointing through the gates. Immediately I know it's not a spaniel or a sniffer dog that's about to trot past me – it's a corgi.

Sure enough, only a couple of seconds later, I spot a flash of ginger fur out of the corner of my eye. His ears are upright and if I didn't know better, I'd say he was smiling – Her Majesty's dogs absolutely love people. When Barack Obama came to visit they liked him so much that they followed him down the corridors and tried to jump into his car! They always **growled**¹⁰ at Tony Blair though.

Walking along proudly, the royal **pooch**¹¹

stops occasionally to sniff the ground, probably hoping to find some crumbs or a dog treat that has fallen out of Prince Harry's pocket. I notice a fleck of black on his left ear and I know this isn't just any corgi – it's the Queen's favourite. It's Colin.

I realise I've got to do something. Colin can't escape! If he gets past the gates, who knows what could happen. But I'm not allowed to move. Well, unless the Palace is under attack, but Colin is hardly dangerous (except to the local cats). I look up and to the left. The policemen are just laughing. One is even grabbing his phone to take a photo. I look to the right. The gate is open and Colin is getting dangerously close to disappearing down The Mall. The Queen would never

forgive¹² me if something happened to her beloved doggy. Neither would Becky. I spring into action, first walking, then jogging, and then sprinting in Colin's direction. Running was a bad idea. Colin thinks I want to play and invites me to chase him round the grounds. I panic. I can hear the policemen laughing even louder now as I try to keep my bearskin straight while chasing a surprisingly swift corgi. We keep running. The tourists are cheering and I just know that I'm going to be all over YouTube this evening. Feeling helpless, I decide to lunge forward, throwing my arms out wide and grabbing hold of Colin as tightly as I can. His little legs keep moving but it's no use - I've finally got him. The crowd's applause turns to laughter as Colin rewards me by licking

my face with his smelly tongue. It's a tough life.

A month later, I stand outside Buckingham Palace, still as a statue, resisting the urge to scratch my forehead as I stare straight ahead. But this time I'm not bored. I'm proud as I remember the moment I saved Colin and then, a week later, the time that I was called into a special room in the Palace, where the Queen thanked me personally for saving her four-legged friend. Colin couldn't thank me himself because he was receiving some much-needed training in the garden with Prince Phillip.

My new medal **gleams**¹³ in the sunshine and I can see my huge white smile in the reflection. Who could ask for a better job than this?