

Cambridge English Readers

Level 1

Series editor: Philip Prowse

Bad Love

Sue Leather



CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

University Printing House, Cambridge CB2 8BS, United Kingdom

Cambridge University Press is part of the University of Cambridge.

It furthers the University's mission by disseminating knowledge in the pursuit of education, learning and research at the highest international levels of excellence.

www.cambridge.org

Information on this title: www.cambridge.org/9780521536530

© Cambridge University Press 2003

This publication is in copyright. Subject to statutory exception and to the provisions of relevant collective licensing agreements, no reproduction of any part may take place without the written permission of Cambridge University Press.

First published 2003

Reprinted 2016

Printed in the United Kingdom by Hobbs the Printers Ltd

A catalogue record for this publication is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-0-521-53653-0 Paperback

Cambridge University Press has no responsibility for the persistence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party internet websites referred to in this publication, and does not guarantee that any content on such websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate. Information regarding prices, travel timetables and other factual information given in this work is correct at the time of first printing but Cambridge University Press does not guarantee the accuracy of such information thereafter.

Contents

Chapter 1	The doctor	6
Chapter 2	Dead	11
Chapter 3	Questions	15
Chapter 4	The key	19
Chapter 5	The green Toyota	23
Chapter 6	The sister	26
Chapter 7	Bad love	30

People in the story

Flick Laine: a detective in the Denver Police Department

Judy Kaplan: Flick's friend and a doctor at the University of Colorado Hospital, Denver

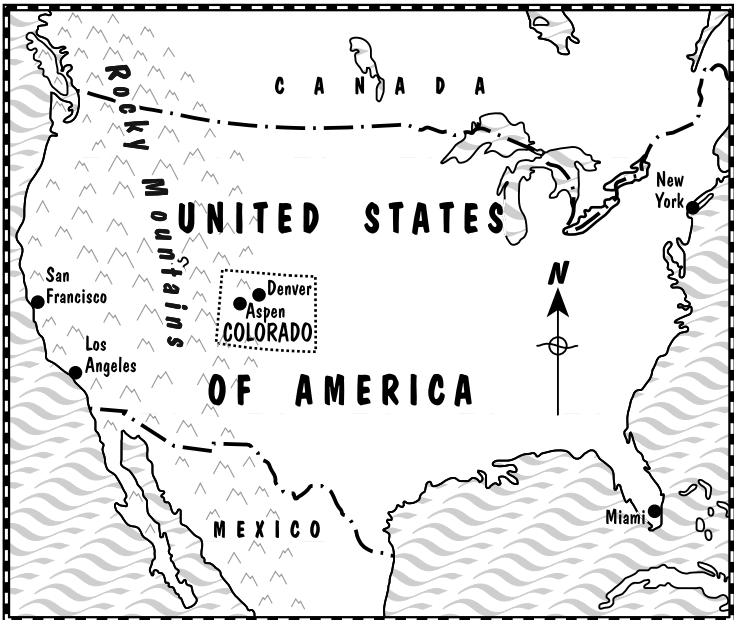
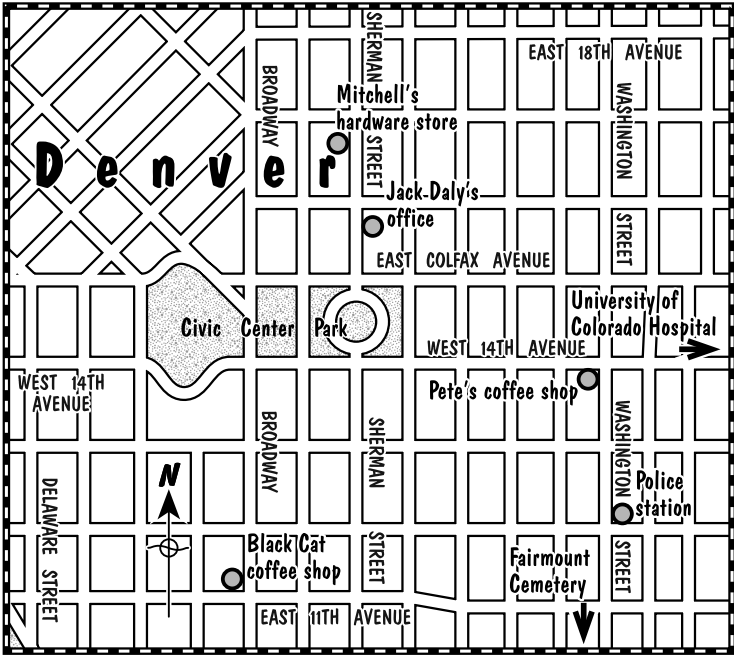
Leo Cohn: Chief of the Denver Police Department and Flick's boss

Danny Reno: a young detective

Jack Daly: a doctor at Judy's hospital

Sandy Baker: a woman from Aspen, Colorado

Places in the story



Chapter 1 *The doctor*

I met Dr. Jack Daly in August.

It was a Saturday afternoon. I was at a party in Denver at my friend Judy Kaplan's house. We were in the backyard and it was hot. It's always hot in the summer in Denver. It was a good party. About fifty people were there and there were drinks and good food.

I walked around the backyard and talked to people. I had a drink and tried some food. And then, I met Jack Daly.

"Hi," he said. He had black hair and blue eyes. "My name's Jack. Jack Daly."

"Hi," I said. "I'm Flick. Flick Laine."

We talked a little. He told me he was a doctor and that he worked at the University of Colorado Hospital in Denver.

"What about you?" he asked me.

"I'm a detective," I said. "Denver Police Department."

"Oh, a cop!" he said with a smile. He had very white teeth.

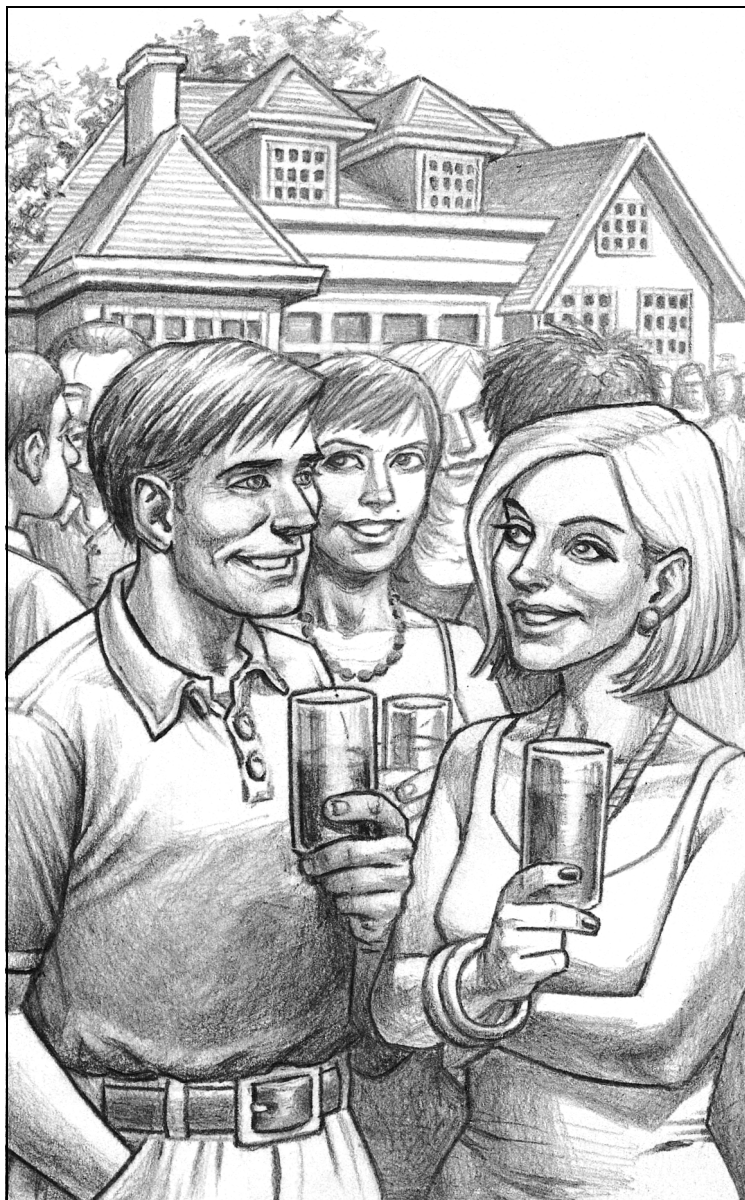
I smiled back at him. "Yeah," I said, "a cop."

"So where's your police car?" he said.

"That's my car, over there," I said. "It's the red 1957 Chevrolet."

"A '57 Chevy! That's a beautiful car!" he said. "I love old Chevies."

We talked some more about cars. Then, "OK," he said, "now tell me more about *you*."



“Well,” I said, “my first name’s . . . er . . . Felicity.” I laughed.

“Felicity?”

“Yes,” I said. “My dad liked it. But please call me Flick.”

We talked a little more. After some minutes, he said, “Well, I’m leaving now, Flick. Can I see you again some time?” He smiled again. He had a beautiful smile.

I smiled too. “OK. Sure,” I said and gave him my phone number. He walked slowly out of the backyard and I watched him. “Tall and dark. Nice!” I thought.

Later, after the party, I talked to Judy about Daly.

“Tell me about the doctor,” I said.

“Jack Daly?” Judy looked at me. “He’s a very good doctor. All the rich people go to him; you know, movie stars, sports stars. He’s famous at the hospital.” Judy is a doctor too, at the university hospital.

“Oh, famous, is he?” I said. “I don’t often like famous people.”

Judy looked into my eyes. “Oh, come on, Detective Laine,” she said, “you like *him*! I watched you with him. All the women like him.”

* * *

The next Monday, Jack Daly phoned me.

“I want to talk to you about something,” he said. “How about coffee?”

“Sure,” I said.

“Friday, eleven o’clock at the Black Cat coffee shop on Broadway?”

“OK,” I said. “See you on Friday.”

But I never saw Jack Daly again. On Wednesday my

boss, Leo Cohn, chief of the Denver Police Department, called me into his office.

“Dead?” I said. “Jack Daly?”

“Did you know him?”

“Not very well,” I said. “I met him at a party four days ago.”

“Oh,” said Cohn. “Well, now he’s dead.”

“How?” I asked. “Was it at the hospital?”

Cohn stood by his desk with some papers in his hand. He was a thin man who worked too much. He never sat down.

“No,” said Leo. “He died in his office downtown. Reno’s there now.” Reno was Danny Reno, a detective in the Denver Police Department. “He thinks Daly killed himself.”



“Killed himself?” I felt cold.

“Reno thinks so,” said Leo.

“But Daly phoned me on Monday, Leo,” I said. “He wanted to talk to me about something – this Friday. A man who wants to kill himself doesn’t do that!”

“Well, Reno says he’s dead and he has a gun in his hand,” he said. “Reno’s waiting for you. Go and have a look. The office is at 1237 Sherman.”

I looked at my watch. It was nine o’clock. I took my car key and my gun and got into my red Chevrolet. I drove to Daly’s office on Sherman.