

Baker was sitting in his armchair and reading the newspaper when his telephone rang. He stood up and answered it.



“Hello”, he said.
“Is that Oxbridge 52887?” a man’s voice asked.
“No”, Baker said, “this is Oxbridge 57882.”

“I can’t hear you,” the man said. “What did you say?”

“I said this is Oxbridge 57882,” Baker said, and put down the telephone. As he was sitting down, it rang again.

“Bill, this is Tom,” the same man said.
“Everything is...”

“I’m not Bill”, John Baker said. “You have got the wrong number.”

He put down the telephone and went back to his armchair. Before he could sit down, the telephone rang again.

“Tom,” said Baker, “this is not...”

“Ah, Bill”, the man said. “Good. I didn’t get the right number last time. I want to tell you about the money.”

Baker nearly put the telephone down, but when he heard the word *money*, he said, “the money?”

“Yes”, the man said. “I got it from the old man. It’s in the car. The car is in the car park at the railway station. The keys are at the station office.”

“Where are you now?” Baker asked.

“I’m at the station. And I must go now.”

“What’s the number of the car?” Baker asked quickly.

“The number is AXE 235”, the man said.

“Goodbye, Bill. I’ll see you next week.”

The man put down the telephone. Baker laughed. There was some money in a car. The car was in the station car park. The keys were at the station office, and he knew the number of the car.

Baker left his house and walked quickly to the station. He went to the station office. “I’m going to take away my friend’s car,” he said to the woman in the office. “You have the keys. The number of the car is AXE235.”

“Here are the keys”, the woman said. “Twenty-five pounds please.”

“Twenty-five!” Baker said. “Why?”

“Your friend left the car here last week”, the woman said. “The car park is five pounds a day.”

Twenty-five pounds was a lot of money, but Baker paid it. He went out of the office and looked for the car. He soon found it.

He opened the door and got into the car. He looked everywhere in the car, but he didn’t find any money.

How to pronounce telephone numbers:

My number is Oxbridge five-seven-double eight-two

0 is pronounced: *oh, nought or zero*

He became very angry. “There’s nothing here”, he thought. “I don’t understand it. I paid twenty-five pounds and I’ve got nothing.”

He left the station and walked home. When he opened the door of his house he could not believe his eyes. There was nothing in his house: no tables, no chairs, no television. He telephoned the police. They came quickly.



“This is the work of two men”, they said.

“They knew you were not at home for an hour or two. Where were you?”

“W...where was I?” Baker said. “Oh, er... I just went out for a walk.”

voice
ring, rang, rung
railway
office
leave, left, left
soon
angry
believe

power of speech
a bell’s sound
train
bureau
abandon
almost immediately
annoyed
trust