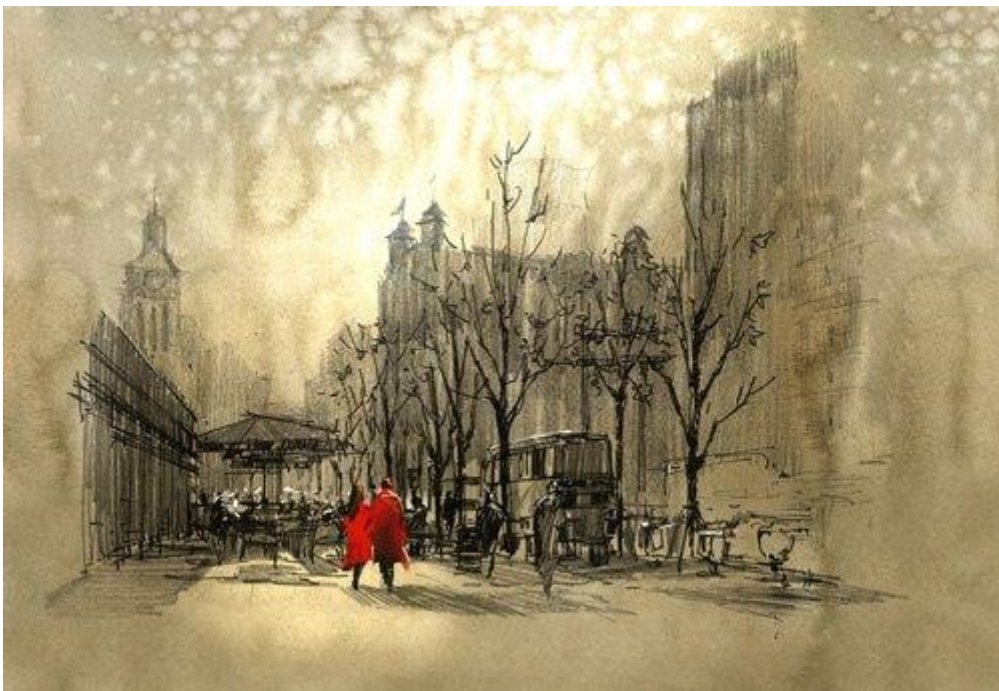


A Tale of Two Jackets



Andrew walks out of his meeting, very tired. After three long days of negotiating, he has finally **worked out** a **deal** that is sure to get him a promotion. **Although** he has an early flight back to New York in the morning, Andrew decides to have a few drinks at the pub across the street. He has been in London for three days and has not seen any of the city. He cannot leave without at least visiting a pub, he thinks.

He quickly crosses the street and walks through the blue door of the pub. He notices a coat **rack** next to the door and carefully hangs his jacket from one of the hooks. Andrew does not really consider it to be his jacket though. It was his father's jacket, but it was passed down to Andrew after his father died last year. Almost every memory Andrew has of his dad involves him wearing the dark red coat.

Andrew walks to the bar and orders a drink. After he has finished, the **bartender** asks if he wants another drink. Andrew checks his watch and sees his plane is leaving in five hours and decides he needs to go. He regrets picking a flight so early in the morning, but knows he will be able to sleep on the plane. He pays for his drink, **grabs** his jacket, and leaves.

It has become much colder outside since Andrew went into the pub, so he **slips** his jacket on. At least, he tries to slip it on. He sticks his arm in the sleeve, but the hole at the end is too small for his hand. He tries the other sleeve, but the jacket is too small to stretch across his back. He takes it off and looks at it.

It looks like a **shrunk** version of his jacket. He checks the pocket and finds a wallet that is definitely not his. He opens it up and sees an **ID** with a picture of a woman. Her name is Erin. She has dark brown hair and green eyes. A cute girl, Andrew thinks, but he does not have time to worry about that.

He returns to the bar and checks the coat rack. His coat is gone. There are three black coats and a brown one, but not a single red. He walks around the bar thinking that maybe Erin got cold and put his jacket on, but there are no women in the whole place. He stands still, trying to decide what to do. He cannot leave his dad's jacket in London and Erin probably needs her wallet.

He types the address from her ID into his phone and sees that her house is only a few blocks away. He can stop by her place, **trade** jackets, and still make it back to his hotel with a little bit of time to sleep.

He walks through the night. It is getting colder and his thin **dress shirt** does not keep him warm. He finds the house and knocks on the door. When the door finally opens, the woman standing behind it is definitely not Erin. This woman is in her eighties with bright white hair.

"Does a woman named Erin live here?" Andrew asks her.

"No. No one lives here but me," she answers.

Andrew **digs through** the pocket of the jacket and hands the old woman Erin's ID. "Do you know her?" he asks.

"Oh yes, that's the girl who lived here before me. I saw her when she was moving out. She's a cute little thing, isn't she?"

"Do you know how I can contact her? It's kind of urgent."

"Well I don't really know her. I could call the **landlord**. See if he knows anything."

work out: resolver

deal: acuerdo

although: aunque

rack: an object with hooks for hanging things on.

bartender: a person who mixes and serves drinks at a pub.

grab: coger, agarrar, asir

slip: deslizar, resbalar

shrunk: encogido

ID (Identification Card): a card with your photo, name and other information about you.

trade: to give something to someone and receive something in return.

dress shirt: a formal white shirt.

dig through: to search inside something.

landlord: an owner of an apartment or house.

"Well if it wouldn't be too much trouble," Andrew says.

"No trouble at all." The woman invites him in and he sits on the couch. She goes into the kitchen and he hears her talking on the phone. He looks through the wallet, trying to find any **clues** about her, but all he finds are a couple of credit cards and a picture of her and some friends.

"She must be pretty special," the old woman says as she walks into the living room.

Andrew's head **jerks up** as he realizes he is staring at the photo.

"Oh, no. I've never met her," Andrew says.

The woman looks suspicious but hands him a piece of paper. "The landlord says he doesn't know how to contact her but here is the name of a club she likes to go to. I don't know if it'll help."

Andrew types the address written on the paper into his phone and sees it is a ten-minute walk away. And he sees that his plane leaves in four hours. He thanks the old woman and walks as quickly as he can to the club.

Inside the club, he searches through the **crowd** but cannot find Erin anywhere. Nobody looks anything like her.

He steps outside the club and **leans** against the wall. He doesn't even notice the woman leaning against the wall next to him wearing a red jacket that is clearly too big for her. She notices him though.

"That jacket would be warmer if you were wearing it," she says.

Andrew looks up to see Erin **staring** right at him.

"Wait, you're Erin," he says.

"I know," she says. "But that's **weird** that you know."

"I've been looking for you all night. You're wearing my jacket. We accidentally **swapped** jackets at the pub earlier."

"How did you find me?" She smiles as she says this. Her smile is a lot more beautiful in person, Andrew thinks.

"It's a long story."

"Wait, I was at the pub like two hours ago. Have you really been **chasing** me around for that long?"

"Well I was chasing the jacket, really," Andrew says, starting to blush.

"I like a person that's **committed** to his jacket," Erin says as she **slides off** Andrew's jacket and hands it to him. He **slips it on** his shoulders and feels Erin's **lingering** warmth. "I like long stories. Want to get a cup of coffee and tell me about your night?"

"Sure." Andrew smiles at her and knows he will miss his plane in a few hours, but he does not care.

The End

clue: pista

jerk up: to move with a sudden short movement.

crowd: multitud

lean: inclinarse, apoyarse

stare: mirar fijamente

weird: strange

swap: to replace something with something else.

chase: perseguir

slide off: to remove something easily.

committed: entregado

slip on: to put clothes on quickly and easily.

lingering: remaining and still not disappearing.

1. Fill in all the blanks, then press "Check" to check your answers. Below is a list of all your options. @

bartender digs through dress shirt ID jerks up landlord lingering rack slides
off swap trades

1. Can you hang your coat on the coat _____ ?
2. There is a problem with the roof. Call the _____.
3. Janet _____ her pockets to find her keys.
4. A _____ is more formal than a t-shirt.
5. His head _____ as soon as he hears his name.
6. She left, but her perfume still _____ in the room.
7. The policeman asked to see my _____.
8. It is hot, so Bob _____ his jacket.
9. Let's _____ places.
10. The _____ fills my glass fully.
11. He _____ lands for money.