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Level 2

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One Day

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People in the story

Jason: a seventeen-year-old boy; lives with his mother at

12, Moreland Road in Bath **Maria:** Jason's girlfriend

Nina Sen: lives at 48, Moreland Road; works in a bank David Sen: Nina's husband; works as the top cook in a

French restaurant

Max: Nina and David's six-year-old son

Maggie: lives at 75, Moreland Road; had a holiday in Chile

Xavier: Maggie's boyfriend; lives in Chile

Belen: Maggie's friend

Sam Davies: lives at 56, Moreland Road; works on a

newspaper

Hannah: Sam's wife

Emma, Alicia: Sam and Hannah's daughters



Places in the story





Introduction

Moreland Road is a street in the city of Bath, England.

One Friday evening in March, at six o'clock, people were coming home from work as usual. The schoolchildren were already at home.

A woman's voice was coming from number 12. 'Jason, are you doing your homework? You've got to do it before you go out to see Maria tonight.' But there was no answer. Jason was listening to music and couldn't hear his mum.

At number 48 David Sen wasn't home yet, but his wife was. Thirty-two-year-old Nina Sen was tired after a long week of work at the bank. She had some news for her husband, but she wasn't sure how to tell him.

Across the street was number 75. Maggie was in the living room, sitting on the sofa. She was thinking about something. It was a nice something, because she had a smile on her face.

And then there was Sam Davies, from number 56. He was walking slowly home, looking a bit worried. Actually, he always looked worried. Money was his problem. He never had enough for everything. How was he going to tell his wife that they couldn't have a holiday this year?

So, just another ordinary Friday ...



Chapter 1 Jason's future

'Jason! Did you hear me? Are you working?' Jason's mum heard nothing from his room. She decided to go and see what was happening.

She stood outside the door of his bedroom for a minute and then she walked in. Jason was sitting on the floor and looking at some photos.

'What are you doing, Jason?' she asked. Jason turned off his music and looked up.





'Do you remember this?' He gave her a photo. 'It's me when I was five, and Maria. She was really pretty – well, she still is. It was my birthday party, wasn't it?'

'Yes, I think so,' his mum said.

'It was the last birthday before Dad left,' Jason said. 'I remember it very well.'

'The party, or the day Dad left?' asked his mum.

'Both,' said Jason. 'In my mind, they both happened on the same day.'

'They didn't, but it all happened a long time ago,' his mum replied. She walked to the window so Jason couldn't see her face.

Simon, her husband, left their house in Moreland Road early one morning twelve years ago. He wrote her a letter and put it on the kitchen table. And then he left. For twelve years she didn't hear from him. No letters, no birthday cards for Jason. Then, last week, there was a phone call. 'Why did you go?' she asked Simon again and again. He wanted to meet her. 'No,' she said, but she wanted to say yes.

Jason's mum turned away from the window. 'Jason, what about your homework?' she said. 'Why are you looking at old photos?'

'I want to find all the ones I've got of Maria. I want to take them with me to London, you know, when I go to art school.' He smiled at a funny photo of Maria, aged eleven.

'It's a bit early to think about all that, Jason,' his mum said. 'You're not going until the autumn. And you don't know if you're going to get a place at the art school.'

'I will, I'm sure I will. When I went to visit them two weeks ago they said, "We think your work's very good. We really like your ideas."



'I know, but ... anyway, where are you going with Maria tonight?' asked his mum.

'Broad Street Bar. There's a great reggae band on,' said Jason.

'Have you told her about going away to art school in September?' asked his mum.

'Yeah. She's fine about it, I think,' he replied. 'I can come home at the weekends.'

'You won't ...' his mother began and then stopped.

'I know what you're thinking,' said Jason. 'But we're different. We'll always be together.'

His mother left the room and went downstairs. 'Maybe Jason and Maria are different,' she thought. 'They've known each other since they started primary school. But I thought Simon and I were different, and look what happened.'

'Mum.' Jason came into the kitchen. 'I'm going round to Maria's now. I'll have something to eat at her house. OK?'

'Have you finished your work?' asked his mum.

'Yes. Stop asking me. See you later – about twelve. OK?' And Jason left the house before his mum had time to say anything else.

Five minutes later the phone rang. Jason's mum jumped out of her chair, looked at the phone and thought 'Simon.' She answered it. 'Hello,' she said in a very quiet voice.

'Oh, hi, Mrs Campbell. Is Jason there?'

'Maria!' Jason's mum almost shouted her name. 'No, sorry, he's left. He's on his way to your house.'

'Oh no!' said Maria.

'Is there a problem?' Jason's mum asked.

'No ... Yes, I can't go out with him tonight. But it's OK, I'll tell him when he arrives here,' answered Maria. 'Bye.'



Jason's mum sat down. She drank a little red wine. She thought about the phone call from Maria. She thought that Maria's voice was a bit strange. She hoped nothing was wrong.