

Harry B., a Zurich banker spoiled by a large income and tremendous bonuses, had finally allowed himself a week off. Now he was standing in Bermuda shorts on the beach in the southern Spanish town of Estepona, watching through his Ray-Ban sunglasses as a local fisherman pulled his little boat onto the beach and loaded the morning's catch into a two-wheeled cart. The fisherman then pushed the old-fashioned vehicle with its wriggling load across the sand towards the cold store.

A picturesque scene, Harry thought, and of course he had been busy taking pictures with his iPhone. Then he walked around the boat a few times, from time to time shaking his head disapprovingly or raising his eyebrows a little. "Surely you could..., it should be..., it could be..., " he muttered to himself.



Harry walked back to the promenade, which was already very busy in May. Every now and then he paused. He seemed to be counting something on his fingers.

Harry approached the "Don Pepe" and, as he looked for a free seat, he spotted the fisherman from earlier. The wine in the glass on the table sparkled in the sun.

"¿Puedo sentarme?" Harry asked in a accent-free Spanish. The fisherman made an inviting gesture with his hand to move Harry into the second chair.

"Deseo lo mismo que este caballero," Harry said as the waiter appeared. Harry was served a white Malaga.

Harry raised his glass to a "¡Salud!". He told the fisherman that he had seen him on the beach and

wondered why he had stopped work so early in the day. Could you only catch fish in the early morning?

"I went out once and caught enough fish to feed my people and sell some of it," the fisherman explained kindly. "In half an hour I will have lunch with my family. Then I'll take a siesta. When my children come home from school, I play football. You know, my eldest son, he's a talented goalkeeper..." After a while, he added: "In the evening, I go to the bodega for a few glasses. I'll make music there with my friends."

Harry had nodded a few times, but it had seemed more like a nervous tic than an approval.

"Your boat's not the very latest," Harry said slowly. "Why not... I mean, at the moment..." He began to talk faster and faster, "...interest rates on business loans are at a century's low. It's time to take advantage and profit. A new coat of paint and a more powerful engine... With a 25 hp outboard, you'd be much faster. It's also more fun! You could go out up to four times a day, have four times the yield and could soon afford a bigger boat, which would double the yield again. Soon, you could buy a second boat and double your earnings.

You could employ someone after just one year. Wouldn't be a problem here in the port of Estepona, where there are so many unemployed people around. In six to seven years, you would be the proud owner of a successful fishing fleet. Instead of selling the catch to a trader, you could deliver directly to the factories and eventually open your own fish processing factory. You could control production, processing, and distribution yourself. Your company would build a modern office building in the city and run the business efficiently from there. The company would then go public, which could make you a multimillionaire."

The Andalusian fisherman had listened with interest. When Harry paused for a moment - after all, you must take a breath every now and then - the fisherman said: "But señor, what would I do with so many millions?"

"You could," and now Harry was glowing with enthusiasm, "have a luxurious finca built over there on the hillside. With a view of the sea. In the

morning, you could go out on your motorboat and go fishing. Every day you could have lunch with your wife, play with your children after a siesta and drink sherry with your friends in the bodega in the evening. With your fortune, you could retire and enjoy the brighter things in life."

The fisherman picked up his glass, took the last sip, which he was clearly enjoying, looked at Harry, smiled and said: "Oh yes? Enjoy the brighter things? But that's exactly what I'm already doing!"

ILL: FISHINGBOAT ON THE BEACH OF ESTEPONA – PHOTO: Lds

UNDERLINE THE SYNONYMS (You find them in the text):

small	broad	<u>little</u>	bright	free
incredible	black	fast	tremendous	dirty
resident	local	short	tanned	curved
vintage	funny	old-fashioned	hungry	purple
twisting	wriggling	diving	eating	sparkling
fridge	cold store	donut	paint	beach
charming	dark	picturesque	sleeping	waiting
certainly	difficult	badly	friendly	surely
to mumble	to play	to mutter	to bring	to send
promenade	flight	port	boulevard	cottage
to stop	to work	to nod	to talk	to pause
to appear	to hurt	to seem	to double	to earn
sufficient	enough	cooked	wet	dry
my kids	my income	my children	my things	my neighbours
a nap	siesta	fiesta	tapa	tortilla
first-born	greatest	eldest	fastest	latest
credits	loans	coins	pieces	handouts
benefits	advantage	fight	losses	spices
covering	solution	caterpillars	coat	shoe
earnings	jewellery	animals	drinks	yield
bring	deliver	decay	employ	shake
wealth	vehicle	process	fortune	tree
retreat	attack	retire	crisis	rise
precisely	fast	latest	busy	exactly