



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY by Glynis Scrivens.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

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A Golden Opportunity by Glynis Scrivens.

"What a weird day it's been." Sue gazed outside at the fallen branches on the lawn, the only sign of the violent storm of an hour ago. "No internet, no phone and no electricity. I hope power is restored by the morning."

"It's kind of romantic, isn't it?" Jacob replied. "No TV blaring away, no emails to answer. Just the two of us, and the night."

Then, all of a sudden, Jacob was very matter of fact. "You realise what this means, don't you?" He indicated the quiet, dark street. "There's nobody in sight. And what can you hear?"

Sue shrugged. "Nothing, except next door's dog barking."

"And who's come outside to see why the dog is barking?"

A gleam of understanding lit up Sue's eyes. "Are you thinking what I think you are?"

"It's a golden opportunity. Nobody's security system is working and nobody's paying attention to the dogs. Plus no street lights."

As he spoke, next door's Mercedes revved up, and their new neighbour drove off into the night.

"What are we waiting for?" Jacob said, reaching for a torch and his toolkit. "Did you hear Gordon bragging about the gold necklace his wife inherited?"

"Yes," Sue said. "A bit careless of him, I thought at the time."

"Maybe, but with that security system, why would they worry about being careless?"

Sue grinned. "Except when there's no power."

"Just think how lovely that necklace will look on you," Jacob said. "We'll wait till we're renting our next house, of course. Let's get a move on. They might not be gone for long."

With practised ease, they kept out of sight, slipping through a side gate into their neighbour's back garden. Jacob produced a metal tool, and within a few seconds they were inside.

"Whereabouts did he say the necklace was kept?" Sue asked.

Jacob pointed up the staircase towards the bedrooms. What a golden opportunity! One that Jacob had been waiting for since renting in this exclusive neighbourhood.

Upstairs, in the master bedroom, things weren't so easy. It was a mess - clothes everywhere. The dressing table was barely visible under a clutter of jewellery, scarves and photographs. But where were the valuable pieces? Because this stuff was all imitation.



The sound of a car in the street outside caused the two to start in alarm. They slipped back downstairs and out of the back window, closing it carefully after them.

Back home, hearts pounding, they sat in the darkness of their bedroom to catch their breath.

"Did you leave the bedroom window open?" Sue said, puzzled.

"Of course not," Jacob said. "We always -"

He stopped, suddenly alert. "What's been going on here?"

Sue followed his gaze. Their bedroom was in a state of chaos. Boxes opened, clothes strewn about.

Sue shrieked in alarm: "My pearls? My diamond studs?"

Frantically, she opened her jewellery box. It was empty. Every decent piece was gone.

She turned to Jacob, furious. "You idiot," she screamed. "This is all your fault."

"It was a golden opportunity," he protested.

"Yes," she said. "For somebody to rob *us*."