**That's Not My Wife**

**Walter Giersbach**

Mr. Huang was a junior detective at the area around Hollywood Road, the hilly Hong Kong Street that runs down to Connaught Road.  Strange things turned up in that half-kilometer area crammed with antiques stores, coffee shops and tourist dives.

He was looking at a Chinese-American tourist at the station house who was complaining at Inspector Chan.  Mr. Wu claimed he was an important visitor.  He was shaking his finger and saying, “I report my wife Mei-Yuan disappeared, then I came back to find an imposter in my hotel room, not even a good duplicate.”  Of course, from his mouth it came out like “fucking imposter” and “goddamn duplicate.”  Most bad guys use bad language to show their sincerity.  This guy Wu was the slickest bad boy Mr. Huang had seen and he had seen a lot of them before that, from Guangzhou to Macao.  His missing wife was Shanghainese and one of the richest women around.

“Well, it’s simple,” the detective said.  “If that woman in your hotel room is not your wife, then the one you want may be dead or run off to Shenzhen with a pretty boy or kidnapped by pirates….”

Inspector Chan did not like that the detective calling the guy a killer.  Mr. Huang told him before it was a simple thing to come here on homeland vacation and knock off his old lady.  Her disappearance put this guy into the top five percent richest club.  Wanting to inherit a pile of money was a good motive for murder.  Simple as that.

Inspector Chan was insisting over the guy’s objections that the woman back at the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon really truly was his wife.  “She was picked up wandering around Hollywood Road acting confused,” he said again.  “Our Detective Huang — a good officer in spite of his impolite attitude — brought her back.  May I suggest you may be suffering from delusions?”

Inspector Chan was one of the new breed of cop in China, college-educated.  Now he was telling the Chinese-American, “Perhaps your problem is something called *Capgras* Syndrome and you should see a psychiatrist.”  He was smiling, proud of his analysis when the man looked at him. He said like an encyclopedia, Capgras, “It’s when you think a close relative or spouse has been replaced by an imposter, an exact double.  I had seen this in people with Alzheimer’s or bi-polar disorder before I came here,” he said.

The American shouted bullshit.  He said, “I came back from dinner to find a counterfeit in my hotel room, not even a good look-alike of the person I love, my dear Mei-Yuan.  Why can’t anyone see this isn’t my wife?  You must find my real wife, Inspector.”

“Well, if you had her passport or some photos,” Inspector Chan offered.

“She took her passport.  I don’t have any pictures or know anyone in Hong Kong!  You think I bring a photo album on my vacation?”

Time to get a coffee, Detective Huang thought, but he turned to the guy.  “How come her fingerprints match those on the glass where she brushed her teeth?” He asked.  “Huh?  How come her clothes fit?  How come, Mr. Chinese-American Wiseguy?  It’s your old lady and I found her.”

Mr. Wu turned three shades of red and purple and his mouth looks like he sucked a lemon, trying to choke back some words.  Maybe he wanted Chan to give him back his passport, too.

“Maybe you are worried you won’t inherit your old lady’s money, is that it?” The detective asked.  “Yesterday, you say she disappeared.  Tomorrow maybe you will admit your wife is at the bottom of the harbor.” He gave him his a smile that he reserved for police commissioners and college-graduate inspectors.  “If that is not your wife, then maybe we should book you for murder.”

Mr. Wu turned another shade of red, like a firecracker at New Year’s.  “Maybe it is my wife,” he muttered and tried to get up.  “I think it really is my wife and I should see that shrink.”  He walked out the door.

Inspector Chan got really annoyed and poked the detective in the chest.  “You pissed off the richest person I’ve ever interviewed,” he shouted.  “You do not know how to treat people.  You are just a country cop.”

“I knew how to treat this one,” The detective told him.  “I lied.  Of course, it is not his wife.  Not her fingerprints either.  Mei-Yuan Wu was probably cut up for dumplings.  That woman in his hotel room is Officer Lee, a policewoman I brought in from Wanchai.  She’s doing me a favor for a few days until Officer Lee gets the guy to admit he killed his wife, or until maybe he really goes nuts.  Killers are nuts to begin with.  In any case, he won’t get his hands on his wife’s money.”

“See, Inspector,” the detective said, poking him in the chest.  “There’s educated people and there’s smart people.”

Then Detective Huang walked out of the interrogation room, but not before turning around and saying real loud, “Crap gas.”

<https://short-story.me/crime-stories/1099-thats-not-my-wife.html>

**VOCABULARY:**

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **ANNOY** | Aborrecer | **DUMBLING** | Bolinho de maçã | **MUTTER** | Resmungar, murmurar |
| **BITCH AT** | Reclamar, dar bronca | **FINGERPRINT** | Impressão digital | **PERHAPS** | Talvez |
| **BREED** | Raça, tipo, espécie | **FIRECRACKER** | bombinha | **PICK UP** | Pegar, resgatar, buscar (dar carona), trazer |
| **BROUGHT** | Pass. **Bring** – Trazer, trouxe | **FRESH OFF** |  | **PILE** | Pilha |
| **BRUSH** | Escovar - escovou | **GET UP** | Levanter-se | **PISS OFF** | Irritar, zombar |
| **BULLSHIT** | Mentira, conversa fiada, besteira | **GODDAMN** | God Dammit (Puta merda!) | **POKES** | Cutucar |
| **CHOKE** | Engasgar, travar | **GO NUTS** | Endoidar, surtar | **SHADES** | Sombra, tom |
| **CLAIMS** | Reclamar | **HILLY** | Montanhoso | **SHAKE** | Tremer |
| **CLOSE** | Próximo | **HOMELAND** | Terra Natal | **SHOUT** | Gritar |
| **COMMISSIONER** | Chefe (de polícia) | **IMPOSTER** | Impostor | **SHRINK** | Encolher, psiquiatra (gíria) |
| **COUNTERFEIT** | Falso, falsificado | **INHERIT** | Herder | **SMILE** | Sorrir |
| **CRAM** | Apertar, encaixar, comprimir | **JUNIOR** | Assistente, iniciante | **SPOUSE** | Cônjuge, Marido, esposa |
| **CRAP** | Droga, procaria, merda, abobrinha | **KIDNAP** | Sequestrar | **SUCK** | Sugar, sorver, chupar |
| **DAME** | Dama | **KNOCK** | Bater (à porta) | **TURN UP** | Acontecer, mudra, tornar-se, virar, transformar-se |
| **DIRTY LOOK** | Olhar ressentido | **LICKEST** | Lambida | **WANDER** | Passear, divagar, elucubrar, especular; meditar; pensar; ponderar; filosofar; cismar; considerar; matutar; refletir; reflexionar. |
| **DIVE** | Mergulho, mergulhar | **LIGHT** | Acender |

***Em vermelho*** *estão as alterações feitas para adaptar aos tempos verbais, adequar o vocabulário e para a construção das questões da prova. Responda este exercício para estudar.*

**EXERCÍCIO:** Marque com um X no quadro abaixo as informações referentes a cada pessoa:

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | **INFORMATION** | **Mr. Chan** | **Mr. Huang** | **Ms. Lee** | **Mrs. Mei-Yuan** | **Mr. Wu** |
|  | He/she asked the suspect questions |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she disappeared |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she helped the detective in the hotel room |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she investigated the crime |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she needed to go to the psychiatrist |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she pissed off a very rich person |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she pretended to be the victim |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she reported someone disappeared |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was a suspect |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was a very rich person |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was the detective |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was the investigator |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was the police officer |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was the possible victim |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was the suspect |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she explained the word “*Crap gas*” |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was a tourist |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was an impostor |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was in the hotel room when the man arrived |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | He/she was in the station house |  |  |  |  |  |

O que aconteceu? Como os investigadores agiram com o/a suspeito/a? De que forma o caso foi resolvido? Alguma notícia da possível vítima?

Indique nos verbos retirados do texto a pronúncia correta do ***–ED***:

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **VERBO** | **/ t /** | **/ d /** | **/ Id /** | **VERBO** | **/ t /** | **/ d /** | **/ Id /** | **VERBO** | **/ t /** | **/ d /** | **/ Id /** | **VERBO** | **/ t /** | **/ d /** | **/ Id /** |
| *ASKED* |  |  |  | *INSISTED* |  |  |  | *PISSED* |  |  |  | *SUFFERED* |  |  |  |
| *BRUSHED* |  |  |  | *INTERVIEWED* |  |  |  | *POKED* |  |  |  | *SUGGESTED* |  |  |  |
| *CLAIMED* |  |  |  | *KIDNAPPED* |  |  |  | *REPLACED* |  |  |  | *TRIED* |  |  |  |
| *CONFUSED* |  |  |  | *KILLED* |  |  |  | *RESERVED* |  |  |  | *TURNED* |  |  |  |
| *CRAMMED* |  |  |  | *LOOKED* |  |  |  | *SHOUTED* |  |  |  | *WALKED* |  |  |  |
| *DISAPPEARED* |  |  |  | *MUTTERED* |  |  |  | *SMILED* |  |  |  | *WANTED* |  |  |  |
| *EDUCATED* |  |  |  | *PICKED* |  |  |  | *SUCKED* |  |  |  | *WORRIED* |  |  |  |

Indique na tabela abaixo a sequência de pelo menos 10 eventos que ocorreram nesta história (em ordem cronológica).

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **PAST** | | | | | | | | | | **PRESENT** |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | **Mr. Wu’s interview with the police.** |