

Penguin



Readers

jojo
moyes
me
before
you



Contents

People in the story	4
New words	5
Note about the story	6
Before-reading questions	6
Chapter One – A rainy morning	7
Chapter Two – A bad day	10
Chapter Three – The interview	15
Chapter Four – Lou meets Will	21
Chapter Five – Will becomes ill	29
Chapter Six – Lou and Treena make a plan	34
Chapter Seven – The concert	39
Chapter Eight – A wedding invitation	44
Chapter Nine – A lawyer visits Will	47
Chapter Ten – The wedding	52
Chapter Eleven – A perfect holiday	58
Chapter Twelve – A normal house	65
During-reading questions	70
After-reading questions	72
Exercises	73
Project work	77
Glossary	78

CHAPTER ONE

A rainy morning

February 2007

When Will came out of the bathroom, Lissa was sitting up in his bed and looking through a travel **magazine**. Her beautiful blonde hair fell over her **shoulders**.

“Do we really have to walk up **mountains**?” she said. “It will be our first holiday together. How about a beach in Bali? We can lie on the sand and have long, **relaxing** evenings.”

“I don’t like relaxing holidays,” Will replied, putting on a **suit**. “I need to be busy.”

“Like throwing yourself out of aeroplanes, or **bungee jumping**?” Lissa asked and smiled.

“You should try it,” he replied. “Right, I must go to the office. There’s food in the fridge for breakfast.”

He sat on the side of the bed, and she put her arms around his neck. “I’ll have breakfast when I get home,” she said. “Are we going away this weekend?”

“I’m not sure,” he replied, kissing her. Then he stood up and turned on his mobile phone, which immediately showed that he had lots of messages. “I may have to go to New York. Shall we go out for dinner on Thursday? You can choose the restaurant.”

“I will only come if you turn off that thing,” she said, looking at his phone.

He smiled. “OK, I promise to turn it off.” Then he put on his jacket and left his flat.

When Will got to the street, it was raining hard, and he decided to get a taxi. While he was waiting for one to arrive, he began checking his messages. He listened to the first one and immediately made a call.

“You have to call New York, Rupert,” he said. “Something’s wrong with the papers.”

A taxi came along the other side of the road. Will looked from left to right and then began to run across the road. The rain was running down his neck. Suddenly, he heard an engine and then the sound of wheels stopping quickly. He turned, and for a second he saw the huge car coming fast towards him. Then his hand opened and the phone fell on to the road.

And then there was nothing.

A RAINY MORNING



CHAPTER TWO

A bad day

February 2009

The day started like other days. I enjoyed my job at the Buttered Bun Café in Stortford. It was not a **posh** place. The tables were cheap and red, and most of the pictures on the wall were of Stortford Castle, which was up on the hill behind the café. But I liked making the tea in the mornings with the smell of warm bread and the sound of quiet conversations around me. I liked the customers the most. I liked the old lady who came every day and had one egg and chips. I liked the workmen who came for their lunch. I liked the tourists who stopped on their walk back from the castle and the loud schoolchildren who came in after school.

Frank owned the café. He came from Australia. He was quiet, but I talked a lot, and he liked that. “You make the place noisy and happy,” he said. “And they like your crazy clothes.” Working in the Buttered Bun was like working in a pub but without the problem of **drunk** people.

But that afternoon, when lunch was finished and we were quiet, something different happened. Frank walked to the door and turned round the “Closed” sign.

“Sorry, Louisa,” he said, “but I’m going back to Australia. My dad isn’t well, and the castle is going to open its own café. Tourists will use the new café instead of mine.”

I sat with my mouth open. I was shocked. “I’m sorry about your Dad,” I said slowly. Then Frank put something in my hand. “Here’s three months’ money,” he said, “and I’ll give you a good **reference**, of course. We close tomorrow.”

“He’s only given you three months’ money?” shouted Dad, while my mother put a cup of tea in my hands. “Well, that’s good of him. When did you start working there – six years ago?”

I knew why Dad was worried. My family really needed the money that the café paid me. My sister, Treena, who I shared a bedroom with, was paid very little from her job at the flower shop. And she was going to start college soon, so that meant even less money was going to come into the house. Mum could not work because she had to look after Grandad, who also lived with us. Grandad was old and often got ill. Dad worked in a factory that made **furniture**, and he knew that the business was not doing well and that he might be made **redundant**. I often heard my parents talking quietly about money.

“She’ll have to go to the **job centre** tomorrow,” Mum said. “She’s clever. You’re clever, aren’t you, Lou? Maybe she can train to do office work.”

I sat quietly as my parents talked about the different jobs that I could do. For the first time, I felt like crying.

I went to find my boyfriend, Patrick, at the running club. He always trained there in the evenings from Mondays to Thursdays. I found him running round the track. "Run with me," he said.

I began running next to him. "I got bored at home," I said. "Mum's busy, and Dad's sleeping because he's working during the nights this week. Shall we go to the cinema?"

"Sorry, but I've got to train. You need to get another job as soon as possible," he said.

"I only left the café twenty-four hours ago," I replied, **breathing** hard. "Can't I relax for one day?"

