Tony Flair was a customs officer. He worked in Backwood, a small border town in the Ballonian mountains. There wasn’t much work for Tony. It wasn’t an interesting job. The road was very quiet and there were no tourists around. Just a few lorries were crossing the border. And Tony knew the drivers well. One of the drivers was Sam Dipper, an old man with a rather new and expensive lorry. He used to arrive on Friday mornings. His lorry was always empty. Tony wondered about this. He became suspicious and one day he asked Dipper about his job. Dipper laughed, and then he said, „I’m a smuggler.“ This time Tony looked very carefully at the lorry, but he didn’t find anything. Tony even began to call the old man smuggler. „Hi, Mr Smuggler,“ he used to greet him. „Anything to declare?“ Sam Dipper would answer, „Don’t you know that smugglers never declare anything?“ And then they both smiled.

Last year Tony retired. When he told Sam so, he answered, „Well, I think I’m going to retire as well. I made a good money by smuggling, all these years“.

When Tony was spending a few days on Babalu Island, he met Sam Dipper again. Sam stayed in a luxury hotel. He was sitting by the pool and enjoying his champagne. When Tony saw him, he walked over to him.

**Translate:**

1. Tony kannte den Fahrer gut. ...........................................................

2. Früher arbeitete er als Zollbeamter. ...................................................

3. Sein Lastwagen war üblicherweise leer. ............................................

4. Er verbrachte seine Ferien auf einer Insel. ........................................

5. Als Tony ihn traf, genoss er (gerade) ein Glas Champagner. ................

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