

# Hotel Story - Connectors

Good morning! Pay attention to what I'm about to say: \_\_\_\_\_, I have an important complaint about the hotel service. I tried to get into my room yesterday; \_\_\_\_\_, the door was locked. \_\_\_\_\_ I thought I'd go back to the front desk, \_\_\_\_\_ just before I left, the door opened, and a man showed up wearing my hotel towel and slippers.

\_\_\_\_\_ I'm polite, I asked him nicely what he was doing in my room. The man seemed very angry and said something in a language I couldn't understand. \_\_\_\_\_ someone doesn't understand my language, I speak to them in English. \_\_\_, I told him that unless he wanted me to call the police, he had to leave immediately. He didn't seem to understand me either, \_\_\_\_\_. I was losing my patience \_\_\_\_\_ I didn't understand what a stranger was doing in my room.

\_\_\_\_\_, I was tired and wanted to sleep. \_\_\_, I decided to go back to the reception; \_\_\_\_\_, it was midnight, and there was no one there.

\_\_\_\_\_, I thought I'd sleep on the couch and then talk to you early in the morning. \_\_\_, I'd like to file a complaint against your hotel." "But sir, your room is 303, but you tried to access room 302!



min 5:06