

**Sandy**

Sandy called Dan Atkins the following week, to give Berta Canning, her literary agent, plenty of time to get in touch with him and send him the manuscript he could read. She hoped he would **30** \_\_\_\_\_ to help her to edit her first book. And when Dan Atkins answered, he seemed as though she'd woken him out of a sound sleep. She **31** \_\_\_\_\_ profusely, and he didn't sound happy to hear from her. There was a long silence and then he told Sandy to come on Saturday. He explained that he lived near the university campus where he **32** \_\_\_\_\_ to teach. She wasn't looking forward to meeting him, but she didn't want Berta to be angry with her either. So, she bicycled over to his address on Saturday. When Sandy got there, he took forever to answer the bell. She was **33** \_\_\_\_\_ about to leave when he opened the door.

She followed him upstairs to a large living room that would have been lovely if he tidied it once in a while. There were stacks of books everywhere, a pile of papers, a mountain of manuscripts on the desk and half eaten food on the coffee table. He obviously lived alone and needed a housekeeper desperately. He was as untidy as his living room. He had a long, unkempt beard, a mane of wild white hair that **34** \_\_\_\_\_ Sally of Albert Einstein. He was wearing jeans, a sweater with holes in it, and tennis shoes. Sandy could **35** \_\_\_\_\_ figure out his age. He seemed to be about seventy, **36** \_\_\_\_\_ Berta told her later that he was only sixty. He said that he liked her book.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. yet
2. just
3. still
4. only