

## Christmas

As a small child I loved almost everything about Christmas. The excitement of Christmas Eve was almost unbearable. We'd go from house to house singing Christmas carols and be given hot mince pies and other 30 \_\_\_\_\_. Before bed our parents would read us stories and eventually put us to bed with warnings that Santa Claus would not come if we stayed awake. Before 31 \_\_\_\_\_ into bed we would leave out a mince pie for Santa and something for his reindeers as a "thank you": For me Santa was the great hero and I never 32 \_\_\_\_\_ that he would come down our chimney to deliver my presents. I loved, as I mentioned before, "almost everything". Immediately after Christmas I was told by my parents that I had to write "thank you letters". As a six-year-old, writing 33 \_\_\_\_\_ one letter was a task, but several made a mountain — pressing down on my small world. "Why" I argued to my Mum "should I write to grandparents, aunts and uncles? Santa brought me all my presents". And my mother would lie to her son. 34 \_\_\_\_\_ lies of how Santa helped Granddad choose my toy car and with the help of elves and reindeer delivered it for Granddad — but that still I should thank Granddad for the small part he played in it. The following year her lies were even more devious as she tried to 35 \_\_\_\_\_ me convinced. As I eventually solved this annual mystery, I of course lost all 36 \_\_\_\_\_ for not writing the "Thank you letters" as the realisation dawned that Granddad had managed everything by himself.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Hold.
2. Stay.
3. Keep.
4. Remain.