

**Before Christmas**

Vicky gave this party every year, just before Christmas. She 30 \_\_\_\_\_ to do it before the war and she was doing it now, when the war was over. It was always the same people who came. It struck her suddenly how clannish they all were, but to do \_\_\_\_\_ then the Deravenels in particular were somewhat addicted to their family. Vicky knew that she could always depend 31 \_\_\_\_\_ her relatives in a crisis.

She was 32 \_\_\_\_\_ the guests greet each other and share the news. Vicky thought of her sister-in-law Kathleen, not present tonight. Vicky missed her presence. When Will had arrived tonight, he had 33 \_\_\_\_\_ that Kathleen was really sick. "But not Spanish flu," he had added swiftly, observing the look of apprehension crossing her face, "just a heavy cold."

Fenella's voice brought her out of her reverie, and she looked across at her old friend, who was saying, "How is Charlie feeling?"

"He's relieved he is safely home, but his wounds still hurt and he feels depressed ..." She looked at Fenella as if 34 \_\_\_\_\_ advice.

"Mr. Ridgely made a remark to me the other day that he wished there was somewhere wounded soldiers could go, to have some sort of recreation, talk to other soldiers," said Fenella.

"That's an interesting idea" Vicky glanced at the others, 35 \_\_\_\_\_ a brow. "Don't you agree?"

"To 36 \_\_\_\_\_ the truth, I do," Stephen answered, always ready to back his wife in her project. "I think such a place would be quite marvelous for the wounded men, who are now coming home." Fenella nodded.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Say.
2. Tell.
3. Speak.
4. Talk.