

**Margaret**

Old Margaret was just the kind of cook that we wanted. Lots of cooks can do rich dishes well. Margaret couldn't. But she 30 \_\_\_\_\_ in a way that made our mouths water. Her apple-pies were the best pies I've ever tasted.

But to 31 \_\_\_\_\_ the truth, even Margaret sometimes miscalculated. A large, royal-looking steak would be set before Father, which, upon being cut into, would turn 32 \_\_\_\_\_ to be underdone. Father's face would darken with disappointment. He would raise his foot and stamp slowly and heavily three times on the rug.

At this solemn 33 \_\_\_\_\_, we would hear Margaret leave the kitchen below us and come up the stairs to the dining-room door.

"Margaret, look at the steak."

Margaret would peer with a shocked look at the platter. She would then seize the platter and make off with it.

Father and Margaret were united by the intense interest they both took in cooking. Each understood the other instinctively. I have to 34 \_\_\_\_\_ that they had a complete fellow-feeling. Mother's great interest was in babies. She loved her children and her happiness depended 35 \_\_\_\_\_ them. She wanted to keep Father pleased somehow, and if it was too difficult or impossible she didn't always care about even that.

At table it was Father who carved the fowl, or sliced the roast lamb or beef. I liked to 36 \_\_\_\_\_ him take the knife and go at it. And usually the cooking had been as superb as the carving. Sometimes it was so perfect that Father would summon Margaret and say in a low voice, "You are a good cook".

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Held.
2. Took.
3. Kept.
4. Used.