A Storyteller

In my early 20s, after a year and a half in England, and four months in France, I returned to the
United States and got a job at a camp in northern Virginia. My 30 that summer was Dan from
Mississippi, and I am from Rhode Island. We worked together with a group of boys from 12 to 14 years
old. I've always been a bit untidy, but Dan was 31 and clean, even after a night in the woods
with our campers. We could not have been more different, but we got on because we shared the same
32 of humor.
At the end of the summer, a few of us went to 33 a cave in West Virginia and got stuck in
the cave for the night. It wasn't as dramatic as it sounds. The park rangers had told us to stay there is anything happened. They knew where we were going, and when we should have been back. Dan hurt his right foot badly. So we had to 34 the night in the cave. Food and water were not a problem, but
we turned off our lights to save power. In the distance, we could hear the sound of running water.
To 35 the time, we told stories. That night in the cave we moved from one family story to
another. As the night wore on, I remembered more and more. I was not alone — the cave, the blue ligh
and the flowing water released stories and memories that we had never revealed to anyone. It was as if a
river of stories had started flowing in each of us.
When the rangers came the next morning, we didn't want to 36 'Can't we just tell a few
more stories?' In the cave, that night, I became a storyteller.
Вставьте пропущенное слово.
1. Lead.
2. Spend.
3. Hold.

- 4. Waste.