

**Helping Mother**

"Liz! Remember to clean up the basement, ok?" Mrs. Parker called out. Liz, who was still lying in bed, sighed heavily and 30 \_\_\_\_\_. "All right, mom," she answered flatly, dragging herself out of bed. She got changed and headed downstairs for breakfast. As usual, the whole family was already seated at the dining table. Liz greeted everyone and sat at a 31 \_\_\_\_\_ seat next to her elder brother Evan. "Pass me the butter, bro," she said. "Sure," Evan replied and passed it to her. "Thanks," Liz said, and 32 \_\_\_\_\_ a thin layer of it onto her toast. Mrs. Parker placed an arm onto her daughter's shoulder. "Honey, I know it's going to be a tiring day for you, and I'd like your brother to help too. But he's got to head back to school for a day-long band practice." Liz sat still and didn't utter a 33 \_\_\_\_\_ word. She was mad that Evan had band practice and did not need to help in the 34 \_\_\_\_\_ chores. "I know what you're thinking, Liz. But honey, we really need your help. Dad's away on a 35 \_\_\_\_\_ trip, you know, his boss has sent him. Evan's busy with band practices, and I've got to help your grandma. You know, her health's been poor these days\*" "Ok, ok. Enough of it, mom. I'll clean up the basement," Liz said. Sometimes she wished her mother wouldn't explain the reasons to her. Anyway, she thought to herself, it'll be good to 36 \_\_\_\_\_ the basement a little. She hadn't stepped into it since they moved in here a couple of months ago. "Who knows something interesting will pop out of nowhere," she grinned.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Spread.
2. Extended.
3. Divided.
4. Covered.