

**Read the text. Change the word given in the brackets to make it grammatically correct.**

The phone rang in Clark Taylor's house at nearly three in the morning. He answered it only after the \_\_\_\_\_ (FIVE) ring. "Hello," Clark said in a sleepy voice. "Mr. Taylor. Thank goodness. I need your help."

Clark definitely \_\_\_\_\_ (KNOW) the voice. However, he was sleepy and \_\_\_\_\_ (NOT/CAN) remember who it was. "Mr. Taylor!" the man said. "I am in trouble. The police allowed me only one phone call. And I am calling you."

Then, the fog cleared. Although nearly ten years had passed since \_\_\_\_\_ (THEY) last meeting, Clark was able to recognise the voice. It belonged to Martin Hall, one of the \_\_\_\_\_ (BRIGHT) math students he had ever had. "Martin, what's happened? Where are you?" Clark asked. "In the police station. I \_\_\_\_\_ (ARREST) at the railway station two hours ago. I was going to a conference. The police mistook me for another person. The irony is that I really do look like the criminal that they are looking for."

Besides that, I \_\_\_\_\_ (LOSE) my ID card and I can't prove who I am. You are the only person in this town who knows me. Can you help me?" Martin Hall asked. "If you give me the address, I \_\_\_\_\_ (COME) at once," Clark said, jumping up of the bed. It was not difficult for him to prove that Martin Hall was his former student. Clark brought a scientific journal with Martin's article and a photo of him. The \_\_\_\_\_ (POLICEMAN) were surprised to find out that their prisoner was a capable young scientist.