

You've (1) \_\_\_\_\_ looking at that timetable for the last ten minutes. It can't be that confusing!' said Sheila angrily.

'I (2) \_\_\_\_\_ wish you'd be quiet! I've (3) \_\_\_\_\_ a splitting headache thanks to you!' replied Matt.

'Mum! Dad! Please!' said Alison. 'You're both (4) \_\_\_\_\_ very silly. (5) \_\_\_\_\_ is no point at all in blaming each other. That's not going to help us find out what time the next train to Budapest is due to leave.'

'You (6) \_\_\_\_\_ quite right, darling. I (7) \_\_\_\_\_ sorry,' said Sheila.

'Me too,' mumbled Matt. 'Now, let's have another look at this timetable. Well, it (8) \_\_\_\_\_ like we (9) \_\_\_\_\_ definitely missed the last train today. That was the 18.20 we just missed, wasn't it?'

'I (10) \_\_\_\_\_ so,' said Sheila. 'I mean, it did leave at 18.20. Whether it's actually going to Budapest or not is another question.'

'Well, one thing is (11) \_\_\_\_\_ in doubt,' said Matt.

'What's that?' asked Sheila and Alison together.

'This is the worst holiday we've (12) \_\_\_\_\_ been on,' said Matt. 'Next year, we're going to try something far less adventurous.'

'Agreed!' said Sheila and Alison.