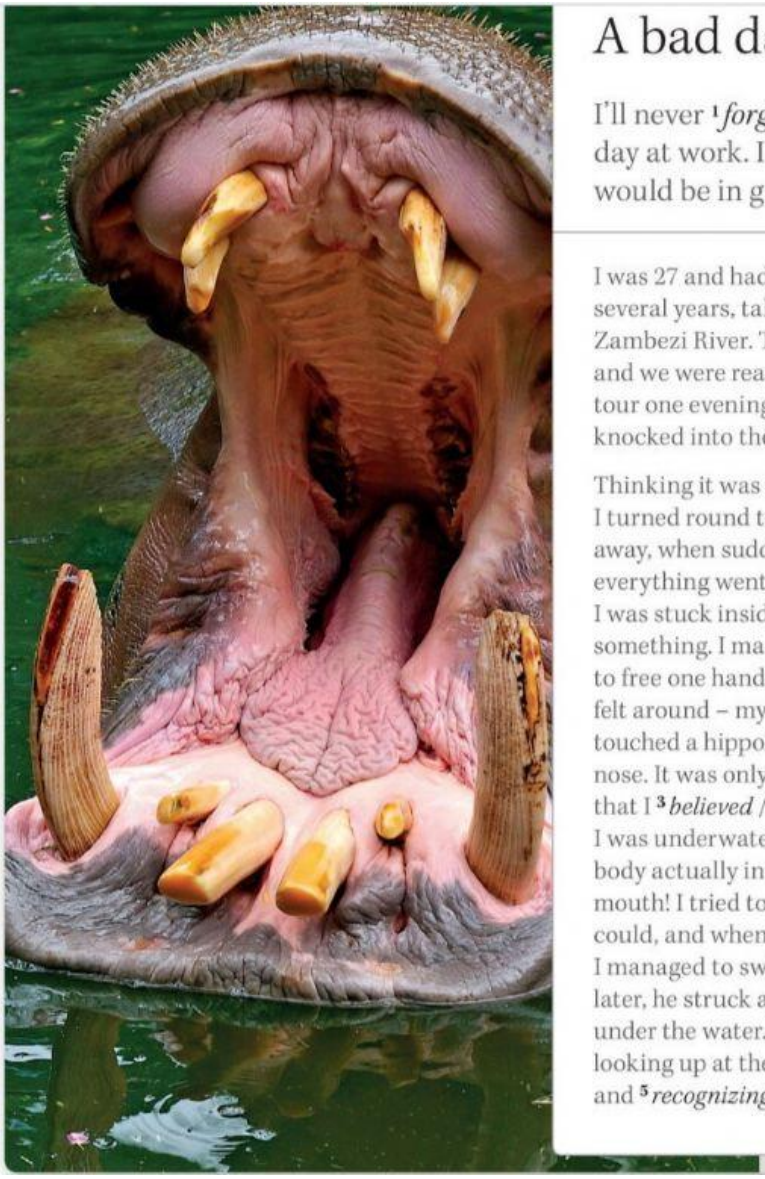


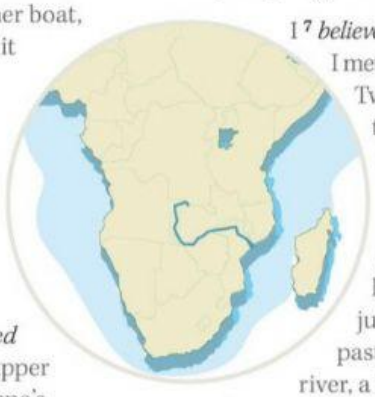
A bad day at work

I'll never [1] *forget* / *remind* that day. It started out as just an ordinary day at work. I never [2] *expected* / *wondered* that within a few hours I would be in great danger!

I was 27 and had been a river guide for several years, taking people down the Zambezi River. The sun was setting and we were reaching the end of the tour one evening, when something knocked into the boat.

Thinking it was the other boat, I turned round to push it away, when suddenly everything went dark. I was stuck inside something. I managed to free one hand and felt around – my hand touched a hippo's nose. It was only then that I [3] *believed* / *realized* I was underwater, my upper body actually in the hippo's mouth! I tried to move as much as I could, and when he opened his mouth, I managed to swim away. But seconds later, he struck again, pulling me under the water. I [4] *remember* / *remind* looking up at the surface of the water, and [5] *recognizing* / *wondering* which of us could hold his breath the longest.

Suddenly the hippo released me. By chance, a medical team was nearby, and they helped me to reach a hospital. Meanwhile, the hippo had quietly [6] *appeared* / *disappeared*.



I [7] *believe* / *expect*, though, that I met him one more time. Two years later I was travelling down the Zambezi again. Being there obviously [8] *recognized* / *reminded* me of what had happened. Then, just as we were going past the same place in the river, a huge hippo suddenly [9] *appeared* / *realized*.

I [10] *screamed* / *whispered* so loudly that those with me said they'd never heard anything like it. He went back under the water and was never seen again. I'm sure I [11] *recognized* / *realized* the same hippo, still just as angry.