

## Read the text. Choose one of the variants



When I was a child we used to go to my grandmother's house. We often had a picnic in a wood which was                    of wild flowers. We always used to go to the                    place. One day when we had finished our picnic, my mother noticed that she had                    her ring, which had her initials inside it.

We looked everywhere for it and we carried on until it was dark and we had to give

Thirty years later, I was on holiday with my own children and we                    the same wood. We decided to have a picnic there. It was my son who made it a lucky day. He was bored with the picnic he started digging a hole under a tree. Suddenly, he                    a ring. It had some writing inside it and we all agreed it was my mother's ring. She was really happy when we gave it back to her!