

ARTICLES: A, AN, THE, ZERO ARTICLE

Read the chapter of the books and write the correct article, If there isn't any article write X:

"A Street Cat Named Bob: And How He Saved My Life" - James Bowen

There's famous quote I read somewhere. It says we are all given second chances every day of our lives. They are there for the taking, it's just that we don't usually take them. I spent big chunk of my life proving that quote. I was given lot of opportunities, sometimes on daily basis. For long time I failed to take any of them, but then, in the early spring of 2007, that finally began to change. It was then that I befriended Bob. Looking back on it, something tells me it might have been his second chance too. I first encountered him on gloomy, Thursday evening in March. London hadn't quite shaken off winter and it was still biting cold on streets, especially when winds blew in off Thames. There had even been hint of frost in air that night, which was why I'd arrived back at my new, sheltered accommodation in Tottenham, north London, little earlier than usual after day busking around Covent Garden.

"The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes-The Adventure of the Cardboard Box

" - Arthur Conan Doyle

It was blazing hot day in August. Baker Street was like oven, and glare of sunlight upon yellow brickwork of house across road was painful to eye. It was hard to believe that these were same walls which loomed so gloomily through fogs of winter. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon sofa, reading and re-reading letter which he had received by morning post. For myself, my term of service in India had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and thermometer at ninety was no hardship. But morning paper was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for glades of New Forest or shingle of Southsea.

"Pride and Prejudice" - Jane Austen

It is truth universally acknowledged, that single man in possession of good fortune, must be in want of wife.

However little known feelings or views of such man may be on his first entering neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in minds of surrounding families that he is considered as rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"A Caribbean Mystery" - Agatha Christie

As it happened Sandersons had returned to England. But their successors, Kendals, had been very nice and friendly and had assured Raymond that he need have no qualms about his aunt. There was very good doctor on island in case of emergency and they themselves would keep eye on her and see to her comfort.

They had been as good as their word, too. Molly Kendal was ingenuous blonde of twenty odd, always apparently in good spirits. She had greeted old lady warmly and did everything to make her comfortable. Tim Kendal, her husband, lean, dark and in his thirties, had also been kindness itself.

So there she was, thought Miss Marple, far from rigours of English climate, with nice bungalow of her own, with friendly smiling West Indian girls to wait on her, Tim Kendal to meet her in dining room and crack joke as he advised her about day's menu, and easy path from her bungalow to sea front and bathing beach where she could sit in comfortable basket chair and watch bathing. There were even few elderly guests for company. Old Mr. Rafiel, Dr. Graham, Canon Prescott and his sister, and her present cavalier Major Palgrave.

What more could elderly lady want?