

Tom woke up relatively early. But he UNDERSTAND at once that he was not the first awake. There was somebody in the kitchen already. Tom went out to inspect, and found that his dad was there – he CUT vegetables. It was rather strange – everyone knew that dad NOT/LIKE cooking. “I wish I KNOW what you are doing,” he said. Dad gave HE a smile and answered “Wait and see.” He pulled out a juicing machine from the cupboard. Nobody had used it for ages and the machine COVER with a thin layer of dust. Tom’s dad washed it and turned it on. Then he put a handful of carrots inside. Next he added cucumbers and TOMATO. Dad made three large cups of the stuff. He took one and drank it. He handed the TWO cup to Tom. To his surprise the juice tasted really good. “You don’t eat enough vegetables,” his dad said. “If you don’t like eating them, you’ll probably like drinking them.” Tom nodded. It was definitely GOOD than the stewed vegetables his mum cooked almost every day.

The camel was very thirsty. His last drink had been weeks ago. His feet sank in the hot sand and he CAN hardly move. “When will I reach water?” he thought. “And I NOT/EAT for ages.” It was obvious that if the camel didn’t find any water and food soon, he DIE. He made a few steps toward another dune. It was EASY to walk along the top of a hill, than along the bottom. At last he SEE something green in the distance. Was it a mirage or an oasis? He hoped for the best and the hope helped HE move faster. Soon, that distant green colour turned into real trees and grass. There BE a small stream of water and some palm trees that gave shade. Their wide LEAF could protect the camel from the sun’s rays. Though the sun SHINE, it didn’t burn anymore. Unfortunately, it was impossible to stay there forever. A short rest and the camel had to move on towards his destination.

Robbie’s dog Roxy was smart. At least Robbie THINK so. Robbie had found him on a street. The puppy looked cold and unhappy. Robbie took the puppy home and fortunately his mum NOT/MIND it. One day Robbie saw the ‘Dogs’ contest’ advert. According to it, all dogs that were able to perform tricks could participate. “I wish Roxy KNOW some tricks”, Robbie thought. “But Roxy can’t perform any.”

He decided to take Roxy to the contest anyway, not as a participant but as a viewer. There BE lots dogs on the contest ground. The collars of some dogs DECORATE with medals. The contest started, and the judge threw a ball. Roxy suddenly pulled away from Robbie and began running fast. He was the ONE dog to catch the ball and he didn’t forget to bring it back to the judge! “The winner is the dog with no entry name on my list. Whose dog is this?” asked the judge. “It’s I dog.” said Robbie. The judge handed Robbie a small symbolic medal and a certificate for free dog food. “Congratulations! You WIN!” said Robbie to Roxy and gave him a big hug. “Let’s go home and celebrate. Mum will be surprised when she LEARN the news.”



Most people love jokes. A good joke can break the ice and make the conversation enjoyable. My friend's hobby is collecting jokes. When he HEAR a good joke, he writes it down on a special card. The cards KEEP in a box in his room. When I visit HE, I never miss a chance to read a joke from his collection. Yesterday's joke was about famous detectives. Here it is. One day Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson went camping. They put up a tent, made a fire and had a good dinner of meat and POTATO. That night, Holmes WAKE up and asked: "Watson, look up and tell me what you see." Watson said that he SEE millions of stars. "And what does it tell you?" Holmes went on his interrogation. "Well, if we apply our deductive method, we'll come to several conclusions. Astronomically, there are billions of planets. My TWO conclusion is astrological - I observe Saturn in Leo. And, meteorologically, it'll be a beautiful day tomorrow. I wish we HAVE this kind of weather more often in this country. And what does the sky tell you, Holmes?" Holmes was silent for a moment and then said, "Someone STEAL our tent!"

*TIME* is a weekly magazine published in New York. In 2010 the magazine CHOOSE Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg as Person of the Year. Everything began in February 2004, when Zuckerberg was still a student at Harvard. He made an online platform to connect college students. It helped THEY to learn and socialise. Soon, other UNIVERSITY joined Facebook and then it became popular with a much wider audience. Today Facebook USE by over a billion people. They play games, find friends, learn the news, and share photos there. Not everyone, however, THINK Facebook is a good thing. My GOOD friend, Nicky, believes that I spend too much time online, on social networks. "I wish you SPEND more time with your real friends," he keeps saying. Last Saturday when Nicky came to my place to discuss a school problem, I CHAT online. He waited for a while but then left without saying a word. And he NOT/CALL since then. I feel I'll probably have to change my habits if I want to have real friends, not only virtual ones.

This story happened long ago. My son was six and we lived in an old house near a large park. There BE lots of people in the park at weekends and we enjoyed walking and playing there too. One day, my son BRING an injured bird from the park. It was a crow. Its wing BREAK and the bird could not fly. I didn't know what to do with the crow, but my son said that he TAKE care of it. "If you were a couple of years OLD, you could manage it. But I doubt you can do it now," I tried to talk him out of keeping the crow but finally agreed to take the bird home. The next day we took the crow to the vet. The vet fixed and bandaged the wing and explained to WE what medicines we should give to the bird. "Ok," he said, as we left, "I DO everything I can. There's no need to bring this crow here any more. The bird is young and strong, and I think it RECOVER soon. This is the good news. The bad news is that it will never be able to fly again." "We'll see," my son NOT/WANT to agree with this fact too easily.



I remember my uncle Thomas very well. My mum says I can't because I was a little girl, only three at the time. But my memories of him are still very vivid. Uncle Thomas was a sailor. When he returned from his last trip, he brought several large BOX with him. Inside there BE bits of wood, metal, and painted cloth. "What is it for?" I asked my uncle. He GIVE me a broad smile and said: "Have your breakfast first and then come to the backyard. You SEE everything with your own eyes." When I came to the backyard, Uncle Thomas READ an instruction manual. It took all his attention because the manual WRITE in Spanish, a language my uncle didn't know very well. All in all, it took HE a couple of weeks to assemble the object from the parts. To all my questions he said that it was a machine that CAN fly like a bird. I was probably the only one in the family who took his words seriously. They could never believe that soon we were going to see one of the ONE airplane flights in the country.

English, Welsh, Scottish... all these languages sound familiar. But I'm sure you NOT/HEAR of Cornish. I wish I KNOW it, like my Granny does. Cornish is a Celtic language, used in Cornwall, a county in south-eastern England. CENTURY ago, when the Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain, many Celts moved to the mountain areas. Some Celts even LEAVE the country completely and settled in France. Speakers of Cornish stayed in the south-west. There the language SPEAK until the late 1700s. But the number of speakers got smaller and the language almost disappeared. At the beginning of the TWENTY century, academics became interested in Cornish and started to study the ancient texts. From those old documents they managed to restore the language! Nowadays, if you visit Cornwall, you will hear a lot of it. The language is offered as an option in many universities, and students THEY choose to learn it. Like I did. I think it's the DIFFICULT language I have ever learnt, but it's interesting and it sounds very nice. I believe the Cornish language SURVIVE.

In 2010, a terrible earthquake hit the Haitian city of Léogâne. It was the TWELVE of January, my birthday. It was a normal day in the morning. I PREPARE for my party when the earthquake hit. My first thought was that everybody was going to die. I NOT/UNDERSTAND what was happening. It was the BAD day of my life so far – I have never felt that scared!

After the earthquake I asked my wife:

"How are we going to go on living?"

"I have no idea", she said. "But we're lucky. Our house is still standing, and thousands of people lost everything, even their LIFE".

She was right. We had to help the others, so we decided to start a charitable fund. At first we GIVE it the name of 'Hope' but then changed it.

Now our fund CALL 'Seeds for Change'.

We work with small farmers and provide people from rural areas with everything necessary for farming. They say it helps them a lot. Their gratitude is the best award for WE. If we manage to involve more people in our fund, we GET more impressive results in the future.



Jenny loved climbing. It was a strange hobby for a girl and her family wanted her to stop it, but Jenny NOT/LISTEN to anybody. "There are still several trees in the garden I haven't climbed yet," Jenny said. One day, she CLIMB the apple tree in the yard, when she suddenly slipped and fell down. Jenny FEEL a terrible pain and started to cry. Her mum came outside and saw that her hand was swollen and looked dark. "I wish you HAVE some other hobby!" she said. "Jenny, please, promise I that you'll never do this silly climbing again!" Jenny nodded. Her mother took Jenny to the doctor. It turned out that two of the bones BREAK. For the ONE time Jenny had a cast on her arm, from her fingers down to her elbow. For several weeks, Jenny had to have the cast on. It was a huge relief to get it off, finally. At last she could get back to her favourite ACTIVITY which were running, swimming, and climbing. But now climbing was out – Jenny was determined to stick to her promise. "If I break my promise, mum GET upset. And I don't want her to feel like this."

When I was little, I loved reading books written by Roald Dahl. They were my favourite choice of bedtime story. When Mum asked me what book I wanted, I always CHOOSE a book by Dahl. Mum readily agreed. She said she ENJOY reading him too in spite of the fact that she was an adult and had a very serious job. In those years there BE lots of Dahl's books in our home library. Then, unfortunately, some of them disappeared but to me he is still the best children's author of the TWENTY century. Roald Dahl started as an adult writer. His first book PUBLISH in 1942. Later he began writing children's books. Many of the STORY are based on Dahl's own childhood memories. Several of his books are now successful films, for example 'Matilda', 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory' and 'Fantastic Mr Fox'. I'm sure you SEE at least one of them! When you shop for children's books, Dahl is the EASY choice. His books are entertaining and full of jokes. Roald Dahl is an author that you can never grow tired of. Now I read his books to my son. He is too small yet and cannot read HE.

I'm studying Italian in a summer school in Tuscany. I arrived a few days ago. It's my ONE trip to Italy. I like this country very much though I NOT/SEE its main tourist attractions yet. Actually it was my mum's idea to send me here. In her opinion Italy is the INTERESTING country in the world. And she also said that it HELP me improve my Italian in real-life communication. Yesterday, while I HAVE dinner in the cafeteria, four other students sat at the same table. We got acquainted. Two of them were Argentines, then a Russian and a Greek. A mix of cultures! We started chatting in Italian, laughing, telling jokes and sharing our life STORY. It was lots of fun. I even started to speak Spanish with the Argentines, and our sentences became a mixture of both Italian and Spanish. But it did not matter at all! No problem. We easily UNDERSTAND each other. I wish all people SPEAK foreign languages. The more languages you know – the better. Languages help WE understand the culture and mentality of other people. And they help us make friends.



Mike Fay is a famous biologist. He is well-known for his 2,000-mile walk across Africa. It TAKE him 455 days. His expedition started in 2001. It ORGANIZE to draw attention to the African forests. During his expedition Mike Fay made several films about the beauty of the forests. He said they were the WONDERFUL natural sights he had ever seen. His films BE a success. Thanks to them the governments of several African countries agreed to create 13 national parks. Mike commented that 26,000 square kilometres of the forest were saved for the future and for our CHILD. At the moment Mike works for the National Geographic. Recently he COMPLETE several projects for the magazine. His job involves lots of travelling, which is sometimes not very safe. Not long ago, Mike came face to face with an elephant which attacked HE. Mike was injured but luckily not seriously. But danger could never stop Mike. "I wish everyone UNDERSTAND that life is a very delicate thing. If we go on in the same irresponsible way, we KILL all life on the planet, and ourselves too".

A robot is a special kind of machine that follows the instructions coming from a computer. A robot NOT/MAKE mistakes and it never gets tired. Robots are all around WE. Robots make cars, explore dangerous places, clean things, answer telephone calls. Some of them can even take care of CHILD and elderly people. If we didn't have robots, our life BE less comfortable and more dangerous. According to the dictionary, the word 'robot' MEAN 'compulsory labour'. The word 'robot' USE for the first time in a science fiction play in 1920. The robot from that play was a destructive machine that finally DESTROY the human race. However, in real life, robots are still obedient to people. As for robots, the most enthusiastic nation is the Japanese. By now they CREATE a quarter of the world's robots. And they have very ambitious plans for the future. The Japanese engineers think that soon robots REPLACE 3,5 million workers in their country.

Lucky, a big black cat, went missing shortly after our family moved to a new house. He was curious and enjoyed exploring the environment. It often made us worry about HE.

Mum often said "I wish our Lucky BE less curious. I feel better when he is in the house, safe and lazy." As we NOT/CAN keep him at home, we made him wear a special tag. Our address WRITE on it in large printed letters. Mum said: "If one day Lucky gets missing, the tag HELP us find him". Lucky disappeared on the THREE day after moving house. We looked for the cat everywhere. We asked all our new neighbours about him. We even asked all the POLICEMAN in our district if they had seen him. But nobody had seen a cat that looked like our Lucky. In the end, we LOSE hope. Two weeks later I was passing by our old house. On the porch there was a cat that looked strikingly like Lucky. And it was Lucky!

I grabbed him and brought him home. "Mum, look who I FIND!" I cried to mum. "The new owner told me the cat had been waiting for us in our old house. Nobody could inform us about him because the address on the cat's tag is our old address."



A few days ago Kim's family moved house. Kim had very mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, she FEEL happy with her new room. It was larger than the room she used to live in. Everything in this room ARRANGE in Kim's favourite colours and according to her taste. The flat was on the FIVE floor in an old brick building. From her window Kim could see the large garden, which now was covered with bright yellow LEAF, and the tiled roofs at a distance.

"I'd be very happy if I LIVE here," Kim's friend, Jessica, said when she visited her for the first time.

"And how is your new school?" she asked, still admiring the fresh wallpapered walls with a few framed photos on THEY.

"You MAKE new friends there, right?"

These words made Kim feel nervous.

"No, not yet," she answered.

Then she said that she GO to her new school only the next Monday and that the school looked nice and modern and there was a swimming pool in it.

What Kim NOT/TELL her friend was that she was awfully afraid of going there and meeting her new classmates and teachers.

Jeff woke up late. The house was very quiet and Jeff UNDERSTAND that he was alone there. He got up and headed to the kitchen. There BE nobody in it but he felt the delicious aroma of fresh baking. A large bowl of doughnuts was on the table. It COVER with a white kitchen towel but Jeff could not resist it and pulled out a doughnut. When he was consuming his FIVE one, his grandmother appeared at the doorway. She WEAR light working trousers, a T-shirt, and an old straw hat. Jeff guessed that she had been working on SHE roses, in the front garden. "Fine, you WAKE up at last!" said Granny, "But why are you still undressed? Go and wash and get dressed immediately!" Jeff remembered that Granny had always been very strict about the morning routine. She never allowed her grandchildren to look untidy or avoid brushing their TOOTH. "Ok-ok, just a second," laughed Jeff picking up another doughnut and retreating through the other door. "I COME back as soon as I am ready."

My mum calls me Snow White. It was my ONE nickname but it stuck to me forever. And it's not because I love the fairy tale about the princess and the seven dwarfs. It's because my skin is very sensitive and intolerant to the sun. Every time it is exposed to the sun's rays, it GET red and swollen. I can't really recognize I in the mirror. Mum says that from my very early days I differed from all the other BABY around and needed special care. Whenever we went for a walk, she HAVE to apply sun protective lotion all over my face and the parts of the body that were not covered with clothes. I grew older but the situation didn't get any GOOD. Until now I NOT/FIND a medicine to cure my strange illness. My skin problem is not a serious thing of course, but it doesn't allow me to do everything I want. I wish I CAN sunbathe, windsurf and play beach volleyball with my friends. But all I can do is watch them from the shade. According to our family legend, it RAIN hard at the moment when I was born. Since that time, rainy days have always been my luckiest.

I play the violin in the college orchestra. Last month we TAKE part in a music festival in France. I worried a lot before we left for France as I had never been away from home for so long. Mum tried to encourage I. She said that we PERFORM well. And she was right. We performed very successfully. It was a great journey though there BE some things I missed very much while being in France. One of them was my favourite mug. Without it, neither tea nor soup tasted like at home. Another thing was the warmth. The floor in my room at home COVER with a thick carpet. In our place in France the floor was icy cold with no carpet at all. My FOOT were always cold. "If it goes on like this, I CATCH a cold," I told my roommate, Cathy. "I wish I HAVE a pair of woolen socks. But I left them at home." "You can take mine if you want," said Cathy. I thanked her but her socks were two sizes SMALL than I needed!

I was happy to take part in the exchange programme and to go to college in Britain. An opportunity to spend two MONTH in London sounded fantastic. Our teacher told us that we LIVE in a student hostel. It was going to be CONVENIENT than staying with a host family as the hostel was very close to the college. When we arrived in London, the ONE thing we had was a bus excursion round the British capital. Unfortunately, when we PASS Westminster Abbey, it started to rain hard. We had to go down to the lower level of our double-decker and we NOT/MANAGE to enjoy the wonderful sights. Anyway, London is very impressive. People from all over the world live there. Some of THEY come as tourists, others choose this place to study or to work in. It is a dynamic multicultural city, though there BE so many historical buildings in it. Amazingly, many of the houses BUILD centuries ago!