Holiday Blues

'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.

LIVEWORKSHEETS