Task. Fill in the gaps with the words given.

**The Flash Flood Prince**

**1.**

The first storm of the year came at night, cracking the sky like a windshield. There seemed to be invisible bombs falling on the city of Barranquilla, turning everything we’d known into debris —the 1.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** fruit carriages; the 2.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** buses, aka saunas on wheels; and even La Troja, the high temple of a Colombian party.

Awakened, I joined my roommates in the living room of our 3.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** apartment. We gaped with a mix of fear and fascination at the 4.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** river forming in front of our house.

“Is this doomsday?” I asked.

“No, just the beginning of the 5.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** season,” my roommate said. “And here’s your 6.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** *arroyo*.”

I’d heard legends about *arroyos*, streams of water taking over the entire city. As Barranquilla didn’t have a sewage system, even small rain would change roads into 7.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** rivers. They flew through the town, carrying trash, motorbikes, cars, and sometimes people if they were 8.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** enough to leave their homes. Arroyo was a 9.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** disaster and life had to stop in the face of the 10.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** death. There was no appointment, no class, and no exam important enough to go out when it rained.

**wet shared wobbling careless ferocious local color-splattered rainy long-awaited fierce**

*“The Flash Flood Prince” a short story by Elena Leman.*

Task. Fill in the gaps with the words given.

**2.**

1.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** enough, I learned myself what it meant to be caught up in flood. I got stuck on a small bus on the way to work. The mad current was pushing us down, 2.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** the driver knew exactly how to park his vehicle 3.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** it didn’t end up on the pile of cars we could see from afar. The water level was rising with every minute. The ceiling was leaking. A little girl sitting next to me cried. 4.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, I wasn’t scared. I was mesmerized.

Twenty long minutes 5.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, the bus was out of the flash flood, unharmed. But the worst was still before me—crossing the famous arroyo of Carrera 44. On foot!

6.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, it was a mission impossible. 7.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** if the current didn’t pull me down, I would end up with a foot fungus at 8.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**. So I stared helplessly at the other side of the street where the secretaries and students cramped on the school’s stairs. So close, yet so far. I couldn’t believe I was 9.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to be late for work anyway. My boss would understand. 10.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** the case of rain, both teachers and students were allowed to stay home from school. But for me, it was a matter of pride. I had to cross that street. But how?

**but strangely later even about in quickly obviously so best**

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Task. Fill in the gaps with the words given.

**3.**

You know what they 1.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**—when the damsel in distress is ready, the knight on a white horse appears. Or something like that. So there he 2.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, the man for the job, my hero—a mototaxi boy. I looked at him, he looked at me, and we both knew what 3.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to happen. He pointed at the seat behind him, and I obediently jumped on the back of his motorbike. Was I really ready to die in the depths of dirty water and trash? No way! I loved Mother Earth, and She 4.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** me back.

Half of the school observed in shock as we pushed against the current. My Prince Charming pressed the clutch and swiftly 5.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** onto a concrete block on the other side. We made it. I 6.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** his cheek and entered the school, with a smirk of pride and madness. My reputation of *la gringa loca* was proven once again.

7.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** my mom approve of that reckless behavior? Probably not, just as she 8.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** happy about me moving to Colombia in the first place. But I 9.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** care. I loved Barranquilla, with all its dangers and joys. Indeed, it was easy to die in the city where mototaxi boys turned into daredevil captains on the raging waters of flash floods. But it was even easier to 10.**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** alive.

**feel say was would didn’t kissed loved** **was going drove wasn’t**

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