

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Class \_\_\_\_\_

### **Between The Bridges Cloze**

*Fill in the blank spaces with the correct word.*

The figures in this boat were those of a \_\_\_\_\_ man with ragged grizzled hair and sun-browned face, and a dark girl of nineteen or \_\_\_\_\_, sufficiently like him to be recognisable as his \_\_\_\_\_. The girl rowed, pulling a pair of sculls very easily; the man, with the rudder-lines slack in his hands, and his \_\_\_\_\_ loose in his waistband, kept an \_\_\_\_\_ look out. He had no net, hook, or line, and he could not be a fisherman; his boat had no cushion for a sitter, no paint, no inscription, no appliance beyond a \_\_\_\_\_ boat-hook and a coil of rope, and he could not be a waterman; his boat was too crazy and too \_\_\_\_\_ to take in cargo for delivery, and he could not be a lighterman or river-carrier; there was \_\_\_\_\_ clue to what he looked for, but he looked for something, with a most intent and searching gaze. The tide, which had turned an hour before, was running down, and his \_\_\_\_\_ watched every little race and eddy in its broad sweep, as the boat made slight headway against it, or drove \_\_\_\_\_ foremost before it, according as he directed his daughter by movement of his \_\_\_\_\_. She watched his face as earnestly as he watched the river. But, in the intensity of her look there was a touch of \_\_\_\_\_ or horror.

(ACARA 2012)

### **Vocabulary**

hands	rusty	daughter
no	eager	strong
dread	head	small
eyes	stern	twenty