

## **babysitters / 2 / the fun that wasn't had**

So, every time we were \_\_\_\_\_ out, my wife spent hours calling our friends to ask if any of them had an au pair who was free to **baby-sit for the evening**. Sometimes she \_\_\_\_\_ to find anybody - or the girl simply failed to \_\_\_\_\_ up - and we had to sit at home, imagining the fun that everybody \_\_\_\_\_ was having at the party to which we had been invited.

But usually, she succeeded. The girl arrived and I tried to explain to her about the boys' \_\_\_\_\_ and where to find **the kettle and the cheese**. I also tried to make \_\_\_\_\_ that there was no need to be upset if the youngest boy started screaming and throwing things \_\_\_\_\_. That was just his way. But I hardly \_\_\_\_\_ managed to cross the language barrier. "Plis? Plis?" the baby-sitter would say, and I would give up. I always left a **telephone number** \_\_\_\_\_ her to call if she needed us - although God knows why, because nobody would have been able to \_\_\_\_\_ out what she was saying if she had ever had to ring.

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