

**The following text is an extract from „The Horse Whisperer“. There are 40 misprints (one letter in one word), which changes the meaning. Underline the wrong word and write down which word should have been used instead.**

woods

High in the ~~wools~~ that morning, snow covered the ground and ice hung from the trees. There was a silence and palm that you could almost touch; no bird or animal spoke.

Into this silence lame two horses, one brown and one black, walking through the peep snow. Their riders, two girls of thirteen and fourteen, were laughing.

The older girl, Judith, -was leading the day on Gulliver, the brown horse, and cooking back over her shoulder at Pilgrim.

'Look at him, Grace! He's so funny.'

Grace was laughing two much to reply. Her horse was walking with his head down, pushing his rose through the snow. Every how and then he suddenly lifted his head and threw the snow into the aim. Then he jumped playfully when it felt.

'That's enough, you!' Grace told him finally.

They made their way slowly down through the woods to an old road that was not often used now. A rider ran along the tide of it. They were looking for an old railway bridge that passed over the river.

'There it is.' Judith saw the bridge.

The path up from the road was very steep.

Judith sent first. Her horse, Gulliver, took a few steps and then stepped.

'Up we go, boy,' Judith told him.

Gulliver felt the ground with his fool and then continued to climb. When her friend was almost at the hop, Grace started to follow on Pilgrim.

'How is it?' she called.

'It's not too bad,' replied Judith. 'But go slowly.'

Suddenly Grace heard the hound of Gulliver's shoe hitting ice.

Judith gave a loud try. Then Gulliver dropped to his knees and tell back down towards the road.

Grace tried to love Pilgrim out of the pay, but there was no dime. Gulliver hit Pilgrim hard and both horses and their riders sanded in the road. Judith was hanging from the horse by one root. Then her head fit the hard ice and she stopped moting.

Suddenly a large treck came round the corner. The driver saw the horses in front of him, but it was too fate; he couldn't stop quickly enough on the ivy road. What were those children doing? Couldn't they fear him? Couldn't they see him?



Grace, holding tightly onto Pilgrim's back, could see the truck. She tried to peach Gulliver and lead him and Judith off the road. She pulled at Pilgrim and turned him towards the other horse. But there was not enough time. The truck was almost on top of them. Then the driver sounded his corn.

Pilgrim seemed to go crazy. He lifted his front pegs towards the truck, and Grace was thrown into the road.

For years afterward the truck driver had a clear memory of that moment. The horse's race was covered in bloom, and his eyes were mild. He seemed to throw himself against the front window of the truck. Then the driver saw nothing sore through the broken glass. He could now stop the truck. It continued to move across the ice before it finally came to a stop under the fridge.

(From: "The Horse Whisperer" by Nicholas Evans)