A. In each line of the following text, cross out one word which should not be there.

At 10.35 on January the 27, Malcolm Ainslie was half-way to the outer door of Homicide when a phone rang behind of him. Instinctively he paused to look back. Later, he wished he hadn't been.

Detective Jorge Rodriguez moved swiftly to an empty desk, and where he picked up a phone, listened it briefly, then called to Ainslie. "For you, Sergeant."

Ainslie set down a book what he had been carrying and returned to his own desk to take the call. His movements were ordered and easy. At forty-one age, Detective Sergeant Ainslie was solidly built, a half-inch short of six feet and not too different in the appearance from his days as a high school fullback. Only just a slight belly bespoke the junk food he would often ate – a staple for many detectives, obliged to eat on the run.

Tonight, on the fifth floor of the main Miami Police Department building up, the Homicide offices were quiet. After all that, seven investigative teams worked here, each team consisting of a sergeant supervisor and three detectives. But the members of the tonight's duty team were now all out, probing into a trio of separate murders reported in the last past few hours. In Miami, Florida, the pace of human mayhem hardly never slackened.

Officially, a Homicide duty shift lasted ten hours, but was often longer than because of continuing investigations. Ainslie and Rodriguez, whose own duty shift had been ended hours ago, had continued to working until moments earlier.

Almost certainly that the phone call was from his wife Karen, Ainslie thought. Wondering when he was coming at home, and eager to begin their long-planned vacation. Well, for once time he'd be able to tell her he was on his way, the paperwork completed, loose ends tied, and the lights now green for Karen and Jason and himself to board the tomorrow's early bird Air Canada flight from Miami until to Toronto.

Ainslie was ready for a break. While having physically fit, he lacked the limitless energy he'd had when he joined in the force a decade earlier. Yesterday as he was shaving, he'd noticed to the ever-increasing gray in his brown, thinning hair. Some extra wrinkles, too; for sure, the stresses of Homicide were caused those. And his eyes – vigilant and probing – betrayed away skepticism and disillusionment from witnessing, across the years, the human condition at its worst light.

B. In each line of the following text, find one word missing and put it in.

It was then that Karen had appeared behind him and, his thoughts as she often did, run her fingers through his hair, pronouncing, "I still like I see."

He'd pulled Karen him then and held her tightly. The top of Karen's head came only to his shoulders, and he savoured the softness of her silky chestnut against his cheek, the closeness of their bodies exciting them both as it always. Putting a finger beneath her chin, he tilted her face upward as kissed.

"I come in a small package," Karen had said soon after they engaged. "But there's lots of love in it – along everything else you'll need." And it had been so.

Expecting to hear Karen's voice now, Ainslie smiled and the phone from Jorge.

A deep, resonant voice, "This is Father Uxbridge, chaplain at Florida State Prison."

"Yes, I know." Ainslie had Ray Uxbridge a couple of times and didn't like him. "What can I do you, Father?"

"There's a prisoner here who's going to be executed seven o'clock tomorrow morning. His name is Elroy Doil. He says that knows you."

Ainslie said tersely, "Of course he knows me. I send Animal to Raiford."

The voice came back stiffly. "The person we're speaking is a human being, Sergeant. I prefer not use your description."

The response Ainslie why he disliked Ray Uxbridge. The man was a pompous ass.

"Everybody calls him Animal," Ainslie answered. "He uses the name. Besides, the way he killed his victims him worse than an animal."

based on ***Detectives*****, by Arthur Hailey**