§ 1. Cruising over the pack-ice with our heavy snowmobiles, my guide, Arne, and I looked out across the dazzling expanse of snow. We had come to the tiny, remote island of Svalbard northeast of Greenland, to photograph polar bears, but now we were exhausted with searching. The day had been particularly **frustrating**, as every bear we'd slowly approached had run away from us. Fed up and hungry, we decided to abandon our search for the afternoon and stop for a snack beside one of the many tall, blue icebergs.

§ 2. As always, a good meal was followed by an intense desire to sleep, and we decided to give in to it, even though the temperature was down to −30 °C. Sleeping at the same time would be unwise with our furry friends around, so we decided to take it in turns. As Arne slept, I scanned the Snow with my binoculars, looking for anything moving. An hour passed. I was just about to wake my companion, when I noticed a dot on the horizon. I wiped the lens, but it was still there. I began to make out the typical mayonnaise colour and the striding walk — it was a polar bear and it was heading in our direction. I awoke Arne instantly. For the next thirty minutes, the bear continued on its direct course towards us, which was strange because the wind was blowing our scent straight towards him, so he must have been aware of our presence.

§ 3. When he was a couple of hundred metres away, I decided to lie down in the snow so as to get a better photograph. "You realise you look like seal like that, don't you?" warned Arne, for once sounding a bit worried. ave for dinner. Onwards the bear came, and by now I could hear the crunching Seals are what polar bears like to sound of his feet on the ice. It struck me that this was a big bear, travelling at some speed. I turned to speak to Arne, and saw him pulling a gun from his bag. Polar bears are incredibly unpredictable animals, and to be in their environment without protection is foolish. But Arne had strict instructions from me only to use the gun to frighten the bear away, and then only if necessary.

§ 4. By now the animal was only 25 metres away and the atmosphere had changed. Arne sat up on the snowmobile calmly awaiting the bear's next move, while struggled to change the film in my camera with my cold, shaking hands. Then, just as I was thinking that there was no escape, as I tensed myself for the **inevitable attack**, the bear veered off (*изменил направление*) to one side and then went straight past us. "Look!" whispered Arne. "Behind us!" I turned and saw a second creamy head with two black eyes peering around the corner of an iceberg a few hundred metres behind us. A female bear. Our friend's goal had clearly been in his sight the whole time, and we were the only thing between him and his beloved.

Прочитайте текст и выберите вариант ответа, соответствующий его содержанию.

What surprised the writer about the bear's behaviour?

1) It was moving very strangely. 2) It didn't seem put off by humans.
3) It was moving against the wind.