

1. Drag and drop the ending of the sentences then read the excerpt and try to find correct places for them. Listen and check _____

for this was supposed to be an important book nor could he bring himself to destroy it
swapping news if he can just get away for a while

A.

He didn't think he could improve it; _____ .

B.

I'm sure he can rescue it _____ .

C.

We sat drinking tea in the garden, _____ .

D.

It had failed to measure up to his ambitions, _____ .

When I arrived, Jocelyn was out running errands and Joliet made me welcome. She was a specialist in X-ray crystallography at Imperial College, she was a beautiful, sleek woman with a warm, low voice and an intimate manner. ____ . And then, with



a pause and an introductory frown, as if she had planned the moment, she told me about Jocelyn, how things were not going so well with his work. He'd finished a final draft of a novel and was depressed. ____ . He was

miserable. ____ . It was she who'd suggested they take a short holiday and walk the dusty white tracks around Orvieto. He needed rest and distance from his pages.

While we sat in the shade of the enormous willow, she told me how downcast Jocelyn had been. She had offered to read the novel, but he had refused—reasonably enough, for she's not really a literary sort of person.

When she'd finished, I said airily, “ ____ .”

2. Listen, read and ask questions for the “answers” in bold _____:

They set off **the following morning**. I fed the cat, made myself a second coffee, then spread my pages on a desk in the guest room. The huge, dustless house was silent. But my thoughts kept returning **to Joliet’s story**. It seemed so odd **that my ever-successful friend should have a crisis of confidence**. The fact interested me; it even cheered me a little. After an hour, without taking any sort of decision, I wandered toward Jocelyn’s study. Locked. In the same open-minded spirit, I wandered into the master bedroom. I remembered from our Brixton days where he used to keep his marijuana. It didn’t take me long to find the key, **at the back of his sock drawer**.

You won’t believe this, but I had no plan. I just wanted to see.

On his desk, **a huge old electric typewriter** hummed—he had forgotten to turn it off. He was among the many word-processing holdouts in the literary world. The typescript was right there, in a neatly squared-off pile, **six hundred** pages—long, but not vast. The title was “The Tumult,” and underneath I saw, in pencil, “fifth draft,” followed by the previous week’s date.



tumult

noun [C or U] • formal

UK ˈtʃʊ.məl / ˈtʃuː.məl / US ˈtuː.məl / ˈtuː.məl

a loud noise, especially that produced by an excited crowd, or a state of confusion, change, or uncertainty:

- You couldn’t hear her speak over the **tumult** from the screaming fans.
- From every direction, people were running and shouting and falling over each other in a **tumult** of confusion.
- The financial markets are **in** tumult.

I’m amazed that he **should** have done something so stupid.

I’m sorry that he **should** be so upset by what I said.

“It seemed so odd that my ever-successful friend **should have a crisis of confidence**.”

Surprise or regret

We sometimes use *should* to express surprise or regret about something that happened:

3. Shadow Ian McEwan

I sat down in my old friend’s study chair and began to read. _____

Two hours later, in a kind of dream, I took a break, went into the garden for ten minutes, then decided that I should get on with my own wretched attempt.

Instead, I found myself drawn back to Jocelyn’s desk. _____

I hesitated by it, then I sat down. _____

I read all day, paused for supper, read until late, woke early, and finished at lunchtime. _____

4. Listen, read, and unjumble the adjectives _____.

Give at least one example of adjectives with the same suffixes.

It was **cegamfinint** _____. By far his best. Better than any **ryconmaterop** _____ novel I remembered reading. If I say it was Tolstoyan in its ambition, it was also modernist, Proustian, Joycean in execution. It had moments of joy and terrible grief. His prose sang more beautifully than ever. It was **lowdlyr** _____; it gave us London; it gave us the twentieth century. The depictions of the five central characters overwhelmed me with their truth, their brightness. I felt I'd always known such people. Sometimes they seemed too close, too real. The end—a matter of fifty pages—was **honipsymc** _____ in its slow, unfolding grandeur, **ulrowsrof** _____, **tnedresduta** _____, honest, and I was in tears. Not only for the plight of the characters but for the whole superb conception, its understanding of love and regret and fate, and its warm sympathy for the frailty of human nature.

5. Read and fill the gaps with prepositions. Listen, check and translate _____
What is in the picture?



I stood ____ from the desk. Distractedly, I watched a battered-looking thrush hopping backward and forward across the lawn ____ search of a worm. I do not say this ____ my defense, but, again, I was empty ____ schemes. I experienced only the glow of an extraordinary reading experience, a form of profound gratitude familiar ____ all who love literature.

6.

*“If I say it was **Tolstoyan** in its ambition, it was also modernist, **Proustian**, **Joycean** in execution.”*

Pre-reading:

suggestive

indicative or evocative

bestowed upon/on

given something as an honor or present

to audition

to assess the suitability by means of an audition

euphonious

(of sound, especially speech) pleasing to the ear

reminiscent (adj)	tending to remind one of something; suggesting something by resemblance
to merit	to deserve or be worthy of
mockery	an absurd misrepresentation or imitation of something
append	add (something) to a piece of writing

When we refer to something suggestive of William Shakespeare's works, why do we write *Shakespearean* (or, seldom, *Shakespearian*) rather than *Shakespearesque*? Why is an epic tale labeled Homeric rather than Homerian? What's the difference between *Christian* and *Christ-like*? Is there a method to the madness of these suffixes?

The transformation of surnames into adjectives is fairly random, and writers are strongly advised to consult a dictionary or to research online usage rather than rely on common sense. When such a suffix has not yet been bestowed on a name, audition the four forms (-ean, -esque, -ian, and -ic) and select the most euphonious among them, but only after considering whether it's wise to use any of the options at all, rather than to simply state that something is reminiscent of the works or beliefs of a particular person.

It takes a significant achievement or, more likely, set of achievements to merit this form, and your attempt to honor someone may be interpreted as irony. The good news, however, is that attaching one of these suffixes to a person's name is, in a satirical context, an effective form of mockery or parody. (Consider, for example, a reference to a vocalist's Bieberesque stylings. But beware of clumsy constructions like *Kardashianian*.)

In sincere usage, reserve -esque for the most deserving recipient names, as with *Lincolnesque*. The suffixes -ean and -ian — the former form dominates, though the choice often seems arbitrary — is suitable for most other references (*Sartrean*, *Freudian*). The -ic option is most suitable for classical (*Platonic*) or historical (*Napoleonic*) references.

And note the conversion of names ending in vowel sounds: Themes suggestive of George Bernard Shaw's philosophy or the tone of his work, for example, are called Shavian, and a worldview akin to that of Henry David Thoreau is Thoreauvian.

The seemingly most sensible alternative — to simply append -like to a name — is rarely employed; the only widespread example that comes to mind is in the distinction between reference to Christian theology or values and to Christ-like behavior or appearance. (The suffix -like is usually attached to a root word without hyphenation, but an exception is made for proper nouns.)

From <https://www.dailywritingtips.com/suffixes-that-denote-relation-or-resemblance/>