This short series of LWSs is designed around the short story My Purple Scented Novel by Ian McEwan

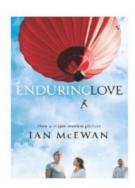


Ian McEwan, in full **Ian Russell McEwan**, (born June 21, 1948, Aldershot, England), British novelist, short-story writer, and screenwriter whose restrained, refined prose style accentuates the horror of his dark humour and perverse subject matter.

The Guardian: You suspect that even reviewers who find things not to like when a McEwan novel is finished have been gripped as they read. The bite of his plots is extraordinary. This has

something to do, certainly, with those throttling crises that every reader remembers: the panicky attempt to dispose of the body in *The Innocent*; the escalating confrontation after a minor traffic accident in *Saturday*; the loss of the child in a supermarket in *The Child in Time*; the balloon in *Enduring Love*. Even the novelist's detractors admit that he does these slow-motion catastrophes, where terror erupts into the ordinary world, brilliantly.

1. Study the posters, read the plots of some films based on Ian McEwan novels. Have you seen any of them? Type in a matching title next to each description.











- A. The life of a children's book author is turned upside down when his daughter goes missing.
- B. In 1962 England, a young couple find their idyllic romance colliding with issues of sexual freedom and societal pressure, leading to an awkward and fateful wedding night.



	mbles, a judge must decide a nsfusion on religious principle		
	me connected by a tragedy, y		
	ch deeper than the other is w		
	dgling writer Briony Tallis irre		
lives when she accu	ses her older sister's lover of	a crime he did not co	ommit.
	snippet from the short st		
be about? Drag a	nd drop, listen and check		
publicly connected	earthly triumph	half-forgotten sc	andal
celebrated no	velist rie	gidly attached	obscure novelist
		,,	5.00.00-3-10.13-10.2
You will have heard of	my friend the once		Jocelyn
Tarbot but I suspect hi	s memory is beginning to	fada Tima aan b	muthlogg with
Tarbet, but I suspect in	s memory is beginning to	rade. Time can be	e rutilless with
reputation. The associa	tion in your mind is prob	oably with a	
	and disgrace. You	'd never heard of i	me, the once
	Parker Sparrow, until m	y name was	
	with his. To a knowin	ig few, our names	remain
	, like the two er	nds of a seesaw. Hi	s rise coincided
with, though did not ca	use, my decline. Then his	s descent was my	
	I don't deny there wa	s wrongdoing. I st	cole a life, and I
don't intend to give it b	ack. You may treat these	few pages as a cor	ifession.
3. Look at the option	ns. What do you think ou	r protagonist and	his friend could
have been up to a	t university?		
wanted to be writers	shared the clothes	made love to eac	ch other's girlfriends
published our first s	tories in student magazines	would get d	runk and fight in bars
tried to interest ourselves in	n a homoerotic affair		

#LIVEWORKSHEETS

were ambitious

were involved in student riots

helped each other out

took holidays together

read the same subject

gave generous, savagely honest comments

visited each other's parents

Listen to the clip. How long ago did the protagonist and his friend study together at university? What title of a student magazine was given as an example?

Listen again, type in correct verbs _____



To make it fully, I must go back forty years, to a time when our lives happily and entirely overlapped, and seemed poised to run in parallel toward a shared future. We studied at the same university,

_____the same subject —English literature—

______our first stories in student magazines with names like *Knife in Your Eye*. (But what names are like that?) We ______ ambitious . We _____ to be writers, famous writers, even great writers. We _____ holidays together and ______ each other's stories, _____ generous, savagely honest comments, _____ love to each other's girlfriends, and, on a few occasions, _____ to interest ourselves in a homoerotic affair. I'm fat and bald now, but then I had a head of curls and was slender. I liked to think I resembled Shelley. Jocelyn was tall, blond, muscular, with a firm jawline, the very image of the *Übermensch* Nazi.

But he had no taste for politics at all. Our affair was simply bohemian posturing. We thought it made us fascinating.

The truth was that we were each repelled by the sight of the



other's penis. We did very little to or with each other, but we were happy to have people think we did a lot.



Why are the	pictures l	here?
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bold? Listen and fill the gaps with original words
None of this got in the way of our literary friendship. I don't think we were properly
competitive at the time. But, looking back, I'd say that at first I was the
one who was ahead. I was the first to publish in a real, <i>adult</i> literary
magazine—The North London Review. At the end of our university career, I got a
good first, Jocelyn got a second-class degree. We decided that such things were
insignificant, and so they turned out to be. We moved to London
and took single rooms just a few streets away from each other in Brixton. I published
my second story, so it was a relief when he published his first. We continued to meet
regularly, get drunk, read each other's stuff, and we began to move in the same
pleasantly <i>oppressed</i> literary circles. We even began at roughly
the same time to write reviews for the <i>reputable</i> national press.
5. Listen and fill the gaps. Spell the words out loud, explain the meaning
Those two years after university were the height of our youth. We
were growing up fast. We were both working on our first novels, and they had much
in common: sex,, a touch of, some violence, some
fashionable, and very good jokes about all the things that can go
wrong between a young man and a young woman. We were happy. Nothing stood in
our way.
6. Listen and read. Find in the text words for the following synonyms and definitions
showed reverence and adoration (v2)
something regarded as worthless; rubbish (n)
imagined or expected (v3)
enough or more than enough; plentiful (adj)
desire and determination to achieve success (n, pl)
abundant in supply or quantity (adj)

4.Read the excerpt. Which words do you think were replaced by the synonyms in

Then two things did. Jocelyn, without telling me, wrote a TV play. That sort of thing, I thought at the time, was well beneath us. We worshipped at the temple of literature. TV was mere entertainment, dross for the masses. The screenplay was



immediately produced, starred two famous actors, was passionate about a good cause—homelessness or unemployment—that I had never heard Jocelyn mention. It was a success; he was talked about, noted. His first novel was anticipated. None of that would have mattered if I had not, at the same time, met Arabella, an

English rose, ample, generous, calm, a funny girl who remains my wife even today. I'd had a dozen lovers before then, but I got no farther than Arabella. She laid on everything I needed by way of sex and friendship and adventure and variation. Such a passion was not enough in itself to stand between Jocelyn and me, or me and my ambitions. Far from it. Arabella's nature was copious, unjealous, all-embracing, and she liked Jocelyn from the start.

"You will have heard of my friend the once celebrated novelist Jocelyn Tarbet."

We can use **will** to talk about the present – to say what we think is very probably or certainly the case:

"There's somebody at the door." - "That'll be the electrician."

Don't phone them now - they'll be having dinner.

Will have... can express similar ideas about the past.

As you will have noticed, there is a new secretary in the front office.

It's no use expecting Barry to turn up. He'll have forgotten.

"Then his descent was my earthly triumph."



What other adjectives ending –ly can you remember?

Tap the link and sort out the adjectives and adverbs.

