

## Exercice 2 : Le présent à la forme affirmative (en contexte) :

[https://www.bookbrowse.com/excerpts/index.cfm/book\\_number/326/page\\_number/2/bridget-joness-diary#excerpt](https://www.bookbrowse.com/excerpts/index.cfm/book_number/326/page_number/2/bridget-joness-diary#excerpt)

Complétez les phrases en conjuguant le verbe au présent à la forme affirmative. Les \* vous rappellent qu'il s'agit d'un verbe irrégulier.

### *Bridget Jones's Diary (Chapter 1)*

[...]

January: A Very Bad Start

**1:45 p.m.** Ugh. First day of New Year has been day of horror. Cannot quite believe I am once again starting the year in a single bed in my parents' house. It is too humiliating at my age. I wonder if they'll smell it if I have a fag out of the window. Having skulked at home all day, hoping hangover would clear, I eventually [ ] (give\*) up and set off for the Turkey Curry Buffet far too late. When I [ ] (get\*) to the Alconburys' and rang their entire-tune-of-town-hall-clock-style doorbell I [ ] (be\*) still in a strange world of my own--nauseous, vile-headed, acidic. I was also suffering from road-rage residue after inadvertently getting on to the M6 instead of the M1 and having to drive halfway to Birmingham before I could find anywhere to turn round. I was so furious I [ ] (keep\*) jamming my foot down to the floor on the accelerator pedal to give vent to my feelings, which is very dangerous. I [ ] (watch) resignedly as Una Alconbury's form--intriguingly deformed through the rippled glass door--bore down on me in a fuchsia two-piece.

"Bridget! We'd almost given you up for lost! Happy New Year! Just about to start without you."

She [ ] (seem) to manage to kiss me, get my coat off, hang it over the banister, wipe her lipstick off my cheek and make me feel incredibly guilty all in one movement, while I [ ] (lean) against the ornament shelf for support.

"Sorry. I [ ] (get\*) lost."

"Lost? Durr! What are we going to do with you? Come on in!"

She [REDACTED] (lead\*) me through the frosted-glass doors into the lounge, shouting, "She got lost, everyone!"

"Bridget! Happy New Year!" [REDACTED] (say\*) Geoffrey Alconbury, clad in a yellow diamond-patterned sweater. He [REDACTED] (do\*) a jokey Bob Hope step then [REDACTED] (give\*) me the sort of hug which Boots would send straight to the police station.

"Hahumph," he said, going red in the face and pulling his trousers up by the waistband. "Which junction [REDACTED] (do\*) you come off at?"

"Junction nineteen, but there was a diversion ..."

"Junction nineteen! Una, she [REDACTED] (come\*) off at Junction nineteen! You've added an hour to your journey before you even [REDACTED] (start). Come on, let's get you a drink. How's your love life, anyway?"

Oh *God*. Why can't married people understand that this is no longer a polite question to ask? We wouldn't rush up to *them* and roar, "How's your marriage going? [...]" Everyone knows that dating in your thirties is not the happy-go-lucky free-for-all it was when you [REDACTED] (be\*) twenty-two and that the honest answer is more likely to be, "Actually, last night my married lover

[REDACTED] (appear) wearing suspenders and a darling little Angora crop-top, told me he was gay/a sex addict/a narcotic addict/a commitment phobic and beat me up with a dildo," than, "Super, thanks."

Not being a natural liar, I [REDACTED] (end) up mumbling shamefacedly to Geoffrey, "Fine," at which point he boomed, "So you *still* haven't got a feller!"

"Bridget! What *are* we going to do with you!" said Una. "You career girls! I don't know! Can't put it off forever, you know. Tick-tock-tick-tock."

"Yes. How does a woman manage to get to your age without being married?" [REDACTED] (roar)

Brian. Enderby (married to Mavis, used to be president of the Rotary in Kettering), waving his sherry in the air. Fortunately, my dad [REDACTED] (rescue) me. [...]