

POZIOM B2-C1

PAUL ROMAN

MARTA FIHEL

ROMANS



16+

KEVIN'S KONUNDRUM

W WERSJI DO NAUKI ANGIELSKIEGO

WILLIAMSTOWN SERIES



SŁÓWKO
VOCABULARY



NAGRANIE MP3



ĆWICZENIA DO TEKSTU



SŁOWNIK NA MARGINESACH

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Spis treści

Wstęp	7
PART I	11
Before You Read	11
Chapter 1	15
Chapter 2	22
Chapter 3	39
After You've Read	48
Exercises	51
PART II	53
Before You Read	53
Chapter 4	57
Chapter 5	63
Chapter 6	76
After You've Read	90
Exercises	92
PART III	95
Before You Read	95
Chapter 7	99
Chapter 8	108
Chapter 9	117
After You've Read	139
Exercises	142
PART IV	145
Before You Read	145
Chapter 10	149
Chapter 11	156

Chapter 12	169
After You've Read	207
Exercises	209
 PART V	 213
Before You Read	213
Chapter 13	217
Chapter 14	241
Chapter 15	248
After You've Read	258
Exercises	261
 Słowniczek	 263

Wstęp

Kevin's Konundrum to pełna humoru i niespodziewanych zwrotów akcji opowieść o poszukiwaniu miłości. Tytułowy Kevin Malone otrzymuje stanowisko na lokalnym uniwersytecie, odnawia dawne przyjaźnie i poznaje piękną młodą dziewczynę gotową na kontynuowanie znajomości. Niespodziewanie pojawiają się jednak inne kobiety, a przede wszystkim Maryann, dawna niespełniona miłość, o której Kevin nie potrafi zapomnieć. W dodatku liczne rodzeństwo Malone nie potrafi dojść do porozumienia w sprawie odziedziczonego majątku. Wkrótce okazuje się, że niemal każda osoba z otoczenia Kevina skrywa jakąś tajemnicę, a on sam musi rozwiązać niejedną zagadkę, aby wypłatać się z sieci kłamstw i intryg, a być może znaleźć prawdziwą miłość.

Żywy język powieści to wspaniała okazja do odświeżenia i poszerzenia autentycznego, używanego na co dzień słownictwa. Kanadyjski angielski pod względem leksykalnym jest bardzo podobny do amerykańskiej odmiany angielskiego, ale pisownia niektórych wyrazów (np. neighbour, theatre) jest zgodna z zasadami ortografii brytyjskiej.

Opracowany przez nas podręcznik oparty na oryginalnym tekście powieści został skonstruowany według przejrzystego schematu:

- Tekst książki został podzielony na **pięć części** – każdą z nich przeczytasz w jeden wieczór!
- Każdą część poprzedza seria krótkich **ćwiczeń**, które pozwolą przypomnieć sobie lub poznać kluczowe **słownictwo**: wyrażenia potoczne, utarte zwroty, idiomy i *phrasal verbs*.
- Na marginesach tekstu podano angielskie i polskie **objaśnienia** trudniejszych wyrazów.
- Po każdej części znajdziesz sekcję, dzięki której przypomnisz sobie lub poznasz **słownictwo** z określone kategorii tematycznej.
- Po każdej części zamieszczono krótki komentarz **gramatyczny**, w którym przystępnie omawiamy zasady użycia zastosowanych w tekście konstrukcji.

- **Ćwiczenia** na końcu każdej części pozwolą błyskawicznie powtórzyć i sprawdzić omówione w podręczniku zagadnienia gramatyczne.
- **Klucz odpowiedzi** do wszystkich ćwiczeń znajdziesz bezpośrednio pod nimi.
- Alfabetyczny wykaz wyrazów objaśnianych na marginesie tekstu znajduje się w **słowniczku** na końcu książki.

Kevin's Konundrum*

Williamstown Series

by Paul Roman

* **konundrum** = **conundrum**: (a riddle, an intricate problem); łamigłówka, zagadka

PART IV

BEFORE YOU READ

Focus on the Text

1. Read the texts and fill the gaps with the words from the box.

**committed dumped embark fallen for heart-to-heart
hitting mustered up one-night**

Not long after her boyfriend (a)_____ her, Alison started using a dating app. Not that she was in for a (b)_____ stand, or (c)_____ on anyone just for fun. She decided to (d)_____ on a (e)_____ relationship and search for a real soulmate, which resulted in a series of disastrous dates. Upset and discouraged, she had a (f)_____ with her best friend, who confessed he'd (g)_____ her many years earlier, but had never (h)_____ the courage to tell her.

2. Decide if the statements below are true or false.

- A. If you hit on someone, you try to pick them up.
- B. A committed relationship is a serious one.
- C. A heart-to-heart conversation always involves best friends.

Answers

1. a) dumped b) one-night c) hitting d) embark e) committed f) heart-to-heart g) fallen for h) mustered up
2. A. true B. true C. false

Everyday Language

A) Choose the right definition for each word or expression.

1. schmuck

- a) jerk b) dummy c) chick

2. be done with something

- a) have finished something b) have forgotten something c) be tired with something

3. dead-beat

- a) overworked b) lazy c) dishonest

4. he's got nothing on you

- a) he doesn't know anything about you b) he's not your enemy c) he can't beat you

5. have a soft spot for somebody

- a) feel sorry for someone b) like someone even if they misbehave c) constantly think about someone

6. pull yourself together

- a) overcome a crisis b) try hard not to lose c) recover from an illness

7. chick

- a) a jerk b) a child c) a girl

8. high-end

- a) faraway b) of top quality c) expensive

B) Match the sentences (1–8) with their equivalents (a–h).

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. He feels under the weather. | a. He's not good at it. |
| 2. He put the pieces together. | b. He's facing a difficult and complex situation. |
| 3. His mind snapped. | c. He's extremely angry or excited. |
| 4. He's a man of his word. | d. He's a man who does what he promised. |
| 5. He's beside himself. | e. He understood what happened. |
| 6. He saved the day. | f. He lost his mind. |
| 7. He's stuck in a rabbit hole. | g. He found a way out of trouble. |
| 8. It's not his strong suit. | h. He feels slightly ill. |

C) Read the sentences and decide what each phrasal verb means.

1. Sheila was waiting for the painkillers to **kick in**.
 2. Peter was doubled over the sink, **throwing up**.
 3. The gig **kicks off** at seven, right?
 4. One thing she knew for certain: **giving up** the job was not an option.
 5. He'd **made up** all these lame excuses, had he not?
 6. At this pace, Mike is sure to **squander** his fortune **away** in no time.
 7. The whole story doesn't **add up**. Someone's lying here.
 8. So when I opened the door, I saw two figures **making out** in the dark.
- A. invent, fabricate
B. kiss, smooch
C. leave behind
D. make sense
E. start
F. switch on, start working
G. vomit
H. waste carelessly

Answers

- A) 1. a 2. a 3. b 4. c 5. b 6. a 7. c 8. b
B) 1. h 2. e 3. f 4. d 5. c 6. g 7. b 8. a
C) 1. F 2. G 3. E 4. C 5. A 6. H 7. D 8. B

10.

The kitchen was empty and silent, but I could hear raised voices from the dining room next door. They were raised loud enough that they wouldn't have heard me enter, so instead of proceeding I decided to stay in the kitchen and listen, because the voices, as I recognized right away, were those of Maryann, Michael, and Annie. This would be interesting, I thought.

"How could you even do that!" Annie was yelling.

"How could I not do that?" Was Michael's brilliant response.

"You guys, please. Please stop!" That was Maryann. I don't think I'd ever heard her use a pleading tone of voice like that. It wasn't very becoming.

"This really is none of your business." This was Michael.

"Really? Not my business? It's my fucking house too, Michael. And it's your brother's house. And your sisters'. What, did you think we'd just let you do this and have nothing to say here?"

"I don't know why you're upset. You haven't exactly been interested in the place since Mom died. I've been the one taking care of it."

"Not very well."

"Well, it's not my strong suit, OK? But I'm doing my best. And it's not like the money hasn't helped you already either. Who came out to Vancouver to help you get out of your

pleading: (begging); błagalny, proszący

becoming: (attractive, suitable); twarzowy, stosowny

sb's strong suit: (sb's strength); czyjaś mocna strona

nontenured: (not having tenure); niemający zatrudnienia na czas nieokreślony

brat kid: (naughty child); bachor

on a monthly basis: (monthly); co miesiąc

marital: (relating to marriage); małżeński

alimony: (money paid to a divorced ex-spouse); alimenty

dead-beat: (lazy); leniwy

as far as sb/sth is

concerned: (when it comes to sb/sth); jeśli chodzi o...

utmost: (great, huge); najwyższy, wielki

rabbit hole: (difficult and complex situation); sytuacja niemal bez wyjścia

awful situation? Who did you think was paying for that? A sessional lecturer from SAU? Do you even know how much a **nontenured** prof makes at this stupid university? And as for the other girls, what about all the problems they're having? Who do you think has been helping Sally pay the kids' school bills and for their other issues? Do you think marine biologists make enough money to pay tuition for three kids at international schools, in addition to covering all the damage that those **brat kids** of hers cause at the school on what seems like a **monthly basis**? And what about Mary? You think she's rolling in it? Her poor **marital** choices resulted in her having to pay **alimony** to two **dead-beat** husbands, and you think her professorial salary is going to cover that, plus her extravagant expenses? And Susan is no saint either."

"I don't know that I need to be hearing this, you guys," Maryann seemed to finally wake up because really, she had no business listening to this **as far as I was concerned**, and as far as Michael should have been concerned.

"You are now part of this family, Maryann," Michael said to my **utmost** surprise, "so yeah, you're affected too."

"Michael!" Annie exclaimed. "You said you two are not even that serious."

"You did?"

"You heard me say that. It was at the party. I was just saying that so they'd get off my back. They want me to get married, but I'm not about to go down that **rabbit hole**. See how well that worked out for all of my siblings. And for you."

"I thought Sally and Susan were doing fine?" Annie said, surprised.

I heard a nasty **snort** from Michael.

"I thought the four of you spent like two weeks travelling together. And you were supposed to have some **heart-to-hearts**. I guess none of the marital problems came up with those two? Apparently, I'm the only one that gets to hear about those."

I was finding this situation more and more difficult to understand, and I started feeling bad for **eavesdropping**, except that this conversation absolutely had everything to do with me, so not only was I within my rights to listen in, but I rightfully should have been part of it. I waited for an opening to enter.

"Michael, that's enough!" Annie sounded **exasperated**. "So, what? You're just going to keep **shacking up** with this Maryann and her kid and dog, and not get married?"

"It's the twenty-first century, Annie," he said, somewhat turning down the anger. "People are allowed to **shack up** now. Have been able to for years, actually. You of all people should know that!"

Now the sigh came from Annie. I could tell she **was beside herself**.

"Annie," Maryann's pleading voice was back, "please. You're getting upset for no reason. I'm not even interested in **shacking up**, to be honest."

"What?" Now it was Michael's turn to be surprised. I was glowing in the kitchen.

"Well, not with you."

That was my opening. Here I was: the hero, stepping in to **save the day**.

snort: (sound made by breathing air out through the nose, usu. showing disapproval); prychnięcie, parsknięcie
heart-to-heart: (intimate conversation); szczera bliska rozmowa

eavesdrop: (listen to what others say without their knowledge); podsłuchiwać

exasperated: (annoyed); rozdrażniony

shack up: (live with who's one's lover, but not legitimate partner or spouse); żyć z kimś bez ślubu

be beside oneself: (be extremely angry, agitated, excited, etc.); wychodzić z siebie

save the day: (find a way out of trouble); uratować sytuację

take in: (grasp); obejmować,
chłonąć

entirety: (total, completeness);
całość, całość

by design: (deliberately);
celowo, umyślnie

jet: (stream of liquid; hole from
which water flows); strumień;
wlew wody

roar: (scream in anger);
ryczeć, wrzeszczeć

whiny: (grumpy and
miserable); marudny

angelic: (angel-like); anielski

"Probably not with anyone right now."

And I stepped into that.

"Kevin!" Annie saw me first. She was sitting in Dad's seat, facing the kitchen.

"How long have you been listening?" Michael, sitting on Annie's left, wheeled around, sounding minimally concerned.

Maryann's usually lively eyes, full of tears now, I noticed, glanced up at me, and then turned away and down to the table.

I **took in** the **entirety** of the scene. Maryann and Michael were sitting across from each other, on either side of Annie, and this seemed to have been done **by design**, on purpose I mean, by her. The next thing I noticed was what they were wearing. Or rather, what they weren't wearing. Sure, it was a hot night, but Michael was just in a pair of swim trunks, his somewhat toned body looking sweaty, or wet, or something, and his red hair was damp too. Annie was in her work clothes. Maryann had on a loose-fitting t-shirt, one of Michael's, and her legs were bare under the table. She was also wet. I was a bit puzzled, until I heard the sound of the hot tub **jets** in the background out on the deck off the living room.

"What the fuck?" I **roared**.

"Kevin, please," Maryann's pleading tone continued, and it was almost **whiny** and really quite uncharacteristic of this lively, intense, creative, sexy, **angelic** woman. I looked away from her and stared at my brother. He held his eyes on mine and didn't blink.

"You bastard," I said, quietly, but with the utmost anger.

"Relax, nothing happened," he had the **gall** to say.

"Nothing happened because I got home in time," Annie **chimed in**. "They were in the hot-tub, Kevin, and they were naked."

Maryann's eyes were invisible. She closed them and the tears were still forcing their way out through the lids.

"**Tattle-tale**," Michael said, sounding like he did when he was four and Annie ten.

"You need to face up to the consequences of your actions, Mister," scolded Annie, the mother figure she had sometimes been in our childhood.

"Fuck you! You're not Mom, you know?"

At that, Maryann had had enough. She got up from the table and ran upstairs, to the master bedroom where she slammed the door. The three of us sat there, or stood there in my case, just looking from one to the other, Michael and I **periodically** looking up the stairs.

Before too long, the door opened again and slammed shut, and Maryann came downstairs, wearing a short summer dress and **Birkenstocks**, her hair tied in a ponytail. She headed straight for the front door, but before she reached it she turned back around to face the three Malones. There was a moment's hesitation before she spoke, as if she was trying to decide which of the three of us to address. Finally, after what seemed an **eternity**, she looked at me:

"Kevin," she said, "I would still like to have breakfast with you in the morning, as stupid as that might sound right now. I hope I'll see you tomorrow."

gall: (courage, impudence);
czelność, tupet

chime in: (get involved and support); włączać się, popierać, wtórować

tattle-tale: (sb who tells on others, used by children);
skarżypyta

periodically: (from time to time); okresowo

Birkenstocks: (sandals);
sandaly

eternity: (forever); wieczność

aghast: (shocked); osłupiały

snicker: (laugh); rżec ze śmiechu

hilarious: (funny); wesoły

genuine: (true, authentic); prawdziwy

momentarily: (for a moment); na chwilę

pound: (hit); tłuc, walić

dismay: (fear); przerażenie, konsternacja

inconsolable: (impossible to comfort); niepokieszony

And then she turned around and walked out the door.

I was **aghast**. Annie's mouth actually opened wide. Michael laughed.

It started as a short cruel laugh, but then it grew into a longer **snicker**, and then a full-blown, laughing out loud, **hilarious** laugh, that I remembered from our childhood. It had always been his greatest quality. I hadn't heard that laugh in forever. The best thing about it was that it was so **genuine** and contagious and so first it spread to Annie, and then I also started laughing. It lasted a good three or four minutes, stopping **momentarily**, and then starting up again. By the end of it, I was sitting in the seat just vacated by Maryann, and Michael's head was on the table and he was **pounding** on it with the laughter.

Annie and I stopped laughing at last, but to our surprise, then **dismay**, and then sadness, we realized that Michael's pounding on the table was no longer accompanying his laughter, but tears. Our Big Little Brother was hurting. He was weeping. He was **inconsolable**.

At first, I rolled my eyes. Then I shrugged my shoulders, but then I did feel bad. I looked at Annie. She had total motherly concern on her face. Her reaction to my eye roll was a look like that was the worst possible thing for me to have done. She gestured to Michael as if she wanted me to go to him and comfort him. I shrugged again. I got up from the table and walked behind her to Mike's side of the dining room, but as I approached him from the side, I couldn't do it. I looked over at Annie and shook my head.

Then I ran upstairs, and slammed the door to my old room. I threw myself onto my old bed which smelled like Annie because of course this was now her room, and I started to cry. I could hear Annie's quiet comforting words from downstairs and Mikey's **bawling** subside gradually.

bawling: (screaming); wrzaski, ryki

What was I to do? Should I really go to Maryann's in the morning? What could she possibly tell me to make this OK? Did I even want to hear anything from her? Did I need to? What did I want to hear from her? I was so fucking confused, I had no idea what to think never mind feel anymore. I **balled up** my fists and twisted them into my eyes, and then gathered myself up, and went back downstairs.

ball up: (clench); zacisnąć, zwinąć

Michael and Annie had moved to the living room. He was sitting in Dad's chair and she was lying down on the sofa. They weren't looking at each other. She was on her smartphone. He was sitting there staring straight ahead like a zombie.

I ignored them completely, walked out the back door, got in my car and drove.

I didn't want to bother Jamie and Ola, so I drove over to Oak Street and followed it out of town where it turned into Oak Haven Road, and followed it to Oak Haven, then Oak Bay, and then all the way to St. Andrew's. I got myself a room at the Algonquin, then proceeded to empty the mini-bar and drink myself into a **stupor**. What I did in the morning, I decided, would have to depend on how I felt and at what time I woke up. I would let **fate** itself decide.

stupor: (intoxication; state in which one cannot think clearly); zamroczenie, odurzenie
fate: (things that are going to happen); los

11.

I woke at 7:30 feeling surprisingly good. I jumped in the shower and checked out by 8:30. I felt like I could have a conversation with anyone about anything, and I had ordered some shaving supplies from the front desk, so I was actually looking my best, despite wearing the same clothes I'd been in last night. No matter. Fate had decided. I jumped in my car and drove the 25 minutes or so to Williamstown. I pulled up to her townhouse at almost exactly 9:00 am. I congratulated myself on being punctual, and got out to face my fate.

I knocked on her front door. She wasn't from Williamstown, and these townhouses didn't have easily accessible side or back doors, so I knew this was the best way to enter. I heard the little dog barking, then some **scuffling**, and her lovely, normal voice call out "just a sec."

I waited patiently, feeling like an idiot for not bringing flowers or some sort of gift. I'd been raised better than that, but **alas**, I had nothing to give her. But on the other hand, what was my purpose in coming here exactly? Was I a **suitor** hoping for a positive response from a **maiden** I was **courting**, or was I a guy who'd had a thing with a girl, and who was coming over to see whether there was any more to be had?

After what seemed an eternity, she finally **answered the door**. She was wearing another light summery dress. It was already a warm morning, and the day was supposed to be sweltering, even on the coast. She had a rosy glow on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips, but not much of one in

scuffling: (short fight, quick noisy movement); szamotanina, szarpanina

alas: (unfortunately); niestety

suitor: (man who wants to win a woman's heart); zalotnik

maiden: (virgin, young woman); dziewczica, panna

court: (woo, try to make sb romantically interested in one); zalecać się, starać się o

answer the door: (open the door); otworzyć drzwi gościowi

her eyes. They were a little dull-looking in fact, and she seemed tired out.

“Good morning,” I said, trying to sound as bright and cheerful as I was hoping I was feeling.

“Hey, Kevin!” she said, the old enthusiasm almost there again, if sounding a little forced. “Come on in. I’m so glad you came.”

“Of course! We have a date. And I always keep those.”

“Yes, of course. You’re one of the good guys.”

“I am. I am a good guy. And I am a **man of my word**.”

“I know.”

We went to the kitchen where that one time we had had sex. I remembered the feeling of her body next to mine. Then I realized she hadn’t hugged me hello. She usually did that. Then again, I hadn’t reached out to hug her either, and I usually did that. I was a hugger. She was a hugger. We hugged well. I figured this might be a sign, and I think my shoulders **slumped** a little.

“Please, sit down,” she said, in a tone that seemed more serious than any sort of friendly or romantic, **indicating** a kitchen chair.

“Thanks.”

“It’ll just be a few minutes.”

She cooked breakfast in silence. I helped myself to a coffee from her **Keurig**. She had one already. I couldn’t tell what she was thinking, because I couldn’t see her face **due to** the way the kitchen was arranged. She had her back to me while she was cooking. After the longest few minutes in the world, the eggs and bacon were ready. She served them with toast.

man of his word: (man who does what he promised);
człowiek słowny

slump: (bend forward); opaść,
przygarbić się

indicate: (point); wskazywać

Keurig: (manufacturer of coffee machines; here: coffee machine); ekspres do kawy
due to: (because of); z powodu

domestic: (relating to home);
domowy

never mind: (let alone, to say
nothing of); nie mówiąc o

be done: (have finished);
skończyć (coś zrobić)

"Thanks," I said.

"Of course." She sat down across from me, and for just one brief moment this seemed like an idyllic domestic scene, but it was only an illusion, of course.

"Kevin," she said, after her first bite of toast, "I don't know what to say to you this morning. I'm glad you came, but I'm surprised that you did. After last night, I thought, and you would be well within your rights, to just forget all about me and not even bother looking at me again, never mind speaking to me. And yet here you are. And I hoped you would come, I really did, but now that you're here, I don't know what to say."

"Maryann," I said, because it felt like she was done.

"Please, let me finish," she raised up a hand to stop me. "If I don't say this all at once, I don't know that I'll say it at all."

"Then don't say it."

"No, I have to say it."

"Why?"

"Because. Because it's not fair to you if I don't."

"OK, fine. Tell me what you need to tell me."

She took a deep breath, sighed, then took another, and then she began:

"Kevin, you're an amazing guy. You really are, and I have been very fortunate to have shared with you what we shared, but I know now that there can never be any more than that between us, and it would never be anything more than what we've already had, and that's not enough for you, and it's not fair to

you. There. I said it. I think that's the best way I can put it."

I thought about the words as she was saying them, and then I thought a little more about them after they were out of her mouth and in my ears and in my brain and in my heart and in my gut and in my groin, and I groaned. My soul groaned. My heart groaned. My mind snapped, and I had to blink my eyes three times to get it to unsnap.

"I see," I finally said. "Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Uh-huh. I understand." I didn't, but it was all I could say at this moment.

I took a couple more bites of my food and a sip of coffee.

"Maryann," I said, looking into her eyes which suddenly looked scared, or concerned, or pitiful, or something that I couldn't quite recognize, "I love you. I fell in love with you the very first moment that I saw you, and every moment I saw you after that, my love for you grew and grew until it became unbearable. And then we had that year with almost nothing, and then you were divorced and you came to celebrate with me, and I was glad you'd picked me, because as soon as I saw you that night in Saint John, I remembered the love that I felt for you and all the times that we saw each other, all the times we've been together, that love grew and grew and grew. And I was ready, I am ready, to dedicate my life to you. In every way. Body, soul, and mind. And I've moved to Williamstown, sure it happened to work out that way, and that had little to do with you, but

gut: (stomach); trzewia

groin: (where human legs meet the upper part of the body); krocze

sb's mind snapped: (sb lost their mind); ktoś postradał zmysły

unbearable: (impossible to stand); nie do zniesienia

dedicate: (devote); poświęcić

meet a requirement: (do what is necessary); spełniać wymagania

spray: (force out tiny amounts of sth); rozpylić, rozpryskać
feel nauseous: (feel sick, as if about to vomit); odczuwać mdłości

throw up: (vomit); wymiotować

kick in: (switch on); włączać się, zaskoczyć
echo: (repeat after sb); powtórzyć

it still worked out. It's a sign. And if you believe in magic, like the magic of secret parties and fireworks over the harbour, and the magic of love, and fate, then it's fate that I got this job. I had to get it so I could **meet the requirement** you made of me, that you were not willing to have a long-distance relationship, but that if I could live here in Williamstown, you would consider it. You would think about dating me. And that's what I think should be happening now. We should be dating."

This all came flowing out of me, and I think I **sprayed** some food across the table as I spoke, and I don't know what sort of impression I was making, and suddenly, of course I started **feeling nauseous**, because the alcohol from the previous night was finally hitting my brain, I guess, or whatever happens with alcohol in the blood-stream after eight hours or whatever after you stop drinking. And I genuinely felt like I was going to **throw up**. But I didn't. I looked at Maryann carefully because the look on her face was one I had never seen before.

She looked tired. She looked exhausted, actually. She looked as though she had just run a very long race, and she was about to fall down at the finish line. I wasn't sure what this look was all about.

"Are you OK?" I said, my natural caring instinct **kicking in**.

"Am I OK?" she **echoed**. "Am I OK? He asks me if I'm OK, when I've just broken his heart, he asks me if I'm OK."

She said it, like she was talking to an audience, and I realized that I was the audience.

I was the **schmuck** she was talking about, and the audience at the same time.

“You just looked, I don’t know, very upset.”

“I’m just tired. It was an exhausting night.”

“Oh?”

“Well, you were there for a bit of it,” she seemed **reluctant** to remind me of this fact, of the fact that I had almost caught her **in flagrante delicto** with my brother, with whom she was also supposed to be on a break, but my sister had actually practically caught them in the act. I guess she would have been wary of mentioning it again.

“Yes, I have some questions about that, by the way.”

She groaned.

“Well, don’t you think I deserve some answers?”

She seemed to think about this for the duration of chewing one bite of toast.

“Not really,” she said at last.

“No? Why?”

“Because of what I said earlier. You and I are not going to do this.”

“We may not do this, we may not have a relationship, though I think that’s a terrible mistake you’re making, but I think I still deserve a fucking explanation of what the fuck you were doing at my house last night.”

I didn’t mean to sound angry, but I did. She was taken aback. I wasn’t helping my cause here. She withdrew even more into herself and looked even more tired.

“When you came back home last night,” I continued the **inquest**, “did you have a few drinks?”

schmuck: (jerk); gnojek, palant

reluctant: (unwilling to do sth); niechętny, oporny

in flagrante delicto: (red-handed); na gorącym uczynku

inquest: (questioning); dochodzenie, pytania

charade: (comedy, game passed on appearances); gra pozorów, farsa, komedia
embroil in: (get involved in); wdać się, wplątać się

under the weather: (slightly ill); lekko chory, niezdrowy

bellow: (scream); ryczeć, wrzeszczeć

I just now noticed a couple of empty beer bottles in the kitchen and a quart of vodka, half empty, on the dining room table and some glassware.

"Yes," she said, with a big sigh.

"I see."

"I was fucking exhausted, you know? I was done with the whole Malone **charade** that I'd been **embroiled in** for what seems like years now, and I was just fucking done with it, OK?"

"No, I don't know if that's OK. I don't know what you mean. Did you sit here and drink alone all night and is that why you look like shit this morning?"

I don't know why I was being so harsh. Maybe it did have something to do with her breaking my heart, but it was still not like me. I'd barely been that mean to Diane at the height of the divorce proceedings. I was a good guy. What was I doing?

"Thanks for that," she replied, hurt and angry.

"Well, I mean, if you drank a half a quart and some beer, I guess I can understand why you'd be feeling a little **under the weather** this morning," I said, loudly so as to cause more pain and increase the headache she must have been feeling.

"Fuck off," she practically shouted at me.

"What? I didn't quite hear you?"

"Fuck right off, Kevin Malone!" she **bellowed**. The dog started barking in the backyard. That must have been the noise I heard when I'd first arrived, her putting the dog out into the backyard.

AFTER YOU'VE READ

Vocabulary Focus

Rope Idioms

I showed him the ropes, then let Annie handle the technical instruction while I finished up some curriculum documents

Show/teach somebody the ropes oznacza nauczyć kogoś podstaw, wytłumaczyć komuś, jak coś robić, wprowadzić kogoś w temat. Analogicznie, **know the ropes** oznacza znać się na czymś, wiedzieć, jak coś zrobić, a **learn the ropes** – nauczyć się, jak coś robić. Co ciekawe, wszystkie te wyrażenia pochodzą ze słownika żeglarzy, ponieważ początkujący majtkowie musieli zapoznać się z działaniem systemu lin i żagli na statku.

Kilka innych idiomów ze sznurkami i sznurami:

- **be at/close/near the end of one's rope** – być u kresu sił, być u kresu wytrzymałości
- **give somebody plenty of/enough rope** – dawać komuś swobodę działania
- **money for old rope** – łatwo zarobione pieniądze
- **rope of sand** – słaba, iluzoryczna więź; coś ulotnego, nietrwałego, złudnego; zamek na piasku
- **on the ropes** – bezradny, bezsilny; bliski porażki; rozłożony na łopatki
- **no strings attached** – bez zobowiązań
- **be/do/get along/live/make on a shoestring** – ledwo wiązać koniec z końcem; radzić sobie z ograniczonym, skąpym budżetem, tanim kosztem, z trudem

Except

I started feeling bad for eavesdropping, except that this conversation absolutely had everything to do with me

Except that to: oprócz tego, że, pomijając że. Wyraz **except** możemy tłumaczyć na język polski jako: z wyjątkiem, prócz, nie licząc. Z reguły występuje on z przyimkiem **for**:

Except for his lack of money he would be an ideal candidate. (nie: **Except his lack of money...**)

The room was empty except for a few pupils.

Przyimek **for** może – choć nie musi – zostać opuszczony, gdy wygłaszamy sądy ogólne i używamy określeń **all, everything, any, whole, few** itd., np.:
He eats all vegetables except (for) cauliflower.

Nigdy nie używamy przyimka **for** w sytuacji, gdy po **except** następuje inny przyimek lub spójnik konieczny ze względu na strukturę zdania, np.:
It's raining everywhere except for in Madrid.

Gdy mówimy, że jakaś czynność ma tylko jeden cel, często używamy konstrukcji **except (to) do something**, np.:
I never write to him except to send Christmas greetings.

Z reguły formę czasownika determinuje wcześniejsza część zdania (przed **except**). Porównaj:

He needed nothing except to eat some bread.

Margie was good at nothing, except singing.

Grammar Focus

Dare

Look!

*I **didn't dare** get much closer. I **dare** you to climb that tree!*

Is **dare** a modal verb? In what situations do you use it?

Dare (*śmieć, mieć czelność, mieć śmiałość*) to czasownik dość rzadko już dzisiaj używany. **Dare** można używać jako czasownika modalnego – wówczas w trzeciej osobie liczby pojedynczej nie ma końcówki -s, przeczenie powstaje przez dodanie **not** po czasowniku, a pytanie – przez inwersję. Po **dare** w tym użyciu występuje czasownik w formie podstawowej, np.:

I daren't reject such a generous offer.

Dare you confess your deeds?

Dare może też mieć formy „zwykłego” czasownika. Wówczas łączy się z bezokolicznikiem z **to**, lub, rzadziej, z formą podstawową czasownika, np.:
He didn't dare to utter a word.

Najczęstsze dziś wyrażenia z **dare** to **How dare you?** (*Jak śmiesz!*) i **You dare!/Don't you dare!** (*Tylko spróbuj!*). Poza tym popularne jest: **I dare you (to do something)!**, którego używa się w znaczeniu *Spróbuj (coś zrobić)!* w kontekście zakazu, pogroźki lub wyzwania, np.:

I dare you to touch my things again!

I dare you to jump from that roof!

Exercises

1. Match the words and expressions (a–j) with their definitions (1–10).

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| a. sick and tired | 1. anxiety |
| b. no strings attached | 2. cheat somebody |
| c. meet a requirement | 3. do what is necessary |
| d. final touches | 4. fed up |
| e. goings-on | 5. last details |
| f. screw somebody over | 6. move clumsily |
| g. alas | 7. no underlying conditions; no relationship involved |
| h. scramble | 8. patronizing attitude |
| i. trepidation | 9. tricky, dishonest, or illegal things someone does |
| j. condescension | 10. unfortunately |

2. Match parts of the sentences.

- A. The sea that day was
- B. I expected Tom's student apartment to be a total mess, but it was
- C. The troops fled except
- D. Through this wall, I could hear the neighbours talking, just
- E. I made sure the instructions were

- F. I'm wearing three sweaters because it's
- G. Actually, Brandon's fortune was
- H. What was supposed to be a life-long relationship turned out
- I. His company was on
- J. I poked that squirrel with a stick and it was

- 1. a rope of sand.
- 2. as calm as a millpond.
- 3. as clean as a new pin!
- 4. as clear as a bell.
- 5. as clear as day to avoid confusion.
- 6. as cold as ice in here!
- 7. as dead as a doornail.
- 8. for the brave private Ryan.
- 9. money for old rope.
- 10. the ropes but he didn't want to give up.

3. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

clear dare dry end except lord rope ropes shoestring whistle

- a. After his fifth cocktail, Tom was as drunk as a _____.
- b. Barb has been at the _____ of her rope ever since her son dropped out of school.
- c. He doesn't _____ tell us the truth.
- d. Her lectures are very useful, but they're _____ as dust.
- e. Hey, are we supposed to go in or wait outside? The sign on the door is _____ as mud.
- f. I don't think they'll be going away this summer. They're getting along on a _____ after spending all their money on the house.
- g. I had few options _____ to trust him.
- h. I spent the morning scrubbing my bike until it was clean as a _____.