

## EXERCISE I—Words in Context

From the list below, supply the words needed to complete the paragraph. Some words will not be used.

charlatan	naïve	enraptured	hoax	amicable
levity	bask	fickle	mundane	

- A. When the \_\_\_\_\_ citizens of Reynoldsville finally realized that their forty-cent bottles of miracle sap contained nothing more than licorice extract and whiskey, they formed a lynch mob and searched for the \_\_\_\_\_ who had sold the fake elixir. Fortunately, Colonel Britton, the quack they were looking for, had already taken his wagon and quietly left town before dawn. He rode nonstop for a full day until, in his usual routine, he pulled far off the trail and spent a day restocking his miracle sap, occasionally breaking to partake of some himself. \_\_\_\_\_ by the beautiful scenery of the Black Hills, Britton didn't waste his opportunity to \_\_\_\_\_ in the low autumn sun for the remainder of the afternoon. While most of his clientele were desensitized to the beauty of nature after spending harsh lives in it, Britton never once considered his private outings to be \_\_\_\_\_; if he didn't spend at least a few hours enjoying nature every week, he had trouble maintaining his \_\_\_\_\_ demeanor whenever he rolled into a new town. If Britton didn't at least appear to be happy, people were not going to purchase his tonic, whether it was a[n] \_\_\_\_\_ or not. His customers were very \_\_\_\_\_ about spending their money; if they had even the slightest notion that Britton's product was a scam, they would not buy it.

From the list below, supply the words needed to complete the paragraph. Some words will not be used.

genial	enraptured	nocturnal	obstreperous
novice	juggernaut	marital	levity

- B. Despite her position as regional manager for Tyndall Systems, Shawna felt like a[n] \_\_\_\_\_ every time she attended the monthly sales meeting at Tyndall corporate headquarters. Perhaps she was just getting old, she reasoned, but she knew that few could endure her nearly \_\_\_\_\_ schedule of working late into the night on six days out of the week. Tyndall was a[n] \_\_\_\_\_ in the information technology arena, buying and consolidating other corporations and firing dissenters with impunity. Shawna told her husband that she would retire in two years, she hoped in time to mitigate their rapidly multiplying \_\_\_\_\_ problems. She was no longer the hard worker that Tyndall wanted for managing a regional hub, and the stress from trying to meet the demand had caused her once \_\_\_\_\_ manner to reverse—not that she needed it any more at the office. District sales meetings were not a place for \_\_\_\_\_; the twelve other managers spoke and carried themselves like assertive robots, rarely allowing jokes or laughter to interrupt their lengthy meetings. The single and most recent show of emotion at the meeting occurred when the vice president fired one of the managers on the spot, and the security guards had to drag him, \_\_\_\_\_ and screaming, out of the conference room.