**Reading passages (ending –ed).**

From *Olive Kitteridge*, by Elizabeth Strout

Four nights a week Angela played the piano in the cocktail lounge at the Warehouse Bar and Grill.

The cocktail lounge (…) was right there as soon as you walked through the heavy doors of the old establishment; (…) Early in the week the lounge tended to be rather empty, but by Wednesday night (…), the place was filled with people. When you stepped from the sidewalk …

The car was parked on the grassy area, not far from the marina.

At one point, the marina’s screen door opened wheezily and slammed shut, and Kevin watched as a man moved in slow steps in his dark rubber boots, tossing a coil of heavy rope into the back of the truck. If the man noticed Kevin, he gave no sign, even when he backed up his truck and turned his head in Kevin’s direction.

… he noted how familiar it felt; he had not expected that. The salt air filled his nose, (…) a sense of sad ignorance seemed cloaked in their benign white petals.

Patty Howe poured coffee into two white mugs, placed them on the counter, said quietly, “You’re *welcome*,” and moved back to arrange the corn muffins that had just been passed through the opening from the kitchen.

She’d been scared of him; in kindergarten he had sucked on his wrist (…) and his mother-tall, dark-haired, deep-voiced-had scared her, too.

A seagull swooped in and the boy waved his arm with the knife. Kevin watched as the boy turned to come up the ramp, … the man called out, … the boy then grabbed the rail and climbed up the ramp to meet his father.

There were a few new homes tucked back into the woods.

The woods remained as he remembered them, thick and tangled and rough. (…) The wind had picked up.

And then the screen door of the diner opened and a woman came out. (…) She could have stepped out of a different century. (…) He looked away, and his body jumped a little to see a woman staring through the passenger window… She rapped her hand on the glass, and after hesitating, he leaned and unrolled the window the rest of the way.

She sighed, rearranged her feet, pushed the lever… He glanced at her… He was surprised… Kevin looked at her. Small drops of perspiration has appeared in the pockets beneath her eyes… A nervousness touched his chest… if he remembered right… “She liked you.” (…) Olive nodded.