

Love is a Fallacy¹

By Max Shulman

Part 1

Cool was I and logical. Keen², calculating³, perspicacious⁴, acute⁵, and astute⁶--I was all of these. My brain was as powerful as a dynamo, as precise as a chemist's scales, as penetrating as a scalpel⁷. And--think of it!--I was only eighteen.

It is not often that one so young has such a giant intellect. Take, for example, Petey Bellows, my roommate at the university. Same age, same background, but dumb as an ox. A nice enough fellow, you understand, but nothing upstairs. Emotional type. Unstable. Impressionable. Worst of all, a faddist⁸. Fads, I submit, are the very negation of reason. To be swept up in every new craze that comes along, to surrender yourself to idiocy just because everybody else is doing it--this, to me, is the acme⁹ of mindlessness. Not, however, to Petey.

One afternoon I found Petey lying on his bed with an expression of such distress on his face that I immediately diagnosed appendicitis. "Don't move," I said. "Don't take a laxative¹⁰. I'll get a doctor." "Raccoon¹¹," he mumbled thickly.

"Raccoon?" I said, pausing in my flight.

"I want a raccoon coat," he wailed.

I perceived that his trouble was not physical, but mental. "Why do you want a raccoon coat?"

"I should have known it," he cried, pounding his temples. "I should have known they'd come back when the Charleston came back. Like a fool I spent all my money for textbooks, and now I can't get a raccoon coat."

"Can you mean," I said incredulously¹², "that people are actually wearing raccoon coats again?"

"All the Big Men on Campus are wearing them. Where've you been?"

"In the library," I said, naming a place not frequented by Big Men on Campus.

He leaped from the bed and paced the room. "I've got to have a raccoon coat," he said passionately. "I've got to!"

"Petey, why? Look at it rationally. Raccoon coats are unsanitary¹³. They shed¹⁴. They smell bad. They weigh too much. They're unsightly. They---"

"You don't understand," he interrupted impatiently. "It's the thing to do. Don't you want to be in the swim¹⁵?"

"No," I said truthfully.

"Well, I do," he declared. "I'd give anything for a raccoon coat. Anything!"

My brain, that precision instrument, slipped into high gear¹⁶. "Anything?" I asked, looking at him narrowly.

"Anything," he affirmed in ringing tones.

I stroked my chin thoughtfully. It so happened that I knew where to get my hands on a raccoon

¹ רעיון או דעה מופרכים מעיקרם, בשל

לוגי

² חד, חריף

³ מחושב

⁴ חריף, חד עין

⁵ חריף, נבון

⁶ נבון, חריף

⁷ סכין מנתחים

⁸ מעריץ טרנדים חולפים

⁹ שיא

¹⁰ חומר משלשל

¹¹ דביבון

¹² בחוסר אמון מוחלט

¹³ לא הגייני

¹⁴ לנשור, משיר שיער

¹⁵ באופנה

¹⁶ הילוך גבוה

coat. My father had had one in his undergraduate days; it lay now in a trunk in the attic ¹⁷ back home. It also happened that Petey had something I wanted. He didn't have it exactly, but at least he had first rights on it. I refer to his girl, Polly Espy.

I had long coveted ¹⁸ Polly Espy. Let me emphasize that my desire for this young woman was not emotional in nature. She was, to be sure, a girl who excited the emotions, but I was not one to let my heart rule my head. I wanted Polly for a shrewdly calculated, entirely cerebral ¹⁹ reason.

I was a freshman ²⁰ in law school. In a few years I would be out in practice²¹. I was well aware of the importance of the right kind of wife in furthering a lawyer's career. The successful lawyers I had observed were, almost without exception, married to beautiful, gracious, intelligent women. With one omission, Polly fitted these specifications perfectly.

Beautiful she was. She was not yet of pin-up ²²proportions, but I felt sure that time would supply the lack. She already had the makings²³.

Gracious she was. By gracious I mean full of graces. She had an erectness of carriage²⁴, an ease of bearing²⁵, a poise ²⁶ that clearly indicated the best of breeding. At table her manners were exquisite²⁷. I had seen her at the Kozy Kampus Korner eating the specialty of the house--a sandwich that contained scraps of pot roast, gravy, chopped nuts, and a dipper ²⁸of sauerkraut--without even getting her fingers moist.

Intelligent she was not. In fact, she veered ²⁹in the opposite direction. But I believed that under my guidance she would smarten up. At any rate, it was worth a try. It is, after all, easier to make a beautiful dumb girl smart than to make an ugly smart girl beautiful.

"Petey," I said, "are you in love with Polly Espy?"

"I think she's a keen kid," he replied, "but I don't know if you'd call it love. Why?"

"Do you," I asked, "have any kind of formal arrangement with her? I mean are you going steady or anything like that?"

"No. We see each other quite a bit, but we both have other dates. Why?"

"Is there," I asked, "any other man for whom she has a particular fondness?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

I nodded with satisfaction. "In other words, if you were out of the picture, the field would be open. Is that right?"

"I guess so. What are you getting at?"

"Nothing, nothing," I said innocently, and took my suitcase out of the closet.

"Where are you going?" asked Petey.

"Home for the weekend." I threw a few things into the bag.

"Listen," he said, clutching my arm eagerly, "while you're home, you couldn't get some money from your old man, could you, and lend it to me so I can buy a raccoon coat?"

"I may do better than that," I said with a mysterious wink and closed my bag and left.

"Look," I said to Petey when I got back Monday morning. I threw open the suitcase and revealed the huge, hairy, gamy ³⁰object that my father had worn in his Stutz Bearcat ³¹in 1925.

¹⁷ עליית גג

¹⁸ כיסוף, התאוה ל-

¹⁹ מוחי

²⁰ תלמיד שנה ראשונה

²¹ לעסוק במקצוע

²² מושבת באופן מיני

²³ מרכיבים

²⁴ הליכה בקומה זקופה

²⁵ אופן נשיאת הגוף

²⁶ שלווה נפש, עמידה איתנה

²⁷ מופתי, מרהיב

²⁸ כף, מרית

²⁹ לנטות

³⁰ של צייד

³¹ דגם של מכונית

"Holy Toledo!" said Peter reverently³². He plunged his hands into the raccoon coat and then his face. "Holy Toledo!" he repeated fifteen or twenty times.

"Would you like it?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" he cried, clutching the greasy pelt to him. Then a canny³³ look came into his eyes. "What do you want for it?"

"Your girl," I said, mincing no words.

"Polly?" he asked in a horrified whisper. "You want Polly?"

"That's right."

He flung³⁴ the coat from him. "Never," he said stoutly.

I shrugged. "Okay. If you don't want the be in the swim, I guess it's your business."

I sat down in a chair and pretended to read a book, but out of the corner of my eye I kept watching Petey. He was a torn man. First he looked at the coat with the expression of a waif³⁵ at a bakery window. Then he turned away and set his jaw resolutely. Then he looked back at the coat, with even more longing in his face. Then he turned away, but with not so much resolution this time. Back and forth his head swiveled³⁶, desire waxing, resolution waning³⁷. Finally, he didn't turn away at all; he just stood and stared with mad lust at the coat.

"It isn't as though I was in love with Polly," he said thickly. "Or going steady or anything like that."

"That's right," I murmured.

"What's Polly to me, or me to Polly?"

"Not a thing," said I.

"It's just been a casual kick--just a few laughs, that's all."

"Try on the coat," said I.

He complied. The coat bunched high over his ears and dropped all the way down to his shoe tops.

He looked like a mound³⁸ of dead raccoons. "Fits fine," he said happily.

"Is it a deal?" I asked, extending my hand.

He swallowed. "It's a deal," he said and shook my hand.

³² בהערצה

³³ ערמומי

³⁴ להעיף, להטיל (fling)

³⁵ חסר בית

³⁶ להסתובב

³⁷ פוחת, מתמעט

³⁸ ערמה

1. Match the words on the left with their correct definitions on the right by writing the letter of the correct definition next to the word. Write the correct number next to each letter.

Words		Definitions
1. Calculating	_____	A. Beautiful and delicate in appearance or form
2. Astute	_____	B. Eagerly or fervently with intense emotion
3. Precise	_____	C. Easily influenced or affected by others
4. Impressionable	_____	D. To yield or give up, often after struggle
5. Surrender	_____	E. Thinking carefully about how to gain advantage
6. Mumble	_____	F. Frequently visited a particular place
7. Frequented	_____	G. Spoken or done in a quiet, unclear way
8. Passionately	_____	H. To follow a command or request
9. Unsightly	_____	I. Accurate and careful about details
10. Omission	_____	J. Clearly perceptive and quick to understand
11. Gracious	_____	K. An act of leaving out or excluding something
12. Exquisite	_____	L. Ugly or unpleasant to look at
13. Clutching	_____	M. Holding something tightly
14. Longing	_____	N. Polite, kind, and pleasant
15. Complied	_____	O. A strong desire for something, especially something unattainable

Part 2

I had my first date with Polly the following evening. This was in the nature of a survey; I wanted to find out just how much work I had to do to get her mind up to the standard I required. I took her first to dinner. "Gee, that was a delish dinner," she said as we left the restaurant. Then I took her to a movie. "Gee, that was a marvy movie," she said as we left the theater. And then I took her home. "Gee, I had a sensaysh time," she said as she bade ³⁹me goodnight.

I went back to my room with a heavy heart. I had gravely underestimated the size of my task. This girl's lack of information was terrifying. Nor would it be enough merely to supply her with information. First she had to be taught to think. This loomed ⁴⁰as a project of no small dimensions, and at first I was tempted to give her back to Petey. But then I got to thinking about her abundant physical charms and about the way she entered a room and the way she handled a knife and fork, and I decided to make an effort.

³⁹ לברך bid

⁴⁰ הופיע באופן מעורר אימה

I went about it, as in all things, systematically. I gave her a course in logic. It happened that I, as a law student, was taking a course in logic myself, so I had all the facts at my fingertips. "Polly," I said to her when I picked her up on our next date, "tonight we are going over to the Knoll and talk." "Oo, terrific," she replied. One thing I will say for this girl: You would go far to find another so agreeable.

We went to the Knoll, the campus trysting ⁴¹place, and we sat down under an oak, and she looked at me expectantly: "What are we going to talk about?" she asked.

"Logic."

She thought this over for a minute and decided she liked it. "Magnificent," she said.

"Logic," I said, clearing my throat, "is the science of thinking. Before we can think correctly, we must first learn to recognize the common fallacies of logic. These we will take up tonight."

"Wow-dow!" she cried, clapping her hands delightedly.

I winced⁴², but went bravely on. "First let us examine the fallacy called Dicto Simpliciter."

"By all means," she urged, batting her eyelashes eagerly.

"Dicto Simpliciter means an argument based on an unqualified ⁴³generalization. For example: Exercise is good. Therefore, everybody should exercise."

"I agree," said Polly earnestly. "I mean exercise is wonderful. I mean it builds the body and everything."

"Polly," I said gently, "the argument is a fallacy. Exercise is good is an unqualified generalization. For instance, if you have heart disease, exercise is bad, not good. Many people are ordered by their doctors not to exercise. You must qualify the generalization. You must say exercise is usually good, or exercise is good for most people. Otherwise you have committed a Dicto Simpliciter. Do you see?"

"No," she confessed. "But this is marvy. Do more! Do more!"

"It will be better if you stop tugging at my sleeve," I told her, and when she desisted⁴⁴, I continued.

"Next we take up a fallacy called Hasty ⁴⁵Generalization. Listen carefully: You can't speak French. I can't speak French. Petey Bellows can't speak French. I must therefore conclude that nobody at the University of Minnesota can speak French."

"Really?" said Polly, amazed. "Nobody?"

I hid my exasperation⁴⁶. "Polly, it's a fallacy. The generalization is reached too hastily. There are too few instances to support such a conclusion."

"Know any more fallacies?" she asked breathlessly. "This is more fun than dancing even."

I fought off a wave of despair. I was getting nowhere with this girl, absolutely nowhere. Still, I am nothing if not persistent. I continued. "Next comes Post Hoc. Listen to this: Let's not take Bill on our picnic. Every time we take him out with us, it rains."

"I know somebody just like that," she exclaimed⁴⁷. "A girl back home--Eula Becker, her name is. It never fails. Every single time we take her on a picnic--"

"Polly," I said sharply, "it's a fallacy. Eula Becker doesn't cause the rain. She has no connection with the rain. You are guilty of Post Hoc if you blame Eula Becker."

"I'll never do it again," she promised contritely⁴⁸. "Are you mad at me?"

⁴¹ מקום מפגש

⁴² נרתע

⁴³ בלתי מסוייג, ללא הגבלה

⁴⁴ הפסיק

⁴⁵ חפוז, מהיר (מידי)

⁴⁶ כעס, זעם

⁴⁷ קרא, צעק

⁴⁸ באופן מלא צער וחרטה

I sighed. "No, Polly, I'm not mad."
 "Then tell me some more fallacies."
 "All right. Let's try **Contradictory**⁴⁹**Premises**⁵⁰."
 "Yes, let's," she chirped⁵¹, blinking her eyes happily.
 I frowned, but plunged ahead. "Here's an example of Contradictory Premises: If God can do anything, can He make a stone so heavy that He won't be able to lift it?"
 "Of course," she replied promptly.
 "But if He can do anything, He can lift the stone," I pointed out.
 "Yeah," she said thoughtfully. "Well, then I guess He can't make the stone."
 "But He can do anything," I reminded her.
 She scratched her pretty, empty head. "I'm all confused," she admitted.
 "Of course you are. Because when the premises of an argument contradict each other, there can be no argument. If there is an irresistible force, there can be no immovable object. If there is an immovable object, there can be no irresistible force. Get it?"
 "Tell me some more of this keen stuff," she said eagerly.
 I consulted my watch. "I think we'd better call it a night⁵². I'll take you home now, and you go over all the things you've learned. We'll have another session⁵³ tomorrow night."
 I deposited her at the girl's dormitory⁵⁴, where she assured me that she had had a perfectly terrific evening, and I went glumly home to my room. Petey lay snoring in his bed, the raccoon coat huddled like a great hairy beast at his feet. For a moment I considered waking him and telling him that he could have his girl back. It seemed clear that my project was doomed to failure. The girl simply had a logic-proof head.
 But then I reconsidered. I had wasted one evening; I might as well waste another. Who knew? Maybe somewhere in the extinct⁵⁵ crater of her mind a few embers⁵⁶ still smoldered⁵⁷. Maybe somehow I could fan them into flame. Admittedly it was not a prospect fraught with hope, but I decided to give it one more try.
 Seated under the oak the next evening I said, "Our first fallacy tonight is called **Ad Misericordiam**." She quivered⁵⁸ with delight.
 "Listen closely," I said. "A man applies for a job. When the boss asks him what his qualifications are, he replies that he has a wife and six children at home, the wife is a helpless cripple, the children have nothing to eat, no clothes to wear, no shoes on their feet, there are no beds in the house, no coal in the cellar, and winter is coming."
 A tear rolled down each of Polly's pink cheeks. "Oh, this is awful," she sobbed.
 "Yes, it's awful," I agreed, "but it's no argument. The man never answered the boss's question about his qualifications. Instead he appealed to the boss's sympathy. He committed the fallacy of Ad Misericordiam. Do you understand?"
 "Have you got a handkerchief⁵⁹?" she blubbered.
 I handed her a handkerchief and tried to keep from screaming while she wiped her eyes. "Next," I said in a carefully controlled tone, "we will discuss **False Analogy**⁶⁰. Here is an example: Students

⁴⁹ סותר, נוגד
⁵⁰ טענה, היגד
⁵¹ לצייץ
⁵² לסיים פעילות לאותו לילה

⁵³ ישיבה, מפגש
⁵⁴ מעונות (באוניברסיטה)
⁵⁵ נכחד, נעלם
⁵⁶ גחלת

⁵⁷ בוער באש חנוקה
⁵⁸ רעד, רטט
⁵⁹ ממחטה
⁶⁰ אנלוגיה, היקש

should be allowed to look at their textbooks during examinations. After all, surgeons have X rays to guide them during an operation, lawyers have briefs ⁶¹to guide them during a trial, carpenters have blueprints ⁶²to guide them when they are building a house. Why, then, shouldn't students be allowed to look at their textbooks during an examination?"

"There now," she said enthusiastically, "is the most marvy idea I've heard in years."

"Polly," I said testily⁶³, "the argument is all wrong. Doctors, lawyers, and carpenters aren't taking a test to see how much they have learned, but students are. The situations are altogether different, and you can't make an analogy between them."

"I still think it's a good idea," said Polly.

"Nuts," I muttered. Doggedly ⁶⁴I pressed on. "Next we'll try Hypothesis ⁶⁵Contrary to Fact."

"Sounds yummy," was Polly's reaction.

"Listen: If Madame Curie had not happened to leave a photographic plate in a drawer with a chunk of pitchblende⁶⁶, the world today would not know about radium."

"True, true," said Polly, nodding her head. "Did you see the movie? Oh, it just knocked me out. That Walter Pidgeon is so dreamy. I mean he fractures me."

"If you can forget Mr. Pidgeon for a moment," I said coldly, "I would like to point out that the statement is a fallacy. Maybe Madame Curie would have discovered radium at some later date. Maybe somebody else would have discovered it. Maybe any number of things would have happened. You can't start with a hypothesis that is not true and then draw any supportable conclusions from it."

"They ought to put Walter Pidgeon in more pictures," said Polly. "I hardly ever see him anymore." One more chance, I decided. But just one more. There is a limit to what flesh and blood can bear.

"The next fallacy is called Poisoning the Well⁶⁷."

"How cute!" she gurgled.

"Two men are having a debate. The first one gets up and says, 'My opponent is a notorious liar. You can't believe a word that he is going to say'... Now, Polly, think. Think hard. What's wrong?"

I watched her closely as she knit her creamy brow in concentration. Suddenly a glimmer ⁶⁸of intelligence--the first I had seen--came into her eyes. "It's not fair," she said with indignation⁶⁹. "It's not a bit fair. What chance has the second man got if the first man calls him a liar before he even begins talking?"

"Right!" I cried exultantly⁷⁰. "One hundred percent right. It's not fair. The first man has poisoned the well before anybody could drink from it. He has hamstrung ⁷¹his opponent before he could even start... Polly, I'm proud of you."

"Pshaw," she murmured, blushing with pleasure.

"You see, my dear, these things aren't so hard. All you have to do is concentrate. Think--examine--evaluate. Come now, let's review everything we have learned."

"Fire away," she said with an airy wave of her hand.

Heartened by the knowledge that Polly was not altogether a cretin, I began a long, patient review of all I had told her. Over and over and over again I cited instances, pointed out flaws, kept

⁶¹ תדריך, תקציר

⁶² שרטוט, תוכנית

⁶³ בכעס, בקוצר רוח

⁶⁴ באופן עיקש

⁶⁵ השערה שטרם נבחנה. היפותיזה

⁶⁶ עפרת אורניום

⁶⁷ באר

⁶⁸ הבהוב

⁶⁹ התמרמרות על אי צדק

⁷⁰ בצהלה, בשמחה

⁷¹ גרם לפגיעה

hammering away without letup. It was like digging a tunnel. At first everything was work, sweat, and darkness. I had no idea when I would reach the light, or even if I would. But I persisted. I pounded and clawed and scraped, and finally I was rewarded. I saw a chink of light. And then the chink got bigger and the sun came pouring in and all was bright.

Five grueling ⁷²nights this took, but it was worth it. I had made a logician out of Polly; I had taught her to think. My job was done. She was worthy of me at last. She was a fit wife for me, a proper hostess for my many mansions⁷³, a suitable mother for my well-heeled ⁷⁴children.

2. Fill in the blanks in the following sentences using the correct word from the word bank below. Each word is used only once.

Word Bank:

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| ● survey | ● earnestly | ● surgeons |
| ● gravely | ● confessed | ● enthusiastically |
| ● dimensions | ● persistent | ● notorious |
| ● abundant | ● exclaimed | ● hostess |
| ● agreeable | ● irresistible | |
| ● generalization | ● qualifications | |

- Despite many setbacks, she remained _____ in her efforts to succeed.
- The garden was full of _____ flowers, blooming in every corner.
- The town was _____ for its haunted house, which attracted tourists.
- The teacher asked the students to complete a _____ about their study habits.
- "This is amazing!" she _____ when she saw the surprise party.
- She spoke _____, warning us about the dangers of not wearing seatbelts.
- The children _____ joined in the game, excited to play.
- The _____ of the room were larger than we had expected.
- The _____ performed the operation with great skill and precision.
- His proposal was met with an _____ response from the committee.
- The _____ greeted all the guests with a warm smile and made them feel welcome.
- He didn't meet the _____ required for the job, so he wasn't hired.
- She _____ to her friend that she had broken the vase.
- He _____ apologized for his mistake, hoping to make things right.
- The chocolate cake was simply _____; no one could resist it.
- It's important not to make a _____ based on just one or two examples.

Part 3

It must not be thought that I was without love for this girl. Quite the contrary. Just as Pygmalion loved the perfect woman he had fashioned⁷⁵, so I loved mine. The time had come to change our relationship from academic to romantic.

"Polly," I said when we next sat beneath our oak, "tonight we will not discuss fallacies."

"Aw, gee," she said, disappointed.

"My dear," I said, favoring her with a smile, "we have now spent five evenings together. We have gotten along splendidly. It is clear that we are well matched."

"Hasty Generalization," said Polly brightly.

"I beg your pardon⁷⁶," said I.

"Hasty Generalization," she repeated. "How can you say that we are well matched on the basis of only five dates?"

I chuckled with amusement. The dear child had learned her lessons well. "My dear," I said, patting her head in a tolerant manner, "five dates is plenty. After all, you don't have to eat a whole cake to know that it's good."

"False Analogy," said Polly promptly. "I'm not a cake. I'm a girl."

I chuckled ⁷⁷with somewhat less amusement. The dear child had learned her lesson perhaps too well. I decided to change tactics. Obviously, the best approach was a simple, strong, direct declaration of love. I paused for a moment while my massive brain chose the proper words. Then I began:

"Polly, I love you. You are the whole world to me, and the moon and the stars and the constellations ⁷⁸of outer space. Please, my darling, say that you will go steady with me, for if you will not, life will be meaningless. I will languish⁷⁹. I will refuse my meals. I will wander the face of the earth, a shambling⁸⁰, hollow-eyed hulk⁸¹."

There, I thought, folding my arms, that ought to do it.

"Ad Misericordiam," said Polly.

I ground my teeth. I was not Pygmalion; I was Frankenstein, and my monster had me by the throat. Frantically ⁸²I fought back the tide of panic surging through me. At all costs I had to keep cool.

"Well, Polly," I said, forcing a smile, "you certainly have learned your fallacies."

"You're darn right," she said with a vigorous ⁸³nod.

"And who taught them to you, Polly?"

"You did."

"That's right. So, you do owe me something, don't you, my dear? If I hadn't come along you would never have learned about fallacies."

"Hypothesis Contrary to Fact," she said instantly.

I dashed perspiration ⁸⁴from my brow. "Polly," I croaked, "You mustn't take all these things so literally. I mean this is just classroom stuff. You know that the things you learn in school don't have anything to do with life."

"Dicto Simpliciter," she said, wagging ⁸⁵her finger at me playfully.

⁷⁵ לעצב
⁷⁶ לומר סליחה
⁷⁷ לגחך, לצחקק
⁷⁸ קבוצת כוכבים

⁷⁹ לדעוך, להחלש
⁸⁰ משתכך, גורר רגליים, נע בבבדות
⁸¹ גוף (אוויה, בניין, רכב) נטוש
⁸² באופן תדיתי, בטירוף

⁸³ נמרץ
⁸⁴ זיעה
⁸⁵ לנענע

That did it. I leaped to my feet, bellowing ⁸⁶like a bull. "Will you or will you not go steady with me?" "I will not," she replied.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because this afternoon I promised Petey Bellows that I would go steady with him."

I reeled back, overcome with the infamy ⁸⁷of it. After he promised, after he made a deal, after he shook my hand! "That rat!" I shrieked, kicking up great chunks of turf⁸⁸. "You can't go with him, Polly. He's a liar. He's a cheat. He's a rat."

"Poisoning the Well," said Polly, "and stop shouting. I think shouting must be a fallacy too."

With an immense effort of will, I modulated ⁸⁹my voice. "All right," I said. "You're a logician. Let's look at this thing logically. How could you choose Petey Bellows over me? Look at me--a brilliant student, a tremendous intellectual, a man with an assured future. Look at Petey--a knot-head, a jitterbug, a guy who'll never know where his next meal is coming from. Can you give me one logical reason why you should go steady with Petey Bellows?"

"I certainly can," declared Polly. "He's got a raccoon coat."

3. Match the words on the left with their correct definitions on the right by writing the letter of the correct definition next to the word. Write the correct number next to each letter.

Words		Definitions
1. On the contrary	_____	A. The action of increasing in intensity or volume
2. Amusement	_____	B. Large in size, extent, or degree
3. Tolerant	_____	C. Done quickly and without delay
4. Promptly	_____	D. Enjoyment or pleasure, often from something entertaining
5. Surging	_____	E. Accepting of different opinions or behaviors
6. Vigorous	_____	F. Strong, energetic, and full of physical or mental strength
7. Literally	_____	G. In a way that is true to the exact meaning of the words

⁸⁶ לשאוג, לגעות

⁸⁷ קלון, שמצה

⁸⁸ אדמה

⁸⁹ ליוסתר, להסדיר