

# The Tone List

abashed	bristling	disrespectful	horrified	provocative	smug
abrasive	brusque	distracted	humourous	questioning	solemn
abusive	calm	doubtful	hypercritical	rallying	somber
accepting	candid	dramatic	indifferent	reflective	stentorian
acerbic	caressing	dreamy	indulgent	reminiscing	stern
acquiescent	caustic	dry	ironic	reproachful	straightforward
admiring	cavalier	ecstatic	irreverent	resigned	strident
adoring	childish	entranced	joking	respectful	stunned
affectionate	child-like	enthusiastic	joyful	restrained	subdued
aghast	clipped	eulogistic	languorous	reticent	swaggering
allusive	cold	exhilarated	languid	reverent	sweet
amused	complimentary	exultant	laudatory	rueful	sympathetic
angry	condescending	facetious	light-hearted	sad	taunting
anxious	confident	fanciful	lingering	sarcastic	tense
apologetic	contemptuous	fearful	loving	sardonic	thoughtful
apprehensive	conversational	flippant	marveling	satirical	threatening
approving	coy	fond	melancholy	satisfied	tired
arch	critical	forceful	mistrustful	seductive	touchy
ardent	curt	frightened	mocking	self-critical	trenchant
argumentative	cutting	ghoulish	mysterious	self-dramatizing	uncertain
audacious	cynical	giddy	naïve	self-justifying	understated
awe-struck	defamatory	gleeful	neutral	self-mocking	upset
bantering	denunciatory	glum	nostalgic	self-pitying	urgent
begrudging	despairing	grim	objective	self-satisfied	vexed
bemused	detached	guarded	peaceful	sentimental	vibrant
benevolent	devil-may-care	guilty	pessimistic	serious	wary
biting	didactic	happy	pitiful	severe	whimsical
bitter	disbelieving	harsh	playful	sharp	withering
blithe	discouraged	haughty	poignant	shooked	wry
boastful	disdainful	heavy-hearted	pragmatic	silly	zealous
bored	disparaging	hollow	proud	sly	

## Plenty

KEVIN CONNOLLY

The sky, lit up like a question or an applause meter, is beautiful like everything else today: the leaves in the gutters, salt stains on shoes, the girl at the IG-A who looks just like Julie Delpy, but you don't tell her—she's too young to get the reference and coming from you it'll just seem creepy. So much beauty today you can't find room for it, closets already filled with beautiful trees and smells and glances and clever turns of phrase. Behind the sky there's a storm on the way, which, with your luck, will be a beautiful storm—dark clouds beautiful as they arguably are, the rain beautiful as it always is—even lightning can be beautiful in a scary kind of way (there's a word for that, but let's forget it for the moment). And maybe the sun will hang in long enough to light up a few raindrops—like jewels or glass or those bright beads girls put between the letters on the bracelets that spell out their beautiful names—Skye or Miranda or Verandah—which isn't even a name, although it is a word we use to call things what they are, and would be a pleasant place to sit and watch the beautiful sky, beautiful storm, the people with their beautiful names walking toward the lake in lovely clothing saying unpleasant things over the phone about the people they work with, all of it just adding to the mother lode, the *surfeit* of beauty, which on this day is just a fancy way of saying lots, too much, skiddloads, plenty.