**BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY’S by Truman Capote**

**Part One - Chapters 1-3 + tasks**

Chapter 1: What Happened to Holly Golightly?

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| Chapter 1  | Pre-reading task  | *Prediction*: Look at the photo of the main character, Holly Golightly, from the film starring Audrey Hepburn. How can you describe her appearance? Can you predict anything about her character, tastes & social standing, from the c photo?  |
|  | While Reading task | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

I sometimes visit places where I lived in the past - the houses and their neighborhoods. I like to see them again. There's a brown stone house in the East Seventies where, during the early years of the war, I had my first New York apartment. It was one room, crowded with an old red sofa and red chairs. The walls were dark and dirty from old cigarette smoke. The single window looked out onto a fire escape, a stairway that went down to the street. It wasn't a big place but it made me happy. It was my first home, and my books were there, and a box of pencils. Everything that a writer needed, I thought.

I didn't write about Holly Golightly in those days. I'm only writing about her now because of a conversation that I had with Joe Bell.

Holly Golightly was another tenant in the old brown stone house, in the apartment below mine. Joe Bell had a bar around the corner; he's still there. Both Holly and I went there six or seven times every day, not for a drink - not always - but to make telephone calls. During the war few people had a private telephone. Joe Bell took messages for us. Holly got a lot of messages.

Of course, this was a long time ago. I didn't see Joe Bell for years, not until last week. We weren't close friends but we were both friends of Holly Golightly.

It isn't easy to like Joe. He isn't married and he has a bad stomach. He's hard to talk to, except about his own interests. Holly is one of his interests; the others are dogs, a radio program that he's listened to every week for fifteen years, and musical theater.

Late last Tuesday afternoon, the telephone rang and I heard Joe Bell's voice.

I knew he was calling about Holly. He just said, "Can you come over here? It's important." There was excitement in his voice.

I took a taxi through the October rain and on the way I thought about Holly. Was she there? Was she in Joe's bar?

But there was no one in the bar except Joe. His place is very quiet. It doesn't have bright lights or a television.

"I want your opinion about something," he said. "Something very strange has happened."

"Have you heard from Holly?"

Joe is a small man with a fine head of thick, white hair. His face is always a little red: now it went even redder. "I didn't hear from her. Not exactly. That's why I want your opinion. I'll pour you a drink."

As I was drinking, he said, "Do you remember Mr. I.Y. Yunioshi? A man from Japan?"

I remembered Mr. Yunioshi perfectly. He takes photos for one of the picture magazines. He lived in an apartment on the top floor of the old house at the same time as Holly and I.

"He came here last night. I haven't seen him for more than two years. And where was he for those two years?"

"Africa."

Joe looked at me, surprised. "How do you know?"

"I read it in a magazine."

Joe gave me an envelope. In the envelope were three photos of a tall African man wearing a cotton skirt. There was a strange, wood carving of a girl's head in his hands. Her hair was very short. Her smooth, wooden eyes were too large and her mouth was too big. Was it a carving of Holly Golightly?

"What do you think of that?" Joe asked.

"It looks like her."

"Listen, boy, it is her. Mr. Yunioshi knew her immediately."

"He saw her? In Africa?"

"No, just the carving. But it's the same thing. Look." Joe turned over one of the photos. On the back was written: Wood carving, Tococul, Christmas Day, 1956.

This was the story. On Christmas Day, Mr. Yunioshi walked through Tococul with his camera. It was a small place, just a few houses. He was leaving when he saw the African.

The African was sitting outside a house, carving a piece of wood. Mr. Yunioshi liked his work.

"Show me more of your carvings," he said. Then he saw the girl's head.

"I want to buy this," Mr. Yunioshi said to the African.

"No," the African replied.

Mr. Yunioshi offered him a pound of salt and ten dollars, then offered him a watch, two pounds of salt, and twenty dollars. The African refused to sell. But for the watch and the salt he agreed to talk about the carving.

"'Three white people rode here on horses in the spring. A young woman and two men. The men were sick, and for many weeks they slept in a small house far from here. The girl liked me and she slept with me.'"

"I don't believe that part of the story," Joe Bell said. "I don't think she slept with him."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then nothing," Joe said. "She rode away with the two men. Mr. Yunioshi asked about her up and down the country. But nobody saw her."

I wasn't happy with his story. "Mr. Yunioshi's story doesn't tell us anything," I said.

"It's the only real news that we've had about her for years," Joe said. "I hope she's rich. If she's traveling in Africa, she's OK."

"She's probably not in Africa," I said. But I could imagine her there. It was a place that she would like. I looked at the photos again.

"If you know so much, where is she?" Joe asked.

"Dead. Or in a hospital for crazy people. Or married. I think she's married. She's living quietly, here in New York."

Joe thought for a minute. "No," he said. "I like to walk. I've walked these streets for ten or twelve years. I look for her all the time and I never see her... Do you think I'm crazy?"

"No. But I didn't know you loved her."

My words hurt Joe and I felt bad. He picked up the photos and put them back into the envelope. I looked at my watch. I wanted to leave.

"Wait," Joe said. "Of course I loved her. But I didn't want to touch her. I'm almost sixty-seven and I still think about sex. But I didn't want to sleep with Holly. You can love someone but not want them in that way. You stay strangers, strangers who are friends."

Two men came into the bar. It was time to leave. Joe followed me to the door. "Do you believe it?" he asked.

"That you didn't want to touch her?"

"About Africa."

For a minute I couldn't remember the story, just the thought of her on the horse. "She's gone," I said.

"Yes," he said, opening the door. "She's gone."

Outside, the rain stopped, so I walked around the corner and along the street. I went past the old apartment building. The building stands next to a church in the middle of the block. It's smarter now, with a black painted door and new windows.

I went up the steps and looked at the mailboxes. I knew none of the names, except Mrs. Sapphia Spanella's. She still lived there.

One of these mailboxes first introduced me to Holly Golightly.

A week after I moved into the apartment, I noticed a card next to the mailbox for Apartment 2. It was smartly printed, but there was a strange message on it. It said: Miss Holiday Golightly, and, below that, in the corner, Traveling. I thought about it a lot: Miss Holiday Golightly, Traveling.

One night, long after midnight, I woke up. Mr. Yunioshi was calling down the stairs. He lived on the top floor, and his voice sounded through the house.

"Miss Golightly!" he shouted, angrily.

I heard a voice from the bottom of the stairs. It was young, amused, and silly. "Oh, darling, I am sorry. I lost my key."

"You cannot ring my bell every night. Please get another key."

"But I lose them all."

"I work. I have to sleep," Mr. Yunioshi shouted. "But you are always ringing my bell..."

"Oh, don't be angry, you dear little man. I won't do it again." Her voice was coming nearer because she was climbing the stairs. "Promise you won't be angry. Then you can take those photos that we talked about."

I left my bed and opened the door a little.

"When?" Mr. Yunioshi asked. His voice was excited now.

The girl laughed. "One day," she answered. The words were unclear. She was drunk.

"Any time," Mr. Yunioshi said, and closed his door.

I went out into the hall and looked down. She was on the stairs. I could see her but she couldn't see me. Her short hair shone in the light, yellow and brown. It was a warm evening, almost summer, and she wore a light black dress and black shoes. She was thin but healthy-looking. Her mouth was large and a pair of dark glasses

covered her eyes. She wasn't a child - but she wasn't a woman, either. I learned later that it was two months before her nineteenth birthday.

She wasn't alone. There was a man behind her. He was short and fat, wearing a suit. His hand was on her back, holding her with his fat fingers. That made me uncomfortable - it just looked strange.

When they reached her door, she looked in her purse for her key. Now he was kissing the back of her neck. She found the key, opened the door, and turned to him.

"Thank you for bringing me home, darling. That was kind."

"Hey, baby!" he said. She was closing the door in his face.

"Yes, Harry?"

"Harry was the other guy. I'm Sid. Sid Arbuck. You like me."

"I love you, Mr. Arbuck. But good night, Mr Arbuck." She shut the door.

"Hey, baby, let me in. You like me. I paid the check for five people, your friends! So you like me, right? You like me, baby."

He knocked on the door quietly, then more loudly. Then he stepped back. Did he plan to break down the door? But he ran down the stairs, hitting the wall angrily with his hand. When he reached the bottom, the girl opened her apartment door.

"Oh, Mr. Arbuck..."

He turned back to her, a happy smile on his face.

"The next time a girl asks for some money for the bathroom, darling, don't give her twenty-five cents!" She wasn't joking.

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| Post Reading task  | Reflection/ Discussion: Write in your notebook or talk in your group. What kind of person is Holly? Were your predictions correct? Different? What surprised you about HG? Which of the outcomes for Holly’s life, suggested by the 2 male characters, do you think is more likely (probable)?  |

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| Chapter 2  | Pre- reading  | Reflection: After reading chapter 1, what do you think about HG as a person? Would you want to be her friend? Why/Why not?  |
|  | While | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

CHAPTER TWO: A Late-Night Visitor

"Do you think I'm very bad? Or crazy?" she asked.

She didn't ring Mr. Yunioshi's bell again. In the following days, she rang mine, sometimes at two in the morning, or three, or four o'clock. I always knew that it was her. I didn't have many friends, and no visitors at that time of night.

The first time the bell rang, I was scared. Was someone bringing bad news? Then Miss Golightly shouted up the stairs, "Sorry, darling - I forgot my key." We never met. I saw her on the stairs and in the street but she didn't see me. She always wore dark glasses and she was always well dressed. Maybe she was an actress, but she stayed out so late. Did she have time to work?

Sometimes I saw her outside our neighborhood. Once she was in an expensive restaurant, sitting with four men. She looked very bored. Another night, in the middle of summer, I was so hot that I left my room. I walked down to Fifty-first Street. There was a store there that I liked, with an old bird cage in the window. It was a beautiful bird cage, but it cost three hundred and fifty dollars. As I went home, I saw a crowd of taxi-drivers outside a bar. They were watching a group of Australian soldiers. The Australians were singing and dancing in the street with a girl. It was Miss Golightly.

Miss Golightly never seemed to notice me but I learned a lot about her. I looked in the trash can outside her door. She liked magazines and cigarettes, she didn't eat much food, and she colored her hair. She received a lot of letters from soldiers that she cut into small pieces. Sometimes I read them. Remember and miss you and please write were words that were written on many of the pieces of paper. And lonely and love.

She had a cat and she played the guitar. On sunny days, she washed her hair and sat on the fire escape with the cat. When I heard her guitar, I went to my window. She played well, and sometimes sang, too. "I don't want to sleep, I don't want to die. I just want to travel through the sky." That was her favorite song.

I didn't speak to her until September. One evening I went to a movie, then came home and went to bed. I read my book but I felt uncomfortable. Was someone watching me?

Then I heard a knock at the window. I opened it.

"What do you want?" I asked Miss Golightly.

"There's a terrible man in my apartment," she said. She stepped off the fire escape into the room. "He's very kind when he's not drunk. But now... I hate men who bite." She pulled her gray dress off her shoulder and showed me the bite. "Did I wake you? I'm sorry. But I climbed out of the window. He thinks I'm in the bathroom. He'll get tired soon and fall asleep. It was icy on the fire escape and you looked so warm. I saw you and thought about my brother, Fred. Four of us slept in the bed at home, and he kept me warm on cold nights. Can I call you Fred?"

She was in the room now, looking at me. She wasn't wearing dark glasses, and her large eyes were blue, green, and brown. They were happy, friendly eyes.

"Do you think I'm very bad? Or crazy?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Yes, you do. Everybody thinks I'm bad. It's OK. Men like crazy, bad women. They think we're interesting."

She sat down on one of the old red chairs and looked around the room.

"This place is terrible. How can you live here?"

"I like it," I said. I wasn't pleased because I was proud of my room.

"I couldn't live here. What do you do here all day?"

I pointed at a table covered in books and paper. "I write."

"Aren't writers usually old? Is Hemingway old?"

"I think he's about forty."

"That's not old. A man doesn't excite me until he's forty-two. I taught myself to like older men. I've never slept with a writer. No, wait. Do you know Benny Shacklett?"

"No," I said.

"That's strange. He's written a lot of things for the radio. Are you a real writer? Does anyone buy your work?"

"No, not yet."

"I'm going to help you," she said. "I know lots of people and they know other people. I'll help you because of my brother Fred. But you're smaller than him.

I last saw him when I was fourteen years old. That's when I left home. He was already six foot two inches tall. My other brothers were small but Fred ate a lot. Poor Fred - he was very nice, but he was a slow thinker. He's a soldier now. I hope they give him plenty of food. Talking of food, I'm very hungry."

I pointed at some apples. Then I said, "You were very young when you left home. Why did you leave?"

She looked at me but she didn't reply. I realized later that she didn't like questions about her past. She bit the apple, and said, "Tell me about your stories."

"That's not easy. Maybe I'll read one to you one day."

"Pour me a drink, darling. Then you can read me a story."

All writers want to read their work to someone. I poured her a drink and sat opposite her. Then I began to read.

The story was about two women, schoolteachers, who live together in a house. One of the women decides to marry. The other woman writes terrible things about her to other people in unsigned notes, and her future husband walks away from the marriage.

As I read, I looked at Holly. She didn't seem interested. She was playing with her cigarettes. She looked at her hands. What was she thinking about?

"Is that the end?" she asked, when I finished. "Of course, I like lesbians. I'm not scared of them. But I'm bored with stories about them. Your story is about lesbians, isn't it?"

I didn't answer. It was a mistake to read the story. I didn't want to have to explain it, too. She was stupid. A silly girl.

"Do you know any nice lesbians?" she asked. "I need someone to live with me. Lesbians are good home-makers. They love to do all the work around the house. I lived with a woman in Hollywood who acted in movies. She was better than a man in the house. People think I'm a lesbian, too. Of course I am, a little. Everyone is. But that's not a problem. Men like lesbians. The actress in Hollywood was married twice. Usually lesbians only marry once, to get a man's name. They want to be Mrs. because it sounds better than Miss."

Suddenly she stopped talking and opened her eyes very wide. Then she said, "That's not true!" She was looking at the clock on the table. "Is it really four-thirty?" she said.

Outside the window, it was already morning.

"What is today?" she asked.

"Thursday."

"Thursday" She stood up. "Oh, no." She sat down again. "That's terrible."

I was very tired. I sat on the bed and closed my eyes. "What's wrong with Thursdays?" I asked.

"Nothing, but I must catch the eight forty-five train. They're very careful about visiting hours. If you arrive at ten o'clock, you can spend an hour with the men before lunch. The poor men - they eat lunch at eleven! You can go at two but he likes a morning visit. I must stay awake. There isn't time to sleep. I want to be awake and healthy. A girl can't go to Sing Sing looking terrible."

"No," I said. I wasn't angry now because she interested me again.

"All the visitors dress well, and the women wear their prettiest clothes. Even the old women and the poor women look nice. I love the kids that come with the wives. You don't want to see kids there, but it isn't sad. They have clean hair and shiny shoes, and it's like a party in the visitors' room. In the movies prison is terrible, but Sing Sing is OK. There's a table between you and the prisoners. The kids stand on it and their fathers can hold them. The kids are always so happy to be there. It's different later when I see them on the train. They sit very quietly, looking at the river."

She looked at me. "I'm keeping you awake," she said. "Go to sleep."

"I'm interested."

"I know you are. But I mustn't tell you about Sally." She was quiet for a minute. Then she said, "But it is funny. You can write about it in a story if you use different names."

She took another apple. "Listen, Fred," she said. "Promise me you'll keep this story secret."

I promised.

"You probably know his name. He's often in the newspapers," she said.

"His name is Sally Tomato, and he's a darling old man. He's very serious about religion. Of course he was never my lover. I didn't know him until he was already in prison. But I love him now. I see him every Thursday. He pays me but I like to see him. This apple is bad," she said. She threw it out of the window. "I did see Sally sometimes in the past because he went to Joe Bell's bar, the one around the corner. He never talked to anybody but he was looking at me. Then he went to prison for five years. Joe Bell showed me his photo in the newspaper. Then I received a message from a lawyer. It said: 'Call me immediately. I have good news for you."

"You thought that somebody wanted to give you a million dollars?"

"No. I thought that somebody probably wanted money from me. But I went to see the lawyer. He says he's a lawyer. He doesn't have an office - just a telephone answering service. He always wants to meet in a cafe. He's fat - he can eat ten hamburgers in one meal. He offered me a hundred dollars a week to make a lonely old man happy. 'You've got the wrong Miss Golightly,' I told him. 'I don't sell myself to old men.' And a hundred dollars isn't a lot of money. Men give me fifty dollars when I go to the ladies' bathroom. And I always ask for money for a taxi, too - that's another fifty dollars. 'But the man is Sally Tomato,' he said. 'Old Sally has liked you for a long time. Be kind and visit him once a week.' What a romantic idea! So I agreed."

"It's a strange story," I said.

She smiled. "Do you think it's untrue?"

"Complete strangers can't visit prisoners."

"They don't know I'm a stranger. They think I'm his niece."

"And he gives you a hundred dollars for an hour's conversation?"

"He doesn't. The lawyer, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, mails it to me after I leave the weather report from Sally on his answering service."

"You're going to get into a lot of trouble," I said.

I switched off the light. We didn't need it now because it was morning. Birds were singing on the fire escape.

"Why?" she said seriously.

"You're not his niece. And what's this weather report?"

She gave a tired smile. "It's nothing. Sally tells me what to say. 'There are strong winds in Cuba' or 'It's snowing in Palermo'. Don't worry, darling," she said to me. "I can look after myself"

She moved to the bed and pulled the bed covers over my shoulders. Then she lay down next to me. "Is this OK?" she asked. "I only want to rest for a few minutes. Don't say another word. Go to sleep."

I didn't sleep. It was six o'clock when she put her hand softly on my arm. "Poor Fred," she said softly. She wasn't talking to me. "Where are you, Fred? I know it's cold. There's snow in the wind." She rested her head on my shoulder. Her face was warm and wet.

"Why are you crying?" I asked.

She moved away from me and sat up. "Oh," she said angrily. She ran toward the

window and the fire escape. "I hate people who ask a lot of questions."

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| Post Reading task  | Discussion: HG goes to ‘Sing Sing’ every Thursday, to visit ‘Sally Tomato’. What is Sing Sing? What kind of person do you think S.T is? What is HG paid to do for him? Why? Do you think she understands what she’s really doing? Would she care?  |

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| Chapter 3  | Pre Reading task  | Reflection:What do we already know about the narrator, the man HG calls “Fred” ? 2. As you read, notice HG talking about Tiffany’s. What is it? Why does she like it?  |
|  | While | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

CHAPTER THREE: A Party at Holly's Apartment

The next day was Friday. I came home and found a large box of expensive food outside my door. Below it was a card: Miss Holiday Golightly, Traveling. Written on the back was:

Thank you, darling Fred. Please forgive last night. You were very kind. I won't wake you again - Holly.

I replied, Please do, and left my note at her door with some flowers. But she was serious. I didn't see her or hear from her. She had a new key for the front door. She didn't ring my bell and I missed her.

After a few days, I felt angry. I was lonely but I didn't want to see any of my old friends. They seemed so uninteresting now. By Wednesday I couldn't work.

I was thinking about Holly, Sing Sing, and Sally Tomato all the time. I was thinking about a world where men gave women fifty dollars for the bathroom. That night, I left a message in her mailbox: Tomorrow is Thursday. The next morning, there was a second note from her: Thank you for telling me. Can you come for a drink tonight at six o'clock?

I waited until ten minutes past six, and then I waited another five minutes.

A strange man opened the door. He smelled of cigarettes and soap. He was very small and he had a big head. There was no kindness in his eyes. Hair grew out of his ears and from his nose, and he had a gray beard.

"The kid's in the shower," he said. He pointed his cigarette toward the sound of water in another room.

We were standing because there were no seats in the room. Suitcases and unpacked boxes were the only furniture. The boxes were used as tables. On one table there were drinks, and on another table were a telephone, Holly's red cat, and

some yellow roses. There were bookshelves on one wall, with a few books. I liked the room immediately. It had a careless look.

"Did she invite you?" the man asked. He looked at me carefully. "A lot of people come here when they're not invited. Have you known the kid for a long time?"

"No," I said. "I live upstairs."

My answer pleased him. "Is your apartment the same as this one?"

"It's much smaller."

"This place is a mess," he said. "Sometimes she has plenty of money but she still lives in a mess. So, what do you think? Is she or isn't she?"

"Isn't she what?'

"A fake."

"I don't think she is."

"You're wrong. She is a fake. But you're also right. She isn't a fake because she's a real fake. She believes all these things she believes. You can't change her. I've tried, the great Benny Polan tried. Benny wanted to marry her but she refused. Benny spent thousands of dollars sending her to head-doctors. There was one famous doctor, he only speaks German. He couldn't change her. But I like the kid. Not everybody likes her, but I do. I really like her because I'm romantic. Only romantic people understand her. But I'll tell you something. You can do everything for her and she'll give you nothing. One day she'll kill herself. Lots of girls kill themselves when they're not even crazy. And she is crazy!"

"But she's young," I said. "She has a future."

"You're wrong again. A year or two ago, in California, things were different. People were interested in her and she was near success. But if you walk out, you can't walk back. Holly wasn't famous, not before The Story of Dr. Wassell. Then she had a future. I know. I'm the guy who was helping her." He pointed his cigarette at himself. "O.J. Berman."

I didn't know his name. I smiled politely but I'd never heard of O.J. Berman, Hollywood actors' agent.

"I saw her first. She was living with a guy who rode in horse races. 'I'll tell the police if you don't leave her,' I told him. She was only fifteen years old. She was wearing thick glasses but she had a lot of style. She just arrived in town, came from nowhere. We gave her French lessons to make her speak better. People were interested in her, important people. Then Benny Polan, a good guy, wanted to marry her. What more can an agent ask for? Then The Story of Dr. Wassell. Did you see that movie? They wanted to give her a part as one of Dr. Wassell's nurses. Then I got the phone call." He held his hand to his ear. 'This is Holly,' she said. 'I'm in New York.'

'Why are you in New York?' I asked. 'It's Sunday and you have an interview for the movie tomorrow.' She said, 'I'm in New York because I've never been to New York before.'

'Get on a plane and come back here,' I told her. But she didn't want the movie. 'What do you want?'

I asked her. She said, 'When I find out, I'll tell you.' You see? She's crazy."

The red cat jumped off its box and walked up to him. He kicked it away with the toe of his shoe.

"Is this what she wants?" he said. "A lot of people that aren't invited? Living off money that men give her? Maybe she'll marry Rusty Trawler."

"Sorry, I don't know him."

"If you don't know Rusty Trawler, you don't know much about the kid."

He smiled. The smile made his face kinder. "I want to start again with Holly. As I told you," he said, "I really like the kid."

"What are you saying about me, O.J.?" Holly came into the room with a towel around her. Her feet were wet.

"That you're crazy."

"Fred knows that already. Light me a cigarette, darling," she said. She pulled off her shower hat and shook her hair. "Not you, O.J. You make the end wet."

She picked up the cat and put him on her shoulder.

"O.J. says bad things about me," she told me. I lit a cigarette and she took it. "But he does know a lot of famous people's phone numbers. What's David O. Selznick's number, O.J.? I want you to call him. Tell him about Fred. He's very smart and he writes wonderful stories. Don't be shy, Fred. O.J., darling, how will you make Fred rich?"

"I'll talk to Fred about that."

"Remember," she said, "I'm his agent. I'll call you to fasten my dress. And if anybody knocks at the door, let them in." Then she left us.

Many people knocked at the door. In the next fifteen minutes, a group of men filled the apartment. Some were soldiers. Most were too old to fight. They weren't friends. Each man was surprised when he saw the others. Were these all the men that she met in bars? But they soon started talking.

I stood alone by the bookshelves and looked at Holly's friends. One man was middle-aged but he had the face of a child. It was round and fat, and there were no lines around his eyes and mouth. He was at the center of the crowd. He poured drinks and introduced people. It was Holly's apartment, but his party. Maybe he was in love with her. But he didn't mind about the other men. He wasn't angry when she touched a soldier's arm.

The man's name was Rutherford ("Rusty") Trawler. When both his parents died in 1908, he was five years old. He immediately became a millionaire and his name was often in the newspapers. After four marriages and divorces, he was now an unmarried man again.

I read about him in a book on Holly's shelf. It was full of pieces cut from Sunday newspapers about Holly and Rusty. Holly walked up to me while I was reading one of them. It said: Miss Holiday Golightly, of the Boston Golightlys, makes every day a holiday for millionaire Rusty Trawler.

I said, "What was this week's weather report?"

She smiled but she wasn't amused. "Forget about Sally Tomato," she said. "Do you like O.J.? He can help you, Fred."

"You didn't like his help," I said.

"I don't understand."

"The Story of Dr. Wassell."

"Is he still talking about that movie?" She smiled across the room at Berman. "But he's right, I was a bad girl. I was playing at being an actress. I didn't want to be a movie star - it's too difficult. I'm too intelligent and I like myself too much. Movie stars don't like themselves. But one day I want to be rich and famous - that's part of my plan. I'll wake up one fine morning and have breakfast at Tiffany's. But I'll always be Holly Golightly. You need a drink," she said. "Rusty! Will you bring my friend a drink?"

She was still holding the cat. "Poor cat without a name," she said. "I can't give him a name because he doesn't belong to me. We met by the river one day and he came home with me. But he isn't mine. I don't want to own anything until I have the right

place. I don't know where that place is. Tiffany's maybe." She smiled and dropped the cat on the floor. "Jewelry isn't important to me. Well, I do like expensive jewelry. But you can't wear the really expensive stones until you're forty. They only look good on old women. But I love Tiffany's for another reason. Listen. You know those days when you're really unhappy and afraid?"

"Days when you're sad?"

"No," she said slowly. "No, you can be sad because you're getting fat. Or maybe it's rained for a long time. But sometimes you feel worse. You're afraid and you don't know why. Something bad is going to happen... Do you get that feeling?"

"Quite often."

"What do you do about it?"

"A drink helps."

"I've tried that - and drugs - but they don't help. Only one thing works for me. I get into a taxi and go to Tiffany's. It calms me because it's so quiet. Nothing very bad will happen to you there, not with those kind men in their nice suits, and those wonderful, expensive smells. I want a place where I feel as good as in Tiffany's. Then I'll buy some furniture and give the cat a name. Maybe after the war, Fred and I -"

She lifted her dark glasses. "I went to Mexico. It's a wonderful country for horses. I saw one house near the ocean. Fred's good with horses."

Rusty Trawler brought me a drink. "I'm hungry," he said. "It's seven-thirty and I'm hungry. You know what the doctor says."

"Yes, Rusty. I know what the doctor says."

"So let's stop the party. Let's go."

"Be a good boy, Rusty." She spoke softly, but her voice was angry.

"You don't love me," he said.

"Nobody loves a bad boy."

Her words seemed to excite him. This was a game that they played. He continued, "Do you love me?"

She touched his hand. "Look after the guests, Rusty. And when I'm ready, we'll eat."

"Chinese food?"

"Maybe. But not too much of it. Remember what the doctor says."

He returned to the party. There was a happy smile on his face.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

"You can love anybody if you really try. And he was very unhappy when he was a child."

"He is a child. That's how he acts."

"He feels safer. He really wants to be a girl but he can't think like that. 'Grow up and make a home with a nice, fatherly truck driver,' I told him. But he got angry and tried to knife me. He's OK. He won't really hurt me."

"Thank God you're not going to marry Mr. Trawler."

"He's rich. Land in Mexico costs money. Now, let's find O.J."

Before we moved, I asked her another question. "Why does it say Traveling on your card?"

"I don't know where I'll be tomorrow. So I told them to put Traveling. I didn't need those cards but I wanted to buy something. They're from Tiffany's." She took my hand. "Come with me. You're going to make friends with O.J." Suddenly the door opened and a young woman hurried in. "H-H-Holly!" she said. "You are so selfish. You kept all these wonderful men for yourself!" She was more than six feet tall, taller than most of the men in the room. Holly said angrily, "What are you doing here?"

"N-n-nothing, darling. I was upstairs with Yunioshi. We're taking photos for a Christmas magazine. Are you angry, darling?" She smiled at the men in the room. "You b-b-boys aren't angry with me because I've come to the party?"

Rusty Trawler laughed quietly. "Do you want a drink?" he asked.

"Yes, please," she said.

"There isn't any," Holly told her. "It's finished."

"Oh, that's OK. Don't worry about me, Holly, darling," she said. "I can introduce myself." She looked down at O.J. Berman. "I'm Mag W-w-wildwood, from Wild-w-w-wood, Arkansas. That's in the mountains."

The men moved around her. They liked her silly jokes. She wasn't beautiful but she looked interesting. She was very tall and had a flat chest. Her hair was pulled straight back, making her thin face thinner. Even her unusual speech made her silly words sound interesting. Men wanted to protect her. Here's an example. She said, "Who can tell me w-w-where the b-b-bathroom is?"

Berman ran over to her. He offered his arm to guide her there himself.

"That isn't necessary," said Holly. "She's visited me before. She knows where the bathroom is."

After Mag Wildwood left the room, she continued. "It's really very sad." She waited until the men were listening to her. "And so mysterious. She looks healthy. She looks so clean. That's the strange thing. Don't you think she looks clean?"

Someone coughed. An officer was holding Mag Wildwood's drink. He put it down.

"But many of these Southern girls have the same trouble," said Holly. She shook her head sadly and went to the kitchen for more ice.

When Mag Wildwood returned, she couldn't understand the change in the room. Nobody wanted to talk to her. Men were leaving without taking her telephone number. She became very angry with everyone. She shouted at Holly. Then she invited a man in his fifties to fight. She pushed Rusty Trawler into a corner. "Do you know what's going to happen to you?" she said, and her speech problem disappeared. "I'm going to feed you to the animals in Central Park."

He looked excited at the thought, but she suddenly sat down on the floor.

"You're very boring. Get up from there," Holly said. The men were waiting at the door and she was putting on her coat. When Mag Wildwood didn't move, Holly looked at me. "Be a darling, Fred. Put her in a taxi. She lives at the Winslow Hotel."

Then they were gone. I looked at Mag. She was a big woman, too big to carry down to a taxi. But she suddenly stood up. She said, "Let's go to the Stork Nightclub." Then she fell down onto the floor. Was she sick? Did she need a doctor? But she wasn't sick - she was asleep. I left her to enjoy her rest.

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| Post Reading task  | Discussion: 1. Why does HG like to go to Tiffany’s? 2.In this chapter, we meet more men. How could we describe them? Do you think they are similar or different to ‘typical’ Myanmar men? In what ways? Why? 3.What do you think of Mag Wildwood? Why is HG being mean to her?  |