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

**Part Four - Chapters 10- 12 + tasks**

CHAPTER TEN: **The End of Holly's Dreams?**

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| Chapter 10  | Pre Reading  | How do you think HG’s fiancé, Jose, will react to her difficult situation? Do you think she will ever get to Brazil now?  |
|   | While reading | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

 But she wasn't home. The next morning I went down to feed her cat. She still wasn't there. I didn't have a key to the apartment, so I used the fire escape. The cat was in the bedroom and he wasn't alone. A man was there, standing over a suitcase.

I stepped through the window. The man had a handsome face and shiny hair. He was packing Jose's clothes into the suitcase. I looked at the shoes and suits that Holly was always cleaning.

"Did Mr. Ybarra-Jaegar send you?" I asked.

"I am his cousin," he said, nervously. His English wasn't good.

"Where is Jose?" I asked.

He repeated the question slowly. "Ah, where is he! He is waiting," he said. Then he returned to the suitcase.

So Jose was running away. I wasn't surprised, or sorry, but I was angry.

The cousin closed the suitcase and gave me a letter. "My cousin left this for his friend. Please give it to her."

On the envelope was written: For Miss H. Golightly.

I sat down on Holly's bed and held Holly's cat. I felt very, very sad.

"Yes," I said. "I'll give it to her.

I gave her the letter, though I didn't want to.

It was two mornings later, and I was sitting by her bed in a hospital room. The police took her there on the night after her arrest.

When I arrived, I walked quietly toward her. I was carrying a pack of cigarettes and some flowers. "Well, darling," she greeted me, "I lost the baby." She looked very young. Her pale hair was pushed back from her face, and her eyes without their dark glasses were clear. Was she really so sick?

Yes, she was. "I almost died," she said. "The fat woman almost had me. Have I told you about the fat woman? I didn't know about her myself until my brother died. Then I saw her - she was there in the room with me. She was holding Fred in her arms. She was a terrible, fat old woman in a chair, with Fred on her knee, and she was laughing! When you die, you meet her. The fat woman comes and takes you. I saw her and I went crazy. Then I broke up everything in the apartment. Do you understand?"

Except for O.J. Berman's lawyer, I was her only visitor. There were three other patients in her room. They looked at me with interest and spoke quietly in Italian.

Holly explained. "They think that you're bad for me, darling. You're the man who put me in here."

"But that's not true," I said.

"I can't tell them that. They don't speak English. And I don't want to destroy their fun."

Then she asked me about Jose. "Have you seen him, darling?"

When she saw the letter, she gave a little smile. Suddenly she seemed much older. "Darling," she said. "Open that cupboard and give me my purse. A girl can't read a letter without her lipstick."

Looking in a small mirror, she painted her face. She colored her eyes and her mouth, put on her jewelry and her dark glasses. Now she wasn't a twelve-year-old child. She was a woman.

She opened the letter and read it quickly. Her small smile grew smaller and harder. She asked for a cigarette and started to smoke it. "It tastes terrible. But wonderful." She threw the letter to me. "You can use this when you write a romance. Read it to me. I'd like to hear it."

It began: "My dearest little girl -"

Holly stopped me. "What do you think of the writing?"

"It's OK," I said. "Tight, ordinary, easy to read."

"That's him," she said. "Tight and ordinary. What does he say?"

I know you are different to other women. "My dearest little girl, I loved you. But Now I find that you are too different. Imagine my sadness when I discovered your secrets in the newspapers. I have important plans for the future. I cannot marry a woman like you. I feel very sorry for you and I am not angry with you. I hope you are not angry with me. I must protect my family and my name. Forget me, beautiful child. I have left New York City and gone home. But I hope that God is always with you and your child.

Jose."

"What do you think?" she asked.

"It seems quite honest. And he sounds sad," I replied.

"Sad!"

"But you must understand that it's hard for him -"

Holly didn't want to understand anything. But she wasn't angry. "All right, he's not totally bad. He has his reasons to leave. But I did love him." She started to cry.

The Italian women looked angrily at me. I was pleased. They thought Holly loved me. I felt proud.

I offered her another cigarette and she stopped crying. "Thanks, darling. And thanks for being a bad rider. All that exercise did it. Thanks to you, I'm not going into a home for single mothers. The food in those places is terrible. But I've scared the police. 'I lost the baby because your lesbian officer hit me!' I told them. They're going to pay me a lot of money to stay quiet! I'll make sure they do."

She was making jokes. She didn't want to think about serious matters, about her arrest and the newspapers. She didn't understand the reality of her position. "Holly," I said, seriously. "This isn't a joke. We have to make plans."

"You're too young to be serious. Too small. My problems are my problems. You don't need to think about them."

"You're my friend and I'm worried. What are you going to do?"

She looked out of the window. "Today's Wednesday, isn't it?" she said. "I'll sleep until Saturday-get a good sleep. On Saturday morning, I'll run out to the bank. Then I'll go

to the apartment and pick up one or two nightdresses. Then I'll go to Idlewild Airport. As you know, I have a ticket for a seat on an airplane. Because you're my good friend, you can come to the airport with me. You can wave goodbye to me."

"Holly. Holly. You can't do that."

"Why not? Please stop disagreeing with me. I'm not running after Jose. Jose is history, I can't remember him. But I have a good airplane ticket. I'm not going to throw it away. It's already paid for. And I've never been to Brazil."

"You're crazy! What medicine are they giving you in here? Don't you understand, you're a criminal. If you leave the country, they'll put you in prison. They'll throw away the key to the prison door. If you go to Brazil, you can never come home again."

"That's not important. Home is where you're happy. I'm still looking for my home."

"No, Holly, it's stupid. You're not a criminal. You haven't done anything wrong. The police will understand. You must stay here."

She laughed and blew cigarette smoke in my face. But she was listening to me. I looked into her eyes. She was thinking about prison rooms, and doors that closed slowly...

"No!" she said. She put out her cigarette. "I'm going. Maybe the police won't catch me. Don't tell them anything about me. Don't be angry with me, darling."

She put her hand over mine. Suddenly she was speaking seriously. "I talked to the lawyer. Oh, I didn't tell him anything about Rio. If I run away, O.J. has to pay ten thousand dollars. The lawyer doesn't want to lose O.J.'s money. He'll try to stop me. O.J.'s good to me, but I've helped him, too, in the past. I helped him win more than ten thousand dollars in a single game of cards."

"No, this is the real problem: The police want me to speak in court against Sally. They won't put me in prison - they can't prove anything against me. But I refuse to hurt Sally. I'm not a good person, but I will never help send a friend to prison. Never. Not even a friend who's clearly a criminal. Old Sally wasn't always totally honest with me, but he's OK. I'll die before I help the police."

She looked in her mirror and smoothed her lipstick with her finger. "And there's something more. Some places aren't good for a girl. If I help the police, I can't stay here. This neighborhood won't be good for me. And that's not good for a girl who does my kind of work, darling. I don't want to be poor and sad. I don't want to watch Mrs. Rusty Trawler go in and out of Tiffany's. I can't do that."

A nurse came quietly into the room. It was time for visitors to leave the hospital.

Holly said one more thing before I left. "Do something for me, darling. Call one of the newspapers and get a list of the fifty richest men in Brazil. This isn't a joke. The fifty richest men - any color, from any family. And look around my apartment. Find that jewelry you gave me from Tiffany's. I'll need it in Brazil."

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| Post Reading task  | Discussion: HG knows a lot of people who like to come to her parties but does she have many real friends? This novel paints a picture of a shallow & superficial society, in which most people are selfish. Do you think it’ a realistic picture of American, or even Western society? Do you think Eastern cultures have similar or different priorities?  |

CHAPTER ELEVEN: **Holly Leaves New York**

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| Chapter 11  | Pre Reading task  | American English & British English sometimes use different words. Do you know the British English for: a) sidewalk b) apartment c) neighborhood? (these words are in this chapter – look at them in context)  |
|   | While reading  | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

The sky was red on Friday night and there was a bad storm. On Saturday it was raining heavily. Saturday, the day Holly was leaving New York.

"This weather is only good for fish," I said to her. "Your airplane can't fly today."

But Holly wasn't listening to me. She continued to prepare for her trip to Brazil.

I did most of the work. Holly didn't want to come to the apartment building. She was right, too. People were watching the building all the time. Sometimes one man, sometimes more, stood around on the sidewalk. Maybe they were police, or reporters; maybe they were just other interested people. It was impossible to tell.

So Holly left the hospital and went to a bank. Then she went immediately to Joe Bell's bar.

Later that day, Joe came to my apartment. "Nobody followed her, she thinks," he said. "She wants to meet you at the bar in about half an hour. And bring some things for her. Her jewelry. Her guitar. Her shoes and her lipsticks. And a bottle of hundred-year-old brandy. She says you'll find it under her dirty clothes. Oh, and the cat. She wants the cat."

He stopped talking for a minute. Then he said, "But maybe it's wrong to help her. She does some crazy things. She'll get into more trouble. Maybe we should stop her and tell the police. They'll keep her here. I'll go back to the bar and give her a few drinks. Maybe she'll decide not to take the flight."

I ran up and down the fire escape between Holly's apartment and mine.

It was very windy and my clothes were soon wet from the rain. And the cat attacked me. He bit me until my hands were covered in blood. He didn't want to leave the warm apartment in bad weather.

Quickly, I found the things she wanted. I even found the jewelry from Tiffany's. Everything was piled on the floor of my room. Dresses and underclothes and dancing shoes and pretty things. I felt very sad as I packed them in Holly's suitcase. There were too many things for one suitcase, so I put some of her clothes in paper grocery bags.

Then there was the cat. He was still fighting me. I couldn't carry him and the suitcase and the bags. Finally, I found an old cloth bag, put him inside, and tied the top.

Many years ago, I walked from New Orleans to Nancy's Landing, Mississippi, almost five hundred miles. The reason isn't important. But that long walk was easier than the short walk to Joe Bell's bar.

The guitar filled with rain. Rain softened the paper bags, and some of Holly's clothes and jewelry fell through them onto the sidewalk. The wind pushed me, and the cat attacked its bag and screamed at me.

And I was frightened. Now I understood Jose, because I was frightened in the same way as him. Were people watching me? I was helping someone run away from the police. I was a criminal, too.

In the bar, Holly said, "You're late. Did you bring the brandy?"

The cat climbed out of its bag and jumped onto her shoulder. Holly was laughing, excited. She opened the bottle. "This brandy was for me and Jose. 'We'll drink this,' I told him, 'every year, on the same day as our wedding.' But that's finished now. Mr. Bell, sir, give me three glasses."

"You only need two," Joe Bell told her. "I refuse to drink with you. You're crazy to leave New York."

"Please, Mr. Bell," she said. "A lady doesn't disappear every day. Have a drink with her."

"No," he replied angrily. "I'm not going to drink with you. This isn't a party and I'm not going to help you."

That was a lie. A few minutes later, a large car and driver stopped outside the bar. Holly noticed it first. She put down her brandy glass.

"Well, darling," she said, "is this the judge? Has he come to get me?"

I saw Joe Bell's red face. Did he really call the police? But Joe said, "It's nothing. Just a car that I paid for. It will take you to the airport."

He turned away from us and started washing some glasses.

"Kind, dear Mr. Bell. Look at me, sir," Holly said.

He couldn't look at her. He pulled some flowers from behind the bar and pushed them toward her. She didn't catch them in time and they fell on the floor.

"Goodbye," he said. He didn't want to cry in front of her. He ran to the men's bathroom and we heard the door lock.

The driver of the car was very calm. In his job, he saw many strange things. He didn't say anything about Holly's suitcase and grocery bags. And his face didn't change when, in the back of the car, Holly took off her clothes. She was still wearing her riding clothes - the jacket and jeans.

"The police came for me so quickly," she said. "There wasn't time to change my clothes." Quickly, she put on her little black dress.

We didn't talk after that. Holly was lost in thought and didn't look at me.

She sang quietly to herself and drank brandy from the bottle. She moved to the front of her seat so she could look out of the windows. Was she looking for an address? Or taking a last look at New York? But it was neither of these.

Suddenly she spoke. "Stop here," she ordered the driver.

He stopped the car by a sidewalk in Spanish Harlem. It was a strange neighborhood, colorful but frightening. There were religious pictures next to photos of movie stars on the walls of buildings. The strong wind moved empty cans and dirty newspapers up and down the sidewalk. But the rain had stopped now and the sun was beginning to break through the cloud.

Holly stepped out of the car. She took the cat with her. Holding him in her arms, she smoothed his head.

"What do you think?" she asked. "Is this the right place for you? You're a fighter and this is a hard neighborhood. There are plenty of trash cans to look in. Lots of gangs of wild cats to join. So go!"

She dropped him onto the sidewalk. He didn't move, but lifted his face to her and questioned her with his yellow eyes.

"Go!" she shouted, angrily. He came closer to her legs. "Get away from me!"

Then she jumped into the car again and closed the door.

"Go," she told the driver. "Go. Go."

"That was terrible!" I said angrily. "You really are unkind."

We traveled for a block before she replied. "I told you. We met by the river one day. He doesn't belong to me. I don't belong to him. We didn't make any promises. We never -"

She stopped speaking. Her face was very white and unhappy.

The car stopped for a traffic light. She opened the door and ran down the street, and I ran after her. She was looking for the cat.

But the cat wasn't there. There was nobody, nothing on the street except an old drunk and women with a group of children. As Holly ran up and down the block, more children came out from doorways. Some ladies looked out of their windows. Holly was shouting, "You. Cat. Where are you? Here, cat."

She didn't stop calling until a boy stopped her. He was holding a dirty old cat by the back of its neck. "Do you want a nice cat, miss? Give me a dollar for this one."

The car was following us. I took Holly's arm and walked her toward it. At the door of the car, she stopped. She looked past me, past the boy with his cat. He was still talking. "Half a dollar? Twenty cents? It's not much for this cat."

She held my arm very tightly. There were tears in her eyes. "Oh, he does belong to me. He was mine," she said.

Then I made her a promise. "I'll come back and find your cat. I'll look after him, too. I promise."

She smiled - that sad new smile. "And me?" she asked quietly. "Who will look after me? I'm very scared, darling. For the first time, I'm really scared. This will happen again and again. I never know what's mine. Not until I throw it away. The fat woman - she's not important. Unhappiness - that's nothing. This is important, though. Not belonging. I'm so very, very scared."

She stepped in the car and sat down slowly in the seat.

"Sorry, driver," she said. "Let's go."

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| Post Reading task  | Discussion: At the end of this chapter, HG is very sad & scared. She says she’s not afraid of unhappiness or even ‘the fat lady’ (what does this mean?) So what exactly IS she afraid of? And why is she sad? Could you do what HG is doing & walk away from a place & people you know, into a new country & the unknown?  |

CHAPTER TWELVE: **Where is Holly Now?**

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| Chapter 12  | Pre Reading task  | Prediction: How do you think the story ends? Does HG live happily ever after in Brazil? What about the narrator - & the cat? Are there any other characters or ‘loose ends’ you want to know about?  |
|   | While reading  | Note any unknown vocabulary: guess meaning in context, check later.  |

TOMATO'S GIRL IS MISSING and BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS: KILLED BY DRUGS GANG? Those were the stories in the newspapers during the next few weeks. Later, they reported: TOMATO'S GIRL SEEN IN RIO.

The American police didn't try to bring her back, and soon Holly's name disappeared from the newspapers. I saw it only once in a report on Christmas Day, when Sally Tomato died in Sing Sing. He was an old man with a sick heart and he died in his bed.

The winter months passed slowly. I didn't hear anything from Holly. The owner of the apartment building sold her things - the bed with the shiny white cover, her pictures, her chairs. She loved those chairs.

A new tenant moved into the apartment. His name was Quaintance Smith and he had a lot of male visitors. He was as noisy as Holly. I often heard loud music, and voices, and men shouting. But this time Mrs. Spanella didn't say anything.

"He's a nice young man," she said to me. "I like him."

She always smiled when she saw him. She even gave him something for his eye each time one of his "friends" hit him.

But in the spring I received a card. The message was written in pencil and signed with a lipstick kiss.

Brazil was terrible, but Buenos Aires is wonderful. It's not Tiffany's, but almost as good. I'm spending all my time with a handsome Spanish man. Do I love him?

I think so. I'm looking for a place to live. (The Spanish man has a wife and seven children.) I'll send my address when I have one. Then she wrote in French:

Much love.

She never sent the address. Maybe she never had one. I was sad because I wanted to write to her. I had a lot to tell her. I sold two stories. The Trawlers were divorcing and fighting about money. I was moving out of the brown stone apartment building because it was full of memories of Holly.

But most important, I had news about the cat.

I kept my promise and I found him. For weeks after work I walked through the streets of Spanish Harlem. Many times, I saw a red cat with yellow eyes - but it wasn't him. He was gone, lost in New York.

But one day, one cold Sunday afternoon when the winter sun was shining, I found him.

He was sitting in the window of a house. The paint around the window was new. The room looked warm and comfortable. There were plants in pots on each side of him.

He had a name. I was sure that he had a name now. He was in a place where he belonged.

I hope Holly has found a place where she belongs, too.

- THE END -

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| Post Reading task  | Discussion: Did you enjoy the novel? Why/ Why not? Do you think the plot & the characters are realistic? Or too exaggerated or far-fetched? Do you know of any stories in Myanmar where a girl from a poor background tries to make a better life for herself? Writing task: Write a summary of the story. Post it on our group page, message it to your TF or tell it to a friend or colleague.  |