**Read Chapter I and do the tasks.**

**Stupid and rich, clever and poor**

What can you say about a twenty-five-year-old girl who died? You can say that she was beautiful  
and intelligent. She loved Mozart and Bach and the Beatles. And tne. Once, when she told me  
that, I asked her who came first. She answered, smiling, ''Like in the ABC.' I smiled too. But now  
I wonder.

Was she talking about my first name? If she was, I came last, behaid Mozart. Or did she mean my  
last name? if she did, I came between Bach and the Beatles. But I still didn't come first. That  
worries me terribly now. You see, I always had to be Number One. Family pride, you see.

In the autumn of my last year at Harvard university, I studied a lot in the Radcliffe library. The  
library was quiet, nobody knew me there, and they had the books that I needed for my studies.  
The day before an examination I went over to the library desk to ask for a book. Two girls were  
working there. One was tall and sporty. The other was quiet and wore glasses. I chose her, and  
asked for my book. She gave me an unfriendly look. 'Don't you have a library at Harvard?' she  
asked. 'Radcliffe let us use their library,' I answered. 'Yes, Preppie, they do - but is it fair?  
Harvard has five million books. We have a few thousand.'

Oh dear, I thought. A clever Radcliffe girl. I can usually make girls like her feel very small. But I  
needed that damnbook, so I had to be polite. 'Listen, I need that damn book.‘ 'Don't speak like  
that to a lady, Preppie.‘ 'Why are you so sure that I went to prep school?‘ She took off her  
glasses. 'You look stupid and rich,' she said. 'You're wrong,' I said. 'I'm actually clever and poor.'

'Oh no, Preppie,' she said. 'I'm clever and poor.‘ She was looking straight at me. All right, she had  
pretty brown eyes; and OK, perhaps I looked rich. But I don't let anyone call me stupid. 'What  
makes you so clever?' I asked. 'I'm not going to go for coffee with you,' she said.

'Listen - I'm not going to ask you!‘ 'That', she said, 'is what makes you stupid.'

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. I got the book that I wanted, didn't I? And she couldn't  
leave the library until closing time. So I was able to study the book for a good long time. I got an  
A in my exam the next day. I gave the girl's legs an A too, when she came out from behind the  
library desk. We went to a coffee shop and I ordered coffee for both of us. 'I'm Jennifer Cavilleri,‘  
she said. 'I'm American, but my family came from Italy. I'm studying music‘ 'My name is Oliver,'  
I said. 'Is that your first or your last name?' she asked. 'First. My other name is Barrett.‘ 'Oh,' she  
said. 'Like Elizabeth Barrett the writer?‘ 'Yes,' I said. 'No relation.‘ I was pleased that she hadn't  
said, 'Barrett, like Barrett Hall?' That Barrett is a relation of mine. Barrett Hall is a large, unlovely  
building at Harvard University. My greatgrandfather gave it to Harvard long ago, and I am deeply  
ashamed of it. She was silent. She sat there, half-smiling at me. I looked at her notebooks.

'Sixteenth-century music?' I said. 'That sounds difficult.‘ 'It's too difficult for you, Preppie,' she  
said coldly. Why was I letting her talk to me like this? Didn't she read the university magazine?  
Didn't she know who I was?

'Hey, don't you know who I am?‘ 'Yes,' she answered. 'You're the man who owns Barrett

Hall.‘ She didn't know who I was. 'I don't own Barrett Hall,' I argued. 'My great-grandfather

gave it to Harvard, that's all.‘ 'So that's why his not-so-great grandson could get into

Harvard so easily!‘ I was angry now. 'Jenny, if I'm no good, why did you want me to invite you  
for coffee?‘ She looked straight into my eyes and smiled. 'I like your body,' she said. Every big  
winner has to be a good loser too. Every good Harvard man knows that. But it's better if you can  
win. And so, as I walked with Jenny to her dormitory, I made my winning move. 'Listen, Friday  
night is the Dartmouth hockey match.‘ 'So?‘ 'So I'd like you to come.‘ These Radcliffe girls, they  
really care about sport. 'And why', she asked, 'should I come to a stupid ice-hockey match?‘  
'Because I'm playing,' I answered. There was a moment's silence. I think I heard snow falling.  
'For which team?' she said. By the second quarter of the game on Friday night, we were winning  
0 — 0. That is, Davey Johnson and I were getting ready to score a goal. The crowd were  
screaming for blood

- or a goal. I always feel that it's my job to give them both these things. I didn't look up at Jenny  
once, but I hoped she was watching me. I got the puck and started off across the ice. Davey  
Johnson was there on my left, but I didn't pass the puck to him. I wanted to score this goal  
myself. But before I could shoot, two big Dartmouth men were after me. In a moment we were  
hitting the puck and each other as hard as we could. 'You!' said a voice suddenly. 'Two minutes in  
the penalty box.‘ I looked up. He was talking to me. 'What did I do?' I asked.'Don't argue.' He called to the officials' desk: 'Number seven, two minutes in the penalty box, for fighting.‘ Angrily I climbed  
into the penalty box. 'Why are you sitting here when all your friends are playing?‘ The voice was  
Jenny's. I didn't answer. 'Come on, Harvard, get that puck!' I shouted. 'What did you do wrong?'  
Jenny asked. I tried too hard.' Out there on the ice Harvard were playing with only five men.

'Is that something to be ashamed of?‘ 'Jenny, please. I'm thinking.‘ 'What about?‘ 'About those  
two Dartmouth men. When I get back onto the ice, I'll break them into little pieces.'

'Do you always fight when you play hockey?‘ 'I'll fight you, Jenny, if you don't keep quiet.'

'I'm leaving. Goodbye.‘ I looked round, but she had gone. Just then the bell rang. My two-minute  
penalty had finished. I jumped onto the ice again. 'Good old Barrett!' shouted the crowd. Jenny  
will hear them shouting for me, I thought. But where was she? Had she left? As I went for the  
puck, I looked up into the crowd. Jenny was standing there. I took the puck and went towards the goal line. Two Dartmouth players were coming straight at me. 'Go, Oliver, go! Knock their heads  
off!‘ That was Jenny's voice above the crowd. It was crazily, beautifully violent. I pushed past  
one Dartmouth man. I knocked hard into the other. Then I passed the puck to Davey Johnson, and  
he banged it into the Dartmouth goal. The crowd went wild. In a moment we were all shouting  
and kissing and banging each other on the back. The crowd were screaming with excitement.  
After that, we murdered Dartmouth – seven goals to zero.

After the match I lay in the hot bath and thought with pride about the game. I'd scored one goal,  
and helped to score another. Now the water felt wonderful on my tired body. Ahhhh! Suddenly I  
remembered Jenny. Was she still waiting outside? I hoped so! I jumped out of that bath and  
dressed as fast as I could. Outside, the cold winter air hit me. I looked round for Jenny. Had she walked  
back to her dormitory alone? Suddenly I saw her. 'Hey, Preppie, it's cold out here.‘ I was really  
pleased to see her, and gave her a quick kiss. 'Did I say you could kiss me?' she said.

'Sorry. I was just excited.‘ 'I wasn't.‘ It was dark and quiet, out there in the cold. I kissed her

again, more slowly. When we reached her dormitory, I did not kiss her goodnight. 'Listen, Jenny,  
perhaps I won't telephone you for a few months.‘ She was silent for a moment. 'Why?' she asked  
at last. 'But perhaps I'll telephone you as soon as I get back to my dorm.' I turned and began to  
walk away.'Damn Preppie!' I heard her say. I turned again. From twenty feet away I scored  
another goal.

**Answer the questions**

1. How does the novel start? What are the advantages and disadvantages of knowing from the  
beginning what will happen at the end?

2. When Oliver says that it “happened in the fall of my senior year”, what does he mean?

3. What is Radcliff?

4. What was Oliver’s first impression of Jennifer?

5. Why was Jennifer against Oliver’s studying in their library?

6. What does Oliver mean when he says that he “got an A minus on the exam”?

7. What did they talk about in the café?

8. What courses was Jennifer taking?

9. “Part of being a big winner is the ability to be a good loser.” Comment.

10. What is the “dorm” that Oliver walked Jennifer back to?

11. What kind of hockey game did Oliver invite Jennifer to?