Waiter, A Glass Of Beer! By Guy De Maupassant
repetition

Ticular. I was merely taking a stroll after dinner. I passed it

ts besides. Suddenly I halter! No name I was going nowhere in particular. I was merely taking a stroll after dinner. I passed the Lyonnais Bank, the Rue Vivienne, and other streets besides. Suddenly I halted before a half-empty beer-palace. With no special object in view— for I was not thirsty—I went in.

Casting a glance about for a comfortable place, I took a seat next to a man who looked rather old, and was smoking a cheap clay pipe, which was as black as coal. Half a dozen glass saucers piled up on the table in front of him indicated the number of glasses he had already consumed. I paid no closer attention to my neighbor, recognizing him at once for a "beerite," one of those habitual frequenters of beerpalaces who come in the morning when the doors open, and leave when they close for the night. He was untidy, and bald on the top of his head, a shock of long, greasy, pepper-and-salt hair falling upon his coat collar. His clothes, which were too loose, had apparently been made at a time when he was stouter. One suspected that his trousers were not fastened on tight, and that every ten yards the wearer would have to stop and pull up that erratic garment. Had he a waistcoat on? The bare thought of his boots, and of what they might contain, made me shudder. His frayed cuffs were a deep black all round the edges—just like his nails. Why wouldn't he take care No sooner had I sat down beside this individual, than he coolly addressed me: of himself? "How are you?" Is he drunk?

I turned toward him in surprise, and looked him over. Then he resumed:

"You don't recognize me?" Does he look a lot different?

"No."

"Des Barrets."

Toes he have family to watch over? I was dumfounded It was Count Jean des Barrets, an intimate friend of college days. I shook hands with him, but was too much perturbed to bring out a syllable. At last I stammered: he is surprised

"And you—how are you?"

To which he placidly replied: Does he feel bad?

"I might be worse."

That was all he said. I tried to be civil, and racked my brain for an observation to make. At last I put the not to insult; be civilized question:

"And—er—what are you doing at present?"

He answered in a tone of resignation; tone of giving up

"As you see." Blunt reply Does not enjoy talking about his life? / Is he tired/bored? I felt myself blushing. Nevertheless, I braved it out:

drinks every day? In same place? "But every day, I mean?"

After puffing out an enormous cloud of smoke, he replied:

he is smoking AND drinking?