

he has no friends

"Not at all. I get up out of bed at noon. I come here, I have a meal, I drink beer, I wait for the evening, I have dinner, I drink beer, and then, about half-past one in the morning, I go home to bed again, because, you see, they close at that hour—which is a nuisance. I have probably spent six years out of the last ten on this seat, in this corner, and the rest of the time in bed—none of it anywhere else. Occasionally I have a chat with some of the guests." *What do guests think of him?*

Friends?

"But when you first came to Paris, what did you do, to start with?"

"I took my degree—at the Cafe de Medicis."

medical school? Did he go to school because why is it called cafe? boredom or to do things later?

"And what did you do next?"

"Next? Oh, I crossed the river, and came here!"

where the school is?

**negative*

He did not like the school

"Why did you take that much trouble?"

maybe something happened there?

"Well, you know, a fellow can hardly stay in the Latin Quarter all his life. The students are too noisy. I shall never move again, now: **Waiter, a glass of beer!**"

I thought he was making game of me, and so persisted:

"Now, look here, tell me the truth! You have had some great sorrow, haven't you? some unfortunate love-affair perhaps? You certainly look like a man who has been hard hit by fate. Tell me—how old are you?"

"Thirty-three; but I look at least forty-five."

looks extremely old

His wrinkled face, which was none too clean, might indeed almost have belonged to an old man. From the top of his skull fluttered a wisp or two of hair above some skin of a doubtful color. He had enormous eyebrows, a heavy mustache, and a thick, shaggy beard. There appeared to my vision—I can scarcely tell why—a basin full of dark water, in which he had attempted to wash. *dirty water*

descriptive

"Yes," said I, "you look older than you are. Surely you must have had some trouble."

"None in the world, I tell you. I have aged because I never take any exercise. There's nothing worse for people than this life in cafés." → *He acknowledges that his life is not optimum; does he want a different life? & because beer/smoke*
Still I could not believe him: *"I am bald?"*

"Ah, then you've been a bit gay! One doesn't get bald like that without running after the women a good deal."

He tranquilly shook his head, sowing his coat collar with little white particles that fell from his last remaining locks. *He thinks man tries to get women*

"No," he remarked, "I have always behaved myself." And raising his eyes to the chandelier overhead, he added, "If I'm bald, the gas is to blame. It's frightfully bad for the hair. **Waiter, a glass of beer!**—You don't seem thirsty?" *Staying at the cafe is negative*

Is he curious or does he want to help?

"No, thanks. But really, your case is interesting. When did this—er—apathy set in? It isn't normal; it isn't natural. There's something beneath all this." → *something happened to make him that way*

"Well, yes—it dates back a long way. I'll tell you about it."

**negative*

He does not like the experience