Закрытый клуб

Читаем вместе по-английски

‘Always’ by Sarah Jio

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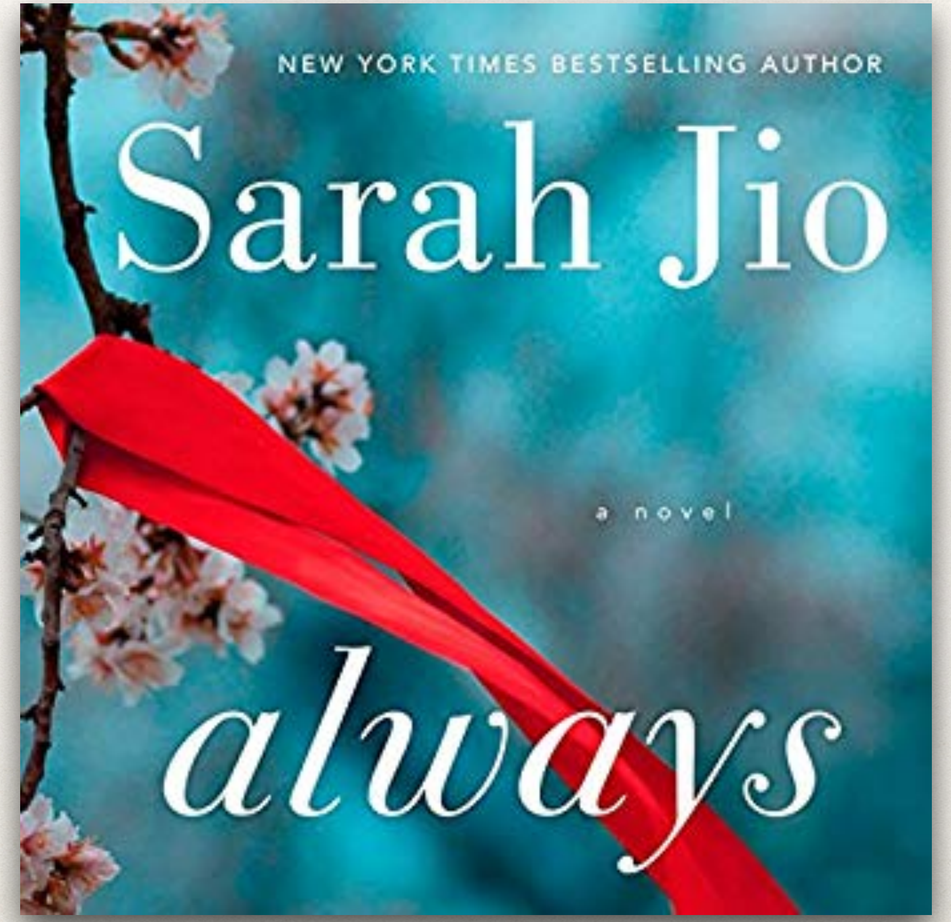
Lesson 10

Always

Chapter 7, Part 2,

Chapter 8, Part 1

Chapter 7, Part 2



Always

Chapter 7

- I walk back to Westlake Center and sit on a bench, **numbly** watching **the passersby.** A child with a yellow balloon **skips past,** a few paces behind his mother. An older couple with **matching white hair hold hands** as they take slow steps across the brick **cobblestones.**

Always

Chapter 7

- I pull my phone from my purse and call my grandma. She met Cade once, when she and Grandpa flew to Seattle to visit. They loved him, and he them. **“Marry this one,”** Grandma whispered to me the night after our dinner at the Space Needle, which Grandpa had last visited in the 1960s at the World’s Fair. I **was always grateful** that he **got to see** it **once more** before his **heart attack.** And always grateful that he **got to meet** Cade.

Always

Chapter 7

- “Oh, honey, I**’ve missed** you,” Grandma says. She**’s always seemed** young to me. **In fact,** when I was in school, she often **passed as a mom who had children later in life.** People rarely **thought of** her as my grandmother. But now her voice sounds weak and **unsteady,** and it troubles me.
- “Grandma,” I say, **unable to stop the tears from coming.**

Always

Chapter 7

- **“What is it,** love?” she asks **tenderly.** I’m **at once** eleven years old again, in the old Craftsman in Iowa, lying on my stomach in the room **my mother grew up in,** on that old red-and-blue **quilt** with **loops** of soft white **yarn** in every corner. Grandma **is patting** my back and I can taste the **salt of my tears** as they **find their way down my freckle-dusted cheeks** to the **corners of my mouth.**

Always

Chapter 7

- A **batch** of **chocolate-chip cookies is baking,** and the **comforting smell** of butter and sugar **wafts in the air.**
- “It’s Cade,” I say.
- “Your old boyfriend? I thought he**’d…”**
- **“Disappeared?** Left the country? I did too. But he’s here, Grandma. He’s here in Seattle. And he’s…homeless. I saw him yesterday and today, **bearded** and **skinny.”**
- **“Oh dear,”** she says.

Always

Chapter 7

- “And his best friend won’t help him,” I continue. “I just **went to see** him.” I **wipe away a tear.** “Grandma, **what am I supposed to do?** I**’m getting married soon.** How am I supposed to **deal with this?”**
- She**’s silent for a moment** as she always is when she**’s gathering information,** when she**’s on the verge of** saying something wise.

Always
Chapter 7

- “He **barely recognizes** me,” I say. “He**’s not himself.** Something **must have happened to** him. Something awful. I know it.”
- “But he**’s out there,”** she says. “Your guy is out there.”
- I shake my head. I know her memory **has faded** in the past years. Perhaps she**’s forgotten momentarily** that I**’m engaged to** Ryan.

Always

Chapter 7

- “Grandma, he**’s not** my guy **anymore.** Ryan is. **I’m marrying** Ryan. Cade **left so long ago.** I never knew why. I **had to mourn** him. I **had to move on.** And I did. I finally did.”
- She’s miles away, but I can see Grandma’s face **in my mind’s eye:** soft and **freshly powdered,** kind **pastel-blue** eyes, skin that **smells of** rose soap.

Always

Chapter 7

- She’s silent, **as if considering** what I’ve just told her, remembering the man I **pledged myself to,** back when the door to the past was closed, when things **were simpler.**
- “I don’t know what I**’m supposed to do.”**
- “Maybe **you don’t now,”** she says. “But **in time,** you **will.”**
- **“What do you mean?”**

Always
Chapter 7

- **“Your heart will guide** you, dear,” she says.
- “I don’t know,” I say, **discouraged.**
- **“It’s okay not to know,”** she continues. “Your path is not **an easy one.”**
- “I love Ryan,” I say. “I **really do,** Grandma. I **want to marry** him. I want a life with him.”

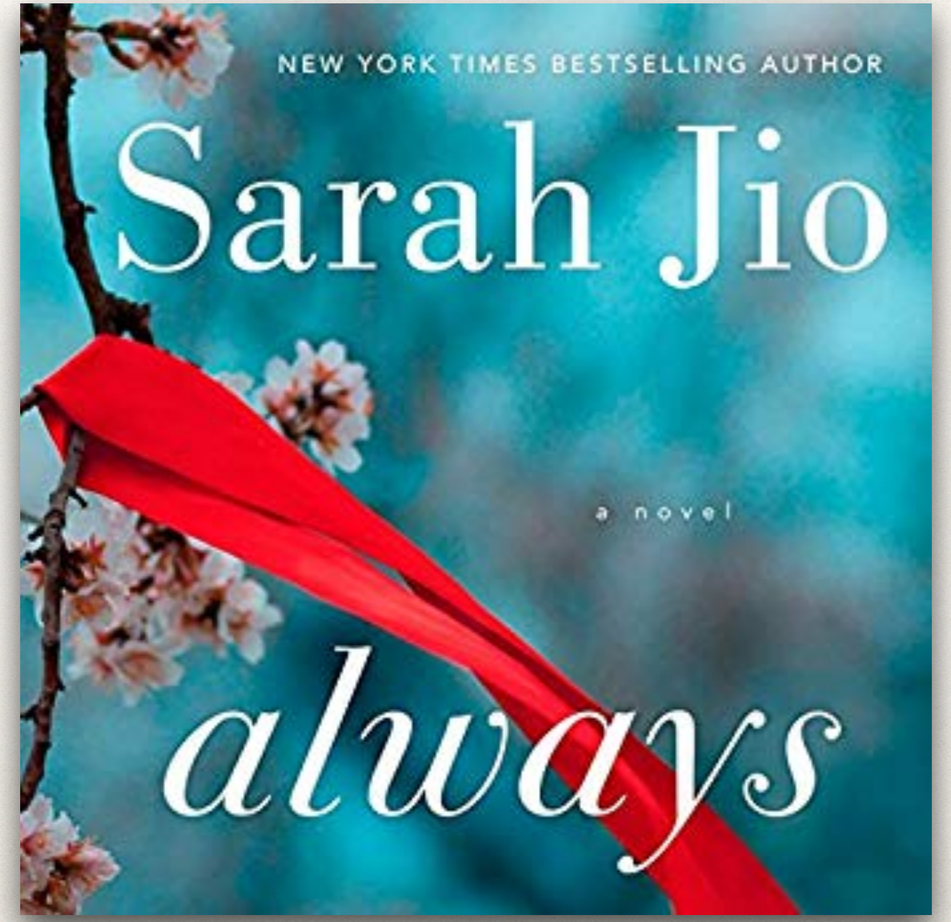
Always
Chapter 7

- “Yes,” she says. “And you **may very well** have that. But you must **sort out** your past first, and that means **facing it head-on.”**
- “Yes,” I say. “You’re right.”
- **“Sweetheart,”** Grandma adds, **“no matter** what **has happened** or will happen, **one thing is certain.”**
- “What?”

Always
Chapter 7

- “You told me that Cade **saved your life once,”** she continues.
- “Yes,” I **mutter.** Her words **ping my heart, twisting like** an acupuncturist’s needle **in a way** that hurts as much as it feels good and right.
- “Now **it’s your turn to save** his.”

Chapter 8, Part 1



Always

Chapter 8

- JUNE 21, 1996
- “For you,” Cade says, standing in the doorway of my apartment.
- “They’re beautiful,” I say, receiving the large **bouquet of flowers** from Pike Place Market. Tulips, **hydrangeas,** and **stock wrapped** in white paper. I **press my nose** to a lavender-colored **blossom,** which **makes me think of home.**

Always

Chapter 8

- Stock was always my Grandma's **favorite** flower—her garden **was lined with** white and pink **varieties. On warm summer mornings,** their soft **floral scent would waft** into my bedroom window.
- "Nice apartment," Cade says, **looking around.**

Always
Chapter 8

- “It’s not much,” I say. “But **it does have** a **killer view,** and Tracy’s a great **roommate.** We each have an **uncanny** ability to know when the other person needs her space. She’s at her boyfriend’s house tonight.” I smile. “Are you hungry?”
- **“Starving,”** he says.

Always

Chapter 8

- “Good,” I say, **glancing at** the clock. “Dinner won’t be ready **until about five of eight.** I hope that’s okay.”
- He **grins at** me.
- “What?”
- “I like the way you speak.”
- **“The way I speak?”**

Always
Chapter 8

- His smile **widens. “Five of eight. No one ever says that kind of thing.”**
- “Oh,” I say with a grin. “Well, when you**’re raised by your grandparents, you do. Dinner was ‘supper,’** the couch was a **‘davenport.’** ” I laugh. “I can **go on and on.”**
- **“It’s cute,”** Cade says.

Always
Chapter 8

- “Well,” I reply, opening the **oven** to **have a peek,** “it’s less cute when you say ‘Oh **fiddlesticks’** on the playground in the sixth grade and every kid in school **teases** you about it **for the rest of the year.”**
- He looks **amused.** “ ‘Oh fiddlesticks,’ huh?”
- **“Yep.”**

Always

Chapter 8

- He **takes off** his jacket and **hangs it on** a hook **by** the door. I select a few leaves of **basil** from the **fridge** as Cade **nestles into a chair** at the table, and suddenly I feel **ill-prepared** to **pull off** this meal. What if I **oversalted** the meat? Is the **romaine** in the salad a bit **wilted?**

Always

Chapter 8

- I **realize** that I**'ve forgotten** to **pour** the wine. "Here," I say, reaching for a bottle of Bordeaux. "I'm not sure how good this is. It was a gift."
- He **eyes** the label confidently. "I guess we**'ll find out."**
- I find a **corkscrew** and **do my best** to carefully **wind** it into the bottle, but when I **tug it upward,** the **cork cracks** and then breaks. **"Darn,"** I say, stepping back. "I think I **messed this one up."**

Always
Chapter 8

- “I can **fix it,”** he says. **“Any chance you have** a **toothpick?”**
- “A toothpick?”
- **“Yeah,”** he says. “My aunt taught me the **trick** to **salvaging** any cork **conundrum.”**
- I smile, **digging through** the **utensil drawer** until I find a box of toothpicks, **left over** from Tracy’s **failed attempt at making mini-meatballs** for a party last month. I **hand** him the box.

Always
Chapter 8

- “Great,” he says, **getting to work.** “So **here’s how you do it: While the corkscrew is still in,** you **wedge** in a toothpick **at a forty-five-degree angle.”** His hands work with expert **precision.** “You **tug at** the corkscrew really carefully, and then”—he lifts the cork, **miraculously intact,** out of the bottle —“voilà.”
- “Amazing,” I say with a smile, pouring two glasses and handing him one.

Always
Chapter 8

- He holds the glass to his ear. “This is a good wine.”
- **“Are you listening to** it?” I ask, a little **confused.**
- “Yeah,” he says. “I **know nothing** about wine. But one of my friends who works in the industry told me that a good wine, especially a French red, will **crackle** a little after it’s poured.”

Always

Chapter 8

- I hold the glass up to my ear and smile. “You know, I can actually hear it,” I say. “I **never in my life knew there was such a thing as that.”**
- **“Snap,** crackle, **pop**…**grenache blend.”**
- “You’re funny.”
- He **winks. “Stick with me,** kid, and I**’ll keep you in stitches.”**

Always
Chapter 8

- I grin, pulling two **dinner plates** from the **cupboard.** Part of me thinks: Who is this guy, and, more pressingly, who does he think he is? And another part of me **wonders** where he's been all my life.
- Cade takes a sip of his wine and walks to the window. "I **never get tired of watching the ferries,"** I say. **"They each have personalities**, you know."

Always

Chapter 8

- He turns to me and grins. “Oh?”
- “Yeah,” I say, **pointing to** the **vessel streaming through the water at a slug’s pace** ahead. “That’s Bertha,” I say. “She’s **bossy.”**
- Cade chuckles. “Oh, is she?”

Always
Chapter 8

- “Maeve is **sweet,”** I say, **squinting** to make out another ferry in the distance. “And Eleanor is **sassy.”**
- Cade looks at me as if I’ve said something either **hilarious** or **bizarre,** or both.

Always
Chapter 8

- He makes me want to **confide** in him. “I love **Puget Sound.** The salt water, the **seagulls,** the islands.”
- **“I do too,”** Cade says. “I don’t know that I could be happy without saltwater nearby.”
- “Me too,” I say.
- **“Let’s go** to the island sometime.”
- “Would you want to?”

Always
Chapter 8

- “Sure,” he says. **“Let’s make a day of it.** Ferry, beach, dinner—**the works.”**
- “Okay,” I say, smiling, **topping off** each of our glasses. I **flip on** the radio, and a band I don’t recognize is playing.
- Cade **rolls his eyes.** “Soulstreet Underground,” he says. “We signed them to Element two years ago, and they’ve been the most difficult artists to work with.” He **rubs his forehead.**

Always

Chapter 8

- **“How so?”**
- “Their tour bus wasn’t **big enough.** Their **album cover** took eleven thousand **go-rounds** to get right. The **lead singer** refuses to perform unless a certain type of **bottled water** from France is waiting for him before a show. **That kind of stuff.”**
- I shake my head. “Seriously?”

Always
Chapter 8

- He shrugs. “It’s bad. And then we found out that someone from SNL was a fan, and they were this close to being booked for one of the spring shows last year, but the lead singer claimed he hated SNL, so that **fell through.”**
- I **throw up my arms.** “Who hates SNL?”

Always
Chapter 8

- “Right? Anyway, the music business **is filled with** big personalities,” he says. “It was one part of the job I **didn’t bargain for.** I’m in it for the music, not the drama.” He takes a long sip of wine. “James **handles** most of it. He doesn’t **let it get to him the way** it gets to me.”
- “So you’re more of the **visionary** and he’s the **operations guy?”**

Always
Chapter 8

- **“I guess you could say that,”** he says. “I’ll introduce you to him sometime.”
- “I’d like that,” I say with a smile, just as the **smoke alarm** begins to sound. I **rush to** the oven, where smoke **is billowing** out of the door. “Oh no!”

Always
Chapter 8

- Cade **leaps up** and attempts to **disarm** the smoke alarm, but after a few **tries** it continues to **let out** an **ear-piercing sound. "Damn,** this thing **is wired** in."
- "Can you just **yank it out?"** I ask, reaching for an **oven mitt,** then pulling our **now-charred** dinner out of the oven.

Always
Chapter 8

- “Should I?” he asks, laughing.
- “Anything to make that sound stop,” I say, **fanning** the smoke **away** before opening the window and letting in some fresh air.
- “Okay,” he says. **“Here goes.”** With a **single tug,** he **breaks** the smoke alarm **free** from its place in the wall. **Severed wires dangle from** the **ceiling.** We look at each other and laugh.

Always

Chapter 8

- “Sorry,” I say.
- “And you call yourself a **food enthusiast,”** he jokes.
- **“It was going to be good,** too,” I say. “Melanzane.”
- He closes his eyes and places his hand on his heart **dramatically. “Don’t torture** me with what might have been.”

Always
Chapter 8

- The smoke alarm suddenly **lets out** a single **chirp** from where it sits on the kitchen counter.
- “I thought we killed this thing,” Cade says.
- We both **hover over** the **device as if** it **quite possibly** has **a brain of its own.**
- “It’s not even **battery-powered,”** I say.

Always
Chapter 8

- Cade nods. “It could be an **alien.”**
- It **chirps** again, and we both laugh.
- “Maybe it’s like when someone loses a **limb,** but they can still feel the pain.”
- “A **phantom limb,”** Cade says.
- I nod. “A phantom chirp.”

Always

Chapter 8

- “You’re funny,” he says, **chuckling.**
- “How do we **get rid of this thing?”**
- He looks around. “We could **stuff** it under the **couch cushions.”**

Always
Chapter 8

- “Or **put it out** in the **hallway,”** I say.
- We laugh again, and I pause to mourn our dinner, then shake my head. “I promise, I really can cook.”
- He surveys the **seared disaster** in the nine-by-eleven dish on the **stove.** “Sure you can,” he says **teasingly** before taking my hand. “Hey, why don’t we just **go out for** Thai.”

Always
Chapter 8

- “Okay,” I say with a laugh.
- As I **slip on** a sweater and **sling** my purse **over** my shoulder, he grabs his coat and the chirping smoke alarm. “We have a nice home for you, **little fella,”** he says. “And it’s called a **dumpster.”**
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