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Barrett IV, a Harvard student from a wealthy WASP family, fell in love with Jennifer, a Radcliff music major, daughter of a pastry chef of Italian descent. Jennifer returned his love. The two of them started talking about marriage, thinking they were made for each other. A banker and a squeamish parent, Oliver Barrett III refused to give his blessing to the proposed alliance. Oliver and Jennifer thereupon went ahead on their own, contented with their "love in a cottage". We join the novel in Chapter 13, three years after Oliver married Jennifer regardless of his fathers fierce opposition. One day, they received an invitation from Olivers parents to the old mans sixtieth birthday party. Jennifer preferred accepting the invitation, regarding it as a good opportunity for a reconciliation between father and son. But Oliver wouldnt gibe it a thought. Thus the two of them had a violent quarrel... Love Story by Erich Segal CHAPTER 13来源

: [www.examda.com](http://www.examda.com) Mr. And Mrs. Oliver Barrett III request the pleasure of your company at a dinner in celebration of Mr. Barretts sixtieth birthday Saturday, the sixth of March at seven oclock Dover House, Ipswich, Massachusetts R. S. V. P. "Well?" asked Jennifer. "Do you even have to ask?" I replied. I was in the midst of abstracting The State v. Percival, a very important precedent in criminal law. Jenny was sort of waving the invitation to bug me. "I think its about time, Oliver," she said. "For what?"来源 : [www.examda.com](http://www.examda.com) "For

you know very well that," she answered. "Does he have to crawl here on his hands and knees?" I kept working as she worked me over. "Ollie -- hes reaching out to you!" "Bullshit, Jenny. My mother addressed the envelope." "I thought you said you didnt look at it!" she sort of yelled. Okay, so I did glance at it earlier. Maybe it had slipped my mind. I was, after all, in the midst of abstracting *The State v. Percival*, and in the virtual shadow of exams. The point was she should have stopped haranguing me. "Ollie, think," she said, her tone kind of pleading now. "Sixty goddamn years old. Nothing says hell still be around when youre finally ready for the reconciliation." I informed Jenny in the simplest possible terms that there would never be a reconciliation and would she please let me continue my studying. She sat down quietly, squeezing herself onto a corner of the sofa where I had my feet. Although she didnt make a sound, I quickly became aware that she was looking at me very hard. I glanced up. "Someday," she said, "when youre being bugged by Oliver V --" "He wont be called Oliver, be sure of that!" I snapped at her. She didnt raise her voice, though she usually did when I did. "Listen, Ol, even if we name him Bozo the Clown that kids still going to resent you because you were a big Harvard athlete. And by the time hes a freshman, youll probably be in the Supreme Court!" I told her that our son would definitely not resent me. She then inquired how I could be so certain of that. I couldnt produce evidence. I mean, I simply knew our son would not resent me, I couldnt say precisely why. Jenny then remarked: "Your father loves you too, Oliver. Her loves you just the way youll love Bozo. But you Barretts are so damn

proud and competitive, youll go through life thinking you hate each other." "If it werent for you," I said jokingly. "Yes," she said. 100Test  
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