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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. 100Test  
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