

Just like
every other
Saturday
evenings
in 1924, I
came to
La
Closerie
des
Lilas to
enjoy the
pleasant
atmosphere
with artists,
writers,
politicians,
performers.

"Pardon madame,
would you mind if I
share a table with you?"

There were no empty seats.

"Sure, of—are you Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, it's nice to meet you." "It's
nice to meet you, too. I really
enjoyed reading *The Side of Paris*
and *the Beautiful and Damned*.
Will there be a new novel coming
soon?" "Yes, I am currently writing
a novel. It is about throwing off lavish
parties, dressing up nicely, and
drinking alcohol, which comes with
violence at times, and striving for a
goal -- the most important decision
the character has ever made.

Anyway, you will find out more when
you read the novel." "Where do you
get the inspirations for your novels?"

"They come from my life experiences.
What a life I have lived, I was born in
Minnesota, and I have lived in New
York. I always find great hotels and
alcohol here and I enjoy the parties.
You see people dancing, musicians
playing jazz music, all the people that
make the streets come alive. I have
dreamed of success since I was young.
Now I have it. I married to Zelda and
my novels are selling well. I have to
keep up with expectations. I will keep
drinking, keep writing. Hemingway's
here. Thank you for your time today. I
will go meet up with my friend now.
See you around, then." "Thank you.
See you too, Fitzgerald." As they were
sitting down at a table, the waiters
brought them a few bottles of beer.
They must be old customers. I wonder
how late they will drink into the night.