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WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE SUMMER

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LEVEL
5

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Note about the story

We'll Always Have Summer is the third and last of three famous books about Belly and her feelings for Conrad and his brother, Jeremiah. It follows *The Summer I Turned Pretty* (also available in Penguin Readers, level 3), which has become a television program, and *It's Not Summer Without You* (available in Penguin Readers, level 4). In *It's Not Summer Without You*, Conrad and Jeremiah's mother, Susannah Fisher, dies. At the end of the book, Belly and Jeremiah begin to **date***.

In this story, although Belly is only 18, she decides to get married. Before their wedding, the couple getting married often have a party. For a man this is called a **bachelor party**, and for a woman this is a **wedding shower**.

At the wedding, there will often be **bridesmaids**, usually chosen by the woman, and a **best man**, chosen by the man.

Before-reading questions

1 Belly is in college. In your country, where can college students choose to live and who with?

2 What kind of things do students often do in their summer vacation, do you think?

3 What is a good age to get married, do you think? Why?

*Definitions of words in **bold** can be found in the glossary on pages 93–96.

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CHAPTER ONE

Almost summer

It was four o'clock in the morning and I was in the library with my new best friend, Anika, and my old best friend, Taylor. We were studying together for our last exam at the end of our first year at Finch University. Summer was so close that I could almost taste it.

Taylor's eyes were starting to close. "Dance **break**!" I called out, pressing play on my computer and doing a little dance in my chair.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Anika.

"Because in just a few hours we'll be free," I said.

The exam was as hard as we had **expected**, and after it had finished, we were too tired to **celebrate**. I went straight back to my room to sleep. When I opened the door, there was Jeremiah, asleep in my bed, looking like a little boy. I took off my shoes and lay down next to him.

"Hi. How did it go?" he asked, sleepily.

"It was fine."

"Good. I saved you half my sandwich from lunch. Do you want it now?"

"Maybe later," I said, closing my eyes.

Jeremiah fell back to sleep before me, and when I woke up, he was still asleep, his arms around me.

We had started **dating** two years earlier, since just before

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my last year of high school, although "dating" didn't feel like the right word for it. We were just together. It all happened so easily and quickly. One minute we were friends, then we were kissing, and now I was going to the same university as him. I wanted him in my life for all seasons, not just the summer.

The next evening, Jeremiah and his friends were having a party at their house to celebrate the end of the year.

"You look **hot**," Jeremiah said when he came to meet me.

"Thanks," I said. Even now, after being boyfriend and girlfriend for two years, I still **blushed** when he said things like that. I was wearing a sundress that I had borrowed from Anika. It was white with little blue flowers.

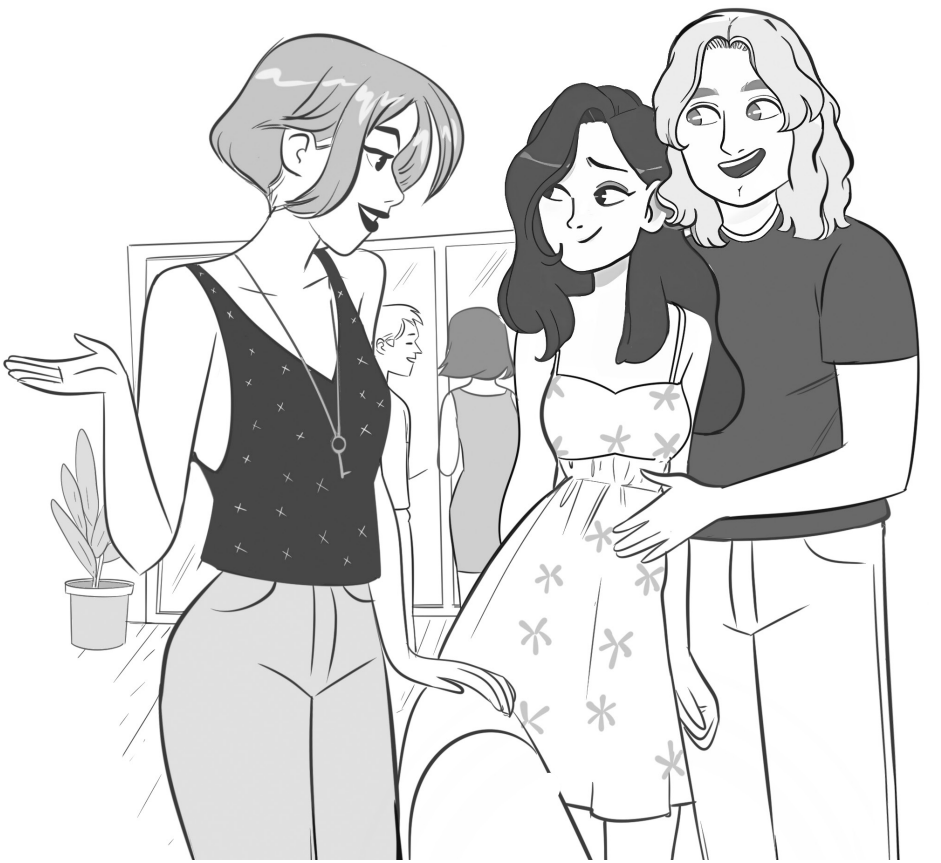
At the party, girls kept coming up and **hugging** Jeremiah. He was the kind of boy that girls liked, but I was sure that he would never look at another girl. I went upstairs to put my bag in his room, and when I came downstairs, I saw him talking to her—Lacie Barone. She was wearing a beautiful top and **high-heeled** red shoes, and she looked amazing.

Taylor had told me that Lacie thought Jeremiah was hot. And I had told Taylor that I didn't care. Why should I? He was my boyfriend, my Jeremiah, whom I'd known my whole life. He was the first boy that I'd ever fallen asleep next to and the first to look after me when I was ill. He was the first boy to leave me a love note on my door and the first that I ever kissed. He was my best friend.

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He was the one. My one.

Jeremiah saw me and waved at me to come over. "Lacie's going to study in Paris this fall," he told me, putting his arm around me. Then to Lacie he said, "We want to travel in Europe next summer, and we're definitely going to France. Belly speaks really good French."



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"I actually don't," I told her, blushing again. "I just took it in high school."

"Oh, my French is horrible, too. I really just want to go and eat lots of cheese and chocolate," Lacie said, smiling at me.

She seemed nice, and when she went off a few minutes later to get a drink, I told Jeremiah.

"Yes, she's cool, I suppose," he said. "Let's go and dance." He led me into a room full of people, but, when I put my arms around his neck and he looked at me, there was just me and him.

Suddenly, Tom, one of Jeremiah's friends, came running toward us with a bottle of beer in his hand. He was really drunk. The next minute, Tom's beer was all over my dress.

"Sorry, sorry," he said.

"It's OK," I said, and went straight upstairs to clean the dress. There were people everywhere, even a couple kissing on the stairs. I finally reached the bathroom and locked the door. This party was wild and not really the kind that I enjoyed.

As I was cleaning the dress, I heard someone try to open the door.

"Just a second!" I called.

The girls outside went on talking, and then I heard Lacie's voice. "He looks hot tonight, doesn't he?"

"He always looks hot. I'm so jealous that you got to **hook up with** him," said the other girl.

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