

Penguin



Readers

WE'LL
ALWAYS
HAVE
SUMMER

jenny han

Contents

Note about the story	4
Before-reading questions	4
Chapter One – Almost summer	5
Chapter Two – Secrets	13
Chapter Three – Going home	22
Chapter Four – Standing up to Mom	27
Chapter Five – The summer house	34
Chapter Six – Wedding plans	39
Chapter Seven – Getting support	45
Chapter Eight – A weak moment	49
Chapter Nine – The guests arrive	55
Chapter Ten – Hearing the truth	59
Chapter Eleven – Wedding day	68
Chapter Twelve – Letting go	76
Chapter Thirteen – A few years later	82
During-reading questions	84
After-reading questions	86
Exercises	87
Project work	92
Glossary	93

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

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.

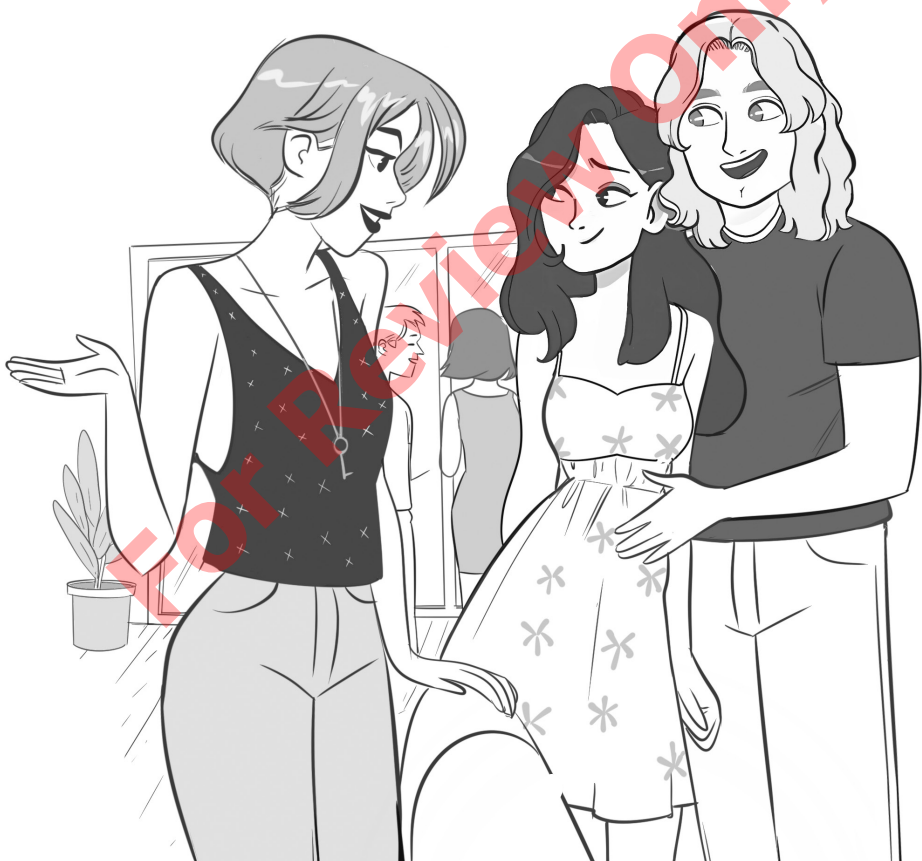
“Thanks,” I said. Even now, after being boyfriend and girlfriend for two years, I still **blushed** when he said things like that. I was wearing a sundress that I had borrowed from Anika. It was white with little blue flowers.

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.

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.”



“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.

“Hey, you’re not to tell anyone what happened in Cabo,” said Lacie.

I felt sick all of a sudden. Could she be talking about Jeremiah? He had been in Cabo at spring break.

I quickly opened the door. Lacie’s hand flew to her mouth when she saw me, and the look on her face felt like a kick in the stomach. I actually felt pain. The other girl looked really **embarrassed**. I walked past them in a horrible dream.

I couldn’t believe that Jeremiah would **cheat on** me, but I had to know for sure. My shock was turning to anger. I finally found him outside, drinking beer with some guys.

“I need to talk to you—and now,” I said.

“Ooh, sounds like you’re in trouble,” said one of his friends.

Jeremiah didn’t say anything and followed me up to his room. I shut the door.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, looking worried.

“Did you hook up with Lacie Barone during spring break?”

His face turned white. “Belly—” he began.

“Oh no, I knew it!” I whispered, dropping to the floor because my knees couldn’t hold me up. I started to cry. Jeremiah **kneeled down** beside me, but I pushed him away.

“Don’t touch me!” I shouted.

“Belly, you and I weren’t together when it happened. We’d **broken up**, remember?”

Our **break-up** had lasted just a week. It wasn't even a real break-up, not for me. I'd cried the whole week while Jeremiah had been in Cabo, kissing Lacie Barone.

"I didn't want to hook up with her," he went on. "She kept following me around. It was a mistake. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry."

"A mistake? That wasn't a mistake! I don't know who you are any more." I was crying really hard now.

There was **silence** for a moment. "Belly, I don't want any more secrets," he said at last. Then he started crying, too. "We had sex."

Before I knew it, my hand was hitting his face as hard as it could.

"I'm so sorry," he said, touching his reddening cheek. I couldn't believe that I had hit him, and neither could he. I cried even harder, **tears** running down my face.

"It didn't mean anything, I promise," he said.

He tried to touch my arm, and I pulled away. "Maybe to you sex doesn't mean anything, but it does to me and you knew that. I'll never trust you again."

"I'm not in love with her! I'm in love with you!" he cried, putting his arms around my knees. I tried to push him off again, but he was strong. "I love you so much," he said, his whole body shaking. "It's always been you, Belly."

"What we had has gone. We lost it tonight," I said. Suddenly, I didn't want to cry any more in front of him. I **wiped** the tears from my face and stood up. "I'm leaving," I said.