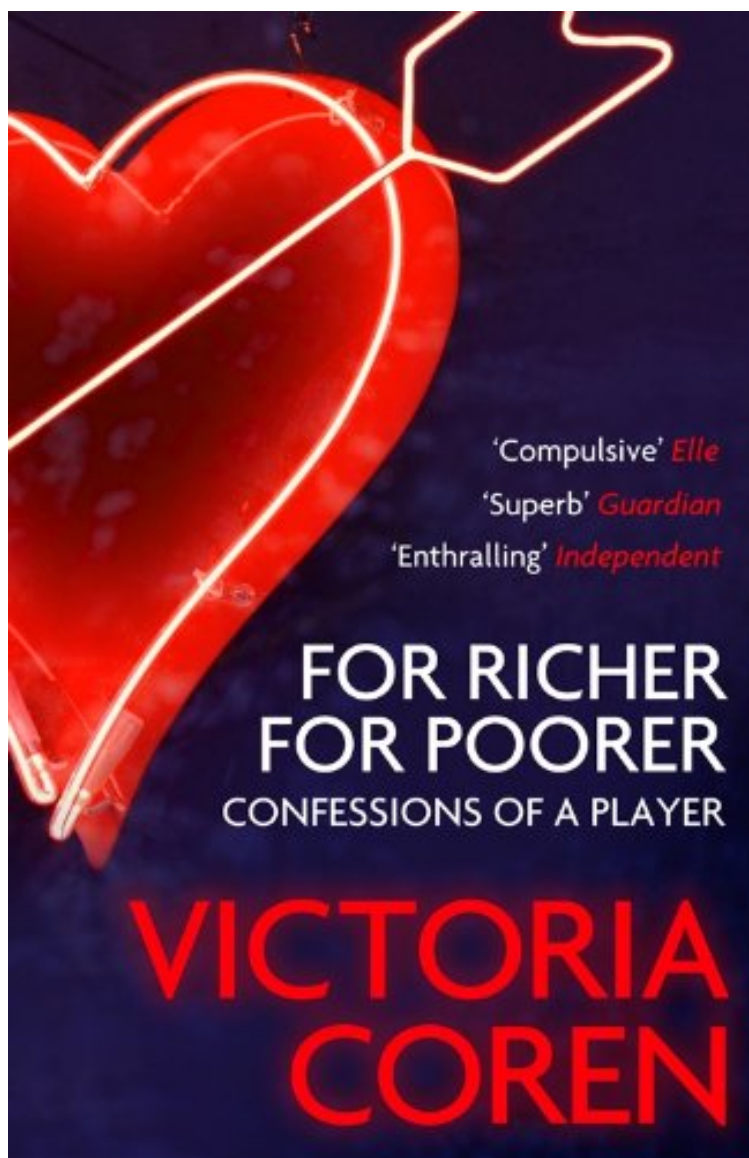


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For Richer, For Poorer (Enhanced Edition)



Par Victoria Coren
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Par Victoria Coren : For Richer, For Poorer (Enhanced Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised For Richer, For Poorer (Enhanced Edition):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurMiserable at an elegant day school for girls, Victoria Coren finds an escape in the mysterious world of poker. Twenty years later, she has won a million dollars and forgotten to have children. What price adventure? This is a true story of happiness and heartbreak, smoke and mirrors, bright lights and shady characters. It is a memoir of friendship and belonging, love and loss. It might also teach you how to win a million . . . Includes an audio recording of Rosie Boycott discussing the book with Victoria Coren at Hay Festival 2011Extrait11988The World Series of Poker might as well be the moon.My brothers game is on the other side of that wall. It makes the whole house smell of smoke. It sounds like a murmur and a clatter at once. Clop-clop go the clay chips, like a sound effect for horses hooves. Clink-burble go the ice cubes and

the whisky in the glasses. The conversation is low, male, rumbly, burst sometimes by laughter or howls of injustice. It is a rebellious, beckoning sound. I want to be there. Were doing Twelfth Night this term. Im enjoying it. I like Illyria, the magical island of nowhere. I like Feste, who drifts in and out. Where does he come from? Where does he go? Nobody knows. I like the madness below stairs, the rebellion of the uncontainable games, the playfulness and cruelty, disguises and secrecy, the whirligigs of time bringing in their revenges. But right now, I cant read it. Ive been staring at the same page for an hour. Dont want to study Shakespeare. Dont want to solve equations, dont want to write up the effects of iodine on saliva, dont want to learn the dates of Henry VIII or draw an oxbow lake. Dont want to go to bed. Clink-burble-clatter go the chips and the drinks in the other room. The smoke floats and the boys laugh. I want to be there. The boys speak a weird language of trips, bullets, cowboys for kings and a nugget for a pound. Matt wears a T-shirt which says NOT ALL TRAPPERS WEAR FUR HATS. He is going out with Al Alvarezs daughter. Thats why the boys play this funny game that nobody else does, because Alvarez led the way. Al Alvarez has climbed mountains and written poetry, and hes been to the World Series of Poker, which might as well be the moon, and he has written a book about it. Al Alvarez is God. And God knows why they are suddenly letting me play. What do they think? Maybe its funny. Giles kid sister short, chubby, bookish, growing up slowly putting her pocket money on the table and trying to fit in with the boys. I dont want to flirt with them. I want to be them. Big, brash, confident, 18-year-old boys. Other girls at school have boyfriends. They have properly old boyfriends, who wear belts and drive cars. Other girls at school are willowy and graceful, flirty and coquettish, flawlessly bred and perfectly dressed, confident like 35-year-old bankers wives. I still like climbing trees and visiting my grandma. They know Im from different stock. My bus home goes north, through Kilburn and up towards Golders Green, instead of west to elegant Richmond and Putney. Im not glamorous. And I dont want a boyfriend. When we were eleven years old, we did an exchange programme with our brother school and had mixed lessons for a week. It was brilliant. The boys mucked around in class, played practical jokes, spent break-time kicking footballs around instead of putting nail varnish on. It was the most fun Ive ever had at school. Then the exchange programme finished and all the boys went away again. I miss them. I did kiss a boy once. It was at a party in a park. Id stolen some of my brothers dope to impress everybody. Id never had it before. Somebody held my hair while I threw up. I was no fool; I knew for a fact they were plotting to kill me. Plus there were those deadly herons everywhere. A few hours later, after a snooze in a flower bed, I found myself kissing a boy called Brian, who wanted to be a pilot. It was awkward, embarrassing and uncomfortable. I wont be doing that again for a while. A long while. My brothers a poker player but he isnt a gambler, not really. Thats no thanks to Grandpa Sam. When we were little, Sam gave us a comprehensive education in blackjack, which he called pontoon. Here was the lesson: he was always the dealer, and we always lost. Sometimes we lost enough to buy him a Frys Peppermint Cream. If he was really in form, enough to buy him a packet of Park Lane. But at the first sound of our parents key in the front door, hed move like a panther. By the time my mother and father had walked the three steps to the kitchen, the money had vanished and he was sitting there in all innocence, showing us a card trick. My parents only gamble once a year; 5 each way on four horses in the Grand National. Thats unless you count their bridge games with Roger and Fiona, every Friday or Sunday night, 10p a hundred. But I dont think that counts. At the end of every bridge night, they put the losers 2 or 3 or 5 into a jar, and at the end of the year they all go out for a big dinner with the money. The losers dont have to have a worse meal than the winners or anything like that. So its not gambling, really, its more like saving. My father loves watching sport. He gets very involved but he doesnt bet on it. When we were little, he always let Giles stay up late when there was cricket on the radio or an Olympics in the middle of the night, but he only got excited because he actually cares who wins. I remember him once yelling at Jimmy Connors when Wimbledon was on television, Forwards!, Smash it!, Get back to the baseline!, then slumping back on the sofa and sighing, God, I wish I was there to shout advice. But it was just because he liked Jimmy Connors. My father is not going to get sick on the dogs and the football, go skint and lose everything, like his uncles did. My father is not like them. He is a self-made man. He went to university and learned to speak properly. He became editor of Punch magazine. He sent his children to private school. He was invited for lunch with the Queen, spent all month reading the broadsheets and planning elegant bons mots for the palace table, then the Queen took one look at him and asked, Why dont workmen wear boots any more? Canny woman, that Queen. She sniffed a rum bloodline, just like the girls at my school. Nevertheless, some say its the best girls school in the country. My fathers damned if his children arent going to benefit from his hard work. Theyre not going to be poor. Theyre not going to live and die in Southgate. And theyre certainly not going to be crooks, or gamblers. My

fathers parents socialized only with other members of the family. They were actually related to each other, distant cousins, even before they got married; theyd never have met otherwise. They went through a fashionable phase as newlyweds, going to horse races and spiritualist meetings in the 1930s, but always with a safe group of uncles and in-laws. My father, an only child, broke that tradition among many others and we dont see much of the extended Corens. But we hear tales of Uncle Sid who nicked the silver at Dunkirk, Great-Grandpa Dave who went away for GBH on his own son-in-law, Fat Sams spat with Ginger Phil, the Wet Fish Corens of Southgate, and the ones who threw their lives away in betting shops. Its close enough for my father to be glad he has left it behind. But Im not. Whenever we do see the relatives, gathered together for weddings or funerals, I love them all. And I always loved sitting at the kitchen table with Grandpa while he smoked and dealt and chuckled, Itd take a lot of this to kill ya. I didnt care that I lost. I just liked playing. The bridge comes from my mothers side. Grandma Isabel has a heavy accent, wears big earrings, bakes chocolate-walnut cakes, and bids very loudly because she is deaf. She plays bridge with fellow Hungarian migrs from one end of St Johns Wood to the other. But she has always been very patient about playing with me, even when I was so small that I could only hold eight cards at once and I had to keep putting them down to check things in my little yellow Book Of Bridge Rules. She may be a tiny, frail, foreign lady with a bad hip replacement and a faulty hearing aid, but my grandma sparkles like a chandelier. Shes the life and soul of a room. If you make an encouraging bid she will immediately go for slam, shouting, Dont invite me to a party if you dont expect me to dance! She cant walk but she always dances. I hate being at school and I love being at home. Especially when the house is full of Giles friends. Boys show off and tell jokes, and shout when theyre angry. They dont smile and ask personal questions, then bitch behind your back and share your secrets with the class. They dont write diaries, all sweetly floral and girlish on the outside, for you to be unable to resist flicking through at break-time, which say things like, I hope Vicky leaves school soon, we all hate her, the fat cow, and then smile at you across the tuck shop and ask if you want a Highland Toffee. Boys say what they think to your face. Bit harsh, sometimes, but straightforward. This room feels, for all its billowing smoke and whisky fumes, safe and healthy. And they are playing this game . . . you get two cards facedown and one face-up, and you put chips in the pot if you like your cards, and more get dealt. Or sometimes you only have two cards, and three are dealt face-up in the middle, and you hope that the three in the middle will chime somehow with your secret two. But even if they dont, you can pretend that they do. And if you pretend right, you can double your pocket money. It is a serious game. I dont know if they play...Revue de presse"Seizes the reader with its first sentence and never lets go. Victoria Coren writes, on several levels, with wit, honesty, and perfect freshness." Martin Amis"Funny, shrewd and - for a poker player - astonishingly modest and frank. A class act." Al Alvarez, author of The Biggest Game in Town"This miseducation of a poker player is terrifically funny and terribly moving. Vicky Coren plays cards like a demon and writes like an angel." Patrick Marber"Coren is vulnerable and yet self-aware and the result is a brilliant blend: a touching personal memoir and a glimpse into the fascinating, colourful, deeply flawed world she loves so much." Dave Gorman"Thrilling, tender and fantastically romantic." Louise Wener