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“Seen my old man?”, he asked.

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‘…a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair.’

‘He wore a work glove on his left hand, and, like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots.’

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“By Christ, he’s gotta talk when he’s spoke to. What the hell are you getting’ into it for?”

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“An you won’t let the big guy talk, is that it?”

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“That’s the boss’s son,” he said quietly. “Curley’s pretty handy. He done quite a bit in the ring. He’s a lightweight, and he’s handy.”

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“Curley’s like a lot of little guys. He hates big guys… kind of like he’s mad at ‘em because he ain’t a big guy.”

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“Don’t tell Curley I said none of this. He’d slough me. He just don’t give a damn. Won’t ever get canned ‘cause his old man’s the boss.”

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“Well, that glove’s fulla Vaseline”… “Curley says he’s keepin’ that hand soft for his wife.”

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“Know what I think?”… “Well, I think Curley’s married… a tart.”

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 “Look Lennie… I’m scared. You gonna have trouble with that Curley guy. I seen that kind before…”

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