POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

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[Assignment: Write an essay of extended definition or redefinition using the ironic tone of "I'm a Country Boy," from the Norton Reader, 7th Edition, Shorter, as a model.]

(1) If my Girbaud Jeans and Polo sweater do not appropriately show my social status, then maybe I should get out my stock portfolio. Some people might call me "dependently wealthy"; other people just say I am rich. Who am I to argue? My wealth exceeds anything the middle-class person could imagine. I have an attitude about it, but I am rich and you are not. It is just like what Mitch said at the club the other day: "He who dies with the most toys wins!" I am winning.

(2) Daddy always takes the family on the most exciting vacations. We travel to Europe, Asia, China, and too many other places to list. If the place has an airport and a country club, then we have been there. Some places I have been to I cannot even pronounce. Those places whose names I cannot pronounce are my favorites. However, sometimes we will stay in the United States and relax in one of our condominiums. We have condos from coast to coast. Most of the buildings are owned by Daddy. Some of them, though, are owned by business friends of Daddy. I love all our vacations. Daddy says that as long as we have money, we will go on vacations. We will always go on vacations.

(3) The children at school do not talk to me much. However, I do see them whisper to each other as I walk by them. Obviously they are expressing their awe of my wealth and glamour. I know that all of the students secretly wish for me to talk to them, but I will not. I have most of my more important friends in other countries. And there is Whetherby, my driver. He occasionally talks to me while driving me to school. Often he mentions that I might be a bit anti-social. But I tell him that I am not anti-social, just unable to associate with someone who is not on my level of wealth. He agrees and continues to drive me to school. He is working-class and so naive.

(4) The meals I have each day are exquisite. Every morning Gretchen, our kitchen maid, brings me my breakfast. She knows my taste so well that she always brings exactly what I want without even asking. That is why she is being paid. For lunch and dinner, I go downstairs to eat in the dining room. Henri, our chef, will fix me something from his native homeland of France, or Italy, or wherever he is from. I cannot remember. However, the food is very fine. Henri sometimes tells me that I should go to McDonald's or Burger King and try some "good old American fast food," as he puts it. I tell him that if I did decide to lower my standards and eat there, I would have no use for him. He quickly agrees and makes me a superb, seven-course meal. Henri does not understand too much English so I know that he does not truly understand the meaning of the word "rich." He does prepare very good meals, though. I will not fire him.

(5) I am often asked by the working class what it is like to be rich. I tell them that even though they will never truly know on a first-hand
basis, I will try to explain it to them as best I can. It is wonderful. I always get the best vacations. I have many friends (but you would not know them because they are also very rich). I eat the best food. I am able to do and have everything that most people cannot. I do not know which I have more of, gold or stocks. Soon I will sit down and count all of it, or maybe I will have Whetherby do it for me. And years from now when I am lying on my deathbed with all of my family and employees around me, I will call them in closer. And with my last gasp of breath, I will speak my final words: "I win."