

A Devoted Son

Anita Desai was born in Mussoorie, northern India, in 1937. She grew up in Delhi, where she spoke German at home with her German mother, her Bengali father, her sisters and brother, Hindi with friends and neighbours, and English at school. Desai attended the University of Delhi and began writing in the early 1960s. She is currently a professor in the Writing and Humanistic Studies Program of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in Cambridge (USA). Social tensions figure prominently in her work, with a recurring topic being the oppression of Indian women, which she first dealt with in her first novel *Cry, the Peacock* (1963). The following story is taken from the collection of short stories *Games at Twilight* (1978). It is about the complex and at times difficult relationship between the older and younger generations in an Indian joint family.

When the results appeared in the morning papers, Rakesh scanned them, barefoot and in his pyjamas, at the garden gate, then went up the steps to the verandah where his father sat sipping his morning tea and bowed down to touch his feet.

'A first division, son?' his father asked, beaming, reaching for the papers.

'At the top of the list, papa,' Rakesh murmured, as if awed.

'First in the country.'

Bedlam broke loose then. The family whooped and danced. The whole day long visitors streamed into the small yellow house at the end of the road, to congratulate the parents of this Wunderkind, to slap Rakesh on the back and fill the house and garden with the sounds and colours of a festival. There were garlands and halwa,

▷ devoted: ergeben 1 scan sth.: look at sth. quickly to get the main information 3 sip sth.: drink sth. in small amounts 5 first division: (in India) top mark or grade in the final examination at a university • beam: smile broadly 7 murmur: speak quietly • aazed [ɑ:əd]: fearful and respectful 9 bedlam: chaos • whoop: shout with joy 12 slap sb. on the back: congratulate sb. 13 halwa [ˈhælvə]: type of sweet cake

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party clothes and gifts (enough fountain pens to last years, even a watch or two), nerves and temper and joy, all in a multicoloured whirl of pride and great shining vistas newly opened: Rakesh was the first son in the family to receive an education, so much had been sacrificed in order to send him to school and then medical college, and at last the fruits of their sacrifice had arrived, golden and glorious.

To everyone who came to him to say, 'Mubarak, Varmaji, your son has brought you glory,' the father said, 'Yes, and do you know what is the first thing he did when he saw the results this morning? He came and touched my feet. He bowed down and touched my feet.' This moved many of the women in the crowd so much that they were seen to raise the ends of their saris and dab at their tears while the men reached out for the betel-leaves and sweetmeats that were offered around on trays and shook their heads in wonder and approval of such exemplary filial behaviour. 'One does not often see such behaviour in sons any more,' they all agreed, a little enviously perhaps. Leaving the house, some of the women said, sniffing, 'At least on such an occasion they might have served pure ghee sweets,' and some of the men said, 'Don't you think old Varma was giving himself airs? He needn't think we don't remember that he comes from the vegetable market himself, his father used to sell vegetables and he has never seen the inside of a school.' But there was more envy than rancour in their voices and it was, of course, inevitable – not every son in that shabby little colony at the edge of the city was destined to shine as Rakesh shone, and who knew that better than the parents themselves?

And that was only the beginning, the first step in a great, sweeping ascent to the radiant heights of fame and fortune. The thesis he wrote for his MD brought Rakesh still greater glory, if only in select medical circles. He won a scholarship. He went to the USA (that was what his father learnt to call it and taught the whole family to say – not America, which was what the ignorant neighbours called it, but, with a grand familiarity, 'the USA'), where he pursued his career in the most prestigious of all hospitals and won encomiums from his American colleagues which were relayed to his admiring and glowing family. What was more, he came back, he actually returned to that small yellow house in the once-new but increasingly shabby colony,

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right at the end of the road where the rubbish vans tipped out their stinking contents for pigs to nose in and rag-pickers to build their shacks on, all steaming and smoking just outside the neat wire fences and well-tended gardens. To this Rakesh returned and the first thing he did on entering the house was to slip out of the embraces of his sisters and brothers and bow down and touch his father's feet.

As for his mother, she gloated chiefly over the strange fact that he had not married in America, had not brought home a foreign wife as all her neighbours had warned her he would, for wasn't that what all Indian boys went abroad for? Instead he agreed, almost without argument, to marry a girl she had picked out for him in her own village, the daughter of a childhood friend, a plump and uneducated girl, it was true, but so old-fashioned, so placid, so complaisant that she slipped into the household and settled in like a charm, seemingly too lazy and too good-natured to even try and make Rakesh leave home and set up independently, as any other girl might have done. What was more, she was pretty – really pretty, in a plump, pudding way that only gave way to fat – soft, spreading fat, like warm wax – after the birth of their first baby, a son, and then what did it matter?

For some years Rakesh worked in the city hospital, quickly rising to the top of the administrative organization, and was made a director

▷ 1 fountain pen: Füllhalter 2 whirl (n): quickly turning movement 7 Mubarak (Hindi): congratulations, greetings 8 glory: honour and fame 12 dab at sth.: dry sth. carefully 13 betel-leaves [ˈbi:təl]: the leaves of the betel palm which is chewed as a mild stimulant • sweetmeat: type of small, sweet cake 15 exemplary: beispielhaft • filial: of a son (or daughter) 16 envious: neidisch 17 sniff: (here) criticize 18 ghee [ɡi:] (Hindi): semifluid butter used esp. in Indian cooking 22 rancour [ˈræŋkə]: bitterness, hatred 23 inevitable: unavoidable 24 shabby: old and in a bad condition 27–28 sweeping ascent: rapid rise 28 radiant [ˈreɪdɪənt]: bright 29 MD: Doctor of Medicine 30 scholarship: prize with money for studying 33 familiarity: Vertrautheit 34 encomium: highest praise 35 relay sth.: pass sth. on 39 rag-picker: poor person who looks through rubbish for goods 40 shack: hut 41 well-tended: neat, well looked after 42 slip out of sth.: escape from sth. • embrace (n): action of putting your arms around sb. 44 gloat over sth.: show in an obvious way that you are proud of sth. 48 pick sb. out for sb. else: select or choose sb. for sb. else 49 plump: slightly fat 50 placid: quiet, passive • complaisant [kəmˈpleɪzənt]: wanting to please other people 51 slip into sth.: join and adapt to sth. easily • settle in: get used to a new home • like a charm: extremely well

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before he left to set up his own clinic. He took his parents in his car – a new, sky-blue Ambassador with a rear window full of stickers and charms revolving on strings – to see the clinic when it was built, and the large sign-board over the door on which his name was printed in letters of red, with a row of degrees and qualifications to follow it like so many little black slaves of the regent. Thereafter his fame seemed to grow just a little dimmer – or maybe it was the beginning of his fortune for he now became known not only as the best but also the richest doctor in town.

However, all this was not accomplished in the wink of an eye. Naturally not. It was the achievement of a lifetime and it took Rakesh's whole life. At the time he set up his clinic his father had grown into an old man and retired from his post at the kerosene dealer's depot at which he had worked for forty years, and his mother died soon after, giving up the ghost with a sigh that sounded positively happy, for it was her own son who ministered to her in her last illness and who sat pressing her feet at the last moment – such a son as few women had borne.

For it had to be admitted – and the most unsuccessful and most rancorous of neighbours eventually did so – that Rakesh was not only a devoted son and a miraculously good-natured man contrived somehow to obey his parents and humour his wife and show concern equally for his children and his patients, but there was actually a brain inside this beautifully polished and formed body of good manners and kind nature and, in between ministering to his family and playing host to many friends and coaxing them all into feeling happy and grateful and content, he had actually trained his hands as well and emerged an excellent doctor, a really fine surgeon. How one man – and a man born to illiterate parents, his father having worked for a kerosene dealer and his mother having spent her life in a kitchen – had achieved, combined and conducted such a medley of virtues, no one could fathom, but all acknowledged his talent and skill.

It was a strange fact, however, that talent and skill, if displayed for too long, cease to dazzle. It came to pass that the most admiring of all eyes eventually faded and no longer blinked at his glory. Having retired from work and having lost his wife, the old father very quickly went to pieces, as they say. He developed so many complaints and fell

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ill so frequently and with such mysterious diseases that even his son could no longer make out when it was something of **significance** and when it was merely a **peevish** whim. He sat huddled on his string bed most of the day and developed an exasperating habit of stretching out suddenly and lying absolutely still, allowing the whole family to fly around him in a **flip, wailing and weeping**, and then suddenly sitting up, **stiff and gaunt**, and spitting out a **big gob** of betel juice as if to **mock** their behaviour.

He did this once too often: there had been a big party in the house, a birthday party for the youngest son, and the celebrations had to be suddenly **hushed**, covered up and **hustled** out of the way when the daughter-in-law discovered or thought she discovered, that the old man, stretched out from end to end of his string bed, had lost his pulse; the party broke up, dissolved, even turning into a band of **mourners**, when the old man sat up and the **distraught daughter-in-law** received a **gob** of **red spittle** right on the **hem** of her new organza sari. After that no one much cared if he sat up cross-legged on his bed, **hawking and spitting**, or lay down flat and turned grey as a corpse. Except, of course, for that pearl amongst pearls, his son Rakesh.

It was Rakesh who brought him his morning tea, not in one of the china cups from which the rest of the family drank, but in the old

▷ **3 charm** (n): object that brings good luck • **revolve**: turn **5 degree**: academic qualification **7 dim**: not very bright **10 accomplish sth.**: achieve sth. • **in the wink of an eye**: immediately, very quickly **15 give up the ghost** (informal): die **16 minister to sb.**: look after sb. medically **21 contrived**: (here) predestined, made in a certain way **26 host**: Gastgeber/in • **coax sb.** [kəʊks]: encourage sb. **28 surgeon**: Chirurg/in **29 illiterate**: unable to read and write **31 medley**: mixture • **virtue**: Tugend **32 fathom sth.**: understand sth. **34 dazzle**: shine brightly, impress **35 fade**: become pale or weaker **37 go to pieces**: become weak, lose control over your body and mind • **complaint**: illness **38 disease**: illness **40 peevish whim**: foolish and unnecessary idea or behaviour • **huddled**: with your arms and legs close to your body **41 exasperating**: extremely annoying **43 in a flip** (informal): in great excitement • **wail, weep**: cry **44 gaunt** [ɡɔːnt]: thin and ill • **gob**: amount (of sticky liquid) **45 mock sb./sth.**: make fun of sb./sth. **48 hush sth.**: make sth. quiet • **hustle sb./sth. out of the way**: move sth. quickly in order to hide it **51 dissolve**: disappear **52 mourner**: person who is at a funeral • **distraught** [dɪ'strɔːt]: distressed **53 spittle**: liquid from the mouth • **hem**: Saum • **organza**: fabric made of silk and other materials **55 hawk** (v; informal): clear your throat noisily • **corpse**: dead body

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man's favourite **brass tumbler**, and sat at the edge of his bed, comfortable and relaxed with the string of his pyjamas **dangling** out from under his fine lawn night-shirt, and discussed or, rather, read out the morning news to his father. It made no difference to him that his father made no **response** apart from spitting. It was Rakesh, too, who, on returning from the clinic in the evening, persuaded the old man to come out of his room, as **bare and desolate** as a **cell**, and take the evening air out in the garden, beautifully arranging the **pillows and bolsters** on the **divan** in the corner of the open verandah. On summer nights he saw to it that the servants carried out the old man's bed onto the lawn and himself helped his father down the steps and onto the bed, **soothing** him and settling him down for a night under the stars.

All this was very gratifying for the old man. What was not so gratifying was that he even undertook to supervise his father's diet. One day when the father was really sick, having ordered his daughter-in-law to make him a dish of **soojie halwa** and eaten it with a saucerful of cream, Rakesh marched into the room, not with his usual respectful step but with the confident and rather **contemptuous stride** of the famous doctor, and declared, 'No more **halwa** for you, papa. We must be **sensible**, at your age. If you must have something sweet, Veena will cook you a little **kheer**, that's light, just a little rice and milk. But nothing fried, nothing rich. We can't have this happening again.'

The old man who had been lying stretched out on his bed, **weak and feeble** after a day's illness, gave a start at the very sound, the tone of these words. He opened his eyes – rather, they fell open with shock – and he stared at his son with **disbelief** that darkened quickly to **reproach**. A son who actually refused his father the food he **craved**? No, it was unheard of, it was incredible. But Rakesh had turned his back to him and was cleaning up the **litter** of bottles and packets on the medicine shelf and did not notice while Veena slipped silently out of the room with a little **smirk** that only the old man saw, and hated.

Halwa was only the first item to be crossed off the old man's diet. One **delicacy** after the other went – everything fried to begin with, then everything sweet, and eventually everything, everything that the old man enjoyed. The meals that arrived for him on the shining

stainless steel tray twice a day were **frugal** to say the least – dry bread, boiled **lentils**, boiled vegetables and, if there were a bit of chicken or fish, that was boiled too. If he called for another helping – in a **cracked** voice that **quavered** theatrically – Rakesh himself would come to the door, **gaze** at him **sadly** and **shake** his head, saying, 'Now, papa, we must be careful, we can't risk another illness, you know,' and although the daughter-in-law kept tactfully out of the way, the old man could just see her smirk sliding **merrily** through the air. He tried to **bribe** his grandchildren into buying him sweets (and how he missed his wife now, that generous, **indulgent** and **illiterate** cook), whispering, 'Here's fifty paise,' as he stuffed the coins into a tight hot list. 'Run down to the shop at the crossroads and buy me thirty paise worth of **jalebis**, and you can spend the remaining twenty paise on yourself. Eh? Understand? Will you do that?' He got away with it once or twice but then was found out, the **conspirator** was **scolded** by his father and **smacked** by his mother and Rakesh came storming into the room, almost **tearing** his hair as he shouted through his compressed lips, 'Now papa, are you trying to turn my little son into a liar? Quite apart from **spoiling** your own stomach, you are spoiling him as well – you are encouraging him to lie to his parents. You should have heard the lies he told his mother when she saw him bringing back those **jalebis** wrapped up in **filthy** newspaper. I don't allow anyone in my house to buy sweets in the bazaar, papa, surely you

▷ **1 brass**: Messing • **tumbler**: drinking vessel, large glass **2 dangle out**: hang out **3 lawn**: fine cotton or linen **9 bolster**: Nackenrolle **11 lawn**: area of neatly cut grass **12 soothe sb.**: calm sb. • **settle sb. down**: make sb. comfortable **16 soojie halwa** (Hindi): indischer Grießpudding **18 contemptuous**: arrogant **21 kheer** (Hindi): Indian rice pudding **25 give a start**: move as if surprised **28 reproach**: Vorwurf **29 crave sth.**: want sth. very much **30 litter**: rubbish **32 smirk**: arrogant or nasty smile **34 cross sth. off sth. else**: remove sth. from sth. else **38 frugal**: simple, small and not very tasty **39 lentils**: Linsen **41 quaver** ['kwɛvə]: shake **42 gaze at sb.**: look for a long time at sb. **46 bribe sb.**: give sb. money illegally in return for sth. **47 indulgent**: allowing sb. to have what they want but should not have **48 paisa** (pl *paise*): Indian coin; 100 paise make up one rupee **50 jalebi** (Hindi): type of Indian sweet **51 get away with sth.**: do sth. without anyone knowing about it **52 conspirator**: person who takes part in a crime • **scold sb.**: tell sb. off in an angry way **53 smack sb.**: hit sb. with the palm of your hand **55 compressed**: tightly closed **56 spoil your stomach**: make your stomach ill • **spoil sb.**: jdn. verwöhnen, jdn. verderben

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know that. There's cholera in the city, typhoid, gastroenteritis – I see these cases daily in the hospital, how can I allow my own family to run such risks?' The old man sighed and lay down in the **corpse** position. But that worried no one any longer.

There was only one pleasure left in the old man now (his son's early morning visits and readings could no longer be called that) and those were visits from elderly neighbours. These were not **frequent** as his **contemporaries** were mostly as **decrepit** and helpless as he and few could walk the length of the road to visit him any more. Old Bhatia, next door, however, who was still **spry** enough to **refuse, adamantly, to bathe** in the **tiled bathroom** indoors and to insist on carrying out his **brass mug and towel**, in all seasons and usually at impossible hours, into the yard and bathe noisily under the garden tap, would look over the **hedge** to see if Varma were out on his verandah and would call to him and talk while he wrapped his **dhoti** about him and dried that **sparse** hair on his head, **shivering** with enjoyable exaggeration. Of course these conversations, **bawled** across the hedge by two rather **deaf** old men conscious of having their entire households overhearing them, were not very satisfactory but Bhatia occasionally came out of his yard, walked down to the bit of road and came in at Varma's gate to collapse onto the stone **plinth** built under the temple tree. If Rakesh was at home he would help his father down the steps into the garden and arrange him on his night bed under the tree and leave the two old men to chew betel-leaves and discuss the ills of their individual bodies with combined passion.

'At least you have a doctor in the house to look after you,' sighed Bhatia, having vividly described his martyrdom to piles.

'Look after me?' cried Varma, his voice cracking like an ancient **clay jar**. 'He – he does not even give me enough to eat.'

'What?' said Bhatia, the white hairs in his ears **twitching**. 'Doesn't give you enough to eat? Your own son?'

'My own son. If I ask him for one more piece of bread, he says no, papa, I weighed out the **ata** myself and I can't allow you to have more than two hundred grams of **cereal** a day. He **weighs** the food he gives me, Bhatia – he has **scales** to weigh it on. That is what it has come to.'

'Never,' murmured Bhatia in disbelief. 'Is it possible, even in this evil age, for a son to refuse his father food?'

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'Let me tell you,' Varma whispered eagerly. 'Today the family was having fried fish – I could smell it. I called to my daughter-in-law to bring me a piece. She came to the door and said no ...'

'Said no?' It was Bhatia's voice that cracked. A drongo shot out of the tree and sped away. 'No?'

'No, she said no, Rakesh has ordered her to give me nothing fried. No butter, he says, no oil ...'

'No butter? No oil? How does he expect his father to live?'

Old Varma nodded with melancholy triumph. 'That is how he treats me – after I have brought him up, given him an education, made him a great doctor. Great doctor! This is the way great doctors treat their fathers, Bhatia,' for the son's sterling personality and character now underwent a curious sea change. Outwardly all might be the same but the interpretation had altered: his masterly efficiency was nothing but cold heartlessness, his authority was only tyranny in disguise.

There was cold comfort in complaining to neighbours and, on such a miserable diet, Varma found himself slipping, weakening and soon becoming a genuinely sick man. Powders and pills and mixtures were not only brought in when dealing with a crisis like an upset stomach but became a regular part of his diet – became his diet, complained Varma, supplanting the natural foods he craved. There were pills to regulate his bowel movements, pills to bring down his blood pressure, pills to deal with his arthritis and eventually, pills to keep his heart beating. In between there were panicky rushes to the hospital, some humiliating experiences with the stomach pump and

▷ 8 contemporary (n): person of the same age • decrepit: in bad health 10 spray [sprai]: fit, in good health • adamant: determined 11 tiled: gefliest 12 mug: large cup 15 dhoti (Hindi): long loincloth (= Lendenschurz) worn by Hindu men 16 sparse: schütter 17 bawl [bɔ:l]: shout 21 plinth: platform 27 vivid: clear and in detail • piles (pl; infml): haemorrhoids 29 clay: Lehm 30 twitch: make sudden nervous movements 33 ata (Hindi): flour 34 cereal: grain 35 scales (pl): weighing machine 41 drongo: type of black bird 49 sterling (adj): good and reliable 50 sea change: dramatic change 52–53 in disguise: hidden, not immediately recognizable 54 cold comfort: no real comfort or satisfaction 55 slip: lose your health 59 supplant sth.: replace sth. 60 bowel movement [ˈbəʊəl]: action of getting rid of solid waste from your body

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'Try, papa, Rakesh said you can if you try,' she said, and drifted away to the other end of the verandah where her transistor radio vibrated to the lovesick tunes from the cinema that she listened to all day.

So there he sat, like some stiff corpse, terrified, gazing out on the lawn where his grandsons played cricket, in danger of getting one of their hard-spun balls in his eye, and at the gate that opened onto the dusty and rubbish-heaped lane but still bore, proudly, a newly touched-up signboard that bore his son's name and qualifications, his own name having vanished from the gate long ago.

At last the sky-blue Ambassador arrived, the cricket game broke up in haste, the car drove in smartly and the doctor, the great doctor, all in white, stepped out. Someone ran up to take his bag from him, others to escort him up the steps. 'Will you have tea?' his wife called, turning down the transistor set. 'Or a Coca-Cola? Shall I fry you some samosas?' But he did not reply or even glance in her direction. Ever a devoted son, he went first to the corner where his father sat gazing, stricken, at some undefined spot in the dusty yellow air that swam before him. He did not turn his head to look at his son. But he stopped gobbling air with his uncontrolled lips and set his jaw as hard as a sick and very old man could set it.

'Papa,' his son said, tenderly, sitting down on the edge of the bed and reaching out to press his feet.

Old Varma tucked his feet under him, out of the way, and continued to gaze stubbornly into the yellow air of the summer evening.

'Papa, I'm home.'

▷ 1 enema [ˈenəmə]: Einlauf 2 shrivel up: (here) draw up your arms and legs close to your body 5 let sb. off: allow sb. not to do sth. 10 spirit: energy 16 deprive sb. of sth.: not allow sb. to have sth. 17 taunt sb. [ˈtaʊnt]: be unkind to sb. 19 croak (n): sound like that made by a frog • grunt (n) sound like that made by a pig 21 temple tree: type of ornamental jasmine tree 26 strain at sth.: pull sth. hard 30 thump: sudden rough movement • jar sth.: shake sth. badly 31 sahib (Hindi): form of address to a man who is your social superior 33 hypocritical [ˌhɪpəˈkrɪtɪkəl]: heuchlerisch, scheinheilig 34 rustle: make a sound like the movement of leaves or paper 35 prop sb. up: support sb. 43 hard-spun ball: ball that is twisted tightly while being thrown 44 lane: small road 45 touched-up: repainted 46 vanish: disappear 50 escort sb.: go with sb. 52 samosa: small Indian fried pastry filled with meat or vegetables • glance (v): look quickly 54 stricken: suffering from illness 56 gobble: eat noisily 61 stubborn: stur

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enema, which left him frightened and helpless. He cried easily, shrivelling up on his bed, but if he complained of a pain or even a vague, grey fear in the night, Rakesh would simply open another bottle of pills and force him to take one. 'I have my duty to you papa,' he said when his father begged him to be let off.

'Let me be,' Varma begged, turning his face away from the pills on the outstretched hand. 'Let me die. It would be better. I do not want to live only to eat your medicines.'

'Papa, be reasonable.'

'I leave that to you,' the father cried with sudden spirit. 'Leave me alone, let me die now, I cannot live like this.'

Lying all day on his pillows, fed every few hours by his daughter-in-law's own hands, visited by every member of his family daily – and then he says he does not want to live "like this", Rakesh was heard to say, laughing, to someone outside the door.

'Deprived of food,' screamed the old man on the bed, 'his wishes ignored, taunted by his daughter-in-law, laughed at by his grandchildren – that is how I live.' But he was very old and weak and all anyone heard was an incoherent croak, some expressive grunts and cries of genuine pain. Only once, when old Bhatia had come to see him and they sat together under the temple tree, they heard him cry, 'God is calling me – and they won't let me go.'

The quantities of vitamins and tonics he was made to take were not altogether useless. They kept him alive and even gave him a kind of strength that made him hang on long after he ceased to wish to hang on. It was as though he were straining at a rope, trying to break it, and it would not break, it was still strong. He only hurt himself, trying.

In the evening, that summer, the servants would come into his cell, grip his bed, one at each end, and carry it out to the verandah, there setting it down with a thump that jarred every tooth in his head. In answer to his agonized complaints they said the doctor sahib had told them he must take the evening air and the evening air they would make him take – thump. Then Veena, that smiling hypocritical pudding in a rustling sari, would appear and pile up the pillows under his head till he was propped up stiffly into a sitting position that made his head swim and his back ache.

'Let me lie down,' he begged. 'I can't sit up any more.'

Varma's hand jerked suddenly, in a sharp, derisive movement, but he did not speak.

'How are you feeling, papa?'

Then Varma turned and looked at his son. His face was so out of control and all in pieces, that the multitude of expressions that crossed it could not make up a whole and convey to the famous man exactly what his father thought of him, his skill, his art.

'I'm dying,' he croaked. 'Let me die, I tell you.'

'Papa, you're joking,' his son smiled at him, lovingly. 'I've brought you a new tonic to make you feel better. You must take it, it will make you feel stronger again. Here it is. Promise me you will take it regularly, papa.'

Varma's mouth worked as hard as though he still had a gob of betel in it (his supply of betel had been cut off years ago). Then he spat out some words, as sharp and bitter as poison, into his son's face. 'Keep your tonic – I want none – I want none – I won't take any of – of your medicines. None. Never,' and he swept the bottle out of his son's hand with a wave of his own, suddenly grand, suddenly effective.

His son jumped, for the bottle was smashed and thick brown syrup had splashed up, staining his white trousers. His wife let out a cry and came running. All around the old man was hubbub once again, noise, attention.

He gave one push to the pillows at his back and dislodged them so he could sink down on his back, quite flat again. He closed his eyes and pointed his chin at the ceiling, like some dire prophet, groaning, 'God is calling me – now let me go.'

▷ 1 derisive [dɪˈraɪsɪv]: showing you have a low opinion of sb./sth. 6 convey sth. to sb.: show sb. sth. 7 skill: (here) profession 21 hubbub: noise and chaos 23 dislodge sth.: push sth. aside 25 dire: serious, extreme

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