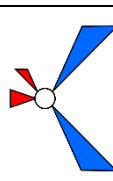


1520 CA2

bncdoc.id	FYY
bncdoc.author	Gallagher, Stephen
bncdoc.year	1992
bncdoc.title	The boat house.
bncdoc.info	The boat house. Sample containing about 41451 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<p><1520/c></p>  <p>Key:</p> <p><u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn1</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn2</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn3</u></p>	<p>the more I realise how much of a stranger she is to me. She came over to me one night and she asked me for a lift. She had nowhere to aim for and she was just about destitute, and there was trouble following her as well. She asked me for nothing more, she didn't want to cause me problems, but I couldn't just walk away from her. So I brought her to the valley. I didn't expect her to stay so long, but I made the offer and I have to stick with it. We've got separate rooms, we lead separate lives, most days we don't even meet up. We're only together tonight because you put us both on the same invitation. I don't know what else I can tell you, Diane, but that's the way it is. What do you say?' He seemed serious. She said, 'Why are you so keen to convince me?' 'Say you're convinced, and you'll find out. Well?' He was watching her. Either he was dead straight, or else he was the sharpest operator-bar none, including the guy she'd met on a singles' holiday who'd almost managed to convince her that he was on his final fling with only ninety days left to live - that she had ever encountered. He was still watching her. 'I'm thinking about it,' she said. With their curiosity satisfied and the music too slow to be interesting, Wayne and Sandy had taken themselves out into the gardens to cool off. It was dark out there and it was relatively private, and Wayne had managed to spirit out an entire <u>punchbowl</u>, still half-full. They sat against the wall of the house, just under the stone parapet of the first floor terrace. Wayne was hoping that nobody else would get any ideas about joining them. He said, 'So that's the Lord of the Manor. What did you think of him?' 'He's okay,' Sandy said, in the same kind of tone that she'd probably use to describe an indifferent sandwich. 'A bit too smooth, though.' 'He didn't look it,' Wayne said. His own feeling had been that Dizzy Liston looked like some amiable, well-heeled scarecrow. Sandy said, 'They're the dangerous ones,' and then she looked into her glass even though it was really too dark to see anything of it. <u>'What's</u> in this stuff?' <u>'Fruit juice, mostly,</u>' Wayne said airily. 'Maybe <u>a bit of wine</u></p> <p>.' 'How strong is it?' 'Not very. They <u>water it</u> down, that's how come there's so much of <u>it</u> knocking around.' Tentatively, he put his arm around her. She leaned against him comfortably, and he began to wonder about the possibilities in aiming for the wide sleeve of her dress. 'I expect my mum would like him,' Sandy said. 'She likes them well-worn but lovable. Comes from listening to a lot of Country and Western music.' 'What would it take to make her like me?' 'Well, you could stop picking me up in that van. And you could inherit a couple of million and go to Oxford. And maybe win a medal for rescuing Prince William from a fire.' 'You think that would do it?' 'You'd be about halfway there.' Sandy turned herself slightly, and Wayne suddenly discovered that he was sitting there with his sleeve strategy in tatters and most of her right breast in his hand. She wasn't wearing a bra. He didn't know what to do next. Sandy, leaning with her head on his shoulder, carried on as if nothing was untoward. 'She doesn't actually say anything against you,' she explained. 'She'd just be happier if you were a drip with glasses and lots of qualifications, that's all. I mean, I'd like to make her happy, but there are limits.'</p>
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	<p>‘Yeah,’ Wayne said, still feeling somewhat stunned and very lightheaded. ‘Yeah, I suppose there are.’ She looked down at his hand, which was tense and unmoving. She said, ‘Are we doing anything here, or what?’ Inside and on the dance floor, Pete and Diane suddenly found that people were drifting back and the music was getting loud again. It was a sure sign that Dizzy’s fraternisation period was over. Conversation had now become difficult, and Diane still hadn’t given Pete a definite answer to his question. Nor did she feel quite ready to; and now she leaned close to his ear, and raised her voice. ‘Give me some time,’ she said. ‘I’d better go and see how it went.’ Pete nodded and moved off to look for some more of Bob Ivie’s jungle juice, and Diane eased her way through into the ballroom. She was already starting to feel battered by the increased level of the sound, and it was a relief to get out into the lower buzz and</p>
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