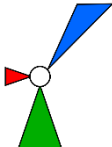


## 517 CA3

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	H84
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Gill, Anton
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1993
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	City of dreams.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	City of dreams. Sample containing about 43343 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
<b>Publication date</b>	1985-1993
<b>Text type</b>	Written books and periodicals
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_fict_prose

<517/c>	
 <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p>, stopping at a door which was open. The room beyond was cosy, lit by three lamps and heavy with dark blue drapery. Kafy slipped her hand under his kilt and closed it round his penis, smiling, pulling him into the room by it. He would not have liked to guess her age, had never seen her in anything other than half-light, and knew nothing about her beyond the fact that she came from a village to the north which she had told him, stood in the shadow of the pyramid of Saqqara. 'Where have you been?' she asked. 'Nowhere.' 'Have you tired of me?' 'No.' He stopped her, taking her hands in his. 'What is it?' Her eyes stopped acting. 'One question.' She looked resigned. 'You never stop working, do you?' 'There was a man here a few days ago. I saw him talking to Nubeneham. Well dressed, and perhaps elderly. I thought I knew him.' 'I did n't see him.' 'I think he had come for some sort of show. He paid well.' Kafy's eyes lit up for a moment, and then shut him out. 'You'd better ask Nubenehem.' 'I did. She would n't tell me.' She smiled. 'I'd help you if I could.' But her eyes were not smiling. He knew he would get no more out of her, just as he knew she was getting impatient. He reached for her, pulling away the tight linen shift to expose a taut brown body with generous firm breasts. Merymose's story had made him want to lose himself. He could not have stayed in his empty house. She unknotted his kilt and sank to her knees, knowing how he liked to begin. 'It's been a long time, too long,' she smiled, slipping him into her mouth. As she bent forward, he saw that her left shoulder was disfigured by a terrible bruise. A malevolent demon was standing on his head. It had buried its adze in his fontanelle, and was working the thing backwards and forwards methodically to split open his skull. Meanwhile two stonemasons inside his brain were using claw chisels to cut their way out through his eyes. He tried to sit up, but the most cautious movement threw his tormentors into a mania of activity and his stomach hurled a messy bile into his mouth. There was <a href="#">another taste</a>. <a href="#">Figs</a>. Huy forced himself into a sitting position by degrees and brought</p> <p><a href="#">the empty jar</a> of <a href="#">fig liquor</a></p> <p>into vision. <a href="#">The raging optimism</a> which <a href="#">it</a> had instilled in him last night, under <a href="#">whose</a> influence he had finally <a href="#">escaped</a> from Merymose's story, was now replaced by a simple <a href="#">whimpering plea</a> to whatever god listened to self-pitying <a href="#">hangover sufferers</a> just to let him be all right again, his own man, as soon as possible. The only thing he was thankful for was that it was the eleventh day, the rest day. His binge would not have cost him his work. Having at last managed to hold himself upright for five minutes without feeling the need to vomit, he started to order his heart. At first all that would come into it were moralising precepts about drink which he remembered from having to copy them as exercises when he was a student: I am told you go from street to street where everything stinks to the gods of alcohol. Alcohol will turn men away from you and send your soul to hell, you will</p>

	<p>be like a ship with a broken rudder, like a temple without its god, like a house without bread ... Whoever wrote that had never had unpleasant memories to drown, thought Huy, or been confronted with truths too horrible to face. On the other hand, when you resurfaced, there were the memories and the truths still, they had not gone away, and the only difference was that one was now less equipped to deal with them than before. That was what made men go on drinking, Huy supposed. A constant retreat, putting your senses to sleep rather than facing and destroying the cause of your distress. He wondered if Merymose ever drank heavily. Huy doubted it. His head sang with pain and his stomach heeled over as he stood up, his hand flailing for the back of a chair to support him. Having got this far, he allowed himself another minute or so before confronting the thousand-day journey which separated him from the bathroom. Then, forcing himself to breathe regularly, he set off. Later, having bathed and, if not eaten, at least drunk some herb tea, he felt that he might, after all, survive. He chewed coriander seeds to sweeten his breath and, feeling ready to face the world, had decided to put on his newest, cleanest kilt, with the leather sandals and the one headdress left from more prosperous days. He would try to gain access to the palace, if not to the houses of Ipuky and Reni. He did not hold out much hope that Merymose would persuade Kenamun to engage him, but there was no harm in familiarising himself with the terrain in advance if he could. He was interrupted</p>
--	---