

...y funny jokes he had
...esently we were in
...ry ugly and familiar

of cats, was looking
ow of our house. I
blurbly. "Mother's
ssful cat? Who was?"
a and a heated ship
ways lo... one loath
out I... on a suit
hat I would soon be
ature, and the house
nd Mrs. Thing, my
ked their fingers to
There were vases of
a bowl of hyacinth
a dark cupboard to
this, and their scent
was full of food, the
up, and James had
Timeses and Observ
rd to a feast of them
ave the Sunday New

egan to make some
and said, "I have
James. He raised his
ome home." He sat
his lap and dug her
I think," he said,
Farmiloe for a few
I've written to some
d the cat and exi
his pocket. "They
ng."
ading one. "Many
nes, it doesn't say
use advertisements,
there isn't one.
t?" said James. He
/well?"
l. "No... artesian
one." ...ng it into
said "Detached."
surrounded by semi-
d is ugly." Lounge,
dining room, twelve

...made the salad, all thoughtfully provided by
James.

A few days later we stashed Fluffy at her holiday home, and set off for Farmiloe. It was a filthy March day. We went into the great hunting country, known dashingly as "The Shires." The hills became higher, the hedges dry-stone walls, the sky more lowering, the rain wetter and the hiss of the tires more piercing. We began to see slag heaps.

Over Farmiloe, although it was only three o'clock in the afternoon, charcoal-gray gloom hung. All the women wore dirty beige mackintoshes and furry boots, and all the men wore dirty beige mackintoshes.

"God," said James simply.
I sang him several verses of On Ilkley Moor and Blaydon Races, but when I noticed that he was not enjoying this I stopped. Eventually we penetrated the front door of one of the agents. And then he came in the car with us.

The sodium street lights cast an infernal glow, so that James' pink, pleasant, darling face took on the aspect of the mad Dr. Fu Manchu, and my lipstick looked as if I were gripping a lump of coal in my teeth. It was very cold, the rain glistened on every flat surface, and I began to feel that we were in a novel by Kafka, that the road was infinite.

After about ten minutes the agent said, "It's the first on the left."

"It" was Larches Road, winding up a hill, and on either side of it were semidetached and detached houses with garages and gates on which were painted fanciful names like Fairbourne and Arundel and Larch Nook.

James said, "This is a suburb." It could hardly be less like Grahamstown.

"Otter Dale," said the agent. "It is much sought after."

I looked at him. He meant every word he said. A painfully sincere chap, this estate agent. "It looks ever so nice," I said. I have this American craving to be liked, at any price, and I have met a lot of non-Americans that I wish also had it. At the top of Larches Road we came to No. 43, detached and undistinguished.



...reaking the waistline back to the waistline again."



TAKE CRISP CUKES



ADD HANDY HAM



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