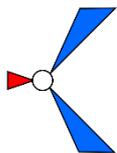


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bncdoc.id	ABW
bncdoc.author	Bow, Jean
bncdoc.year	1991
bncdoc.title	Jane's journey.
bncdoc.info	Jane's journey. Sample containing about 35460 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<139/c>	<p>. They still try to portray us as vulnerable and weak, but in reality we're very tough - not just the enormous butch ones, but small ones like us.' Jane reflected that if she'd been enormous, with masses of stomach and bust up front, Lajos might have thought twice about bashing her. Flora had really got going now. 'Still, men have achieved their superior position because they literally have it, in sex, and because mainly they have got greater physical strength.' 'Also, they're the greatest creatively,' Jane interrupted. 'There's no female Shakespeare or Beethoven.' 'Circumstances,' Flora brushed that aside: 'what they could do, they did do - novels - Jane Austen, the Brontës, Virginia Woolf' 'But no great composers or painters, even now,' Jane persisted. 'Pah - there aren't any male ones either - not since Sibelius and Cézanne - however - as I was saying (among ordinary people) physical strength used to matter, but now most of the hard work is done by machines, so it doesn't wash any more. Women can drive cars, taxis, buses, trucks, diggers, lawn-mowers - that sort of thing, though in the West they mostly don't (except cars) because of tradition.' (And because they're spoilt, like you, thought Jane). Flora darted a glance at her. 'Though you only ride a bicycle, don't you. I suppose that's because of the environment?' 'No - I was riding one long before the environment was heard of. I'm a throw-back. I just don't like machines with a mind of their own - not even a moped! Also, a car's very expensive to buy and to run. As they say, what you don't have, you don't miss. I do mind about the environment thing too. A bike's healthier for the person and the air. I think private cars should be limited to the infirm, really.' 'I don't know how I'd live without mine. But I expect that goes for millions of unnecessary car owners! Still, I confess I'm a wee bit disappointed in your reasons. I liked to think you were ahead of your time in everything!' We're all walking viewpoints! thought Jane, then she laughed. 'I've never thought of myself as avant-garde. As I said, what I did was dictated by necessity. But I still appreciate good manners in men. Even</p>
 <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>a touch of chivalry</p> <p>. Especially now. I expect it's hard for them to find their feet on these shifting sands.' Christopher's thoughtfulness was in her mind. 'Ah yes - it's becoming more difficult than ever to achieve a balance. We've still got to let them believe they're a bit macho.' Flora took her arm. 'We're lucky in Christopher and Alastair at any rate,' she said. 'Let's go back to this fantastic meal!' Of course, there is no such thing as living happily ever after. Unhappy human nature precludes that. In Jane's case, she could not snap out of a lifetime of worry overnight. She did not relish all those dishes which memory served up. She loved the present, but the past intervened, especially when Christopher was away. There was no escape: 'I am a part of all that I have met.' Too true, but Tennyson goes on: 'Yet all experience is an arch where thro' Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades For ever and for ever when I move.' Between her and Christopher there had been no euphoria to fade into the light of common day. There had been no mad paroxysm of love, with the inevitable bathos. They had been wary, and had resolved many of the doubts of two</p>

	<p>suspicious, confirmed loners already. The groundwork had been achieved. But Jane still dreaded the threatening disease of daily life. Boredom and routine were less of a menace because Christopher was not a nine-to-fiver. He ran his own business, and worked almost round the clock, so was away for days at a time. At these times Jane was assailed by self-doubt; by fears as to whether their relationship would decline - for nothing human remains static. Then, when he returned - which he always did, as quickly as possible, for Smugglers' Cove (and its occupant) were so strong a magnet that he often drove home through the night - then she was unfailingly reassured. But what a boring person I am, she thought, to need constant reassurance! To be always afraid of confusing imagination with reality. Away from his business, Christopher craved only peace and solitude, now shared with her - the first person ever to share it. His greatest pleasure was to walk with her along the seashore. He wanted no parties, and few visitors. Alastair and Flora came quite often and the four of them enjoyed the luxury of being totally at ease. Occasionally Jane's family dragged themselves away from their busy life in the south and arrived with boyfriends and girlfriends. They</p>
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