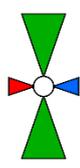


1407 CA3

bncdoc.id	H9H
bncdoc.author	Darcy, Lilian
bncdoc.year	1993
bncdoc.title	A private arrangement.
bncdoc.info	A private arrangement. Sample containing about 56115 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Ownership has not been claimed
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<1407/c>	same lightly amused way, as if he found her mildly diverting - the way he might
	feel, perhaps, about a pretty child. Somehow she did not find the comparison
Key:	flattering, and with two spots of sudden colour in her cheeks she drew herself
Footprint	upright and thrust out her firm but fine-boned chin. ‘Dr Greene must be busy, Dr
ConEn1	Russell. I think if I can look at these notes until tomorrow,’ she looked questioningly
Footprint	at Dr Greene, who nodded, ‘I needn’t take up any more of his time now.’ ‘That’s
ConEn2	very good, Belinda,’ Tom Russell answered mildly, ‘but I have a couple of other
Footprint	matters to discuss with him, concerning another diabetic patient. I’ll only be five
ConEn3	minutes. Would you mind waiting outside?’ ‘Of course not,’ she said quickly,
	already on her way out of the room and feeling that her attempt at asserting herself
	had not been a success. Probably it had been foolish to try to do so. As Faye’s
	private nurse, she would be filling an important position, and her professionalism or
	lack of it could make the difference between a healthy baby and another tragic loss.
	Still, these men held the lives of mothers and unborn babies in their hands like this
	every day. Perched on the edge of an upholstered beige chair outside Dr Greene’s
	office, she felt small and insignificant and extremely chastened. It must have
	showed - or else Tom Russell was already far too skilled at reading her emotions -
	because his first words to her when they were seated in his red sports car were, ‘Cat
	got your tongue?’ ‘No,’ she answered in a small voice. ‘I just ... don’t have
	anything to say.’ ‘Really? And for that reason you’re actually not saying it. What
	delightfully rare discrimination!’ ‘Oh!’ she bleated, her voice high and rather
	indignant. ‘What do you ...?’ He laughed. ‘Do I seem to be teasing? Perhaps I do.
	But I’m serious. With so many of the women I know - and the men, for that matter -
	the less they have to say, the more they talk. I find it maddening.’ ‘Yes, I suppose
	it must be,’ she agreed. They had left the hospital grounds now, and she thought about
	the two suitcases in the back of the car. It hadn’t taken her long to clear out her
	room at the nurses’ home this morning, and her father had come over at lunch to
	take
	several boxes of things
	back to his suburban home for storage . The two suitcases represented everything
	she thought she would need for the next seven months at the Hamiltons’, and it
	seemed like an odd way to be taking what might be a big step in her life. She was
	taking eight months’ leave without pay from Coronation, but in the back of her mind

	<p>‘Actually, I thought I didn’t. I thought I’d be relieved that you didn’t have to pick my comment apart and use it as an opening for deep amateur psychoanalysis of myself, yourself, and half a dozen other people as well! But then, when you didn’t say anything at all, I found I was disappointed.’ ‘So you’ve learnt something, haven’t you?’ she retorted, daring to put some spice into it, since she felt somewhat persecuted by his teasing manner. Again, she felt she was only entertaining him as he might have been entertained by a clever child. ‘Have I?’ he asked now. ‘And what’s that?’ ‘That you’re thoroughly contrary!’ ‘Hmm ... So this is turning into amateur analysis, is it?’ ‘Only because you steered it that way,’ Belinda said crossly. ‘True, he mused. ‘Perhaps we were better off with silence.’ ‘I think we were!’ And then he discomfited her utterly by keeping that silence until he had turned into the Hamiltons’ driveway, switched off the engine, and opened the boot to retrieve her luggage. ‘Now,’ he said at last, hefting a suitcase in each hand without apparent effort, ‘can I leave you to unpack while I talk to Faye?’ ‘Of course. Dr Greene said you’ll</p>
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