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bncdoc.id	CA3
bncdoc.author	Pulsford, Petronella
bncdoc.year	1990
bncdoc.title	Lee's ghost.
bncdoc.info	Lee's ghost. Sample containing about 34766 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

<1945/c>	Don't you wish you could eat him just like you ate your eggs? Don't you wish you were joined by the umbilical cord again and nobody had the power to cut it? Neither of you thinks about anything really except the other. It's like the Hunchback of Notre-Dame and that gypsy woman, or Beauty and the Beast. Revolting.' 'He's not as ugly as that. He was beautiful to me.' Lee spoke simply, positively, but was aware that she wanted to hit Philippa. 'Exactly, exactly.' Philippa triumphed. She's crowing like a fairy whose spell has worked, thought Lee. Such power. 'I shall leave now,' Philippa continued, suddenly standing, beautiful as a lily. 'I shall go back to my weaving. The pattern may be complicated but it's a darned sight easier than you.' Lee had felt the emotional voltage in the room heighten to a point when she thought that Philippa would slam the door behind her, hard, but the door closed as gently as if there were a baby asleep in the house. Philippa, the fortified, she thought, Philippa the friend, Philippa the priest. How people do carry on. She sees with a well mind. She perceives with awake senses. Do I want to awaken? For me my reality is my lack of reality. Living with the dead is my life. I have to journey through. There is no genie to snap its fingers and whiplash me out of this world I am living in. I have to carry on journeying in, in and through and back. Oh, Gabriel. How beyond them all we were like Lear and Cordelia and the rest, like Queen Christina and her cardinal, Gary Cooper and his Grace, Antony and his Egypt, Salvador and his Gala. All of them and more we were. How terrible to adore like this so that you want to lie in the same grave and share nothing with the world but live above it like Zeus and Hera. And, yes, I know, to become gods you have to lose God and I have been touched by evil. Not touched: it loomed up from the ocean and embraced me in its tentacles. She sank deep down again, unable to stay alert, and saw without wanting to a giant Catherine-wheel in the sky. Sparks flew from it and shadowy figures cried: 'Look out.' A black dog leapt up at it and growled. She stood in a large yard with a glass of white wine in her hand and it spilt down
<div data-bbox="240 752 319 779"></div> <p>Key:</p> <p><u>Footprint</u></p> <p><u>ConEn1</u></p> <p><u>Footprint</u></p> <p><u>ConEn2</u></p> <p><u>Footprint</u></p> <p><u>ConEn3</u></p>	<p><u>the front</u> of <u>her red dress</u></p> <p>when she jumped at the banging noise of a firework. 'Steady on there,' her companion said and as she looked round to smile at him in the fragmented night-sun that was the wheel she saw Gabriel working at the barbecue. 'I've lost my helper,' he cried. The Catherine-wheel was beginning to fail. 'You're making a nice job of massacring those burgers,' her companion yelled at her man. She felt compassionate like a mother and wanted to help him but the wheel had slowed down until its glow had died and she stood paralysed as if frozen in the aftermath of the death of the sun. 'One day the sun will burn up the earth it is now nourishing,' she thought. At that moment a child's bone snapped. She heard the break before she actually saw the child who had fallen at the winning end of a tug-of-war rope. The child's arm had been trodden on, hard, and he now lay on the ground screaming, holding his wrist. It seemed a very long time to Lee before the shadowy adults who surrounded the game moved in on the victim and she wondered why she found herself so static, impotent, so lost. All around her and the scene of the accident sparklers spat white fragments,</p>

	<p>golden rockets shot up into the blackness, emerald and crimson and yellow pellets soared, squat little gunpowder plants grew amber and silver light-lozenges and purple flames phutted in the gloom. A local MP stood in the centre of the yard, right in the centre, with his wife and three children. They were smiling, willing, charming, but they looked like a family from a breakfast cereal commercial who had somehow found themselves in the middle of a real occasion. ‘He’s the big ‘I am,’” her companion whispered, of the handsome politician. She looked desperately around for Gabriel. To save her. But Gabriel had gone. Lee no longer wanted to be part of this charade. The mortals seemed miserable and the children cruel and now there was nothing left of the spectacle. There was only the smell of singed paper and sour wine and burned meat and the emptiness is the reality, she thought. The rest is a cover-up. She knew suddenly that she could not live without him. He was her only light; the rest was all sham. People were impostors and children were nothing but the promise of broken bones. She found him again later that night and took him into her bed. She loved him totally, unconditionally, instantly. She gave him all of herself. I’m</p>
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