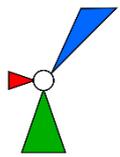


## 1695 AB

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	G0A
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Banks, Iain
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1993
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	The Crow Road.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	The Crow Road. Sample containing about 43152 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

<p>&lt;1695/c&gt;</p>  <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>some secrets.' 'I do,' Rory said, biting his lip and looking down at his glass. 'Rory,' Kenneth said, sitting forward and lowering his voice to conspiratorial levels, 'the last secret I remember you telling me was that it was you who set fire to that barn on the Urvill's estate.' Rory grinned, stirring his finger through a little patch of moisture on the side of his glass. 'Hey, I'm still waiting to see if you tell anyone.' Ken laughed. 'Well, I haven't. Have you?' Rory smiled, sucking air through his teeth at the same time, clinked one thumbnail against his glass. He glanced at his brother. 'Don't worry; my secret is safe with us.' He shook his head, then shrugged. 'Okay,' Rory sighed, trying to suppress a smile, looking away. 'There might be a job with Aunty in the offing, okay?' 'What?' Kenneth laughed. 'The Beeb? You going to be a TV star?' 'It's not definite yet,' Rory shrugged. 'And it's ...' he frowned at his brother. 'Shit, Ken; it's just more hack-work. It's better paid, is all.' 'What is it though?' 'Oh, a fucking travel programme, what else?' Rory rolled his eyes. 'But anyway; we'll see, okay? It's not definite, like I say, and I don't want to get anybody's hopes up, so keep it quiet; but things might start to happen.' 'But that's great news, man,' Kenneth said, sitting back. 'Talking about me, I hope, boys,' Janice said, returning with their drinks on a tray. '... said, 'My God, Rory, I've never seen one that big!' and I said - oh; hello dear,' Rory grinned, pretending only then to notice Janice. She sat down, smiling. 'Talking about the size of your overdraft, are we, dear?' 'Gosh-darn,' Rory said, snapping his fingers, looking at Kenneth. 'Caught telling tales again.' 'Runs in the family,' Kenneth said, taking up his glass. 'Cheers, Janice.' 'Your health.' 'Slange.' They left after that drink and went back to <a href="#">the house at Lochgair</a>; Rory and Kenneth cleared a tangled choke of bushes and shrubs at</p> <p><a href="#">the rear</a> of <a href="#">the garden</a></p> <p>, <a href="#">where</a> Mary wanted the lawn extended. They sweated through the insect-loud afternoon, while the sun shone. Janice sunbathed, and later helped Mary and Margot prepare the evening meal. Janice had taken that day off from the library. She and Rory left on the last train back to Glasgow that night. It was the last time Kenneth ever saw Rory. Fiona sat in the passenger seat of the car, watching the red roadside reflectors drift out of the night towards her. She was thrown against one side of the seat as Fergus powered the Aston round the right-hander that took the road out of the forest, down, into and through the little village of Furnace. She was pressed back against the seat as Fergus accelerated again. They swung out and past some small, slower car, overtaking it as though it was stationary; headlights ahead of them glared, the on-coming car flashed its lights and she heard its horn sound as they passed, a few seconds later. The sound was quickly lost in the snarl of the Aston's engine. 'If you're driving like this to try and prove something, don't bother on my account,' she said. Fergus was silent for a while, then, in a very controlled and even voice said, 'Don't worry. Look, I just want to get home as soon as possible. All right?' 'Everything'll suddenly get better once we're home, will it?' Fiona said. 'Kiss the kids on the head and get Mrs S to make some tea; stiff whisky for you, G</p>
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	<p>and T for me. Maybe we should call up the McKeans to say we got back safely; you can ask after Julie ...' 'For Christ's sake, Fiona -' For Christ's sake, Fiona', Fiona sneered, imitating Fergus's voice. 'Is that all you can say? You've had half an hour to think up another excuse, and -' 'I don't need,' Fergus sighed, 'any excuses. Look; I thought we had agreed to just leave this -' 'Yes, that would suit you fine, wouldn't it, Ferg? That's your way of dealing with everything, isn't it? Pretend it hasn't happened, maybe it'll go away. If we're all terribly polite and decorous and discreet, maybe the whole horrid thing will just ...' She made a little fluttering motion with her hands, and in a high-pitched, girlish voice, said, 'Disappear!' She looked at him; his broad, soft-jowled</p>
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