

## BROKEN THINGS

PADRIKA TARRANT was born in 1974 and lives in Norwich. She studied sculpture at Norwich School of Art, where she developed an unhealthy fixation with scissors and the work of Jan Svankmajer. *Broken Things* is her first full-length work, reflecting both an interest in surrealism and her own experience of psychosis. She shares her home with a daughter, an ill-mannered cockatiel and far too many animal skulls.



PADRIKA  
TARRANT  
BROKEN  
THINGS



CAMBRIDGE

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*For my friend Charlotte Francis, because I miss her.  
For all the precious broken things.*



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# DARLING

**U**NTIL TODAY, I always pushed a pram, just in case I find a baby. People lose them all the time, don't they, so the chances are some day I'll get lucky and pick one up. I'm kind, and ever so patient; a baby wouldn't be badly off with me, I don't think.

I save stuff, keep safe what nobody else cares for, whatever Jesus sends my way. My heart is full of darkness, otherwise I would be an angel, but still he does let me have things, little things like chewed gum and broken bottles, and words. I wrap them in tissue paper to keep them safe, except the words, which are fragile and have to be learned by heart.

So, it wasn't a big shock when I found the dog; I was overjoyed, and sent little thankyou's to heaven by the thousand, because a dog is very nearly a baby. He was black and white, and wet with blood, and when I found him he was so vulnerable and wounded that I simply cried. I called him Darling, because that is a good name for someone you love.

When I lifted my Darling from the roadside, the utter looseness of his body shocked me so much that I all but dropped him. His head lolled at a sick angle; he seemed boneless, just a floppy mass of joints. No wonder he needed me so badly. I lowered him into my pram, and as if at some secret sign from God, it began to rain.

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I wheeled him right indoors; my bedsit's on the ground floor, which is lucky. The landlady is godless and dyes her hair; she hates me because I pain her conscience. I save things from being ruined, and I keep them in my room; she's envious of my vocation.

When I lit the gas fire and turned on the light, I looked down at my Darling. He was wrong, all flat across the ribs where the car's wheel had squashed him, and sort of funny, as if his arms and legs had been attached backwards.

I hunted around the room for plastic bags, and with them I propped him into a better shape, around the sides and under his chin, until his muzzle was resting on his front paws. He had big ears shaped like triangles and a little short tail.

I stroked his poor chest and tried to make it better with my fingers, but in the end I had to pad it out with a Sainsbury's bag, which I fed inside through a slit I made in his skin. I was terrified I'd hurt him, but Darling was so brave, he didn't complain once, just lay quite still and let me help him.

It was after three when I finished, and I was worried, because it's binmen day on a Friday, and I usually go from house to house, making sure only bad things are left for the dust truck. Generally, I start my rounds at five, but in the end, I was simply too tired. My soul was swimming with love, and that just couldn't be a sin.

I slept until nine, but my dreams were odd. I heard Darling in my sleep; he was dreaming too, of headlamps and screechy brakes, and he whimpered for hours. I was trying to find him in my room, but somehow I couldn't; all that I could get my hands on were clumps and clumps of dog hair.

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When I said Good morning to my Darling the next day, I was shocked at the state of him. His fur was clotty with blood, and it wouldn't clean up, not with shampoo, not even with bleach. Eventually, an idea struck me, and I tore up newspaper and made him a brand new skin, layered with glue. He was stiff inside his fur already, and so he didn't mind at all, having a paper shell. The dents on his surface smoothed out beneath it, and I made him sculpted flanks and the muscular haunches of a prophet dog. He needed a more dignified tail, so I carried on where his left off, and made it curl like a whip along his side.

Darling took ages to dry, even with both halves of the fire on full, and during the night he whined. I began to worry about the landlady, but the noise didn't seem to bother anyone. By the next day his carapace was almost hard, but poor Darling had begun to seep and stain it, and at any rate he didn't like being all covered with bad news writing from the paper, so I looked among my piles and boxes for paint. I gave him a lovely black enamelled coat, and I varnished his eyes, which I had left uncovered so he would be able to see.

All that night I worried about Darling's eyes. What kind of mother would I be, I thought, if I did the wrong thing? God would never trust me again. Perhaps he would be better off with new ones, now he was becoming so beautiful? In my dreams I tried to catch him, but his flesh was soft and loose as wet cotton wool and my fingers went right through.

In the end, I got up before my window grew light. Darling's eyes were going brown and caving in. I rushed about in a panic, piling up milk bottle tops and buttons and five pence pieces, but none were right. Then a thought came to me from somewhere perfect, and I snapped the thread of

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my necklace. Darling gazed at me with his golden amber eyeballs, and I was so happy I could have flown to heaven.

That day was like Christmas lights; I found a bit of gold leaf to gild his eartips and I dabbed in a blue scrolled nose with a tiny paintbrush. I stuck tinfoil in strips to give my Darling claws for his feet, and made a clever, latticework design over his spine with picture wire. I left the fire on high to help him dry, and went to bed exhausted.

But to my horror, Darling howled all night and the air in my bedsit grew fat with stink. In my sleep I gagged on it; I coughed and retched myself awake a dozen times. When I woke in the morning, I jammed cushions along the gap beneath the door to stop the smell of Darling crawling down the hallway, and I poured a bottle of violet scent over him.

I wracked my brains for things to make my Darling nice; I glued little paper stars along his front paws and sang him songs to cheer him up. I let him wear my charm bracelet around his proud dog neck, and I decorated the pram like a bier with toilet paper roses. I cut out happy faces from magazines and stuck them over the places where my Darling's body was oozing.

He was so unhappy; he barked and yelped that night, fit to break your heart. I still tried to catch hold of him as I slept, but all my hands could close upon were bones. He yammered louder than the radio on full volume, and so loud I didn't hear the landlady come to the door. The neighbours had phoned the police; I got a note, but it went underneath the cushions so I didn't see.

In the darkness, my Darling spoke. With a voice like wet leaves; he told me that he hated me. I couldn't believe it, I just couldn't, but then a godly wisdom came upon me and

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I knew what I had to do. I forced myself to be happy, for my Darling's sake, and before five I left the house, with him staring out from the pram like a prince dog.

I stopped along the roadside, wherever there was something beautiful, and I filled the space at Darling's feet with flowers from gardens and crisp packets and handfuls of fresh green grass, until he looked like a holy effigy from Walsingham, processing down the street on a feast day.

We watched the sun come up, Darling and I, as we stood on the kerb at the spot where I had found him first. Although I'd loved him, my Darling had not loved me back, and I knew that it was only kind to return him to the place where I had found him. Even so, I could not quite find it in my heart to strip him of all his glory, for surely love is a perfect thing, even if futile?

We waited there for an hour, in a morning that was horrible with bird song, until a car came past, and then I pushed my Darling out in front of it.

# ANATOMY

**I**NSIDE ME IS a secret; I am keeping it calm, soothing its splinters and bones among my intestines and a warm soup of blood. When I walk, it balances perfectly.

My secret likes the campus, and I take it here often, even though the people that I used to know have all gone now. All except for Finn. I drink hot chocolate in the refectory, and when it's warm, I sit on my coat on the lawns. I bring my textbook everywhere I go, and when the afternoons are sunny, the pages are bright enough to blind. The students sit in gangs of five, or else they come alone and try to read. Some have secrets of their own: you can tell by the way they hold their heads.

I keep my secret underneath my skin. It nestles there behind my liver, piercing a membrane, and to pass the time, it ticks in time with the tocking of my heart.

Inside the gentle squish of fat, my secret is growing, my alien child. A stethoscope might find it, diagnose its jaggy pulse, but there is no one to diagnose but me.

I spend a lot of time at the Pathology Museum. It's always quiet, except when they do lessons in here; they don't let the public in off the streets, you understand, it's not a freak show. They think I'm a medical student: I was, in point of fact, but not for very long. Still, I showed the man at the desk my student card the first few times, and after some

## ANATOMY

weeks he stopped asking to see it. I nod to him every day, and smile; he always says, Good morning.

I come to stand among the jars, and breathe the clean air among the cases and wax models. I spend a lot of time drawing, too. Often, I will lean my back against an empty wall, and crook my arm until it makes a sort of shelf for my sketchpad. It would be more comfortable to sit on the floor. But I wouldn't want to disturb my secret, because if I move too quickly then it digs me, jabs with its corners. It doesn't want me to forget it; my secret wants to hurt.

My tutor was a prophet, you know, with silver hair. He said we were to call him Finn: no standing on ceremony. At the first dissection class I was worried that I might disgrace myself somehow, vomit perhaps; the thought had scared me. But, when Finn's long hands laid out the digestive tract, I was euphoric, having glimpsed the universe.

The open body is a rare flower, with thick peeled petals, and yet more petals within. I heard once that the mother of a god looked down his throat and found that all the universe was there: stars and shopping malls and death and horses, all quivering and vulnerable, trembling like an epiglottis.

At half term he asked to see me. There was something in his look, something peculiar; at the time I misread it. I was anxious, of course, convinced that I had done something wrong. I barely slept that night; I passed the time in bed with my textbook, revising, as if I might get through 'til morning, if only I could learn enough. I dreamed of Finn, for just a moment. His teeth were very white. I woke, startled, with my cheek against a diagram, when one of my housemates flushed the toilet.

When I stand before the mirror naked, I can see the

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beauty tracing though me: the deep and shallow colours, and the calm, soft masses. My secret sets off my organs like an expensive brooch, asymmetrical and daring.

When Finn came past today, he didn't see me. I saw him though: he was glistening red and grey and blue; the bones in his face were the soft yellow of piano keys. I saw the jump of his oesophagus as he swallowed, and then I ducked behind a lime tree.

The affair was brief, if you could call it that. He adjusted his tie, clawed his fingers through his hair. He seemed to have forgotten that I was there. I gathered up my coat and stuff, and left. He didn't look up, just picked up a biro and began to drum the table with it.

I didn't go home right away. My housemates would all be there, arguing and eating toast and watching children's TV. I found myself at the Museum instead, hunting among the jars and plastic anatomical models, frantically looking for something. It got dark and the cleaner came in and cleared her throat, but I still hadn't found it, so I went to the house and crept up to my room.

Later, in the bath, I spread out my hand, covered in bubbles, and then I dunked it, splash, and pulled it out again. As the water streamed away, I recited my fingers like a poem: the bones, tendons and major nerves. At the wrist was the tender bloom of a bruise.

That first night, the secret formed; it sang like a gale through a cracked window. By the weekend I was afraid that I was pregnant. I took tests, dozens of them, until the people in Boots and Superdrug started giving me weird looks. I wasn't, of course; no baby is made of blades and edges and bits of tooth enamel.

## ANATOMY

I didn't attend any tutorials after that. As the months wore on, I found that I didn't have time for lectures anyway; I'd hit on something new, undiscovered: the physiology of a secret. When they sent the letter to say I'd failed the year, I didn't care.

I sent drawing after drawing to Finn, always to scale, showing the cartilage and claws and locks of matted hair. I didn't need a scalpel; my secret was so painful that I could feel its contours underneath my skin, just as if I had swallowed needles. After the third one, the envelopes started to come back unopened. I sent them anyway.

Sometimes I would creep into the Lecture Theatre and sit at the back. Sometimes, Finn would catch my eye, and then flick quickly back to the whiteboard. For a long time, I wondered why he didn't just have me thrown out; then it dawned on me that he was afraid of me, of the secret.

These days I'm much more discreet. I wouldn't like to be banned from the university; there isn't really anywhere else to go. So, I'm polite, friendly to the refectory staff; I give them cards at Christmas. They think I'm rather sweet.

There is death in the museum, and order too, that gives it balance. Every pain is catalogued, lined up, made pure and clean in glass cases and bell jars, until it's hardly a pain at all. There is every syndrome here except my own; I have looked: carefully; scientifically; systematically. There aren't any secrets in the Path Museum. Even so, it's nice inside, and out of the rain on wet days. I am at home here. My secret belongs here too.

# COFFINWOOD

**T**HEY ARE NOT the dead, although they look it. They look like the dead because they dress like them; they wear their three-piece suits, and favourite outfits, and First Communion dresses. It's all they have to wear; if it weren't for the borrowings from the people in the cemetery, the poor things would go naked. Corpses don't really need warm clothes.

It is so cold underground. They only have little shacks to keep themselves warm; they make poor little houses, out of coffinwood and tree roots, and they shiver and sigh and their children cry in winter.

They don't dare have fires, you see, a fire might suffocate them with smoke, or bake the soil so hard that they'd be entombed in their tunnels and holes. And they're shy; they don't want to be discovered by the light-dwellers; they'd hate to pose a nuisance. So they make do, by and large; the reckless ones creep out sometimes though, to stand underneath the streetlamps and dry their mouldy clothes.

When I was all but a kid myself, I met a coffinwood child, in a green-patched bridesmaid dress, with mushrooms in her hair instead of flowers. I was a lonely teenager back then; when I saw her I was not afraid.

I'd been squatting on the grass behind the stairwell, listening to the rush hour beyond the boundary wall. There were no stars. You don't get stars if you live in the city.

## COFFINWOOD

You do see foxes though, sometimes, especially on the estates where there's a bit of grass and foliage that the council men maintain. I was in my first real home, with my Housing Benefit and my Income Support all in place, and although the flat was titchy, the freedom made me feel like a child playing hide-and-seek in an empty house. After the noise and radios and cigarette-coughing of the hostel, I would have died for a pet, but they weren't allowed.

So, I thought I'd recruit myself a hedgehog, or a fox, or at least someone else's cat for half an hour a night, and I began to leave bread and milk in the shadow behind the stairwell.

After a week, I found that I had come down to an empty saucer, and I was elated to have made contact with some other living thing, something with warm skin and a soul. I waited all day, patient and nervous, and when the sun went down at last, I sat in the dark beside my dish, breath bated, desperate for a friend.

The green by the flats is raggish and hummocky as if it's full of moles. The stairwell light had a timer on it, so once I had adjusted my coat and lit a fag and settled myself, it went off with a silent pop. All I could see for ages was the coloured tip of my Marlborough.

Well, ten minutes more, and the bum on my jeans had soaked right through, but there was enough light borrowed from the streetlamps to see quite clearly, but colourlessly, as if everything is remade at night in bluegrey.

There was a tiny tearing sound, like snapping grass roots, and a slim hand appeared in the lawn, quite suddenly, creasing turf outwards like a door made in several pieces. I sat, unbreathing, with the glowing end of my fag cupped in my

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palm, and watched a child unfold herself from the ground like a question.

Then, she crept towards the dish of milk between us, and held it to her face like a cup, before she caught my eye and fled, quick as anything. When her little ankle vanished through the hole in the ground, and the grass was nearly flat, I put out my fag and gathered up the broken fragments of saucer, shaky and smiling.

That day was knotted up with my probation officer, and trying to sort out a Social grant for a fridge, because you're not entitled to money for one, not automatically, unless you're a diabetic, which I'm not. I had a headache all afternoon; the daylight scrubbed my eyes raw. I could barely stand the wait 'til dusk.

I left more milk out, and chocolate Hobnobs instead of bread. On the way to Tesco's I stopped at the Oxfam shop too, and bought some little woolly tights and a jumper, and I left those on the grass as well. The following morning they were all gone, but there was a gift for me in their place: toadstools, arranged like a bouquet and tied up with slimy yellow ribbon.

The second time that I saw the coffinwood child, she didn't run at the sight of me. She was thin and white as a sparrow's bone, but with those stripey tights on and a sweater over her bridesmaid dress, that almost reached her knees, she seemed less fragile, protected by the padding.

She came out of the ground and stood before me, quivering like a taut, plucked string. I got to my feet very gently, and handed her a dish of vegetable soup. She sniffed at it for a few moments, blinking huge mauve eyes at me, until finally she risked a sip. Then she bolted it like a greyhound

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with a stolen hotdog. When she smiled, her teeth lit up her muddy face like a candle.

She sang to me that night, sang in the wetblack language of soil. Although the words were senseless to me, I found myself seeing her story, or rather feeling it with the skin of my fingertips, because the songs were dark and buried and sunless.

She sang about her coffinwood house, all made of splintered pine and mahogany and metal handlepieces, with a brass plate on the front door that read In Loving Memory. But the wood from coffins is narrow and sparse, and the silk from coffin linings is hardly enough to wrap a baby in. I learned what it is to be cold to the bone, and also the strange blind beauty of things beneath the ground.

I spent the night behind the stairwell with the coffinwood child, trying to teach her English whilst she braided my hair into dozens of tiny plaits, sealing each at its tip with wet clay. Eventually I fell into a goosefleshed, shuddering sleep.

After dawn, I woke up with a jolt; an ambulance man was lifting up my eyelid and shouting in my face. Someone had seen me sleeping, and thought I was a junkie, overdosed or dead already. They made me go indoors, and didn't leave until my social worker arrived.

She stayed ages. In the end, I ate beans on toast to please her, and promised that I would have a bath. When she'd gone, I went into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror, squinting underneath the lightbulb. I was honest and dirty as a burrowing creature; I filled the tiny room with the scent of compost. I didn't want to wash after all, and so I wandered back outside like a sleepwalker.

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I didn't realise it, but my social worker hadn't actually left; she was outside, talking on the phone in her car. She must have seen me walking round the back of the stairwell, I suppose.

There was no coffinwood child when I went there to look, when I shouted down into the patchy turf that I wanted to come and live with her. If she'd teach me her life underground, I said, then I would get her dry clothes, dry blankets, stuff with which to build a better house. I'd steal chocolate for her, and milk for her baby brother.

But she ignored me; the green between the flats rang with the noise of her ignoring. Please, I called to the coffinwood child, Come and be my friend and I'll share my life with you! But all the coffinwood child did was to fill the housing estate with silence.

I hadn't any spade for digging, but still I clawed with my fingers where the grass used to fold like a door in several pieces; I dug until my social worker called for the police to come and make me stop.

# ASCENSION

**W**HEN HEAVEN WAS ready for her, Victoria was not afraid. The call had been low and soft as the onset of winter, and whispered by the pigeons on the green outside her flat. There is holiness everywhere, and Victoria had been blessed by heaven to see it a little earlier than the poor, precious people of the world.

Victoria had been preparing herself, all these months, as she plaited her hair in the evenings and listened at the open window for the liquid speech of birds; as her breath turned to vapour and her lap grew wet with dew. She tried not to sleep, for it was only the weakness of flesh that made her sleep; but even so, from time to time she would start awake, catch her head as it toppled forward. Then, she would wash her face at the sink, and repent.

Victoria kept her vigil all through November; she read the first signs of the end-time in the coded blooms of fire in the night, and the week when the man two doors to the right had begun to wear gloves outside. She was not foolish, however; she understood full well that the reds and blues in the sky were fireworks. Even so, it pleased heaven that some things in the world were both themselves and something else at one and the same time, like the gentle family of rats that lived with her to test her charity.

They had come to love each other: the playful tumbling

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rat-children and their patient mother with her dark, wet eyes. Rats are by their nature close to angels: the thoughts of God himself are echoed in the tremble of their whiskers. Victoria and the rats had watched the ebbing of the month through the window, and they all prayed together when the nights grew dark. Their prayers would blend at nightfall, and drift out into the sky, or else collect in the air near the ceiling like fragrant smoke.

The second sign had come when the housing officer had knocked on the door and tried to persuade her to close her windows and turn on the heating. Victoria loved the housing officer, of course she did, but then she did have the sanctity of her home to consider. In the end, the housing officer had wet her ankles, standing in the melting frost of the grass as she tried to see past Victoria and into the flat.

She informed Victoria that several tenants in the block were having problems with vermin. She said it very carefully, even put her hand through the window and laid it on Victoria's shoulder, in case the news should shock her. Victoria smiled, gazed into the housing officer's eyes with love until she began to blush and pulled her hand back outside. Victoria's love followed her across the grass to the car park, and the mother rat chanted a benediction as she went.

She heard the third sign on the morning TV, as it fed dully through the wall from next door, in the sing-song droning of voices and adverts. She poured herself one last, flat glass of lemonade and sipped it slowly as she sat at her window. Last summer, as Victoria had felt the coming of the call from heaven, she had endeavoured to become as insubstantial as she could; still, these things could only be accomplished by stages.

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Until September, she had lived upon tins of clear soup, but when the rats had come to watch over her she knew that it was time for her to drink only lemonade. Only transparent things are truly pure, and life is all pollution; to achieve true serenity one must become as ice. When she eventually finished her drink, it was night again, and Victoria sat at her window and watched as microscopic angels inscribed patterns of frost on the inside of the pane.

After that, all that passed her lips was water, as for three days more she remained in the shell of her body, in the shell of her little council flat on Wellington Green: three days entombed. The rats grew thoughtful, and perhaps a little sad, for they knew that their time of quiet kinship was at an end; still, they did not grudge Victoria her call.

After the dark, it snowed; Victoria had known it would, for that is the way of heaven. The windowsill and the green outside were thick with whiteness so cold and so flawless that it made her quick with joy. She took her leave of the rats; they bowed their tiny wise faces to the carpet. The very smallest of the children begged a liberty; he tiptoed right up to Victoria and softly bit the hem of her garment. She forbade him not.

The coming of the snow was the final sign. Victoria went into her spare room, and she wound her unclothed body in an arctic swathe of net curtain, and when the sun went down, she trod on bare feet into the perfect square of snowy grass outside her window, and she lay down upon it, waiting for the stars to take her with them.

# GOD

**G**OD IS EVERYWHERE. You can find God in the most unlikely places. That's what the pastor used to say, at the born-again church; then he said that I had a devil in my heart, so I quit going after that.

There are far too many churches in Norwich anyway: the old ones made out of stone with dead angels in the churchyards, the little ones in houses, and the big community hall things where they all put their hands up in the air. Buildings full of people, all praying at the tops of their souls' voices. It's bloody deafening.

I wouldn't like to be God, I always thought, with all those people shouting at him and talking in tongues. It's bad enough for me, walking down the street with all that praying making racket on the airwaves. There are so many, more than you'd think, pleading and wheedling for a favour. Between six and eight in the evening most of them are children, saying grace at dinner tables and then kneeling by their beds. Hundreds of little voices whisper all at once, begging for sleep, reciting words they barely understand. Gentle Jesus meek and mild. Some of them are terrified.

The worst though, the very worst are the prayers for the sick. Cancer is the one that makes them cry. Lord, heal him; Father, pity me; save me, now and at the hour of my death. My bus stop is right opposite the hospital, the Community

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one, and I can't get into town unless I stand there every day, sick and reeling with the begging and the curses from the geriatric beds. I insulate my ears with cotton wool; that deadens it a bit. I daren't leave the flat on Sundays.

A month ago, there was a massive thing at the cathedral; people came in on coaches, and they celebrated the war, or the dead, or something. Those Anglicans chant in unison, don't they, and the noise is so compressed, so dense, that it's louder than when you turn on the stereo and it's accidentally been turned up to full volume, and you jump like you've been shot. Louder than that.

Even out in Bowthorpe, where I live, the shouting and the praying was so awful that I just wanted to bury my head. When the phone went, I picked it up but I don't know who it was or what they wanted, because the receiver resonated with everything else and there was a feedback whistle so high that even when I screamed I couldn't hear my own voice, let alone anyone else's.

Well, I thought I was going to lose it any moment, so I heaved the phone out of the wall to shut it up, and I put on my big thick duffel coat. I got my special headphones (nobody speaks to you if you've got headphones on), and I plugged my ears with new cotton wool and masking tape, then I put them over the top. I trailed the wire into my pocket so it looked as if I was listening to something.

After that I ran. I went away from town as fast as I could, and whenever I had to stop and catch my breath, it was a little bit better. I didn't really have a plan, but I followed the direction where it got easier every time, until I found that I had come to the allotments. I went in the gate and started

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walking along the path between the oblongs of vegetables and sheds. It's best where there are least people, because the prayers echo in all their skulls and make it worse.

On the edge of one patch there was a bonfire. I bet they aren't allowed to make fires. There are probably rules. Even so, there was one there that afternoon: weeds and newspapers spat and cussed in the flames like a pissed old man. That was where I came across God.

God isn't what you would have expected. He wasn't all powerful, and mighty, and omniscient and all that; He was just a little baby, the oldest baby in all the universe. He had a plastic clip on His umbilical cord and He was all washed over with blood and mucous as though He had had a difficult birth and His mother had bled to death. He was crying. I was a bit taken aback.

Then it all went quiet, suddenly, just like that. The people at the cathedral had all finished their prayers and were shaking each other's hands and nodding to each other as they left. The relief was unimaginable; I felt like a puppet with the strings cut. I sat down on the path; it wasn't too damp. God was still wailing.

I didn't really want to talk to God right then, so I rolled a cigarette instead. When I had smoked it halfway down (I lit it with my lighter in case it was rude to use the bonfire), God stopped crying, quite gradually. He had the hiccups. He rolled over from His back to His side so He was facing me. We looked at each other, God and me.

God was incredibly small, like the premature miracle babies you see on the news sometimes, that fit inside the palm of the doctor's hand. I felt a bit sorry for Him. He kept curling His tiny fingers into fists and then opening them out