

LITERATURE:

I LOVE THE SMELL OF PAINT IN THE SUNSHINE. Today we painted the gig outside the boathouse – Father and me together – and he began talking about Billy again. He’s been talking more about him lately. I wish he wouldn’t because he only ends up tormenting himself. Always the same impossible questions I can’t answer: Why? Why did he go off like that? Where’s he gone? Why doesn’t he come home?

What did Laura and her dad do together?

Is Laura’s dad worried?

We finished painting the gig by sunset. A cold wind was getting up and my hands were numb.

LITERATURE:

Mother looks so grey these days, and thin. She's always gazing out of the window. She's looking for Billy – I know she is, she's waiting for him. She and Father scarcely speak at all. Only Granny May talks and she talks more to herself than anyone else. I'm hungry. We're all hungry.

Is Laura's mother looking good?

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