

## ■ Tekst 3

*De volgende tekst is het begin van Death by Election, een detectiveroman van Patricia Hall.*

### ONE

HARVEY LINGARD CAME BACK TO Bradfield to die. His mind had been only half made up as he had battered his way through the crowds on the platform at King's Cross and slumped exhausted into a window seat on the busy 125 to Leeds. But as the train had sped arrow-straight across the flat East Midlands fieldscape the resolution had grown within him that he would not make the journey south again.

He slept fitfully through Peterborough, but most of the time he simply rested, eyes closed, pale eyelashes almost imperceptible against his skimmed-milk cheeks, as the train sped on into the hillier country, the Pennines now a series of undulating purple-grey humps on the westerly horizon as the 125 took the sharp curve into Wakefield and hissed to a halt amid the reek of hot brakes at the station perched precariously above the town.

From then on the train was constrained like a leashed whippet as it negotiated the curves and points of an apparently endless industrial townscape and slid reluctantly into Leeds. Harvey levered himself wearily out of his seat, hoisted his blue sports-bag with difficulty from the rack and followed his neighbours off the train, down the platform, and took the familiar sharp turn to the local bays where a two-carriage diesel stood filling the air with acrid fumes, ready for the sharp climb up to Bradfield.

The railway to Bradfield, he had always thought, was a triumph of optimism over common sense. The Victorian engineers had been undeterred by geography or geology, and had taken their tracks up precipitous slopes by way of cuttings and tunnels which might have made an alpinist blink. Harvey had always enjoyed this last twenty minutes of the ride to what he had come to regard some ten years before as his second home, and even now the first view of the town, from the brow of a hill where no self-respecting railway had any right to be, brought a faint smile of

recognition to his thin, bluish lips.

From that point on the driver had little to do but use his brakes to control the descent as the little train rattled and crashed downwards into the urban valley where the blue slate church spires of God and a few remaining black stone mill chimneys of Mammon still vied to see which could reach nearer to heaven. With his chin on his hand Harvey began to pick out the landmarks below: the town hall, an absurd gothic extravaganza in golden, recently washed Yorkshire stone; Crosslands mill, a rugged and smoke-black Italianate pile, empty and becoming derelict, its towering chimney lifeless for years now but still dominating the eastern slopes as it had once dominated lives in the huddled terraces which surrounded it; the four rectangular blocks of the Heights, the town's problem estate, known locally simply as Wuthering, and, so the sociologists had it, a text-book example of deprivation in three dimensions; and away to the west, on the first of the real Pennine slopes, a few glass and concrete facades, gleaming in the pale sunshine like splashes of molten gold amongst the darker, older buildings of the university which was his goal.

On the platform at Bradfield, Harvey Lingard hesitated. It was one thing to decide on the spur of the moment to come back to die, quite another if the home you returned to remained, and was likely to remain, oblivious to your arrival, with not so much as a welcoming cup of tea, still less a bed, to ease you towards the big sleep. For the first time, Harvey began to think that his trip might have been misconceived. Far better, he thought, to have stayed in the bustle of London and expire amongst concerned acquaintances. Neither here nor there, he thought bitterly, would he be likely to find the comfort of friends. Nor the devotion of a lover he had decided he could no longer bear.

■ Tekst 3 De volgende tekst...

- 3p 3 □ Geef van elk van de volgende beweringen aan of deze in de loop van het verhaal wel of niet vast komt te staan.
- 1 Harvey Lingard heeft een hekel aan de drukte in de grote stad.
  - 2 Na Wakefield rijdt de trein langzaam verder.
  - 3 Harvey Lingard heeft bewondering voor de bouwers van het traject Leeds-Bradfield.
  - 4 Harvey Lingard kent de streek rond Bradfield al zijn hele leven.
  - 5 De industrie in Bradfield is in verval geraakt.
  - 6 Harvey Lingard is teleurgesteld over het gebrek aan aandacht van zijn geliefde.
- Noteer het nummer van elke bewering, gevolgd door “wel” of “niet”.