

Tekst 3

De volgende tekst is het begin van hoofdstuk 1 uit Sweet William van Beryl Bainbridge.

In the main entrance of the air terminal a young man stood beside a cigarette machine, searching in the breast pocket of his blue suit for his passport. A girl, slouching in a grey coat, as if she thought she was too tall, passively watched him.

‘It’s safe,’ he said, patting his jacket with relief.

Suddenly the girl’s face, reflected in the chrome surface of the tobacco machine, changed expression. Clownishly her mouth turned down at the corners.

‘You should have taken me with you,’ she said. ‘You should have done.’

He knew she was right, and yet how could he arrive in the States with someone who was not his wife? It wasn’t like London. The University would never stand for him living with a woman, not in quarters provided and paid for by the faculty.

‘I’ll send for you,’ he told her. ‘I’ll send for you very soon.’

She thought how handsome he was, with his dark hair cut short to impress his transatlantic colleagues, his Chelsea boots. There hadn’t been time for him to put on a tie, and his shirt was unbuttoned at the neck. It occurred to her how masculine he was and how unfair that she should realise it only when saying goodbye.

‘Jesus,’ he said. ‘Look at the clock. I’ll have to move, Ann.’

‘Wait,’ she pleaded. And he looked desperately at the queue forming outside the door leading to the coach park. ‘All right,’ she said bitterly. ‘Go.’

He bent to pick up his suitcase and his white raincoat. She stood turned away from him with a bright deliberate smile on her face. He put down his case and touched her arm.

He said uneasily, ‘I’ll miss the plane.’

She relented and allowed him to embrace her. When they kissed, she felt her stomach turn over; it was probably the excitement of losing him. When they had been together she always stood outside, observing them both.

He didn’t turn round to wave as he went through the departure door, nor did she follow to watch him boarding the coach. Acting out the fantasy that she had been betrayed, she stumbled with bowed head towards the exit. She was

already feeling a little frightened at the thought of facing her mother. Maybe if she bought some fresh rolls on the Finchley Road and a bunch of flowers for her breakfast tray, Mrs Walton would be less condemning. She might even be sympathetic; after all, it had been her idea that Ann get engaged. Ann hadn’t thought she knew Gerald well enough – they had only known each other for a few weeks when he was offered the University post – but Mrs Walton said she would be a fool to think it over, particularly as Gerald was flying off to America and with such splendid prospects. She hadn’t met Gerald then, but her friend Mrs Munro, with whom she played bridge, had a daughter married to an American, and Mrs Munro had made three trips to the States in four years.

When the No. 13 bus came, Ann sat on the top deck at the front holding tightly to the chrome rail as the vehicle tore between the parked cars and the tattered trees. She closed her eyes and re-lived Gerald kissing her goodbye. The excitement was still there – the sensation in the pit of her stomach – though she couldn’t be sure it wasn’t panic at the thought of the scene to come. Mrs Walton had insisted on travelling up from Brighton to be introduced to Gerald before he departed. It was natural enough that she should want to meet him, though she could have chosen a more convenient time. She’d brought a large suitcase too, as if it was going to be a lengthy visit, although she knew Pamela was arriving the day after tomorrow and there wasn’t room for them all; there weren’t enough sheets or blankets. Ann had asked her mother to come ten days ago but Mrs Walton said she hadn’t a spare moment. She had a busy agenda; there was a bridge evening arranged. The night before, Gerald’s friends had given him a farewell party to which Mrs Walton wasn’t invited. ‘Don’t be ridiculous,’ snapped Gerald when Ann hinted that perhaps they should take Mrs Walton. ‘You can’t take your mother with you.’ Mrs Walton’s mouth trembled the way it always did when she was put out about something. ‘I had thought,’ she said, ‘that we’d stay in and perhaps have a nice round of cards.’ And Gerald said ‘Tough’ under his breath. But she heard. Ann worried all evening about her mother being upset, and Gerald drank too much.

■ Tekst 3 De volgende tekst...

- 4p 3 □ Geef van elk van de onderstaande uitspraken aan of deze in de loop van de passage juist of onjuist blijkt te zijn.
- 1 Gerald heeft een beurs gekregen om in de V.S. te gaan studeren.
 - 2 Gerald is opgelucht dat Ann nog een poos in Engeland kan blijven.
 - 3 Gerald heeft er veel voor over om er goed uit te zien.
 - 4 Ann gedraagt zich alsof Gerald haar schandelijk in de steek laat.
 - 5 Mrs Walton stond al positief tegenover de relatie van haar dochter voordat ze Gerald kende.
 - 6 Ann is sterk geneigd rekening te houden met haar moeders wensen.
 - 7 Mrs Walton logeert al meer dan een week bij Ann voor Gerald's vertrek.
 - 8 In een dronken bui heeft Gerald Mrs Walton beledigd.
- Noteer het nummer van elke uitspraak, gevolgd door "juist" of "onjuist".