

Tekst 3

Het eerste hoofdstuk van de roman 'Last Rites', van John Harvey, gaat over Lorraine Preston. Haar broer heeft levenslang gekregen voor de moord op hun vader.

ONE

It was twelve years since she'd seen him. Not that she hadn't wanted to; hadn't written to him often enough, in the early days at least, asking him to change his mind. Featherstone, Haverigg, Wandsworth, the Scrubs. Begging him, near enough. He'll get over it with time, she'd thought, feeling the way he does.

At first she had gone anyway, long journeys, sometimes by car, more usually by train. Not to contravene his word, only to be there, be near him, share something of the same atmosphere, the same air. From a distance she would watch the visitors at the gate: wives, lovers, got up in their best, hair specially done and make-up refreshed; others burdened, encumbered, dragging kids who skulked and slouched and scuffed their shoes. Coming out, she would mingle with them if she could, snatch bits and pieces of their conversations for her own. Then, abruptly, she stopped going; she wrote to him instead, regularly, the first of every month. Her ritual. Family gossip, bits and pieces about the kids. She persuaded herself it didn't matter that he never replied.

Some evenings when she stood upstairs alone, gazing out across the roofs of the other houses, noticing the way the light caught their edges immediately before it fell, she would try to remember the way he used to look at her, something bright flaring for a moment in the slate-grey of his eyes.

Life. After all that waiting, it had been out of the judge's mouth almost before she had heard or properly understood. That word: life.

She could still see her mother's face, the soft sigh of pain as if the air had been released from within, the pale skin puckering, sinking in. She could feel again her own panic rising in her veins. Life, was that what he had said? As though he were giving and not taking away. A term of no less than twenty-five years. She had wanted to shout out then, turn it all back, the short days of the trial, the photographic evidence, exhibit A, exhibit B, the summing-up. Begin again. No: further, further back than that.

For a moment, as she leaned against the heavy wooden railing of the gallery, he had turned his head towards her, tilted up. And she had read it there on his face, the apportioning of blame. Just that moment and then the officers on either side had moved him on and down. Anger, even guilt – what she had felt most from him was shame. Not for himself, or what he'd done, but for her.

Tekst 3 Het eerste hoofdstuk...

- 4p 3 Geef van elk van de volgende beweringen aan of deze wel of niet in overeenstemming is met de inhoud van de passage.
- Lorraine Preston
- 1 is naar alle gevangenen van haar broer geweest in de hoop dat hij met haar wil spreken.
 - 2 probeerde in het begin over haar broer te praten met bezoekers van de gevangenis waar hij zat.
 - 3 is uiteindelijk opgehouden met brieven te schrijven naar haar broer.
 - 4 tracht zich soms voor de geest te halen hoe haar broer naar haar kon kijken.
 - 5 heeft steun gekregen van haar moeder toen haar broer werd veroordeeld.
 - 6 twijfelt of de rechter voldoende bewijs had om haar broer te veroordelen.
 - 7 voelt aan dat haar broer een verwijtende houding ten opzichte van haar heeft.

Noteer het nummer van elke bewering, gevolgd door “wel” of “niet”.