

The Sense of an Ending (Julian Barnes)

Brilliant, loved it. The first part was a bit *Dead Poets Society* or *The History Boys* or the first bit of *Any Human Heart*. One wonders if coteries of boys with literary pretensions any longer exist in schools. Probably inconsistent with the curriculum, I expect. They considered school sports "a crypto-fascist plan for repressing their sex-drive". Quite right. I recall freezing my bollocks off on a frozen rugby pitch. Not a sexual thought did I have the entire time.

Poor old (sorry, young) Adrian, killed by his own pretension before he had time to outgrow it. He *was* a bit of a twat, though, wasn't he?

I tried to give Veronica the benefit of the doubt, but failed. The doubt very much remained. Why did she constantly tell Tony, "you don't get it, do you? You never did get it?" She made it sound like a moral failure on his part. A little harsh, I felt, given that Sherlock Holmes would have been struggling to figure out what was going on. All told I'd file Veronica under "Best Avoided".

And why did Veronica become Mary to Adrian-the-son? What purpose did that serve?

But what are we to think of Mrs Ford? Oo, err. Naughty, naughty. Help me out here. Is my imagination running away with me or was Veronica in the habit of supplying young men for her mother? No, no, surely not - though Tony did get the distinct impression that Mrs Ford liked him, in contrast to the rest of the Ford menagerie.

And finally, the unfinished sentence: "So, for instance, if Tony.....". Are we to understand now that the completion of the sentence would be along the lines, "So, for instance, if Tony had never suggested I talk to Mrs Ford....."

score: 90010