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Glasgow Guided Tour Activity 1B

Guided Tour for Divided City Script Activity 1

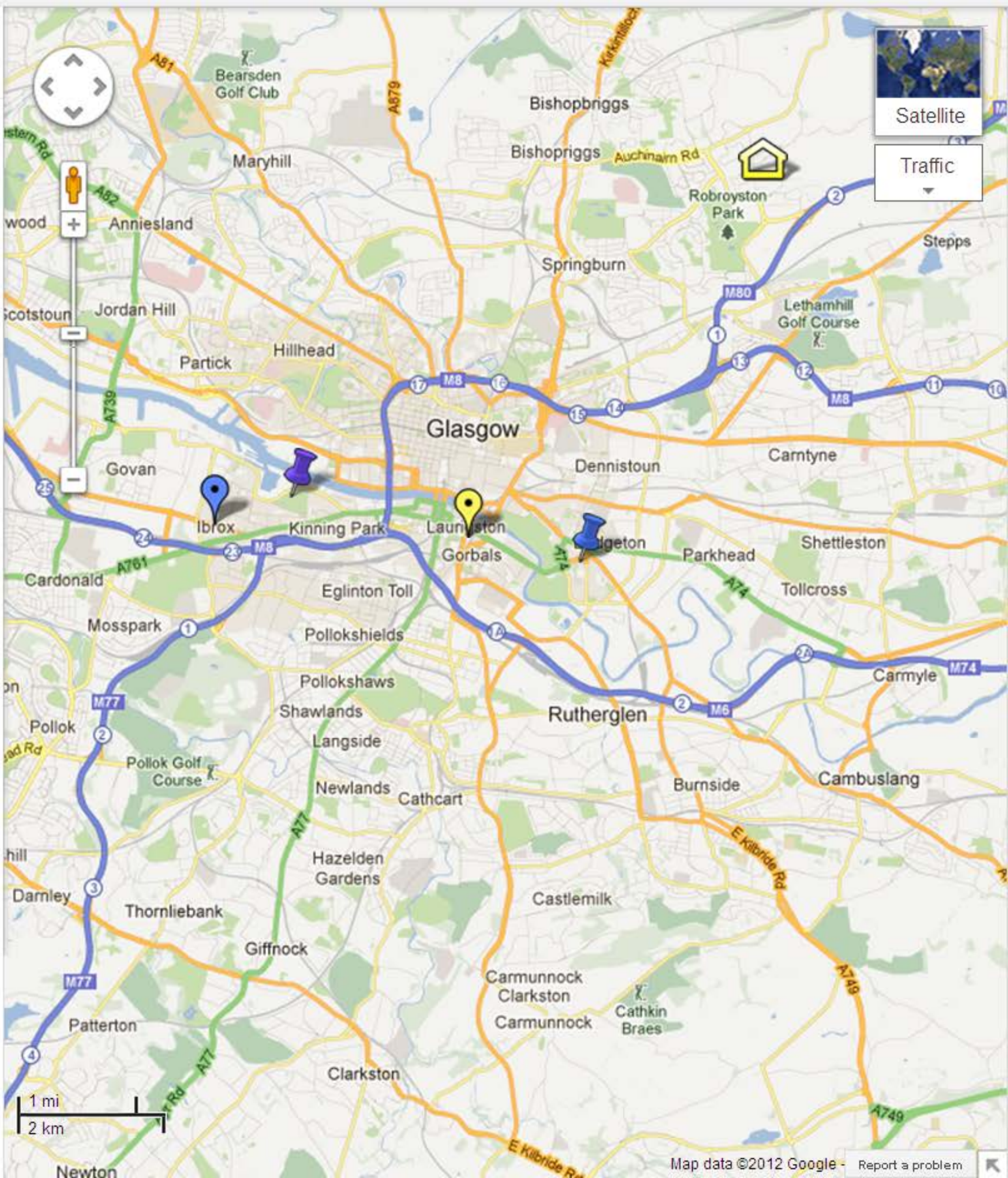
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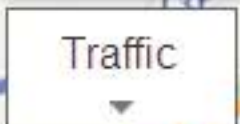
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-  Ibrox Stadium
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Where Granda Reid lives
-  Cortmalaw Crescent
Where Graham lives
-  Football Training Groyund
Glasgow City Football Club Training Ground

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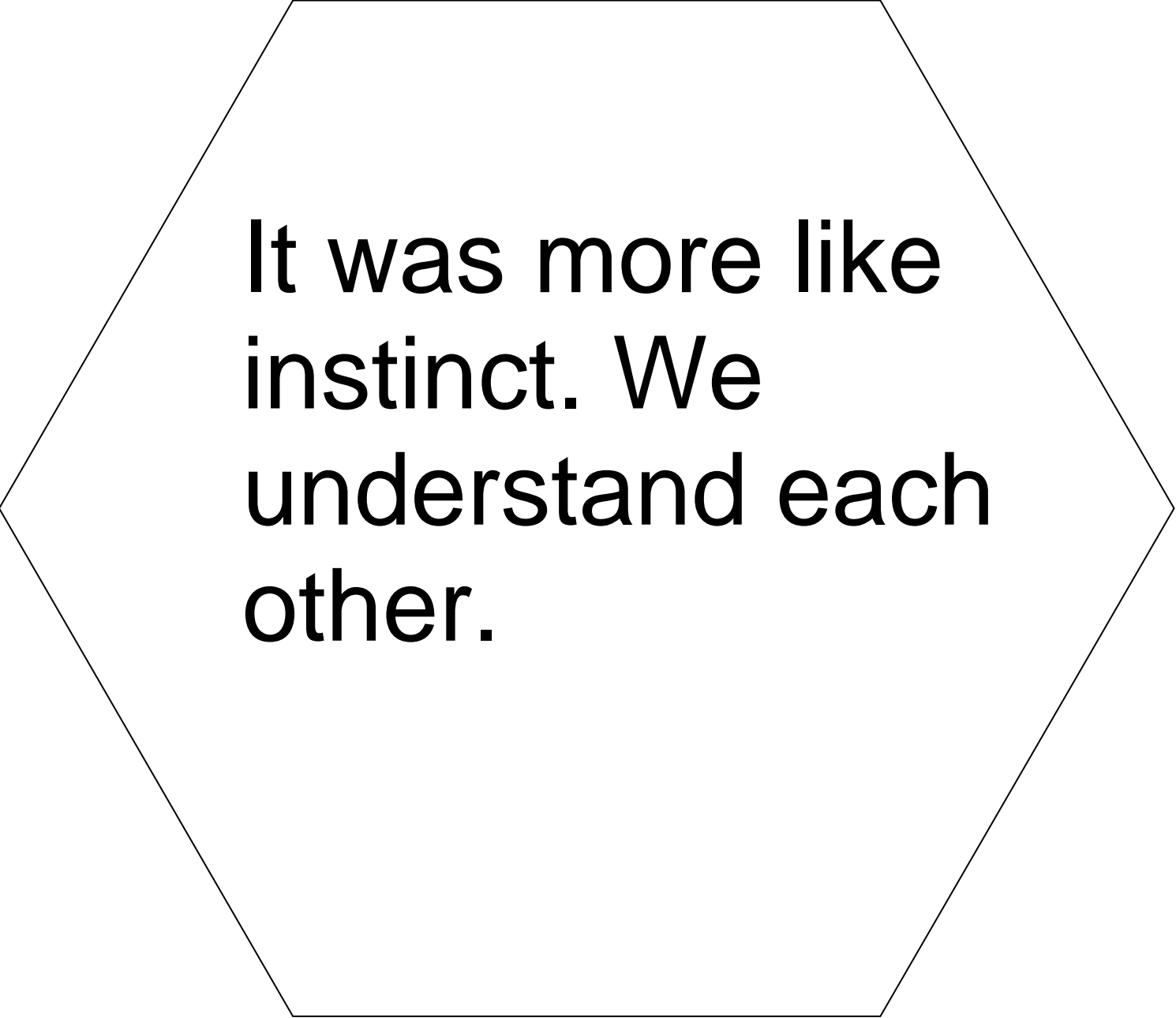


Satellite

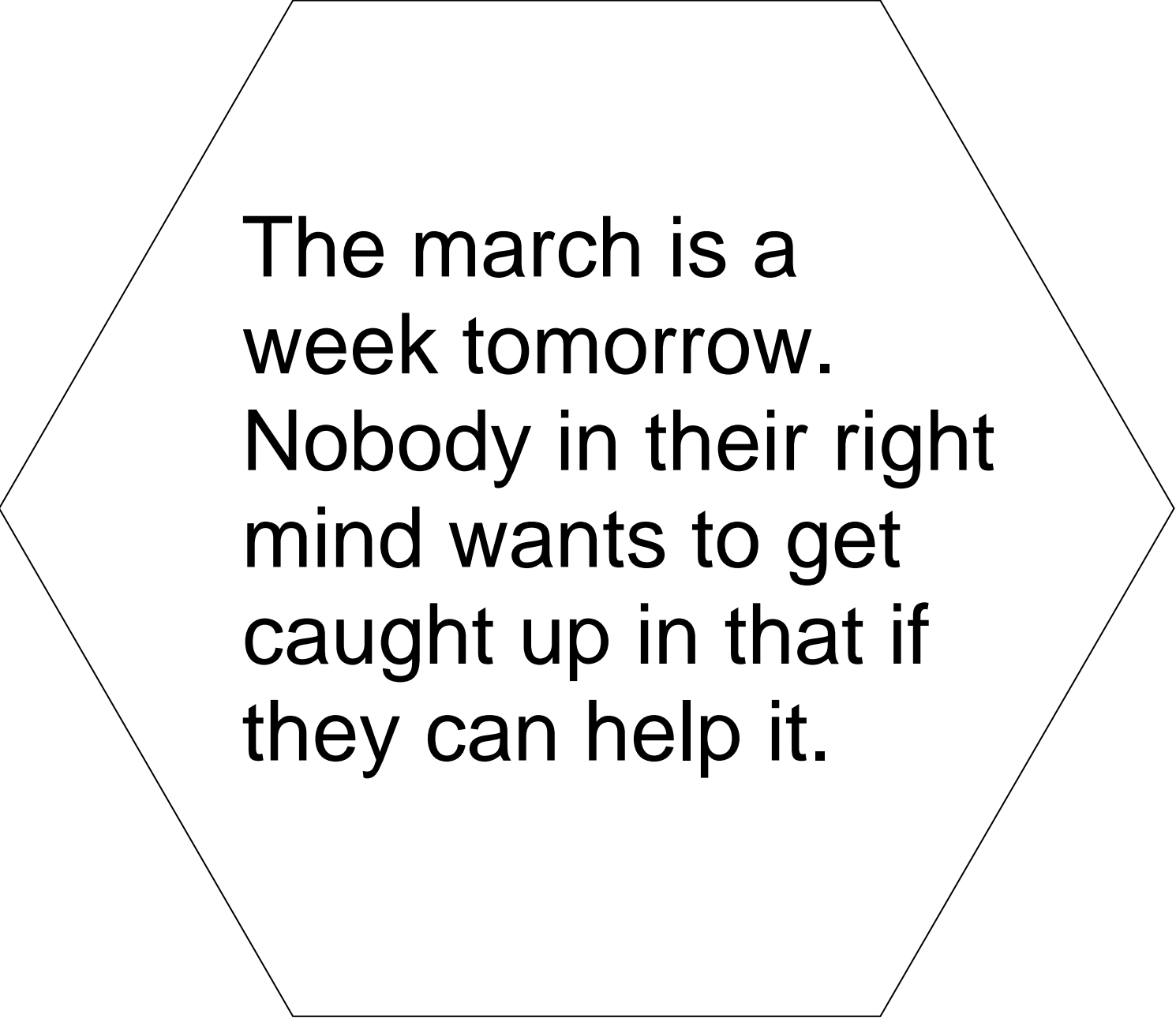


Traffic






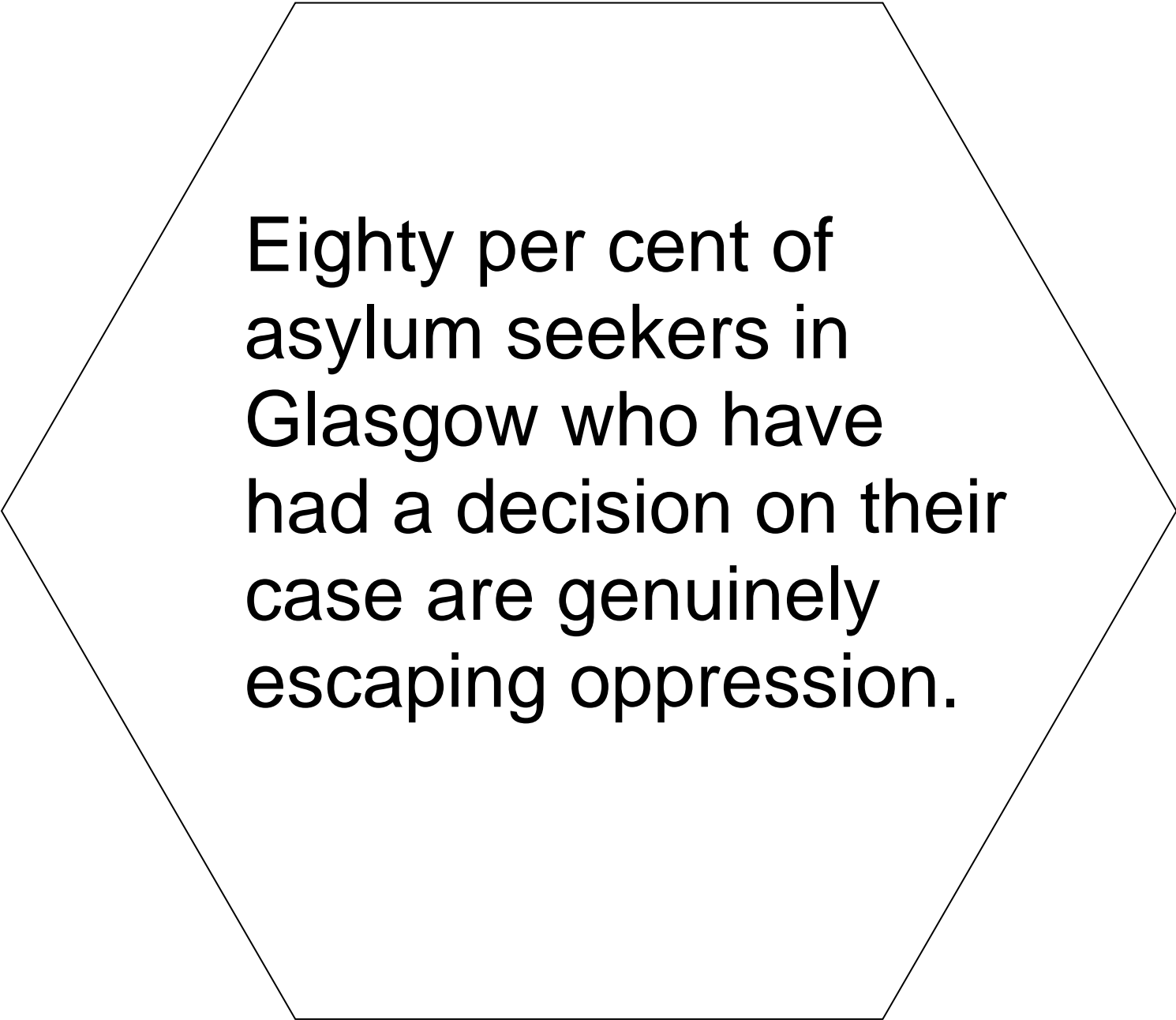
**It was more like
instinct. We
understand each
other.**



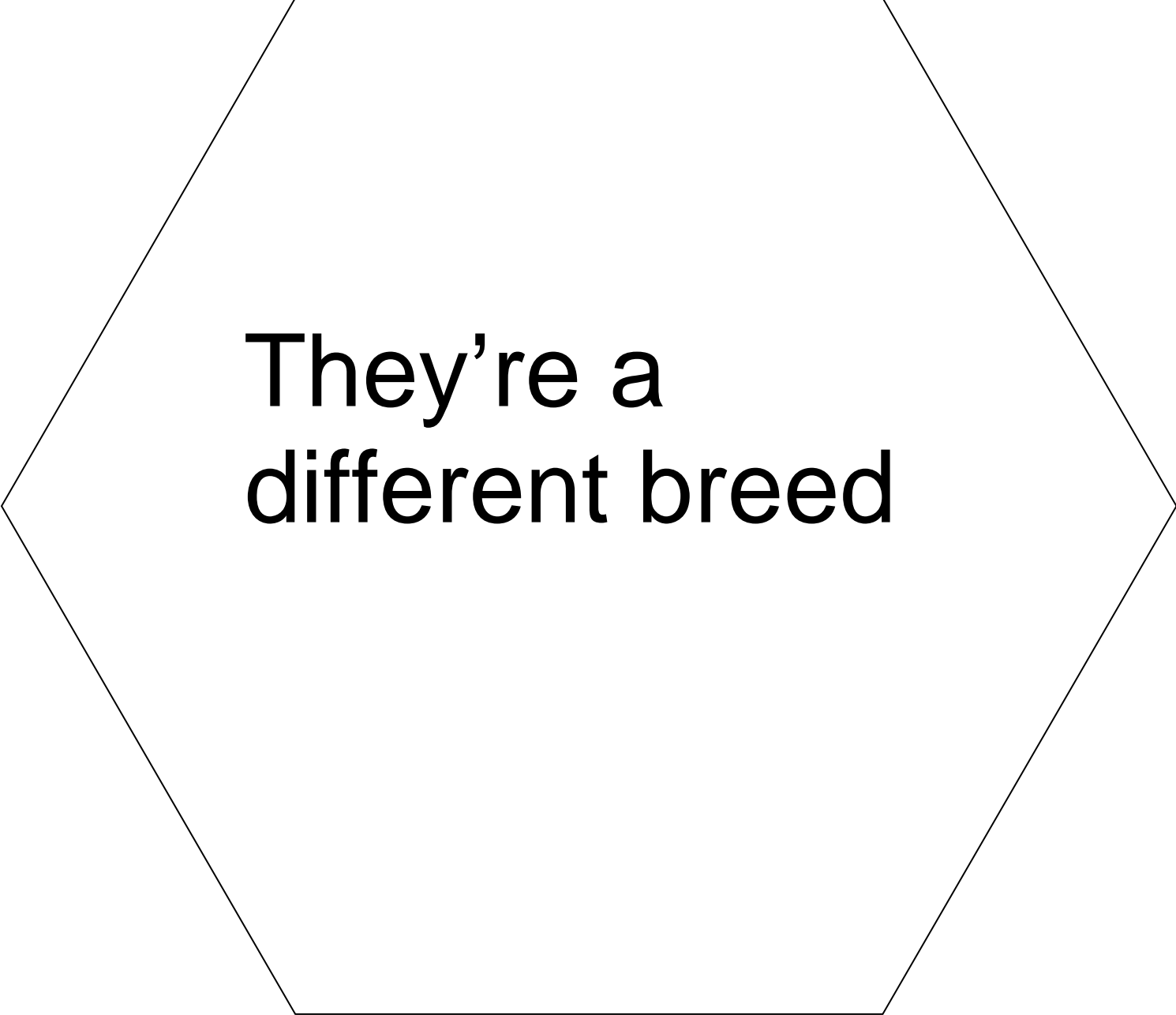
The march is a
week tomorrow.
Nobody in their right
mind wants to get
caught up in that if
they can help it.



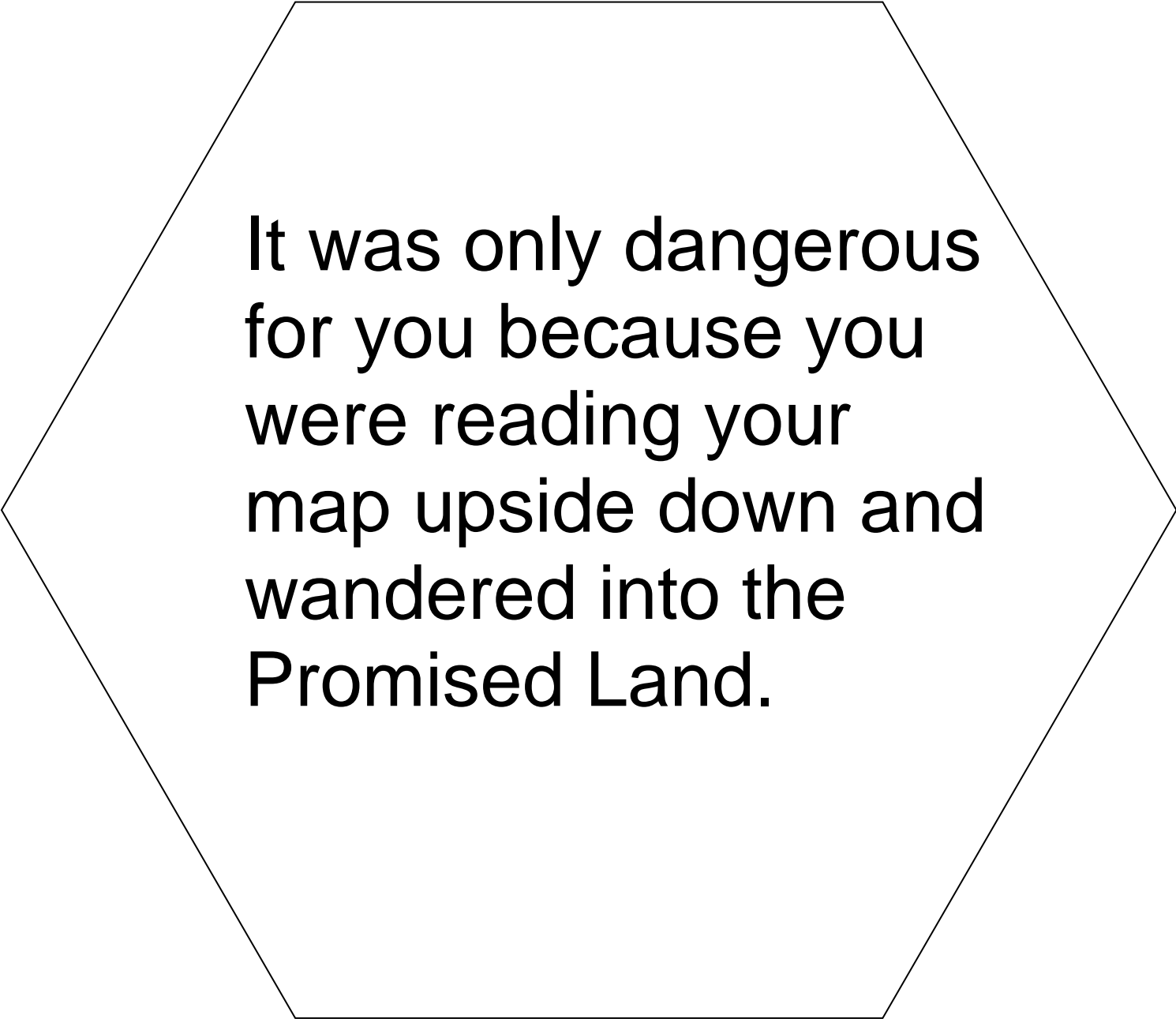
Those days are
gone. We
shouldn't live in
the past.



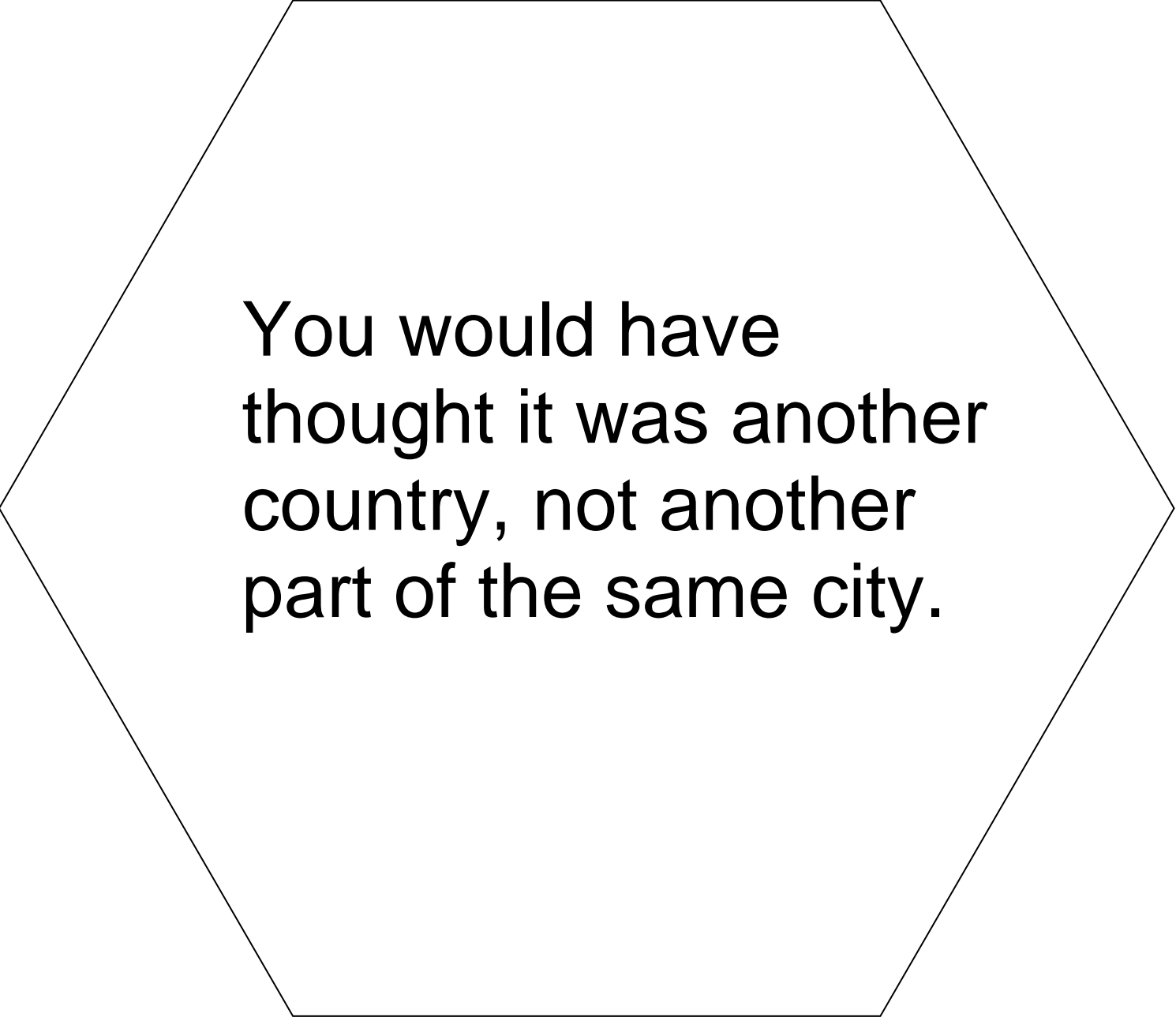
Eighty per cent of
asylum seekers in
Glasgow who have
had a decision on their
case are genuinely
escaping oppression.



**They're a
different breed**



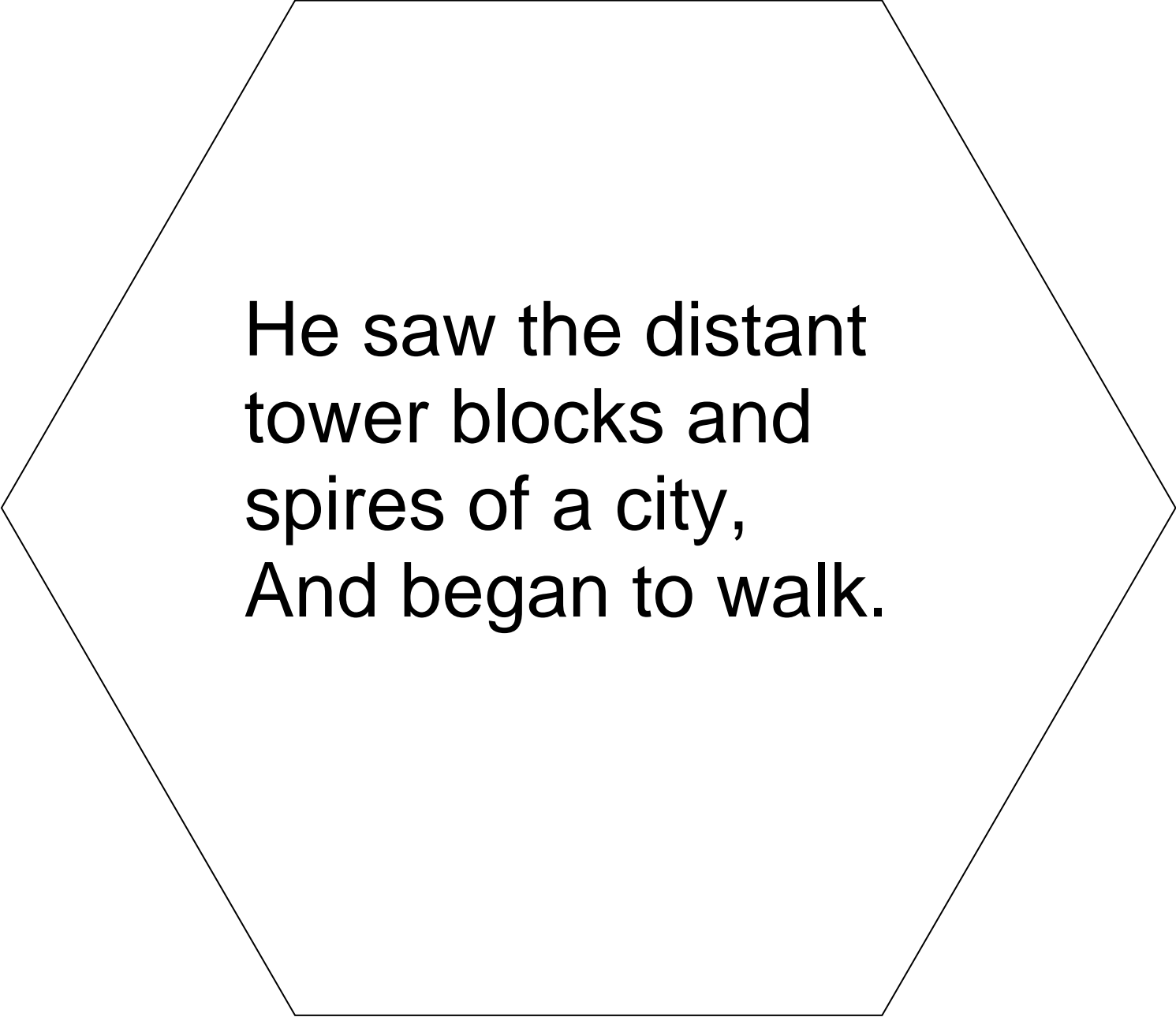
It was only dangerous
for you because you
were reading your
map upside down and
wandered into the
Promised Land.




You would have
thought it was another
country, not another
part of the same city.



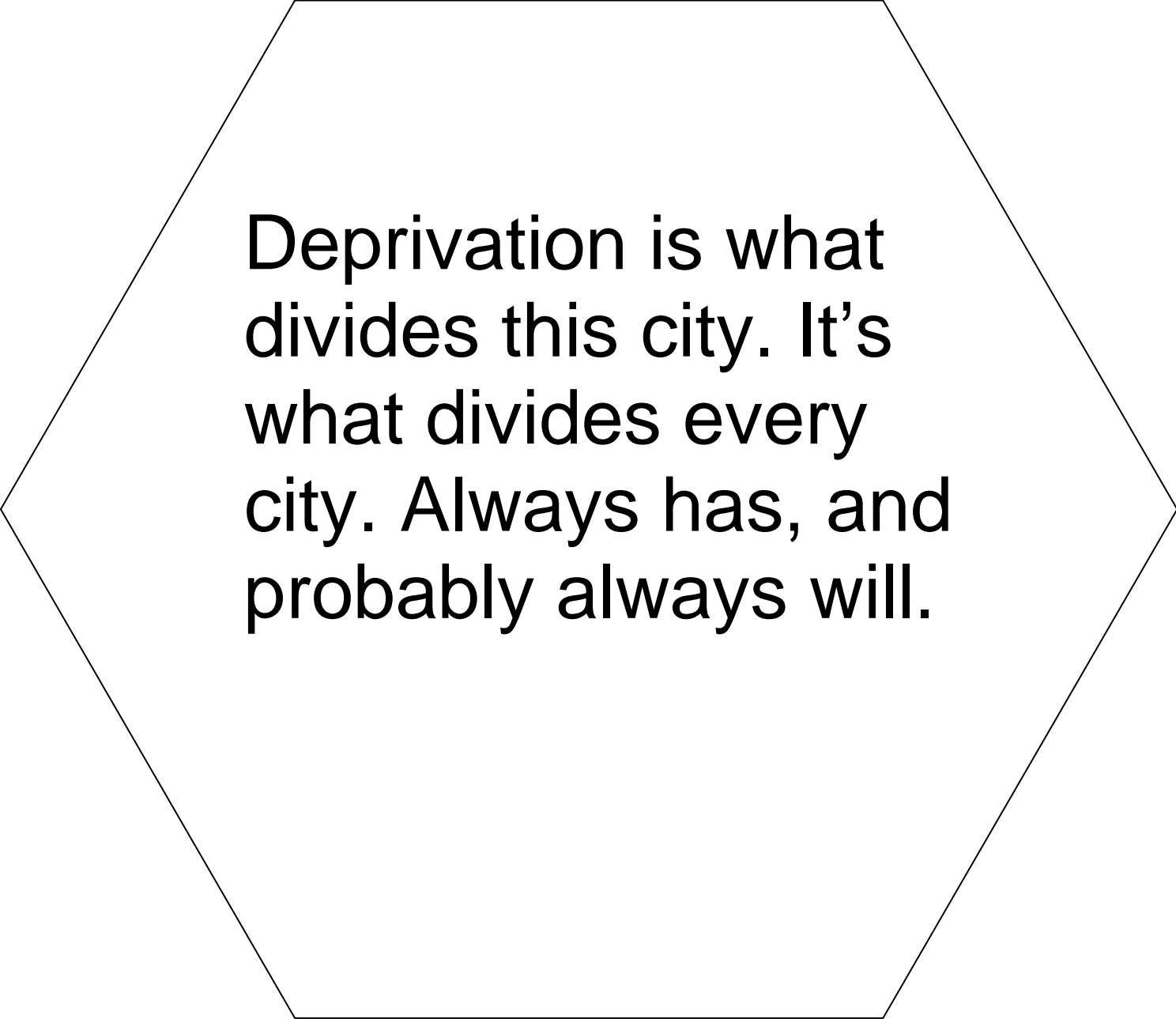
**They all look the same
to me.**



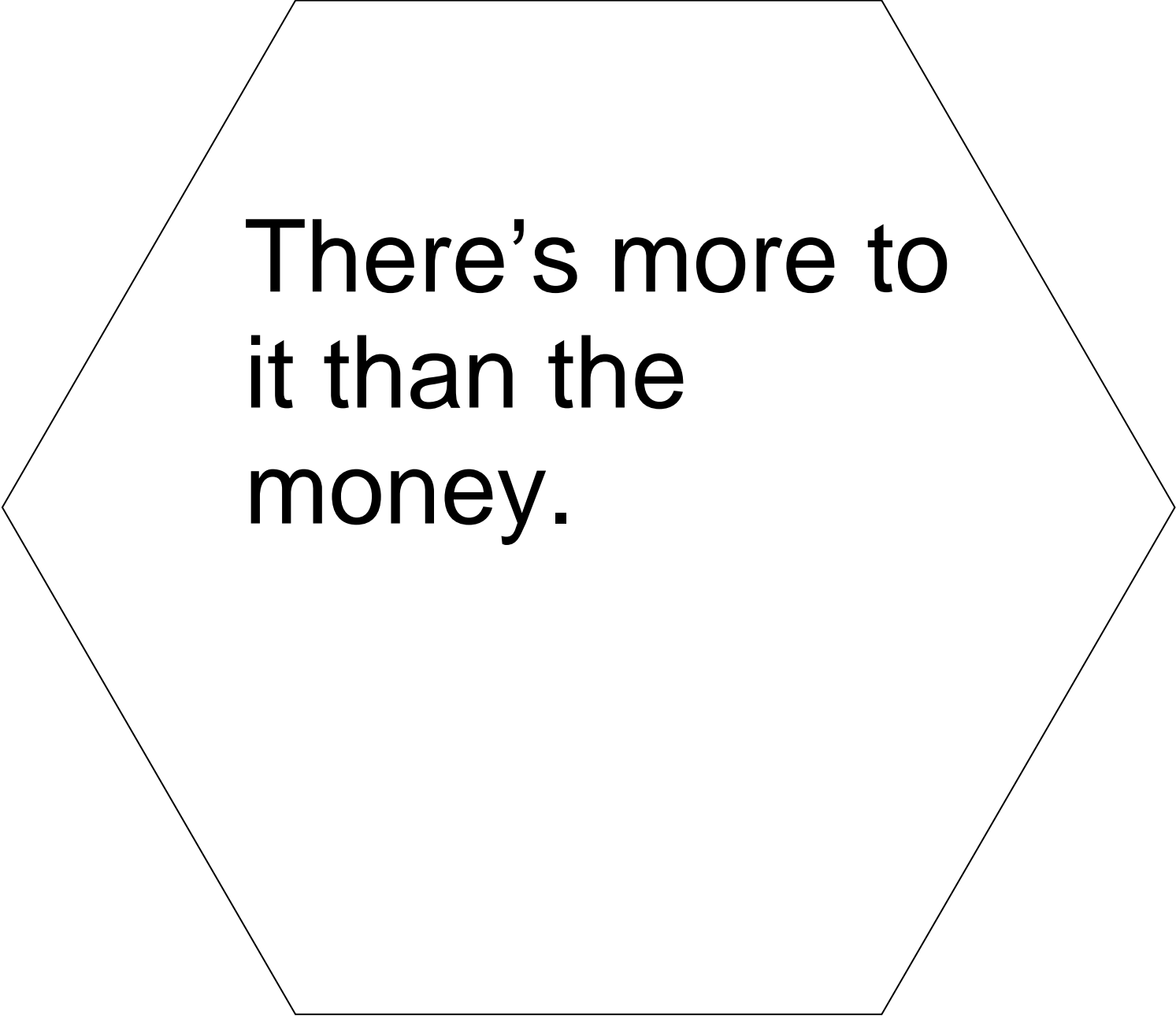
He saw the distant
tower blocks and
spires of a city,
And began to walk.




It's not prejudice when
I support my team and
you support yours.



Deprivation is what divides this city. It's what divides every city. Always has, and probably always will.



**There's more to
it than the
money.**



The police asked for
the witness. If no one
comes forward, then it
looks like Glasgow
doesn't care.

Chapter 24

'We can do this. No bother.'

The boys were standing in the corridor outside ward 402, Joe trying to persuade Graham to go in. 'We'll attach ourselves to the next group of visitors,' he said. 'There's loads of folk coming and going, and nowadays the hospitals are always short-staffed.' He manoeuvred Graham through the doors.

Graham gripped Joe's arm as he sauntered down the ward.

'I'll bet it's that bed right at the far end,' he muttered nervously. 'The one with the curtains drawn around it.'

'OK,' said Joe. 'You get in behind that curtain and find out.'

'There's a notice pinned to the curtain,' said Graham from the corner of his mouth. 'I can read it from here. It says: NO VISITORS – SEE MEMBER OF STAFF.'

'You could go up to the top of the bed next to his, beyond where the sink is on the wall, and edge your way in,' suggested Joe.

'What are *you* going to do?'

'I'll keep guard for you. If anybody comes I'll start

whistling.' Joe made a face at Graham. 'I'll make it *The Sash* if you like.'

'Very funny,' said Graham. 'You won't be able to get away with standing about the ward. Someone's bound to ask what you're up to.'

'I won't just be standing about. Look, there's a man in the bed next to Kyoul. I'll give him a wee visit.'

'You can't just sit down and start talking to somebody you've never met before.'

'How no?'

'He might call a nurse.'

'It'll be OK.'

'How'll it be OK? He doesn't know you.'

'I'll just say I'm Jimmy's boy.'

'What makes you think he'll know somebody called Jimmy?'

'This is Glasgow,' said Joe. 'Who *doesn't* know somebody called Jimmy?'

'You're off your head, you are,' said Graham.

Joe gave Graham a push. 'Go on. Walk to the top of that man's bed where he can't see you. He's got his eyes closed the now. I'll be close behind you. If he wakes up I'll start talking to him. You keep your eye on the main ward. As soon as you think nobody's watching, slip behind the curtain and have a quick word with Kyoul.'

Graham walked reluctantly with Joe to the end of the ward. When they reached the bed next to the one with the drawn curtain Joe propelled Graham in front of him until he was at the top end, close to the curtain of the next bed.

Joe disentangled one of the two stacked visitors' chairs

and sat down. The man in the bed's eyes fluttered.

'Mr Sinclair?' said Joe, reading the name from the piece of card attached to the bed's headrail.

Mr Sinclair opened his eyes. 'What? What is it?'

'I'm Jimmy's boy. He heard you were in the hospital and he sent me over to see you.'

'Jimmy?' The man in the bed swivelled his eyes slowly and took in Joe. 'Jimmy?' he repeated.

'Aye . . . *Jimmy*,' said Joe with more emphasis. 'He told me you used to hang about together. Said you haven't seen each other for ages, right enough.'

'Oh, *that* Jimmy.' The puzzled expression cleared from Mr Sinclair's face. 'Oh aye, it's years since I've seen him.'

Joe nodded encouragingly. 'He's no well or he'd have come his self.'

The man struggled up in bed. 'See's my teeth, there, son, would you?'

Joe heard Graham snigger as he grubbed about on the top of the locker beside the bed looking for Mr Sinclair's false teeth. Holding the plastic container they were in at arm's length, Joe handed them over.

The old man slurped them around his mouth until he had them in a satisfactory position. 'What's up with him?'

'What?' said Joe.

'What's up with him?'

'What's up with who?'

'*Jimmy*. You said he wasn't well. What's up with him?'

'Oh right.' Joe fumbled. 'Em, he's . . . it's his back . . . you know.'

'Oh aye?'

'He can hardly move.'

Mr Sinclair shook his head sympathetically. 'Always had bother with his back, Jimmy, so he did.'

'This is the worst it's been,' said Joe. 'For a while.'

'Does he get out much at all?'

'Emm . . . Em . . .' Joe groped around. 'Just to the bowls, like.'

'The bowls!' Mr Sinclair exclaimed. 'The bowls? He used to hate the bowls. Said it was a game for big lassies.'

'Aye, well . . .' Joe flashed his eyes at Graham. Graham gave a tiny wave of his hand and moved closer to the curtain of the neighbouring bed.

'No wonder he's knackered his back then, if he's taken up bowls,' Mr Sinclair observed.

'Aye, well, he watches the games mostly now . . . on the telly, like.'

'Does he? That's a surprise to me, I'll tell you. I'd never have taken Jimmy for a bowls man.'

'No?'

'Naw. Fifteen year I knew your da. And I never once heard him say a good word about the bowls. It just shows you. You think you know someone, and then they catch you out.'

'Do you like the bowls yourself, Mr Sinclair?' asked Joe, gesticulating to Graham to get on with it.

Graham slipped behind the curtain.

'Naw. I'm more into the football.'

'You're no a Tim, are you?' said Joe.

'Do I look like a Tim?' the man asked in horror.

'Aye.' Joe laughed. 'But then folk say I do too.'

'Aye, but you *do*.'

'See what I mean?' Joe laughed again, more confidently.

Mr Sinclair joined in the laughter.

'So' - Joe settled himself in his chair - 'what did you think of that result yesterday? Eh? Were we robbed, or were we robbed?'

Chapter 25

On the other side of the curtain Graham smiled. He knew Joe could talk on the subject of football long enough for him to speak to Kyoul.

He glanced around and then crept closer to the bed.

Kyoul lay on his back. His eyes were open and he was staring at the ceiling. There was a drip with a plastic tube connected to his arm. His pyjama top was open, showing his bandaged chest. Suddenly, sensing that he was not alone, he turned his head and his gaze met Graham's. There was a look of terror on his face.

'Don't panic.' Graham held up his hand. 'It's only me. Remember? I called the ambulance for you on Friday night.'

Kyoul fixed an expressionless gaze on Graham's face.

'In the street. Reglan Street,' Graham said. 'I was the one who helped you.'

Recognition and relief flooded Kyoul's features. 'Did you find Leanne's house? Did you speak to her?' he asked at once.

Graham nodded. 'She knows what happened and where you are.'

Kyoul lifted his head weakly.

Graham went closer. Leanne had asked him to find out how Kyoul was. He tried to think of some questions suitable for a sick person. 'How's it going?' he whispered. 'Food OK? Hospital grub's usually bogging.'

'It is food,' Kyoul said in a low voice. 'And this hospital saved my life. When I left my village there were few medical services. You don't realize it, but here in the West you have so much.'

'I guess we have,' said Graham.

'You gave Leanne her phone?' Kyoul asked him.

'Yes,' said Graham. 'I went to her house yesterday and gave it to her.'

'Her parents? Did they find out about me?'

Graham shook his head. 'They'd gone out for the day.'

Kyoul waited a moment before saying, 'And she gave you the money?'

'Yes,' said Graham.

'Thank you,' said Kyoul. 'I thought you might not do it, even for the money.' He looked at Graham more intently. 'So why have you come here, to the hospital?'

'Leanne asked me to give you a message. She's worried you might tell them something and then you'll get deported. She says you've to hang on, say nothing, and she'll find a way to help you.'

'And you agreed to do this for her? For us?' said Kyoul. There was a note of caution in his voice. 'It must have been difficult for you to find me in the hospital. How did you do it? And why?'

'Someone's helping me,' said Graham. 'Someone we can trust,' he added quickly as he saw Kyoul's look of

alarm. 'I came because Leanne was so worried about you. And – and she didn't have enough money on her yesterday, so she said she'd give me the rest when I saw her after I'd spoken to you again.'

'Ah yes.' Kyoul leaned back on the bed. 'Money.' Against the pillow his face was grey, the stubble of his beard a black smudge. 'Always, it comes down to money.'

'No,' said Graham. His face went red. 'It wasn't only that. Leanne was really upset, that's the reason I came, and . . . I was too. I wanted to make sure you were OK.'

'I'm sorry if I insulted you,' said Kyoul. 'I didn't mean it. It's just that I hear people say foreigners are leaving their own countries to take free benefits from others. Maybe some do, but it isn't the case for most of us.'

'I didn't know much about asylum seekers,' said Graham, 'but Leanne told us a bit about you.'

'Did she?' Kyoul looked wary. He pulled his pyjama jacket together. But not before Graham had seen the crisscrossing red and purple weals and small circular marks that covered his chest.

He frowned. 'What happened to you?'

Kyoul made a small movement of his head. 'I am a Muslim. In a country where it is no longer safe to be so. Religion. I believe that was the reason.' He sighed. 'But now I think there are those who will find any excuse to torture and kill. So it's good to have a scapegoat. Someone to blame for all your troubles.'

Torture – the word crashed around Graham's head. Kyoul had been *tortured*.

★ ★ ★

On his side of the curtain Joe was in difficulty. Two people, a man and a woman, were approaching Mr Sinclair's bed.

'There's my sister and her man,' Mr Sinclair said, looking beyond Joe's head. 'Coupla moaners, come to give me their weekly gruded visit.'

Joe scrambled to his feet. The sick he could deal with. These two might be a bit more on the ball.

'Haud on, son, haud on.' Mr Sinclair indicated for Joe to stay. 'This is Joe,' he said to the woman. 'Jimmy's boy. Remember Jimmy? We used to go to the dogs together.'

'Oh aye,' the woman said vaguely. 'I mind him . . . I think. How *is* your dad?'

'Och, he has his good days and his bad days,' replied Joe truthfully.

'Me too, son. Me too.' She sat down heavily. 'I'll take the weight off my feet here. I'm done in. This hospital's miles away for us and we don't have a car.' She scowled at her brother lying in the bed. 'Takes us hours to get here, by the way.'

'Aye. So it does,' said her husband. 'Standing at bus stops in the pouring rain.'

'It's no raining the day,' said Mr Sinclair. 'Is it, Joe?'

'That's no the point,' said the woman. 'Me and my man here, we're no as young as we used to be. And we cannae afford—'

'I need to go now,' Joe interrupted, shoving his own seat at her husband. '*I'll need to go*,' he said more loudly, hoping that Graham would hear him. '*I need to go* a message for my dad.' He flapped his hand at Mr Sinclair.

'You tell him I was asking for him,' said Mr Sinclair.

'Aye, mind and tell him,' said the woman.

'Aye. Right.' Joe backed off, trying to sustain the conversation, while keeping watch for any staff and an eye on the next bed. He wondered if Graham had heard him. There was no sign of any movement from behind the curtain. Then he spotted Graham walking up the ward towards the exit door.

'How did you sneak out so easily?' Joe asked him as he caught up with him on the staircase.

'Because Kyoul's bed's at the end of the ward, one side of the curtain is right next the toilets and there's two entrances to them,' said Graham. 'I walked through and came out on the far side of the ward.' He shook his head as he looked at Joe. 'I had to leave or you'd have been yapping on all day. You were getting carried away with your own story there. That poor man's in hospital, sick, and he gets you to put up with.'

'Listen, I made his day,' said Joe. 'Gave him something to talk about. And now that he's a mate of mine it means we can go back.'

Graham gave Joe a startled look.

'There's no way we're going back,' he said.

Chapter 26

In the City Hospital Kyoul rested his head against his pillows.

His heart was racing. Seeing the boy again had triggered his memory of Friday night. He closed his eyes and let the noise of the ward calm him. Even the sounds from the toilets and the sluice room close to his bed reassured him. Ordinary noises. Beyond his curtain he could hear a child laughing. People talking freely.

Freely.

Here everything was normal. A simple act of foolishness and he might now lose it all.

Friday night, on his way to meet Leanne, he'd been late. A trader who sometimes gave him work offered him extra to help unload some delivery vans in the evening. It meant he'd have a pound or two more. He would never allow Leanne to pay for anything. Not even a cup of coffee. So he'd agreed to do the job, and then rushed to meet her. Not wanting to keep her waiting, and knowing that they'd only have an hour together as her parents didn't allow her out late at night, he'd taken the short cut. Some older boys were gathered at the top of Reglan

Street. Kyoul had known right away that they were trouble. Angry energy spilled out from their faces. One grabbed his arm as he passed.

‘Asylum seeker?’

Kyoul said nothing. Tried to go on.

The guy grinned at him. Lifted his shirt. Shown him the knife tucked in his belt.

‘I’d run if I were you.’

In the hospital he sometimes cried out in the night. The man in the next bed, Peter Sinclair, would shout over, ‘Press your call button, son.’

Kyoul always shook his head. ‘No.’

He’d learned not to call for help. Many times he’d called out in his own language for mercy. It was a useless thing to do. It seemed to inflame his torturers. That’s why he’d not struggled when the gang had dragged him from the close entrance and begun to beat him.

He’d said nothing. Tried to curl up, as he’d learned to do in the past, in order to protect himself against the boots and clubs. He’d not felt the knife go in. Only suddenly there was blood. The youths had run then. And he might have died in the street if the young boy had not telephoned for help.

He didn’t know his name. Kyoul’s eyes blinked open as he realized that he hadn’t even asked the boy his name this second time they’d met. The boy wasn’t all that much younger than he was. Yet older than Kyoul had been when war had come to his village. The war that had destroyed his life, killed his family, made his existence so unsafe: to be a Muslim male of a certain age meant that

walking on the street was a hazard. He'd become a target. The last time he'd been interrogated one of his torturers spat in his face and told him that the next time they met would be the last.

He didn't have the resources to get out of his country. The people smugglers were highly organized. He couldn't pay their fee. One day he found himself walking west, following the setting sun. That night he slept in a ditch. The next day when he awoke he kept walking. Afterwards he couldn't recall making a decision to do this. But each day he walked in the same direction. In order to eat and pass through borders he'd had to do things he didn't want to think of now. Eventually he'd reached one of the big Red Cross camps. He'd been there for weeks when he met some relatives. They'd paid the smugglers to take all their family, but one of the children had died on the journey. They gave Kyoul the child's place, on the understanding that he was strictly on his own when they got into whatever country they were taken to.

He'd been bundled out of a lorry onto a motorway in the middle of the night. He'd no idea where he was. Saw the distant tower blocks and spires of a city, and once again began to walk.

He got into George Square on a cold morning in early spring. Hunger had made him feeble. He sat hunched on a bench and watched the city awake. Dawn unmasked the anonymous bulk of the buildings that framed the square and revealed their elegance. The perfume from the hyacinth beds was rising with the sun. Giddy with the intense blue of the flowers, the smell of the scent,

the clarity of the air, Kyoul felt a happiness that he'd not experienced for a long time. As he began to know Scotland it reminded him of his own country. The way it had been once. A land of intense beauty, hard winters, triumphant greenery in spring. The city had so many parks. He spent lots of time there. It was how the city got its name, Leanne explained to him. Glas-gow – it meant 'the dear green place'. She told him the story of the symbols on the city coat of arms – the Bell, the Fish, the Bird and the Tree. He loved the parks: Alexandra Park, Linn Park, Victoria Park, the Winter Gardens at the People's Palace, Hogganfield Loch, Bellahouston, Kelvingrove, Rouken Glen. He liked the buildings too, the variety of the material, their colour – warm honey, pale cream, red sandstone, grey granite that picked up the clear northern light.

And the people.

His first day in the city.

There was a baker's shop on the corner of George Square. People were going in to buy food on their way to work. Kyoul went over. Stood in front of the window. A middle-aged woman came out of the shop. She glanced back as she saw him staring at the food on display. He'd been amazed at the variety. Trays of pies, fruit slices, cream cakes, buns, pastries, rolls stuffed full of meat, egg, tuna, cheese.

The woman walked close to him. Her eyes took in his worn shoes. She looked up, examined his face. Then she handed him the plastic carrier with her sandwiches and cake inside. 'You take that,' she said. 'I'll get myself some more.'

Graham met Joe outside the City Chambers and they crossed George Square to get a bus that would take them to the City Hospital.

'We should catch the tail end of afternoon visiting,' said Joe. 'But we'll need to be quick as it's bound to be less busy on a weekday and we don't want anyone noticing us too much.'

Joe too had changed into dark casual gear and they both wore baseball caps with the skip down low. Outside the ward they stopped to discuss a plan.

Graham peered inside. 'There's one or two visitors hanging about. And the curtain's drawn round Kyoul's bed.'

Joe looked over his shoulder. 'That man I spoke to last time, Mr Sinclair, is still there in the bed next to Kyoul. So we've got a legit reason to be in the ward if anyone asks. The only thing is' – Joe grasped Graham's arm – 'he's kind of half sitting up and his eyes are open. I don't think you'll be able to slip through the curtain next his bed without him noticing.'

'I'll follow you in,' said Graham, 'but I'll go down the other side of the ward and into the toilets at the end. Then I'll walk through and slip behind the curtain there.'

'Fine,' said Joe. He handed Graham the envelope. 'I'll go straight down and sit beside Mr Sinclair. I'll keep watch for you like the last time and whistle if I see anyone approaching Kyoul's bed.'

Mr Sinclair was propped up in bed. He gave a huge smile as he saw Joe approaching him.

'I was hoping you'd come in to see me again, son,' he greeted Joe. 'Sit down. Sit down.'

Joe pulled up a chair. 'How're you doing the day?'

'No bad. No bad.'

'D'you think McMahon was worth the transfer fee?'

Joe launched at once into the subject of football. 'Everybody says he reminds them of McCoist when he played for Rangers.'

Mr Sinclair shook his head. 'In my book he's more like Willie Henderson. McCoist was a goal scorer. Henderson was a winger.' He gave Joe a long look. 'Full of tricks, he was.'

'Henderson's a bit before my time,' said Joe. 'I don't know much about him.'

'That doesn't surprise me,' said Mr Sinclair. 'Did you tell your da I was asking for him?'

'Oh aye,' said Joe.

'How *is* your old man?'

'No so good,' said Joe.

Mr Sinclair nodded solemnly in sympathy. 'Probably the weather. It's that changeable the now. Does the damp get into his bones?'

Joe nodded.

'He'd need to keep himself wrapped up then,' Mr Sinclair said with a broad smile.

'Aye,' said Joe. 'He does.'

'Dinna cast a clout till May is oot.'

'Uh. Right.' Joe looked more closely at Mr Sinclair. There was something going on here that he couldn't quite work out. Mr Sinclair seemed to have deliberately moved the conversation away from football. And he was

grinning and wittering on, which made it hard for Joe to pay attention to what he was supposed to be doing, covering Graham's back. Between Mr Sinclair's questions, Joe was sure he could hear a voice behind the curtain of the next bed. Graham must have been directly behind him to get to Kyoul so fast. Joe moved his chair slightly so that he could keep a lookout all the way to the entrance door.

And saw Graham walking down the ward on the opposite side.

Joe's eyes opened wide in fright. If Graham wasn't at Kyoul's bed, who was talking behind the curtain?

He spun round in his chair. Mr Sinclair was watching him with an amused expression. Something not quite right was becoming something totally disastrous. There must be a nurse or a doctor in with Kyoul.

Joe stood up and tried to attract Graham's attention. Across the other side of the ward Graham disappeared into the toilet block.

Joe tried to whistle. His mouth was dry. He could scarcely get the sound out. Mr Sinclair stared at him.

'What're you doing, son?'

Joe realized he was whistling, '*Celtic, Celtic, that's the team for me!*'

He coughed and spluttered. 'I've got something caught in my throat,' he gasped.

'Take a wee drink of water.' Mr Sinclair indicated the water jug on his bedside cabinet.

Joe grabbed the glass. His hands were trembling. He gulped some water. Graham was heading into danger! He only had seconds to warn his friend. He tried to

whistle through his teeth. Nothing but a hiss came out.

Mr Sinclair gave him a most peculiar look.

It was too late.

The doctor or nurse behind the curtain raised their voice. Not quite a yell, but enough to be heard in the main ward.

'Come back here! I want to talk to you!'

Graham must have gone behind the curtain, been seen by the person with Kyoul, and was making a run for it. He'd better do the same. Joe turned to leave.

A hand like a claw shot out and grabbed his wrist.

'Don't move!'

Chapter 38

'Sit where you are.'

Mr Sinclair's grip on Joe's wrist was surprisingly strong.

'Wha-aat?'

'No point in you both getting caught.'

'Caught?'

'Your pal might escape if he's smart off the mark. But you've no chance. If you try to run you'll not make it. Sit down quick.'

Joe eyed the ward sister walking hurriedly towards them. He sat down reluctantly. 'What am I going to say?'

'Nothing. I'll say what needs saying.'

The next moment a male nurse came out of the toilet block. 'Wee blighter got away,' he said.

'What's going on?' said the sister.

'A boy. About his age' – the male nurse pointed at Joe – 'came behind the curtain while I was dressing Kyoul's wound. He must have come through from the toilet block. I think he was trying to speak to Kyoul, but of course Kyoul claims he's never seen him before. He ran away out through the fire exit.'

The sister turned to stare at Joe. 'You were with that boy at the ward door earlier on. I saw you. Who is he?'

'Dunno,' Joe stammered. 'I met him in the lift on the way up.'

'Aw heh, don't bother the boy,' said Mr Sinclair. 'He only comes here to visit me.'

'I saw them talking together,' the sister insisted, 'as if they knew each other.'

Joe shook his head.

'Listen,' said Mr Sinclair. He beckoned to the ward sister. 'See him.' He indicated Joe. 'He's my great-nephew.' He lowered his voice. 'Nice boy an that, but no the sharpest tool in the box. The light's on upstairs but there's nobody home, if you get my drift. Knows nuthin about nuthin, ken?'

The sister nodded slowly, but continued to look at Joe. Joe tried to assume the look he frequently saw on his cousin Jammy's face.

'So you didn't know the boy who was visiting the patient in the next bed?' The sister asked Joe again.

'Naw,' said Mr Sinclair, answering her question. 'We don't. The only boy I know is this yin here.' He made a movement in the bed and gave a smothered moan. 'This pain is murder.' He let out a groan.

'Try to relax, Mr Sinclair.' The sister looked concerned. 'I'll put out a call for a doctor if you need medication.'

'You do that.' Peter Sinclair winked at Joe as the sister and the male nurse hurried away.

Joe's heart was lurching. 'How did you know . . .?'

'That you were a fraud?'

Joe nodded.

'You mean, apart from you whistling that bampot Celtic tune a minute ago?'

'Och that,' said Joe, trying to salvage the situation. 'I heard someone humming that tune on the bus, so I did.'

'Aye, a *Septic Celtic supporters'* bus,' said Mr Sinclair, laughing. 'Anyway, I knew you weren't in here to see me.'

'What?'

'I had you sussed from the start, son.'

'You did?'

'Och aye. I was on to you the very first day.'

'How?'

'Whilst you were talking I kept thinking about you saying your dad was my pal Jimmy. The Jimmy I knew was almost thirty year older than me, so unless he was having bairns when he was seventy-two you can't be his boy.'

'His grandson?' Joe offered.

'Naw.' Mr Sinclair shook his head. 'I just minded after you left the last time. Jimmy dropped dead in the Co-op one Saturday about five year ago. Right fornenst the meat counter it was. While he was waiting to buy some mince for his dinner. Being the Co-op, it was a wee while afore anybody thought to ask why the queue wasn't moving. So you see, Jimmy's been pushing up the daisies in the Auld Aisle cemetery for the last five year. And unless he arranged to have cable piped into his coffin, he's definitely no been watching the bowls on the telly.'

'Are you going to tell anybody about me?' Joe whispered shakily.

'Who would I tell?'

'I'll no bother you any more, mister. I promise.'

'Naw naw, son. I quite like you visiting me. Your patter's great. I've no family to come and see me apart from that carnaptious sister of mine and her greetin-faced man.'

'But . . .' For once Joe was lost for words. 'But why . . .?'

'Why did I no let on? My dad fought in the Second World War. He didn't talk about it much. But I remember him saying that after he'd seen the gas chambers, he was glad he'd fought in that war. The way I see it, it was the one war in a whole mess of wars where there was a reason to fight. And even though I was young, I understood what the fighting was for. It was so that young men like him' – Mr Sinclair jerked his thumb in the direction of Kyoul's bed – 'could grow up and live without being tortured or put in camps.'

'You know he's been tortured?'

'I've seen his scars, and I've heard how he got them.'

Joe looked away.

'Scarred outside *and* inside,' Mr Sinclair went on. 'We talk at night when there's nobody around.'

'You know by helping me it could involve you in something dodgy.' Joe cleared his throat. 'You see, Kyoul . . . He might be . . . illegal.'

'Aye. So?'

'By not telling what you know, you could get in trouble from the polis.'

'I'm that feart.' Peter Sinclair smiled at Joe. 'I'm dying of cancer, son. I've only got weeks, days maybe. What're they going to do to me? Put me in the jile?'

'Right enough,' said Joe.

'The thing is, anyway, it's kept my mind off the pain. I'm grateful, I can tell you. It's the most interesting thing that's happened since I got here.'

'What do I do now?' said Joe.

'You wait until they ring that wee bell to tell you visiting time's over,' said Peter Sinclair, 'and then you walk out of here, casual like, with all the rest.'

Graham fell into step beside Joe as he reached the bus stop.

'Never again,' he said. He handed Leanne's envelope to Joe. 'I feel bad that I didn't manage to deliver this but I am *never* going back to that hospital. If I hadn't got out through the fire door I would've been caught. And where were you when I needed you?' he demanded.

'I tried to warn you,' said Joe.

'By whistling that crap song?'

'Sorry. It was the only one I could think of.'

'I was expecting you to be right behind me. How did you get away?'

'That man,' said Joe, 'the patient I pretend to visit – Mr Sinclair – he grabbed my arm.'

'Why'd he do that?' said Graham.

'Peter Sinclair,' said Joe, 'is more all there than I gave him credit for. He told the ward sister that I was his great-nephew and then asked to see a doctor.' He paused. Should he tell Graham that Mr Sinclair had also told the ward sister that he was a bit dighted? Joe decided against it. Instead he said, 'Mr Sinclair kept them busy so you could get away.'

'Why?'