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in school," he'd say. "Probably coulda been a teacher." Of course he'd show off in the wash-house and tumbled it in? to a big joke. "What did you learn today, Rory?" somebody'd say. "Today I learned that the sailor loves the girl," he'd say. "And what have you got for homework?" "For homework we have the girl loves the sailor, but I know it already, puellam nauta amat." "What would that be in Gaelic?" "In Gaelic, I couldn't say. I'm a Latin scholar. You'd have to ask me grandmother." But he wouldn't carry it too far. He knew Lauchie felt bad and Rory wasn't a mean man, no matter how much he liked to make fun. Once young Rory got to high school his home was nothing to him but bed and board. He had his tea first thing in the morn? ing and last thing at night with us. He went into his side of the house for meals and bed. Nothing to do about it; he was too big then to make him. Liza sat on the stairs and sobbed. Rory felt bad but nothin' he could do, and he couldn't help it that he en? joyed the boy so much. I just watched. I knew something had to happen. When it happened, it happened very quietly. Of course, that was Liza's way; but I was surprised; I expected a big fight; after all, seventeen years is a long time. When young Rory graduated he got a big Knights of Co? lumbus Scholarship and off he went to College. Liza picked the worst day she could find. It was coming down in buckets. She took her big suitcase and a kitchen chair and sat in the road be? tween the two gates in her Burberry and big-rimmed felt hat. It was the first time she ever looked beautiful. It was a Sunday. Both men were home. She went out after Mass and Rory and Lauchie, each in his own side of the house, opened the front doors and watched through their screen doors as she sat there in the mud. In those days there was no pavement, or even a ditch; the road came right up to the picket fence and she sat at the edge of it between the two gates. Talk about a sight. I can still see Ro? ry standing there, peering through the screen, cup and saucer in his hand, sipping tea. And Lauchie on the other side, the same. I knew he would be. I just went over to check. "What do you think, Lauchie?" I asked him. "I think it has to be up to him." And so it was. About six o'clock, Rory said to me, "You better go and tell her to come in. She'll stay there all night." So in she came. Put on dry clothes and sat and had tea. She cried. They were tears of joy. She was ashamed of them, but couldn't help it. "I realize," she said, "that I'm probably not making anybody happy but myself. I can't help it." "ARM OF GOLD" Campground & Trailer Park Open Field on Lake • Showers • Town Water • Flush Toilets • Washrooms • 35 Acres • Sewage Disposal Tables • Rec Hall Groceries • Ice Laundromat • Canteen| 46 UNSERVICED STFES OPEN MAY 15 to OCTOBER 15 Phone (902) 736-6516 or 736-6671 Route 105 • Exit 18 • Little Bras d'Or, Cape Breton| 2miUsjr(mliiewjounJUani'errjl After a few days when we all got the feeling it was settled for good, I moved over with Lauchie. "Are you mad, Lauchie?" I asked him. "Nobody to be mad at," he said. "I'd like to be mad. But, you know, it's not Rory's fault. He didn't encourage her; you know that. Just the opposite. Same for Liza. She tried for seven? teen years. It's not my fault. It's nobody's fault. Unless it's all our faults. It should of been fixed up seventeen years ago when it started wrong. We all



knew." I certainly didn't know he knew. "Well," I said, "young Rory will be surprised when he comes home for Christmas." "I wonder," Lauchie said. "He's supposed to be smart, too. I don't imagine college'll take it out of him that quick." • To order The Story So Far..., see Order Form on page 65 • TAYLOR'S DENTURE CLINIC | denture"s~| CONSTRUCTED, RELINED & REPAIRED J. B. TAYLOR • LICENSED DENTURIST D.V.A. & Dental Plans Accepted SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR SENIORS Registered with "TAPS" (Services for Veterans) MONDAY-FRIDAY: 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. (AFTER HOURS ON REQUEST) 92 Charlotte St., Sydney 564-9111 ~ Over 25 Years in Business We carry 300 listings of property for sale in Cape Breton and Eastern Nova Scotia. (y' JIM MARCHAND BROKER It's Not Acceptable Anymore! A few years ago, drinking was part of a good time, but too many "good times" ended in tragedy. Today drinking and driving is socially unacceptable and tough laws are in place to enable police to detect and stop drinking drivers. If alcohol makes up part of your celebrations • Select a designated driver Avho doesn't drink to get the rest of the group home safely. Take a cab or other public transportation. Arrange to stay over until you've sobered up. As a host, make food, non-alcoholic drinks and activities the highlights of the party. Provide accommodations, or a drive home for guests who've "had too much." And, never offer anyone too much to drink or "one for the road." And remember, this applies to all types of vehicles, including ATVs, boats and snowmobiles. Don't risk your life • and those you love • for a "good time." tjo"cotia Department of 'gj' Business and ??'" Consutner Services