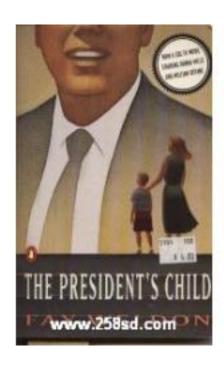
## The President's Child



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On Sunday afternoonsi¼Œ when the world pauses and waits<br/>
br>for the next great eventi¼Œ when the streets are empty and<br/>br>unnaturally still and the weight of obligation hangs over<br/>br>the landi¼Œ the residents of Wincaster Row come calling on<br/>br>me. They come out of kindness because I am blind; and out<br/>br>Ofkindness to themi¼Œ in the desolation of Sunday afternooni¼Œ<br/>br>I gather past and present together and tell them stories.<br/>Foday I tell them about Isabeli¼Œ who fell in lovei¼Œ and in so<br/>br>doing made the whole world falter and take a different<br/>turning.<br/>br>Pit-pati¼Œ spitter-spat. Listen! How the rain blows against the<br/>window-pane. Easy to feeli¼Œ on such a day and in such a<br/>br>placei¼Œ that great events are nothing to do with usi¼Œ that we<br/>br>are cut off from sources of worldly energyi¼Œ that people and<br/>br>politics are entirely separate; that the mainstream of

life isi¼Œ in fact, a long way off. qt isn t so, I tell them. Isabel lived next door, The river flows at the end of the garden; what s more, it s deep, wide, muddy and tricky: not the tranquil flowing stream you might hope for. Isabel almost drowned! Pit-pat, spitter-spat. In the end we will all know more than br >we did before. Shouldn t that be enough to base a life upon? The women of Wincaster Row don t agree, of course 
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