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HERE

Joke van Leeuwen
Querido, 2018

English sample: Jonathan Reeder

The Dog

1

Patriarch can no longer stand. Ever since being forced into early retirement, his body has continued to bloat unabated, and his knees cannot support the kilos. His son Bardo has built a bed for him that takes up nearly half the back room. Bardo wants to call the doctor from the neighboring town, but his father will have no truck with doctors, he says they're all quacks.

Mistrust was his job.

Since then, Patriarch has camped out on that bed, usually propped halfway upright amidst a landscape of pillows, facing the television at the foot of the bed and the mirror next to it, whose reflection offers a view through the narrow window. He sees the hills on the horizon and, a short distance from their house, the bare concrete rectangle on which his customs booth once stood, along the road that dead-ends against a tall fence. Back when the boom barrier was still there, he would occasionally speak to the border police of the neighboring country, but he never went any further than that. He felt it unnecessary, because it was not his country.

In his first bedridden years he manages to drag himself across the floor, through the door to the narrow corridor that leads to the W.C. and shower stall. He can hoist himself up onto the toilet or onto the reinforced stool under the shower tap. Bardo has tried to finagle a wheelchair so he can go outside, but there is no wheelchair his father's size in their country. He doesn't want one anyway, the mirror at the foot of the bed allows him to see a slice of the world. That is enough.



19 16:27 ☆ ↩️ ⋮

zo 1 dec. 2019 09:03 ☆
019 om 16:27 schreef Jo...

19 11:37 ☆ ↩️ ⋮

Joke dat ook vindt. Ik deel het