

## Side Four

### Cissy

Oh, you mustn't say that, Jean. We're so fortunate to be here. All in one piece. Well, nearly. Not that one doesn't get depressed from time to time, with all the secrecy and the whispering, and people being sent away if they're too ill or go doolally, of course one does, but it never lasts for long. How could it? There's so much to cheer one up. People coming and going, new faces, old friends, new interests, fitness classes, OT, that's Occupational Therapy, and all sorts of lectures, such fun. And for someone like me, who never married, never had children, whose nearest and dearest are long departed, this place is a godsend, a blessing, like a fairground ablaze with fairy lights. And the people here are so interesting, so surprising. One of the men, a dramatic tenor, his name's gone, you must meet him, sang Otello somewhere or other with a Desdémona from, you'll never guess where, Ghana. Isn't that fascinating? Though what it did to the plot he never explained.