

An Geall Page 8

Chnag	Mrs. Bradley knocked on the door and went into the bedroom. She sighed when she saw the shape the room was in. There were clothes thrown in every place on the floor. There was a pair of muddy boots lying on the bed. The bad smell in the room took her breath away.
Stán	She stared at the young man in the bed. The color of death was on his face. She went to the window and opened it. She raised the blinds. The room was filled with light. Colm covered his eyes and let out a high, tortured groan.
D'ísligh	Mrs. Bradley lowered the blinds again.
Cad	"What's wrong with you? Are you sick?" she asked.
Táim	"I'm ... very sick."
Ba	"You should go to the doctor," se advised. I know what's wrong with you, boy, she said to herself. Too much money, that's the disease you have.
Stán	She stared at the frame that was hanging on the wall behind the bed. Inside it was a large photocopy of a check for €5,000,000 payable by the National Lottery to Colm O'Shea.
Sea	Yes, she said to herself, isn't it a pity that you got that great prize a year ago. That's the thing that set you astray. You've gone to debauchery ... drink and revelry, women, bookmakers and wildness ... that's the beginning and end of your life now. You were much better off when you had to earn your living.