

The Lieutenant

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Extract

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Daniel Rooke was quiet, moody, a man of few words. He had no memories other than of being an outsider.

At the dame school in Portsmouth they thought him stupid. His first day there was by coincidence his fifth birthday, the third of March 1767. He took his place behind the desk with his mother's breakfast oatmeal cosy in his stomach and his new jacket on, happy to be joining the world beyond his home.

Mrs Bartholomew showed him a badly executed engraving with the word 'cat' underneath. His mother had taught him his letters and he had been reading for a year. He could not work out what Mrs Bartholomew wanted. He sat at his desk, mouth open.

That was the first time he was paddled with Mrs

Bartholomew's old hairbrush for failing to respond to a question so simple he had not thought to answer it.

He could not become interested in the multiplication tables. While the others chanted through them, impatient for the morning break, he was looking under the desk at the notebook in which he was collecting his special numbers, the ones that could not be divided by any number but themselves and one. Like him, they were solitaires.

When Mrs Bartholomew pounced on him one day and seized the notebook, he was afraid she would throw it in the fire and smack him with the hairbrush again. She looked at it for a long time and put it away in her pinny pocket.

He wanted to ask for it back. Not for the numbers, they were in his head, but for the notebook, too precious to lose.

Then Dr Adair from the Academy came to the house in Church Street. Rooke could not guess who Dr Adair was, or what he was doing in their parlour. He only knew that he had been washed and combed for a visitor, that his infant sisters had been sent next door to the neighbour woman, and that his mother and father were sitting on the uncomfortable chairs in the corner with rigid faces.

Dr Adair leaned forward. Did Master Rooke know of numbers that could be divided by nothing but themselves and one? Rooke forgot to be in awe. He ran up to his attic room and came back with the grid he had drawn, ten by ten, the first hundred numbers with these special ones done in red ink: two,

three, five and on to ninety-seven. He pointed, there was a kind of pattern, do you see, here and here? But one hundred numbers was not enough, he needed a bigger sheet of paper so he could make a square twenty or even thirty a side, and then he could find the true pattern, and perhaps Dr Adair might be able to provide him with such a sheet?

His father by now had the rictus of a smile that meant his son was exposing his oddness to a stranger, and his mother was looking down into her lap. Rooke folded the grid and hid it under his hand on the table.

But Dr Adair lifted his fingers from the grubby paper.

‘May I borrow this?’ he asked. ‘I would like, if I may, to show it to a gentleman of my acquaintance who will be interested that it was created by a boy of seven.’

After Dr Adair went, the neighbour woman brought his sisters back. She inspected Rooke and said loudly, as if he were deaf, or a dog, ‘Yes, he looks clever, don’t he?’

Rooke felt the hairs on his head standing up with the heat of his blush. Whether it was because he was stupid or clever, it added up to the same thing: the misery of being out of step with the world.



When he turned eight Dr Adair offered the bursary. It was just words: *a place at the Portsmouth Naval Academy*. The boy thought it

could not be too different from the life he knew, went along blithely and hardly waved goodbye to his father at the gate.

The first night there he lay rigid in the dark, too shocked to cry.

The other boys established that his father was a clerk who went every day to the squat stone building near the docks where the Office of Ordnance ran its affairs. In the world of Church Street, Benjamin Rooke was a man of education and standing, a father to be proud of. At the Portsmouth Naval Academy a mile away, he was an embarrassment. *A clerk! Oh dearie me!*

A boy took everything out of his trunk, the shirts and underthings his mother and grandmother had so carefully made, and hurled them through the window into the muddy yard three flights below. A man in a billowing black gown caught Rooke painfully by the ear and hit him with a cane when he tried to say that he had not done it. A big boy sat him up on a high wall out behind the kitchens and poked him with a stick until he was forced to jump down.

His ankle still hurt from the fall, but that was not the pain at his heart.

His attic in Church Street wrapped its corners and angles around him, the shape of his own odd self. At the Academy, the cold space of the bleak dormitory sucked out his spirit and left a shell behind.

Walking from the Academy back to Church Street every Saturday evening to spend Sunday at home was a journey

between one world and another that wrenched him out of shape each time. His mother and father were so proud, so warm with pleasure that their clever son had been singled out, that he could not tell them how he felt. His grandmother might have understood, but he could not find the words to tell even her how he had lost himself.

When it came time for him to walk back, Anne held his hand with both hers, pulling at him with all her child's weight and crying for him to stay. She was not yet five, but somehow knew that he longed to remain anchored in the hallway. His father peeled her fingers away one by one and shooed him out the door, waving and smiling, so that Rooke had to wave too and put a grin on his face. All the way up the street he could hear Anne wailing, and his nan trying to comfort her.

Many great men had received their educations at the Academy, but no one there was excited by the numbers he learned to call primes. Nor were they interested when he showed them the notebook where he was trying to work the square root of two, or how you could play with pi and arrive at surprising results.

Rooke learned at last that true cleverness was to hide such thoughts. They became a kind of shame, a secret thing to be indulged only in private.

Conversation was a problem he could not solve. If no answer seemed necessary to a remark, he said nothing. Before he learned, he had unwittingly rebuffed several overtures.

Then it was too late.

At other times he talked too much. In response to some remark about the weather, he might wax enthusiastic about the distribution of rainfall in Portsmouth. He would share the fact that he had been keeping a record of it, that he had a jar on the windowsill on which he had scratched calibrations, of course when he was home on Sundays he took the jar with him, but the windowsill there was somewhat more exposed to the prevailing south-westerly wind than the one at the Academy and therefore got more rain. By this time whoever had commented on it being a fine day was sidling away.

He yearned to be a more ordinary sort of good fellow, but was helpless to be other than he was.

He came to hate the boastful cupola on the roof of the Academy, its proud golden globe, hated the white stone corners that hemmed in the bricks of the façade. The portico of the main doorway seemed too narrow for its grandiose columns and its miniature pediment, the door tiny in the middle like a face with eyes too close together.

Reluctantly approaching the place after a Sunday at home, still feeling Anne's hands pulling at him, Rooke would look up at the second floor where the rich boys had their rooms. If the curtains were open on the left-hand window, it meant that Lancelot Percival James, the son of the Earl of Bedwick, was in. A plump booming slow-witted boy, he had no time for a schoolfellow whose father was nothing more than a clerk

and whose home did not have proper servants, only a maid-of-all-work. Even boys who fawned on Lancelot Percival were tired of hearing about his butler, his cook, his many maids and footmen, not to mention the sundry grooms and gardeners who took care of the estate, and the gamekeeper who protected the earl's pheasants from those who might try to help themselves.

Lancelot Percival lay in wait for Rooke and usually managed to give him a punch in passing, or spill ink on his precious linen shirt. The other boys watched without expression, as if it were normal, like killing a fly.

Lancelot Percival James's illustrious line was based on the sugar trade, and behind that on the islands of Jamaica and Antigua, and finally on the black slaves on those islands. Lancelot Percival did not understand why the square on the hypotenuse was equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, but he became eloquent on why the British Empire in general, and his own illustrious family in particular, would collapse if slavery were abolished.

Rooke puzzled about that idea as he puzzled at his primes. He had never seen a black man, so the issue was abstract, but something about the argument did not cohere. Think as he might, though, he could not find a path around Lancelot Percival's logic.

In any case, it was best to keep out of Lancelot Percival's way.

When he could, he slipped down to the water's edge at the mouth of the harbour where the Round Tower looked out to sea. There was a shingle beach at the foot of the ancient masonry where no one ever came. Its emptiness matched his own, a companion of sorts.

He had a secret slot in the wall where he kept his collection of pebbles. They were all ordinary, each valuable only for being different from the others. He whispered to himself as he crouched over them, pointing out their qualities. *Look at how this one has little dark specks in it! And do you see how that one is like the surface of the moon?*

He became his own question and his own answer.

At the Academy his only consolations were found within the pages of books. Euclid seemed an old friend. *Things that equal the same thing also equal one another. The whole is greater than the part.* In Euclid's company it was as if he had been speaking a foreign language all his life, and had just now heard someone else speaking it too.

He pored over Lily's *Grammar of the Latin Tongue*, loved the way the slippery mysteries of language could be reduced to units as reliable and interchangeable as numbers. *Dico, dicis, dicet.* Dative, genitive, ablative. He came to feel that Greek and Latin, French and German were not so much ways of speaking as machines for thinking.

Most of all, the heavens were transformed by the Academy's instruction in astronomy and navigation. It was a revelation to

learn that the stars were not whimsical points of light, but part of a shape so gigantic it made Rooke dizzy. There was a cross-eyed feeling, standing on the earth and at the same time watching it from somewhere beyond. From that vantage point it was not rooms, fields, streets, but a ball of matter hurtling through space on an orbit the exact shape of which had been intuited by a German called Mr Kepler and proved by an Englishman called Mr Newton, who had a bridge named after him in Cambridge.

Rooke spent fruitless hours wishing that Euclid or Kepler were still alive to converse with him. The world they described was an orderly one in which everything had a place. Even, perhaps, a boy who seemed to have no place.

When the chaplain discovered that he had perfect pitch, it seemed another curse.

‘C sharp!’ he cried, and Rooke listened inside himself somewhere and sang a note. The chaplain jabbed at the piano.

‘B flat, Rooke, can you give me B flat?’

Rooke listened, and sang, and the man turned to him on the piano stool, so flushed that for a shocked moment Rooke thought that he was going to kiss him. Behind him in the choir stalls his classmates snickered, and Rooke knew he would pay later.

But as soon as his legs were long enough the chaplain taught him to play the organ in the chapel. A door opened in a world that had seemed nothing but wall.

Rooke loved the logic of the notation, the way the fundamental unit of the breve could be broken into smaller and smaller pieces. Even the quickest hemi-demi-semi-quaver was part of that original breve, the sonority unheard but underlying and giving meaning to every note.

Then there was the machine itself. An organ was nothing more than dozens of tubes of air. Every pipe had just one note to sing, was incapable of any other: one pipe, one note. Each stood in its place alongside the others, its metal mouth open, full of air waiting to be moved. Sitting at the keyboard twenty yards away at the other end of the chapel, Rooke would play a chord and listen as each pipe sang out its note. He almost wept with gratitude that the world could offer such a glory of sound.

He sat in the chapel for hours picking his way through fugues. A dozen notes, hardly music. But then those few notes spoke to each other, subject and answer, by repetition, by diminution, by augmentation, even looping backwards on themselves in a course like the retrograde motion of Mars. He listened as if he had as many ears as fingertips, and, like a blind man, could feel textures that were barely there. At the end of two or three pages of music he would hear all the voices twining together in a construction of such dizzying power that the walls of the chapel could barely contain it.

Others, tiring of the sound of Buxtehude and Bach for hours on end, would complain there was no tune. That was exactly the thing he liked best about a fugue, the fact that it

could not be sung. A fugue was not singular, as a melody was, but plural. It was a conversation.

On the organ bench he sat through hundreds of sermons, his back to the crowded pews, and he mumbled the morsels of bread and sipped from the chalice with the others. But the God of sin and retribution, of the mysteries of suffering and resurrection, did not speak to him. He had no argument with God, but for him God was not in those words or those rituals.

He had seen God in the night sky long before he understood its patterns. There was something about the way the body of the stars moved together as one that he had always found miraculous and comforting.

On the long winter evenings Rooke would slip outside, past the kitchens, and stand in the yard looking up. In the cold the constellations were close and brilliant. He was comforted by the way you could always find the Charioteer and the Little Bear circling the sky together. Each sparkle did not need to find its way across the darkness alone but moved together with its fellows, held fast in its place by some mighty hand.

That the moon was sometimes a sliver and sometimes a plate had seemed when he was a child to be a sly trick. But when he understood the reason, he was awed. There was a pattern, but he had been looking for it on the wrong scale. A week was not enough to see it, a month was needed.

He hoped that all understanding might be as simple as a matter of scale. If a man had not a week, not a year, not even a

lifetime—if he had millennia, aeons—all the seemingly erratic movements of heavenly bodies and earthly vicissitudes would turn out to have meaning. Some kinds of order were too vast for a human to know. But below the chaos of a single human life, you could trust that a cosmic breve was sounding.

As the chaplain had his Gospels, Rooke had his own sacred text in which his God made Himself plain: mathematics. Man had been given a brain that could think in numbers, and it could not be coincidence that the world was unlocked by that very tool. To understand any aspect of the cosmos was to look on the face of God: not directly, but by a species of triangulation, because to think mathematically was to feel the action of God in oneself.

He saw others comforted by their ideas of God: as a stern but kindly father, or a brother sharing a burden. What comforted Rooke, on the contrary, was the knowledge that as an individual he did not matter. Whatever he was, he was part of a whole, one insignificant note within the great fugue of being.

That imposed a morality beyond the terse handful of commands in the chaplain's book. It was to acknowledge the unity of all things. To injure any was to damage all.

He dreamed of leaving the place, not just the Academy but Portsmouth, closed in on itself, squeezed tightly around the harbour, those narrow streets where everyone knew him too well, Benjamin Rooke's eldest, a good enough lad but a little fey.

He had no evidence, but doggedly believed that there would one day be a place, somewhere in the world, for the person he was.



In 1775 Rooke turned thirteen and Dr Adair took his talented pupil with him to Greenwich to meet his friend the Astronomer Royal.

It was further from home than Rooke had ever travelled. He spent the journey staring from the coach window at everything that passed, all as unfamiliar as darkest Africa. Every muddy hamlet was unknown, every gawping farmhand was a stranger. By the end of the day he was drunk with novelty.

Dr Vickery was a man of middle age with a heavy-jowled face and sleepy eyes that slid away. Rooke recognised that: he also found it hard to meet the eyes of another person.

He was too overwhelmed by being in the long-windowed hexagonal room where Halley had calculated the movements of his comet to respond properly to the greeting of the

Astronomer Royal. But Dr Vickery was not troubled by the boy's awkwardness. He drew him over to the wall to which was attached an enormous quarter-circle of brass, the calibrations about its edge as finely etched as the chasing on Dr Adair's gold watch.

‘Master Rooke, I know you will find this quadrant of interest. Eight feet radius, and do you observe the marking of the arc plates? Done by Bird of London by the method of continual bisection.’

He shot a look at the boy, who knew about quadrants only from books and had no idea what the *method of continual bisection* might be.

‘Forgive me my enthusiasm, Master Rooke. Do you know, there are days when I wait impatiently for night, unlike the rest of the human species. So much so that my wife says I must have something of the bat in my constitution!’

It was a joke, Rooke saw. The man was trying to put him at his ease. But he also thought that Mrs Vickery had put her finger on an odd and leathery quality to the man.

He was at Greenwich for two weeks and felt, for the first time in his life, that he was in the right place.

Dr Vickery showed him the mysteries of the quadrant and the Dollond telescope, let him wind one of the clocks made by Mr Harrison, its brass wings folding and stretching, folding and stretching, and the delicate ratchet advancing notch by notch. He taught him the moves of chessmen, demonstrated the

dangerous power of the seemingly helpless pawn, set him the problem of the Knight's Tour to see what he could make of it.

In the Observatory library Rooke could not settle. As he read one book, another caught his eye, and then another. There was a boy at the Academy who was like that about buns, reaching for a third even while the first was in his mouth and a second in his hand.

On Dr Vickery's recommendation he tried to follow Euler's analysis of the motions of comets. He read Kepler's account of how each of his errors had cancelled out the other and revealed the truth concerning the shape of orbits. He gulped down the journal of the great Captain Cook, and wanted to read Mr Banks' account of New South Wales too, but had only time to skim the contents: *Quadrupeds—ants and their habitations—scarcity of people—implements for catching fish—canoes—language.*

At the end of his stay, Dr Vickery gripped the boy's hand and patted him on the shoulder, the two of them smiling past each other. Then he presented Rooke with a copy of his *Nautical Almanac* for 1775. He opened it at the flyleaf so Rooke could read the inscription: *To Master Daniel Rooke, an astronomer of the fairest promise.*

Two years later, just before he turned fifteen, Rooke's schooldays came to an end. He wrote to Dr Vickery hinting for a position at the Observatory, or in another observatory, anywhere he might go on watching the heavens and performing solitary calculations.

Dr Vickery had to explain that the world did not need astronomers in any great quantity. Not even the Astronomer Royal could get young Rooke an appointment. Not until some other man died.

It was never put as baldly as that, but Rooke took the point. He must look elsewhere. For a boy born into his station in life, no matter how quick to catch on to Euclid, no matter how perfect his pitch, the best prospect was not a mile from home.

He might have enlisted in the navy, but naval commissions were too dear. His Majesty's Marine Forces, Portsmouth Division, was the place for men like him: he would become a soldier of the sea. Promotion was slow, but commissions were cheaper.

Rooke knew his timing was lucky. War with the American colonies was giving the king a bottomless hunger for men, even for a studious boy who had no instinct for a fight. The Americans were daily expected to collapse. The rebels were barefoot, it was said, their guns nothing more than sticks.

Rooke showed Anne and Bessie where he was going, watching his sisters' pale soft hands turning the globe he had made out of wire and paper carefully cut and glued. Making it had been a way of passing the difficult hours of the last days before he boarded his ship. His Majesty's Marines promised a life of some sort, but waiting to start that life was an awkward time of hope and apprehension mixed, suspended between one existence and another.

‘The same latitude, more or less,’ he said. ‘See Boston here? But quite a different longitude, of course.’

Bessie was too young even to pretend to follow, did not, in any case, have that kind of mind. At eleven, Anne wanted to think it through.

‘So it will be a different time? When we are having dinner, you will be eating breakfast. If you could travel quickly enough you might have two breakfasts and two dinners!’

He put his arm around her and hugged her. He would miss his clever sister. She was the one person in the world with whom he had never needed to pretend to be someone else.



He was issued with the uniform, the white breeches, the red jacket with the braid and the regimental brass buttons. They gave him a musket and taught him how to load the powder and lead ball into the muzzle, ram the wadding down tight against them, pour powder into the pan to prime the charge.

It was an ingenious machine, its smooth metal parts operating by satisfying logic. The trigger caused the flint to fall, the falling flint made a spark against the striker plate, the spark caused the powder in the pan to explode and set off the charge behind the ball, propelling it along the barrel. It was as pleasing in its sequence as a sextant whose mirrors and slots told you where the sun was in the sky.

In due course he got his commission as second lieutenant and was assigned to His Majesty's ship of the line *Resolution*. As he sat in the tender watching the ship grow larger he determined that this would be a fresh start. No one knew him here: Daniel Rooke, so clever he was stupid. Along with the new red coat and the musket on its strap over his shoulder, he could put on a brand-new self.

By chance his hammock in the bowels of *Resolution* hung next to that of a man who could not have been more different from himself.

Talbot Silk was small and quick of make, his narrow face and overly thin mouth far from handsome but transformed by an eager liveliness that was hard to resist.

'Now Rooke,' he said that first afternoon, when the quartermaster had showed them their hammocks and left them to it. 'There's a good fellow, I beg you to tell me straight, are you a snorer? Because if you are, we will have to come to an arrangement.'

'Why no,' Rooke began, 'that is, I do not know, how can I know? I, well, that is, you will have to tell me whether I am or not.'

Silk gave him a wry look, had already summed up his neighbour and forgiven him.

'By Jove, Rooke, I can see that you and I will get on famously. I will stay awake tonight on purpose and let you know in the morning. Now come with me, I happen to know that there are

not enough dumplings to go around tonight, so let us be Johnny-on-the-spot, eh?’

Silk was disliked by no one: he was cordial, amusing and easy, always in the right place with just the right words. It was rumoured, among the more malicious of his fellow officers, that his father was a dancing master. It was true that he was light on his feet in a conversation. He could amuse others with a droll quirk of the eyebrow and a dry tone of voice, was a storyteller who could turn the most commonplace event into something entertaining.

Silk’s charm had already taken him far: only two years older than Rooke, but already first lieutenant, and with his lively eyes on the next prize. War was no more than an opportunity on the way to the creation of Captain Silk.

With Silk beside him as a model of how it was done, Rooke worked at inventing an acceptable version of himself for use in the rough camaraderie of the officers’ mess. He learned how to exchange a banality or two. He steeled himself to return the gaze of others. Watching the games of cup-and-walnut that the lieutenants played on the mess table, he could see that winning was simply a matter of becoming deaf to the patter, and thought he would like to take a turn, but was too shy.

The new Daniel Rooke was not entirely unlike the old one. He was still a quiet fellow who liked to hang back in the shadows, and forgot himself so far one night as to accept the challenge of multiplying 759 by 453 in his head. At the Academy that would

have opened him to mockery, but on board *Resolution* it seemed nothing worse than remarkable.

He supposed that in the little world of a ship, such a talent made him useful to know. A man standing beside a clever duffer might enjoy some reflected glory from his gifts.

At dinner in the mess, Rooke could laugh along with everyone else at Silk's description of what the bosun had said when he dropped the double block on his foot. He could turn to his neighbour and share the joke, just another lieutenant enjoying himself. After dinner he could raise his glass with all the others and join them in shouting the favourite toast of junior officers hopeful of advancement: *to war and a sickly season!*



Resolution blockaded Boston Harbour and did the Atlantic run with supplies to His Majesty's forces in the colony, but for Rooke's first year aboard her she was not involved in the fighting. War was a leisurely thing, in which a young man who knew how to reckon the position of the ship by the lunar distance method and had a copy of the *Almanac* inscribed by the Astronomer Royal was useful on the quarterdeck.

Rooke supposed he should have known that a ship was a floating observatory, but it came as an unexpected gift. Not quite an astronomer, but at least a navigator, he spent his days steadying the sextant and then in the large quiet light of the

Great Cabin working through the arithmetic of longitude and latitude. On board *Resolution* his talents seemed at last to have found a home.

When the ship put into Antigua, in the Leeward Islands, for supplies, Silk was full of a scheme. Someone had told him about a certain house, at the end of a certain laneway up the hill behind English Harbour, where a group of red-blooded young British officers would be made welcome.

‘Yes, you too!’ he insisted. ‘Think of it as part of your education if you must, Rooke, at least as important as trigonometry or Greek!’

Rooke did not take much convincing. He was glad to have an opportunity to make certain discoveries one could guess at from the shapes of one’s sisters and their friends, but which he knew would never be learned except from experience.

Once ashore, Silk led the straggle of junior officers as confidently as if he had visited English Harbour and its delights a hundred times. He strode along the quay, turned left at a house with brilliant geraniums dripping red down its white wall, and went on into the heart of the town.

Everywhere Rooke saw the black faces of the slaves that Lancelot Percival had spoken of. He saw women in a muddy yard, doubled over tubs scrubbing away at laundry, shouting to each other above the splashing. He paused to listen, hearing a language like nothing he had ever heard before: not Latin, not Greek, not French, none of the languages he had studied at the

Academy, sounds as opaque to his understanding as if he were a baby. He took a few steps into the yard to hear better, but Silk shouted to him to *come along Mr Rooke, come along now, we are not here to wash our underlinen!*

As they walked through the streets he saw slaves harnessed into carts, hauling the firewood and water of the garrison. On the edge of town black men and women swayed along with huge bundles of cane or baskets full of pineapples balanced on their heads. In the fields others crouched over the squares where they planted the cane, their skin gleaming with sweat.

Even when they passed close by on the narrow streets, Rooke noticed that the slaves never looked him in the face. It must be a thing they were taught: never to look a white man in the face. Their own features were exotic, powerful, as if carved from a stronger medium than the insipid putty of English faces.

But he was shy to look too hard.

Seeing for himself a system in which a man could be bought and owned, as one might buy a horse or a gold watch, Rooke found that Lancelot Percival's abstractions about the collapse of the British Empire did not convince. The slaves were utterly strange, their lives unimaginable, but they walked and spoke, just as he did himself. That speech he had heard was made up of no sounds he could give meaning to, but it was language and joined one human to another, just as his own did.

He still did not know how to rebut Lancelot Percival's logic concerning the collapse of the British Empire, but now that he

had seen the slaves he knew this: they were not the same as a horse or a gold watch.

Silk strode on, up the hill behind the port, along a narrow laneway into a hamlet of rough dwellings where hens pecked and lame dogs barked at the men in their red coats. At the end of the last stony alley, he knew which door to knock at.

The woman Rooke was given—large, handsome, brown-skinned, red-lipped—watched as he bashfully lowered his breeches. He never forgot her face, shrewd and amused, as she exclaimed, ‘Bless you, boy, you are hung like a damned horse!’

Newton’s calculus, the lunar distance method of determining longitude, and this other business: it was a private reassurance that he was a natural at least at a few things.

Life in His Majesty’s service unspooled itself day by day in a manner he saw no reason to think would ever end. The service gave a shape to his life, allowed him to play with the brass machines and the numbers, even offered him the nearest thing to comrades that he was ever likely to have. When he thought back to the boy counting his pebbles on the beach under the Round Tower, he realised that, contrary to all his expectations, he had found a life.