

Clive:

Clive's wife a 'shop-untill-you-drop' woman. A huge expenditure that was nearly killing her. She was working, certainly, but the household ~~was~~ wasn't benefiting from two incomes. It was like she was the old-fashioned breadwinner and she was staying at home. As a Sufi trying to understand. She said she couldn't stop herself, it was the way things to do in life. I have my brain like that. The bedroom was an extraordinary antique picture, dance walls, the kids and the dog were housed, but do you know something Gene had a table there, it's like it's full of Buddha and icons but it mostly came from France at the time of Louis the Fifteenth. So I can't really say anything. If I do it kills the anger. If she isn't angry she's OK so I'm getting whiny and pussyfooting Gene. Don't to sustain the peace. Let's bow - I think they even shot Dale started. She's my daughter Gene. I know it and Money (Marsh) know it. She couldn't stand to be in bed with V she V were first living together, she had to go on with the old thing because it was like feeling of her. She had to get used to the new family, which was J, but it took time. A kind of overlapping device) Gene understood, and this device Clive took is called a 'line' or smile. I don't think Dale's getting the right life. V has to understand me. It isn't again V, I know you're a good man but I don't think V is exercise the right kind of firm guidance Dale needs and which

(2)  
I know she needs because I need it and she's my flesh  
and blood. Gene: 'She doesn't see to know this. In-  
fact of course somewhat of a reversal - in her! 'Because!'  
The dad!' 'Do dad do that?' Clive was clearly hurt  
by her remark, that he regretted, and simply looked confused.  
'I'll have to reckon up the cost, Clive,' he said.  
'The effects - I do at this point in her life. I'm creating  
a terrible storm for her. I said she loves her mother &  
dad and her mother and dad are Mark and me. She then  
goes on to say she is. And that's how it's going to stay,  
in her sake' ~~(if a bastard, he might hold himself)~~ (y =  
bastard, he might), as Clive looked at her of course).