

*They don't have to tell me about this human condition: I'm in it. They don't have to tell me what life's about, because I know already, and it's about hardness. Hardness and being on my own, quite on my own. You understand that much right from the beginning, from the first time the pavement comes up and hits you, from the first time you look round for someone you expected to be there and they aren't. Oh, I know you can get close to people, but that's not the same. In the end you're just on your own.*

*But that's not the point. The point is that you have to go on living in it, life, and not only just put up with it, either, but let it see that it doesn't matter to you. That you're going to go on living however many times things come up and knock you flat, however many people aren't there when you expected them to be.*

*So they don't have to tell me about it: I'm in it, right in it. You just have to go on.*