

Task for *It's Raining in Mango*

Extracts from *It's Raining in Mango*

Extract from “Committing Sideways”

Connie put her pen down with a crack on the table top.

This is crazy, she thought. How could she send Will a letter like this? She tore the pages off the pad and crumpled them as she went out to the phone. Even there, hand raised to dial, she was confronted by absurdity. The whole house creaked with Harry's presence and absence, a presence that made her want to ask him what she should do. Standing at the doorway to her aunt's room she began to protest, “Listen!” but the grieving wafer beneath ruffled sheets was asleep at last and not even the throbbing summer heat disturbed her. (p. 130)

Extract from “Old Man in a Dry Month”

She gazed about a room that held most of their childhood. Rocklike it had resisted all attempts to change its character – coats of paint, windows cut wide, walls knocked out. Nothing altered its substance. She could hear the sawdust of decades raining insidiously from every ceiling. A stubborn house clutching its essence from the moment Uncle Harry had built it. Too many loved objects still usable, still beautiful, obliterated the disposable tawdry of the decade's plastic rubbish. (p. 226)

Extract from “Source Material”

Reever keeps swimming through malt but listening. Malloy's right. Everything has changed. Charco, Mango, Swiper's. There's a smell of hot wallet when once it was the thing, yes, the very thing, to make nonworking an art form. The towns are packed with perma-press tourists and joy-spots have broken out like a rash. They're selling the tourists beads and mirrors as if they were the natives, with an admixture of twentieth century technology in the form of malfunctioning ballpoints or shrinkable sweatshirts inscribed “Mango” or “Reeftown” or “Charco” on their spurious surfaces. (p. 239)