

Father had a slow sort of mind. On Sunday afternoons, the only time when he really took things easy, he'd settle down by the parlour fireplace to have what he called 'a good read' at the Sunday paper. Father would talk in a ruminative way about the stuff he'd been reading, the fires and shipwrecks and scandals in high society, and these new flying machines. Father was always a bit sceptical of the new flying machines, otherwise he believed everything he read.

By four, Mother had generally finished the housework, and between four and six she used to have a quiet cup of tea and 'read her paper', as she called it. As a matter of fact she didn't often read the newspaper except on Sundays. The week-day papers only had the day's news, and it was only occasionally that there was a murder. But the editors of the Sunday papers had grasped that people don't really mind whether their murders are up-to-date, and when there was no new murder on hand they'd hash up an old one. I think Mother thought of the world outside Lower Binfield chiefly as a place where murders were committed. Murders had a terrible fascination for her, because, as she often said, she just didn't know how people could *be* so wicked.

George Orwell