



*y Oxford house has a self-contained*

*apartment at the front, in which I habitually install a series of graduate students, mostly women, whose only rent is an agreement to keep the rooms aired and the car's battery charged, to pick me up at the train station if I ring, and to tell the neighbours nothing about me. The resident that year was a small, wide girl with adenoids and a brilliant medical mind, who greeted our 6:00 am arrival in a startling pink dressing gown, a cup of tea in one hand and the current copy of *Lancet* in the other.*

*I greeted her, and asked if she was aware of any stray Americans asking about me, or if she had received any odd telephone calls. "No calls, no questions," she said.*

*"Shall I bring a bottle of milk through to your kitchen?"*

*I thanked her for her thoughtfulness, blessed her for her preoccupation, and left luggage and husband in the house while I drove the Mercedes over to the train station for retrieval.*

*We were safe. I thought.*

