

## EXTRACT: NICOLA SINGH

What we see is almost cinematic. A woman of colour standing in a doorway, holding up a click-framed picture of a frog. She is looking at two people having sex. One laid on top of the other. Both heads turned to meet her gaze. She's about to step into some sort of limelight, but not the crippling kind. I don't think it will freeze. I think it will galvanise. It will tend more towards fight or flight.

*And so, she has started to run?*

Yes. She's doing circuits around an emotional revolving door, with everyone who has known her since she was born. Pushing her weight against the hinges. Endlessly.

*What makes it stop?*

Her own happiness. She's come to see it as a calm between storms, a hiatus before the next great cataclysm in her life: the next terminal decline, the next unavoidable suicide, the next inevitable betrayal, the next random and malignant act of an apparently brutal deity. She sees each of these joyful or vicious or contrary actions as merely moments continually passing. A wind that will blow her down then move away, then blow her down again. A storm is always coming, always leaving; building on the horizon just as it blows itself out. But gently, gently.

*It sounds so sad.*