

SLAM!

*Excerpt from Chapter 'The Final'*

Tom McAver's eyes were wet with tears of joy. When he'd come off stage he'd been mobbed by his supporters. They'd led him back to his table. There sat George, with Janet next to him. As Tom approached, George stood up, opening his arms wide. Father and son hugged – for the first time ever. George and Tom talked and talked during the intermission. Janet sat and listened and Pete got in the beers and chatted–up Irene.

'I've been meaning to tell you dad... I've found someone... We're living together.'

Good son. I'm glad. It's great. What's her name? Is she good to you?'

'It's a he dad and yes he is. Very good. You must meet him.'

'I'd like that son. Very much. I'm glad you're happy.'

And Tom sat there, and he *was* glad, and he was feeling happy. Happy. Somehow his life made sense. He had a feeling of belonging the like of which he had never known. He didn't want to kill himself with heroin, he didn't want to reek revenge on incompetent doctors. He wanted to be with his son, and Janet and Pete and perform poetry.