

**BU21 (IZZY)**

**Stuart Slade**

IZZY:

So Mum's funeral went off better than expected.

My sister's in events management, so, you know - professional touches - I don't want to call it slick, because it was a - but it was, you know - well executed.

It was Mortlake, you know, Crematorium. Horrible 1950s building, looks like a telephone exchange.

It's next to a recycling centre. Which I suppose is some kind of sick town planners' joke.

Dicks.

There's the most amazing rose-garden thing at the back - and there was this old gardener there, like he'd been there for like a hundred years, and I was going to ask him how on earth they did so well with them - but then I looked at the earth and kind of realised - ah - human ashes.

Nice.

And during the service the priest, who didn't know her at all, was busy making my mother into this heroic, saintly, you know - based on the scant biographical details provided by my sister in a bullet-pointed email the day before - and I saw it there, the coffin, and it seemed like some kind of ridiculous joke. Her broken body, just there. My mum.

And what made it so very raw was that - the plane engine had bounced down the King's Road and it'd killed only her. There'd been dozens of other people on that street. But it'd killed only her.

Like God was out to get her.

Or was just really shit at bowling, I suppose.

You know, it's not like I'd have wanted more people to be killed by it, obviously, but the fact it was just her - it made me angry with the priest, and what he stood for.

Like God should have prevented it from happening - not that I even believe in God -