**The Card**

**Put the sentences in the correct order:**
**A**.)  It's funny, I learn a lot from my sister, mainly *don't do drugs*, which I should have written in capital letters instead of italics, but never mind, the thing is, when she's not high or shaking ‘cos she needs some stuff, she's really smart and, truth be told, she's the core of our family, the strength, believe it or not. Honest, she keeps us together. There's me, fifteen years old, bright, got a future, they tell me, though I haven't and I'll tell you about that later, and then there's my mam, as honest as, and working, and sensible (though not in her choice of boyfriends or anything) and all that stuff. And then there's Laura. Nineteen, and a junkie, but she holds the family together. Cos mam's a flake and useless, and I, basically, am at a loose end; financially, educationally, socially, morally… I won't go on.

**B**.)Three hours later and she's washing up. The dutiful daughter. She looked up a little, thought about my question for a second or two. Then she said, ‘I love him. Still.'
     ‘Well I hate him. What was he like, though?'
     And she said, ‘Stern.'
     ‘Stern, huh?'

**C**.)  ‘I don't mean strict; more like *serious*. Like you, a bit, but smarter, taller and better looking.' Then she laughed and slapped me across the arm, ‘Dry the dishes,' she said.

**D**.)The only thing I ever got off my old man was a birthday card when I was ten. He'd gone off when I was three and left me and mam and my sister to fend for ourselves. Mam never talks about him but my sister remembers him.
     ‘What was dad like?' I ask.

**E**.) She looks at me through dark, sleepy eyes, pushes her hair back from her eyes. Her arms are scabbed like she's been shinning up a rusty drainpipe and accidentally slid back down and scraped herself. ‘Whu?' -----‘I said, what was dad like?'

**F**.)And on the front of the card was a picture, a cartoon, of a little boy wearing a hardhat and driving a tractor. But I mean, how would he *know* I'd grown? To be honest, I was surprised he knew where I was, we moved so often.

**G**.)   She smiles at me, and I suss that she's still trippin' and I should ask her later when she's straight.

**H**.)I'd studied this card on more than one occasion, trying to work out some depth to what he was telling me. ‘Laura, what was dad like?'

**I**.) Anyhow, the only thing I ever got from him was a birthday card when I was ten. It said Happy Birthday Mickey! And then there was a verse inside the card that went:

*Now you're ten, and how you've grown
     It really won't be long
     ‘Til you're a man, and fully grown
     With arms both big and strong.*

**J**.)But the killer was, at the bottom of the card, below the rhyme, he'd added:

*Remember, no one's got your back
     XX. Dad.*