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| a) | winter months living in my dad’s storage unit. I |
| b) | shaking the structure of the room. |
| c) | my father’s old couch in a sleeping bag and read from a box of books |
| d) | He juddered so much, the crumples in the white sheet |
| e) | As a nineteen-year-old, I had spent a couple of |
| f) | had with me all my worldly belongings: one suitcase full of clothes, |
| g) | from the depths of his chest. |
| h) | by the light of our old living room lamp during the cold nights. |
| i) | beneath him appeared to stretch right onto the walls, |
| j) | As Gregory Morgan floated up into consciousness, |
| k) | a turntable and speakers, three boxes of records. I slept on |
| l) | a huge, racking cough took hold of him, winched up |