THE KINDNESS OF ENEMIES
Leila Aboulela was born in Cairo and grew up in Khartoum. All three of her previous novels, *The Translator*, *Minaret* and *Lyrics Alley*, were longlisted for the Orange Prize. *Lyrics Alley* won Novel of the Year at the Scottish Book Awards and was shortlisted for the Commonwealth Writers’ Prize. Her short story ‘The Museum’, from her collection *Coloured Lights*, won the Caine Prize. She lives in Aberdeen.

*Also by Leila Aboulela*

Lyrics Alley
Minaret
Coloured Lights
The Translator
THE KINDNESS OF ENEMIES

Leila Aboulela
For my brother, Khalid Aboulela
‘...we have to grope our way through so much filth and rubbish in order to reach home! And we have no one to show us the way. Homesickness is our only guide.’

*Steppenwolf*, Herman Hesse

‘That the soul should be open to the Divine Light, even with so small an opening as to allow only a glimmer to pass through, was enough to satisfy the utmost aspirations and capabilities of the vast majority for the rest of their life on earth. It remained for them to treasure what they had gained and to consolidate it...’

*A Sufi Saint of the Twentieth Century*, Martin Lings
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I

Scimitar and Son
1. Scotland, December 2010

Allah was inscribed on the blade in gold. Malak read the Arabic aloud to me. She looked more substantial than my first impression; an ancient orator, a mystic in shawls that rustled. The sword felt heavy in my hand; iron-steel, its smooth hilt of animal horn. I had not imagined it would be beautiful. But there was artistry in the vegetal decorations and Ottoman skill from the blade’s smooth curve down to its deadly tip. A cartouche I could not make out. I put my thumb on the crossbar – long ago Imam Shamil’s hand had gripped this. Malak said the sword had been in her family for generations. ‘If I ever become penniless, I will show it to the Antiques Roadshow,’ she laughed, and offered me tea. It was still snowing outside, the roads were likely to become blocked, but I wanted to stay longer, I wanted to know more. I put the sword back into its scabbard. With care, almost with respect, she mounted it on the wall again.

I followed her to the kitchen. It felt unusual to walk in my socks through a stranger’s house. Malak had asked me to take off my boots at the door and she herself was wearing light leather slip-ons. The house suited her with its rugs of burgundy and browns, cushions for what must be a seating area on the floor and more Islamic calligraphy on the walls. One tapestry took up the whole side of the sitting room, its large rugged words stitched in green. It looked like a banner carried by a charging horseman. Whatever these letters symbolised was the reason men left the comforts of their homes for the collision of the battlefield. Or was that too idealised an interpretation? My childhood memory of the Arabic alphabet had become hazy and the letters were not easy to distinguish. Malak
might read the words out to me. Remarkable that a successful actor
would choose to move to such an isolated farmhouse. Even the
nearest town, Brechin, was miles away. And this home did not
look like a bolthole, an excuse to visit her student son now and
again. It looked settled, lived in. Malak Raja had turned her back
on London, carried her furniture and family heirlooms north. ‘I
brought the scimitar by train,’ she said, scooping tea leaves. ‘I knew
I wouldn’t be able to get it past security at Heathrow.’

I took my notebook out and laid it open on the kitchen table. I
thought she would be used to media interviews. But I had looked
her up on Google and, surprisingly, there were none. Only a list of
her roles and a brief description: *Born in Baghdad of Persian and
Russian ancestry… has a diverse range of accents… trained at the
Bristol Old Vic Theatre School.* Her roles were too minor to merit
interviews. Perhaps the female equivalent of Yul Brynner or Ben
Kingsley was doomed not to fare as well. Malak Raja had been one
of Macbeth’s witches on stage; she was an auntie in *Bombay Barista,*
a mother in the BBC’s new *Conan the Barbarian.* Recently she had
played the wife of a beleaguered Iranian ambassador in *Spooks* and
the voice of a viper in a Disney cartoon. Later when we became
friends she told me that being a viper was lucrative.

Now at her kitchen table, instead of listening to my questions, she
asked me about myself. The tea smelled of cinnamon and threat-
ened a memory. She knew only what her son had told her. ‘And
you know what boys are like,’ she twisted her bangles. ‘They never
tell their mothers everything.’ She called him Ossie. His friends
and teachers called him Oz. We were all eager to avoid his true
name, Osama.

I too had an unfortunate name; my surname. One that I nagged
my mother and stepfather to change. It was good that I did that;
had I waited for marriage, I would have waited in vain. ‘Imagine,’
I said, ‘arriving in London in the summer of 1990, fourteen years
old, just as Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait. Imagine an unfamiliar
school, a teacher saying to the class, “We have a new student from
Sudan. Her name is Natasha Hussein.’ From the safe distance of the future, I joined my classmates in laughing out loud.

Malak grunted with sympathy. ‘Oh they must have had a field day with you!’ Behind her, through the window, the snow was falling, grey and continuous like static on a television screen.

I felt a slight drop of fatigue. I had been tense these past few days preparing for yesterday’s talk. The previous night I had hardly slept, post-presentation euphoria and that unexpected new thread. I had started with ‘Thank you for coming out in this freezing weather.’ For a Monday at 8 p.m., it was a good turnout, boosted by the History Society’s new introduction of refreshments. There was also a decent showing from the Muslim Society, drawn no doubt by the title, ‘Jihad as Resistance – Russian Imperial Expansion and Insurrection in the Caucasus’. When they realised that my focus was Imam Shamil’s leadership from 1830 to 1859 rather than the present, they seemed a little restless. Sensitive to their attention span, I finished ten minutes earlier than planned. The Q&A session started with predictable questions from my colleagues that reflected their own research interests. Then a young girl in hijab asked, ‘Are you a Muslim?’ It was easy to dismiss the query as irrelevant, even silly. I laughed and that made her face flush with embarrassment. She was sitting next to Oz and I got the impression that they had come together. He was one of my brightest students, the one who asked the good questions in class, the one I found myself preparing my lectures for, pointing out an extra reference to, making that little bit more of an effort. Like turning back to the mirror to dab on another bit of make-up before an important meeting.

Oz disappointed me at the Q&A session by not saying anything. Perhaps I even turned to him when the laughter died, expecting at least a response. But he just looked past me, out of the window, at the first flakes of snow. After the talk, as I was putting my laptop away, he came up to me and said that his mother’s descendants were from the Caucasus and that she could tell me more. ‘Call her,’ he said, his hands in the back of his jeans, his trouser legs tucked into big white trainers. ‘She can tell you more, personal stuff too.’
He took out his mobile phone. ‘Here’s her number, she won’t mind at all. Come over and see our sword. A real one that was used for jihad, I’m not kidding!’

When I called Malak the following morning and she said, ‘Come now if you like,’ I jumped in the car and drove all the way with my windscreen wipers flapping away at the falling snow. I was on a high when I held the sword, knowing that it was a privilege, hoping for a breakthrough. No, I was not here to talk about myself. She had lured me this far like a fortune teller. I was usually restrained, keeping back the shards and useless memories. I had worked too hard to fit in. To be here and now. That’s how I wanted to appear – topical, relevant, and despite my research interest, inhabiting the present. And now the mention of my father’s name stalled me, I teetered on the brink of the usual revulsion. If I had been Dr Hussein, the girl wouldn't have asked me if I were Muslim. And yet still I would have had to explain the non-Muslim Natasha. Better like this, not even Muslim by name.

Many Muslims in Britain wished that no one knew they were Muslim. They would change their names if they could and dissolve into the mainstream, for it was not enough for them to openly condemn 9/11 and 7/7, not enough to walk against the wall, to raise a glass of champagne, to eat in the light of Ramadan and never step into a mosque or say the shahada or touch the Qur’an. All this was not enough, though most people were too polite to say it. All these actions somehow fell short of the complete irrevocable dissolution that was required. Yet children pick up vibes, they know more than they can express, they feel and understand before learning the words for a particular emotion or idea. Many of the young Muslims I taught throughout the years couldn’t wait to bury their dark, badly dressed immigrant parents who never understood what was happening around them or even took an interest, who walked down high streets as if they were still in a village, who obsessed about halal meat and arranged marriages and were so impractical, so arrogant as to imagine that their children would stay loyal. Instead their children grew up as chameleons, not only shifting their
colours at will, but able to focus on two opposing goals at the same
time. They grew up reptiles plotting to silence their parents’ voices,
to muffle their poor accents, their miseries, their shuffling feet,
their lives of toil and bafflement, their dated ideas of the British
Empire, their gratitude because they remembered all too clearly the
dead-ends they had left behind.

I was actually one of the lucky ones. I was one of the ones who
saw the signs early on in the tricksy ways of schoolchildren, in
the way my mother, snow-white as she was, was disliked for being
Russian. I saw the writing on the wall and I was not too proud to
take a short-cut to the exit.

Oz brought in a flurry of snow with him. He stood stamping his
wellies, taking off his scarf and gloves. Melting snow gleamed on
his hair and I could tell that his lips were numb. The news of the
snowstorm was not reassuring. ‘Some of the trains are cancelled; I
had to change twice. Here, Malak, I got you the vitamins you asked
for.’ He used her first name as if he was indulging her. He seemed
more grown-up in her presence. Perhaps his role was to be the
steady responsible son so that she could be the ditzy artistic parent.
Yet I had seen in him too the inclination for theatre. Oz liked to
make his classmates laugh at his impersonations of politicians. He
once had me laughing out loud when he used a clothes hanger and
did Abu Hamza, the hook-handed cleric. Shaking the snow off his
coat, he hung it behind the door. ‘When I got out of the station the
bus wasn’t there and all the taxis were taken. The roads are pretty
bad. I walked because it was quicker than hanging around waiting
for the bus.’

‘Poor Ossie,’ drawled Malak without much sympathy. This was a
sharper side of her, a glimpse of the mother who had handed him
calmly to babysitters, tucked him into boarding school during a
messy divorce, gazed past him as if he never existed while she was
practising for a new role. I guessed he was not a child who was
encouraged to complain, a child who learnt to search for comfort
away from her.
He turned to me. ‘Did you see the sword? It belonged to Imam Shamil.’

‘We can’t be a hundred per cent sure.’ Malak ran her finger through her hair. ‘It could have belonged to someone else.’

‘You haven’t told her yet, have you?’ He was excited or just flushed from his walk in the cold. He drew out a chair but didn’t sit down. He looked straight into my eyes and later, I would remember that focused look, the youthful energy in the voice. ‘Imam Shamil is my . . . is our, a quick glance at his mother to include her, ‘great, great, great – not exactly sure how many greats I should say – grandfather! We are descended through his son, Ghazi.’

My delight was muted by my mobile which, now on silent, buzzed again. It was Tony, who since my mother’s death has been plaguing me with his sadness. Every other evening tears and long-winded confessions of guilt – he had not looked after her enough, he had not urged her to see a specialist soon enough. It was earlier than usual for him; on most days he only started to unravel after six. I rejected his call. I would not act as his grief counsellor today.

I said to Malak, ‘Did you know that Queen Victoria supported Imam Shamil? His picture was on the front page of the London Times with a call for the English to be,’ I made quotation marks with my fingers, ‘“the generous defenders of liberty against the brutal forces of the Russian Empire.”’

Malak made a face at her son. ‘Queen Victoria championed a jihad.’

Oz sat down. ‘Don’t be naive, Malak. If Russia took over the Caucasus, it would have threatened India. Besides, the word “jihad” then didn’t have the same connotation it has now.’

‘Ever since 9/11, jihad has become synonymous with terrorism,’ she said. ‘I blame the Wahabis and Salafists for this. Jihad is an internal and spiritual struggle.’

‘But this is not entirely true. If someone hits us, we need to hit back.’

‘It’s better to forgive.’

‘No it’s not. Limiting jihad to an internal struggle has become a
bandwagon for every pacifist Muslim to climb on. You Sufis . . . ’ he wagged his finger at his mother.

‘Am I a Sufi? Do you see me as such? Then you are doing me a great honour.’

‘You’re a wannabe, Malak. Besides, what choice do you have? Actresses aren’t exactly welcome in mosques.’ He gave a little laugh but I could tell that he was having a dig at his mother.

‘I couldn’t care less what conservative Muslims think of me, but a wannabe Sufi? Really!’ she looked at me and rolled her eyes. I smiled.

‘Yes, of course, with your chants and spiritual retreats,’ he continued. ‘Plus you’re interrupting. I was saying that you Sufis play down your historical role in jihad. Most fighters against European Imperialism were Sufis. And Imam Shamil is a prime example. He was the head of a Sufi order.’

This was not new to me. But this stress on Sufism was not an angle I had previously considered to be important. I needed to reconsider. Shamil’s Sufism might well be what I needed to refine my research direction.

Malak replied, ‘Every fight Shamil fought was on the defence. He was protecting his villages against Russian attack. And surrender to the Russians would have meant the end of their traditional way of life, the end of Islam in Dagestan. The Russians were so brutal they often didn’t take prisoners of war. By comparison Shamil’s generals were scholarly and disciplined. This type of jihad is different from the horrible crimes of al-Qaeda.’

‘I agree, but still it was guerrilla warfare . . . ’ reiterated her son.

‘No it wasn’t.’

He grinned. ‘Malak, you think guerrilla warfare is what you see in the movies! Shamil understood that he couldn’t pitch a direct battle against the tsar’s large and well-equipped army so he lured sections of them up the mountains. He tricked them into dividing and then launched attacks at them.’

‘Well, that is a clever thing to do.’

‘That cleverness is guerrilla tactics.’
But Malak wasn’t going to be shaken. ‘Listen Oz, the door of jihad is closed. Jihad needs an imam and there is no imam now. Jihad is for upholding the values of Allah; it’s not for scoring political points, it’s not for land, it’s not for rights, it’s not for autonomy.’

‘It’s for getting us power over our enemies. Jihad is not something we should be ashamed of.’

‘What we are ashamed of is what is done in its name. Not every Muslim war is a jihad. Not suicide bombers or attacking civilians.’

I said, ‘The mufti of Bosnia said that Muslims shouldn’t use the word “jihad” and Christians shouldn’t use the word “crusade”.’

‘See,’ said Malak with a sharp look at her son.

‘Well, I shall use it,’ Oz glared back at her. He sounded bitter. ‘If Shamil were here today he wouldn’t have sat back and let Muslim countries be invaded. He wouldn’t have given up on Palestine and he wouldn’t have accepted the two-faced wimps we have as leaders.’

His voice was unnecessarily loud. The slight tension that followed made me conscious of the time. ‘I really should be going. If the snow is going to get worse, then I might make it if I leave now.’ I stood up, but not without reluctance.

And it was perhaps because of this desire to stay that I succumbed to the following sequence of events. Their drive was thick with snow and I was unable to get my car to the main road. Phone calls to local cab companies elicited the same response – they were unwilling to venture that far out into the countryside on a night like this. Around nine in the evening, I accepted Malak’s repeated invitation to stay the night. It seemed the sensible thing to do.

I ended up staying with them not one but two nights. Two days of the brightest sunshine and a record-breaking amount of snow. The university was closed and lectures cancelled; the schools and airports were also closed. It was unprecedented and for me, welcome. Briefly my normal life was suspended and I inhabited days that were elongated and crystallised; an unplanned break, a suspension of all that was routine and orderly. It would not be accurate to say that I fell in love. But I was captivated by the combination of Oz, Malak and their isolated sandstone house. I did not feel that I
could outgrow them, that our conversations would go stale or that I would tire of their company. Perhaps it was because I started to search for traces of Shamil in them. Or it could have been the awareness that we were under siege, randomly brought together, an unexpected gift of freshness, more hospitality than I had bargained for when I drove out here, certainly more hours in the proximity of Shamil's sword and Arabic calligraphy.

But to go back to the first morning and my breakfast with Oz. Malak was busy with an exercise routine that turned out to be long and elaborate – an hour on the treadmill, forty minutes weight-training and a further hour split between Pilates and yoga. She also, Oz told me, had protein shakes for breakfast. He said this with a mix of wonder and disapproval. It struck me that this was what I would miss out on if I never had children – not only the baby stage, the pushchair, the school runs – but a young adult assessing me, poking me with their own personal rubric. We sat in the kitchen with stacks of toast and tea. There was honey to put on the toast; it came in a fancy jar with a London label. I had to search the cupboards high and low for a teabag that was not spiced, not decaffeinated and not organic. Oz spread peanut butter on his toast. Last night he had lent me some clothes because Malak was petite and nothing she wore could have fitted me. So now we were wearing the same GAP sweatshirts, mine grey and his green; and almost identical chequered pyjama trousers. It still felt odd to walk around in socks but it was a rule of the house. They did not want shoes indoors.

‘You know,’ he said, ‘I was going to drop out of uni.’

I was taken aback. ‘But your grades are good.’

‘It’s nothing to do with grades. Besides, I only bother to show up for your classes.’

‘Well I’m flattered, but what’s the problem? Aren’t you happy with your choice of subjects? There’s more flexibility nowadays in the kind of degree you can take. Have a chat with your tutor.’ I should have known better than to start doling out suggestions. He seemed
slightly more withdrawn, as if his gush of confidence was stilted by my presumptions.

‘I’m reading all the time but the thing is I’m not reading the books I’m supposed to read.’

Inwardly I groaned. Another ‘independent studies’ candidate ahead of his time. ‘Well, if you get through your first degree, and it shouldn’t be a problem if you set your mind to it, then you can register for a PhD and read and research the topic of your choice.’

‘I’m already doing that.’

‘What are you working on?’ I gulped my tea. It was already cooling down.

‘I’m researching the types of weapons used in jihad. My thesis is that they reflect the technology of their time and are often the same as those used by the enemy.’

I chewed on my toast. ‘Well, that makes sense.’

‘But it violates some of the Sharia’s rules, rules which have been conveniently forgotten. Such as not using fire because it is only Allah’s prerogative to burn sinners in Hell. No human being should use fire on another human being.’

I saw charging horsemen wielding swords. They galloped towards enemy lines of cannons. One by one they were shot and they slid off their horses.

‘Would you look at what I’ve already written and give me feedback?’ he was saying.

‘Sure. Email it to me.’ I started telling Oz of a Russian film I had seen. It depicted Shamil’s battles and the camera was angled behind the cannons facing the charging highlanders.

‘Like cowboys and Indians,’ said Oz and made me laugh.

But he was not so off point. The comparison had been made before by sympathetic historians. The Caucasus represented as Russia’s wild west, Shamil the noble savage, as magnificent and inscrutable as a Native American chief.

Not shy of sounding abrupt Oz asked, ‘Why are you so interested in Shamil?’
‘From a purely secular perspective, he was one of the most successful rebels of the colonial age.’

‘Why do you have to say “from a purely secular perspective”?’

I paused, momentarily caught out. I put down my piece of toast.

‘Do you assume that I am religious and so you want to distance yourself from me?’

I did not want to distance myself from him. I shook my head.

‘You’re different from the other lecturers,’ he went on. ‘A Muslim talks to them and they put on that wide-eyed tolerant look, quick little nods and inside they’re congratulating themselves thinking, “Look at me, I’m truly broad-minded, listening to all this shit and not batting an eyelid.” Whereas you’re the opposite. You pretend that you’re sarcastic but deep down you have respect. Am I right?’

He was like his mother, wanting me to talk about myself, but I was not ready to answer his question. I concentrated on chewing toast and finishing my tea. Then to break the silence I said, ‘Here is something about me that is odd. I dream of historical figures. I’ve dreamt of Stalin and Rasputin.’

He smiled. ‘It’s because you were reading about them.’

‘But I’ve never ever dreamt of Shamil.’

‘Not everyone can dream of Imam Shamil,’ he said a little coolly.

‘Why not? Is he a prophet?’

‘No, but people like him don’t just pop up in anyone’s dreams. Only in those who’ve achieved a certain spiritual level.’

He made it sound like a video game. I decided to humour him.

‘Has Shamil ever visited you in a dream?’

He looked at me as if to test whether I was teasing him or not. I kept a straight face.

‘No,’ Oz said. ‘I have often, though, wished that I lived in his time.’

‘To fight with him?’ This was one of the leading questions. Without meaning to, I found myself asking him one of the questions the trainers suggested we put to our students. I hadn’t intended to test if Oz was ‘vulnerable to radicalisation’, but the question presented itself now, appropriate and easy.
He said, ‘What I like best about his days is the certainty. Everything was clear cut. Shamil and his people were the goodies; the Russians were the baddies. The Caucasus belonged to the Muslims, the tsar’s army were the invaders.’

So, according to the guidelines, how should his response be classified? Did he tick this particular box or not? According to the guidelines, a student was who ‘vulnerable to radicalisation’ would have symptoms of regression, a hankering for an idealised past, a misguided belief in authenticity.

In the afternoon, Malak and I went for a walk leaving Oz shovelling snow in front of the house. The shining sun was no threat to the packed snow. We sank into it with our boots and messed up its neatness, beating down a path all the way to the main road. Paths, grass and asphalt were all one and the same. I breathed in the freshest air and put my gloved hands in my pockets. My mobile phone rang and it was my stepfather again. I ignored him. Nothing must break what felt like a spell. I vowed that tomorrow morning I would wake up at dawn to milk every minute of it. Here in this setting, with these two people, sleep was a waste of time.

‘Do you ever go back to Chechnya?’ I asked Malak.

She shook her head. ‘But I have cousins there and we keep in touch. During the war I was always worrying and calling them. I tried to help them as much as I could; I still send them money.’

The name of Shamil hovered over the recent Chechen rebel wars. The militant leader Shamil Basayev was responsible for the terrorist attacks on the North Ossetia school and the Moscow theatre hostages.

As if to dispel the negative images from her mind Malak said, ‘One of the most popular films in Chechnya in the 1990s was Braveheart. Hundreds of pirated videos were sold.’

Probably young Chechen men saw themselves as the William Wallaces of the Caucasus. I smiled and we spoke a little bit about the film. It was interesting to hear her opinions, an insider’s view of the film industry that I was not familiar with.
We came across another farmhouse; a neighbour shovelling snow. Malak stopped to chat. She sounded comfortable as she swapped updates about the weather and introduced me as a house guest. I gathered that she had only met this particular neighbour once before. She was still relatively new in the area. It made me wonder at her motives for leaving London. It was a brave step to take, to live in such isolation, to start anew. Though I appreciated the peace and fresh air, this lifestyle was not for me. I needed the anonymity of the city. Here I was conscious of being African in the Scottish countryside, of the need to justify my presence.

To avoid small talk with the neighbour I stepped back and took out my mobile to answer Tony’s calls. He probably needed reassurance that I would drive up with him to Fraserburgh for Christmas with Naomi. She was his daughter from his first marriage. It was an annual tradition to fill the car with presents and spend Christmas with her and her husband. They were a generous and good-natured couple, but this year for the first time, we would be visiting without my mum. The telephone rang in the house but it was the Polish cleaner, Kornelia, who picked up. I asked her to pass on a message explaining my predicament. That was how I made it sound, an inconvenience; a tiresome pause in my usual, busy life. Sometimes a lie makes more sense than the truth. Often the truth is irrelevant.

The sun started to set, still bright through the trees. We walked back to the house and stopped when we saw what Oz was doing. He had built five snowmen so crudely that they were almost columns. None of them were taller than him. He was holding the sword in his hand, the same one I had held yesterday and imagined to be Shamil’s. His coat was open, his scarf covered his mouth and his woollen cap was low over his eyebrows. His feet were deep in the snow and with the sword he was swinging away at the snowmen. One after the other – hacking, thrusting, lopping off their unformed heads. There was no passion in his expression, only concentration, as if he was practising, as if he was trying out new tricks.

‘Are you out of your mind?’ Malak walked towards him. ‘It’s hundreds of years old, you’ll ruin it.’
I had not seen her angry before. She moved to snatch it away from him so abruptly that for a minute I was afraid she was going to get hurt. He turned to her and because only his eyes were visible, the smile in them had a mesmerising, distant quality. He hid the sword behind his back and with the other hand pulled down the scarf so as to say, ‘Malak, don’t fuss. A little bit of snow won’t hurt it.’

It disappointed me that he would lack such appreciation. I thought he would value Shamil’s sword, cherish and respect it.

‘What would the neighbours think seeing you so violent?’ Malak sounded exasperated now. If he were still a child, she would have snatched the forbidden game from him, hauled him yelling and kicking back into the house.

‘They’ll think I’m a jihadist.’ His voice was deliberately loud, deliberately provocative. Then he changed his tone so that it was theatrical, bordering on comic. ‘They’ll think we’ve set up a jihadist training camp out in the countryside, aye, that’s what they’ll ken.’ He added the accent, a thread for her to catch on.

She softened and cufféd him on the shoulder. The three of us walked towards the house laughing. We stood at the door in the blue cold dusk, stamping our feet to get rid of the snow. But the next day when the men made their way to the house, it didn’t seem funny after all. They rang the bell, they came in and they asked not for Oz and not for Ossie. They said the other name.