

# the short life and death of **my little brother** (5) false hopes

While Guy \_\_\_\_\_ his operation, I went to Brentwood in Essex to stay with friends of my parents. It meant I was playing happily with their three children as my parents were \_\_\_\_\_ told by a doctor: "He's blue. He ought to be pink. I can't understand it. I've telephoned Lord Brock. I'm going to take Guy back to the theatre and open him up again."

Two days later, with my brother on a life-support machine, my parents came to Brentwood and picked me up. At the time, they were still unaware what had \_\_\_\_\_ wrong. I cannot \_\_\_\_\_ my thoughts over the previous 48 hours, but I had \_\_\_\_\_ that all had gone well. When we left my parents' friends' house, my father sat me in the front of the car with my mother in the back. He spoke slowly and calmly, but said that the operation had not gone as it \_\_\_\_\_ have done and that Guy was still unconscious. "Does that mean still asleep?" I asked. My father said it did mean that, but my mother was \_\_\_\_\_ with the explanation and said firmly: "Unconscious does not mean asleep."

My father turned to me and said: "Andrew, Guy is probably not going to \_\_\_\_\_ better." I \_\_\_\_\_ upset, making Lord Brock, the only doctor \_\_\_\_\_ name I knew, the target of my anger. On our return to London, we all went to the hospital and my parents received an update from Sister Crump. \_\_\_\_\_ had been a small improvement in my brother's condition.

\_\_\_\_\_ my father was frightened of raising false hopes, it made no \_\_\_\_\_ . From that moment I took it for \_\_\_\_\_ , publicly at least, that Guy would make a full recovery.

**although » assumed » became » being » difference » get » gone » granted » recall » should » there » uncomfortable » underwent » whose**