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Thóg	She took the shoes from the bed. “Will I make a cup of tea for you?”
Chroith	Colm shook his head. “I have to get up,” he said. “I have urgent business with the bank.”
Glanfaidh	“I’ll clean the rooms downstairs,” said Mrs. Bradley. “I’ll clean this room when you’re gone.” She went downstairs thinking about the unfairness of life and the good she could do for the poor and sick if she had that great wealth in her own possession.
Tar éis	After Colm informed the bank about the credit cards that were stolen from him, and when he had a new checkbook and a wad of bills in his pockets again, he went to the Gardaí and gave them details about the Porsche.
De ghnáth	Usually, at this time of the day, he would go to an elegant restaurant to eat lunch. But he didn’t have any appetite now. And he was worried about his health. For a while he had been dizzy in his head and sometimes he was so sluggish that he had to drink a half bottle of champagne to get some energy.
Rith	It occurred to him that he should take Mrs. Bradley’s advice and visit the doctor. He wouldn’t have to, he thought, go to a consulting doctor. There wasn’t much bothering him. A bottle of some medicine would cure the problem. Any doctor could give him a suitable prescription.