

ADDICT FICTION

ALT GUIDE LANKA
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE ROMANS

ALEA LACTA EST

THE DIE HAS BEEN CAST

Leonard Woolf's *The Village in the Jungle*; Michael Ondaatje's *Anil's Ghost*; Punyakante Wijenaiké's *Giraya*; Yasmine Gooneratne's *The Sweet and Simple Kind*; Romesh Gunsekera's *Reef*; Carl Muller's *The Jam Fruit Tree*; Jean Arasanayagam's *All is Burning*; Michelle de Kretser's *The Hamilton Case*; Nihal De Silva's *The Road From Elephant Pass*; Ashok Ferrey's *The Ceaseless Chatter of Demons*; Roma Tearne's *Mosquito*; Shehan Karunatilaka's *The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida*.



Shyam Selvadurai's *The Hungry Ghosts*. "That is how I think of my mother in the days after my father died, seated in a plastic chair, her head tilted towards the morning sun, her waist length hair loose about her, exhausted but at peace. When my sister and I spoke to her now, she was mild and gentle, touching our faces and arms, no longer cruel and shooing us away."



Michelle de Kretser's *The Lost Dog*. "She said, 'Lovely dog.' He remembered that his wife used to refer to the dog as a chick magnet. Nelly was lighting a thin cigarette. The pungency of cloves and behind it - Tom's sense of smell was acute - a bodily aroma. The dog tilted his spotted muzzle and sniffed. Tom bent to untie his leash. 'That looks professional.' 'Just a quick-release tie.' 'A man who knows his knots. So much rarer than one who knows the ropes.' He didn't say, I was lonely growing up. He didn't say, String is cheap."



Ameena Hussein's *The Moon in the Water*, "Now as he walked through the devastation nothing prepared him for what he saw. It was worse than a war. It was obliteration of entire communities. It was hundreds and thousands left homeless, destitute, and in shock. It was a disaster of Biblical proportions."



S.J. Sindu's *Blue Skinned Gods*. "'I saw a vision,' Ayya had said after our morning meditation. I'd seen a vision, too, early with the sunrise. I'd woken up dreaming of goat blood. In the dream, I'd wrapped my hands around the neck of a month-old kid and held tight as it thrashed, then stilled. I'd pushed my hands through its skin and felt its insides. I'd smeared the gummy blood on my face, my chest, my feet, until my skin prickled and grew fur and my nails knit together into hooves. Until I was the goat."



Amanda Jayatissa's *Island Switch*. "The moon was high in the sky as I walked home from the exorcism—a luminous disk casting a ring on the clouds that surrounded it. We'd have a full moon in a few days again, and full moons were always auspicious."



Shehan Karunatilaka's *The Birth Lottery and Other Surprises*. "The room's décor also appears to be bisected by gender. One wall is ocean blue and features postcards of cars and superheroes. It faces a pink wall with pictures of ponies and Disney mice. The host children have been in bed since 8 pm and have left instructions that none of their toys be touched. This was conveyed to each maid via the host maid, a stern young European who preferred to be referred to as an au pair."

