

On Mill Hill

At the beginning of the extract, we are introduced to a more suburban part of London, a dormitory area called Mill Hill.

“Mill Hill je letovalište, - jedno od onih londonskih predgrađa koja se tamo nazivaju „prenoćišta”, - dormitory. Nastanjena su svetom koji ujutru odlazi u London, na rad, a uveče se vraća. Katkad, takvi ljudi provedu sate na železnicama.”

The writer is describing people who live there, how they are in a way forced to be kind and picture perfect, resembling a traditional English family of those times and how easy all of this came to them. Throughout the extract the writer puts constant emphasis on how ideal this is, yet how fake and untruthful it seems to an outsider.

The people are used to an everyday routine, they take their time traveling to London for work every morning and are getting back home at the end of their workday. They are mostly of impoverished class since only wealthy ones can afford to live around the center of London. They work white collar jobs which aren't paid enough and are 9-5. All the houses are built and look the same and their owners follow the exact same night routine as their neighbors. They are happy to have some fish and potatoes for dinner, it is described as quite a luxury for the people especially if it can be enjoyed alongside a cup of tea. Even though their lives are similar they don't normally talk to each other or seek company amongst other families. They are too busy with traveling to London for work and coming back home for dinner, falling fast asleep after the evening news and a national anthem is played.

Besides the people Mill Hill is also described as a picture-perfect place even though it is not nearly close to it. Postcards from the place look like a wonderful winter wonderland, the images that found their way on them are covered in snow with an elegant Englishman seated on a chariot pulled by horses. It seems magical but unfortunately unreal. In reality there isn't any snow and the year that the writer happened to talk about the weather changed again and they have gotten an awful snowstorm which makes everything look more cold, frozen and heartless. This is in contrast with the warm Christmas feeling the postcards are giving. It is most definitely a place no one would want to spend their holiday at.

The writer also makes many comparisons to people and imagery of this area to darkness and emptiness, a place where you don't look for hope as even the churches are empty.

Lastly the writer talks about how these people look at immigrants, outsiders to their fake world of kindness.

“Četiri miliona duša stanuje u Londonu, a osam u širem Londonu ali, u stvari, četrnaest miliona duša uhvaćeno je u mrežu Londona. Živi oko Londona, dolazi u London, prolazi, radi, nestaje u Londonu, a niko nikog ne zna, u tom astronomskom konglomeratu.”