



Adrian

These days, Adrian comes across as a bit distant, a self-contained adult – ‘a whippet and flat cap kind of old man’, Alex says, like an ex-Yorkshire-miner enveloped in his own world – companionable, without actually being there. Short and stocky, in another era he might have said, ‘Where’s me tea, woman?’ Adrian is the family timekeeper, as if born with a clock inside his brain. If the younger kids are going swimming, Adrian will tell them when to get ready. Give him any date and he will know the day of the week. As for James Bond, Adrian knows most of the films off by heart and, though he can’t read, he seems instinctively to know when they’re coming on TV. It’s easy to see why James Bond would be an Adrian type of hero. Bond came from nowhere. He does not have a home, a base, a mother or father, a background. Bond does not form attachments, he has only acquaintances, rather than friends. Bond is a loner, and happy to be so. Just like Adrian.





Matthew

The painting doesn't quite do him justice. The likeness is there, the open but slightly sullen look, the unsure pride of a person who's been knocked around a bit, the hint of Down's in his face, with more in his neck, a polite formality that comes from being eager to please. Artist Norman Long has captured all that, which is probably why it has already been hanging at the National Portrait Gallery in Trafalgar Square. But it's too inward for Matthew: it doesn't show his myriad moods, most of which are outward. Matthew is a doer, a talker, a performer. He calls himself 'a star', a 'one-off', 'special'. He's incapable of bearing a grudge or harbouring ill feelings. That's the extra chromosome 21: it might cause Down's but it means he will always be open, simple, kind and nice, and also innocent and naïve. Today, aged 25, Matthew is as vulnerable as he was that February day in 1984 when, as a just-adopted toddler, he sat on Alex's lounge carpet and cried and cried and cried.