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"The worst of consultation in a place like this," said he, "is that I can't look at your tongue."

I don't suppose that Dandy heard this. In any case the sun was burning down on his head. Whichever it was, a broad smile wrinkled his face and his tongue lolled out. I pointed to him.

"You can look at that," said I; "we live the same sort of lives. Nothing the matter with that, is there?"

"Well—of course—it's an obvious thing to say," he began.

"I want a change?"

"That's it. A complete change of place."

"You're wrong," said I. "I want a complete change of time. I want to go back to a hundred years ago."

"Yes," he agreed, "better still, but I can't advise you how to get there. No—look here—it's not too late. Run off to Italy for a week or two—drop down into Sicily—take your time over it—get out of the train and walk if you like—and don't go alone."

"I shouldn't," said I.

"You know of someone?"

I looked down at Dandy. Dandy looked up at me.

"But I shan't go," I said. "You haven't diagnosed the disease. You don't seem to realise the worst symptom of it all."

"What's that?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I'm an ugly devil," said I.