

## CHAPTER THREE

### WRECK ASHORE

#### ARNOLD'S DECISION RATIFIED



HILE Arnold slept, one curtain of mist was drawn, then another and another.

Suddenly one saw the Connecticut shore, hills and houses a serried line of blue, background red and gold, sun the color of a Japanese rose, sapphire Sound, an enchanted lake of ruby wine, basin bright blue crystal.

Breath of the dawn? Seabreeze? Elixir of life, rather, if anything.

Whatever it was it swept in once the curtains were drawn, and in the resulting trinity of sight, smell and sound, all things were bright and crystal clear. Not bright blue alone, but bright gold, bright white, and where the intertent evergreens on the Green Sands Hills stood out, bright green, too.

Crystal bright, of course. The end of the world was the sort of a place one wanted to go to this morning. The coats of the gulls were dazzling white, the pinions of the crows lustrous black, purple black.

When the peninsula philosopher opened his door, the gulls were circling so near the waves that the tips of their wings were rosy. A foolish young gull flaunted a very fat fish. A