

almost at random to disguise the names of your friends.

ANNERLY. You have guessed correctly. When Q and I—

GNOOF (*puzzled*). I?

ANNERLY. Yes, I. Me. Myself.

GNOOF. Of course.

ANNERLY. When Q and I first became friends he had a favourite dog which if necessary I might name Z (GNOOF *makes a note*) and which followed him in and out of X on his daily walk.

GNOOF. In and out of X!

ANNERLY. Yes. In *and* out.

GNOOF. This is really very extraordinary. That Z should have followed Q out of X, I can readily understand, but that he should first have followed him in seems to pass the bounds of comprehension.

ANNERLY (*sitting on back of table*). My dear friend, I can sympathize with you in your bewilderment, but that is not the most extraordinary part of the story. Q and Miss—(*he pauses to glance at GNOOF's notebook*)—Miss M were to be married. Everything was arranged. The wedding was to take place on the last day of the year. Exactly six months and four days before the appointed day—I remember the date because the coincidence struck me as peculiar at the time—Q came to me late in the evening in great distress. He had just had, he said, a premonition of his own death. (*Comes down R.*) That evening while sitting with Miss M on the verandah of her house he had distinctly seen a projection of the dog R pass along the road.

GNOOF. One moment. Did you not say that the dog's name was Z?

ANNERLY (*frowning*). Quite so. Z, or more correctly ZR, since Q was in the habit, perhaps from motives of affection, of calling him R as well as Z. Well then, the projection or phanogram of the dog passed in front of them so plainly that Miss M swore