

had burned out. It was almost dark. I went home.

"I had to go home. There were the children. I didn't know what else I should do, but there were things I *must* do for them. They had to be fed and bathed and dressed. Sometimes the routine of living seems stronger than anything else—unless it's death.

"The next few days I don't remember very well. In the back of my brain was an idea that, as soon as I could, I'd take the children and go away somewhere. *That* throbbed insistently. Somewhere! Suddenly it stood out, like a question—Where? I had no people, no affiliations anywhere else. Where could I take my children? He'd been a good father to them. They loved him and their home. They were happy. I thought—perhaps—they need never be anything else.

"He pleaded with me to forgive him. He told me that he loved me better than anything else in the world. He begged