

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

Well, read that. Whatever is in it is true—and she does not know I am giving it to you.' ”

“ Médor, is this true ? It is ! Oh ! ”

I ran past him, he caught me and I bit him in the hand, in my rage, till the blood came. God, how I ran, how I searched every room to tear my copybook from Austen ! I hunted every nook and corner of house, garden, and park, everywhere, and Austen was not there. He has taken my journal with him to read, I suppose, in peace. Oh, God, why did I not burn it ? Such revelations hot from one's heart ought to be annihilated as soon as written—and I can't even remember now what I have written—how frank I have been, how shameless ! Those men, those beasts of men, what right have they ? I loathe them all, all, Blaise, Médor, Austen ! How dare they touch my life ?

Oh, *petit père*—oh, *petit père chéri*, they are hard to me. It is not good to live. I am unhappy !

Dearest Médor, oh, why did you go away ? Oh, Médor, forgive me. Does your hand that I bit hurt ? Couldn't you see I was not Phrynette, but just a little wild female at bay ? When you tried to prevent me from passing, I could have killed you ; but, dear Médor, I love you most dearly for all that. Thank you for the kind little note you left, and thank you for giving my journal to Austen. As you saw him before leaving you know already, of course, that it is the wisest *élan* you ever had. Thank you, dear Médor, though I can't quite forgive you yet. A hundred times a day when Austen looks at me I ask of myself, What is