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"They're to paper my room, to make me feel like my old home."

"What a nice idea!" cried Emma Davis.

"And when you've put them all up, for these walls do need re-doing, as I told Miss Norton only yesterday, you'll give a party, just like Mrs. Rust this afternoon, and let us all see your new room.

"I shan't do any such thing!" said Mrs. Christianson.

Emma Davis stood by the table with her back to the window and looked steadily at the old woman, who had now moved nearer the center of the room. She was seeking for some faint gleam of friendliness, of confidence, in Mrs. Christianson's eyes, but she found none; she was searching in her own mind for something to say, something which might banish even for an instant the enveloping darkness and defeat in that small room. She found nothing but a pity that could not be uttered or even made evident.

It's all been a mistake, she thought. Angelina was right two years ago. It was too late then, only where could she have gone? Where do old people go when there's no one left to care for them? Just where?

It was quite too late, thought Emma Davis: