
Elfa

which she had thrown herself, the will in me to rescue her mocked by the clogging paralysis of my muscles. Lacking even the strength to turn my head aside or to draw the lids over my eyes, I was forced to watch her struggling and fighting, sinking and rising again, as the water carried her away on its dull, sullen, cruel bosom to the death that lurked in the moonlit mists beyond.

It was thus that Fate mocked me.

It was part of my punishment. I had planned that a heavy penalty should fall upon Elfa. I had driven her into the arms of the man who had deserted her. And then, when I had rued and would have snatched her from the death to which I had hounded her, and when the longing to save was to the full as passionate as had ever been the desire to kill, I was turned to stone and condemned to see her die without strength even to die in trying to save her.