

THE CREATORS

515

And Prothero lay in his bed under the window with a pool of blood in the hollow of the sheet where it had jetted, and the warm wind blowing over his dead body.

lay side
ed down
mouth of
the floor
e yellow
g swayed
t of the

ged for-
against
the long
eir hold,

arm was

s bound

ed. "I
terrible,

his face.

od. He

ungov-

ment or

a sat up

ere was

the gar-

g spring

k strike

ery cold.

She was