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Aunt Amy helped—perhaps most of all. She was a constant wonder to the girl, so cheerful was she, so thoughtful of others, so forgetful of herself. Her little fancies seemed to have ceased to fret her, there was a new peace in her faded eyes. Sometimes as she went about the house she would sing a little, in a high thready voice, bits from songs that were popular in her youth. "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" or "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" or "Darling Nellie Grey." She told Esther that it was because she felt "safe." "The blackness hardly ever comes now," she said. "I don't think 'They' will bother me any more."

"Why?" asked Esther, curious.

But Aunt Amy did not seem to know why—or if she knew she never told.