

Teddy had no conscious sense of drama when he slipped the three framed pictures from under his arm.

"No, I haven't sent it to the Academy," he said. "It's being more directly useful. There's Rosemary and there's Robin."

"Out of your picture?" gasped Daisy.

"I don't think of it like that," he said. "It wasn't a picture. It was Robin and Rosemary."

He laughed as he set them up against the sofa back.

"There's Robin for Rosemary," he said, "and Rosemary for Robin. They liked them: well, you can't do better with what people like than to give it them."

He himself looked at the two young smiling faces which he had painted.

"The picture was dead," he said. "But there were little living bits in it. I cut them out. I rescued them."

The final wave of disappointment, of middle-age, of bitterness passed over him. He came out on the other side of it.

"Bless their jolly faces!" he said. "And I'm rather proud of myself too. My pictures are like them: they've got their look. They think so themselves."

"And what's the other one?" asked Daisy.

"Well, that's like too," he said. "It's just the