

He knelt beside her, unfastening his ruck-sack, while Joanna tried to twist up her hair.

"All my hair-pins are gone," she complained.

"I'm afraid I can't help you there."

"No. I shall just have to plait it."

With practised fingers that seemed to her companion to accomplish a miracle of skilfulness, she made a long braid of her hair and doubled it up under her soft hat.

"I think I'll never be cool again!"

"Not up here, certainly," agreed Lawrence. "Shall we go down among these trees? There should surely be a burn there?"

She nodded. "There is. My burn. Let's go." And she scrambled to her feet.

"But first here's your coffee," he said, giving her a cup, and she drank gratefully.

As she handed him back the empty cup their eyes met, and it was as if each now saw the other for the first time. Only now did Joanna clearly note the marks of his recent illness in his face; but it was no more this that kept her eyes so long upon his than it was her morning freshness that made Lawrence gaze on her as if he could never look elsewhere. Never before had their primary flames of being leapt up so nakedly. And they were full of recognition, each for the other. There on the moor that vibrated with noon-day, he was Adam to her Eve. There among the broom bushes whereon the dark seed pods went *crack, cracking* in the strong sunshine, the past was shed from both of them like a garment. Nor did any future as yet exist for them. They were "in the beginning" of their new creation.

"Did you see me on the rock?" A question leaped at last from her. "Were you trying to get away when I ran after you?"

"I didn't see you," he replied, "not till I turned and you were quite close. How can you ask? I would never run from you. I must always follow you for ever."

Joanna had never listened to words of such penetrating sweetness.

"If I hadn't caught up on you," she said, "I should have died."

"And I," said Lawrence, "should never have lived."

They went for shade down to the burn, and there they sat