

The baby! That was the crux of it all. If she hadn't ever . . . had to lose it . . . there needn't ever have been any trouble. But that changed everything. The little dinners . . . those were a torment now. She was jealous of them; jealous of the men that came; jealous of his sister who sometimes came there . . . miserably jealous of everything that happened when she couldn't be by his side. And how could she be? How *could* she? She hated herself, she despised herself as she lay there . . . and she knew that if it had all to be gone over again she would be the very same. Yes, the very same. For she wanted to be his *openly*. The secrecy, which had made her laugh at first, the delicious secret between the two of them that she had loved to play with like a toy . . . she was sick of it. Her heart turned from it. She loathed it. Sometimes she wanted to climb out on the leads at the top of the house and cry out, as loud as she could, to the whole world: "I'm his. Do you hear? . . . I'm his!" And she couldn't breathe it to a living soul.

She got restless. Long, lonely days . . . and sometimes evenings still more unhappy. Those evenings when she had said things. . . . Oh, if she could unsay them! If she could have those evenings back again! Just one of them. What was wanting? She had him. She had him there close beside her . . . loving . . . full of love for her . . . patient like that just because he was so full of love. . . .

He lay dead downstairs.

She sat up, bolt upright, stiff from head to foot,