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lightly, "you *must* be stone deaf. Size 9, width C, and no chance yet to get rubber heels on these new shoes. And as for listening, Christy, dear, I just haven't time for it this morning, much as I always love to hear you talk. I'm more full of news than the daily paper. I'm sure you won't mind my coming in for just five minutes. No more, I promise you." And before Mrs. Sigrid Christianson had time to unfold her arms in their black and white checked percale sleeves, Emma Davis had somehow wedged herself between the doorframe and Mrs. Christianson and had crossed the room to the window.

Mrs. Christianson did not follow her guest into her room. Instead she turned on her large feet in their black felt slippers like a slowly revolving mannequin and continued to stand in her open doorway and to stare at Emma Davis. "I know now, Emma thought. I've got it. It was *Little Red Riding Hood* years back. That's what it was. *What great eyes you have, grandmother!*

She could not see the plum tree from the window, for Mrs. Christianson's room was on the back side of the Home for Aged Women. Instead she looked out on an expanse of lawn, which sloped downward toward another street