

THE DREAM GIRL

"I am not in the least in love with Polly . . . not in the very least."

And I was to read that . . .

Sometimes I felt tempted to let the whole thing slip — it hurt too cruelly. But I could not.

It became a sharp pain in more senses than one, too. For it was all true . . . only it had happened years before I knew there was such a man in the world as Max Herrick.

And on those close, stuffy nights when you scolded me for writing so late, I dreamed myself back into the happy days when Grannie and I — my parents died when I was almost a baby — lived our lives by Stony Creek.

Often, I have taken my hands from the keys, my heart aching with a physical pain as I thought of the