
GRANNIE FOR GRANTED

understand that the separation has been over long, and will not grieve for me in my happiness.

As the dark night gave way to the dim, grey dawn I seemed to come right up to that closed door. I put out my hands and gently I pushed it. It was fast shut. Over the surface of the door I ran my hands, and I found that on the inside of the door there was no latch. I knew then that it could only be opened from the Other Side, that only by violence can *we* open it, and I was content to wait. There might still be something for me to do.

There was. A pair of arms were round my neck—pink-sleeved arms—and Putts said, ‘Grannie Patts, what *are* you doing?’

I could not tell him I was lost in self-pity—revelling in it!

‘You promised to tuck me up and you never came and the night is gone. It is morning. . . . Look!’

I looked. It was morning, and in the distance I heard the schoolroom door open and shut.

‘Grannie Patts, do you hear me speaking to you? Twice I’ve spoken.’

‘Yes, darling darling.’