

I felt as if it didn't matter. Nothing did matter. I'd written five times and there never came a letter. I didn't care if I died, and yet I'd got to live somehow. I'd got to pay the landlady, and there was Tory too. Lennie gave him to me when we were at Bourne End . . . I made a pink coat for him like the little dog at the Great Britain. We used to laugh. . . .

"Being about with Mrs. Benson and then with Lennie I'd got to know girls at the restaurants we went to. Lennie would talk to some of them. It didn't seem to matter, and a girl who is pretty can earn a living that way when she can't any other. . . ."

"Oh, Roona," cried Elizabeth, "why didn't you come to me?"

"I didn't feel I could," answered the girl in her tired, indifferent voice. "I'd told them all I was going to be married. And I didn't care, really. I didn't feel as if it mattered, and that was the easiest way. But I wasn't much use for that life: the hot rooms and the cold streets, and sometimes getting wet, and the drinking. You have to take the drinks that are offered to you. And I was so miserable. I couldn't laugh and be larky. My cough was so bad too.

"One evening a man told me to go to the devil. I thought he looked as if he'd be nicer than some. He said: 'There's no getting away from you women.' I'd just a shilling left that night and owed my landlady. I walked home to Shepherd's Bush. It was raining and it was too late for a bus. I had to