

## POSTSCRIPT

### FULL MOON

"THIS," said Billy, taking in a full breath of the sea-scented air of Porth Cariad, "is better than your old idea of a Riviera honeymoon, Nancy!"

We had just walked down from the larger of the cottages towards the shore, and were watching that great primrose-coloured Chinese lantern of a moon rise slowly, slowly over the jagged, purple silhouette of the Carnarvonshire mountains into the pale mauve September dusk.

Presently it would cast a glittering path of light across the Bay of Many Waters, and throw a black shadow from the cliff of the wooden woman on to the sands of our cove. There was a soft lap-lapping of the high tide beneath us, and a softer scurrying of rabbits among the sand-hills; now and again a gull called, or we caught the distant shouts of the men in the fishing-boats putting out for the night.