

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

children may live real lives. That is a task which both of us are eager to assume.

But before that happens we are stealing these delicious days of pure golden, unalloyed delight. The doctor says we have earned them, and I think that is true.

This record is done. It has been my only occupation during the past weeks, and now, for the remaining days, I mean to have no occupation at all, except—well, except making love to Virginia.

Strangely enough, that miraculous change of mine, which came when the tiny spring under my finger yielded and opened the sliding door for me, that change has miraculously left another change unwrought. This is something about my feeling toward Virginia. There is still, whenever I see her, the same poignant, exquisite, and only half-believed realization that she is really mine. The returning flood of all the memory of my past brought with it no commonplace acceptance of her—of this girl who had married me more than a year ago—as a possession to be taken for granted.

She is still the half-unknown wonder of delight to me that she was to Simon Barras. Whether this is due, in part, to the temporary suspension of my self-conscious identity, or whether the miracle of it resides wholly in her, I do not know. And certainly it does not very greatly matter. All I know