

In Regent's Park*

over the sleeping

The words attached themselves to some scene, to some room, to some past he had been in, to some scene, the room,

that summer, in the 'nineties,

bathed in yellow light full of cigarette smoke, laughing
mar

she went, on and on. "like a cockatoo,"
Then somebody said— did it
make any real difference to one's feelings in mixed company it was a
bold thing He could see turning bright pink;

instinctively, ticketing the moment as he used to —the death of her .

as she spoke, and then
flung herself into raptures. It was
all aimed at him,

without words. he criticised her. Then
she would do something obvious —but it never
, he always saw through Not that he said anything,
It was the way their quarrels began:

She shut the door. At once he became love; going on ;
going on , and he wandered off alone, among outhouses, stables, looking
at the horses. photographs, bird-cages.)

evening grew more gloomy, ;
And he couldn't see her;
—she'd go on as if nothing
devilish —this cold woodenness, felt again
this morning ; an impenetrability. Yet Heaven knows
some power of fiddling , turning nerves to fiddle-
strings, yes.

her white Cashmere head against the window—
he had found her some rare flower,
marching off in thick boots
between her shoulders. He sat down
Everything seemed to race past ; he just sat there,
for the first time.
a revelation.

that very afternoon,
the beginning of it all. a prey to
blinding
at the moment. a sort of— ease in her manner ;
something gentle. All through dinner
a real hostess,
admired her
carrying things through. she winced all
over. he meant her to feel He would have done anything
to hurt her after seeing her with she left him. a feeling
against him —laughing and talking— behind his back.
cut out of wood, wild flowers.
Never, never so infernally!
; at last he woke her prominent eyes fixed.
almost cried out he couldn't because he was in Hell! People began
fetching cloaks;
on the lake by moonlight—
could hear her describing the moon. left
quite alone.

And he turned and there was She
overcome by her —

He had never felt so happy
! Without a word to the lake. twenty
minutes of perfect happiness. Her voice, her laugh, (something floating,
white, crimson), her spirit, disembark and
startled her; she laughed; she sang. And all the time, he knew falling
with ; falling with ; but it didn't seem to matter.
They went in each other's minds without effort.

tremendously, waving hand and disappearing, he did feel,
the night; the romance;

absurd
impossible terrible scenes.
perhaps, if he had been less
summer long letters; how she
burst into tears!
early morning, *tête-à-têtes*;
in bed with headaches.

The final , terrible scene more than
anything in his life

He had not slept
by the fountain at three. "Something very important

in the middle of a little shrubbery,
she came, before the time, with the
fountain between them, spout dribbling sights fix themselves on
the mind! the vivid green moss.

She did not move. his forehead would burst. She seemed
petrified. neither of them grinding against
something ; unyielding. rigid up the backbone.
no use. This is the end"—
tears hit him in the face.

She turned, she left

she never It was over.
that night. He never saw her again.

*from Virginia Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway*