over the sleeping

The words attached themselves to some scene, to some past he had been dreaming of. It became clearer; the scene, the room, that summer, in the 'nineties, bathed in yellow light, full of cigarette mar

"like a cockatoo," laughing

she went, on and on. 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, 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

to hurt her after seeing her with

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 hen; 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.
twenty miles through the woods,
waving hand and disappearing, he did feel,
tremendously, the night; the romance;

absurd
impossible
terrible scenes.

perhaps, if he had been less
summer long letters;
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.
tears no use. This is the end"—

She turned, she left

she never hit him in the face.

that night. He never saw her again.

*from Virginia Woolf’s Mrs Dalloway