

scious of this – conscious too that he had never played before as he was playing. They avoided each other strangely, but Mr Wilberforce praised the boy and said ‘You might come and give my little daughter a few lessons and see if she has any talent.’ She never forgot their leaving-taking. The wind was furious, and she stood on the verandah and saw David turn round and smile at her before he passed out of sight.

(pp3–23)

B ‘Know anything about these times that we have had – but whenever you come to see us in London – I – I shall feel so utterly different.’ David looked at her. ‘Yet now you would not have it otherwise, Juliet. A secret is a glorious thing.’ She gave him both her hands. ‘Goodbye my friend’, she said. ‘I promise to write to you – often – often.’ He suddenly caught his breath. ‘You would not kiss me . . . Juliet’, he said hoarsely. But she shook her head, and a moment later the beach was deserted and the sea crept up and washed away their footmarks from that place.

(p23)

C Chapter III. It was the close of a dark day. London was shrouded in fog. The streets were wet and the long line of lampposts shone like dim ghosts of themselves. A four-wheeler, laden with luggage, stopped at the door of an eminently respectable house.

(p24)

D Juliet stumbled up the stairs – somehow she reached the door and let herself in and locked it again. Then she groped her way into the sitting room. The fire had gone out – she did not notice it. The wind had blown over the roses on the table, and they lay in a crushed heap on the carpet. The room was flooded in the cold light of the moon. She stood gazing at it all, then a long shudder went through her and she fell heavily on to the floor. She was conscious as she lay there. Why didn’t I strike my head on the fender, she thought. I’m not hurt a bit. I shall have to get up again and then it will be day. She shivered incessantly from head to foot, and a wheel began to go round and round and round in her head. ‘Down and down and down and down and down’, said the wheel as it whirred, ‘down and down and down and down and down.’ Then it assumed gigantic proportions, and she clung to it and it dragged her round. Round and round and round and round and round in a great pit of darkness – and she fell.

(pp29–30)

E The Shudder of the Trees.⁴ (I am a lover of London town) ‘Keys with the caretaker’. The streets looked cheap. Juliet looked at it with