

smiling at him and pulling off her long gloves. He pulled up a great armchair for her – then, seating him[self] opposite so that he might watch her face . . . ‘Now tell me all about yourself.’ How revoltingly hearty his voice sounds, thought Juliet. She paused, then – ‘There’s not very much to tell.’ ‘How about those complications?’ ‘O they’re quite gone thank you. I . . . I took your advice.’ ‘That’s fine, that’s fine. I knew you would, my dear girl. I always said you had the grit in you.’ O, the fearful paternal conceit. ‘I . . . I finally made up my mind to put an end to them. It was hard, you know, but – I have wished to thank you ever since.’ ‘O, that’s alright, and as you grow older and see more cases of that very thing you will realise, better than you can now, how right I was. Drifting is so dangerous.’ ‘Yes . . . you made me feel that.’ ‘And don’t you feel more comfortable in yourself? Of course you miss something.’ ‘Yes, I really do – intensely.’ ‘Yes, naturally. But now the leaving part of the whole business is over aren’t you really very pleased?’ ‘Yes I think I am.’ She sat very still, and suddenly smiled slightly. ‘You have changed’ said Walter. His voice had curiously altered. (pp63–65)

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**H** <sup>7</sup>‘We’ve told Father all about it, Juliet’ said Margaret. ‘And Father’s fearfully angry’ Mary added. Juliet slipped the Byron down in the front of her sailor blouse. She had no definite idea of what she had been reading but her head was full of strange unreasonable impulses. She was feeling slightly sorry for her absence of self-control in that it incurred a long interview with her Father, and in all probability some degrading issue – no jam for a week, or to go to bed at seven o’clock until she apologised. She walked slowly to the house, up the broad stone steps into the wide hall, and knocked at the morning room door. (p71)

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**I** At two o’clock in the afternoon Juliet had thrown a heavy book at her eldest sister Margaret, and a bottle of ink at her elder sister Mary. At six in the evening she was summoned to the morning room to explain these offences. After her two wholly successful acts of violence she had retired to a sloping lawn at the extreme end of the garden where she lay down comfortably and read Don Juan . . . Margaret and Mary, still smarting from the shock to their sensitive little systems, had rather rejoiced in the search for her, and more especially in the knowledge that Mr Night was going up and down, up and down. They were both virtuous enough to take a keen enjoyment in the punishment of others. (p72)

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**J** ‘Juliet – Juliet please sit still. You walked round and round this room till my pen is describing a hopeless and idiotic circle. I must get this off