

to come again next morning. Also he would send a nurse immediately. Juliet lay straight and still, her face twisted with horror. They stood and watched her. David suddenly stroked her hand . . . 'Rudolf' she cried piteously, pleadingly – and then both of them knew.

Day and night the rain fell, and at last one afternoon the end came.¹⁹ Juliet came back painfully. She was groping the dark, trying to feel her way along. Out of the dark two voices came. 'It cannot be long now.' 'But it is for the best. If she *had* lived, what could have happened?' 'I begin to believe there must be a merciful God.' 'I, too.' She opened her eyes, and saw the two beside her. 'Ought I to join your hands and say bless you?' she whispered. Suddenly she raised herself. 'O – o – I want to live.' she screamed. But Death put his hand over her mouth.

(pp93a-95)

Q Juliet looked round her room curiously. So this is where she was to spend the next three years – three years. It did not look inviting. She noticed two texts, ornamented with foxgloves and robins . . . and decided that they must come down. The three large windows looked out upon the Mews below – the houses built all round in a square. She wondered who would share this sanctum. Some English girl, stiff and sporting, who would torture the walls with pictures of dogs, and keep a hockey stick in the corner. Heaven forbid, she thought. She sat down by the side of the bed and pulled off her long gloves. How strange and dim the light was. She was alone in London – glorious thought. Three years of study before her, and then all Life to plunge into. The others were actually *gone* now. She was to meet total strangers. She could be just as she liked – they had never known her before. O, what a comfort it was to know that every minute sent The Others further away from her! 'I suppose I am preposterously unnatural' she thought, and smiled. Then the porter brought in her two large boxes, and behind him Miss Mackay hovered and told Juliet she must have everything unpacked before teatime – it was quite one of the old customs. Did the glory of England rest upon old customs? She rather fancied it did. When to start overcoats and when to stop fires; hard-boiled eggs for Sunday supper, and cold lunches. She knelt down on the floor and unstrapped her luggage. From the pocket of her suitcase she drew out David's picture and looked at it seriously, then bent forward and kissed it. 'Here we are dear' she said aloud. 'Boy of mine, I feel that life is beginning – write now.'²⁰

When the old custom had been sustained, and she had undressed, she suddenly longed to write just a few lines of her impressions, so she slipped into her kimono and drew out her notebook. 'If I could retain my solitude' she wrote, 'I should be profoundly happy. The knowledge