

miss bürstner made use of that moment to get herself free, open the door, slip out into the hallway and gently say to from there, now, come along, please. look, she pointed to the captains door, from under which there was a light shining, hes put a light on and hes laughing at us. alright, im coming, said moved forward, took hold of her, kissed her on the mouth and then over her whole face like a thirsty animal lapping with its tongue when it eventually finds water. he finally kissed her on her neck and her throat and left his lips pressed there for a long time. he did not look up until there was a noise from the captains room. ill go now, he said, he wanted to address miss bürstner by her christian name, but did not know it. she gave him a tired nod, offered him her hand to kiss as she turned away as if she did not know what she was doing, and went back into her room with her head bowed. a short while later, was lying in his bed. he very soon went to sleep, but before he did he thought a little while about his behaviour, he was satisfied with it but felt some surprise that he was not more satisfied; he was seriously worried about miss bürstner because of the captain. first cross examination was informed by telephone that there would be a small hearing concerning his case the following sunday. he was made aware that these cross examinations would follow one another regularly, perhaps not every week but quite frequently. on the one hand it was in everyones interest to bring proceedings quickly to their conclusion, but on the other hand every aspect of the examinations had to be carried out thoroughly without lasting too long because of the associated stress. for these reasons, it had been decided to hold a series of brief examinations following on one after another. sunday had been chosen as the day for kindness, gave a healthier turn to our tastes; but when miss airlie went away and major butler proclaimed a three weeks holiday from the latin grammar, and we were left to ourselves, matilda felt the want of the flattery, the patronage, and the small excitements and mysteries about nothing, to which miss perry had accustomed her. i blush to think that my companionship was less comfort to her than it ought to have been. as to aunt theresa, she was always too busy to give full attention to anything; and this does not invite confidence. another reason, i am sure, for matildas dislike to appearing in company was a painful sense of her personal appearance; and as she had heard aunt theresa and her friends discuss, approve, and condemn their friends by the standard of appearances alone, ever since she was old enough to overhear company conversation, i hardly think she was much to blame on this point. matilda was emphatically at what is called an awkward age; an age more awkward with some girls than with others. i wish grown up ladies, who mean to be kind to their friends daughters, would try to remember the awkwardness of it, and not increase a naturally uncomfortable self consciousness by personal remarks which might disturb the composure of older, prettier, and better dressed people. it is bad enough to be quite well aware that the size of ones hands and feet prematurely foreshadow the future growth of ones figure; that these are the more prominent because the simple dresses of the unintroduced young lady seem to be perpetually receding from ones bony wrists above, and shrinking towards the calves of ones legs below, from those thin ankles on which one is impelled to stand by turns like a sleeping stork through some mysterious instinct of getting out your glass this was quickly done, and the american focussed it and stood gazing long and intently at the distant range. far as i can make out, he said at last, theres river and valley and forest yonder, sir. forests with blue trees, griggs said chris. forests with trees that look blue at this distance, replied the american. that last makes a wonderful difference in the look of things. so do sunrise and sunset. why, youve seen the woods look orange and scarlet, havent you yes, of course, said chris, looking abashed. i forgot. but, i say, if there were water there, shouldnt we see it glitter not a bit. dont you know how the rivers in these parts run down in the canons why, ive seen a dozen or two that you didnt know were there when you were a hundred yards away. and these may be ten miles off, cried ned. ten yes, quite that, said griggs dryly. ah, theyre a long way off, ned, my boy, said bourne thoughtfully. how far do you make it, griggs well, sir, i should say its a hundred miles from here to the highest part of that peak. a hundred miles cried ned. yes, and a good sixty to the hills about the