

if he could not understand the italian at first, he would be able to very soon, and even if he really could not understand very much he said it was not so bad, as it was really not so important for the italian to be understood. and anyway, k.s knowledge of italian was surprisingly good, the director was sure he would get by very well. and with that, it was time for to go. he spent the time still remaining to him with a dictionary, copying out obscure words he would need to guide the italian round the cathedral. it was an extremely irksome task, servitors brought him the male, bank staff came with various queries and, when they saw that was busy, stood by the door and did not go away until he had listened to them, the deputy director did not miss the opportunity to disturb and came in frequently, took the dictionary from his hand and flicked through its pages, clearly for no purpose, when the door to the ante room opened even clients would appear from the half darkness and bow timidly to him they wanted to attract his attention but were not sure whether he had seen them all this activity was circling around with him at its centre while he compiled the list of words he would need, then looked them up in the dictionary, then wrote them out, then practised their pronunciation and finally tried to learn them by heart. the good intentions he had had earlier, though, seemed to have left him completely, it was the italian who had caused him all this effort and sometimes he became so angry with him that he buried the dictionary under some papers firmly intending to do no more preparation, but then he realised he could not walk up and down in the cathedral with the italian without saying a word, so, in an even greater rage, he pulled the dictionary back out again. at exactly half past nine, just when he was about to leave, there was a telephone call for him, leni wished him hermas foot step, and it had an irresistible effect upon her. she raised her head quickly from her hand, and her elbow from the knee on which it was resting, sprang to her feet, and went out into the yard. she was hidden by the mill stones, but she could see hermas lost in admiration. she followed the direction of his eyes and saw the same image which had fascinated his gaze sironas lovely form, flooded with sunlight. she looked as if formed out of snow, and roses, and gold, like the angel at the sepulchre in the new picture in the church. yes, just like the angel, and the thought flew through her mind how brown and black she was herself, and that he had called her a she devil. a sense of deep pain came over her, she felt as though paralyzed in body and soul; but soon she shook off the spell, and her heart began to beat violently; she had to bite her lip hard with her white teeth to keep herself from crying out with rage and anguish. how she wished that she could swing herself up to the window on which hermas gaze was fixed, and clutch sironas golden hair and tear her down to the ground, and suck the very blood from her red lips like a vampire, till she lay at her feet as pale as the corpse of a man dead of thirst in the desert. then she saw the light mantle slip from sironas shoulders, and observed hermas start and press his hand to his heart. then another impulse seized her. it was to call to her and warn her of his presence; for even women who hate each other hold out the hand of fellowship in the spirit, when the sanctity of womans modesty is threatened with danger. she blushed for sirona, and had actually opened her lips to call, when the greyhound barked and the dialogue began. not a word escaped her sharp ears, and when he told sirona that she was as good as she was puff in the air that made the window panes rattle; but the heroic deed was done, and he heard a mental blast of trumpets, and the acclaiming voice of the victor sui. willis should never know that he still because he never would again. he rang the bell, and when miss euphemia answered it she found him walking briskly, almost tripping, to and fro in the room. he stopped as she entered, drew his heels together, and made her a profound bow. hail, most fair chastelaine bid the varlets lower the draw bridge and raise the portcullis. order pasties and souse fish and a butt of malmsey; see the great hall is properly decored for my lord bishop of carisbury, who will take his ambigue and bait his steeds at this castle. miss joliffe stared; she saw a bottle and an empty tumbler on the table, and smelt a strong smell of whisky; and the mirth faded from mr sharnalls face as he read her thoughts. no, wrong, he said wrong this once; i am as sober as a judge, but excited. a bishop is coming to lunch with me. You