

saddened me, for they accurately described my own feelings. you are well there is no trouble you are not in love. then what was the urgent need are you sorry to be here yes if you are going to prevaricate and hedge. i've thrown every plan to the winds to come tearing back. the least you can do i know i know and i will after dinner. give me till eight o'clock, to enjoy you, and to calm my nerves. it's good news, but it upsets our plans. i needed you here to talk over and to arrange. can't you leave business, and just be homey with me for an hour or two, after all this time she laughed. how good it was to hear that soft, low laugh, and to feast my eyes on her exquisite self even after a two days journey charmion looked elegant. i believe she would look well groomed on a desert island. some women seem born with this gift. it wasn't given to me. i can be untidy on the slightest provocation indeed i can. there's any amount of chit chat to get through, apart from serious problems. you have done me out of my paris shopping, evelyn, but i've a box full of trophies for you all the same. wherever i went, i picked up some token to prove that i remembered you all the time. oh cheers cheers i cried fervently. that's a good hearing it is more blessed to give than to receive, but now and then, as a variety, it is refreshing to have an innings ones self she laughed at that, gripped my arm, and said: oh, evelyn, you are a dear it's good to be with you. it's good to be back. and we chatted in great contentment for the rest of the drive. there were several hours to spare before dinner. i made charmion take a bath, and then go really and truly to bed, until seven o'clock, when i woke her and issued orders for her prettiest, most becoming frock, grey, of course, a mist of silver and cloudy gauze. when she came into the little sitting room she looked fresh and radiant younger than i had ever beheld her. looking at her, i was dead bodies on the ground outside. who would have thought it said the hens, in an awe stricken whisper. you may thank me, said the fox, for my presence of mind in bolting the house door when he ran out, or no one knows how many more he would have killed if you will take my advice, you will send him about his business; and if you will put me in his place, i can assure you that you shall be protected in quite another manner. hi open the door, cried flaps, who saw something was wrong; you've got another king stork, ill be bound. but though he rattled and shook the door, no one unbolted it. ah sighed flaps, before long the whole pack of idiots will be killed and eaten. so he scratched open an old hole in the wall that had been stopped up, and crept in. he arrived just in time to hear the old hens giving orders that no more eggs were to be given him, and that the door was to be kept bolted, in order that he might be obliged either to leave the place or to starve. they were all talking at once, and so eagerly, that no one noticed the dog come up behind them. he gave one spring and seized the fox by the throat. the attack was quite unexpected, but the fox fought, writhed, and wriggled like an eel, and just as he was being borne down, he made one desperate snap, and bit off the dogs ear close to the head. well, my ear is done for, but so is this blood thirsty villain, said flaps, looking down at the fox, which lay dead at his feet; and as for you, you pack of ungrateful fools, one ear is quite enough to listen to you with. here have i been your faithful comrade for all these years, and yet you believe that i have turned murderer in my old age on the word of this rogue, who did the evil deed himself last night. now that the panic was over, the fowls felt heartily ashamed of themselves for having been merman all the same, or else how could he live in the mere i know more about brownies than granny does, and i shall tell her so; for tommy was somewhat opinionated, like other young people. the moon shone very brightly on the centre of the mere. tommy knew the place well, for there was a fine echo there. round the edge grew rushes and water plants, which cast a border of shadow. tommy went to the north side, and turning himself three times, as the old owl had told him, he repeated the charm twist me, and turn me, and show me the elf i looked in the water, and saw now for it he looked in, and saw the reflection of his own face. why, there's no one but myself said tommy. and what can the word be i must have done it wrong. wrong said the echo. tommy was almost surprised to find the echo awake at this time of night. hold your tongue said he. matters are provoking enough of themselves. belf celf delf jelf gelf helf jelf what rubbish there can't be a word to fit it. and then to look for a brownie, and see