

The victim, for that I must now reluctantly call him, blocked all the sweet air from the window. He put out his hand and asked if death were so unlike sleep caught this way. Sed he. Death's to fear from flame or steel, I sickeningly gathered, or poison doubtless ; but from water---feel. Go find the bottom! He was asking for it. Was he to be disappointed? Oh, yeah. A babbled o' green fields (sorry, even in retrospect the habit is catching) which he could not have seen at all well. I pulled up his socks for him, and heaved outward with all my strength. The window was no more dark. The fool, with any luck, was dead. What had he said as he finally left me? It sounded like Quails and Arty and Fakes. Fakes, Quails and Arty. Band, Speckled. No, I could make nothing of that. But, thank goodness, I was no detective.

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