

of none. Of the sole other sound that of  
cries enlivener of his solitude as lost to  
suffering he sat at his table head on  
hands the same was true. Of their  
whenceabouts that is of clock and cries  
the same was true that is no more to be  
determined now than as was only  
natural then. Bringing to bear on all this  
his remains of reason he sought help in  
the thought that his memory of indoors  
was perhaps at fault and found it

of none. Further to his disarray his soundless tread as when barefoot he trod his floor. So all ears from bad to worse till in the end he ceased if not to hear to listen and set out to look about him. Result finally he was in a field of grass which went some way if nothing else to explain his tread and then a little later as if to make up for this some way to increase his trouble. For he could recall no field of grass from even the very heart of which no limit of any kind was to be discovered but always in some quarter or another some end in sight such as a fence or other manner of bourne from which to return. Nor on his looking more closely to make matters worse was this the short green grass he seemed to remember eaten down by flocks and herds but long and light grey in color verging here and there on white. Then he sought help in the thought that his memory of outdoors was perhaps at fault and found it of none.