

The girl had left Henry by this time, thank God. She was an obvious whey-face. She didn't seem capable for a moment of understanding those first two killings of his. He was being a dear. He had sent the rector's aunt away, as he explained to the girl, like a bee with a sore bonnet. A foreign touch. Killing time, yes. I was doing that. It was funny how idly the mind worked ; or seeming idly. Perhaps there was something in heredity after all. I pondered to its direction. An accent was a terrible thing, I thought. Killing time wouldn't be so good. I realised that I was impressionable, that I liked a good murder. But Hodge, once settled, wasn't in the least like a singer. He had a wen, and scratched his left whisker. I supposed it would be different to suddenly develop a wen for someone. Different and messier. He asked me about Ben Wade, hitherto merely mutely unemployed, and of course I said the right thing.

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