

It was that day my friend Sandy told me he was sure he wouldn't sleep all night. There was, of course, a difference between us. I couldn't get all worked up like that. You see, next day he would be allowed to fetch back *Lagopus Scoticus*, whom I knew well, and he hadn't been allowed to do that for such a long time. I was fond of Sandy and rejoiced with him. But I felt, I couldn't help feeling, that there was something wrong, something disjoined about my very front. I made love to Flora again in the back parts ; the result was satisfactory enough. I was feeling quite at my best, but I took Bob Martin in completely. After all he liked me to, and he was always right. But I had come to the conclusion that I loathed her ; she kept colouring up. I understood why he had once said to me about something being as flush as May. Also she wore her hair in a cluster of little sly curls, a thing which in our family emphatically was not done.

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