

Compact, they call it ; but when I used it, I was feeling anything but so. Don't think me squeamish ; it was my first. The last little contact with the bony ankles, so warm and so soon, if Nature's great force were to do its work, to be so cold, had touched me, I confess it. Though I was alone again, it took me a few minutes to visualise Henry's predicament with the detached calm which it deserved. That old aunt of his third wife had turned up again. Strangely enough a jellyfish had plugged the solution of her motor boat's continuity. And there she was back again, alert, suspicious, very much alive. I couldn't help being sorry for Henry. And I couldn't help being sorry for Perceval. Murders were funny things. That day's killing of Perceval, and in so public a place, seemed to me unwarrantable. But I had never been strong on politics. For the other, my own, though it was understandable, there was perhaps no utter warrant.

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