

The others did not seem similarly impressed. Phrases of this and that came to half my ear, duet by rill and corncrake. Rill vaunted the pleasure of speeding, and corncrake gave warnings like an over-driven oak about to fall. I remembered how I had listened for the same sound on that awful night in Paris, when I did not know what I know now. And again, in this very place for another reason, Henry would remember. To lose even two like these two, swallowed by the night, was apt to break a balance in one, to suggest that it was time to square accounts. Caseus, ah! And nothing lean or hungry here at all. A friend in the nick of time. I would have no more. My hand dropped to my hip pocket. I had to reckon with Henry. Yet could I? This nomenclature business had often bothered me. Sometimes I felt sudden enough, as if my head would burst sometimes but tritulative. Was I a bomb, or only slow and godly and exceeding small?

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