

It was just when the girl from the Asolo silk mills contended that morning was. There was something, I reflected, about the fashion, beastly, in the awful and literal sense of the word, as of equals, in which youth treated the young day. Heaven knew I would have been in bed, had not my head been surcharged with too perilous a stuff for sleep. I spent those six hours in an agony of recapitulation. Even as a tiny toddler, at old Mrs. Larkin's school, when I was technically a mixed infant, I had shown signs of possessing these uncanny powers. In fact Mrs. Larkin might have called me Clare, so both voyant and audient was I. For a long time I sat and mused, looking into vacancy across the table. Gradually a realisation came to me that I would revisualise more connectedly on an assuaged stomach. I hoped for breakfast soon, nor was I to be disappointed. There was that silly girl of mine bursting into pang in the sausage, just like Pippa, as she always did.

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