

dream that Nature might cry to the world what was so hidden, so buried? Terror took possession of her. 'O no – not that' she said, 'never, never that. That would be diabolical, and the world isn't diabolical – at least it can't be. Nothing would exist if it was.' But if – if – then if she were certain she¹⁶

(pp90–91a)

O 'How you've changed',¹⁷ he said, half whispering. 'Mightn't it have been better if you had just followed your destiny? For girls like Pearl it is of course different, she is made differently Juliet, but – your guarded life. Perhaps by this time you would be . . . ' 'Please be quiet', said Juliet. The tears were choking her now – the hopeless tragedy. O, yes he was a fool, this David. Why did she love him? 'But am I not right?' he went on, almost tenderly. She shook her head. 'I have made my own bed – no, no I don't mean that. I adore this life, I worship it, it has been Heaven!' But she over-acted her part. Suddenly he caught one of her hands. 'Listen' he said. 'Listen. Go back, dear. We shall all help you. We have spoken so much of you lately. You are so changed it is not right – you are wasting your life. And you have been dear and sweet to me always. How we change, Juliet. When we first knew each other, both so young, so full of quaint, romantic impossibilities – but those two children are dead now, and we are man and woman. All is different. You have made a mistake, for the sake of your old view. Juliet try and go back. We shall both help you . . . Pearl and I . . . ' Juliet looked up into [his] face. How very very heavy she had grown. She could hardly hold up her head now . . . It is quite extraordinary – like a dead body, she thought. All the six undertakers couldn't lift her now. How curious – two Davids. How strange – two huge gigantic Davids, both of them thundering 'Pearl and I' . . . What colossal Davids. She must run away and tell Grannie. She started to her feet . . . and fell . . .

(pp92–93)

P Day and night the rain fell. The sky would never be light again, it seemed. The little bedroom was always dark, but it did not matter – as Pearl told David, Juliet did not need light now.¹⁸ When the doctor had first come, and told Pearl how it was with Juliet the girl was dismayed and horror-stricken. She went into the sitting-room where David was waiting. 'David' she said, 'this is awful. I had not the slightest idea that Juliet – ' 'What is the matter' he said. 'O, our poor Juliet. She has been shockingly treated – you know? You understand?' 'I'll not believe you' said David. 'It is perfectly true. David, she is going to die.' 'I'll not believe you.' 'It is true. Come in and see her – she cannot know . . . ' They went back to her room. The doctor left as they entered, promising