

Editorial principles employed in this series were outlined in Part I, but I omitted to say there that although I have supplied some necessary punctuation I have in no case supplied an exclamation mark. Quite aside from my conviction that no editor has the right to alter the emotional impact of his author's work, there is the fact that the significance of KM's own rare and specific use of the exclamation mark should not be obscured by editorial intervention.

Two of these pieces lacked titles and these I have supplied within square brackets to facilitate reference.

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Margaret Scott

### *Chapter 1. An Attempt*

Marina stood at the scullery door and called 'Pat, Pat.' The sun streamed over the courtyard, the pincushion flowers stood limply and thirstily against the wall of the feedroom. 'Pat, Pat' she called. 'Here Miss Marina' shouted a voice from the woodshed. 'Pat, I want to go riding.' 'Daisy's in the paddock. The sheep skin I'll bring yer in a minute.' 'Pat, I want to go now.' She put her handkerchief over her head and walked over to the woodshed. 'Phew, it's hot,' she said, shaking back her long braid of hair. 'I'll be a mass of freckles by the time I come back.' Pat put down the tomahawk and regarded her seriously. 'Wait for two hours, Miss Marina.' But the girl shook her head. 'No, I'm off to see Franky Anderson, and it will be cooler in the bush.' Pat took up his big hat and together they walked across the yard, through the great white gates, down the road and into the paddock.

Under the wattle trees Daisy regarded them seriously. 'I feel a bit of a devil to take her' Marina murmured. 'Pat, make it alright with the family if they kick up a shindy. I'm so dead sick of them all I must go off.' She laid her hand caressingly against the arm of his old blue shirt. 'Done, Miss Marina' said Pat, and he stood in the paddock and watched her mount and ride straddle-legs out of sight. Riding was almost as natural as walking to Marina. She held herself very loosely and far back from the waist, like a native riding – and fear had never entered into her thoughts. 'I like riding down this road with the sun hurting me' she mused. 'I'll love anything that really comes fiercely – it makes me feel so "fighting", and that's what I like. I wish I hadn't quarrelled with Mother and Father again. That's a distinct bore – especially as it's only a week to my birthday.'

(pp25-27)