

She sat on the broad window-sill, her hands clasped loosely in her lap. Just below her in the garden a passion-flower twined round a little fence – in the half-light the blossoms were like pale hands among the leaves. In the distance a little belt of pine trees, dark and motionless against a saffron evening sky.

Inside the room she could see, dimly, the piano, the two tall pewter candlesticks, and a shallow bowl full of tall crimson carnations. The Australian Student was playing, and turning round and round on the revolving music stool, and talking excitedly. They were both smoking beautiful cigarettes. It gave Rana such pleasure to sit there in the gloom smoking and listening that she felt languid with delight. 'Well here's a pretty kettle of fish' said the Monkey. 'He's done for himself rather considerably.'

He jumped from his perch on to the floor and ran to the man, dragging his silver chain after him. He felt in the man's pockets – to the⁵ one waist-coat – a little silver pencil and a lump of sugar . . . nothing else. 'Neither of these possessions can make much tangible difference to the gentleman's future welfare' said the monkey, nibbling the sugar and scratching his head with the little silver pencil. And through the uncurtained window the moon shone in, upon the Broken Things.

High and white and sweet was the moon, and sky like black velvet. The monkey finished the sugar and carefully licked his paw, then, glancing up he saw the man. With one bound he fled into the shadow, and then, crouching, whimpering, shivering, he crept into his corner.

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Everybody spoke of the dark man as a crank. Some went even so far as to say he followed a cult, and that is sufficiently damning for an archangel in these days. His entire establishment consisted of the terracotta plastered room. (pp127a-128a)

The Man, the Monkey and the Mask

He had lived there a very long time – ten years – twenty years – even more – he himself was astonishingly vague. And it was a small terracotta plastered wall on the fourth floor, but undoubtedly there was a balcony quite three feet long that was the great attraction. The man had few possessions – a bed, a chair, a wide cupboard, and a grand piano. He had no pictures, but directly opposite the piano a little black velvet curtain hid the Mask. And in one corner he kept the monkey tethered by a thin silver chain to a white perch.