

poppies. And although these things never came to pass it did not matter. Faced with reality she did not even regret them. They faded out of her mind until they were forgotten, then on the torn web of the old dream the new dream began silently to spin. But what was the quality in them that excited her so, that [made] her tremble. Her mouth burned. Her heart beat powerfully. She had scarcely room in her body for her quick breath. Like a woman on the way to her lover who shifts her own despairing impatience by crying to him Yes, yes, I am coming, I am coming as fast as I can, I am on my way now, I am hurrying, hurrying to you—so Elena cried out to herself. And Peter, the unfamiliar burden, did not see the gold burn out of the sky. He did not see the forest rush to surround the train like an army and then fall back leaving fields again, and more fields threaded with streams and spanned with wooden bridges. Not even the shrill toy-like whistling of the engine waked him as the train drew up at the station. Then he rubbed his eyes and staggered as Elena set him down like a bird fallen out of a nest. ‘Try and wake up for a little while Peter,’ she said. ‘You shall go to bed . . .’

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Uncertain reading.

<sup>2</sup> Illegible.