

DANDELION DAYS

"What can't go on?"  
"This—this terrible business. I—I, Oh, I've never been so bad before, so unhappy at night, I mean. It can't go on, it can't! I shall ~~not~~ <sup>cut short</sup> any more."

Again the calm, the mercies, the far-away repetition,  
"What can't go on?"

"Oh, this between us. You know. This—this—"

"This what?" She waited, quite still. The black earth seemed spinning round him. "This what? Tell me."

"Elsie," he gasped, "Elsie, don't you know I love you?"

"Would she never answer, would she never answer?"

"I thought all that was ended. We aren't children any longer—"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but—"

"Don't be sorry," he gasped, "don't be sorry. It's ended. Ha ha. Yes, it's ended. Let me die. Then you don't love me!"

"No. But how much do you love me?"

"It's ended," he moaned, wondering if he would go mad immediately, "my dream is over. Beg your pardon, Elsie. Don't tell any one, will you? Oh, please promise you won't!"

"All right."

"Tell me one thing, before I pass out of your life for ever. Are you engaged to Charlie, secretly?"

"No, of course not! I'm not engaged to any one."

"Thank you. I apologise for asking you. It's final, I suppose. You won't marry me? Not now, I mean, but in the years to come. Oh, God, I haven't even a photo of you. I've calculated that when I'm forty I shall be earning two hundred and sixty pounds a year at the Moon Insurance Company. What am I saying? I'm mad! Mad! Do you hear? Ha ha! I shall earn no money from the Moon. For there is no ~~gold~~ <sup>gold</sup> now to worry about the future."

His hollow accent made her exclaim, "Oh, Willie, what do you mean?"

"Time will show," he said tragically, "now I must go. Once more, I apologise for troubling you. I beg your pardon. I'm sorry. It will not occur again. Never again. Good-bye,

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more, you know. fully, Willie, you are the limit. Mother says its my call love. I'm sorry if you don't need it. "Don't be sorry" he gasped. "Don't be sorry. I'll all my fault. Please don't tell your clothes, I will tell anyone, but I'm sorry. "I gave you a letter, didn't I?" "I gave you a letter, didn't I?" "I gave you a letter, didn't I?"

"Now go and see your father, then a good boy. Remember you are all you get. Honestly, I don't want to put it in, but you must see the best of now, have you? All his mind a dear, too. Promise me you'll go out straight now?"

He was still opening every in little blessing of his feet on the earth, and a long part of him seemed to be watching. I could hear some terrible accident, falling to ground, and I was under the table; it was a dead. He was in the blessing of something great. I heard himself, I remember "I gave you a letter, didn't I?" "I gave you a letter, didn't I?" "I gave you a letter, didn't I?"