



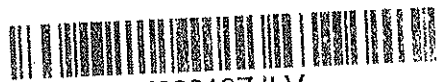
We Loneliness

The Love Dared

When first appeared, the
loneliness outraged
continents with its poignant
account

sympathetically
at
odds with conscience
whose only
crime was hopeless
loneliness

artistry and
honesty,
over read.

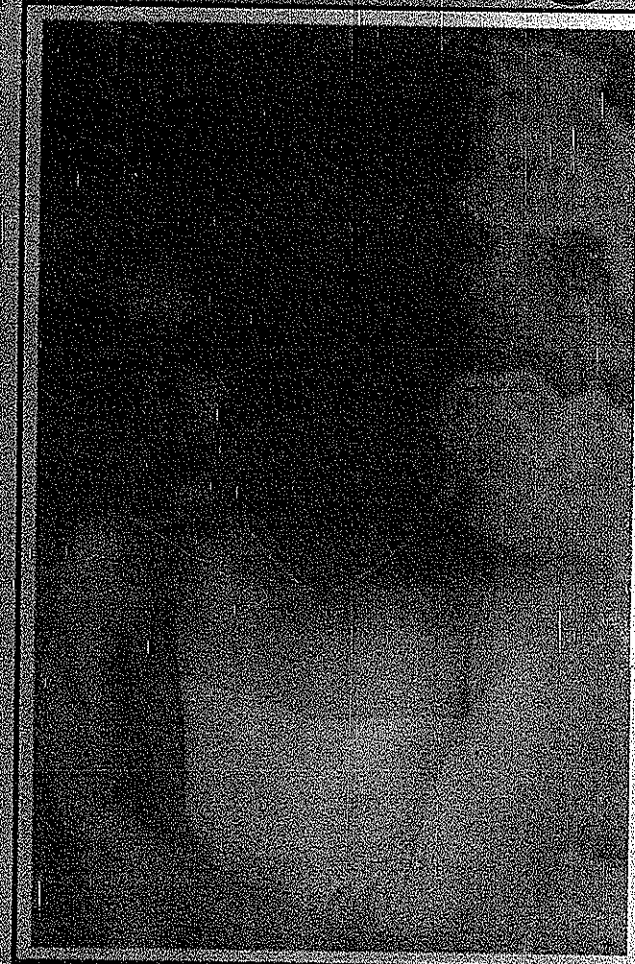


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We Loneliness

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We Loneliness

*

ONE

I

NOT VERY far [REDACTED] I
[REDACTED]—stands [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], well-cottaged, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] lakes in the grounds.
The [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] charming
[REDACTED], self-assurance [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] and a gentle aloofness that, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is indeed [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], dif-
ficult to win [REDACTED] They are passing
away, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] just over twenty. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] great longing, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] in [REDACTED] that [REDACTED] happy promise—[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] weariness
[REDACTED] a spent bird [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] taking refuge from the perils of a storm.

after a while when their expression was quite well-behaved. Beyond energetic protest

the old house more, staggered from his hands and knees Philip would pretend to kicking wildly, hard outlandish mud on the carpet.

She would both of them would kiss

long a-coming; produced introspective; to confide in the mind already groping, may already be miniature loves extremely disconcerting. frustration, cope with it, however, of hot temper,

everyday trifles hit back at life,

give way to these tempers;

voice be gentle, be filled with a sudden deep sense of shortcomings; tongue-tied, say nothing become conscious of it;

a feeling almost awakened. at night a slow, miserable tears,

an outrage-unworthy,

WELL LONELINES

I love her, and I hurt like you, so I let water, so that

_____ until she _____
 _____, and that Collins was

 _____ with _____
 _____ The dream _____
 _____ it stayed quite a long
 times _____

[illegible][illegible]

Jesus, [REDACTED] and I'm going to get [REDACTED] You [REDACTED] if I don't [REDACTED] it rather right [REDACTED] [REDACTED] mean, [REDACTED] You don't mind, do You, [REDACTED] Jesus.

[REDACTED] had only been [REDACTED] better
 [REDACTED] All the same, it was hard [REDACTED]
 long enough [REDACTED] so hard, indeed, [REDACTED]
 toothful [REDACTED]
 This [REDACTED]
 it [REDACTED]
 She would think: 'Now I'm [REDACTED] in the
 middle [REDACTED] I [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] remember [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the owner, it was really rather fine to [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] bring [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]

[illegible]

On the [redacted], it dawned upon Stephen [redacted]
[redacted] of [redacted] that [redacted]
[redacted] verified that [redacted], [redacted] of [redacted]
[redacted] of the unsuspecting [redacted]

Call [REDACTED] 'Good [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] prayed quite a lot, but [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

~~_____~~ murmured ~~_____~~ such things ~~_____~~ wicked, ~~_____~~ warmly.

[illegible]

[REDACTED] torture was forcibly se
 [REDACTED] ordered to lie, [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] it must be [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] you. I expect [REDACTED] sorry
 see [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

WE LONELINES

with wonder:

building

June

how much

She would say:

always

gentle,

movements,

lost in thought,

expectant for

the let go

fine

night,

quiet

eyes w

gracious beauty

, so perfect

indefinable

no right to

steal

softly,

to answer,

lust and

changing.

under my feet

blind

in darkness.

confounded,

emotion.

very deep

tears.

dressing up a

★
WE LONELINES

her face

actually

kind

from time to time

meant to be

affection

neither

trying to

no

consoling.

distracted,

inappropriate places.

under

anxiety

wakeful,

in the morning,

a desperate kind of

useless,

in those lonely

enough to

love all miserable sinners!

indeed were those

hours

intolerable blackness,

making

the stairs

creep down under

safety,

limp with

comfort,

until darkness

menaced,

and merged into something

harmonious

the blessed illusion

set lips and

scowl

add to her

contents, or hiding

Very protective and [redacted] alone together. [redacted]

forced to [redacted]

persist-

always

instinctive

coupled with a [redacted]

An [redacted] odd

suspect [redacted]

accomplished, [redacted]

for [redacted]

conversation. [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

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if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

if, after all, the child might be [redacted]

stump, [redacted] talking about calves and babies, and [redacted]

the one in the [redacted] Street, [redacted]

a bad place after all; [redacted]

for men to have [redacted]

fun [redacted] off to [redacted]

The [redacted] roll smoothly [redacted]

singing [redacted] so loudly that [redacted]

their voices [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

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the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

the [redacted] knew [redacted]

shout at
defiance.

FOR

SORROWS of childhood
grief for
violence, wore
out like
Christmas,
rousing nothing more than a faint
effort of will

made her feel childish
But the tears were not there,
lacked something—

the mind's image
of spells, incantations and
the Bible:

forgotten

But if prayer had failed Stephen, her spells also failed her; indeed they behaved as spells do when said backwards, making her see, not the person she wished to, but a creature entirely different. For Collins now had a most serious rival, one who had lately appeared at the stables. He was not possessed of a real housemaid's knee, but instead, of four deeply thrilling brown legs—he was two up on legs, and one up on a tail, which was rather unfair on Collins! That Christmas, when Stephen was eight years old, Sir Philip had bought her a hefty bay pony; she was learning to ride him, could ride him already, being naturally skilful and fearless. There had been quite a heated discussion with Anna, because Stephen had insisted on riding astride. In this she had shown herself very refractory, falling off every time she tried the side-saddle—quite obvious, of course, this falling off process, but enough to subjugate Anna.

And now Stephen would spend long hours at the stables, swaggering largely in corduroy breeches, hobnobbing with Williams, the old stud groom, who had a soft place in his heart for the child.

She would say: 'Come up, horsel' in the same tone as Williams; or, pretending to a knowledge she was far from possessing: 'Is that fetlock a bit puffy? It looks to me puffy, supposing we put on a nice wet bandage.'

Then Williams would rub his rough chin as though thinking: 'Maybe yes—maybe no—' he would temporize, wisely.

She grew to adore the smell of the stables; it was far more enticing than Collins' perfume—the Erasmic she had used on her afternoons out, and which had once smelt so delicious. And the pony! So strong, so entirely fulfilling, with his round, gentle eyes, and his heart big with courage—he was surely more worthy of worship than Collins, who had treated you badly because of the footman! And yet—and yet—you owed something to Collins, just because you had loved her, though you couldn't any more. It was dreadfully worrying, all this hard thinking, when you wished to enjoy a new pony! Stephen would stand there rubbing her chin in an almost exact imitation of Williams. She could not produce the same scrabby sound, but in spite of this drawback the movement would soothe her.

Then one morning she had a bright inspiration: 'Come up, horsel' she commanded, slapping the pony, 'Come up, horse, and let me get close to your ear, 'cause I'm going to whisper