

"The grey-shelled snail draws across the path and flattens the blades behind him," said Rhoda.

"And burning lights from the window-panes flash in and out on the grasses," said Louis.

"Stones are cold to my feet," said Neville. "I feel each one, round or pointed, separately."

"The back of my hand burns," said Jinny, "but the palm is clammy and damp with dew."

"Now the cock crows like a spurt of hard, red water in the white tide," said Bernard.

"Birds are singing up and down and in and out all round us," said Susan.

"The beast stamps; the elephant with its foot chained; the great brute on the beach stamps," said Louis.

"Look at the house," said Jinny, "with all its windows white with blinds."

"Cold water begins to run from the scullery tap," said Rhoda, "over the mackerel in the bowl."

"The walls are cracked with gold cracks," said Bernard, "and there are blue, finger-shaped shadows of leaves beneath the windows."

"Now Mrs. Constable pulls up her thick black stockings," said Susan.

"When the smoke rises, sleep curls off the roof like a mist," said Louis.

"The birds sang in chorus first," said Rhoda. "Now the scullery door is unbarred. Off they fly. Off they fly like a fling of seed. But one sings by the bedroom window alone."

"Bubbles form on the floor of the saucepan," said Jinny. "Then they rise, quicker and quicker, in a silver chain to the top."

"Now Biddy scrapes the fish-scales with a jagged knife on to a wooden board," said Neville.

"The dining-room window is dark blue now," said Bernard, "and the air ripples above the chimneys."

"A swallow is perched on the lightning-conductor," said