runs Maggie... brings out spectacles in case, turns back from—

no zest for any thing no interest in life poor dear Wil—

lay down case— looks for toothbrush—

sleep— forever wonderful gift
dothing to touch it in my opinion always said so wished I had it

examines handle of brush—

examines handle, reads—

Subito piu quieto e tranquillo (poco meno mosso)

gen-u-ine... pure... what?

lay down brush—

Subito come sopra

blind next
takes off spectacles—

ah well seen

I suppose by now

both hands

feels to touch for handkerchief—

don’t know

subito quieto e quasi lontano

What are those won-der-ful lines?

Woe woe is me to see what

looks for spectacles—

takes up spectacles

starts polishing spectacles, breathing on lenses—

I see

ah

yes

would

n

miss

it

or would I?
She cuts about her, sees paruel, considers at length, takes it up and develops from sheath a handle of surprising length. Holding but of paruel in right hand she curves back and down to her right to hang near Wilie.

Come un notturno ma qualche volta violento

She strikes down at him with head of paruel.

She strikes again.

The paruel slips from her grasp and falls behind the mound.

It is immediately restored to her by Wilie’s invisible hand. Thank you dear. She transfers paruel to left hand, turns back front and examines right palm. Damp. Returns paruel to right hand, examines left palm.

Ah well, no worse. No bet-ter, no worse, no change no pain.

Head up, cheerfully.