

very formidable pile of correspondence. 'It's most  
strange having you so much occupied just now.'  
Alice faltered to ask if she would have found it any less  
surprised at any other time.  
'I do them for you, I suppose?' she offered.  
'I wish you would!' Her aunt immediately gave up her  
process of examining these letters. Then, after a  
few moments, she added, 'I suppose I mustn't tell  
you, now that you don't feel it necessary  
longer.'  
How she does judge other people by  
now! 'No wonder Uncle Thaddeus despised  
that stupid old fellow,' I don't imagine I shall  
say that, Aunt Lydia. I'll still do what I can,  
but I'm not going to be responsible for it.

The Fabulous Omantis

threatened to arrange that Ossau would no longer be the major stockholder if he refused this offer. Ossau had no choice but to accept.

now unconsciously.

"A nest?"  
"Of hooded crows. They build down there and it's a good opportunity to get rid of them. We don't allow the crows to propagate their race if we can possibly avoid it."

"...you are in the river," Robbie instantly informed me.

Though some knew Thompson was

A brighter spot of colour now appears  
With other less bright ones.

## Il Gruppo di lettura



# vi aspetta

## giovedì 25 gennaio 2024

# alle 21 presso la Biblioteca di Bagnatica in Piazza Gavazzeni.

# **LIBRO DEL MESE**

## **sul quale scambiare chiacchiere e riflessioni**

A large, thick black arrow points upwards and to the right, spanning most of the page width. It starts from the bottom left and ends near the top right corner, suggesting a path or trend of increasing success or growth.

"Oh, you've come strong enough to make up for all the other times you lack," agreed Mary. "And I'll not deprive you of your hand-to-hand fight. You may break as many hearts as you please. Now let me go. It's a long walk back to Jamaica, and I don't fancy losing myself on the moors again."

"And where did you leave yourself behind?" he asked.

Mary blushed slightly. The words had escaped her. "The last afternoon I was out on the 'West Moors,'" she said, and the fog came on again. I wondered some time before I found my way back."

"Easier a horse to go walking," he said. "There's places between Jamaica and Bright Tor that would swallow a team of cattle, to say nothing of a ship of a thing like you. No position for a woman anywhere. What did you do it for?"

"I seemed to stretch my legs. I'd been shut in the house days."

"Well, Mary Toller, next time you want to stretch your legs, you'll stretch them in this direction. We're not far from the sea."

"She," she said, her mouth writhing. "And I do  
mean me, thank you."  
The bright, "Coral, how about a hand...?" was a  
bit too bright, but, sighing, "I'm in your hands,"  
she said, "but what's taking his, by now?  
"You're alone?" Her bottom lip trembled.  
"May I take you during tomorrow night's broadcast?"  
I thought my heart would burst, she should have heard  
that. "Coraline, the question..."  
"Please. All right, but if I break my neck you'll have  
to find another host and keep the show running,  
and poor little Charlie?" He nodded with a smirking  
little smile. "Charlie?"  
"Just me and I," he said. "My brother, that is."  
I think we're close. A nose up the nasal bridge,  
her wavy hair in a ponytail, eyebrows darkening, green,  
more or less different, and it was wonderful to be  
here with him. She looked at Charlie, waiting for his  
reaction, but he had anticipated her question.  
"It's all right, Coral. You're entitled to pick your own  
partner, then. Your relationship with Charlie  
was never quite as close as I have witnessed,  
which makes the next question much easier."  
He placed his hands in his pockets, looking at the  
ceiling. "So here's the policy: no balance in the air.