

vigil in the smoking room, but pretended to myself that I wasn't looking for her. Sometimes I even left the window and joined the crap game, but there were moments of agony, ^{and I inevitably lost.} and soon I ^{would be brooding} ~~was~~ back at the window, missing my pipe, searching for your Princess.

^{and I found her} Then I found her, found her ^{one night} when I wasn't looking for her; It was during the sinister exams when I was haggard ^{and groggy} with study. I had been studying at the Lit library when the noise and confusion made it easier to concentrate. I was hungry, ^{and} I went into Bill and Myrt's for a hamburger. The odor of frying ^{pleasantly} ^{myrt's} ^{meats} assailed my nose. I found a table in a far corner, ^{as far} away from the clutter of dishes as I could get. "A litigant must come into court with clean hands," I ^{thought} ^{the winter} ^{gnawed} ^{my} ^{hand} ^{at} ^{the} ^{table} ^{at} ^{the} ^{next} ^{table} [—] ^{she} ^{looked} ^{frightened}.

And there she was, looking at me. She glanced away.

She was ^{seated} ^{at} ^{the} ^{next} ^{table} [—] seated alone, as I knew she would be —

smoking a cigarette. She did not do it very well. There was a full bottle of milk before her, with a straw protruding from it. She glared up and I fumbled for a cigarette. She pressed her cigarette into a tray and arose, and I sat there ^{lost} ⁱⁿ ^{watching} her walk, ^{the} ^{ancient}, beautiful, undulating grace of it...

She was ^{already} a block away before I caught up with her. "Hello," I said, ~~falling in beside~~ ^{and} ^I ^{could} ^{feel} ^{her} ^{trembling} ^{against} ^{me}. She was tall, nearly as tall as I. We walked ^{slowly} and did not speak. It was hard for me to breathe; ^{just} ^{as} ^{though} I had ^{just} ^{gotten} ^{over} ^a ^{fright}. At the corner we passed under a street lamp to let a car go by. We looked at each other. ^{Her} ^{eyes} ^{were} ^{filled} ^{with} ^{tears}.

"Darling," I whispered.

"One without, I said as far

I put down my sandwich

then I reflected that
its chimes and boom at ten o'clock. The clock had been
the gift of a former student who had been expelled
from school. He had promptly made good, as the
saying goes, and rewarded his ^{old} school for its discernment.
Henry Law

I packed my books in my green bag
and hurried ^{from the library} ~~to~~ home. I was haggard and groggy from
study and I needed a shower. Passing Myrtle Eatery
I smelled fried onions and realized ^{that} I was hungry.
and flung my bag of books on a vacant chair.
I found a table in a far corner. "One without," I told
the ^{red-eyed,} sleepy waiter. ^{I watched him drag himself to the order window.} "A waiter must come into contact
with clean hands," I muttered, recalling one of the
ancient shibboleths platitudes of Equity. "Why not a waiter?"
The waiter
had ~~at once~~ brought my hamburger. As I raised it
to my lips I thought, "To receive equity one must do
equity --" I looked up.

She was looking at me!

She was sitting at the next table — alone,
as I knew she would be. She glanced ^{quickly} away. She was
smoking a cigarette but did not do it very well. She had
not learned the ^{casual} tap-tap-tap with the possible forefinger.
There was ^{an untouched} bottle of milk sitting on the table before
her with its protruding straw. She again glanced my
way and I fumbled for my pipe. She pressed her
cigarette into a tray and arose. I sat there, holding
my hamburger, lost — lost in watching her walk,
lost in beholding the ancient, beautiful, undulating
grace of it ...

She was nearly a block away before I
caught up with her. "Hello," I said. She turned slightly
and then grasped my arm, clutching it against her,
and I could hear her trembling against me. She was
tall, nearly as tall as I. Wordlessly we slowly walked
along. ^{the hard winter pavement} ~~It was~~ ^{difficult} for me to breathe, as though I had
just been in a fight. We paused at the corner to let a
rattling car go by. "University Incubator — Official Car" was painted
on the back of it. We looked at each other. She was

It was a private home, and she was the only student.

slightly smiling and her dark eyes were filled with tears.

"Darling," I whispered, ^{although it was not very late.}

She lived in a large stucco house. We stood on the ^{wide} front porch, leaning against a ^{wide} trunk, ^{For some reason we whispered,} a common enough sight in ^{the kind that are} ~~There was one of those~~ ^{diabolical} wooden swings, ^{the kind that are} suspended from eaves, but the cushions ^{had been removed and it was} ^{much too} cold. ^{She} sat on a ^{brass-brimmed} wardrobe trunk which stood by the door, a common enough sight in any college town. Her name was Bernardine.

"Won't you come in?" she ^{formally} said, in her low, husky voice. She had a ^{measured, undulant quality of her walking.} Her voice was low and had about it the ^{name} quality of her walking.

We sat on a sofa before a ^{glowing with dying embers.} fireplace ^{with} glowing with dying embers. Her name was Bernardine, chosen by her father whose ^{name} was ^{called} Bernard. She was an only child and her parents had wanted a boy.

"So they did the next best thing and called me Bernardine," she said, ⁱⁿ

"That's nothing -- my family wanted Joan and had to settle for John," I said.

"John," she said, "John," staring into the fire. "John," she repeated in her low voice.

I kissed her and kissed her, and a clock struck eleven and I kept on kissing her.