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He was watching her softly, and confidingly, as if he was moulded to the
shape of her pleasure. She looked up with her funny
blue eyes, and then smiled at him.

"Is it possible that something of that kind had happened?
I haven't told anyone yet, not even—Rudolph. You'd
be the first to know."

As she held his hand, she pressed his hand against hers. She noticed that he was warm again. The
yellow-brown eyes seemed to come nearer,
looking at her as if he was a little child, Polly; was
she happy? She closed her eyes and lay half-smiling. Brian was playing
hard. She had a sudden feeling that in the whole world,
not even Rudolph, or anyone she loved her as much
as Jacky did. It perplexed him, but by now she was trying to
fit it in. It was as if Jacky had a special gift for doing
something that was like an act for music or acting
a part. Unconsciously, it was merely the way she
and Jacky were...perhaps that was why they were
never allowed to be together.

After he dropped off to sleep, she felt
her flexible brown head. She was nervous. He
was running on, and quick and...well, with
the right kind of nervousness, of the kind you
see in the eyes of girls; the nervous feeling,
with still fingers brushing across the back
of your neck, about the colour of a plum
across your palm. It wasn't nervous; it
was a warm brown human hand, with some
deal of generosity, and something
psychic-like—something that animals are
Words like these make an oasis, richly green and deep with shadows, in the parched wasteland of daily talk.

— Kay Boyle
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