

Suddenly she cut short her interlude and collecting herself together brusquely, returned to the matter in hand, my lesson. But I, for a moment, was still in reverie conjuring up, and enveloping myself in, scenes and images.

A sweet and ^{liquid} languid summer day where the light had been filtered and, thus, dilated through the translucent screen of the sky. Robert's ^{MS} parent's were having Sunday afternoon tea in the back garden. There was an oval table, decked with starched linen, which was decorated with small silver utensils, like serviette rings, a cream jug and sugar bowl all set on a silver stand. Also there was a dainty cutglass bowl of jam, plates of ~~small~~ iced cakes and precisely cut buttered bread, and fine ivory handled cutlery. Seated around this would be ~~Robert's~~ ^{MS} parents and a close friend of theirs, exchanging murmured pleasantries, about the garden and the weather for the time of year. All of a sudden, the table would begin shuddering and trembling, causing all the carefully placed accoutrements to spill, scatter and smash. ~~And~~ then Robert would emerge from under it. Soiled, indignant and roaring.