

slowly, pausing halfway to look up at the sky and to smell the cold morning air.

'It looks a bit foggy,' he said as he sat down beside her. 'And it's always worse out there at the airport. I shouldn't be surprised if the flight can't take off.'

'Don't say that, dear - *please*.'

They didn't speak again until the car had crossed over the river to Long Island.

'I arranged everything with the servants,' Mr Foster said. 'They're all going away today. I gave them half-pay for six weeks and told Walker I'd write to him when we wanted them back.'

'Yes,' she said. 'He told me.'

'I'll move into the club tonight. It'll be a nice change, staying at the club.'

'Yes, dear. I'll write to you.'

'I'll call in at the house occasionally to see that everything's all right and to collect the mail.'

'But don't you really think Walker should stay there all the time to look after things?' she asked nervously.

'Nonsense. It's quite unnecessary. And I'd have to pay him full wages.'

'Oh, yes,' she said. 'Of course.'

'What's more, you never know what people do when they're left alone in a house,' Mr Foster announced, and with that he took out a cigarette and lit it with a gold lighter.

She sat still in the car, with her hands held tightly together.

'Will you write to me?' she asked.

'I'll see,' he said. 'But I doubt it. You know I don't like letter-writing unless there's something particular to say.'

'Yes, dear, I know. So don't trouble yourself.'

They drove on, and as they came nearer to the flat land on which the airport was built, the fog began to thicken and the car had to slow down.

'Oh, dear!' cried Mrs Foster. 'I'm *sure* I'm going to miss it now! What time is it?'

'Stop worrying,' the old man said. 'It doesn't matter. They never fly in this sort of weather. I don't know why you came out at all.'

She could not be sure, but it seemed to her that there was suddenly a new note in his voice, and she turned to look at him. It was difficult to notice any change in his expression under all that hair.

'Of course,' he went on, 'if by any chance it *does* go, then I agree with you - you'll be certain to miss it now. Why don't you get used to the idea?'

She turned away and looked through the window at the fog. It seemed to be getting thicker as they went along, and now she could only just see the edge of the road. She knew that her husband's eyes were still on her. She looked at him again, and this time a wave of terror swept over her as she noticed that his eyes were fixed on the little place in the corner of her eye where she could feel the muscle trembling.

'Won't you?' he said.

'Won't I what?'

'Be sure to miss it now if it goes? We can't drive fast in this fog.'

He didn't speak to her any more after that. The car drove slowly on and on. The driver had a yellow lamp directed onto the edge of the road, and this helped him to keep going. Other lights, some white and some yellow, kept coming out of the fog towards them, and there was an especially bright one that followed close behind them all the time.

Suddenly the driver stopped the car.

'There!' Mr Foster cried. 'We're stuck. I knew it.'

'No, sir,' the driver said, turning round. 'This is the airport.'

Without a word, Mrs Foster jumped out and hurried through the main entrance into the building. There was a crowd of people