



**POTS TATUAR-TE
UN LLIBRE,
PERÒ...**

no em subratllis

no m'escriguis

no em dibuixis

UVIC
BIBLIOTECA

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BUSCA UN ALTRE SISTEMA DE PRENDRE NOTES

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ded it seemed; sped of its own freewill. And now, curving up and up, ht up, like something mounting in ecstasy, in pure delight, out from behind d white smoke looping, writing a T, an O, an F.

hat are they looking at?" said Clarissa Dalloway to the maid who opened her

e hall of the house was cool as a vault. Mrs. Dalloway raised her hand to her and, as the maid shut the door to, and she heard the swish of Lucy's skirts, lt like a nun who has left the world and feels fold round her the familiar veils e response to old devotions. The cook whistled in the kitchen. She heard ick of the typewriter. It was her life, and, bending her head over the hall table, owed beneath the influence, felt blessed and purified, saying to herself, as ook the pad with the telephone message on it, how moments like this are on the tree of life, flowers of darkness they are, she thought (as if some lovely ad blossomed for her eyes only); not for a moment did she believe in God. l the more, she thought, taking up the pad, must one repay in daily life to nts, yes, to dogs and canaries, above all to Richard her husband, who was undation of it—of the gay sounds, of the green lights, of the cook even whis- for Mrs. Walker was Irish and whistled all day long—one must pay back this secret deposit of exquisite moments, she thought, lifting the pad, while stood by her, trying to explain how

r. Dalloway, ma'am" —

arissa read on the telephone pad, "Lady Bruton wishes to know if Mr way will lunch with her to-day."

r. Dalloway, ma'am, told me to tell you he would be lunching out."

ear!" said Clarissa, and Lucy shared as she meant her to her disappointment ot the pang); felt the concord between them; took the hint; thought how the y love; gilded her own future with calm; and, taking Mrs. Dalloway's para- andled it like a sacred weapon which a Goddess, having acquitted herself urably in the field of battle, sheds, and placed it in the umbrella stand.

ar no more," said Clarissa. Fear no more the heat o' the sun; for the shock dy Bruton asking Richard to lunch without her made the moment in which ad stood shiver, as a plant on the river-bed feels the shock of a passing oar hivers: so she rocked: so she shivered.

EXPRESSA EL TEU ART, PERÒ NO AQUÍ

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