

A painting of several horses standing in a field at night. The sky is dark with a large, glowing full moon in the upper right. The horses are rendered in various colors, including brown, grey, and white, and are illuminated by the moonlight. The overall mood is serene and atmospheric.

"HORSES OF THE NIGHT":
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I never knew I had distant cousins who lived up north, until Chris came down to Manawaka to go to high school. My mother said he belonged to a large family, relatives of ours, who lived at Shallow Creek, up north. I was six, and Shallow Creek seemed immeasurable far, part of a legendary winter country where no leaves grew and where the breath of seals and polar bears snuffled out steamily and turned to ice.

“Could plain people live there?” I asked my other, meaning people who were not Eskimos. “Could there be a farm?”

“How do you mean?” she said, puzzled. “I told you. That’s where they live. On the farm. Uncle Wilf—that was Chris’ father, who died a few years back—he got the place as a homestead, donkey’s years ago.”

“But how could they grow anything? I thought you said it was up north.”

“Mercy,” my mother said, laughing, “it’s not *that* far north, Vanessa. It’s about a hundred miles beyond Galloping Mountain. You be nice to Chris, now, won’t you? And don’t go asking him a whole lot of questions the minute he steps inside the doors.”

How little my mother knew of me, I thought. Chris had been fifteen. He could be expected to feel only scorn towards me. I detested the fact that I was so young. I did not think I would be able to say anything at all to him.

“What if I don’t like him?”

“What if you don’t?” my mother responded sharply. “You’re to watch your manners, and no acting up, understand? It’s going to be quite difficult enough without that.”

“Why does he have to come here, anyway?” I demanded crossly. “Why can’t he go to school where he lives?”

“Because there isn’t any high school up there,” my mother said. “I hope he gets on well here, and isn’t too homesick. Three years is a long time. It’s very good of your grandfather to let him stay at the Brick House.”

She said this last accusingly, as though she suspected I might be thinking differently. But I had not thought of it one way or another. We were all having dinner at the Brick House because of Chris’ arrival. It was the end of August, and sweltering. My grandfather’s house looked huge and cool from the outside, the high low-sweeping spruce trees shutting out the sun with their dusky out-fanned branches. But inside it wasn’t cool at all. The woodstove in the kitchen was going full blast, and the whole place smelled of roasting meat.

Grandmother Connor was wearing a large mauve apron. I thought it was a nicer colour than the dark bottle-green of her dress, but she believed in wearing sombre shades lest the spirit give way to vanity, which in her case was certainly not much of a risk. The apron came up over her shapeless bosom and obscured part of

her cameo brooch, the only jewellery she ever wore, with its portrait of a fiercely bearded man whom I imagined to be either Moses or God.

“Isn’t it nearly time for them to be getting here, Beth?” Grandmother Connor asked.

“Train’s not due until six,” my mother said. “It’s barely five-thirty, now. Has Father gone to the station already?”

“He went an hour ago,” my grandmother said.

“He would,” my mother commented.

“Now, now, Beth,” my grandmother cautioned and soothed.

At last the front screen door was hurled open and Grandfather Connor strode into the house, followed by a tall lanky boy. Chris was wearing a white shirt, a tie, grey trousers. I thought, unwillingly, that he looked handsome. His face was angular, the bones showing through the brown skin. His grey eyes were slightly slanted, and his hair was the colour of couchgrass at the end of summer when it has been bleached to a light yellow by the sun. I had not planned to like him, not even a little, but somehow I wanted to defend him when I heard what my mother whispered to my grandmother before they went into the front hall.

“Heavens, look at the shirt and trousers—must’ve been his father’s, the poor kid.”

I shot out into the hall ahead of my mother, and then stopped and stood there.

“Hi, Vanessa,” Chris said.

“How come you knew who I was?” I asked.

“Well. I knew your mother and dad only had one of a family, so I figured you must be her,” he replied grinning.

The way he spoke did not make me feel I had blundered. My mother greeted him warmly but shyly. Not knowing if she were expected to kiss him or to shake hands, she finally did neither. Grandmother Connor, however, had no doubts. She kissed him on both cheeks and then held him at arm’s length to have a proper look at him.

“Bless the child,” she said.

Coming from anyone else, this remark would have sounded ridiculous, especially as Chris was at least a head taller. My grandmother was the only person I have ever known who could say such things without appearing false.

“I’ll show you your room, Chris,” my mother offered.

Grandfather Connor, who had been standing in the living room doorway in absolute silence, looking as granite as a statue in the cemetery now followed Grandmother out to the kitchen.

“Train was forty minutes late,” he said weightily.

“What a shame,” my grandmother said. “But I thought it wasn’t due until six, Timothy.”

“Six!” my grandfather cried. “That’s the mainline train. The local’s due at five-twenty.”

This was not correct, as both my grandmother and I knew. But neither of us contradicted him.

“What are you cooking a roast for, on a night like this?” my grandfather went on. “A person could fry an egg on the sidewalk, it’s that hot. Potato salad would’ve gone down well.”

Privately, I agreed with his opinion, but I could never permit myself to acknowledge agreement with him on anything, I automatically and emotionally sided

with Grandmother in all issues, not because she was inevitably right but because I loved her.

“It’s not a roast,” my grandmother said mildly. “It’s mock duck. The stove’s only been going for an hour. I thought the boy would be hungry after the trip.”

My mother and Chris had come downstairs and were now in the living room. I could hear them there, talking awkwardly, with pauses.

“Potato salad,” my grandfather declaimed, “would’ve been plenty good enough. He’d have been lucky to get it, if you ask me anything. Wilf’s family hasn’t got two cents to rub together. It’s me that’s paying for the boy’s keep.”

The thought of Chris in the living room and my mother unable to explain, was too much for me. I sidled over to the kitchen door, intending to close it. But my grandmother stopped me.

“No,” she said, with unexpected firmness. “Leave it open, Vanessa.”

I could hardly believe it. Surely she couldn’t want Chris to hear? She herself was always able to move with equanimity through a hurricane because she believed that a mighty fortress was her God. But the rest of us were not like that, and usually she did her best to protect us. At the time I felt only bewilderment. I think now that she must have realized Chris would have to learn the Brick House sooner or later, and he might as well start right away.

I had to go into the living room. I had to know how Chris would take my grandfather. Would he, as I hoped, be angry and perhaps even speak out? Or would he, meekly, only be embarrassed?

“Wilf wasn’t much good, even as a young man,” Grandfather Connor was trumpeting. “Nobody but a simpleton would’ve taken up a homestead in a place like that. Anybody could’ve told him that land’s no use for a thing except hay.”

Was he going to remind us again how well he had done in the hardware business? Nobody had ever given him a hand, he used to tell me. I am sure he believed that this was true. Perhaps it even was true.

“If the boy takes after his father, it’s a poor lookout for him,” my grandfather continued.

I felt the old rage of helplessness. But as for Chris—he gave no sign of feeling anything. He was sitting on the big wing-backed sofa that curled in to the bay window like a black and giant seashell. He began to talk to me, quite easily, just as though he had not heard a word my grandfather was saying.

This method proved to be the one Chris always used in any dealings with my grandfather. When the bludgeoning words came, which was often, Chris never seemed, like myself, to be holding back with a terrible strained force for fear of letting go and speaking out and having the known world unimaginably fall to pieces. He would not argue or defend himself, but he did not apologize, either. He simply appeared to be absent, elsewhere. Fortunately, there was very little need for response, for when Grandfather Connor pointed out your short-comings, you were not expected to reply.

But this aspect of Chris was one which I noticed only vaguely at the time. What won me was that he would talk to me and wisecrack as though I were his same age. He was—although I didn’t know the phrase then—a respecter of persons.

On the rare evenings when my parents went out, Chris would come over to mind me. These were the best times, for often when he was supposed to be doing his homework he would make fantastic objects for my amusement, or his own—pipe-cleaners twisted into the shape of wildly prancing midget men, or an old set of

Christmas-tree lights fixed onto a puppet theatre with a red velvet curtain that really pulled. He had skill in making miniature things of all kinds. Once for my birthday he gave me a leather saddle no bigger than a matchbox, which he had sewn himself, complete in every detail, stirrups and horn, with the cross-cross lines that were the brand name of his ranch, he said, explaining it was a reference to his own name.

“Can I go to Shallow Creek sometime?” I asked one evening.

“Sure. Some summer holidays, maybe. I’ve got a sister about your age. The others are all grownup.”

I did not want to hear. His sisters—for Chris was the only boy—did not exist for me, not even as photographs, because I did not want them to exist. I wanted him to belong only here. Shallow Creek existed, though, no longer filled with ice mountains in my mind but as some beckoning country beyond all ordinary considerations.

“Tell me what it’s like there, Chris.”

“My gosh, Vanessa, I’ve told you before, about a thousand times.”

“You never told me what your house is like.”

“Didn’t I? Oh well—it’s made out of trees grown right there beside the lake.”

“Made out of trees? Gee. Really?”

I could see it. The trees were still growing, and the leaves were firmly and greenly on them. The branches had been coaxed into formations of towers and high-up nests where you could look out and see for a hundred miles or more.

“That lake, you know,” Chris said. “It’s more like an inland sea. It goes on for ever and ever amen, that’s how it looks. And you know what? Millions of years ago, before there were any human beings at all, that lake was full of water monsters. All different kinds of dinosaurs. Then they all died off. Nobody knows for sure why. Imagine them—all those huge creatures, with necks like snakes and some of them had hackles on their heads, like a rooster’s comb only very tough, like hard leather. Some guys from Winnipeg came up a few years back, there, and dug up dinosaur bones, and they found footprints in the rocks.”

“Footprints in the *rocks*?”

“The rocks were mud, see, when the dinosaurs went trampling through, but after trillions of years the mud turned into stone and there were these mighty footprints with the claws still showing. Amazing, eh?”

I could only nod, fascinated and horrified. Imagine going swimming in those waters. What if one of the creatures had lived on?

“Tell me about the horses,” I said.

“Oh, them. Well, we’ve got these two riding horses. Duchess and Firefly. I raised them, and you should see them. Really sleek, know what I mean? I bet I could make racers out of them.”

He missed the horses, I thought with selfish satisfaction, more than he missed his family. I could visualise the pair, one sorrel and one black, swift through all the meadows of summer.

“When can I go, Chris?”

“Well, we’ll have to see. After I get through high school, I won’t be at Shallow Creek much.”

“Why not?”

“Because,” Chris said, “what I am going to be is an engineer, civil engineer. You ever seen a really big bridge, Vanessa? Well, I haven’t either, but I’ve seen pictures. You take the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, now. Terrifically

high—all those thin ribs of steel, joined together to go across this very wide stretch of water. It doesn't seem possible, but it's there. That's what engineers do. Imagine doing something like that, eh?"

I could not imagine it. It was beyond me.

"Where will you go?" I asked. I did not want to think of his going anywhere.

"Winnipeg, to college," he said with assurance.

The Depression did not get better, as everyone had been saying it would. It got worse, and so did the drought. That part of the prairies where we lived was never dustbowl country. The farms around Manawaka never had a total crop failure, and afterwards, when the drought was over, people used to remark on this fact proudly, as though it had been due to some virtue or special status, like the Children of Israel being afflicted by Jehovah but never in real danger of annihilation. But although Manawaka never knew the worst, what it knew was bad enough. Or so I learned later. At the time I saw none of it. For me, the Depression and drought were external and abstract, malevolent gods whose names I secretly learned although they were concealed from me, and whose evil I sensed only superstitiously, knowing they threatened us but not how or why. What I really saw was only what went on in our family.

"He's done quite well all through, despite everything," my mother said. She signed, and I knew she was talking about Chris.

"I know," my father said. "We've been over all this before, Beth. But quite good isn't good enough. Even supposing he managed to get a scholarship, which isn't likely, it's only tuition and books. What about room and board? Who's going to pay for that? Your father?"

"I see I shouldn't have brought up the subject at all," my mother said in an aloof voice.

"I'm sorry," my father said impatiently. "But you know, yourself, he's the only one who might possibly—"

"I can't bring myself to ask Father about it, Ewen. I simply cannot do it."

"There wouldn't be much point in asking," my father said, "when the answer is a foregone conclusion. He feels he's done his share, and actually, you know, Beth, he has, too. Three years, after all. He may not have done it gracefully, but he's done it."

We were sitting in the living room, and it was evening. My father was slouched in the grey armchair that was always his. My mother was slenderly straight-backed in blue chair in which nobody else ever sat. I was sitting on the footstool, beige needlepoint with mathematical roses, to which I had staked my own claim. This seating arrangement was obscurely satisfactory to me, perhaps because predictable, like the three bears. I was pretending to be colouring into a scribbler on my knee, and from time to time my lethargic purple crayon added a feather to an outlandish swan. To speak would be to invite dismissal. But their words forced questions in my head.

"Chris isn't going away, is he?"

My mother swooped, shocked at her own neglect.

"My heavens—are you still up, Vanessa? What am I thinking of?"

"Where is Chris going?"

"We're not sure yet," my mother evaded, chivvying me up the stairs. "We'll see."

He would not go, I thought. Something would happen, miraculously, to prevent him. He would remain, with his long loping walk and his half-slanted grey eyes and his talk that never excluded me. He would stay right here. And soon, because I desperately wanted to, and because every day mercifully made me older, quite soon I would be able to reply with such a lightning burst of knowingness that it would astound him, when he spoke of the space or was it some black sky that never ended anywhere beyond this earth. Then I would not be innerly belittled for being unable to figure out what he would best like to hear. At that good and imagined time, I would not any longer be limited. I would not any longer be young.

I was nine when Chris left Manawaka. The day before he was due to go, I knocked on the door of his room in the Brick House.

“Come in,” Chris said. “I’m packing. Do you know how to fold socks, Vanessa?”

“Sure. Of course.”

“Well, get folding on that bunch there, then.”

I had come to say goodbye, but I did not want to say it yet. I got to work on the socks. I did not intend to speak about the matter of college, but the knowledge that I must not speak about it made me uneasy. I was afraid I would blurt out a reference to it in my anxiety not to. My mother had said, “He’s taken it amazingly well—he doesn’t even mention it, so we mustn’t either.”

“Tomorrow night you’ll be in Shallow Creek,” I ventured.

“Yeh.” He did not look up. He went on stuffing clothes and books into his suitcase.

“I bet you’ll be glad to see the horses, eh?” I wanted him to say he didn’t care about the horses any more and that he would rather stay here.

“It’ll be good to see them again,” Chris said. “Mind handing over those socks now, Vanessa? I think I can just squash them in at the side here. Thanks. Hey, look at all that, will you? Everything’s in. Am I an expert packer or am I an expert packer?”

I sat on his suitcase for him so it would close, and then he tied a piece of rope around it because the lock wouldn’t lock.

“Ever thought what it would be like to be a traveller, Vanessa?” he asked.

“I thought of Richard Halliburton, taking an elephant over the Alps and swimming illicitly in the Taj Mahal lily pool by moonlight.

“It would be keen,” I said, because this was the word Chris used to describe the best possible. “That’s what I’m going to do someday.”

He did not say, as for a moment I feared he might, that girls could not be travellers.

“Why not?” he said. “Sure you will, if you really want to. I got his theory, see, that anybody can do anything at all, anything, if they really set their minds to it. But you have to have this total concentration. You have to focus on it with your whole mental powers, and not let it slip away by forgetting to hold it in your mind. If you hold it in your mind, like, then it’s real, see? You take most people, now. They can’t concentrate worth a darn.”

“Do you think I can?” I enquired eagerly, believing that this was what he was talking about.

“What?” he said. “Oh—sure. Sure I think you can. Naturally.”

Chris did not write after he left Manawaka. About a month later we had a letter from his mother. He was not at Shallow Creek. He had not gone back. He had got off the northbound train at the first stop after Manawaka, cashed in his ticket, and thumbed a lift with a truck to Winnipeg. He had written to his mother from there, but had given no address. She had not heard from him since. My mother read Aunt Tess' letter aloud to my father. She was too upset to care whether I was listening or not.

"I can't think what possessed him, Ewen. He never seemed irresponsible. What if something happened to him? What if he's broke? What do you think we should do?"

"What can we do? He's nearly eighteen. What he does is his business. Simmer down, Beth, and let's decide if we're going to tell your father."

"Oh Lord," my mother said. "There's that to consider, of course."

I went out without either of them noticing. I walked to the hill at the edge of the town, and down in to the valley where the scrub oak and poplar grew almost to the banks of the Wachakwa River. I found the oak where we had gone last autumn, in a gang, to smoke cigarettes made of dried leaves and pieces of newspaper. I climbed to the lowest branch and stayed there for awhile.

I was not consciously thinking about Chris. I was not thinking of anything. But when at last I cried, I felt relieved afterwards and could go home again.

Chris departed from my mind, after that, with a quickness that was due to the other things that happened. My Aunt Edna, who was a secretary in Winnipeg, returned to Manawaka to live because the insurance company cut down on staff and she could not find another job. I was intensely excited and jubilant about her return, and could not see why my mother seemed the opposite, even though she was as fond of Aunt Edna as I was. Then my brother Roderick was born and that same year Grandmother Connor died. The strangeness, the unbelievability, of both these events took up all of me.

When I was eleven, almost two years after Chris had left. He came back without warning. I came home from school and found him sitting in our living room. I could not accept that I had nearly forgotten him until this instant. Now that he was present, and real again, I felt I had betrayed him by not thinking of him more.

He was wearing a navy-blue serge suit. I was old enough now to notice that it was a cheap one and had been worn a considerable time. Otherwise, he looked the same, the same smile, the same knife-boned face with no flesh to speak of, the same unresting eyes.

"How come you're here?" I cried. "Where have you been, Chris?"

"I'm a traveller," he said. "Remember?"

He was a traveller all right. One meaning of the word *traveller* in our part of the world was a travelling salesman. Chris was selling vacuum cleaners. That evening, he brought out his line and showed us. He went through his spiel for our benefit, so we could hear how it sounded.

"Now look, Beth," he said, turning the appliance on and speaking loudly above its moaning roar, "see how it brightens up this old rug of yours? Keen, eh?"

"Wonderful," my mother laughed. "Only we can't afford one."

"Oh well—," Chris said quickly, "I'm not trying to sell one to you. I'm only showing you. Listen, I've only been in this job a month, but I figure this is a really a going thing. I mean, it's obvious, isn't it? You take all of those old wire carpet-

beaters of yours, Beth. You could kill yourself over them and your carpet isn't going to look one-tenth as good as it does with this."

"Look, I don't want to seem—," my father put in, "but, hell, they're not exactly a new invention, and we're not the only ones who can't afford—"

"This is a pretty big outfit, you know?" Chris insisted. "Listen, I don't plan to stay, Ewen. But a guy could work at it for a year or so, and save-right? Lots of guys work their way through university like that."

I needed to say something really penetrating, something that would show him I knew the passionate truth of his convictions.

"I bet—," I said, "I bet you'll see a thousand, Chris."

Two years ago, this statement would have seemed self-evident, unquestionable. Yet now, when I had spoken, I knew that I did not believe it.

The next time Chris visited Manawaka, he was selling magazines. He had the statistics worked out. If every sixth person in town would get a subscription to *Country Guide*, he could make a hundred dollars in a month. We didn't learn how he got on. He didn't stay in Manawaka a full month. When he turned up again, it was winter. Aunt Edna phoned.

"Nessa? Listen, kiddo, tell your mother she's to come down if it's humanly possible. Chris is here, and Father's having fits."

So, in five minutes we were scurrying through the snow, my mother and I, with our overshoes not even properly done up and our feet getting wet. We need not have worried. By the time we reached the Brick House, Grandfather Connor had retired to the basement, where he sat in the rocking chair beside the furnace, making occasional black pronouncements like a subterranean oracle. These loud utterances made my mother and aunt wince, but Chris didn't seem to notice any more than he ever had. He was engrossed in telling us about the mechanism he was holding. It had a cranker handle like an old-fashioned sewing machine.

"You attach the ball of wool here, see? Then you set this little switch here, and adjust this lever, and you're away to the races. Neat, eh?"

It was a knitting machine. Chris showed us the finished products. The men's socks he had made were coarse wool, one pair in grey heather and another in maroon. I was impressed.

"Gee-can I do it, Chris?"

"Sure. Look, you just grab hold of the handle right here."

"Where did you get it?" my mother asked.

"I've rented it. The way I figure it, Beth, I can sell these things at about half the price you'd pay in the store, and they're better quality."

"Who are you going to sell them to?" Aunt Edna enquired.

"You take all those guys who do outside work—they need heavy wool socks all year round, not just in winter. I think this thing could be quite a goldmine."

"Before I forget," my mother said, "how's your mother and family keeping?"

"They're okay," Chris said in a restrained voice. "They're not short of hands, if that's what you mean, Beth. My sisters have their husbands there."

Then he grinned, casting away the previous moment, and dug into his suitcase.

"Hey, I haven't shown you—these are for you, Vanessa, and this pair for Roddie."

My socks were cherry-coloured. The very small ones for my brother were turquoise.

Chris only stayed until after dinner and then he went away again.

After my father dies, the whole order of life was torn. Nothing was known or predictable any longer. For months I lived almost entirely within myself, so when my mother told me one day that Chris couldn't find any work at all because there were no jobs and so he had gone back to Shallow Creek to stay, it made scarcely an impression on me. But that summer, my mother had decided I ought to go away for a holiday. She hoped it might take my mind off my father's death. What, if anything, was going to take her mind off his death, she did not say.

“Would you like to go to Shallow Creek for a week or so?” she asked me. “I could write to Chris' mother.”

Then I remembered, all in a torrent, the way I had imagined it once, when he used to tell me about it—the house fashioned of living trees, the lake like a sea where monsters had dwelt, the grass that shone like green wavering light while the horses flew in the splendour of their pride.

“Yes,” I said. “Write to her.”

The railway did not go through Shallow Creek, but Chris met me at Challoner's Crossing. He looked different, not only thinner, but—what was it? Then I saw that it was the fact that his face and neck were tanned red-brown, and he was wearing denims, farm pants, and a blue plaid shirt open at the neck. I liked him like this. Perhaps the change was not so much in him as in myself, now that I was thirteen. He looked masculine in a way I had not been aware of, before.

“C'mon kid,” he said. “The limousine's over here.”

It was a wagon and two horses, which was what I had expected, but the nature of each was not what I had expected. The wagon was a long and clumsy one, made of heavy planking, and the horses were both plough horses, thick in the legs, and badly matched as a team. The mare was short and stout, matronly. The gelding was very tall and gaunt, and he limped.

“Allow me to introduce you,” Chris said. “Floss—Trooper—this is Vanessa.”

He did not mention the other horses, Duchess and Firefly, and neither did I, not all the fortnight I was there. I guess I had known for some years now, without realizing it, that the pair had only ever existed in some other dimension.

Shallow Creek wasn't a town. It was merely a name on a map. There was a grade school a few miles away, but that was all. They had to go to Challoner's Crossing for their groceries. We reached the farm, and Chris steered me through the crowd of aimless cows and wolfish dogs in the yard, while I flinched with panic.

It was perfectly true that the house was made out of trees. It was a fair-sized but elderly shack, made out of poplar poles and chinked with mud. There was an upstairs, which was not so usual around here, with three bedrooms, one of which I was to share with Chris' sister, Jeannie, who was slightly younger than I, a pallid-eyed girl who was either too shy to talk or who had nothing to say. I never discovered which, because I was so reticent with her myself, wanting to push her away, not to recognise her, and at the same time experiencing a shocked remorse at my own unacceptable feelings.

Aunt Tess, Chris' mother, was severe in manner and yet wanting to be kind, worrying over it, making tentative overtures which were either ignored or repelled by her older daughters and their monosyllabic husbands. Youngsters swam in and out of the house like shoals of nameless fishes. I could not see how so many people

could live here, under one roof, but then I learned they didn't. The married daughters had their own dwelling places, nearby, but some kind of communal life was maintained. They wrangled endlessly but they never left one another alone, not even for a day.

Chris took no part at all, none. When he spoke, it was usually to the children, and they would often follow him around the yard or to the barn, not pestering but just trailing along in clusters of three or four. He never told them to go away. I liked him for this, but it bothered me, too. I wished he would return his sisters' bickering for once, or tell them to clear out, or even yell at one of the kids. But he never did. He closed himself off from squabbling voices just as he used to do with Grandfather Connor's spearing words.

The house had no screens on the doors or windows, and at meal times the flies were so numerous you could hardly see the food for the iridescent-winged blue-black bodies squirming all over it. Nobody noticed my squeamishness except Chris, and he was the only one from whom I really wanted to conceal it.

"Fan with your hand," he murmured.

"It's okay," I said quickly.

For the first time in all the years we had known each other, we could not look the other in the eye. Around the table, the children stabbed and snivelled, until Chris' oldest sister, driven frantic, shrieked, *Shut up shut up shut up*. Chris began asking me about Manawaka then, as though nothing were going on around him.

They were due to begin haying, and Chris announced that he was going to camp out in the bluff near the hayfields. To save himself the long drive in the wagon each morning, he explained, but I felt this wasn't the real reason.

"Can I go, too?" I begged. I could not bear the thought of living in the house with all the others who were not known to me, and Chris not here.

"Well, I don't know -,"

"Please, please Chris. I won't be any trouble. I promise."

Finally, he agreed. We drove out in the big hayrack, its slatted sides rattling, its old wheels jolting metallicly. The road was narrow and dirt, and around it the low bushes grew, wild rose and blueberry and wolf willow with silver leaves. Sometimes we would come to a bluff of pale-leaved poplar trees, and once a red-winged blackbird flew up out of the branches and into the hot dusty blue of the sky.

There we were there. The hayfields lay beside the lake. It was my first view of the water which had spawned saurian giants so long ago. Chris drove the hayrack through the field of high coarse grass and on down almost to the lake's edge, where there was no shore, but only the green rushes like floating meadows in which the water birds nested. Beyond the undulating reeds the open lake stretched, deep, green-grey, out and out, beyond sight.

No human word could be applied. The lake was no lonely or untamed. These words relate to people and there was nothing of people here. There was no feeling about the place. It existed in some world in which man was not yet born. I looked at the grey reaches of it and felt threatened. It was like the view of God which I had held since my father's death. Distant, indestructible, totally indifferent.

Chris had jumped down off the hayrack.

"We're not going to camp *here*, are we?" I asked and pleaded.

"No. I just want to let the horses drink. Well camp up there in the bluff."

I looked. "It's still pretty close to the lake, isn't it?"

"Don't worry," Chris said, laughing. "You won't get your feet wet."

Chris looked at me.

“I know you didn’t,” he said. “But let’s learn to be a little tougher, and not let on, eh? It’s necessary.”

Chris worked through the hours of sun, while I lay on the half-formed stack of hay and looked up at the sky. The blue air trembled and spun with the heat haze, and the hay on which I was lying held the scents of grass and dust and wild mint.

In the evening, Chris took the horses to the lake again, and then he drove the hayrack to the edge of the bluff and we spread out our blankets underneath it. He made a fire and we had coffee and a tin of stew, and then we went to bed. We did not wash, and we slept in our clothes. It was only when I was curled up uncomfortably with the itching blanket around me that I felt a sense of unfamiliarity at being here, with Chris, only three feet away, I self-consciousness I would not have felt even the year before. I do not think he felt this sexual strangeness. If he wanted me not to be a child—and he did - it was not with the wish that I would be a woman. It was something else.

“Are you asleep, Vanessa?” he asked.

“No. I think I’m lying on a tree root.”

“Well, shift yourself, then,” he said. “Listen, kid, I never said anything before, because I didn’t really know what to say, but—you know how I felt about your dad dying, and that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said, chokingly. “It’s okay. I know.”

“I used to talk with Ewen sometimes. He didn’t see what I was driving at, mostly, but he’d always listen, you know? You don’t find many guys like that.”

We were both silent for a while.

“Look,” Chris said finally. “Ever notice how much brighter the stars are when you’re completely away from any houses? Even the lamps up at the farm, there, make enough of a glow to keep you from seeing properly like you can out here. What do they make you think about, Vanessa?”

“Well—“

“I guess most people don’t give them much thought at all, except maybe to say—*very pretty*—or like that. But the point is, they aren’t like that. The stars and planets, in themselves, are just not like that, not *pretty*, for heaven’s sake. They’re gigantic—some of them burning—imagine those worlds tearing through space and made of pure fire. Or the ones that are absolutely dead—just rock or ice and no warmth in them. There must be some, though, that have living creatures. You wonder what they could look like, and what they feel. We won’t ever get to know. But somebody will know, someday. I really believe that. Do you ever think about this kind of thing at all?”

He was twenty-one. The distance between us was still too great. For years I had wanted to be older so I might talk with him, but now I felt completely unready.

“Sometimes,” I said, hesitantly, making it sound like *Never*.

“People usually say there must be a God,” Chris went on, “because otherwise how did the universe get here? But that’s ridiculous. If the stars and planets go on to infinity, they could have existed forever, for no reason at all. Maybe they weren’t ever created. Look—what’s the alternative? To believe in a God who is brutal. What else could He be? You’ve only got to look anywhere around you. It would be an insult to Him to believe in a God like that. Most people don’t like talking about this kind of thing—it embarrasses them, you know? Or else they’re not interested. I don’t mind. I can always think about things myself. You don’t actually need anyone

to talk to. But about God, though—if there’s a war, like it looks there will be, would people claim that was planned? What kind of God would pull a trick like that? And yet, you know plenty of guys would think it was a godsend, and who’s to say they’re wrong? ‘Tl would be a job, and you’d get around and see places.”

He paused, as though waiting for me to say something. When I did not, he resumed.

“Ewen told me about the last war, once. He hardly ever talked about it, but this once he told me about seeing the horses in the mud, actually going under, you know? And the way their eyes looked when they realized they weren’t going to get out. Ever seen horses’ eyes when they’re afraid, I mean really berserk with fear, like in a bush-fire? Ewen said a guy tended to concentrate on the horses because he didn’t dare think what was happening to the men, including himself. Do you ever listen to the news at all, Vanessa?”

“I—“

I could only feel how foolish I must sound, still unable to reply as I would have wanted, comprehendingly. I felt I had failed myself utterly. I could not speak even the things I knew. As for the other things, the things I did not know, I resented Chris’ facing me with them. I took refuge in pretending to be asleep, and after a while Chris stopped talking.

Chris left Shallow Creek some months after the war began and joined the Army. After his basic training he was sent to England. We did not hear from him until about a year later, when a letter arrived for me.

“Vanessa—what’s wrong?” my mother asked.

“Nothing.”

“Don’t fib,” she said firmly. “What did Chris say in his letter, honey?”

“Oh—not much.”

She gave me a curious look and then she went away. She would never have demanded to see the letter. I did not show it to her and she did not ask about it again.

Six months later my mother heard from Aunt Tess. Chris had been sent home from England and discharged from the Army because of a mental breakdown. He was now in the provincial mental hospital and they did not know how long he would have to remain there. He had been violent, before, but now he was not violent. He was, the doctors had told his mother, passive.

Violent. I could not associate the word with Chris, who had been so much the reverse. I could not bear to consider what anguish must have catapulted him into that even greater anguish. But the way he was now seemed almost worse. How might he be? Sitting quite still, wearing the hospitals’ grey dressing-gown, the animation gone from his face?

My mother cared about him a great deal, but her immediate thought was not for him.

“When I think of you, going up to Shallow Creek that time,” she said, “and going out camping with him, and what might have happened—”

I, also, was thinking of what might have happened. But we were not thinking of the same thing. For the first time I recognized, at least at little, the dimensions of his need to talk that night. He must have understood perfectly well how impossible it would be, with a thirteen year old. But there was no one else. All his life’s choices had grown narrower and narrower. He had been forced to return to the alien lake of home, and when finally he saw a means of getting away, it could only be into a

turmoil which appalled him and which he dreaded even more than he knew. I had listened to his words, but I had not really heard them, not until now. It would not have made much difference to what happened, but I wished it were not too late to let him know.

Once when I was on holiday from college, my mother got me to help her clean out the attic. We sifted through boxes full of junk, old clothes, schoolbooks, bric-a-brac that once had been treasures. In one of the boxes I found the miniature saddle that Chris had made for me a long time ago.

“Have you heard anything recently?” I asked, ashamed that I had not asked sooner.

She glanced up at me. “Just the same. It’s always the same. They don’t think there will be much improvement.”

Then she turned away.

“He always used to seem so—hopeful. Even when there was really nothing to be hopeful about. That’s what I find so strange. He *seemed* hopeful, don’t you think?”

“Maybe it wasn’t hope,” I said.

“How do you mean?”

I wasn’t certain myself. I was thinking of all the schemes he’d had, the ones that couldn’t possibly have worked, the unreal solutions to which he’d clung because there was no others, the brave and useless strokes of fantasy against a depression that was both the world’s and his own.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I just think things were always more difficult for him than he let on, that’s all. Remember that letter?”

“Yes.”

“Well—what it said was that they could force his body to march and even to kill, but what they didn’t know was that he’d fooled them. He didn’t live inside it any more.”

“Oh, Vanessa—,” my mother said. “You must have suspected right then.”

“Yes, but—”

I could not go on, could not say that the letter seemed only the final heartbreaking extension of that way he’d always had of distancing himself from the absolute unbearability of battle.

I picked up the tiny saddle and turned it over in my hand.

“Look. His brand, the name of his ranch. The Criss-Cross.”

“What ranch?” my mother said, bewildered.

“The one where he kept his racing horses. Duchess and Firefly.”

Some words came into my head, a single line from a poem I had once heard. I knew it referred to a lover who did not want the morning to come, but to me it had another meaning, a different relevance.

Slowly, slowly, horses of the night—

The night must move like this for him, slowly, all through the days and nights. I could not know whether the land he journeyed through was inhabited by terrors, the old monster-kings of the lake, or whether he had discovered at last a way for himself to make the necessary dream perpetual.

I put the saddle away once more, gently and ruthlessly, back into the cardboard box.