

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty." 65

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I – I hadn't thought about it."

*ébloui* "Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over\* when I came into your room just now. However... 70  
*grossier* I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm crude\* and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up\* *The Milliner's Gazette*\*."

*consulter – magazine de mode*

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. 75  
Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her cheque-book towards her. But no, cheques would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom. 80

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

*regard* "I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze\*, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight." 85

*antérieur* Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous\* engagement?" 85

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly. Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little, and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks. 90

*voilée* "Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky\*, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

*trente livres* Then Rosemary said dreamily: "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost 95  
*panier percé* twenty-eight guineas\*. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one\*," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

*poitrine* "Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom\*, "am I pretty?"

Katherine MANSFIELD, *The Dove's Nest* (1923)



**Katherine MANSFIELD** (1888-1923) was born in Wellington into a middle-class colonial family. She is New Zealand's most famous writer and is regarded today as one of the masters of the short story. Her first volume of short stories, *In a German Pension* (1911), was not remarkable and achieved little notice, but the stories in *Bliss* (1920) and *The Garden Party* (1922) established her as a major writer. Later volumes of stories include *The Dove's Nest* (1923) and *Something Childish* (1924). During the last five years of her life she suffered from tuberculosis and succumbed to the disease at the age of 35.