

Persephone

It was a shock, of course, to be snatched quite so brusquely out of the blue, and more especially since it was my uncle who rather rashly did the snatching. But I got used to it, might eventually have preferred the arctic night of his distant passion to the familiar fleshly nudgings of the sun. According to freshly drawn up terms between mamma and my frightful husband, however, I must spend the summer burgeoning before they'll readmit me to that sombre space of mind I inhabit between motherhoods. Best of both worlds—hammer of blood each spring and then a wintry respite? Uh-uh! I neither keep my cake nor eat it.

JAMES HARRISON