

It **rasped** her, though, to have **stirring about** in her this **brutal monster!** to **hear** twigs cracking and feel hooves planted down in the depths of that **leaf-encumbered forest**, the soul; never to be content quite, or quite secure, for at any moment **the brute** would be stirring, this hatred, which, especially since her illness, had power to make her feel scraped, hurt in her spine; gave her physical pain, and made **all pleasure in** beauty, in friendship, in being well, in being loved and **making her home delightful** rock, quiver, and bend as if indeed there were a monster grubbing at the roots, as if the whole **panoply of content** were nothing but self love! this hatred!

**Nonsense**, nonsense! she cried to herself, pushing through the **swing doors** of Mulberry's the florists.