

was weak in purpose. The gate to her own place might indeed be closed by her choice, but she had the right to go and see.

Reaching the side of the pool, Briary paused once to look down to those about Herta's cottage as the morn's light made them clear. And then she dove arrow quick and smooth into the water, down and down, until the dark edge of the screen was before her. Nor did she hesitate to see what her choice had cost her but swam on, for this was the thing she had to do.

AFTERWORD

I first met Roger when we were both inhabitants of Cleveland in the very dim days of the past. He was a warm and generous person, someone one felt at home with at once. And while a great deal of distance divided us in the following years, I had the pleasure of looking forward to his next spectacular production in print. Such as he leave an unfillable void behind—but also set goals for those who followed.