

slipped from her grasp and refused to look professionally attached. In frustration, she chewed at her lip and continued to sew.

As she finished her second pillow, Agnes realized that nearly all light had drained from the sky and that she was sewing in darkness. Lifting her glasses and rubbing her eyes, she limped, prickle-footed, over to the light switch and flicked on the dim overhead fixture. It certainly didn't help much. She could go blind sewing by that light. After tugging off the mattress cover, she took a lamp from the night stand and placed it on the floor.

Her back ached unmercifully, and her stomach rumbled with hunger. Although she regretted not stopping to eat, she rationalized that food was only necessary to stay alive and she would surely live until morning without it. At present she had more important things to do. And so she continued to repair the damage done just that morning, until late that evening.

Agnes awoke the next morning certain that her worries were over. She had finished her job and done it well. There was not a chance in the world that she could be suspected of anything.

Briskly she showered and dressed, conscious that she must get about the business of seeing the city and sending out postcards. She would check at the desk to find out what was scheduled for the day.

As she left the room, she glanced back over her shoulder at the rumpled bed. Let the maid make it this time, she sniffed to herself confidently, and closed the door.

Jauntily she approached the desk clerk. "My name is Agnes Pruitt," she smiled. "Have you a schedule of activities for me?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Pruitt. I'm sorry to say that you missed the Guggenheim yesterday. Whatever did you do all day?"

Agnes' smile faded, and she froze in terror. Did he suspect something?

