

I sometimes think I could almost brave the grip of that grim old woman-fish, and dive under the waves with her, and feel her fins flapping round me again for a little while, say five seconds, if it really *was* only five seconds, if all the rest could come back too, the brightness and the freshness and the springiness of those old long-ago days. Never to be tired, never to be out of sorts, never to want the cool dark night to come, or the sun to stay a little longer before he peeps under your eyelids in the early morning,—how pleasant all that must be; but it goes away, and never comes back again any more.

No, *no, no!* I have been thinking it all carefully over, and I have quite made up my mind now. I would *not* go under the water with the bathing-woman again every morning, even to buy back the privilege of never being tired at night. For there is something better in life, after all, than being a little girl, and I hope you will find that out for yourselves, some day.