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could see Grandmother Duncan's house. Mother was sleeping so soundly after a sleepless night I was sure she would not awaken for a little time yet. I would only go a short ways and then hurry back.

The farther I walked along that embankment, the nearer I came to the Sessions' homes and surrounding trees, an impossible obstruction. I would have to go beyond this, if I were to see. I soon found myself at Willey's corner. There I stood struggling with the forces of good and evil. Less than a city block down that street, Nellie, Carrie and the children would be playing under the big tree, but the merry scene was hidden from view by a neighboring house and large trees. To go on farther I would have to cross a bridge that spanned a turbulent stream. I had often heard how Grandfather Willey was drowned in that stream, which put it in the same class as the "Willows."

I thought of Mother. The GOOD whispered not to leave her. But my EVIL Genii answered, "Her headache is better as evidenced by her sleeping when you left." I knew that if I went right back now she would not have missed me. But my Evil Genii again urged, "I had come so far, I must have just a glance of them before turning back."

So, I timidly crossed that bridge and went on down the street to the next house that stood on a slight rise of the ground. There they were under the big tree! I could see them and hear their laughter. "But I would go no father," I defiantly muttered. There I stood a most forlorn little six year old.