

S Y N O P S I S

This short-story began with the introduction of Hester as a mother in a family who lived in style. She started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She felt that the children had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. In her manner, she was all the more gentle and anxious for them as if she loved them very much. Only she herself and her children knew it wasn't so.

Although they lived in style, they felt always an anxiety in the house. Hester and her husband had small income which wasn't nearly enough for the social position they wanted to keep up, yet their tastes, especially Hester's, were just so expensive. Therefore, there was always the grinding sense of shortage of money though their life style was kept up. Then the house came to be haunted by the need of more and more money. The children could even hear it as an unspoken phrase : *There must be more money! There must be more money!* which disturbed and frightened them terribly, especially Paul the boy.

One day Paul asked his mother why they always borrowed uncle Oscar's car or else a taxi. She said it was because they were poor family and they were poor because

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the father had no luck. She told Paul that if they were lucky they could get more money. Paul was sure that he was lucky unlike his father. He was very sure about it. Then he started his furious ride on his big rocking-horse which in his opinion could take him to where there was luck.

One day Oscar Cresswell, Paul's uncle, found him on one of his furious ride. Oscar was delighted to know that Paul was posted with all the horse racing news. Paul finally told his secret. He said that he knew which horse would win in a coming horse race. He asked Basset, the young gardener of the house, to put money on the horse. And they won some money from the race. At first, Oscar did not believe his nephew, but when Paul could prove it to him, they became partners. Oscar got a lot of money too from the gamble.

When Paul had gathered five thousand pounds from horse races. Oscar asked him what he would do with the money. Paul answered he started all of this for his mother, so he would give all of the money to her. But he didn't want her to know it was him who had sent her money. Then Paul handed over the money to Oscar, who deposited it with the family lawyer, who was then to inform Paul's mother that a relative had put five thousand pounds into his hands, which sum was to be paid out a thousand pounds

at a time on her birthday for the next five years, so that she could have a thousand pounds per year for the next five years.

The unspoken phrase had been worse than ever lately. When her birthday finally came, she received and read the letter telling about the thousand pounds. She didn't look happy but her face hardened and became more expressionless instead. In the afternoon, Oscar told Paul that his mother had met the lawyer asking if she could have the whole five thousand pounds at once, as she was in debt. She wasn't satisfied with a thousand pounds only.

Paul let her have the whole five thousand. But then something very curious happened. The unspoken phrase in the house suddenly went mad. Paul insisted on knowing for the other horse races. He wanted more money for his mother. Unluckily, he had a tutor and he studied away at his Latin and Greek with his tutor. He missed a few horse races and lost a hundred and fifty pounds. He became wild-eyed and strange as if something were going to explode in him.

The Derby race was coming next, and he insisted on knowing for the Derby. He argued with his mother when she was going to send him to the seaside. He didn't want to be sent away till after the Derby. His mother was angry but she couldn't say anything but let her son stay.

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Two nights before the Derby, Hester was at a party in town. A bad feeling gripped her heart. She couldn't stand it, and she phoned the children's nursery-governess to make sure that Paul was all right. When she was already at home, she stole upstairs to Paul's room. She heard a strange, heavy, and yet not loud noise from the room. Her heart stood still. Softly, frozen with anxiety and fear, she turned the doorhandle, opening the door. Switching on the light, she saw her son madly surging on his rocking-horse. She cried his name. Paul screamed of Malabar, a name of a horse. Then he fell with a crash to the ground, and she rushed to gather him up. But he was unconscious with some brain fever.

The third day of the illness was critical. Bassett, who always put money for Paul, came to see Paul. Paul neither slept nor regain consciousness. Bassett whispered on Paul telling him that Malabar had won the race so that Paul had got over eighty thousand pounds. Then Paul told his mother about his secret of his furious ride. But Paul died in the night.