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The Jolly Hour

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They must admit nothing to one another, not that he had not done what he had done, nor that she knew what he had done. So that when his brother visited, knowing nothing of it, they came to her house and sat drinking wine with their daughter, who knew but doubted she knew and in any case said nothing. And they talked about everything that was all right to talk about but not about what he and she knew between them but would not acknowledge. It was a jolly time unless you knew what both of them knew but would not admit knowing to each other and which one of them wanted to forget and one of them would not admit to. It was a jolly meeting filled with wine and talk of things that mattered not at all. It was that jolly filling of glasses again and again and not looking at one another but at the corner of the room which had become an enormous blankness about what had been done and never while life lasted in them would it be undone or forgotten.