Chapter 1: The Manor House

Charles hadn't visited the manor house since Easter, 1935, and now he remembered why.

"Hello," he called out as he walked up the drive, "and then, as if to himself, "To be or not to be? To walk or not to walk, to talk or not to talk... oh hang it all!" His meditation on Hamlet was interrupted as he collided with a peacock. "Sacre bleu!" he exclaimed, with irritation, his sang-froid completely deserted him. His catalogue of imitations included:

1. The weather
2. The peacocks
3. His magic word of French
4. The musical solemnity of the ride

And so Chapter 1.