The sun was now low beneath the horizon. Darkness spread rapidly. None of my senses could see anything but the taming light of our headlamps on the hedge. I summoned them together. "Now," I said, "comes the season of making up our accounts. Now we have got to collect ourselves; we have got to be one self. Nothing is to be seen any more, except one wedge of road and bank which our lights repeat incessantly. We are perfectly provided for. We are warmly wrapped in a rug; we are protected from wind and rain. We are alone. Now is the time of reckoning. Now, who presides over the company, I am going to arrange in order the trophies which we have all brought in. Let me see; there was a great deal of beauty brought in to-day: farmhouses, cliffs, standing out to sea; marbled fields, mossed fields; red feathered skies; all that. Also, there was disappearance and the death of the individual. The vanishing road and the window lit for a second and then dark. And then there was the sudden dancing light that was hung in the future. What we have made then to-day," I said, "is this: that beauty; death of the individual; and the future. Look, I will make a little figure for your satisfaction; here he comes. Does this little figure advancing through beauty, through death, to the economical, powerful and efficient future when houses will be cleansed by a puff of hot wind satisfy you? Look at him: there on my knee." We sat and looked at the figure we had made that day. Great sheers of rock, tree-tutted, surrounded him. He was for a second very, very solemn. Indeed it seemed as if the reality of things were displayed there on the rug. A violent thrill ran through us; if a charge of electricity had entered in us. We cried out together: "Yes, yes," as if affirming something, in a moment of recognition. And then the body who had been silent up to now began its song, almost at first as low as the rush of the wheels: "Eggs and bacon; toast and tea; fire and a bath; fire and a bath, rugged here," it went on, "and currant jelly; a glass of wine with coffee to follow, with coffee to follow — and then to bed and then to bed."

"Off with you," I said to my assembled selves. "Your work is done. I dismiss you. Good-night." And the rest of the journey was performed in the delicious society of my own body.