

The third class carriage was empty save for two women who knew the boy and were greatly interested by his adventure. So he talked to them all the time — about the marvellous things he was going to do, the actor, singer, dancer he was going to be, the plays he was going to write. The two women, I expect, believed every word of it. But once in Polchester it was quite another matter. Here was a big noisy station with porters pushing barrows and shouting to you to get out of the way, engines hooting, puffing, and whispering. But worst of all were the strange hostile faces. He realized now that he was nothing, nobody. He would get over this, but for the moment he was so badly frightened that he was ready to burst into tears.

Hugh Walpole