

Rickie admired his aunt, but did not care for her. She reminded him too much of his father. She had the same heartlessness, the same habit of taking life with a laugh... as if life were a pill! He also felt that she neglected him. He would not have asked much: as for "prospects", they never entered his head; but she was his only near relative, and a little kindness and hospitality during the lonely years would have made incalculable difference. Now that he had married and could bring her Agnes, she had asked him to stop at once. The sun as it rose next morning spoke to him of a new life. He too had a purpose in the world at last. Leaning out of the window, he gazed at the earth washed clean... But that day nothing was to remain divine but the weather. His aunt, for reasons of her own, decreed that he should go for a ride.

E. M. Forster