

The Woman in Red



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CHAPTER 1
After a moment he realized it wasn't the alarm clock.
Fumbling in the general direction of the bedside table, Chaffley's arm hit the lamp (which switched on as it fell), the ashtray (which spilled ash all over the edge of the bed, causing him to sneeze), an empty glass (which dropped to the floor and shattered), the alarm clock (which promptly began to ring) and finally the telephone.
He tried to turn the alarm clock off while holding the telephone receiver against his ear with his shoulder. The alarm clock would not stop ringing, so he shoved it under his pillow where it continued to whirl suddenly in a gradually diminishing way. Retrieving the phone from where it had slipped off his shoulder and under his arm, he found the cord was cutting off his circulation and had to

unwind it.
 All the whiie a tiny voice could be heard shoutingi¼E \"Helio?
}˜eilo? Hello?\" witi: increasing iL˜patiencei¼E as if an irritable
wasp had been trapped in ~.he receiver.
 \"i¼Ettomentito/\" Charles shouted in the general direction of
his navel! as he umi¼Eeound bin:soil from the coils of the phone
cord. He brushed away a cigm~ette end that had become stuck
~ \"x~ his arm. As he lay down againi¼E he st\"uck his era- on the now
silent alarm clocki¼E which had worked its way out from under
the piDow during his stiai~i¼Eoles with the cord.
 \" Oz& ~ cs?\" he sr~arledi¼E squinting at the aiarm c~ocki¼E which
said ie siwi¼E~)jd be sfill a~leep.
 \"Bg~.eri¼E h~r~i¼E C}xaries. \" it would be. \"tiepe ! didn t intem~4~t
anything. ~;oei¼Ei¼E:iul.\" Sn~a~ ass.
 \"Ve=i¼Ei¼E special.\"
 \"Oh. A~@dtY so~Ty.i¼E.\" Baker apologized warily.
 CEmqes sivhed and relented. \"It was iust a dream.\" It usually

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