

evening breeze blew the smoke toward the point, so Marjorie spread the blanket out between the fire and the lake.

Sounds a bit romantic
Marjorie sat on the blanket with her back to the fire and waited for Nick. He came over and sat down beside her on the blanket. In back of them was the close second-growth timber⁴ of the point and in front was the bay with the mouth of Hortons Creek. It was not quite dark. The fire-light went as far as the water. They could both see the two steel rods at an angle over the dark water. The fire glinted on the reels.

Marjorie unpacked the basket of supper.

"I don't feel like eating," said Nick.

"Come on and eat, Nick."

"All right."

They ate without talking, and watched the two rods and the fire-light in the water.

"There's going to be a moon tonight," said Nick. He looked across the bay to the hills that were beginning to sharpen against the sky. Beyond the hills he knew the moon was coming up.

"I know it," Marjorie said happily.

"You know everything," Nick said.

"Oh, Nick, please cut it out! Please, please don't be that way!"

Trying to make her feel guilty.
"I can't help it," Nick said. "You do. You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do."

Marjorie did not say anything.

"I've taught you everything. You know you do. What don't you know, anyway?"

"Oh, shut up," Marjorie said. "There comes the moon."

Something is going wrong.
They sat on the blanket without touching each other and watched the moon rise.

"You don't have to talk silly," Marjorie said.

"What's really the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you know."

"No I don't."

"Go on and say it."

Nick looked on at the moon, coming up over the hills.

"It isn't fun any more."

He was afraid to look at Marjorie. Then he looked at her. She sat there with her back toward him. He looked at her back. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it."

Nick doesn't find their love fun anymore.
She didn't say anything. He went on. "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don't know, Marge. I don't know what to say."

He looked on at her back.

"Isn't love any fun?" Marjorie said.

Nick broke up with Marjorie.
"No," Nick said. Marjorie stood up. Nick sat there his head in his hands.

"I'm going to take the boat," Marjorie called to him. "You can walk back around the point."

"All right," Nick said. "I'll push the boat off for you."

"You don't need to," she said. She was afloat in the boat on the water with the moonlight on it. Nick went back and lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire. He could hear Marjorie rowing on the water.

He lay there for a long time. He lay there while he heard Bill come into the clearing walking around through the woods. He felt Bill coming up to the fire. Bill didn't touch him, either.

Bill knew about the break up.
"Did she go all right?" Bill said.

"Yes," Nick said, lying, his face on the blanket.

"Have a scene?"

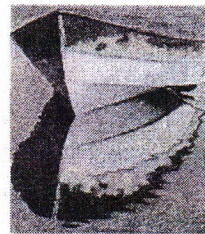
"No, there wasn't any scene."

"How do you feel?"

Nick isn't feeling well about the break up.
"Oh, go away, Bill! Go away for a while."

Bill selected a sandwich from the lunch basket and walked over to have a look at the rods. ♦

4. second-growth timber: trees that cover an area after the original, "old growth" trees have been cut or burned.



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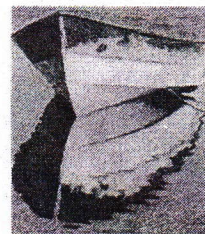
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Nick feels bored of Marge he doesn't want to be with her anymore

Marjorie questions Nick if he doesn't love her anymore and he responds "No"

Marge doesn't want to do anything with him anymore because she's really upset and hurt!

Nick wants some alone time because he is realizing that he broke up with Marge and he's trying to go through it.

Nick seems annoyed of her like he wants to just be silent

Marjorie wanted to know what's wrong

This is where Nick starts the break up