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Your main commentary should be focused on *tenses and aspects*. Other topics may also be addressed.

Yes, that was how it started – that chance meeting with a man who was going to the other side of the globe on the following day.

The Ruth who came back to the office was not quite the same Ruth who had left it, though no one could have noticed anything different in her 5 manner or appearance.

Shortly after she had returned to the office Rosemary Barton rang up on the telephone.

"Mr Barton has just gone out to lunch. Can I do anything?"

10 "Oh, Ruth, would you? That tiresome Colonel Race has sent a telegram to say he won't be back in time for my party. Ask George who he'd like to ask instead. We really ought to have another man. There are four women – Iris is coming as a treat and Sandra Farraday and – who on earth's the other? I can't remember."

15 "I'm the fourth, I think. You very kindly asked me."

"Oh, of course. I'd forgotten all about you!"

Rosemary's laugh came light and tinkling. She could not see the sudden flush, the hard line of Ruth Lessing's jaw.

Asked to Rosemary's party as a favour – a concession to George! "Oh yes, we'll have your Ruth Lessing. After all she'll be pleased to be 20 asked, and she is awfully useful. She looks quite presentable too."

In that moment Ruth Lessing knew that she hated Rosemary Barton. Hated her for being rich and beautiful and careless and brainless. No routine hard work in a dreary office for Rosemary – everything handed to her on a golden platter. Love affairs, a doting husband – no need to work 25 or plan –

Hateful, nasty, condescending, stuck-up, frivolous beauty...

"I wish you were dead," said Ruth Lessing in a low voice to the silent telephone.

Her own words startled her. They were so unlike her. She had never 30 been passionate, never vehement, never been anything but cool and controlled and efficient.

She said to herself: "What's happening to me?"

She had hated Rosemary Barton that afternoon. She still hated Rosemary Barton on this day a year later.

35 Some day, perhaps, she would be able to forget Rosemary Barton. But not yet.

She deliberately sent her mind back to those November days. Sitting looking at the telephone – feeling hatred surge up in her heart...

Giving Rosemary's message to George in her pleasant controlled 40 voice. Suggesting that she herself should not come so as to leave the number even. George had quickly overridden that!

Coming in to report next morning on the sailing of the San Cristobal, George's relief and gratitude.

"So he's sailed on her all right?"

45 "Yes. I handed him the money just before the gangway was taken up." She hesitated and said, "He waved his hand as the boat backed away from the quay and called out 'Love and kisses to George and tell him I'll drink his health tonight.'"

"Cheek!" said George. He asked curiously, "What did you think of 50 him, Ruth?"

Her voice was deliberately colourless as she replied: "Oh – much as I expected. A weak type."

And George saw nothing, noticed nothing!

She felt like crying out: "Why did you send me to see him? Didn't 55 you know what he might do to me? Don't you realise that I'm a different person since yesterday? Can't you see that I'm dangerous? That there's no knowing what I may do?"

Instead she said in her businesslike voice, "About that Sro Paulo letter –"

60 She was the competent efficient secretary...
Five more days.

Rosemary's birthday.

A quiet day at the office – a visit to the hairdresser – the putting on 65 of a new black frock, a touch of make-up skilfully applied. A face looking at her in the glass that was not quite her own face. A pale, determined, bitter face.

It was true what Victor Drake had said. There was no pity in her.

Later, when she was staring across the table at Rosemary Barton's blue convulsed face, she still felt no pity.

70 Now, eleven months later, thinking of Rosemary Barton, she felt suddenly afraid...