The world of Shirley Jackson is eerie and unforgettable. It is a place where things are not what they seem; even on a day that is sunny and clear, there is the threat of darkness looming, of things taking a turn for the worse. Hers is the ever-observant eye, the mind's eye, bearing witness. Out of the stories rises a magical somnambulist's ether, the reader is left forever changed, the mark of the stories indelible upon the imagination, the soul. Book digitized by Google from the library of the University of Michigan and uploaded to the Internet Archive by user tpb. Summers and Winters at Balmawhapple: A Second Series of The Table-talk of Shirley, by John Skelton. Shirley could believe it, but it was true. And she suddenly, and wonderfully, felt quite grown up, very grown up, in fact. Last night her father had her a lovely young lady, and she beamed at him, hugged him, and told him she was so happy to have him and Alice, have them as her parents. There was no one luckier than she was; Shirley believed that with all her. Last night, over dinner, Alice and Victor praised her and were talking much about how proud they were of her and what she had become, and she had experienced an enormous rush of love and gratitude toward them. Her fath