

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

The young man, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair hair, and a wind- and sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack up onto his shoulders. He worked his arm through the other strap and settled the weight of the pack against his back. His shirt was still wet from where the pack had rested. "I have it up now," he said. "How do we go?" "We climb," Anselmo said. Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, they climbed steadily in the pine forest that covered the mountainside. There was no trail that the young man could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and the old man went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed.

He was sweating heavily and his thigh muscles were twitchy from the steepness of the climb. "Wait here now for me. I go ahead to warn them. You do not want to be shot at carrying that stuff." "Not even in a joke," the young man said. "Is it far?" "It is very close. How do they call thee?" "Roberto," the young man answered. He had slipped the pack off and lowered it gently down between two boulders by the stream bed. "Wait here, then, Roberto, and I will return for you." "Good," the young man said. "But do you plan to go down this way to the bridge?" "No. When we go to the bridge it will be by another way. Shorter and easier." "I do not want this material to be stored too far from the bridge." "You will see. If you are not satisfied, we will take another place." "We will see," the young man said. He sat by the packs and watched the old man climb the ledge.

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, was extremely hungry and he was worried. He was often hungry but he was not usually worried because he did not give any importance to what happened to himself and he knew from experience how simple it was to move behind the enemy lines in all this country. It was as simple to move behind them as it was to cross through them, if you had a good guide. It was only giving importance to what happened to you if you were caught that made it difficult; that and deciding whom to trust. You had to trust the people you worked with completely or not at all, and you had to make decisions about the trusting. He was not worried about any of that. But there were other things. This Anselmo had been a good guide and he could travel wonderfully in the mountains. Robert Jordan could walk well enough himself and he knew from following him since before daylight that the old man could walk him to death. Robert Jordan trusted the man, Anselmo, so far, in everything except judgment. He had not yet had an opportunity to test his judgment, and, anyway, the judgment was his own responsibility. No, he did not worry about Anselmo and the problem of the bridge was no more difficult than many other problems. He knew how to blow any sort of bridge that you could name and he had blown them of all sizes and constructions.

He turned his head and saw the old man coming down the ledge. With him was another man, also in a black peasant's smock and the dark gray trousers that were almost a uniform in that province, wearing rope-soled shoes and with a carbine slung over his back. This man was bareheaded. The two of them came scrambling down the rock like goats. They came up to him and Robert Jordan got to his feet. "_Salud, Camarada_" he said to the man with the carbine and smiled. "_Salud_" the other said, grudgingly. Robert

Jordan looked at the man's heavy, beard-stubbed face. It was almost round and his head was round and set close on his shoulders. His eyes were small and set too wide apart and his ears were small and set close to his head. He was a heavy man about five feet ten inches tall and his hands and feet were large. His nose had been broken and his mouth was cut at one corner and the line of the scar across the upper lip and lower jaw showed through the growth of beard over his face. The old man nodded his head at this man and smiled. "He is the boss here," he grinned, then flexed his arms as though to make the muscles stand out and looked at the man with the carbine in a half-mocking admiration. "A very strong man." "I can see it," Robert Jordan said and smiled again. He did not like the look of this man and inside himself he was not smiling at all. "What have you to justify your identity?" asked the man with the carbine. Robert Jordan unpinned a safety pin that ran through his pocket flap and took a folded paper out of the left breast pocket of his flannel shirt and handed it to the man, who opened it, looked at it doubtfully and turned it in his hands. So he cannot read, Robert Jordan noted. "Look at the seal," he said.

I don't like that sadness, he thought. That sadness is bad. That's the sadness they get before they quit or before they betray. That is the sadness that comes before the sell-out.

3

He could smell food now in the cave, the smell of oil and of onions and of meat frying and his stomach moved with hunger inside of him. Pablo came out behind them. "There is food soon," he said. "Do you have tobacco?" Robert Jordan went over to the packs and opening one, felt inside an inner pocket and brought out one of the flat boxes of Russian cigarettes he had gotten at Golz's headquarters.

Robert Jordan drank its wine slowly, feeling it spread warmly through his tiredness. "The food comes shortly," Pablo said. "And this foreigner with the rare name, how did he die?" "He was captured and he killed himself." "How did that happen?" "He was wounded and he did not wish to be a prisoner." "What were the details?" "I don't know," he lied. He knew the details very well and he knew they would not make good talking now. "He made us promise to shoot him in case he were wounded at the business of the train and should be unable to get away," Pablo said. "He spoke in a very rare manner." He must have been jumpy even then, Robert Jordan thought. Poor old Kashkin. "He had a prejudice against killing himself," Pablo said. "He told me that. Also he had a great fear of being tortured." "Did he tell you that, too?" Robert Jordan asked him. "Yes," the gypsy said. "He spoke like that to all of us." "Were you at the train, too?" "Yes. All of us were at the train." "He spoke in a very rare manner," Pablo said. "But he was very brave." Poor old Kashkin, Robert Jordan thought. He must have been doing more harm than good around here. I wish I would have known he was that jumpy as far back as then.

"Look now who brings the food." The girl stooped as she came out of the cave mouth carrying the big iron cooking platter and Robert Jordan saw her face turned at an angle and at the same time saw the strange thing about her. She smiled and said, "_Hola_, Comrade," and Robert Jordan said, "_Salud_," and was careful not to stare and not to look away. She set down the flat iron platter in front of him and he noticed her handsome brown hands. Now she looked him full in the face and smiled. Her teeth were white in her brown face and her skin and her eyes were the same golden tawny brown. She had high cheekbones, merry eyes and a straight mouth with full lips. Her hair was the golden brown of a grain field that has been burned dark in the sun but it was cut short all over her head so that it was but little longer than the fur on a beaver pelt. She smiled in Robert Jordan's face and put her brown hand up and ran it over her head, flattening the hair which rose again as her hand passed. She has a beautiful face, Robert Jordan thought. She'd be beautiful if they hadn't cropped her hair. "That is the way I comb it," she said to Robert Jordan and laughed. "Go ahead and eat. Don't stare at me. They gave me this haircut in Valladolid. It's almost grown out now."

She sat down opposite him and looked at him. He looked back at her and she smiled and folded her hands together over her knees. Her legs slanted long and clean from the open cuffs of the trousers as she sat with her hands across her knees and he could see the shape of her small up-tilted breasts under the gray shirt. Every time Robert Jordan looked at her he could feel a thickness in his throat.

Robert Jordan drank another cup of wine while he ate. The girl watched him all through the meal. Every one else was watching his food and eating. Robert Jordan wiped up the last of the sauce in front of him with a piece of bread, piled the rabbit bones to one side, wiped the spot where they had been for sauce, then wiped his fork clean with the bread, wiped his knife and put it away and ate the bread. He leaned over and dipped his cup full of wine and the girl still watched him. Robert Jordan drank half the cup of wine but the thickness still came in his throat when he spoke to the girl. "How art thou called?" he asked. Pablo looked at him quickly when he heard the tone of his voice. Then he got up and walked away. "Maria. And thee?" "Roberto. Have you been long in the mountains?" "Three months." "Three months?" He looked at her hair, that was as thick and short and rippling when she passed her hand over it, now in embarrassment, as a grain field in the wind on a hillside. "It was shaved," she said. "They shaved it regularly in the prison at Valladolid. It has taken three months to grow to this. I was on the train. They were taking me to the south. Many of the prisoners were caught after the train was blown up but I was not. I came With these." "I found her hidden in the rocks," the gypsy said. "It was when we were leaving. Man, but this one was ugly. We took her along but many times I thought we would have to leave her."

He was violating the second rule of the two rules for getting on well with people that speak Spanish; give the men tobacco and leave the women alone; and he realized, very suddenly, that he did not care. There were so many things that he had not to care about, why should he care about that? "You have a very beautiful face," he said to Maria. "I wish I would have had the luck to see you before your hair was cut." "It will grow out," she said. "In six months it will be long enough." "You should have seen her when we brought her from the train. She was so ugly it would make you sick." "Whose woman are you?" Robert Jordan asked, trying not to pull out of it. "Are you Pablo's?" She looked at him and laughed, then slapped him on the knee. "Of Pablo? You have seen Pablo?" "Well, then, of Rafael. I have seen Rafael." "Of Rafael neither." "Of no one," the gypsy said. "This is a very strange woman. Is of no one. But she cooks well." "Really of no one?" Robert Jordan asked her. "Of no one. No one. Neither in joke nor in seriousness. Nor of thee either." "No?" Robert Jordan said and he could feel the thickness coming in his throat again. "Good. I have no time for any woman. That is true." "Not fifteen minutes?" the gypsy asked teasingly. "Not a quarter of an hour?" Robert Jordan did not answer. He looked at the girl, Maria, and his throat felt too thick for him to trust himself to speak. Maria looked at him and laughed, then blushed suddenly but kept on looking at him. "You are blushing," Robert Jordan said to her. "Do you blush much?" "Never." "You are blushing now." "Then I will go into the cave." "Stay here, Maria." "No," she said and did not smile at him. "I will go into the cave now." She picked up the iron plate they had eaten from and the four forks. She moved awkwardly as a colt moves, but with that same grace as of a young animal.

His voice was all right again, now that she was gone. "This is the last one. We've had enough of this." "We will finish the bowl," the gypsy said. "There is over half a skin. We packed it in on one of the horses." "That was the last raid of Pablo," Anselmo said. "Since then he has done nothing." "How many are you?" Robert Jordan asked. "We are seven and there are two women." "Two?" "Yes. The _mujer_ of Pablo." "And she?" "In the cave. The girl can cook a little. I said she cooks well to please her. But mostly she helps the _mujer_ of Pablo." "And how is she, the _mujer_ of Pablo?" "Something barbarous," the gypsy grinned. "Something very barbarous. If you think Pablo is ugly you should see his woman. But brave. A hundred times braver than Pablo. But something barbarous." "Pablo was brave in the beginning," Anselmo said. "Pablo was

something serious in the beginning." "He killed more people than the cholera," the gypsy said. "At the start of the movement, Pablo killed more people than the typhoid fever." "But since a long time he is _muy flojo_," Anselmo said. "He is very flaccid. He is very much afraid to die."

"Pilar. She has gypsy blood," Rafael said. "She knows of what she speaks." He grinned. "But she has a tongue that scalds and that bites like a bull whip. With this tongue she takes the hide from any one. In strips. She is of an unbelievable barbarousness." "How does she get along with the girl, Maria?" Robert Jordan asked. "Good. She likes the girl. But let any one come near her seriously--" He shook his head and clucked with his tongue. "She is very good with the girl," Anselmo said. "She takes good care of her." "When we picked the girl up at the time of the train she was very strange," Rafael said. "She would not speak and she cried all the time and if any one touched her she would shiver like a wet dog. Only lately has she been better. Lately she has been much better. Today she was fine. Just now, talking to you, she was very good. We would have left her after the train. Certainly it was not worth being delayed by something so sad and ugly and apparently worthless. But the old woman tied a rope to her and when the girl thought she could not go further, the old woman beat her with the end of the rope to make her go. Then when she could not really go further, the old woman carried her over her shoulder. When the old woman could not carry her, I carried her. We were going up that hill breast high in the gorse and heather. And when I could no longer carry her, Pablo carried her. But what the old woman had to say to us to make us do it!"

"It must have been something very hard," Anselmo said. "Of much emotion." "It was the only good thing we have done," said a deep voice. "What are you doing now, you lazy drunken obscene unsayable son of an unnameable unmarried gypsy obscenity? What are you doing?" Robert Jordan saw a woman of about fifty almost as big as Pablo, almost as wide as she was tall, in black peasant skirt and waist, with heavy wool socks on heavy legs, black rope-soled shoes and a brown face like a model for a granite monument. She had big but nice-looking hands and her thick curly black hair was twisted into a knot on her neck. "Answer me," she said to the gypsy, ignoring the others. "I was talking to these comrades. This one comes as a dynamiter." "I know all that," the _mujer_ of Pablo said. "Get out of here now and relieve Andrés who is on guard at the top." "_Me voy_," the gypsy said. "I go." He turned to Robert Jordan. "I will see thee at the hour of eating." "Not even in a joke," said the woman to him. "Three times you have eaten today according to my count. Go now and send me Andrés." "_Hola_," she said to Robert Jordan and put out her hand and smiled. "How are you and how is everything in the Republic?" "Good," he said and returned her strong hand grip. "Both with me and with the Republic." "I am happy," she told him. She was looking into his face and smiling and he noticed she had fine gray eyes. "Do you come for us to do another train?" "No," said Robert Jordan, trusting her instantly. "For a bridge." "_No es nada_," she said. "A bridge is nothing. When do we do another train now that we have horses?" "Later. This bridge is of great importance." "The girl told me your comrade who was with us at the train is dead." "Yes." "What a pity. Never have I seen such an explosion. He was a man of talent. He pleased me very much. It is not possible to do another train now? There are many men here now in the hills. Too many. It is already hard to get food. It would be better to get out. And we have horses." "We have to do this bridge." "Where is it?" "Quite close." "All the better," the _mujer_ of Pablo said. "Let us blow all the bridges there are here and get out. I am sick of this place. Here is too much concentration of people. No good can come of it. Here is a stagnation that is repugnant." She sighted Pablo through the trees. "_Borracho!_" she called to him. "Drunkard. Rotten drunkard!" She turned back to Robert Jordan cheerfully. "He's taken a leather wine bottle to drink alone in the woods," she said. "He's drinking all the time. This life is ruining him. Young man, I am very content that you have come."

the _mujer_ of Pablo said. "Pablo has a sickness for her already. It is another thing which destroys him. It lies on him like a sickness when he sees her. It is best that she goes now." "We can take her after this is

over." "And you will be careful of her now if I trust you? I speak to you as though I knew you for a long time." "It is like that," Robert Jordan said, "when people understand one another." "Sit down," the woman of Pablo said. "I do not ask any promise because what will happen, will happen. Only if you will not take her out, then I ask a promise." "Why if I would not take her?" "Because I do not want her crazy here after you will go. I have had her crazy before and I have enough without that." "We will take her after the bridge," Robert Jordan said. "If we are alive after the bridge, we will take her." "I do not like to hear you speak in that manner. That manner of speaking never brings luck." "I spoke in that manner only to make a promise," Robert Jordan said. "I am not of those who speak gloomily." "Let me see thy hand," the woman said. Robert Jordan put his hand out and the woman opened it, held it in her own big hand, rubbed her thumb over it and looked at it, carefully, then dropped it. She stood up. He got up too and she looked at him without smiling. "What did you see in it?" Robert Jordan asked her. "I don't believe in it. You won't scare me." "Nothing," she told him. "I saw nothing in it." "Yes you did. I am only curious. I do not believe in such things." "In what do you believe?" "In many things but not in that." "In what?" "In my work." "Yes, I saw that." "Tell me what else you saw." "I saw nothing else," she said bitterly. "The bridge is very difficult you said?" "No. I said it is very important." "But it can be difficult?" "Yes. And now I go down to look at it. How many men have you here?" "Five that are any good. The gypsy is worthless although his intentions are good. He has a good heart. Pablo I no longer trust." "How many men has El Sordo that are good?" "Perhaps eight. We will see tonight. He is coming here. He is a very practical man. He also has some dynamite. Not very much, though. You will speak with him." "Have you sent for him?" "He comes every night. He is a neighbor. Also a friend as well as a comrade." "What do you think of him?" "He is a very good man. Also ve" "I try to speak frankly." "Then tell me what you saw in the hand." "No," she said and shook her head. "I saw nothing. Go now to thy bridge. I will look after thy equipment." "Cover it and that no one should touch it. It is better there than in the cave." "It shall be covered and no one shall touch it," the woman of Pablo said. "Go now to thy bridge." "Anselmo," Robert Jordan said, putting his hand on the shoulder of the old man who lay sleeping, his head on his arms. The old man looked up. "Yes," he said. "Of course. Let us go." "ry practical. In the business of the train he was enormous."

7

He was asleep in the robe and he had been asleep, he thought, for a long time. The robe was spread on the forest floor in the lee of the rocks beyond the cave mouth and as he slept, he turned, and turning rolled on his pistol which was fastened by a lanyard to one wrist and had been by his side under the cover when he went to sleep, shoulder and back weary, leg-tired, his muscles pulled with tiredness so that the ground was soft, and simply stretching in the robe against the flannel lining was voluptuous with fatigue. Waking, he wondered where he was, knew, and then shifted the pistol from under his side and settled happily to stretch back into sleep, his hand on the pillow of his clothing that was bundled neatly around his rope-soled shoes. He had one arm around the pillow. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and turned quickly, his right hand holding the pistol under the woman said. "But I believe it is fortunate that you are not." "Now I know why I have felt as I have," Maria said. "Now it is clear." "_Qué va_" Robert Jordan said and reaching over, he ran his hand over the top of her head. He had been wanting to do that all day and now he did it, he could feel his throat swelling. She moved her head under his hand and smiled up at him and he felt the thick but silky roughness of the cropped head rippling between his fingers. Then his hand was on her neck and then he dropped it. "Do it again," she said. "I wanted you to do that all day." "Later," Robert Jordan said and his voice was thick. "And me," the woman of Pablo said in her booming voice. "I am expected to watch all this? I am expected not to be moved? One cannot. For fault of anything better; that Pablo should

come back." Maria took no notice of her now, nor of the others playing cards at the table by the candlelight. "Do you want another cup of wine, Roberto?" she asked. "Yes," he said. "Why not?" "You're going to have a drunkard like I have," the woman of Pablo said. "With that rare thing he drank in the cup and all. Listen to me, _Inglés_." "Not _Inglés_. American." "Listen, then, American. Where do you plan to sleep?" "Outside. I have a sleeping robe." "Good," she said. "The night is clear?" "And will be cold." "Outside then," she said. "Sleep thee outside. And thy materials can sleep with me." "Good," said Robert Jordan. "Leave us for a moment," Robert Jordan said to the girl and put his hand on her shoulder. "Why?" "I wish to speak to Pilar." "Must I go?" "Yes." "What is it?" the woman of Pablo said when the girl had gone over to the mouth of the cave where she stood by the big wineskin, watching the card players. "The gypsy said I should have--" he began. "No," the woman interrupted. "He is mistaken." "If it is necessary that I--" Robert Jordan said quietly but with difficulty. "Thee would have done it, I believe," the woman said. "Nay, it is not necessary. I was watching thee. But thy judgment was good." "But if it is needful--" "No," the woman said. "I tell you it is not needful. The mind of the gypsy is corrupt." "But in weakness a man can be a great danger." "No. Thou dost not understand. Out of this one has passed all capacity for danger." "I do not understand." "Thou art very young still," she said. "You will understand." Then, to the girl, "Come, Maria. We are not talking more." The girl came over and Robert Jordan reached his hand out and patted her head. She stroked under his hand like a kitten. Then he thought that she was going to cry. But her lips drew up again and she looked at him and smiled. "Thee would do well to go to bed now," the woman said to Robert Jordan. "Thou hast had a long journey." "Good," said Robert Jordan. "I will get my things."

7

He was asleep in the robe and he had been asleep, he thought, for a long time. The robe was spread on the forest floor in the lee of the rocks beyond the cave mouth and as he slept, he turned, and turning rolled on his pistol which was fastened by a lanyard to one wrist and had been by his side under the cover when he went to sleep, shoulder and back weary, leg-tired, his muscles pulled with tiredness so that the ground was soft, and simply stretching in the robe against the flannel lining was voluptuous with fatigue. Waking, he wondered where he was, knew, and then shifted the pistol from under his side and settled happily to stretch back into sleep, his hand on the pillow of his clothing that was bundled neatly around his rope-soled shoes. He had one arm around the pillow. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and turned quickly, his right hand holding the pistol under the robe. "Oh, it is thee," he said and dropping the pistol he reached both arms up and pulled her down. With his arms around her he could feel her shivering. "Get in," he said softly. "It is cold out there." "No. I must not." "Get in," he said. "And we can talk about it later." She was trembling and he held her wrist now with one hand and held her lightly with the other arm. She had turned her head away. "Get in, little rabbit," he said and kissed her on the back of the neck. "I am afraid." "No. Do not be afraid. Get in." "How?" "Just slip in. There is much room. Do you want me to help you?" "No," she said and then she was in the robe and he was holding her tight to him and trying to kiss her lips and she was pressing her face against the pillow of clothing but holding her arms close around his neck. Then he felt her arms relax and she was shivering again as he held her. "No," he said and laughed. "Do not be afraid. That is the pistol." He lifted it and slipped it behind him. "I am ashamed," she said, her face away from him. "No. You must not be. Here. Now." "No, I must not. I am ashamed and frightened." "No. My rabbit. Please." "I must not. If thou dost not love me." "I love thee." "I love thee. Oh, I love thee. Put thy hand on my head," she said away from him, her face still in the pillow. He put his hand on her head and stroked it and then suddenly her face was away from the pillow and she was in his arms, pressed close against him, and her face was against his and she was crying. He held her still and close, feeling the long length of the young body, and he stroked her head and kissed the wet saltiness of her eyes, and as she cried he could feel the rounded, firm-pointed breasts touching through the shirt she wore. "I cannot kiss," she said. "I do not know

how." "There is no need to kiss." "Yes. I must kiss. I must do everything." "There is no need to do anything. We are all right. But thou hast many clothes." "What should I do?" "I will help you." "Is that better?" "Yes. Much. It is not better to thee?" "Yes. Much better. And I can go with thee as Pilar said?" "Yes." "But not to a home. With thee." "No, to a home." "No. No. No. With thee and I will be thy woman." Now as they lay all that before had been shielded was unshielded. Where there had been roughness of fabric all was smooth with a smoothness and firm rounded pressing and a long warm coolness, cool outside and warm within, long and light and closely holding, closely held, lonely, hollow-making with contours, happymaking, young and loving and now all warmly smooth with a hollowing, chest-aching, tight-held loneliness that was such that Robert Jordan felt he could not stand it and he said, "Hast thou loved others?" "Never." Then suddenly, going dead in his arms, "But things were done to me." "By whom?" "By various." Now she lay perfectly quietly and as though her body were dead and turned her head away from him. "Now you will not love me." "I love you," he said. But something had happened to him and she knew it. "No," she said and her voice had gone dead and flat. "Thou wilt not love me. But perhaps thou wilt take me to the home. And I will go to the home and I will never be thy woman nor anything." "I love thee, Maria." "No. It is not true," she said. Then as a last thing pitifully and hopefully. "But I have never kissed any man." "Then kiss me now." "I wanted to," she said. "But I know not how. Where things were done to me I fought until I could not see. I fought until-- until--until one sat upon my head--and I bit him--and then they tied my mouth and held my arms behind my head--and others did things to me." "I love thee, Maria," he said. "And no one has done anything to thee. Thee, they cannot touch. No one has touched thee, little rabbit." "You believe that?" "I know it." "And you can love me?" warm again against him now. "I can love thee more." "I will try to kiss thee very well." "Kiss me a little." "I do not know how." "Just kiss me." She kissed him on the cheek. "No." "Where do the noses go? I always wondered where the noses would go." "Look, turn thy head," and then their mouths were tight together and she lay close pressed against him and her mouth opened a little gradually and then, suddenly, holding her against him, he was happier than he had ever been, lightly, lovingly, exultingly, innerly happy and unthinking and untired and unworried and only feeling a great delight and he said, "My little rabbit. My darling. My sweet. My long lovely." "What do you say?" she said as though from a great distance away. "My lovely one," he said. They lay there and he felt her heart beating against his and with the side of his foot he stroked very lightly against the side of hers. "Thee came barefooted," he said. "Yes." "Then thee knew thou wert coming to the bed." "Yes." "And you had no fear." "Yes. Much. But more fear of how it would be to take my shoes off." "And what time is it now? _lo sabes?_" "No. Thou hast no watch?" "Yes. But it is behind thy back." "Take it from there." "No." "Then look over my shoulder." It was one o'clock. The dial showed bright in the darkness that the robe made. "Thy chin scratches my shoulder." "Pardon it. I have no tools to shave." "I like it. Is thy beard blond?" "Yes." "And will it be long?" "Not before the bridge. Maria, listen. Dost thou--?" "Do I what?" "Dost thou wish?" "Yes. Everything. Please. And if we do everything together, the other maybe never will have been." "Did you think of that?" "No. I think it in myself but Pilar told me." "She is very wise." "And another thing," Maria said softly. "She said for me to tell you that I am not sick. She knows about such things and she said to tell you that." "She told you to tell me?" "Yes. I spoke to her and told her that I love you. I loved you when I saw you today and I loved you always but I never saw you before and I told Pilar and she said if I ever told you anything about anything, to tell you that I was not sick. The other thing she told me long ago. Soon after the train." "What did she say?" "She said that nothing is done to oneself that one does not accept and that if I loved some one it would take it all away. I wished to die, you see." "What she said is true." "And now I am happy that I did not die. I am so happy that I did not die. And you can love me?" "Yes. I love you now." "And I can be thy woman?" "I cannot have a woman doing what I do. But thou art my woman now." "If once I am, then I will keep on. Am I thy woman now?" "Yes, Maria. Yes, my little rabbit." She held herself tight to him and her lips looked for his and then found them and were against them and he felt her, fresh, new and

smooth and young and lovely with the warm, scalding coolness and unbelievable to be there in the robe that was as familiar as his clothes, or his shoes, or his duty and then she said, frightenedly, "And now let us do quickly what it is we do so that the other is all gone." "You want?" "Yes," she said almost fiercely. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

17

"I will do it tonight," Robert Jordan said. He saw Pilar looking at him, her fingers on her lips. She was looking toward the door. The blanket fastened across the opening of the cave was lifted and Pablo put his head in. He grinned at them all, pushed under the blanket and then turned and fastened it again. He turned around and stood there, then pulled the blanket cape over his head and shook the snow from it. "You were speaking of me?" he addressed them all. "I am interrupting?" No one answered him and he hung the cape on a peg in the wall and walked over to the table. "_Qué tal?_" he asked and picked up his cup which had stood empty on the table and dipped it into the wine bowl. "There is no wine," he said to Maria. "Go draw some from the skin." Maria picked up the bowl and went over to the dusty, heavily distended, black-tarred wineskin that hung neck down from the wall and unscrewed the plug from one of the legs enough so that the wine squirted from the edge of the plug into the bowl. Pablo watched her kneeling, holding the bowl up and watched the light red wine flooding into the bowl so fast that it made a whirling motion as it filled it. "Be careful," he said to her. "The wine's below the chest now." No one said anything. "I drank from the belly-button to the chest today," Pablo said. "It's a day's work. What's the matter with you all? Have you lost your tongues?" No one said anything at all. "Screw it up, Maria," Pablo said. "Don't let it spill." "There'll be plenty of wine," Agustín said. "You'll be able to be drunk." "One has encountered his tongue," Pablo said and nodded to Agustín. "Felicitations. I thought you'd been struck dumb." "By what?" Agustín asked. "By my entry." "Thinkest thou that thy entry carries importance?" He's working himself up to it, maybe, Robert Jordan thought. Maybe Agustín is going to do it. He certainly hates him enough. I don't hate him, he thought. No, I don't hate him. He is disgusting but I do not hate him. Though that blinding business puts him in a special class. Still this is their war. But he is certainly nothing to have around for the next two days. I am going to keep away out of it, he thought. I made a fool of myself with him once tonight and I am perfectly willing to liquidate him. But I am not going to fool with him beforehand. And there are not going to be any shooting matches or monkey business in here with that dynamite around either. Pablo thought of that, of course. And did you think of it, he said to himself? No, you did not and neither did Agustín. You deserve whatever happens to you, he thought. "Agustín," he said. "What?" Agustín looked up sullenly and turned his head away from Pablo. "I wish to speak to thee," Robert Jordan said. "Later." "Now," Robert Jordan said. "_Por favor_" Robert Jordan had walked to the opening of the cave and Pablo followed him with his eyes. Agustín, tall and sunken cheeked, stood up and came over to him. He moved reluctantly and contemptuously. "Thou hast forgotten what is in the sacks?" Robert Jordan said to him, speaking so low that it could not be heard. "Milk!" Agustín said. "One becomes accustomed and one forgets." "I, too, forgot." "Milk!" Agustín said. "_Leche!_" What fools we are." He swung back loose-jointedly to the table and sat down. "Have a drink, Pablo, old boy," he said. "How were the horses?" "Very good," Pablo said. "And it is snowing less." "Do you think it will stop?" "Yes," Pablo said. "It is thinning now and there are small, hard pellets. The wind will blow but the snow is going. The wind has changed." "Do you think it will clear tomorrow?" Robert Jordan asked him. "Yes," Pablo said. "I believe it will be cold and clear. This wind is shifting." Look at him, Robert Jordan thought. Now he is friendly. He has shifted like the wind. He has the face and the body of a pig and I know he is many times a murderer and yet he has the sensitivity of a good aneroid. Yes, he thought, and the pig is a very intelligent animal, too. Pablo has hatred for us, or perhaps it is only for our projects, and pushes his hatred with insults to the point where you are ready to do away with him and when he sees that this point has been reached he drops it and starts all new and clean again.

"We will have good weather for it, _Inglés_" Pablo said to Robert Jordan. "_We_" Pilar said. "_We?" "Yes, we," Pablo grinned at her and drank some of the wine. "Why not? I thought it over while I was outside. Why should we not agree?" "In what?" the woman asked. "In what now?" "In all," Pablo said to her. "In this of the bridge. I am with thee now." "You are with us now?" Agustín said to him. "After what you have said?" "Yes," Pablo told him. "With the change of the weather I am with thee." Agustín shook his head. "The weather," he said and shook his head again. "And after me hitting thee in the face?" "Yes," Pablo grinned at him and ran his fingers over his lips. "After that too." Robert Jordan was watching Pilar. She was looking at Pablo as at some strange animal. On her face there was still a shadow of the expression the mention of the blinding had put there. She shook her head as though to be rid of that, then tossed it back. "Listen," she said to Pablo. "Yes, woman." "What passes with thee?" "Nothing," Pablo said. "I have changed my opinion. Nothing more." "You were listening at the door," she told him. "Yes," he said. "But I could hear nothing." "You fear that we will kill thee." "No," he told her and looked at her over the wine cup. "I do not fear that. You know that." "Well, what passes with thee?" Agustín said. "One moment you are drunk and putting your mouth on all of us and disassociating yourself from the work in hand and speaking of our death in a dirty manner and insulting the women and opposing that which should be done--" "I was drunk," Pablo told him. "And now--" "I am not drunk," Pablo said. "And I have changed my mind." "Let the others trust thee. I do not," Agustín said. "Trust me or not," Pablo said. "But there is no one who can take thee to Gredos as I can." "Gredos?" "It is the only place to go after this of the bridge." Robert Jordan, looking at Pilar, raised his hand on the side away from Pablo and tapped his right ear questioningly. The woman nodded. Then nodded again. She said something to Maria and the girl came over to Robert Jordan's side. "She says, 'Of course he heard,'" Maria said in Robert Jordan's ear. "Then Pablo," Fernando said judiciously. "Thou art with us now and in favor of this of the bridge?" "Yes, man," Pablo said. He looked Fernando squarely in the eye and nodded. "In truth?" Primitivo asked. "_De veras_" Pablo told him. "And you think it can be successful?" Fernando asked. "You now have confidence?" "Why not?" Pablo said. "Haven't you confidence?" "Yes," Fernando said. "But I always have confidence." "I'm going to get out of here," Agustín said. "It is cold outside," Pablo told him in a friendly tone. "Maybe," Agustín said. "But I can't stay any longer in this _manicomio_." "Do not call this cave an insane asylum," Fernando said. "A _manicomio_ for criminal lunatics," Agustín said. "And I'm getting out before I'm crazy, too."

43

They will be coming soon now, he thought. Pilar will take care of her as well as any one can. You know that. Pablo must have a sound plan or he would not have tried it. You do not have to worry about Pablo. It does no good to think about Maria. Try to believe what you told her. That is the best. And who says it is not true? Not you. You don't say it, any more than you would say the things did not happen that happened. Stay with what you believe now. Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another. Well, we had all our luck in four days. Not four days. It was afternoon when I first got there and it will not be noon today. That makes not quite three days and three nights. Keep it accurate, he said. Quite accurate. I think you better get down now, he thought. You better get fixed around some way where you will be useful instead of leaning against this tree like a tramp. You have had much luck. There are many worse things than this. Every one has to do this, one day or another. You are not afraid of it once you know you have to do it, are you? No, he said, truly. It was lucky the nerve was crushed, though. I cannot even feel that there is anything below the break. He touched the lower part of his leg and it was as though it were not part of his body. He looked down the hill slope again and he thought, I hate to leave it, is all. I hate to leave it very much and I hope I have done some good in it. I have tried to with what talent I had. _Have, you mean. All right, have_. I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The

world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. You've had just as good a life as grandfather's though not as long. You've had as good a life as any one because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been out of sight long before. He looked back where the draw turned in the timber and waved his fist. Robert Jordan waved and then Agustín, too, was out of sight. . . . Robert Jordan looked down the green slope of the hillside to the road and the bridge. I'm as well this way as any, he thought. It wouldn't be worth risking getting over on my belly yet, not as close as that thing was to the surface, and I can see better this way. He felt empty and drained and exhausted from all of it and from them going and his mouth tasted of bile. Now, finally and at last, there was no problem. however all of it had been and however all of it would ever be now, for him, no longer was there any problem. They were all gone now and he was alone with his back against a tree. He looked down across the green slope, seeing the gray horse where Agustín had shot him, and on down the slope to the road with the timber-covered country behind it. Then he looked at the bridge and across the bridge and watched the activity on the bridge and the road. He could see the trucks now, all down the lower road. The gray of the trucks showed through the trees. Then he looked back up the road to where it came down over the hill. They will be coming soon now, he thought. Pilar will take care of her as well as any one can. You know that. Pablo must have a sound plan or he would not have tried it. You do not have to worry about Pablo. It does no good to think about Maria. Try to believe what you told her. That is the best. And who says it is not true? Not you. You don't say it, any more than you would say the things did not happen that happened. Stay with what you believe now. Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another. Well, we had all our luck in four days. Not four days. It was afternoon when I first got there and it will not be noon today. That makes not quite three days and three nights. Keep it accurate, he said. Quite accurate. I think you better get down now, he thought. You better get fixed around some way where you will be useful instead of leaning against this tree like a tramp. You have had much luck. There are many worse things than this. Every one has to do this, one day or another. You are not afraid of it once you know you have to do it, are you? No, he said, truly. It was lucky the nerve was crushed, though. I cannot even feel that there is anything below the break. He touched the lower part of his leg and it was as though it were not part of his body. He looked down the hill slope again and he thought, I hate to leave it, is all. I hate to leave it very much and I hope I have done some good in it. I have tried to with what talent I had. _Have, you mean. All right, have_. I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. You've had just as good a life as grandfather's though not as long. You've had as good a life as any one because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been so lucky. I wish there was some way to pass on what I've learned, though. Christ, I was learning fast there at the end. I'd like to talk to Karkov. That is in Madrid. Just over the hills there, and down across the plain. Down out of the gray rocks and the pines, the heather and the gorse, across the yellow high plateau you see it rising white and beautiful. That part is just as true as Pilar's old women drinking the blood down at the slaughterhouse. There's no one thing that's true. It's all true. The way the planes are beautiful whether they are ours or theirs. The hell they are, he thought. You take it easy, now, he said. Get turned over now while you still have time. Listen, one thing. Do you remember? Pilar and the hand? Do you believe that crap? No, he said. Not with everything that's happened? No, I don't believe it. She was nice about it early this morning before the show started. She was afraid maybe I believed it. I don't, though. But she does. They see something. Or they feel something. Like a bird dog. What about extra-sensory perception? What about obscenity? he said. She wouldn't say good-by, he thought, because she knew if she did Maria would never go. That Pilar.

Then he looked at the hillside and he looked at the pines and he tried not to think at all. Then he looked at the stream and he remembered how it had been under the bridge in the cool of the shadow. I wish they would come, he thought. I do not want to get in any sort of mixed-up state before they come. Who do you suppose has it easier? Ones with religion or just taking it straight? It comforts them very much but we know there is no thing to fear. It is only missing it that's bad. Dying is only bad when it takes a long time and hurts so much that it humiliates you. That is where you have all the luck, see? You don't have any of that. It's wonderful they've got away. I don't mind this at all now they are away. It is sort of the way I said. It is really very much that way. Look how different it would be if they were all scattered out across that hill where that gray horse is. Or if we were all cooped up here waiting for it. No. They're gone. They're away. Now if the attack were only a success. What do you want? Everything. I want everything and I will take whatever I get. If this attack is no good another one will be. I never noticed when the planes came back. _God, that was lucky I could make her go_.

Come on. Let them come. Let them come. Let them come!_ Think about them being away, he said. Think about them going through the timber. Think about them crossing a creek. Think about them riding through the heather. Think about them going up the slope. Think about them O.K. tonight. Think about them travelling, all night. Think about them hiding up tomorrow. Think about them. God damn it, think about them. _That's just as far as I can think about them_, he said. Think about Montana. _I can't_. Think about Madrid. _I can't_. Think about a cool drink of water. _All right_. That's what it will be like. Like a cool drink of water. _You're a liar_. It will just be nothing. That's all it will be. Just nothing. Then do it. _Do it_. Do it now. It's all right to do it now. Go on and do it now. _No, you have to wait_. What for? You know all right. _Then wait_. I can't wait any longer now, he said. If I wait any longer I'll pass out. I know because I've felt it starting to go three times now and I've held it. I held it all right. But I don't know about any more.

Robert Jordan saw them there on the slope, close to him now, and below he saw the road and the bridge and the long lines of vehicles below it. He was completely integrated now and he took a good long look at everything. Then he looked up at the sky. There were big white clouds in it. He touched the palm of his hand against the pine needles where he lay and he touched the bark of the pine trunk that he lay behind. Then he rested easily as he could with his two elbows in the pine needles and the muzzle of the submachine gun resting against the trunk of the pine tree. As the officer came trotting now on the trail of the horses of the band he would pass twenty yards below where Robert Jordan lay. At that distance there would be no problem. The officer was Lieutenant Berrendo. He had come up from La Granja when they had been ordered up after the first report of the attack on the lower post. They had ridden hard and had then had to swing back, because the bridge had been blown, to cross the gorge high above and come around through the timber. Their horses were wet and blown and they had to be urged into the trot. Lieutenant Berrendo, watching the trail, came riding up, his thin face serious and grave. His submachine gun lay across his saddle in the crook of his left arm. Robert Jordan lay behind the tree, holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the green slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest.