

and pouring himself a snifter of brandy. "Little things, often trivial, certainly—but just because we can't explain them, that doesn't mean there need be anything supernatural about them. Let's say I can't find my boots anywhere, until I finally find them in a corner of the cloak room, where I *never* put them. Now, I have no memory of putting them there, no habit of putting them there, there's no one else around who could have moved them out of ignorance or mischief, yet there they are, without any logical explanation—that sort of thing."

"Those aren't the kinds of experiences I'm talking about," Jacquelin protested. "I mean *significant* occurrences, where even common sense cannot apply. Where the only *possible* explanation is one that must be beyond what we normally consider possible."

AND ONE OF THEM HAD EXPERIENCED JUST SUCH AN OCCURRENCE . . .

"First of all," Gavinly said, laying his book aside, propping his elbows and interlacing his fingers, to begin, "let it be understood that the account I'm about to give you is a perfectly accurate record of what happened as I experienced it. I set down the details in my journal at the time the events occurred so as to avoid the distortions that commonly accompany slowly fading memories. Though to this day I still recall everything very clearly, the record I wrote on the very morning that it all—came out—supports my recollections in every way."

. . . AN EXPERIENCE THAT SEEMED COMMONPLACE . . .

"My school friend George Cavendish was studying to be a medical man, and after he'd earned his degrees he opened up a rather successful practice of his own in Brattlebury.

"I was, therefore, surprised when he wrote to tell me that he was giving up the practice to move out to the country and take up residence in his family's ancestral home, the old Cavendish Manor. It hadn't been lived in for decades, and George couldn't bear the thought of its continuing to stand vacant. It's a big, brooding place, full of rooms and