

Joyce

1. Verb - Past Tense
-

Joyce

Eight years before he had seen his friend off at the North Wall and Verb - Past Tense him God-speed.

Gallagher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent.

Few fellows had talents like his, and fewer still could remain unspoiled by such success. Gallagher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that.

Little Chandler's thoughts ever since lunch-time had been of his meeting with Gallagher, of Gallagher's invitation, and of the great city London where Gallagher lived. He was called Little Chandler because, though he was but slightly under the average stature, he gave one the idea of being a little man. His hands were white and small, his frame was fragile, his voice was quiet and his manners were refined. He took the greatest care of his fair silken hair and moustache, and used perfume discreetly on his handkerchief. The half-moons of his nails were perfect, and when he smiled you caught a glimpse of a row of childish white teeth.