

they don't know if she's likely to live. Police have got the truck driver that hit her—ah, it didn't ought to be allowed, speeding through the place like that at umpty miles an hour, they ought to jail him for life—not that that'd be any comfort to poor Bert and Jean.” **H**

Horrorified, Aunt Rebecca put on a coat and went down to her brother's house. She found the family with white shocked faces; Bert and Jean were about to drive off to the hospital where Sandy had been taken, and the  
250 twins were crying bitterly. Lob was nowhere to be seen. But Aunt Rebecca was not interested in dogs; she did not inquire about him. **I**

“Thank the Lord you've come, Beck,” said her brother. “Will you stay the night with Don and the twins? Don's out looking for Lob and heaven knows when we'll be back; we may get a bed with Jean's mother in Plymouth.” **J**

“Oh, if only I'd never invited the poor child,” wailed Mrs. Hoskins. But Bert and Jean hardly heard her.

That night seemed to last forever. The twins cried themselves to sleep. Don came home very late and grim-faced. Bert and Jean sat in a waiting room of the Western Counties Hospital, but Sandy was unconscious,  
260 they were told, and she remained so. All that could be done for her was done. She was given transfusions to replace all the blood she had lost. The broken bones were set and put in slings and cradles.

“Is she a healthy girl? Has she a good constitution?”<sup>17</sup> the emergency doctor asked.

“Aye, Doctor, she is that,” Bert said hoarsely. The lump in Jean's throat prevented her from answering; she merely nodded.

“Then she ought to have a chance. But I won't conceal from you that her condition is very serious, unless she shows signs of coming out from this coma.”<sup>18</sup>

270 But as hour succeeded hour, Sandy showed no signs of recovering consciousness. Her parents sat in the waiting room with haggard faces; sometimes one of them would go to telephone the family at home, or to try to get a little sleep at the home of Granny Pearce, not far away.

At noon next day Dr. and Mrs. Travers went to the Pengelly cottage to inquire how Sandy was doing, but the report was gloomy: “Still in a very serious condition.” The twins were miserably unhappy. They forgot that they had sometimes called their elder sister bossy and only remembered how often she had shared her pocket money with them, how she read to them and took them for picnics and helped with their homework. Now  
280 there was no Sandy, no Mother and Dad, Don went around with a gray, shuttered face, and worse still, there was no Lob. **K**

**H SEQUENCE**

What sequence of events caused the accident?

**I FORESHADOWING**

Where might Lob be?

**J SEQUENCE**

Who is out looking for Lob? Record this event on your timeline.

**K SEQUENCE**

How long has Lob been missing?

17. **constitution:** physical makeup.

18. **coma:** a sleeplike state in which a person cannot sense or respond to light, sound, or touch.