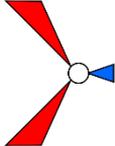


## 1340 BC

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<1340/c>	good idea,' she smiled! 'Perhaps it would be better if Bob stays and then he'll be nearer to the high moor if <b>the weather</b> clears. The sheep will have to be gathered up and brought down as soon as possible!' Jonadab sent the men back to Aumery Park, noting that <b>the snow</b> had stopped and the coming evening was bright and crisp. 'It's too cold now for <b>snow</b> ,' he told Bob. 'If it's clear tomorrow, see if thoo can gather t'sheep up and bring'em down to t'lower slopes.' Appen some'll be buried, but you've George's dogs as well as Meg.' When he went out, Jonna was standing in the yard, holding Bonnie and Bluebell by their bridles. Approaching him, Jonadab stood and faced him. 'Thi brother's safe, thanks ti a bit of a lass. She'ad t'backbone ti go up on ti t'moor in a blizzard ti find'im, while you were willing ti let'im lie up yonder and freeze ti death.' Jonna opened his mouth to speak but was stopped by his father's upraised hand. 'Aah'd give mi life ti save my brother,' he continued, 'yet you objected ti getting wet ti save yours.' He sighed deeply. 'Thoo's disappointed me,' was his final comment, as he climbed up on to Bluebell's back. Jonna's lips tightened. His father always favoured George, he thought angrily as they plodded up the lane. CHAPTER EIGHTEEN The <b>early and severe blizzards</b> gave way to an equally rapid thaw. the dale echoed to the sound of water. <b>The melting snow</b> dripped mournfully from the trees and the slope leading down from the moor was a mass of little rivulets, cascading down to run into Hodge Beck. The stream was in full spate, rushing over its stony bed with such force as to make the way across the stepping-stones hazardous for George and Bob. The two men combed the moors, squelching through the soggy ground until they were satisfied that all the sheep had been rounded up and brought down to the lower pastures to safety. 'At least it's given us a breather. If we get <b>more bad weather</b> later on we shan't lose many,' George told Elizabeth. <b>As soon as it was possible to get out of Sleightholmedale</b> , he wrote to Tamar to tell her that their Uncle George's condition was worsening rapidly. He was not sure that she would come, but felt that she should be warned that the old man was close to death. He waited for a fortnight after
	
<p>Key:</p> <p><b>Footprint</b></p> <p><b>ConEn1</b></p> <p><b>Footprint</b></p> <p><b>ConEn2</b></p> <p><b>Footprint</b></p> <p><b>ConEn3</b></p>	
	<p><b>the heavy snowfall of late November</b></p>
	<p>and still nothing appeared to have been said with regard to Sarah's move to Leeds. One night, in the privacy of their own bedroom, he decided to take up the matter again with Elizabeth. 'Have you spoken to your mother or Sarah about her going to live at Uncle Nathan's?' he demanded. Elizabeth hesitated. 'No! To be honest, George, I wasn't quite sure that you meant it. You were overwrought that night and after all, we do owe your life to Sarah.' George was thoughtful for a moment. He knew that Elizabeth and her mother regarded Sarah's feelings for him as a girlish infatuation; something to be smiled about, with tolerant affection. What they failed to recognise was that Sarah had grown up. She was no longer the girl she had been when they had first come to live at Cherry Tree Farm. She was a vibrant and passionate woman who had revealed the intensity of her love for him up on the</p>

moors. He still loved Elizabeth deeply, as he had done ever since he was seventeen, but he had no wish to be the subject of Sarah's adoration day after day. 'A man can only stand so much,' he thought desperately, remembering how her kisses had awakened an answering reaction in him. 'It's time she's wed,' he answered his wife aloud. 'Bob Lamb makes it obvious he's keen on her, but she treats him like muck. She's not likely to meet anybody else down here. Not everybody falls on their feet, like our Tamar did.' 'She says she's not interested in men,' rejoined Elizabeth. 'No! `` Men'' she may not be, but `` man'' she's certainly interested in,' he said meaningfully, tapping himself on the chest. Elizabeth began to laugh but seeing his expression, she stopped and studied his face. 'You mean she's throwing herself at you? My own sister?' she asked doubtfully. George nodded. 'She's making a fool, both of herself and me,' he said. Elizabeth could see that there was more to this than George would tell her, but she, too, came to the conclusion that Sarah must go to Leeds and that as soon as possible. As soon as she could she had a serious talk with her mother. 'She's no longer a child, Mother, and she's throwing herself at George. You must be firm with her. A few years in Leeds will broaden her horizons, even if