



Оригами «Бабочка»

5' x 5'

4' x 4'



the old servant girl had only a second, but she was proud of her agility. "I'm as strong as any man alive," she had often boasted, "and there isn't a child in school can run as fast as me."

Now she dropped the hands of her charges and jumped backward down the two steps she had mounted, crouching a little like a cat. Benny's hands were engaged with Angela, and if he anticipated trouble he thought himself adequate to handle it.

As he reached the bottom step Doe leaped at him. Her fist caught him on the chin and jarred his head back. Then her bare foot and knee came up in the terrible kick to the groin of the Siamese boxer. Before he could move she had struck him again on the nose. Blood spurted, and he doubled forward in pain.

Angela was catapulted to the floor. Like a fiend, Doe was back at him, kicking and flailing. Unable to stand, the best he could do was ward off her blows with a hand. As soon as he could he ran limping toward the steps that went from the veranda to the porte-cochere where his car was parked. Doe was beside him, behind him, around him, her feet moving with precision and force—kick, bounce back, kick, jump, kick. With one final swing of her leg she sent him stumbling down the steps, shouting after him.

"And don't you dare come back here unless you want more of the same! You're dropping of a black dog, you ex- the hell o
eat of a pig, yo
the red Man



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As he reached the bottom step Doe leaped at him. Her first attempt hit him on the chin and jarrred his head back. Then her second knee came up in the terrible kick to the groin of the Swainson. Benny Before he could move she had struck him again on the groin. He spurred, and he doubled forward in pain.

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Angela was catapulted to the floor
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him, her feet moving with precision and force—
kick, jump, kick. With one final swing of her leg
stumbling down the steps, shouting after him in warning.
"And don't you dare come back here, you bastard son of
unless you want more of the same. I'll bet the hell you
dropping of a black dog, you excitement of a pig, you

audience, then turned and swaggered toward the kitchen to tell
Ma Chu. She ignored Det, who hurried to India.

"Shall I pick her up, mem kroy?" he asked.

"No, Det, don't touch her. Let her
examine her."

Then,

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