

baby but don't let her die. That was all right but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die.

The nurse opened the door and motioned with her finger for me to come. I followed her into the room. Catherine did not look up when I came in. I went over to the side of the bed. The doctor was standing by the bed on the opposite side. Catherine looked at me and smiled. I bent down over the bed and started to cry.

"Poor darling," Catherine said very softly. She looked gray.

"You're all right, Cat," I said. "You're going to be all right."

"I'm going to die," she said; then waited and said, "I hate it."

I took her hand.

"Don't touch me," she said. I let go of her hand. She smiled. "Poor darling. You touch me all you want."

"You'll be all right, Cat. I know you'll be all right."

"I meant to write you a letter to have if

anything happened, but I didn't do it."

"Do you want me to get a priest or any one to come and see you?"

"Just you," she said. Then a little later, "I'm not afraid. I just hate it."

"You must not talk so much," the doctor said.

"All right," Catherine said.

"Do you want me to do anything, Cat? Can I get you anything?"

Catherine smiled, "No." Then a little later, "You won't do our things with another girl, or say the same things, will you?"

"Never."

"I want you to have girls, though."

"I don't want them."

"You are talking too much," the doctor said. "Mr. Henry must go out. He can come back again later. You are not going to die. You must not be silly."

"All right," Catherine said. "I'll come and stay with you nights," she said. It was very hard for her to talk.

"Please go out of the room," the doctor

said. "You cannot talk." Catherine winked at me, her face gray. "I'll be right outside," I said.

"Don't worry, darling," Catherine said. "I'm not a bit afraid. It's just a dirty trick."

"You dear, brave sweet."

I waited outside in the hall. I waited a long time. The nurse came to the door and came over to me. "I'm afraid Mrs. Henry is very ill," she said. "I'm afraid for her."

"Is she dead?"

"No, but she is unconscious."

It seems she had one hemorrhage after another. They couldn't stop it. I went into the room and stayed with Catherine until she died. She was unconscious all the time, and it did not take her very long to die.

Outside the room, in the hall, I spoke to the doctor, "Is there anything I can do to-night?"

"No. There is nothing to do. Can I take you to your hotel?"

"No, thank you. I am going to stay here a while."

"I know there is nothing to say. I cannot tell you——"

"No," I said. "There's nothing to say."

"Good-night," he said. "I cannot take you to your hotel?"

"No, thank you."

"It was the only thing to do," he said. "The operation proved——"

"I do not want to talk about it," I said.

"I would like to take you to your hotel."

"No, thank you."

He went down the hall. I went to the door of the room.

"You can't come in now," one of the nurses said.

"Yes I can," I said.

"You can't come in yet."

"You get out," I said. "The other one too."

But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

2. Handwritten manuscript page with one edit.

That is all there is to the story. There is supposed to be something which controls all these things and we read not one sparrow is forgotten before God. It was probably

3. Handwritten manuscript page with three sentence fragments and some crossed-out words.

In the end it is better not even to remember things but I know that.

That was all gone now, the sunlight and the spring and

Nothing was gone.

### *The Religious Ending*

4. Handwritten manuscript page numbered 323.

## Appendix II

### *The Alternative Endings*

The following forty-seven passages are all of the preserved drafts of the ending for the novel. Unless otherwise noted they are contained in Item 70 of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Massachusetts.

### *The Nada Ending*

1. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 5.

That is all there is to the story. Catherine died and you will die and I will die and that is all I can promise you.

It is a mistake.

You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is never to go back to places. It is a good thing too not to try too much to remember very fine things because if you do you wear them out and you lose them. A valuable thing too is never to let anyone know how fine you thought anyone else ever was because they know better and no one was ever that splendid. ~~You see the wisdom of the priest at the mess who has always loved God and so is happy and away from him. But how much is wisdom and how much is luck to be born that way? And what if you are not built that way?~~

5. Handwritten manuscript page numbered 324 with all of the text crossed out.

Also you will bore them and you learn that if you want to keep anything it is best to keep your mouth shut and not talk about it. At the

start the nights are the worst times and they seem your worst enemies but in the end the nights are

At first the nights are the worst times. You learn the wisdom of the priest at the mess who has always loved God and so is happy and you are sure nothing can take God away from him. But how much is wisdom and how much is luck to be born that way? And what if you are not built that way?

One thing that you learn is that the night which at the start is a bad time and the worst lonely time gets to be a good time.

6. Handwritten manuscript fragment.

The thing is that there is nothing you can do about it. It is all right if you believe in God and love God.

### *The Live-Baby Ending*

7. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 6.

~~There are a great many more details starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial and continuing on with the rest of my life which has gone on and will probably go on for a long time.~~

I could tell about the boy. He did not seem of any importance then except as trouble and God knows that I was better about him. Anyway he does not belong in this story. He starts a new one story. It is not fair to start a new story at the end of an old one but that is the way it happens. There is no end except death and birth is the only beginning.

8. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 641."

In a little while the doctor who had been in the room where they had the baby came along the hall. He came over to me.

"What about the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right," he said. "We got him going."

"He's alive?"

"Of course he's alive. Who said he wasn't alive?"

"The nurse."

"She's crazy. Of course he's alive."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you. The baby is alive."

"Christ they shouldn't do things like that to me," I said.

"He's a fine boy," the doctor said.

"Good," I said. I had a son now—I did not know whether to believe it or not.

9. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 638."

"What's the matter with the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"You better go back in with Madame," I said.

I sat down on the chair in front of a table

where there were nurses reports hanging on clips from the side and looked out of the window. I could see nothing but the dark and the rain falling across the light from the window. So he was all right. I had a son now. I didn't give a damn about him. All I cared about was Catherine.

### *The Funeral Ending*

10. Handwritten fragment on same manuscript page as version 6.

When people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You meet undertakers but you do not have to write about them.

11. Handwritten fragment on a manuscript page with version 12.

After people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You do not have to write about an undertaker nor all the

business of burial. You do not have to write about that day nor the next night of the day after and the night after, and the progress from numbness into sorrow nor all the days after and all the nights after for a long time. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.

12. Handwritten fragment on a manuscript page with version 11.

After people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You do not have to write about an undertaker nor the business of burial in a foreign country. Nor do you have to write about that day and the next night nor the day after and all the nights after while numbness turns to sorrow and sorrow blunts with use. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.

### *The Morning-After Ending*

13. Handwritten manuscript page

with many crossed-out lines.

~~After Catherine died that night. I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went up to the room and undressed and went to bed and slept finally because I was so tired. To wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window and there was a minute before I realized what had happened. That little time~~

~~There was a little time/moment between when I woke and. It may have been only a second. I do not know whether it was a second or a minute. It was probably not more than a second. I saw the sunlight coming in the window and smelled the spring morning after the rain before I realized what had happened. That last time, that came before the other time that started then.~~

~~That is all there is to the~~

~~I walked home that night in the rain.~~

~~It was raining outside and I walked~~

~~They said there was nothing for me to do at the hospital.~~

It was raining outside and I walked along the streets back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and along the driveway and in the revolving door. I spoke to the porter and rode in the elevator and walked down the hall into ~~our~~ the room where we had lived and undressed and got into bed. Finally, I went to sleep, I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the rain drying in spring morning after the rain and there was a moment, probably it was only a second, before I realized what it was that had happened.

14. Handwritten manuscript page with several false starts and numerous edits.

15. Handwritten manuscript page with single sentence written on the back of version 14.

That moment was the last time like that I can ever remember.

16. Handwritten manuscript page.

It was raining outside the hospital and I walked in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and along up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter and, got the key, and then rode up the elevator, and went walked down the hall and, unlocked the door and went in to the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into bed. Finally I slept; I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and there was a moment, probably it was only a second, before I began to realize what it was that had happened.

17a. Handwritten manuscript page.

And then I knew that that was all gone now and that it would not be that way (ever) any more.

17b. Handwritten fragment on back of page with version 17a.

that Catherine I was alone.

18. Handwritten manuscript page.

I walked that night in March nineteen hundred and eighteen in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went up to the room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally because I was so tired to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window. I saw the sunlight coming in the open window and smelled the spring morning after the rain before I realized what had happened.

19. Typewritten manuscript page with



two slightly different versions of the waking scene.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and there was nothing gone; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

20. Typewritten manuscript page with two slightly different versions of the waking scene.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard. In that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on

in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the finish of the story.

21. Typewritten manuscript page with versions 21 and 22.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed.

22. Typewritten manuscript page with versions 21 and 22.

then as I woke completely I had a physically hollow feeling I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

23. Typewritten manuscript page with handwritten emendations and additions.

It was raining outside and I walked in the rain from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter. He gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, and walked down the hall and unlocked the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and for that moment everything was the way it had been, then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I knew and started again to realize what it was that had happened that I was alone from then on. that that was all gone now and it would

not be that way anymore.

24. Typewritten manuscript page numbered E 322 with handwritten edits.

I walked in the rain that night in March nineteen hundred and eighteen from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter; he gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, walked down the hall and unlocked the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; I must have slept because in the morning I woke. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking everything was the way it had been; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed

and I knew what it was that had happened and that it was all gone now and that it would not be that way anymore.

25. Typewritten manuscript page numbered 322 with handwritten edits.

~~It was raining outside and~~ I walked in the rain from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter; he gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, walked down the hall and unlocked the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; ~~I suppose because I was so tired.~~ I must have slept because I woke. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and for that moment ~~everything~~ it was all the way it had

been, then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and then I knew again ~~and started to realize again~~ that that was all gone now and it would not be that way anymore.

(The End)

### *The Original Basis for the Scribner's Magazine Ending*

26. Two handwritten manuscript pages, the first numbered 322, the entire first part is crossed out.

They  
I walked

They said there was nothing I could do at the hospital that night

Afterwards I walked back to the hotel where in the rain that night and went upstairs to the room where ~~we had lived~~ and undressed and got into bed and finally I slept be-

cause I was so tired.

~~All sorts many of things have happened~~ It is a long time since March nineteen hundred and eighteen ~~that night~~ when I walked back that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to the room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window, then suddenly to realize what had happened. I could tell what happened that day ~~and all~~, about my first meeting with an undertaker and all of the business of burial in a foreign country and what has happened to me since but waking up that morning is the end of this story.

27. Item 64, handwritten manuscript numbered 650-52 with emendations and parts crossed out.

It seems she had one hemorrhage after another. They could not stop it. I went into the room and stayed with Catherine until she

died. She was unconscious all the time and it did not take her very long to die.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and the business of burial in a foreign country and continuing with the rest of my life—which has gone on and ~~will probably~~ seems likely to go on for a long time. I could tell how Rinaldi ~~recovered from~~ was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique required in wartime surgery is ~~rarely employed~~ not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in Fascism that organization. ~~I could tell how I made a fool of myself by going back to Italy.~~ I could tell ~~what~~ the kind of singer ~~what~~ his name became. I could tell about how Piani became got to be a taxi driver in New York. But they are all parts of something that was finished. Piani was the least finished but he went to another country. I do not know exactly where but certainly finished. Italy is a

country that every man should love once. I loved it once and lived through it—you ought to love it once or at least live in it. It is something like the need for the classics. There is less loss of dignity in loving it younger, or, I suppose, living in it.

I could tell what I have done since March nineteen hundred and eighteen when I walked that night in the rain ~~alone, and always from then on alone, through the streets of Lau~~ ~~sanne~~ back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept, finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining; then suddenly to realize what it was that had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

End

Many things have happened. Things happen all the time. Everything blunts and the world

keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on and then it keeps on. It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it. On the other hand you have to stop a story. You stop it at the end of whatever it was you were writing about.

28. Item 64, three-page handwritten manuscript numbered 650 bis-52.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy

under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on and then it keeps on but you do not know about it. It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it.

I could tell what I have done since March nineteen hundred and eighteen when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept, finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what it was that had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

29. Typewritten manuscript with handwritten emendations.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell what became happened to Bonello and of to Piani. I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open win-

dow and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and I did not know that it was all gone; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

30. Typewritten manuscript page numbered 322 with handwritten edits and deletions.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country (~~that I do not want to write about.~~) ~~and going on with the rest of my life which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.~~

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the

priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part that he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. ~~Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on, but you do not know about it. It never stops. At the end it does not. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it. Finally you get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. In the end certain things you can remember only at night.~~

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining

in the window; then suddenly to realize what had happened. I could tell what has happened since then, but that is the end of the story. write what has happened since then but I do not have to. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.

31. Item 66, setting copy. What Carlos Baker called the original conclusion to *A Farewell to Arms* (*Ernest Hemingway, Critiques of Four Major Novels* [New York: Scribner, 1962]), 75. See Figure 7.

It seems she had one hemorrhage after another. They couldn't stop it.

I went into the room and stayed with Catherine until she died. She was unconscious all the time, and it did not take her very long to die.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign

country and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on. but you do not know about it. It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it.

I could tell you what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went



upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

The End.

32. Typewritten manuscript page with minor edits by hand.

There are a great many more details starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that

organization. I could tell what they did to Bonello in Imola and how Piani came to Chicago and became a taxi driver.

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired. When I woke, the sun was coming in the open window and I smell[ed] the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the finish of the story.

(The End)

33. Typewritten manuscript page with handwritten "(space)" at top of

page. This is the version that was used as the ending in the serialized version published in *Scribner's Magazine* in September 1929.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell what they did to Bonello in Imola and how Piani came to Chicago to be a taxi driver.

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got

into the bed and slept finally, because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the finish to the story.

(The End)

### *The Fitzgerald Ending*

34. Handwritten manuscript page.

~~Everyone who lived through the war had~~  
You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is that the world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. ~~But those that will~~ Those it does not break it kills. It kills the very good and very

gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

35. Two typewritten manuscript pages, the second numbered 323.

It is a long time since March nineteen hundred and eighteen when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to the room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired, to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what had happened. I could tell what happened that day, about my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial in a foreign country and all the things that have happened since but ~~you have to end a story somewhere~~ the story is finished.

You can stop your life the way you stop a story but you do not do it and afterwards you are not sorry. It stops for a while by its-self

and then it goes on again. You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is never to go back to places. It is a good thing too not to try too much to remember things you want to remember because if you do you wear them out and you lose them. A valuable thing too is never to let anyone know how fine you thought anyone else ever was because they know better and no one was ever that splendid. But in the nights you know. In the nights they do not fool you.

You see we slept when we were tired and if we woke the other one woke too so one was not alone. Often a man wishes to be alone and a girl wishes to be alone too and if they love each other they are jealous of that in each other, but I can truly say we never felt that. We could feel alone when we were together, alone against the others. It has only happened to me like that once. I have been alone while I was with many girls and that is the way that you can be most lonely. But we were never lonely and never afraid when we were together. I know that the night is not the

same as the day; that the things of the night cannot be explained in the day because they do not exist, and the night can be a dreadful time for lonely people once their loneliness has started. But with Catherine there was almost no difference in the night except that it was an even better time. If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course, it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

The End.

36. Handwritten manuscript fragment numbered 323.

Finally

But in the nights you know. In the nights

they do not fool you.

*The Ending*

37. Three handwritten manuscript pages, the second numbered 2 and the third numbered 3.

~~Late that night I walked back to the hotel. It was raining and I was wet when I came in and went up the~~

~~Late that night I walked back to the hotel. It was raining and Catherine was dead and it was all over now.~~

I stood

Outside in the hall I spoke to the doctor, "Is there anything I can do tonight?"

"No. There is nothing to do. Can I take you to your hotel?"

"No thank you. I am going to stay here a while."

“I know there is nothing to say. I cannot tell you—”

“No,” I said. “There’s nothing to say.”

“Good night,” he said. “I cannot take you to your hotel?”

“No thank you.”

He went down the hall. I watched him go. Then I went to the door of the room and opened it. There were two nurses in the room, one of them came to the door.

“Just a moment,” she said. “You cannot come in now.”

“I’m coming in,” I said. “You can come back later.”

“The rules are—” she said.

“I do not care about the rules. ~~You will come out and I will go in.~~ I am going to stay here for a while.”

They went out and I shut the door and turned off the light. The window was open and I could hear it raining in the courtyard. ~~It wasn’t any good. She was gone. What was there was not her.~~ After a while I said goodbye and went away. It was like saying good-

bye to a statue. But I did not want to go. I looked out the window. It was still raining hard. Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on, I thought. Why was that? I went back. Goodbye, I said. I have to go I think. It wasn’t any good. I knew it wasn’t any good.

38. Handwritten manuscript page with deletions.

But after I had gotten them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn’t any good. ~~She was not there. It was trying to be a last time alone. She was not there. It was like saying goodbye to a statue~~

I thought if we were alone we would still be together. But it was not like that. There was not anything. She wasn’t there. It was like being saying goodbye to a statue. After a while

39. Handwritten manuscript page.

I thought if I could get them all out and we

could be alone we would still be together. But it wasn't any good (~~not like that~~). It was like saying goodbye to a statue.

40. Handwritten manuscript page with emendations and deletions.

But after I had gotten them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. I ~~had not known I had thought if I could get them out and we were alone we would still be together~~

~~But it was not~~

~~There would still be something~~

~~But~~ It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

41. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 8.

He went down the hall. I went to the door of the room.

"You can't come in now," one of the nurses

said.

"Yes I can," I said.

"You can't come in yet."

"You get out," I said. "The other one too."

But after I had gotten them out and ~~shut~~ shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

### *Miscellaneous Endings*

42. Handwritten manuscript page with versions 42 and 43.

That was in March nineteen hundred and eighteen. There were many other dead for the rain to fall on in that month (~~But try some time for that to make any difference. They did not mean anything to me.~~) and for plenty of months thereafter. But try sometime and see if that makes it any better.

43. Handwritten manuscript page with versions 42 and 43.

That was in March nineteen hundred and eighteen. Plenty of men were killed that month and I am sure a great many women died. But I have not found that because things happen in general that they are any help to you in particular.

44. Handwritten manuscript fragment on back of versions 42 and 43.

Nothing was changed then except that as I woke completely I had an strange physically empty feeling.

45. Handwritten manuscript page with several false starts and some edits.

~~I was too numb to realize it.~~ It was like a wound that you do not feel at first because the shock has made you numb but the

I knew that she was gone and I was too numb to realize it but as in a wound the numbness did not last very long and by

I was still so numb that all I could ~~do~~ think was to hate them for taking her without realizing that she was really gone but that came later in the night and then it made no difference who or what had done it but only that she was gone.

46. Handwritten manuscript page.

Maybe you have never been alone. ~~Maybe you do not know what it means to be alone from then~~

See Naples and die is a fine idea. You will live to hate its guts if you live there. Perhaps there is no luck in a peninsula.

47. Handwritten manuscript page with a false start and some edits.

~~Your life does not stop the way a~~

You can ~~not~~ stop your life the way you

stop a story ~~except by~~ but you do not do it and afterwards you are not sorry. It stops for a while by its-self and then it goes on again.

## Appendix III

### *List of Titles*

Possible titles for the novel are listed on two pages, which are Items 76 and 76a in the catalog of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Massachusetts. In addition, the earliest titles clearly associated with the book appear on the first page of the handwritten manuscript (Item 64): “The World’s Room” and “Nights and Forever.” Two additional titles appear later in the same manuscript on an inserted typewritten page: “A Separate Peace” and “The Hill of Heaven” (added in Hemingway’s hand).

1. Item 76, handwritten page with lists of possible titles for the book. The underlines and crossed-out ti-