

Edward Gorey



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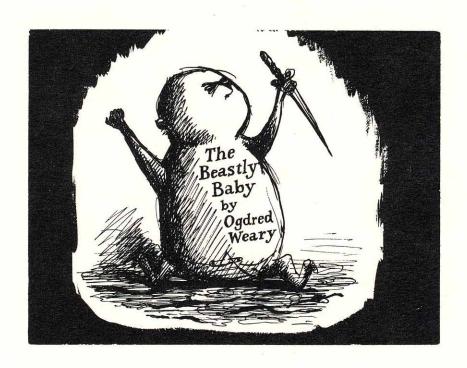
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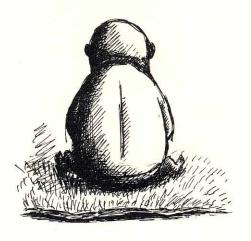
The Remembered Visit, 1965, Simon and Schuster. The author and publisher

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The Beastly Baby The Nursery Frieze The Pious Infant The Evil Garden The Inanimate Tragedy The Gilded Bat The Iron Tonic The Osbick Bird. The Chinese Obelisks (bis) The Deranged Cousins The Eleventh Episode [The Untitled Book] The Lavender Leotard The Disrespectful Summons The Abandoned Sock The Lost Lions Story for Sara The Salt Herring Leaves from a Mislaid Album A Limerick

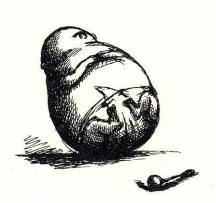




Once upon a time there was a baby.



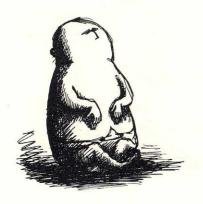
It was worse than other babies. For one thing, it was larger.



Its body was not merely obese, but downright bloated.



One of its feet had too many toes, and the other one not enough.



Its hands were both left ones.



Its nose was beaky, and appeared to be considerably older than the rest of it.



Its tiny eyes were surrounded by large black rings due to fatigue, for its guilty conscience hardly <u>ever</u> allowed it to sleep.



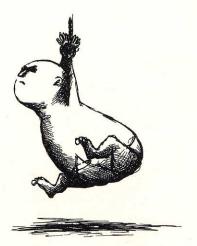
It was usually damp and sticky for it wept a great deal. It was consumed by self-pity, which in this case was perfectly justified.



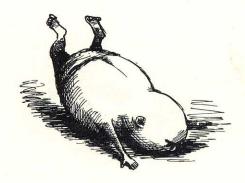
It was capable of making only two sorts of noises, both of them nasty.



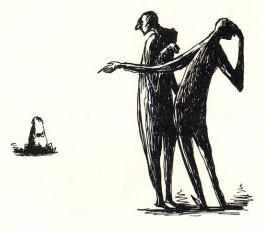
The first was a choked gurgling, reminiscent of faulty drains. It made this noise when it had succeeded in doing something particularly atrocious.



The second was a thin shriek suggestive of fingernails on blackboards. It made this noise when it had been prevented from doing something particularly atrocious.



Fortunately, it was unable to walk.



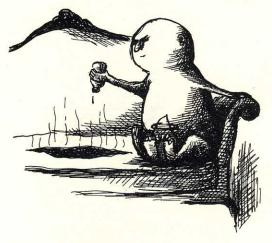
It had never been given a name since no-one cared to talk about it. When it was absolutely necessary to do so, it was referred to as the Beastly Baby.



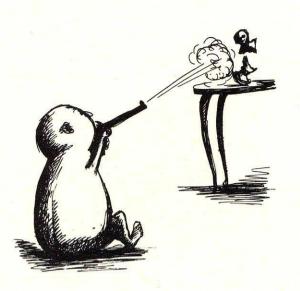
Dangerous objects were left about in the hope that it would do itself an injury, preferably fatal.



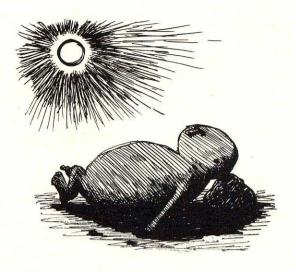
But it never did, and instead, hacked up the carpets with knives.



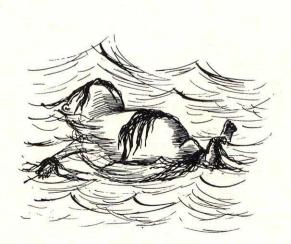
Or burnt enormous holes in the upholstery with acid.



Or shot bric-à-brac off the tables.



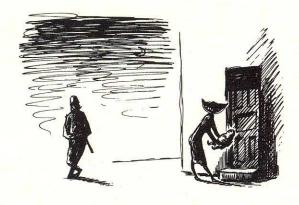
A day in the broiling sun had no other effect than to turn it a horrid purple.



When it was taken bathing, it always floated back to shore, festooned with slimy green weed.



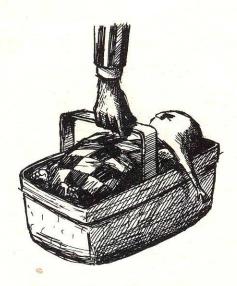
In public places some officious person was certain to point out that it was in danger of being left behind.



Inevitably, a policeman was looking on whenever it was just about to be momentarily set down on a doorstep.



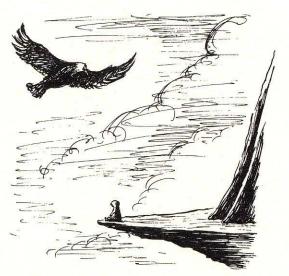
In the meantime it grew larger and older every day, and what this would eventually lead to, no-one liked to think.



Then one day it was taken on a picnic.



It was set on an exposed ledge some distance from where the food was.



A few minutes later, a passing eagle noticed it there.



The eagle, having never before been presented with this classic opportunity, carried it off.



The eagle found keeping hold of it more difficult than he had expected.



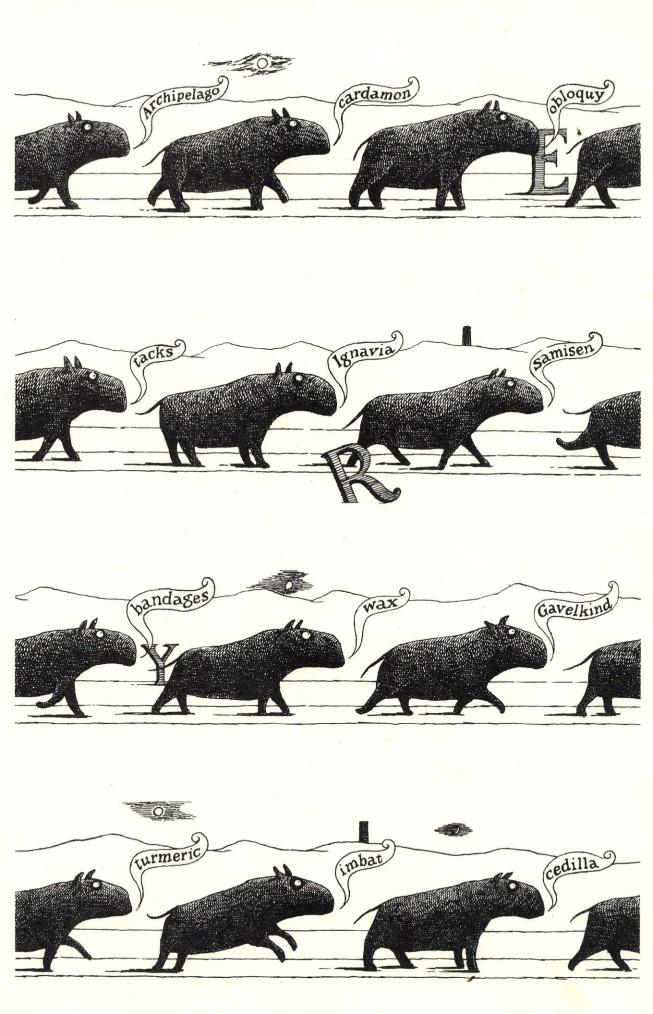
He attempted to get a further grip on it with his beak.

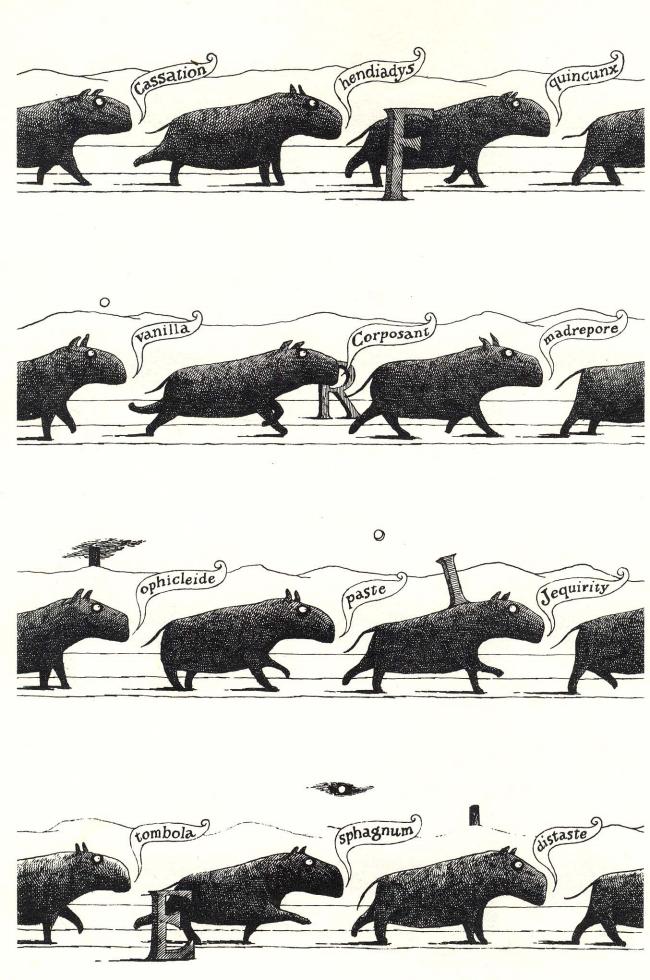


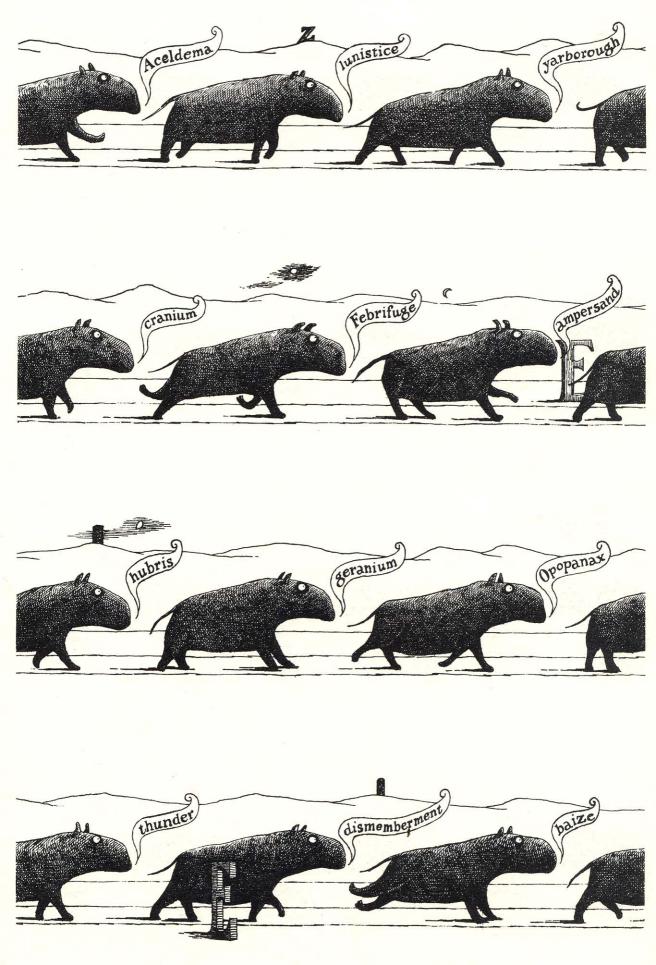
There was a wet sort of explosion, audible for several miles.

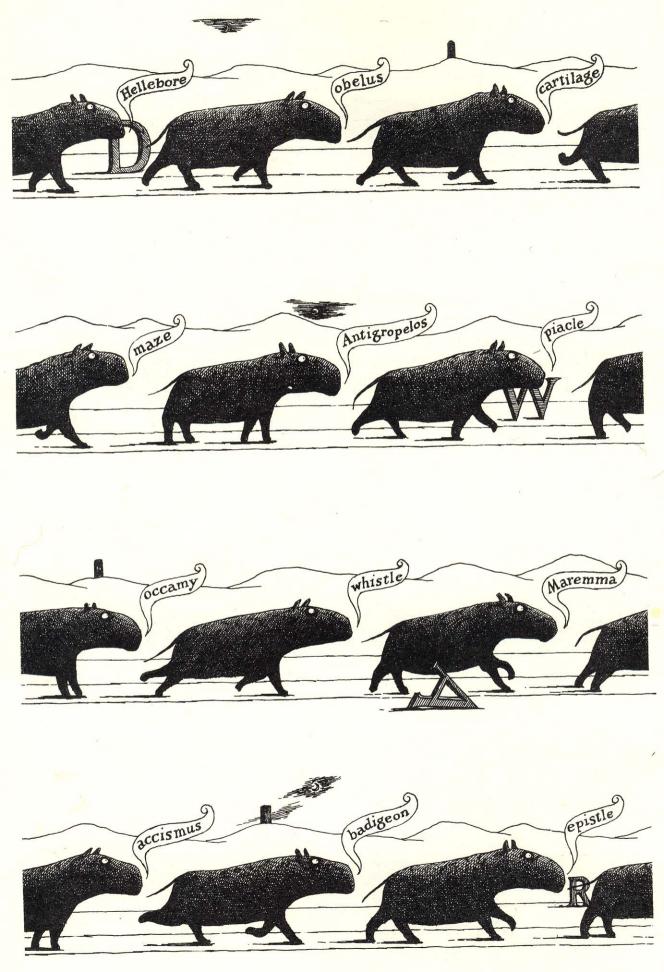


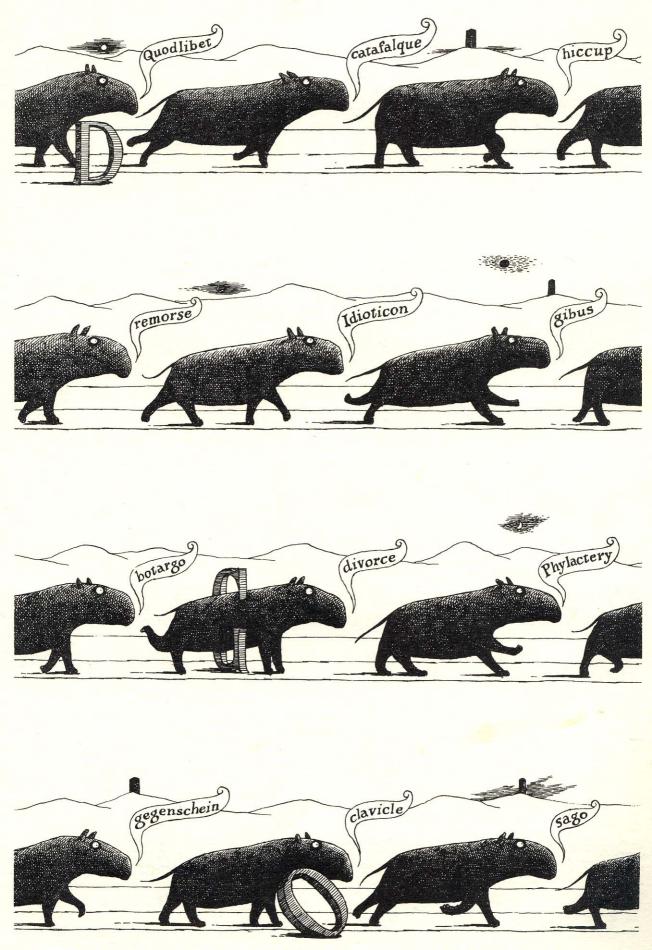
And that, thank heavens! was the end of the Beastly Baby.

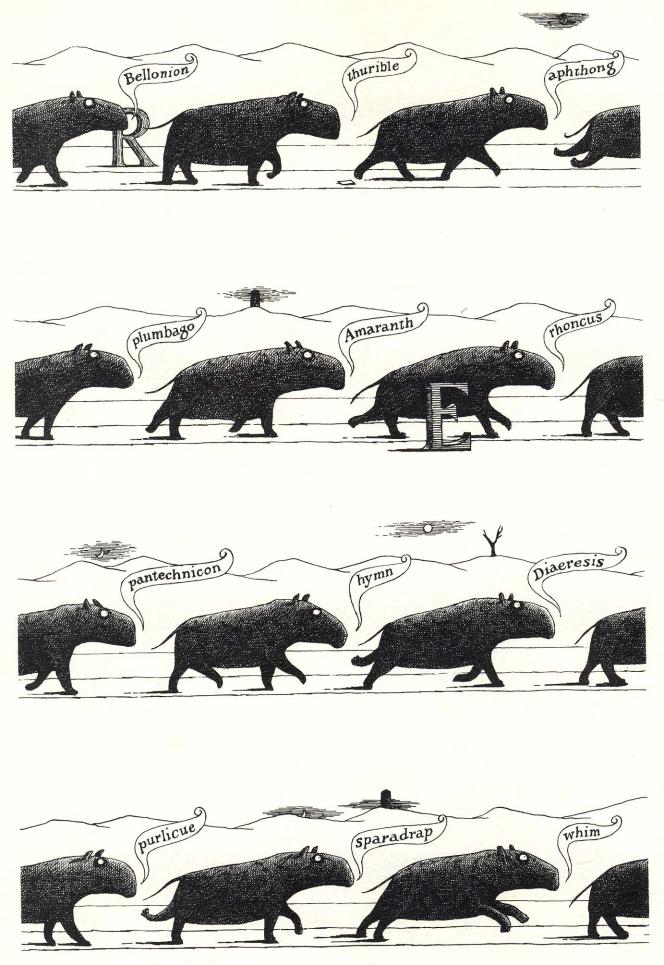


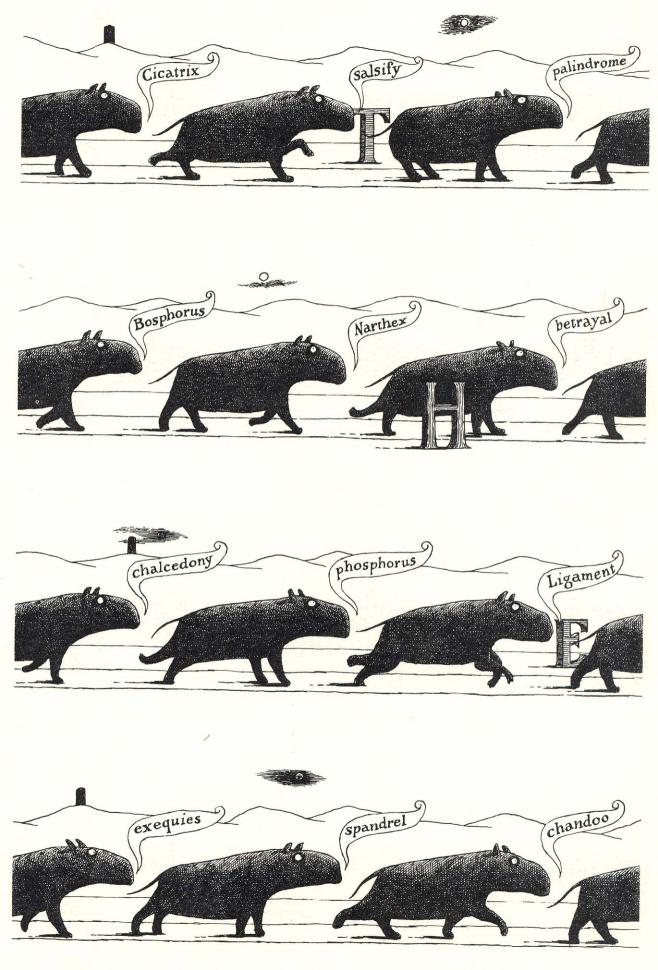


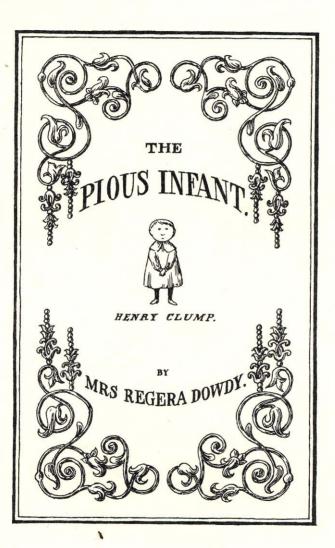


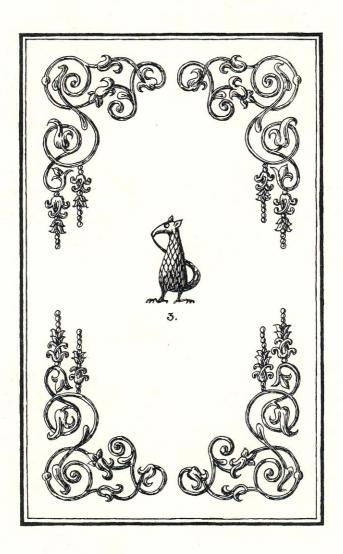














Little Henry Clump was scarcely three years old when he found out that his heart was wicked, but that God loved him nevertheless.



He soon learnt a great many texts and hymns, and was always saying them over to himself.



Once when he saw a sea-gull rise up from the waves 'Look, look!' he said to his sister, Fanny Eliza. 'When I die I shall go up to heaven like that bird.'



He habitually went without sweet things so that he might give pennies to stop the poor heathen from bowing down to idols.



He dearly loved his parents and never tired of asking what he might do for them.



Although he was kind and good, he was sometimes tempted by Satan, but he felt his sins deeply and was truly sorry for them afterwards.



He was often discovered alone upstairs on his knees.



One Sunday he saw some boys sliding on the ice; he went up to them and said 'Oh, what a shame it is for you to idle on the Sabbath instead of reading your Bibles!'



He was very fond of Fanny Eliza and, whenever she got into a passion, became much concerned for the salvation of her soul.



He used to go through books and carefully blot out any places where there was a frivolous mention of the Deity.



On a winter afternoon when he was four years and five months old he went to give his bread-pudding to an unfortunate widow.



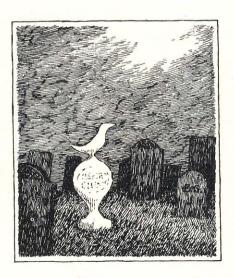
As he was returning home a great black cloud came up and large hailstones fell in profusion.



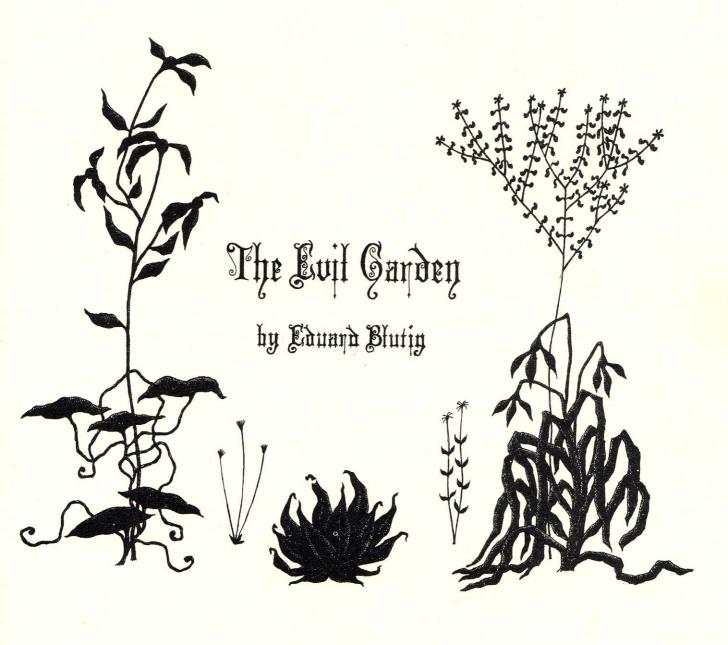
That night he had a sore throat, which by morning had turned into a fatal illness.



His last words were 'God loves me and has pardoned all my sins. I am happy!' before he fell back pale and still and dead.



Henry Clump's little body turned to dust in the grave, but his soul went up to God.



## THE EVIL GARDEN

Eduard Blutig's Der Böse Garten in a translation by Mrs Regera Dowdy with the original pictures of O. Müde The Fantod Press, New York, 1966

Alas, my translation of perhaps Herr Blutig's most famous work appears on the melancholy occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the next to the next to the last time he threw himself out of a window.

MRS R.D.



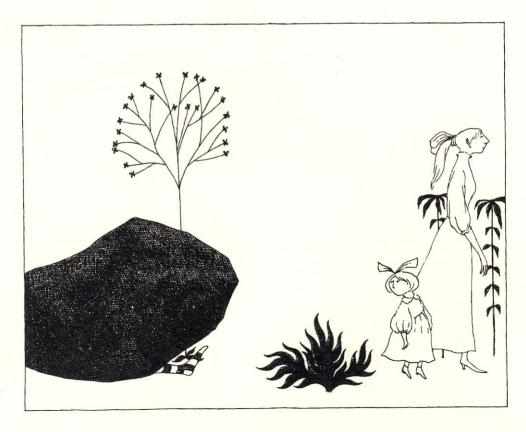
How elegant! how choice! how gay! To think one doesn't have to pay.



There is a sound of falling tears; It comes from nowhere to the ears.



Some tiny creature, mad with wrath, Is coming nearer on the path.



A foot inside a stripéd sock Protrudes from underneath a rock.



The gorgeous flowers have a smell That causes one to feel unwell.



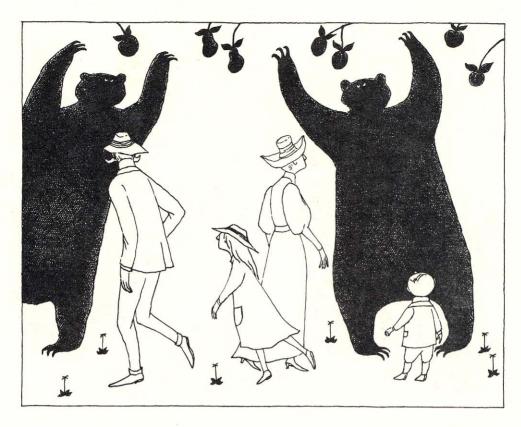
The Rev. Mr Floggle's cloth Is being nibbled by a moth.



Her sash is lying on the ground, But Isabelle cannot be found.



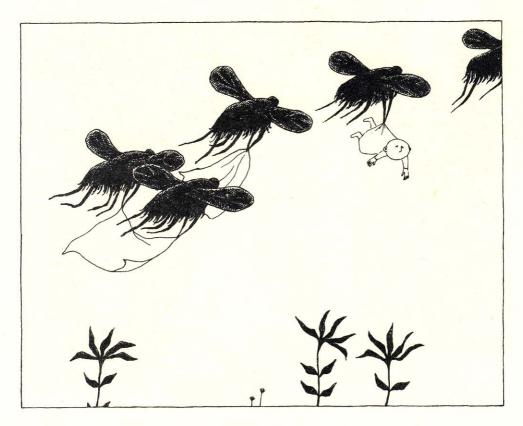
Great-Uncle Franz, beside the lake, Is being strangled by a snake.



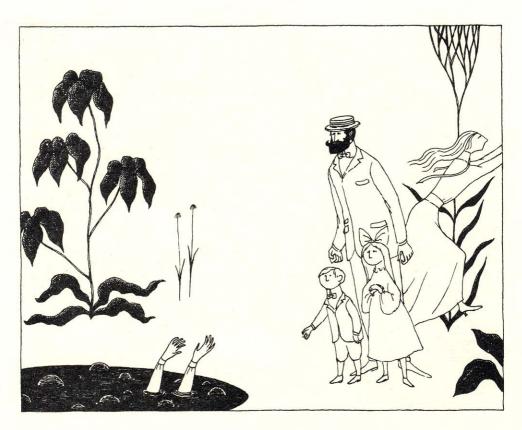
The peaches, apples, plums, and pears Are guarded by ferocious bears.



Alexa watches while her aunt Is pulled feet first inside a plant.



A hissing swarm of hairy bugs Has got the baby and its rugs.



The nurse of whom they all were fond Is sinking in the bubbling pond.

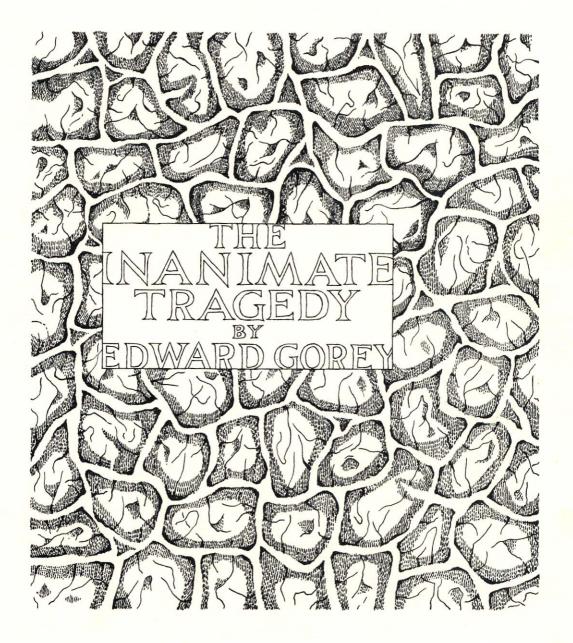


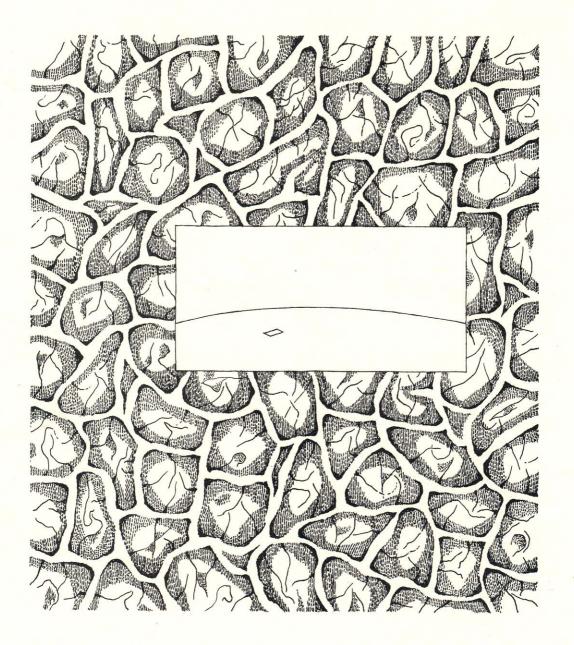
The sky has grown completely black; It's time to think of turning back.

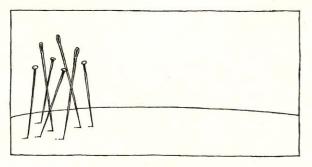


Fall down, or scream, or rush about— There is no way of getting out.

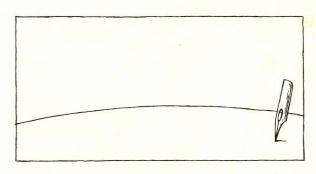




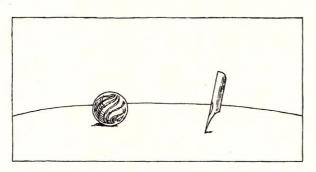




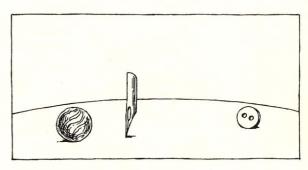
'Death and Distraction!' said the Pins and Needles. 'Destruction and Debauchery!'



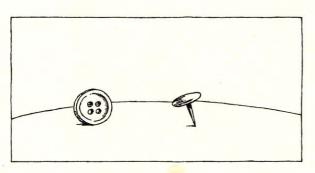
Almost at once the No.37 Penpoint returned to the Featureless Expanse.



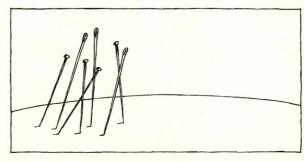
It encountered the Glass Marble, but neither recognized the other.



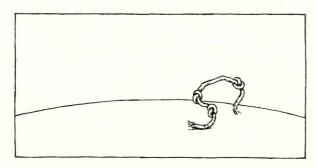
The Two-Holed Button concealed its apprehension.



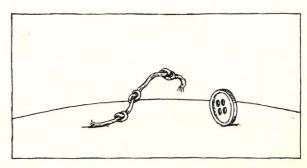
The Half-Inch Thumbtack told the Four-Holed Button what had happened.



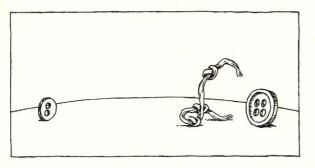
'Duplicity and Desolation!'said the Needles and Pins. 'Dissolution and Despair!'



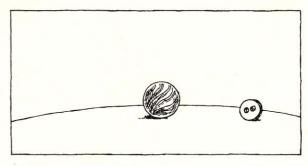
Quickly the Knotted String decided to wait on events.



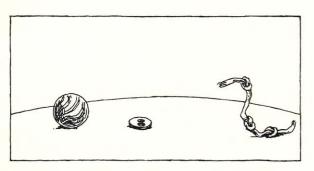
The Four-Holed Button came to it with a sinister proposal.



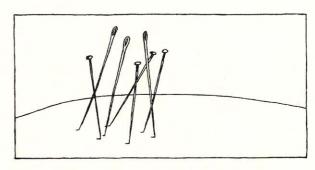
The Two-Holed Button overheard them unnoticed.



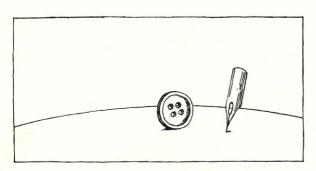
No sooner had it withdrawn than it ran into the Glass Marble.



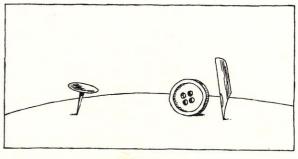
The Knotted String appeared and the Two-Holed Button fell senseless.



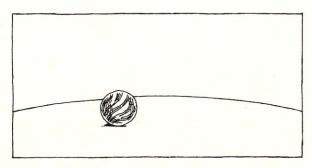
'Discomfort and Damage!' said the Pins and Needles. 'Doom and Discrepancy!'



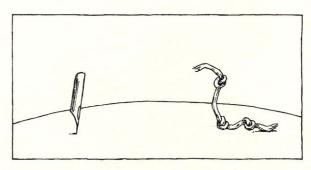
Incontinently the Four-Holed Button approached the No. 37 Penpoint with another sinister proposal.



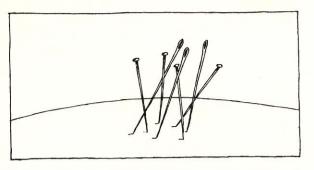
The Half-Inch Thumbtack informed them what had taken place.



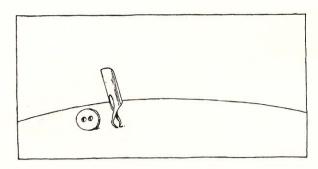
The Glass Marble regretted its actions.



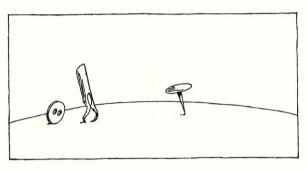
The No.37 Penpoint and the Knotted String confronted one another.



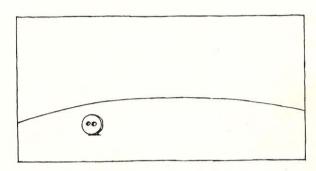
'Dishonour and Depredation!' said the Needles and Pins. 'Degradation and Dismay!'



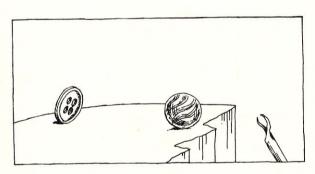
Immediately the No.37 Penpoint, now ruined, and the Two-Holed Button fled.



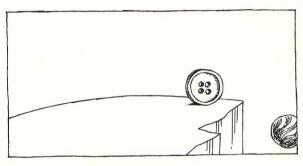
The Half-Inch Thumbtack acquainted them with what had transpired.



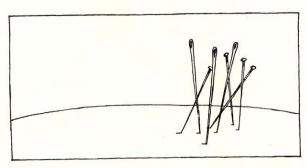
The Two-Holed Button found itself alone.



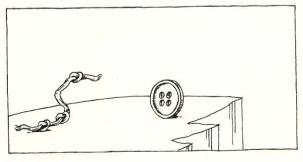
The Glass Marble, mistaking the No. 37 Penpoint for the Four-Holed Button, pushed it into the Yawning Chasm.



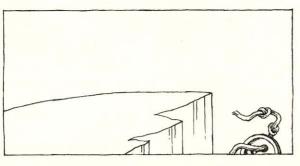
When it saw what it had done, it went mad and rolled off the edge.



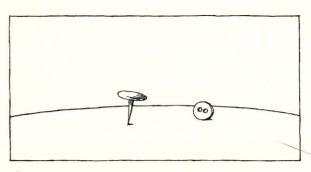
'Danger and Deceit!' said the Pins and Needles.
'Defeat and Disaster!'



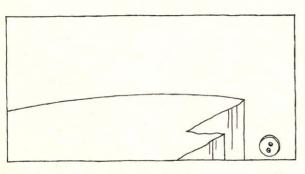
Promptly the Knotted String surprised the Four-Holed Button.



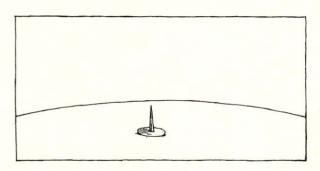
In the struggle they went over the edge together.



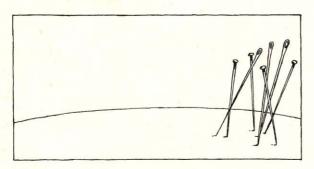
The Half-Inch Thumbtack made known to the Two-Holed Button what had occurred.



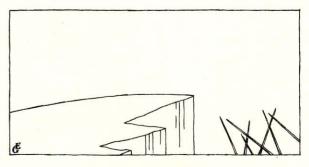
The Two-Holed Button threw itself over at the same spot.



The Half-Inch Thumbtack looked around and fell down lifeless.



'Depravity and Disappointment!' said the Needles and Pins. 'Disappearance and Damnation!'



Forthwith they too flung themselves into the Yawning Chasm.



Maudie was only five when she was discovered gazing at a dead bird by Madame Trepidovska.



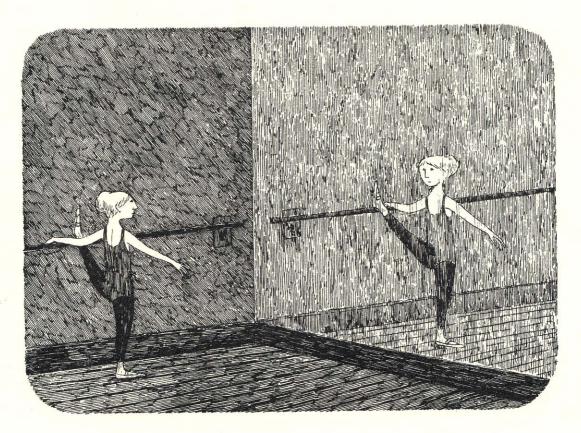
Madame, once assoluta at the Maryinsky, informed the Splaytoes that the child was to be her pupil.



Long years of study began in her ballet school above a row of shops.



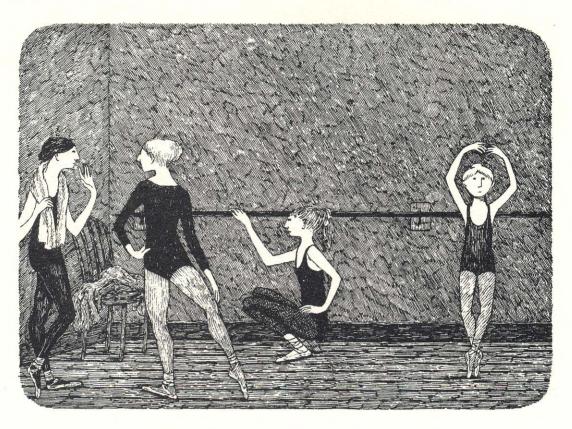
Maudie first came before the public as a sparrow in Bain d'Oiseaux, devised by Madame to display her students' abilities.



Her life was rather monotonous.



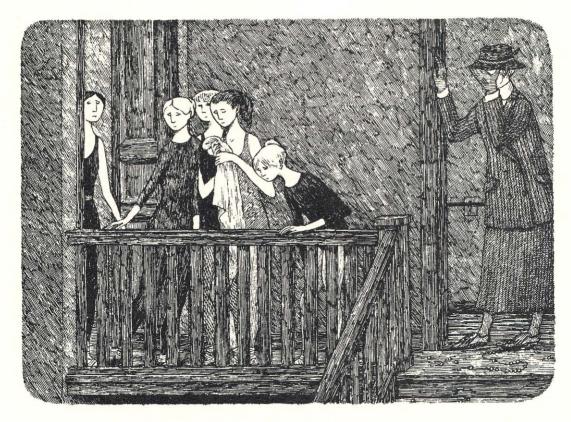
She became aware of what real ballet was when Madame took her to one of Solepsiskaya's innumerable farewell performances.



Eventually she was allowed to go up on point.



Miss Marshgrass, the school's backer, took exception to Madame's interest in Maud; there were scenes.



Madame had to be removed to a private lunatic asylum, and the school was shut down.



Maud obtained a place in the corps of the Ballet Hochepot.



For the next two years she danced in the provinces.



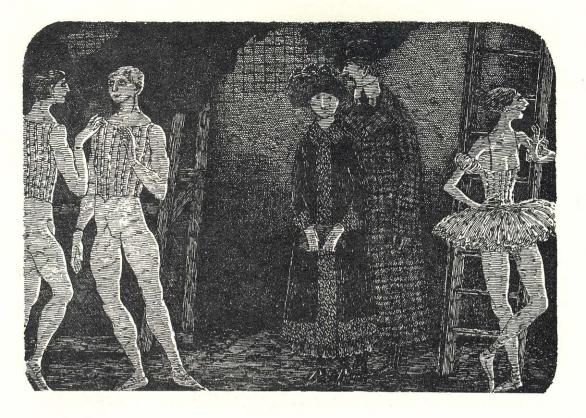
She was given her first solo as the Papillon Enragé in a revival of Golopine's Jardin de Regrets; others followed.



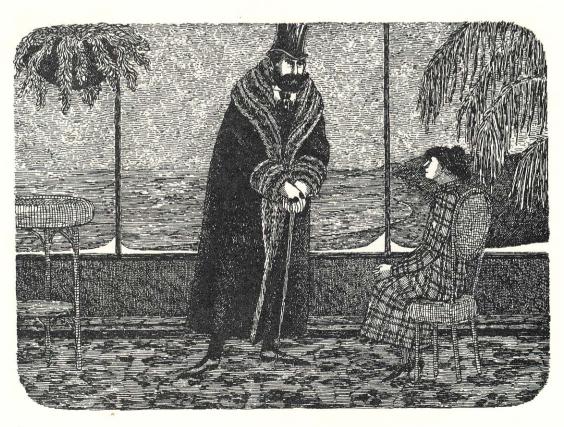
Her life went on being fairly tedious.



After Federojenska did a grand jeté into the wings one matinee and was never seen again, Maud took over Oiseau de Glace to great acclaim.



Her parents only once came to visit her backstage.



Baron de Zabrus invited her to join his company, the most renowned in Europe.



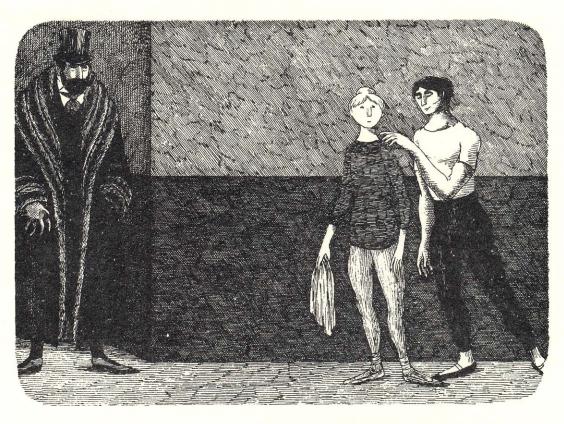
He changed her name to something more exotic.



Her life did not cease to be somewhat dreary.



The Baron chose her to dance a new pas de deux, Le Corbeau (d'après E.A.Poe), with Ibiskovski.



Serge developed an unlikely infatuation for her.



The Baron told her that only art meant anything.



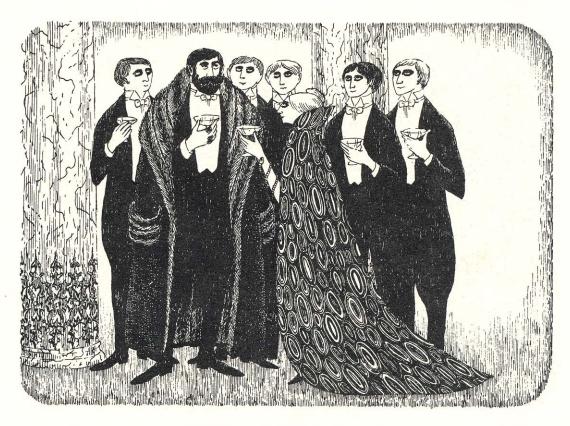
Plastikoff created for her a new ballet, La Chauve-Souris Dorée; it was his greatest work.



Serge began to cough a lot, and had to go away to a sanitorium outside Zug.



Mirella all at once became chic and mysterious.



She was seen everywhere with the Baron.



She had become the reigning ballerina of the age, and one of its symbols.



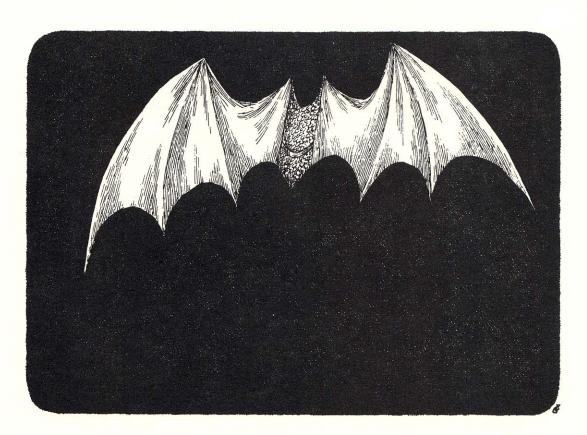
Her life was really no different from what it had ever been.



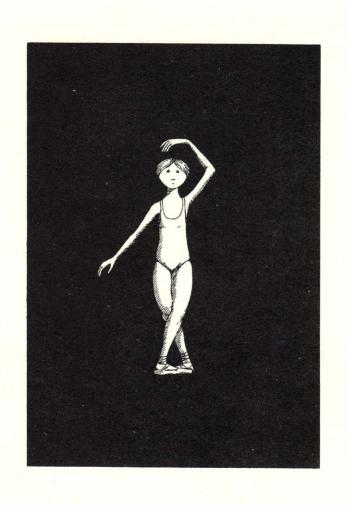
She was asked to dance in a charity gala before royalty at Cagnes-sur-Mer.



Over the Camargue a great dark bird flew into the propeller of the aeroplane.



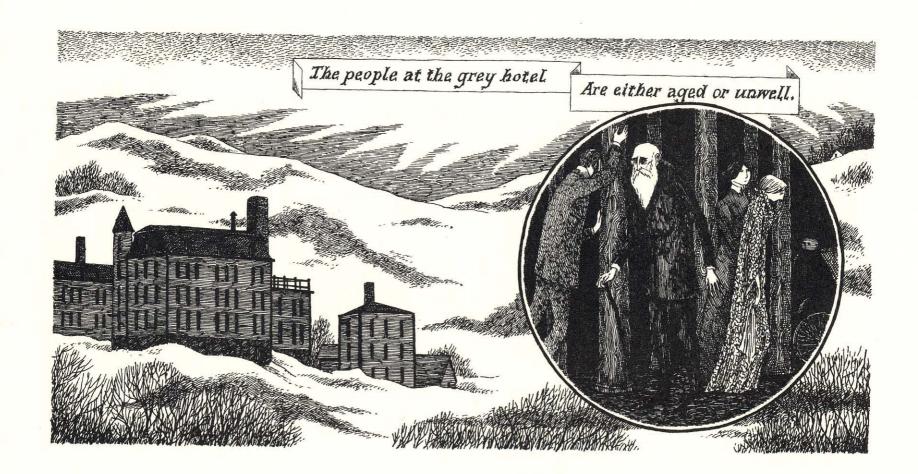
At the gala her costume was suspended from the centre of the stage while the music for her most famous variation was played in her memory.

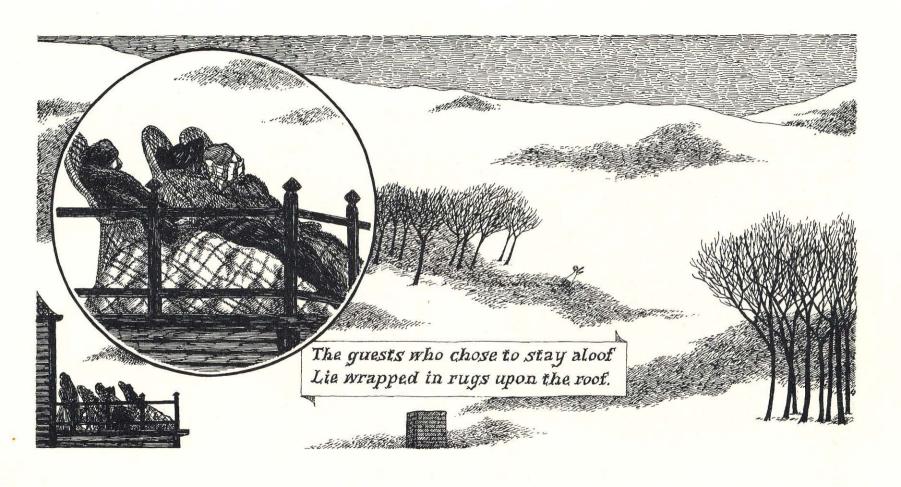


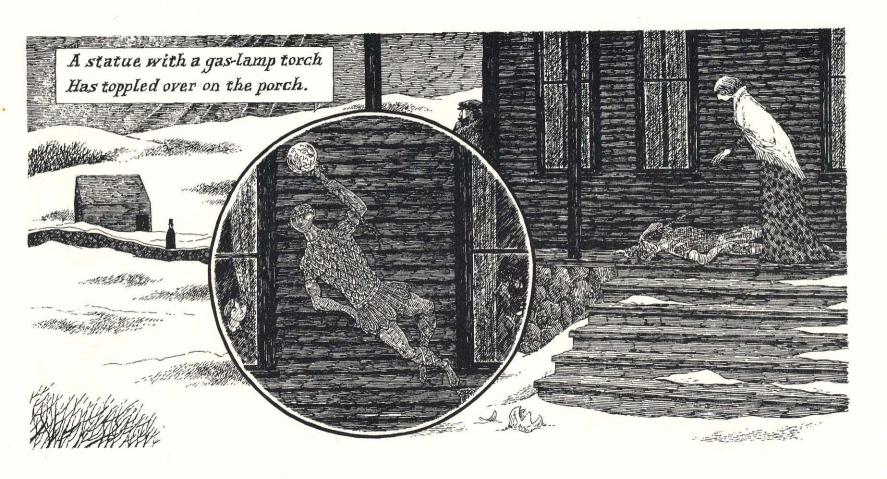


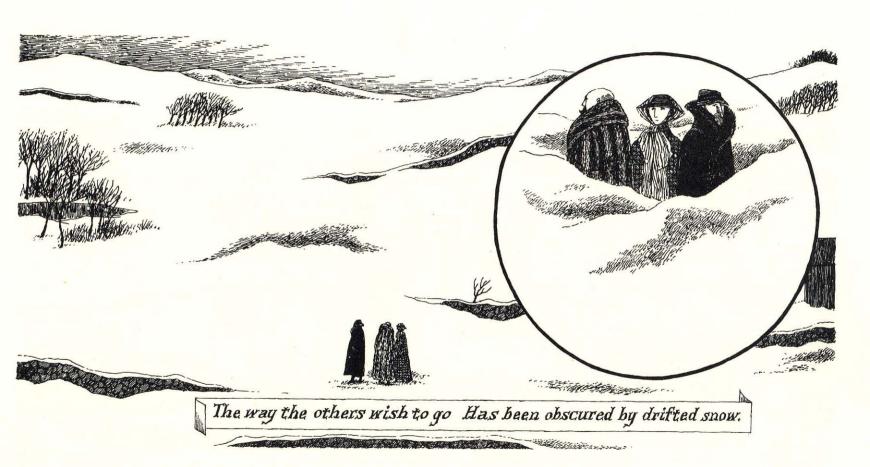


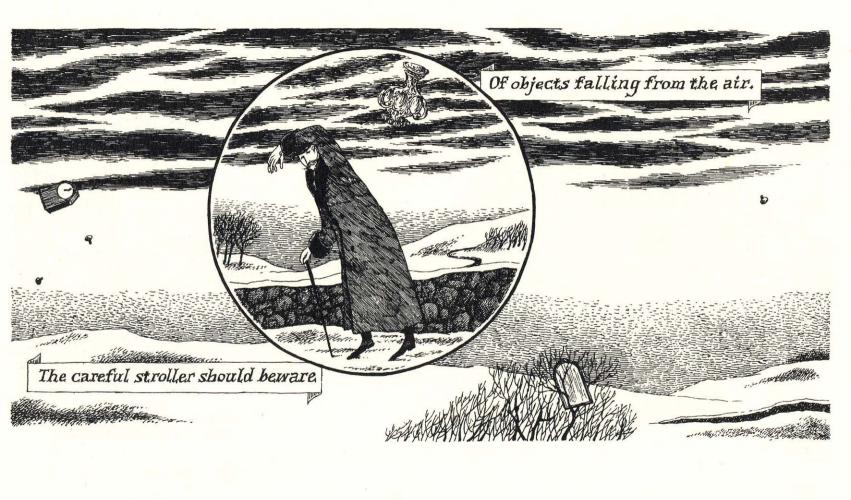
THE RENTONIC: EDWARD GORET



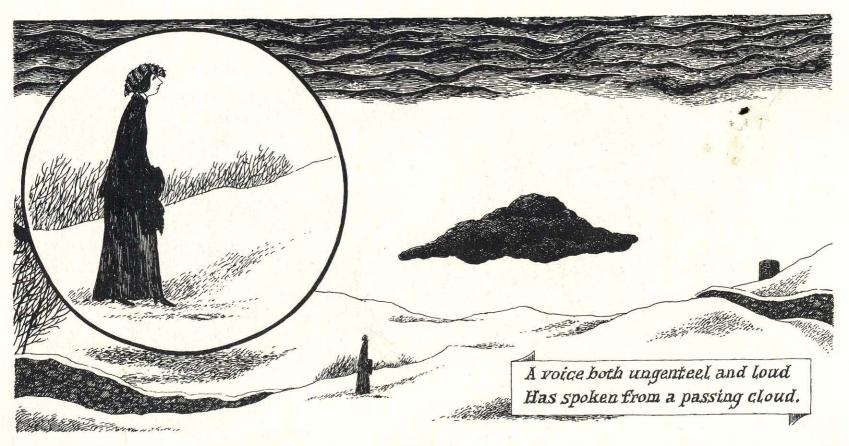


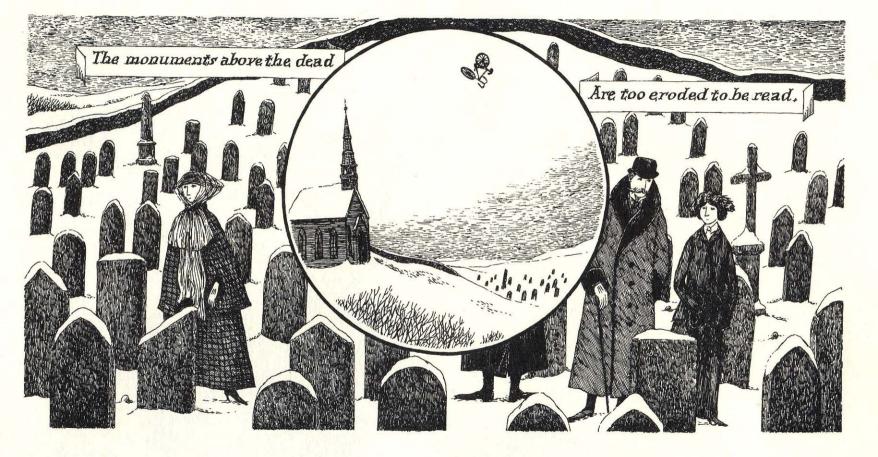


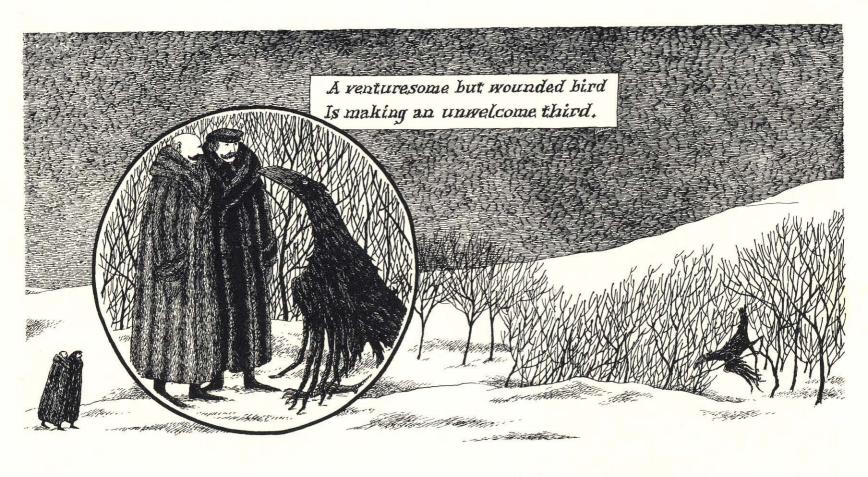


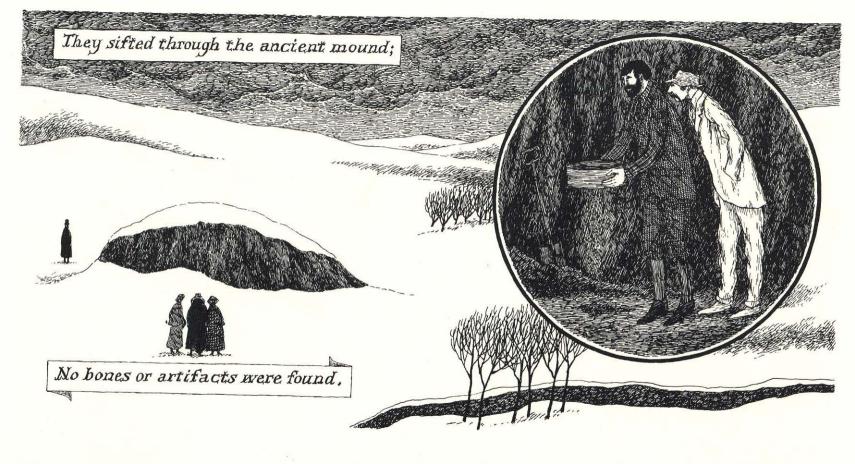


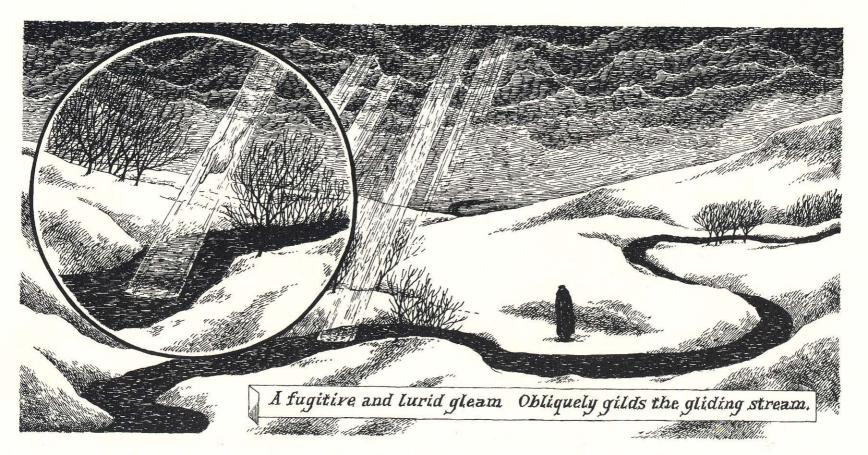


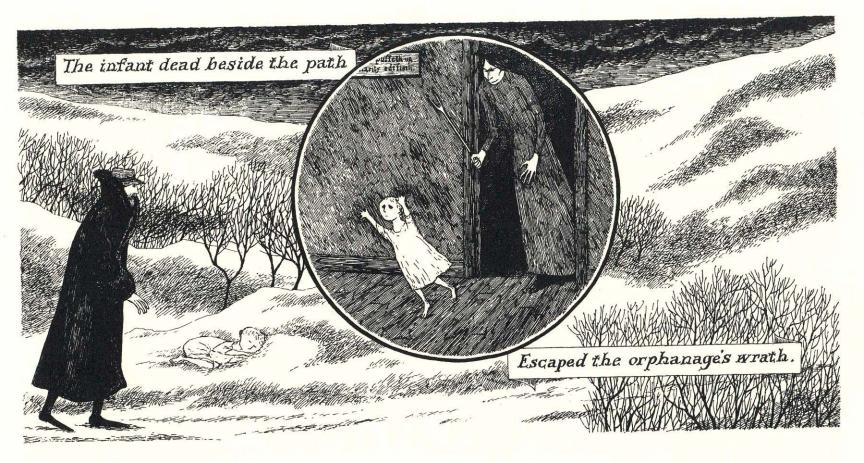


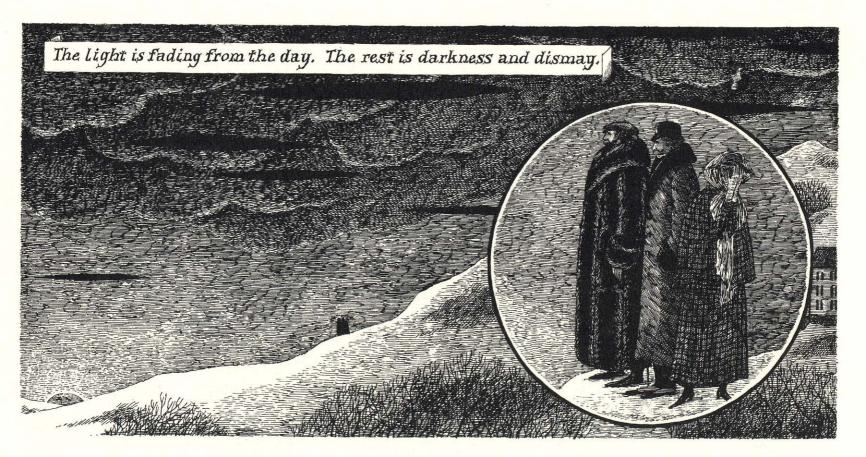


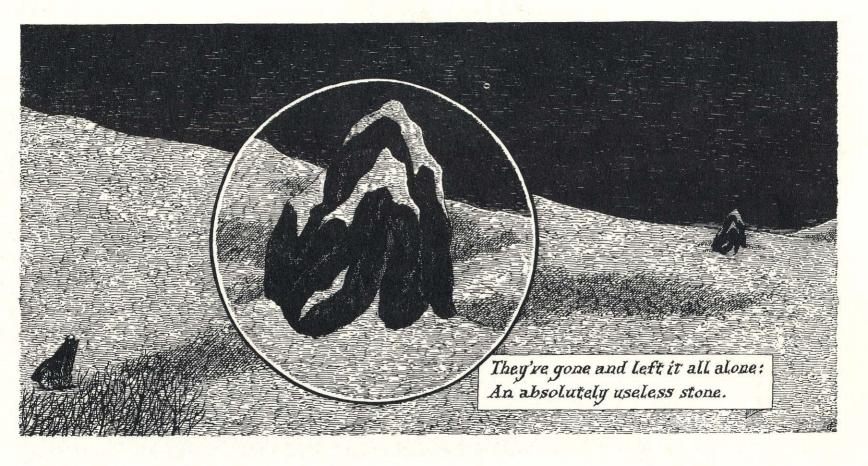




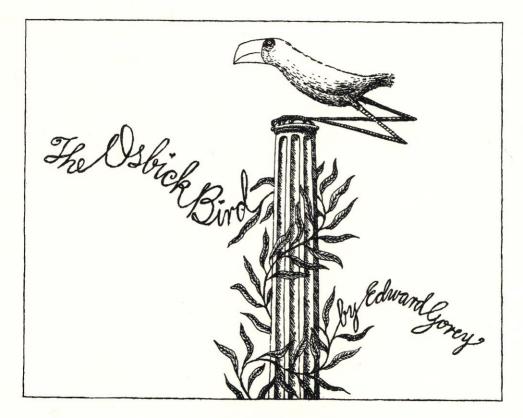




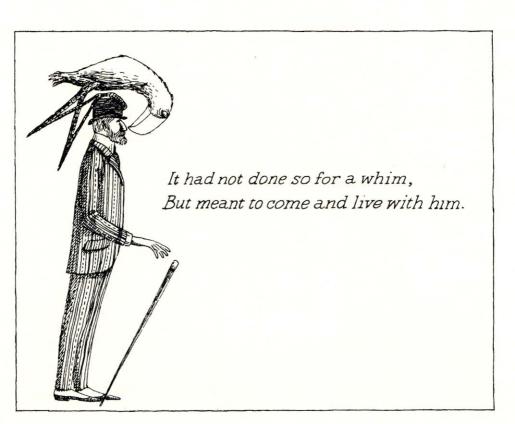


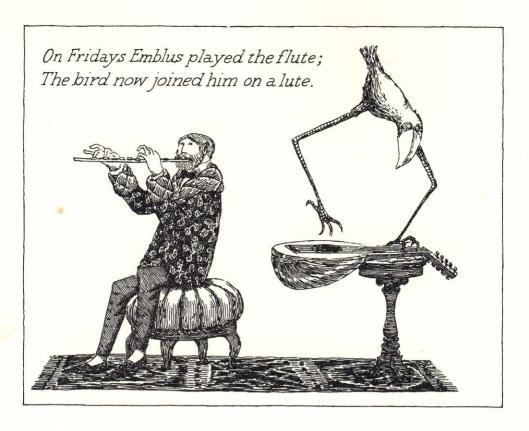


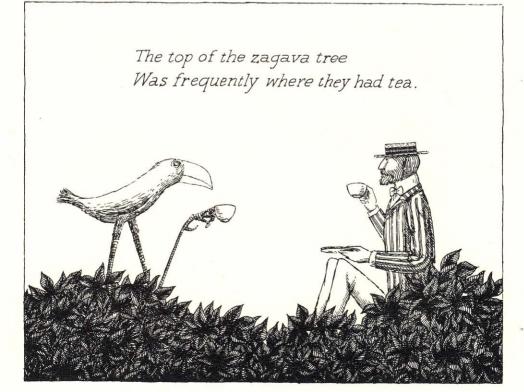


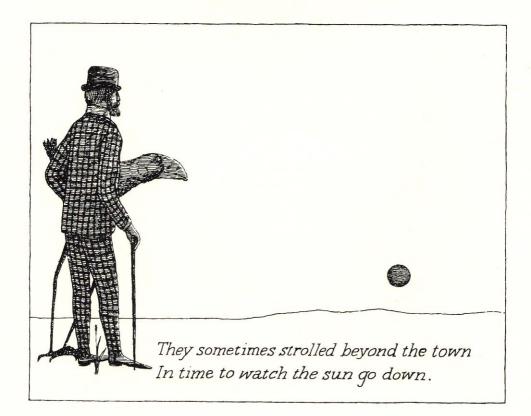


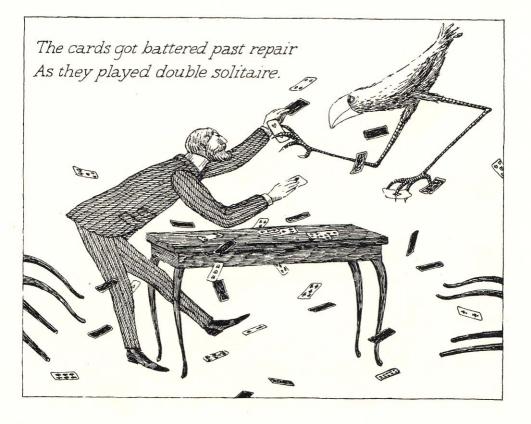
An osbick bird flew down and sat On Emblus Fingby's bowler hat.



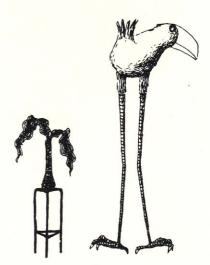




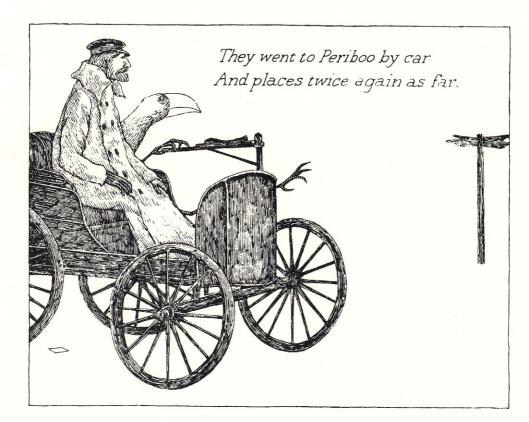


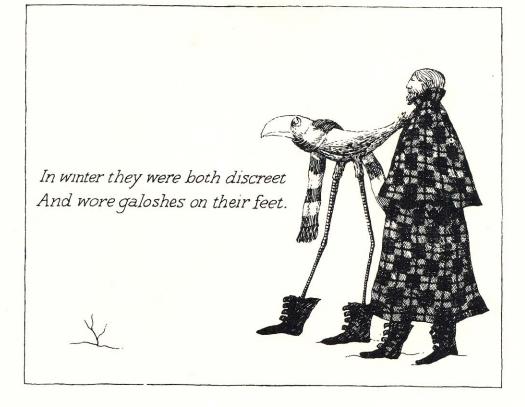






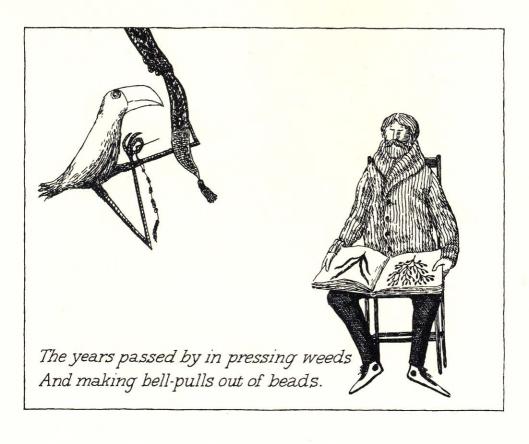
And after that they would not speak
To one another for a week.

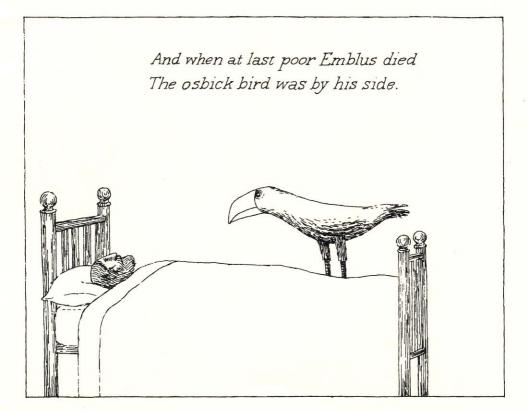


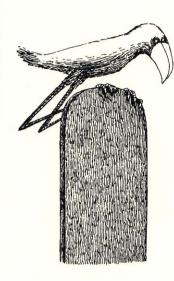




Upon the river Oad the two Were often seen in their canoe.





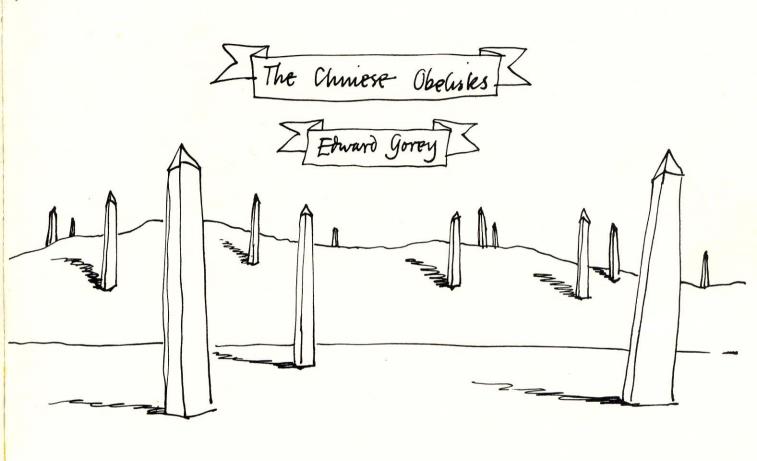


He was interred; the bird alone Was left to sit upon his stone.

But after several months, one day It changed its mind and flew away.





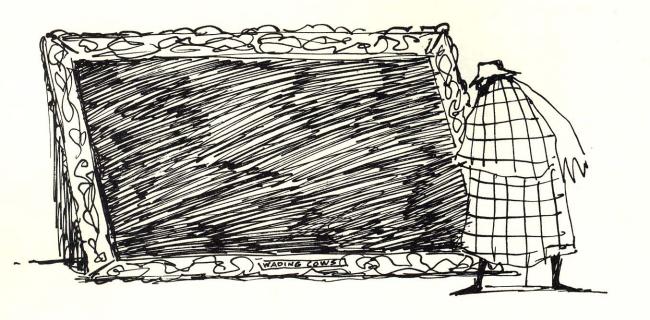




A was an Author who went for a walk



B was a Bore who engaged him in talk



C was a Canvas encourted with dirt

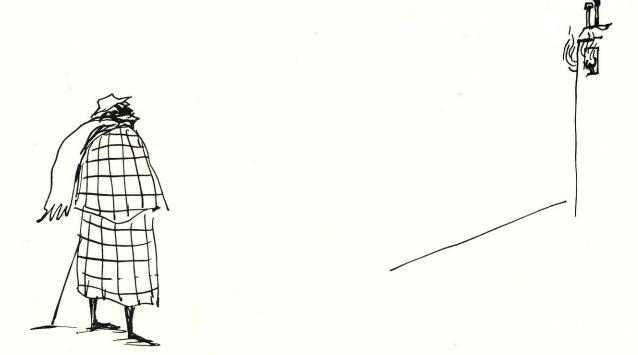




D was a Dog who appeared to be hurt



E an Egyptian with things from a tomb



I was a fire in a top-storey room



G was the Glove that he bropped without thinking





H was a House whose foundations were rinking



I was an Infant who dung to his sleeve





I was the Sam he gave it to leave



K was a Keepsake picked up from the gutter





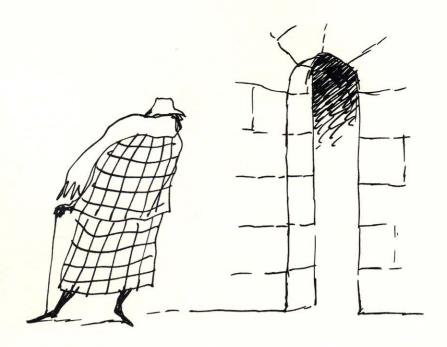
L was a Lady who peered through a shutter



M was a Muffin he bought from a tray



N was a Notice that caused sum dismay



O was an Opening Cet in a wall



P was a Place he did not know at all



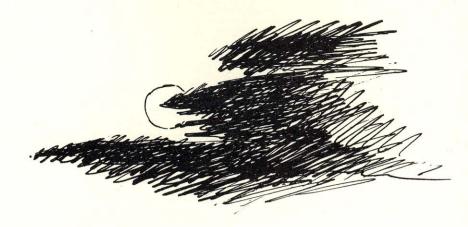


Q was the Question he asked of a stranger





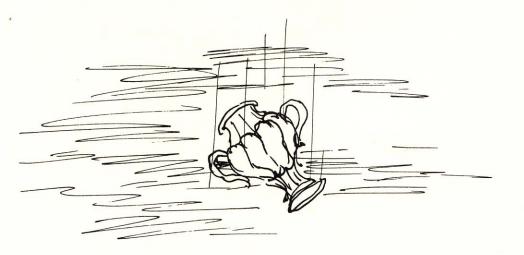
R the Roply that his life was in danger



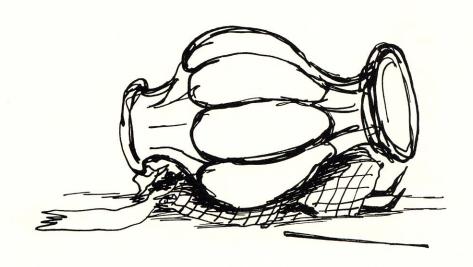
I was the Sun which went under a cloud



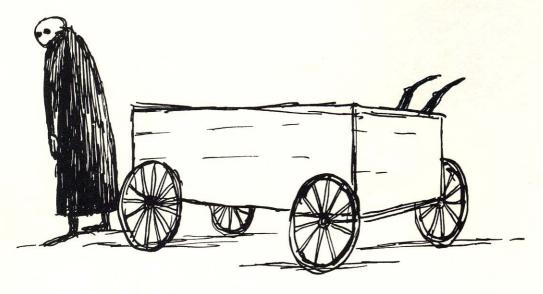
T was a Thunderclap horribly Cond



U was the Urn it discodged from the sky



V was its Victim who cried out 'But why?'

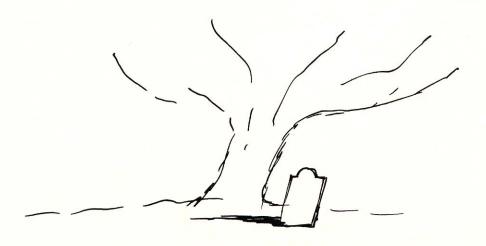


W was the Wagon in which his life ender





X was the Executes sparsely attended

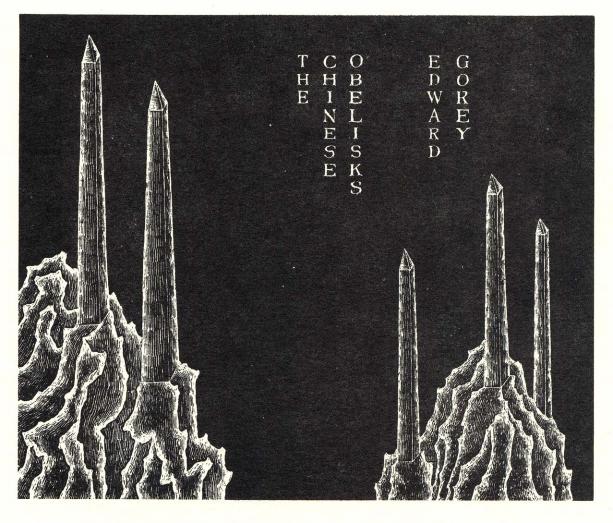


Y was the Yew under which he was land



Z was the Zither he left to the maid

Ē

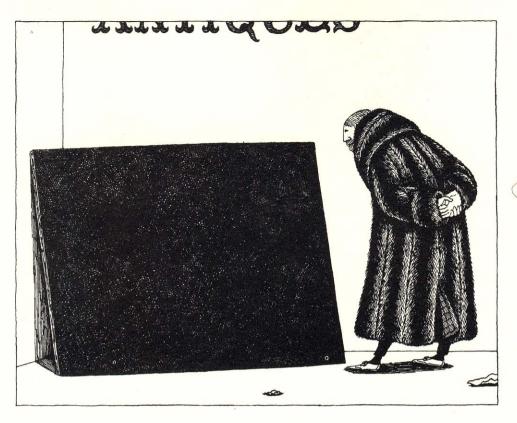




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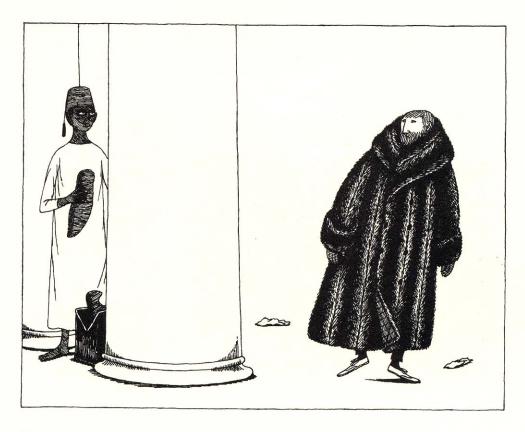
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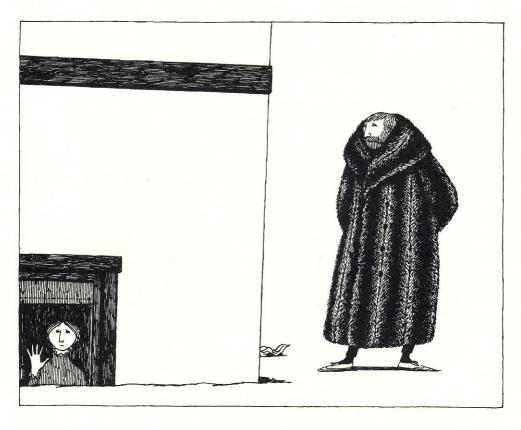
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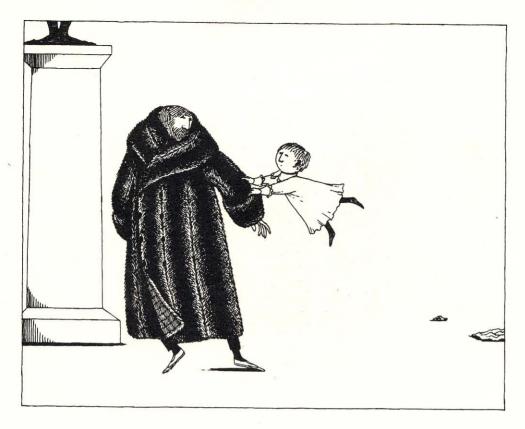
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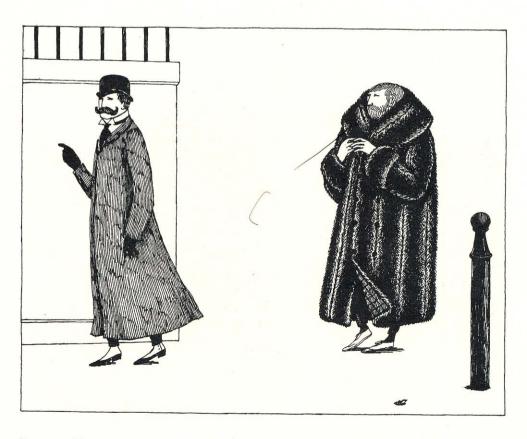
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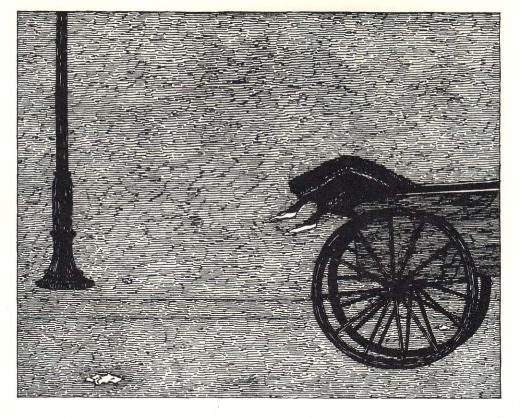
T was a Thunderclap horribly loud



U was the Urn it dislodged from the sky



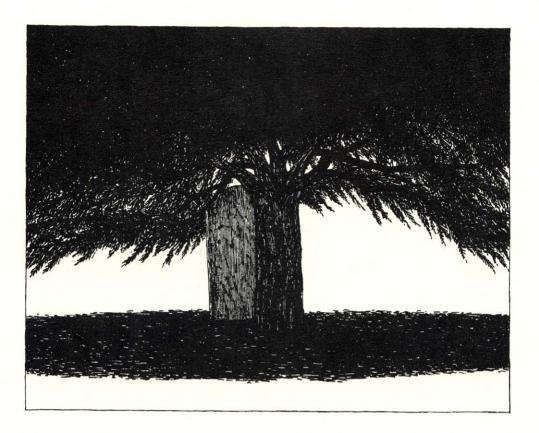
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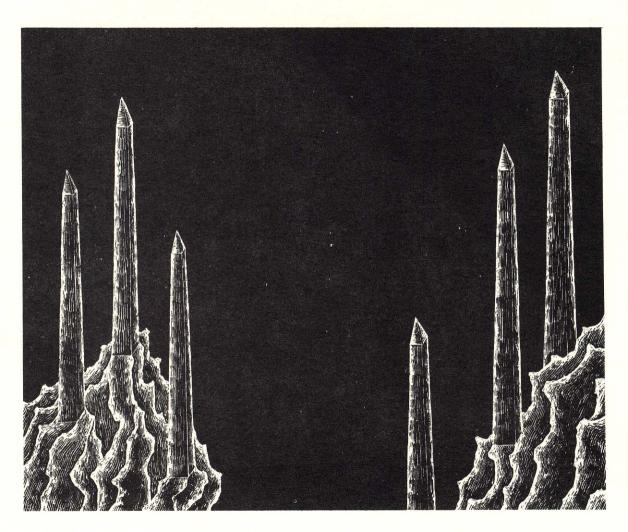
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Y was the Yew beneath which he was laid



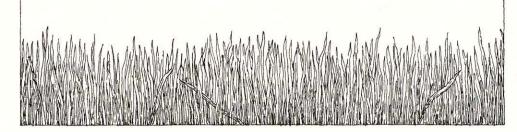
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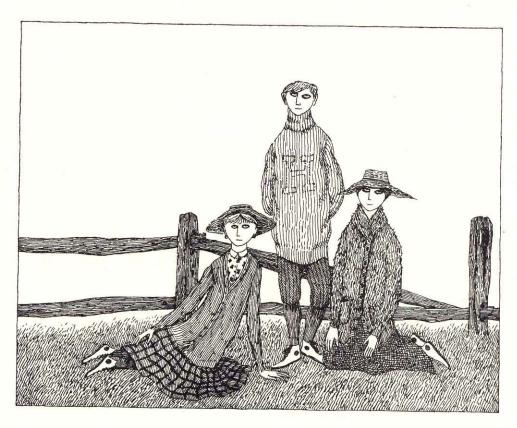


BHT



## BY EDWARD GOREY





Seventy-nine years ago there were three cousins whose names were Rose Marshmary, Mary Rosemarsh, and Marsh Maryrose.



They lived in a house covered with roses on the edge of a marsh.



Since they were orphans and there was nobody to stop them, they were often merry far into the night.



In the daytime they picked up things left by the tide.



One September afternoon Rose and Mary quarreled over a bedslat.



Mary struck Rose with a brown china doorknob she had already found and killed her.



She had Marsh bury her in a field known as the Rabbits' Restroom.



This incident caused her to become a religious maniac.



Shortly thereafter Marsh took to drink.



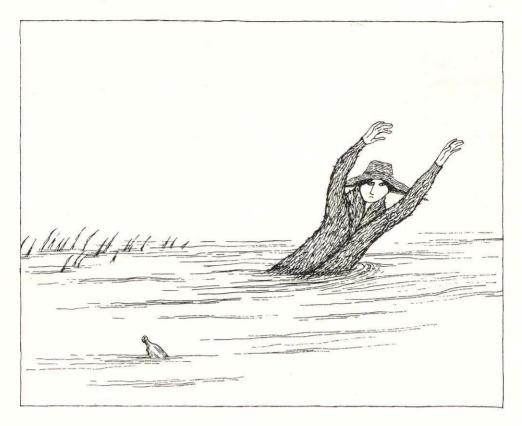
One April morning he drank the dregs of a bottle of vanilla extract he discovered in the mud.



They must have been contaminated, for he died in agony during the night.



Mary conducted a funeral service by herself that lasted the whole day and then buried him near Rose.



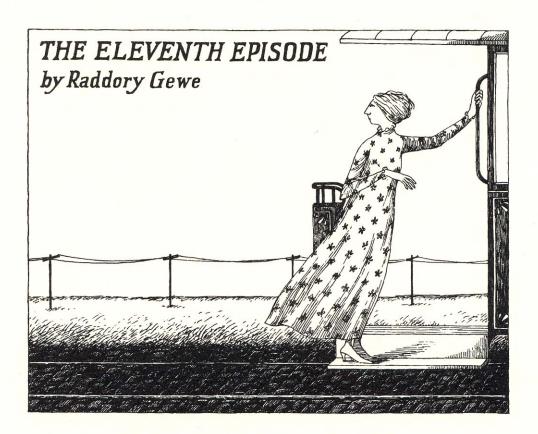
The next winter she was carried off by an unusually high tide.



They never found her body.

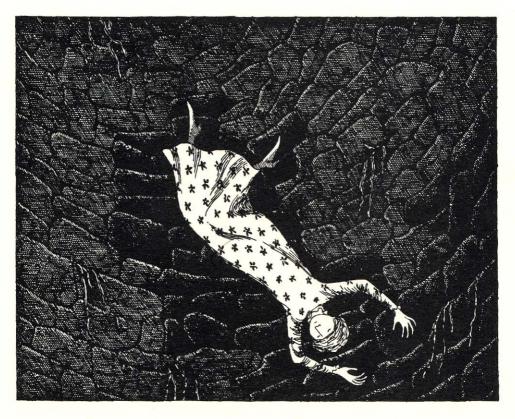








The window, which was open wide, Let in a scream that rose outside.



It came, she thought, from down the well; She leaned too far and promptly fell.



She knew no more until the thud With which she landed on some mud.



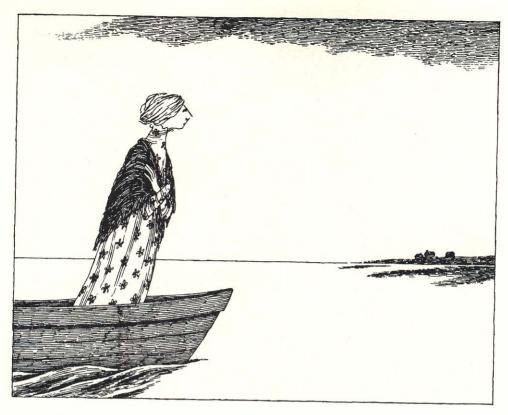
A disused tunnel at her feet She followed to a sordid street.



A passing cyclist seized her arm; She felt that he intended harm.



Her gown supplied her with a pin; She chose a spot and stuck it in.



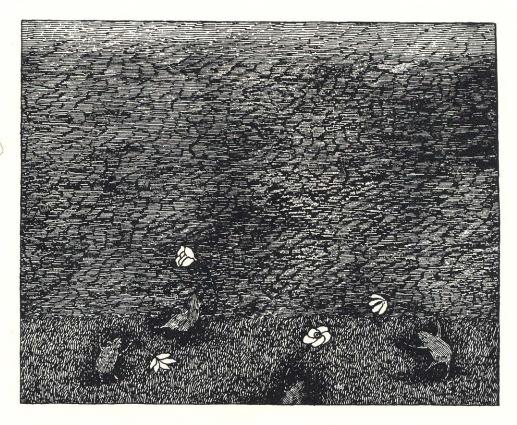
She fled by tram, then train and boat, To places ever more remote.



She changed her name and spent the days In painting Scenes from Life on trays.



She cleared the garden of its weeds And planted several thousand seeds.



Small creatures picked the flowers at dawn And danced with them about the lawn.



Until they all, down to the least, Were eaten by a monstrous beast.



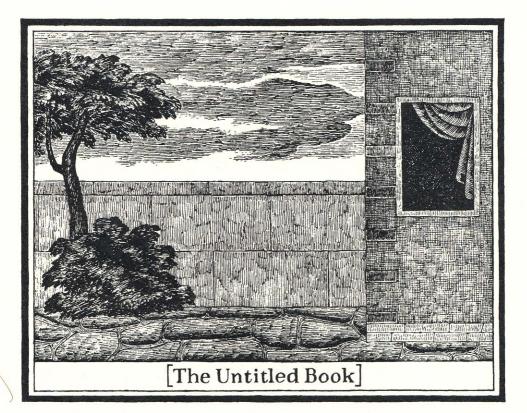
Next day a motorist drove up And told her to expect a cup.

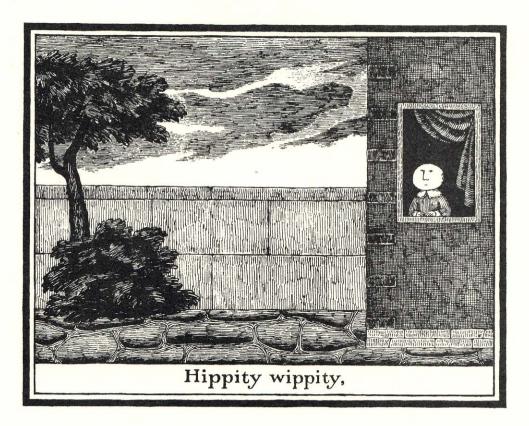


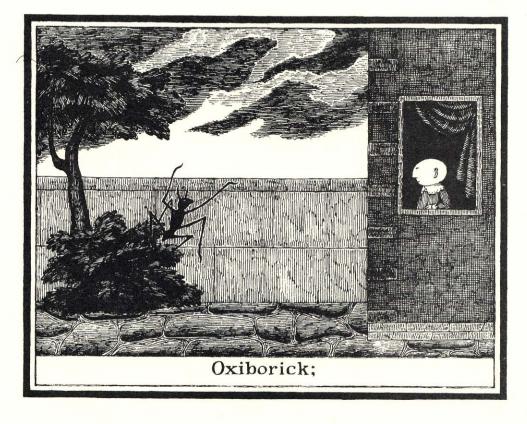
The weeks went by; no package came; She did not know the sender's name.

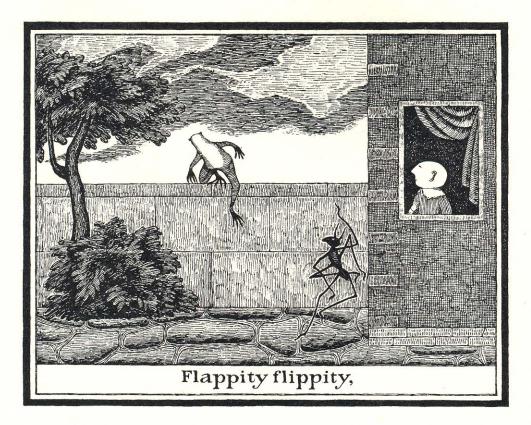


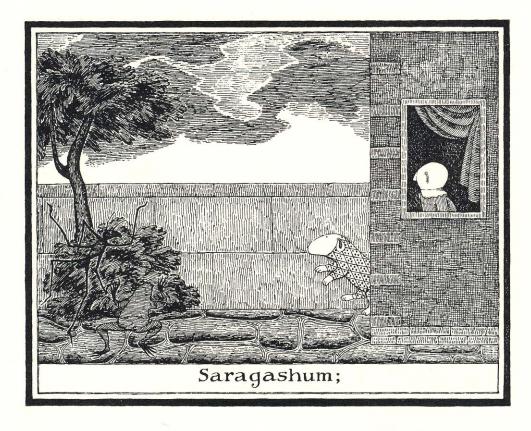
'Life is distracting and uncertain,'
She said and went to draw the curtain.

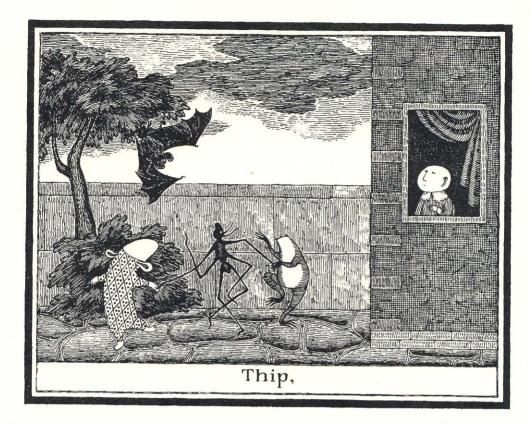


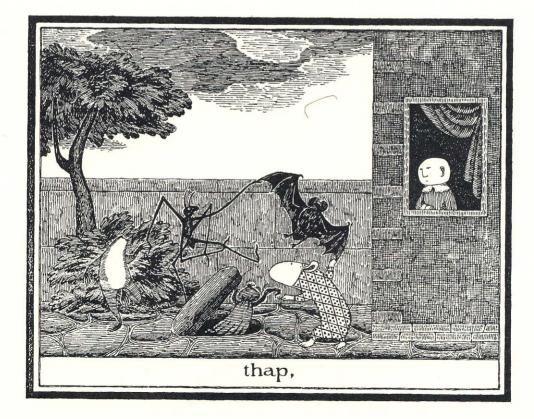


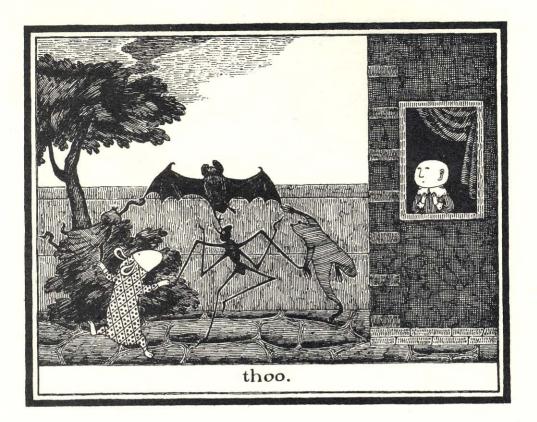


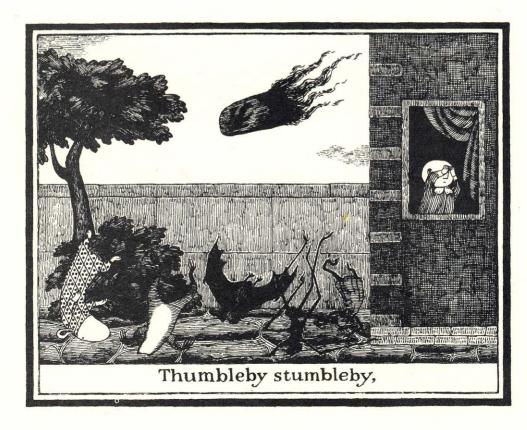


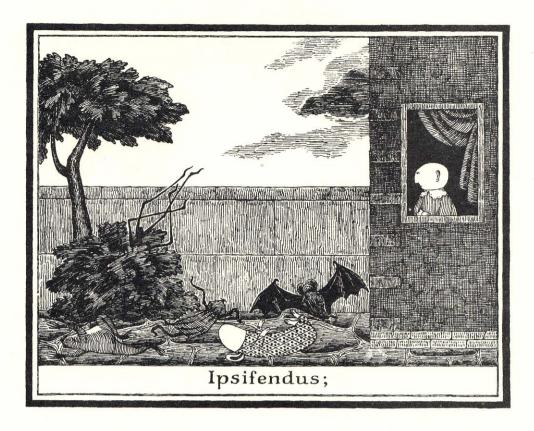


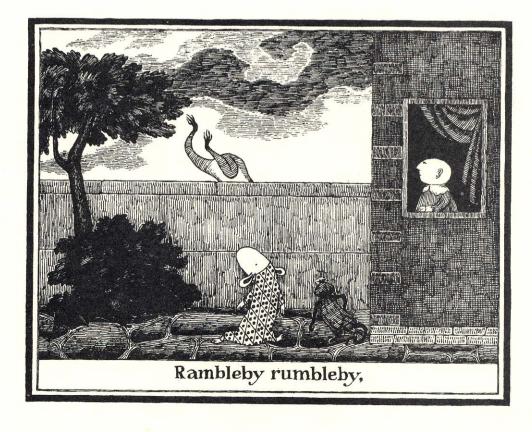




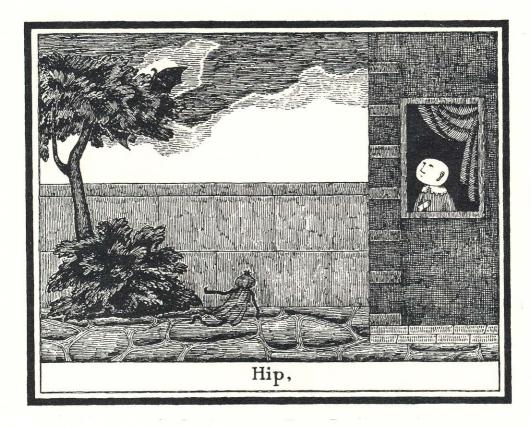


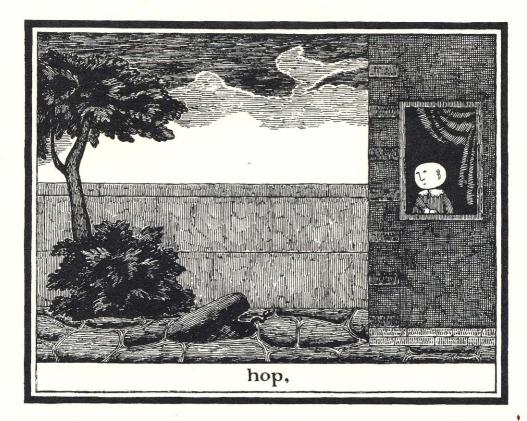


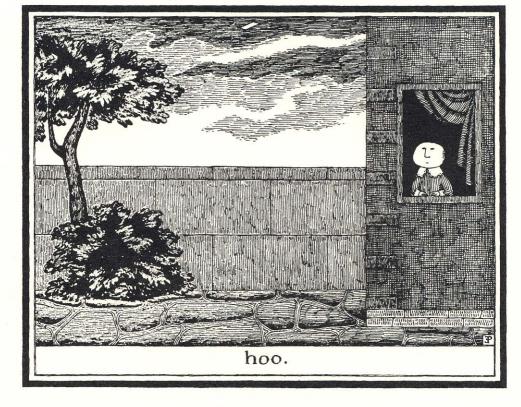


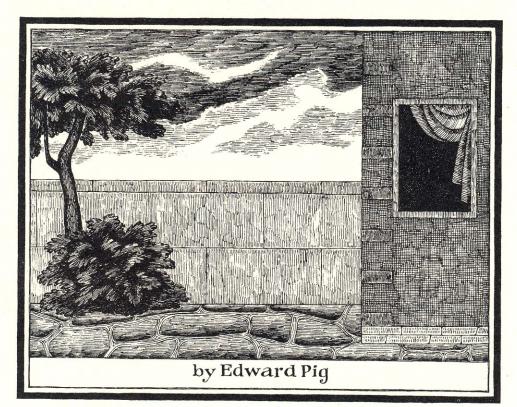


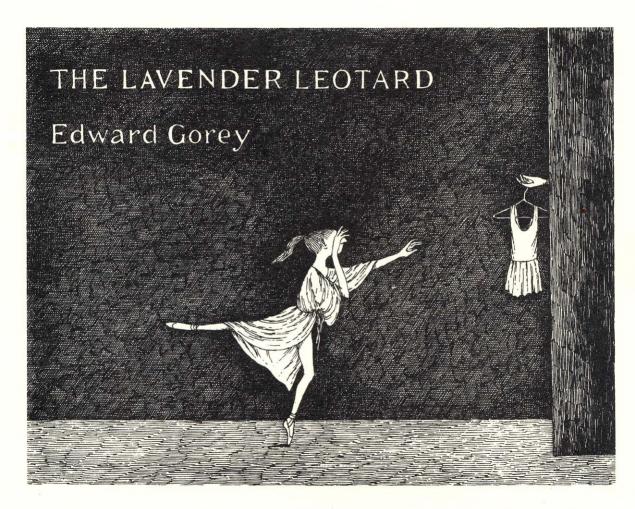














The author introduces two small, distant, ageless, and wholly imaginary relatives to fifty seasons of the New York City Ballet.



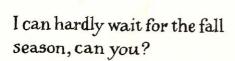
You know what?
I forgot your feather.

I warned you not to get them tickets before row R.





One of us is no longer with the music.







I thought we'd break him in on Swan-Lake-Firebird-Afternoon-ofa-Faun-and-Western-Symphony.



Now we lose one another hopelessly among eight members of the corps.

You can be Benno, the Prince's Friend, and catch me just before I hit the floor.



I suppose wearing only one somehow makes me more so.



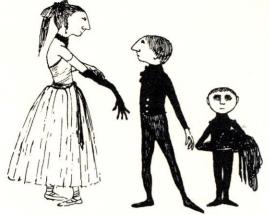


Just once we could use the Serenade costumes and the backdrop from Lilac Garden.



You're right, that was Glinka they were doing, but Minkus he was wearing.

You've given me the wrong one.



You clapped far too much; the company really doesn't approve of curtain calls.



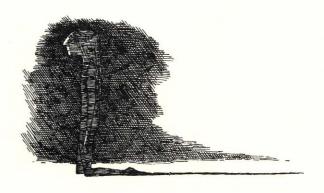


I think it would be more amusing if they threw you at me.

There are twenty-seven Swan Lakes this season, but only twenty-one Firebirds.



I wonder if I could make it into the wings before the curtain comes down.



Don't you feel the whole idea of sets and costumes is vulgar?

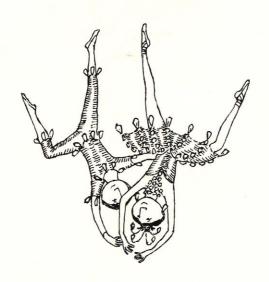




I'm Ike, you're Mamie.

Lilac Garden again; those are the side pieces, and the bit across the middle must be the edge of Swan Lake.

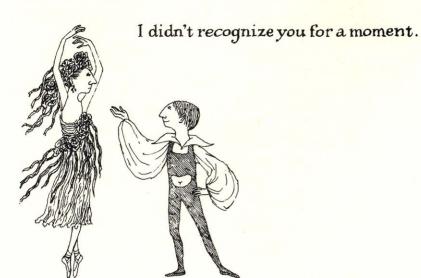




In my mind's eye I've always known what it would have been like.

Let's see—he didn't do his first variation, and she didn't do her second one; Barbara did the fifth instead of the fourth, and Carol substituted for Linda, and Susan wasn't there at all, but then who was...?







I made it myself out of a hundred and thirty-two keychains.

No, you can't be Benno, the Prince's Friend; he doesn't exist anymore.







There are photographs of George and Lincoln in the brooches on their bodices.



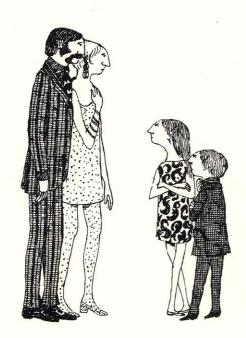
I can't imagine now why this ever seemed so difficult.

I sometimes think if I see that lavender leotard with the little skirt that doesn't quite match in one more ballet...



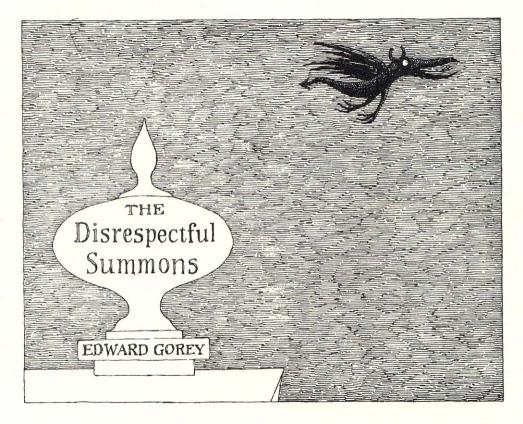


Are you sure this is only the second time they've played it?



Other companies merely put on ballets; we dance.







The Devil gave a sudden leap And struck Miss Squill all of a heap.



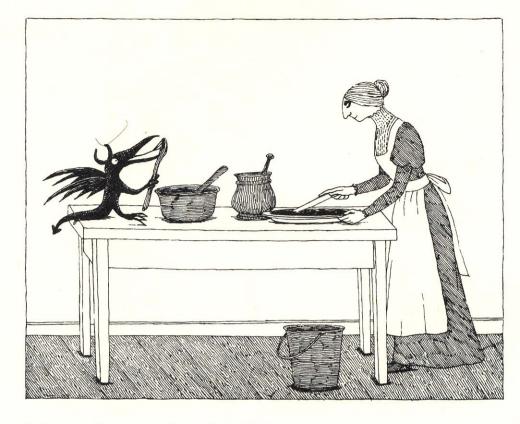
He swooped her up from off the ground And twirled her madly round and round.



That night she saw when she undressed His mark was burned upon her breast.



Next day flew in her open door A creature named Beëlphazoar.



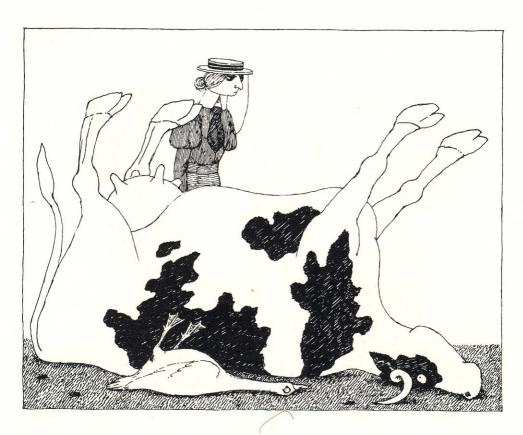
It brought a recipe for fudge Of pounded pencil-stubs and sludge.



Also a book called Ninety-two Entirely Evil Things To Do.



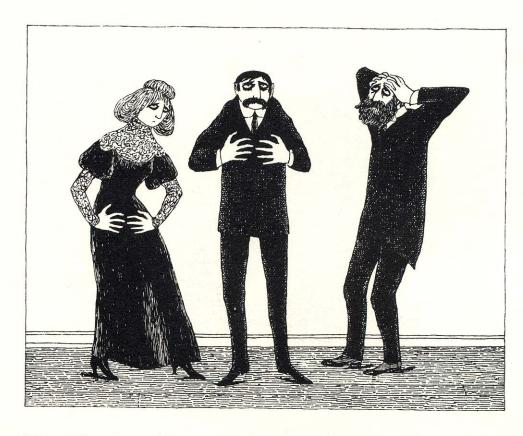
She cindered toast and rotted silk, Corroded tin and curdled milk.



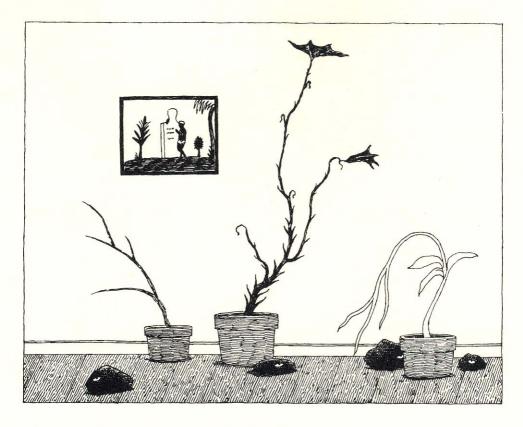
Her laugh made beetles swoon; her frown Made geese and cows turn upside down.



She did her neighbours' forms in wax And stuck them full of pins and tacks.



They then expired with frightful pains Inside their bowels, lungs, and brains.



She got from somewhere stones with eyes And plants that gave out screams and sighs.



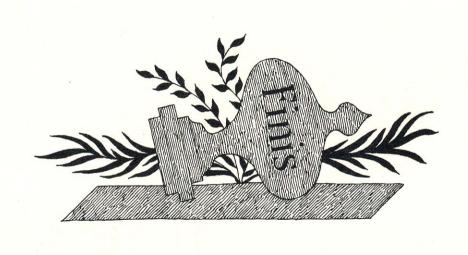
But then the demon, much too soon, Returned one Sunday afternoon.



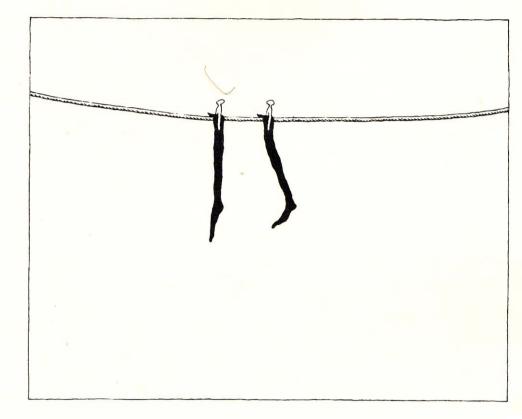
He seized her hair, and with his hoof He kicked a way out through the roof.



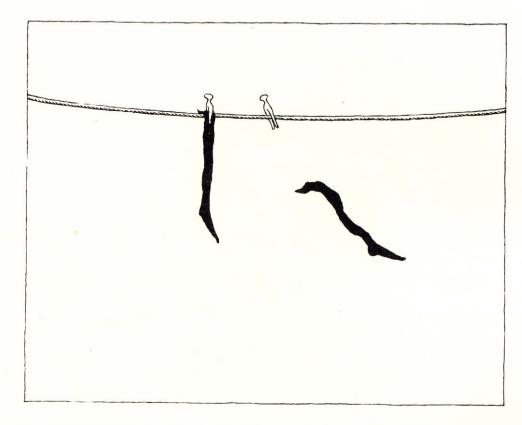
The end had come, and this was it; He dropped her in the Flaming Pit.



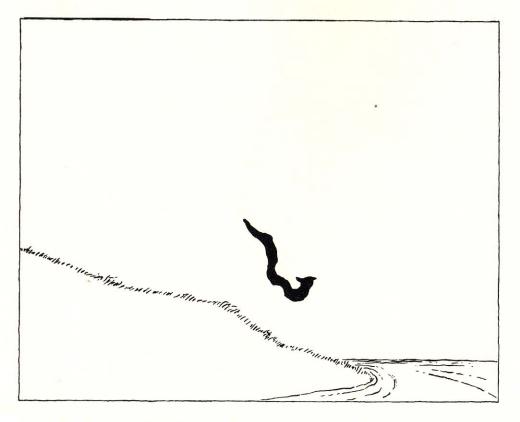
EDWARD GOREY



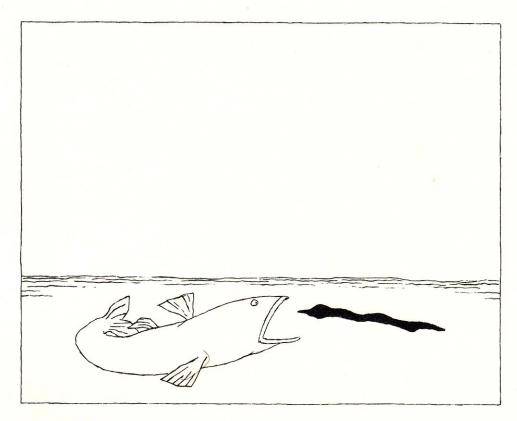
One summer morning a sock on the line decided that life with its mate was tedious and unpleasant.



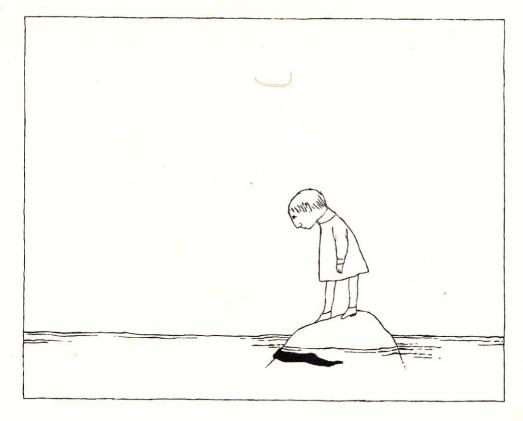
It persuaded the clothespin to relinquish its hold, and blew away on the next breeze.



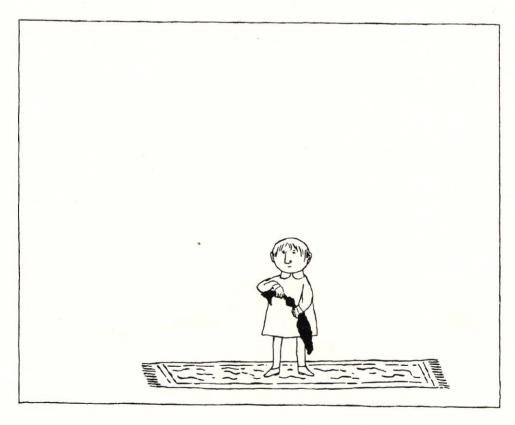
It tumbled over the grass, down a bank, and into the river.



As it was being carried towards the sea, a large fish considered swallowing it, but changed its mind.



At dusk it caught against a rock where it remained until a child found and wrung it out the next morning.



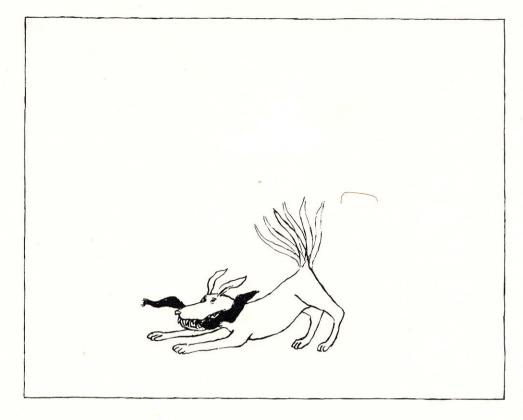
The child filled its toe with dirty pennies and then tied a knot in it which was extremely painful.



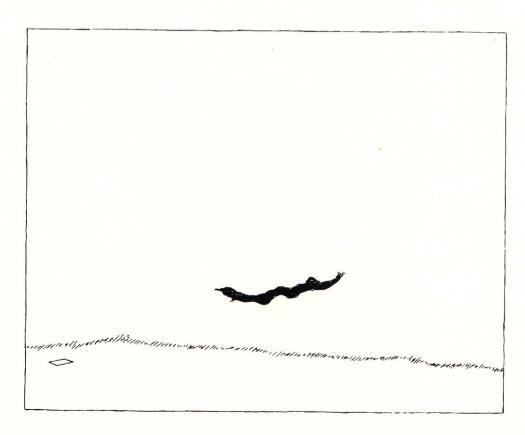
After the pennies fellout through the hole they'd worn in the toe, the child let the maid have it.



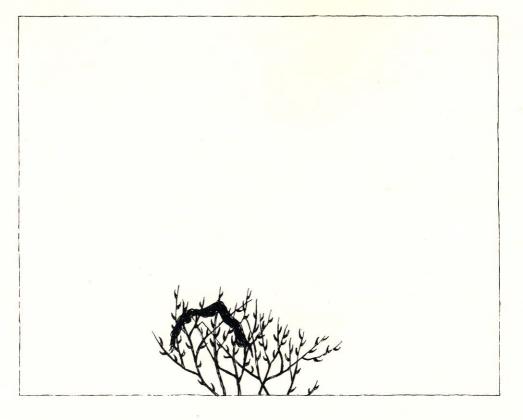
At last it was no use even for wiping furniture with, so she threw it in the dust bin.



A dog took it out again and worried it terribly.



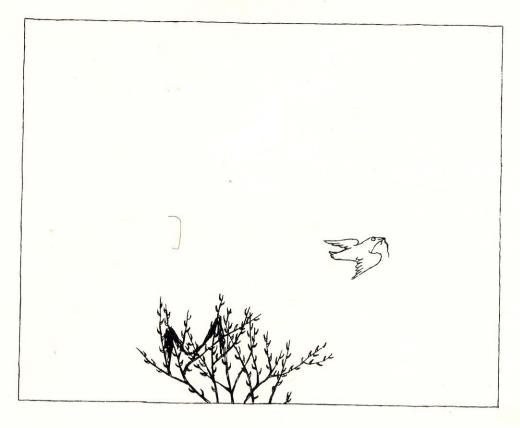
When the dog went off to its dinner, a gust of wind picked it up.



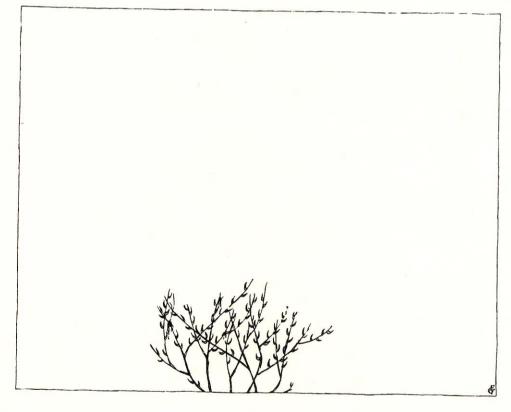
After crossing over several fields it landed inextricably in a thorn bush.



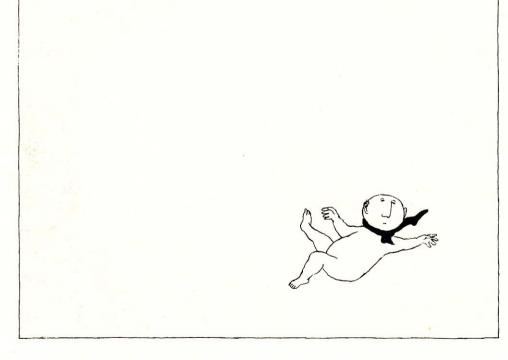
Rain fell frequently, then snow.



With spring birds came and took bits of it for their nests.



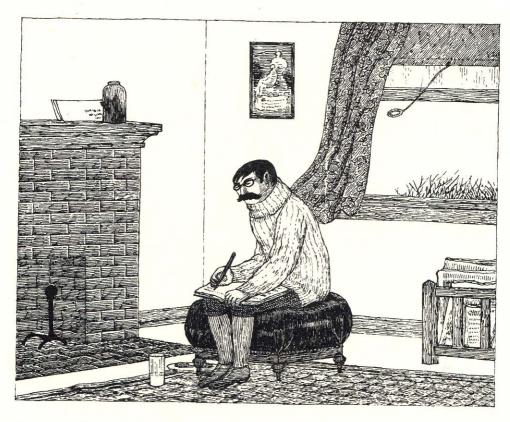
By the end of summer nothing was left of the sock to speak of.



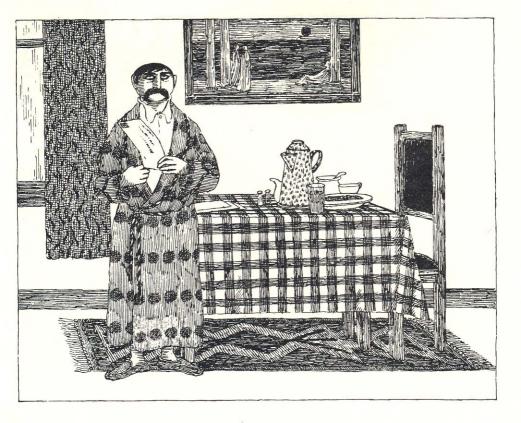




Hamish was a beautiful young man who liked being out of doors.



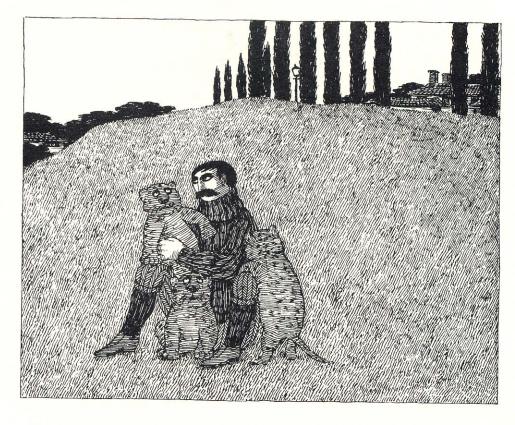
When he wasn't outdoors he kept a voluminous diary.



One day he opened the wrong envelope.



He thus went on the films, in which he was almost always out of doors.



With his sudden wealth he bought a stylish house in extensive grounds, and began to raise lions.



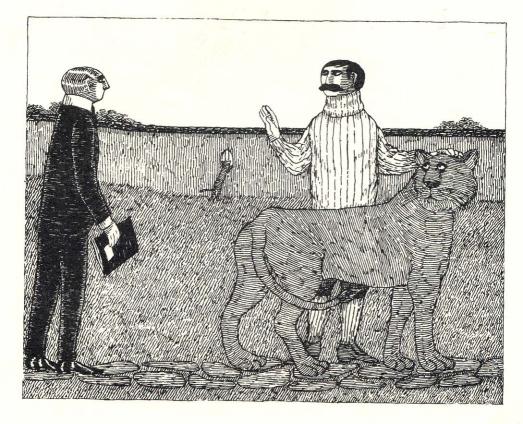
Soon he was being mobbed by people in the street.



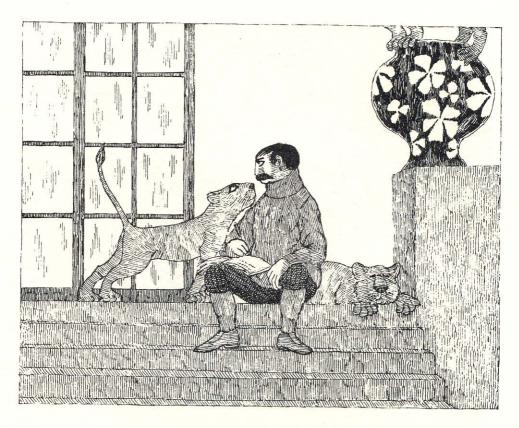
One day at the studio he became overstrung.



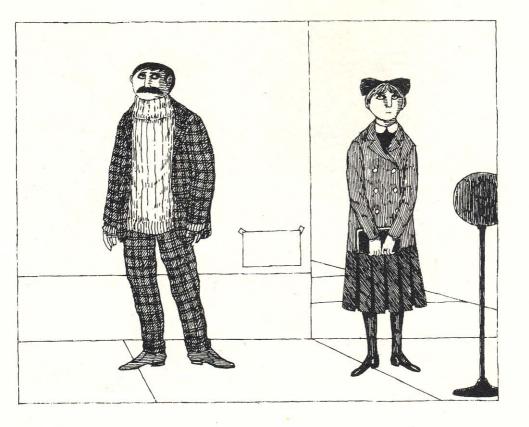
After that he fled to South America, where he was outdoors all the time.



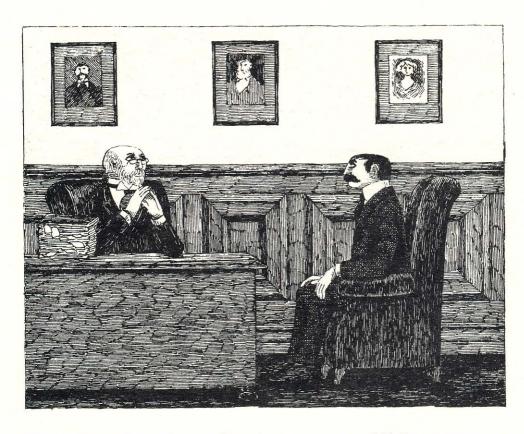
He returned several years later, although not to films.



He devoted himself to raising more lions and working at his diaries.



At last people no longer mobbed him in the street.



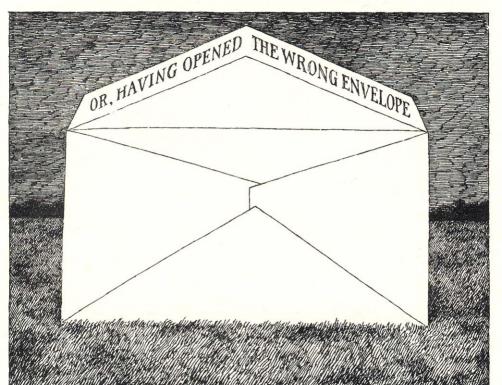
He made a trip to New York because a publisher was thinking of bringing out parts of his diary.

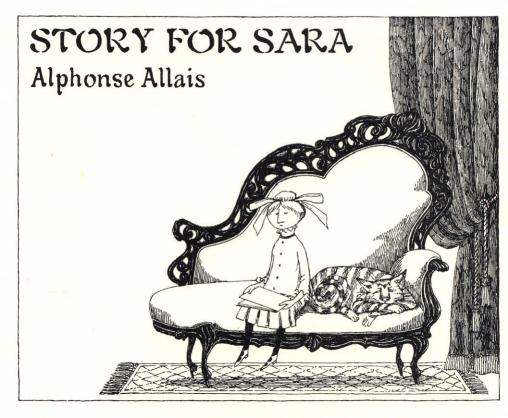


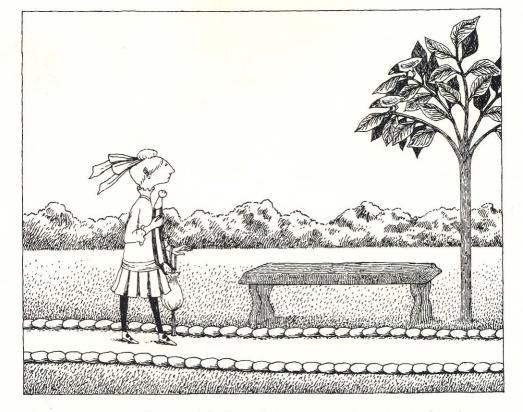
He drove to a farm in New Jersey where a pair of his lions were.



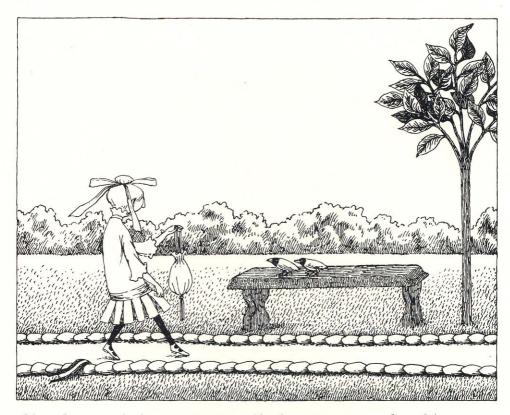
He was told they had been sent to Ohio for the winter.



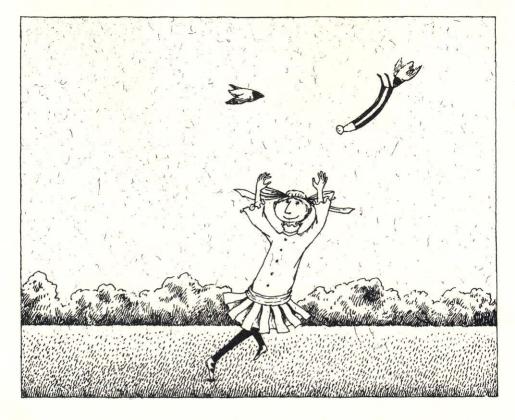




Once upon a time a little girl was going to take her doll for a walk when there she was, meeting two nice little birds.



She dropped them a pretty little curtsy and said to them: 'Good afternoon, little birds. Will you play with me? I have some lovely comfits in my little bag; I'll give you some.' One of the little birds said: 'I have no objection,' and the other one said: 'Neither do I.'



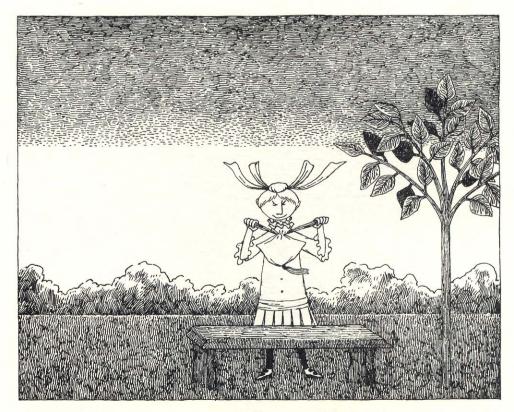
They enjoyed themselves very much until it was nearly evening;



then the little birds said: 'We want to go away now.



But along with the coming night a wicked thought came to the little girl. She said to the little birds: 'I still have some comfits at the bottom of my little bag. Come and fetch them if you like.'



They came at once and before you could say knife, she pulled the strings tight, and the little birds were caught.



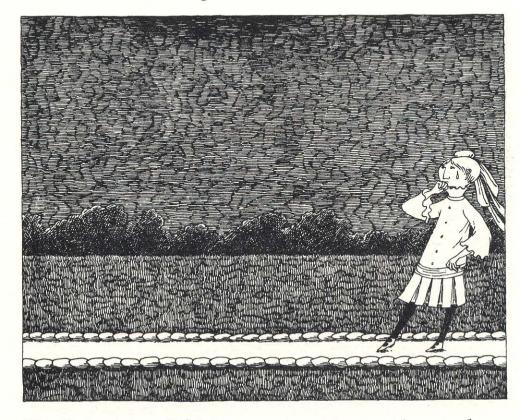
They chirped and chirped in vain: the little girl carried them off.



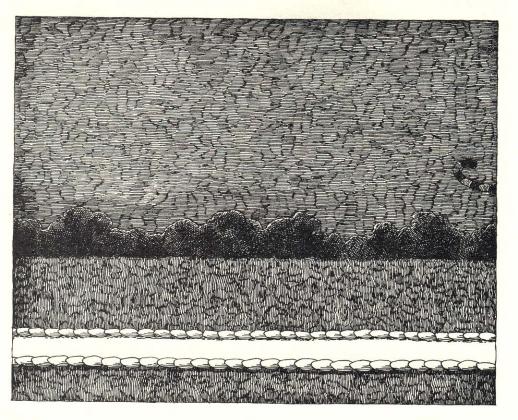
That evening, wouldn't you know, there was a large cat prowling in the neighbourhood. He came running full tilt on hearing the little birds chirp.



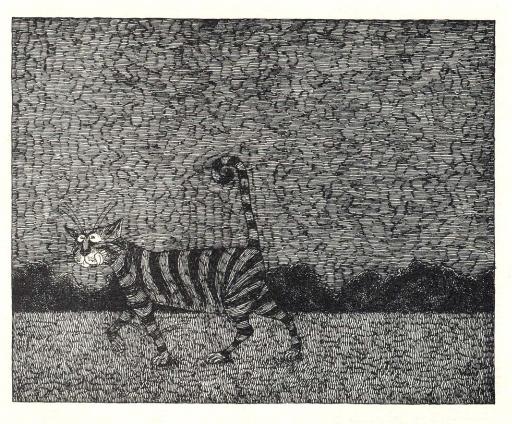
When the little girl saw him, she dropped him her most beautiful curtsy—the one her grown-up cousin had taught her—and said to him: 'Good evening, Mr cat.'
The cat said nothing at all.



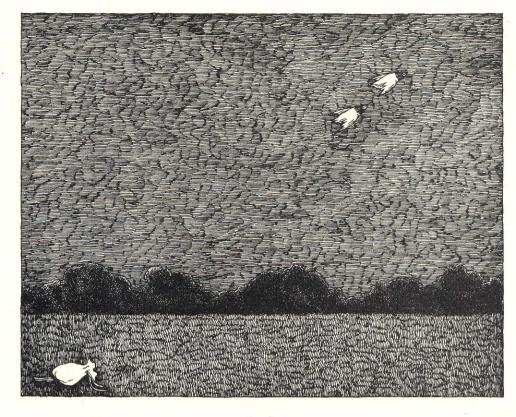
The little girl took fright at seeing this great beast who was coming towards her with such enormous eyes and such a huge mouth; she took fright and began to cry.



The cat didn't care a bit; he swallowed her in one mouthful (it was jolly well done).



He went off contentedly licking his chops,



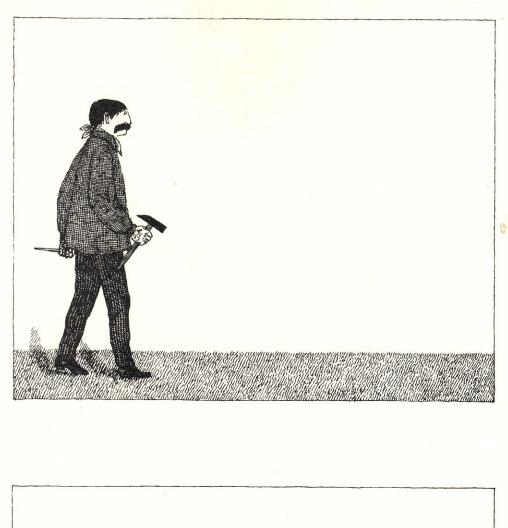
while for their part the little birds, whom he hadn't even noticed, flew away as fast as they could;



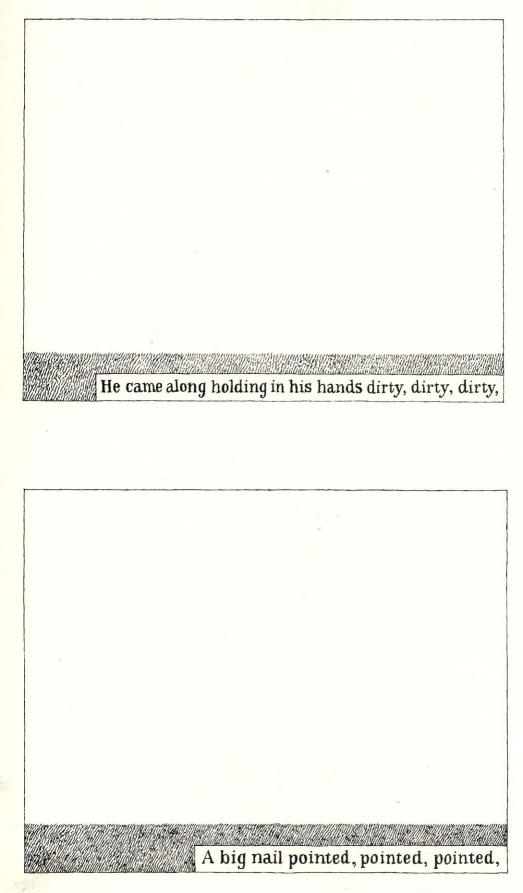
and that's all.

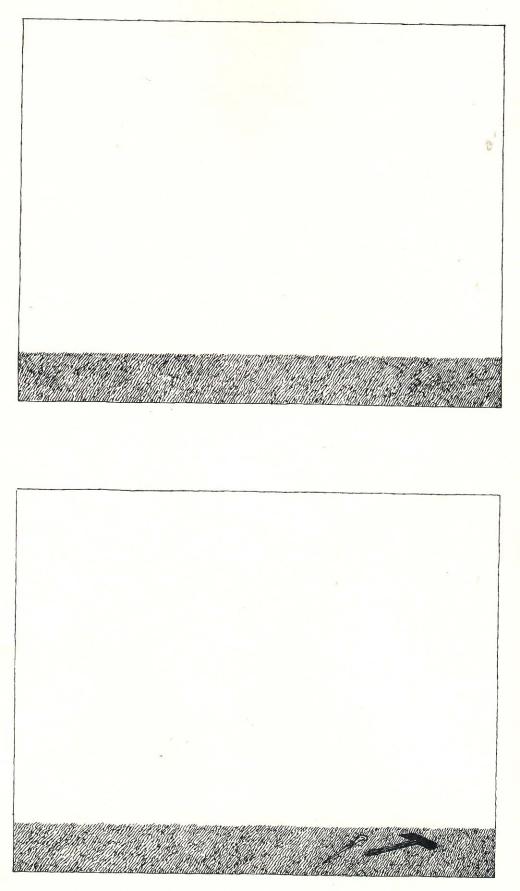


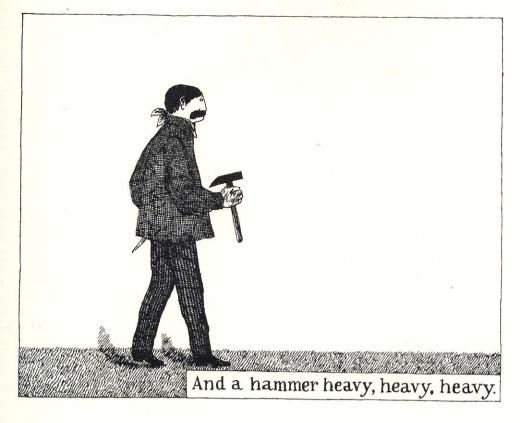
## CHARLES CROS

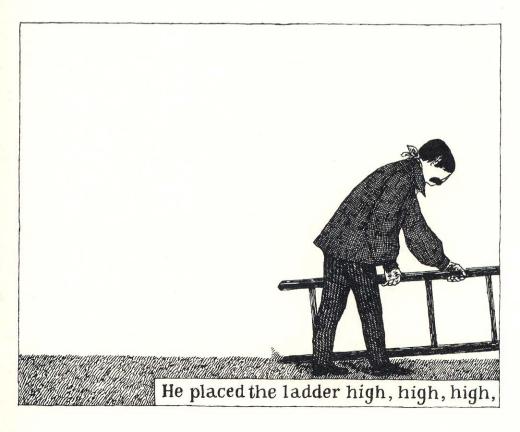


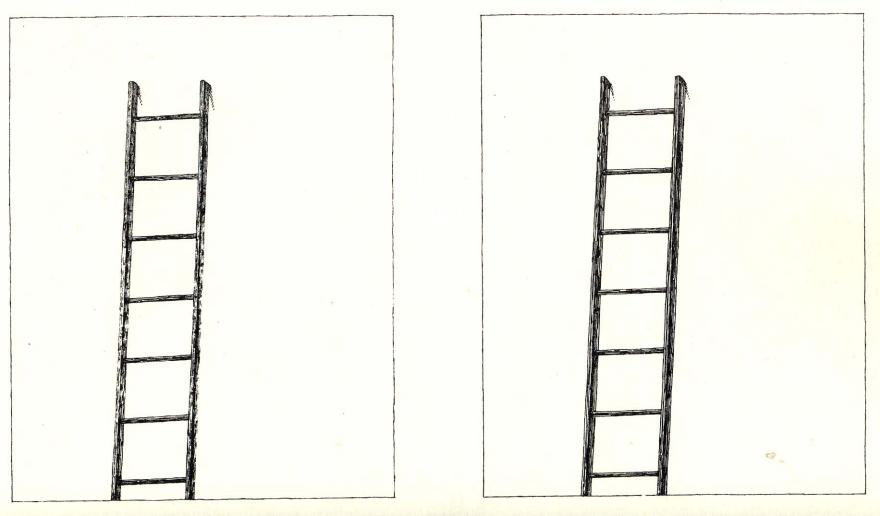


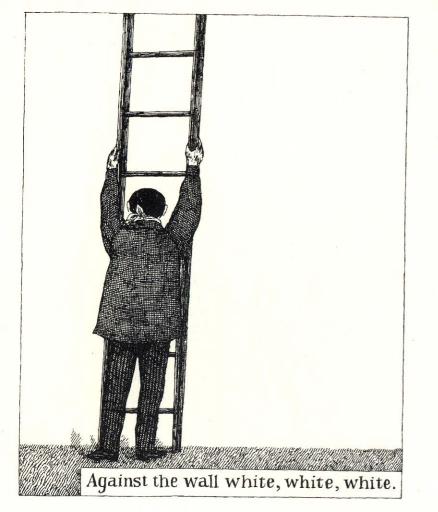






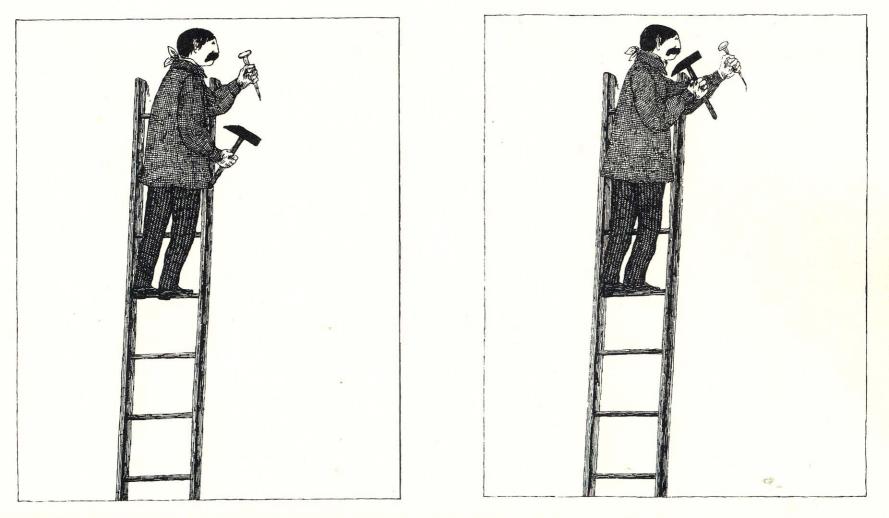


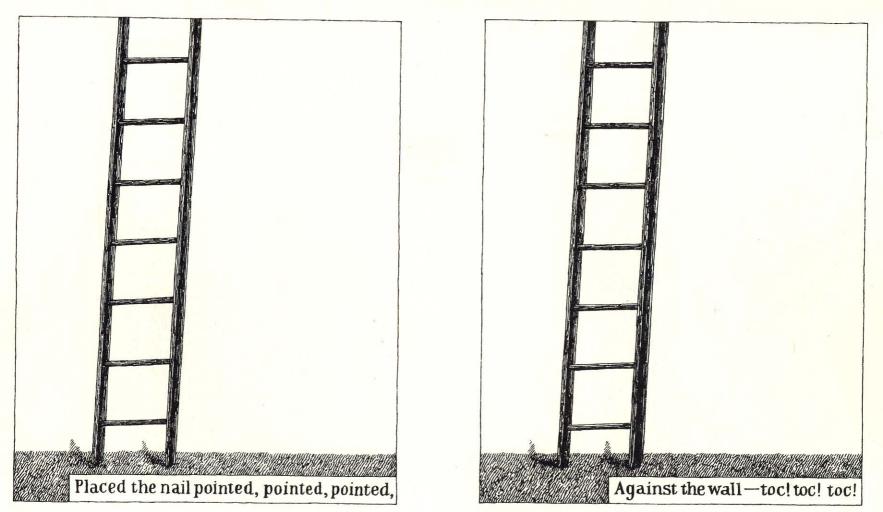


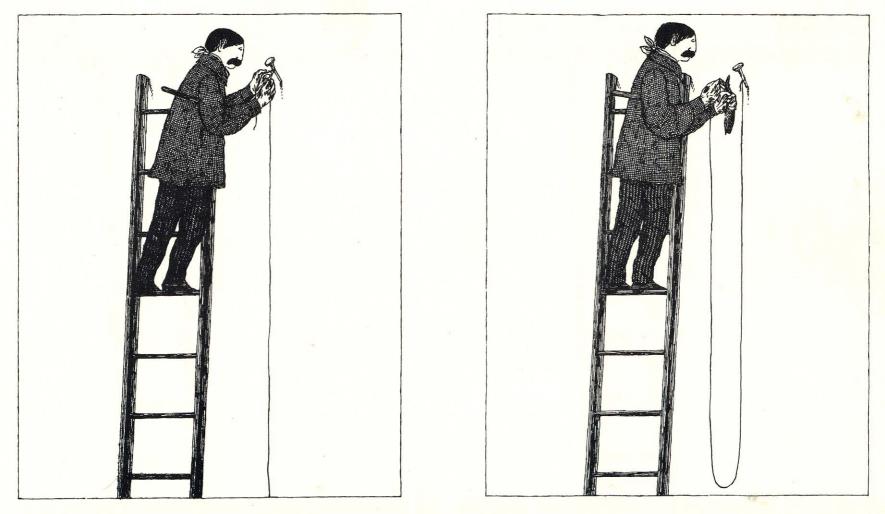


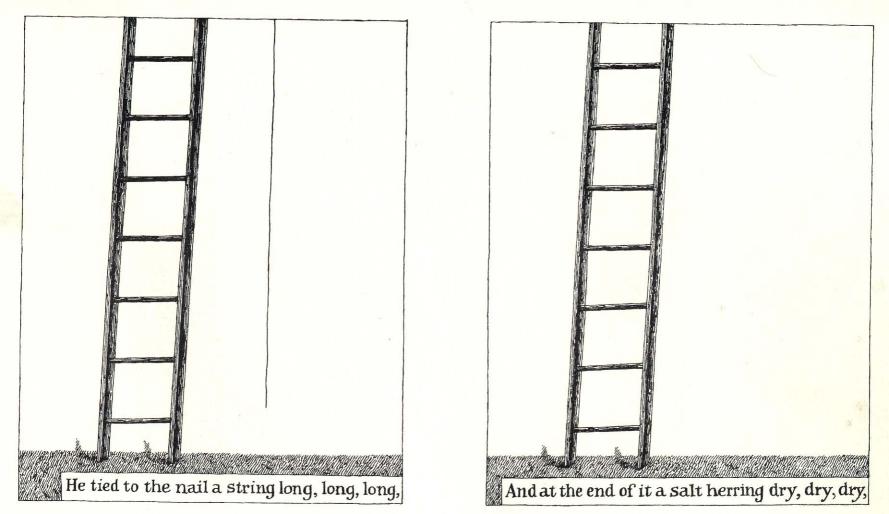


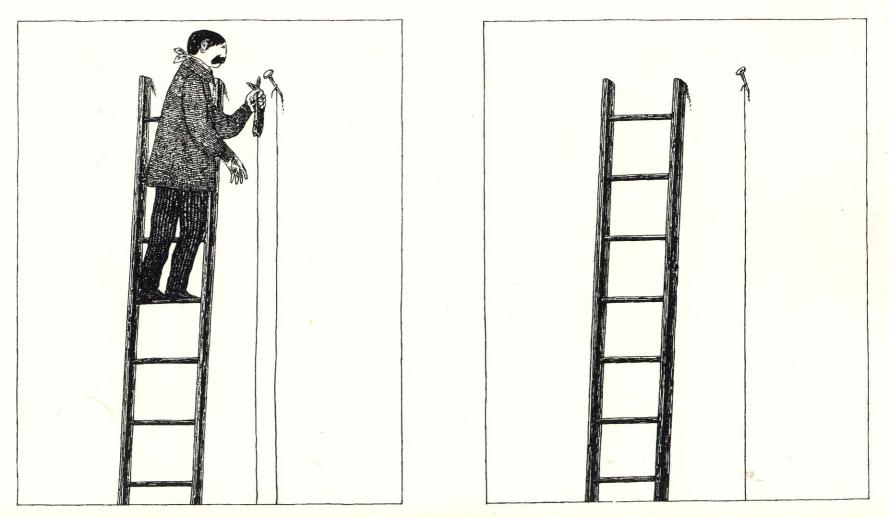
He went up the ladder high, high, high,

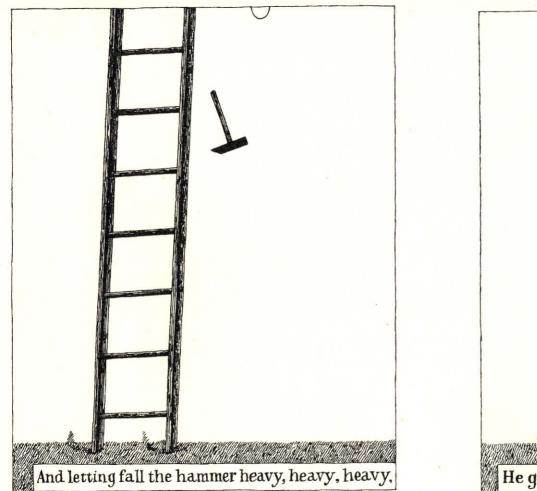




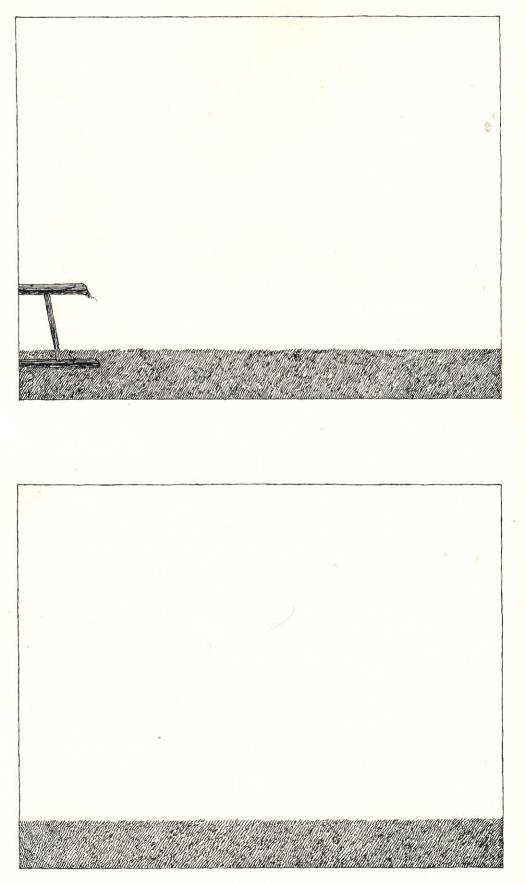


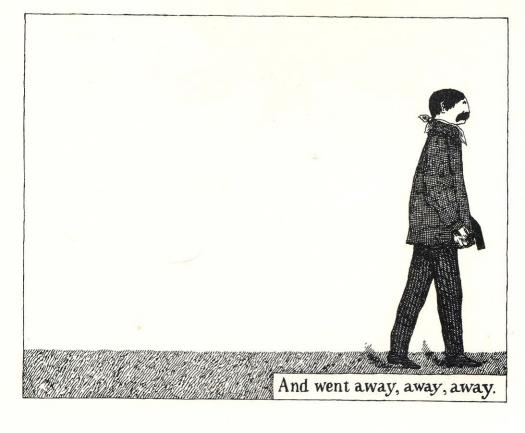


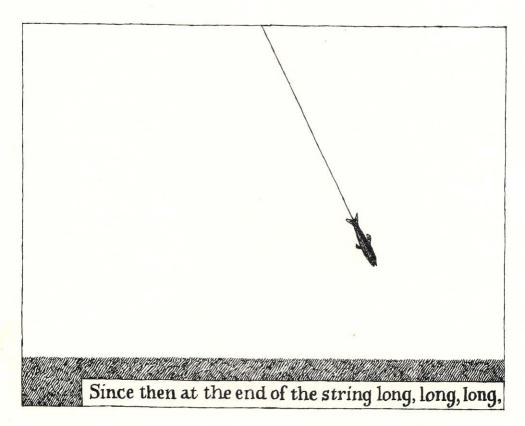


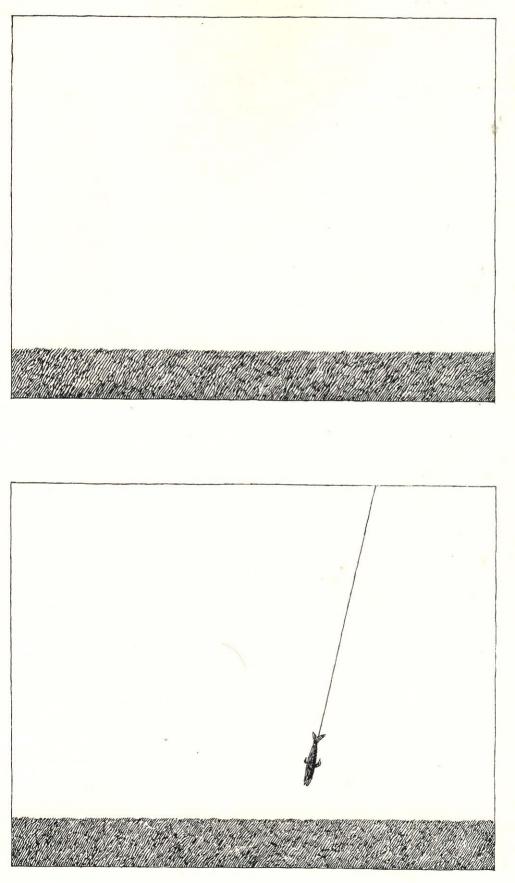


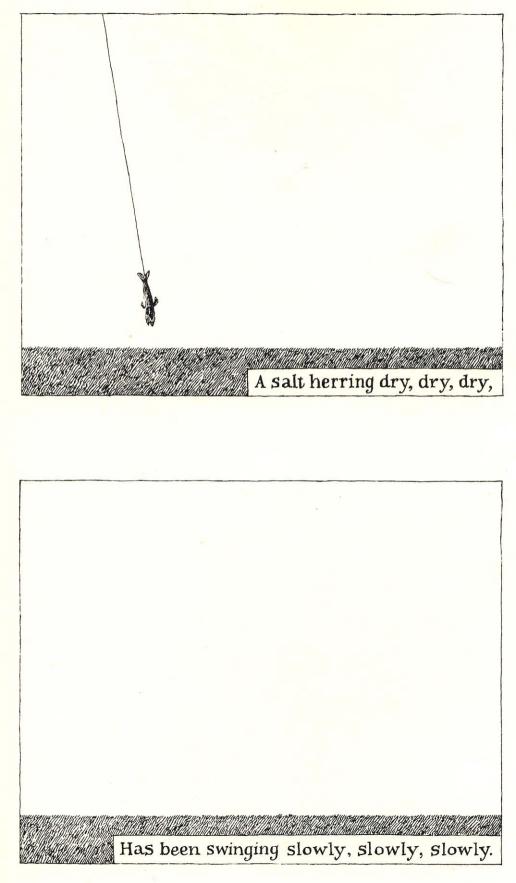
He got down from the ladder high, high,

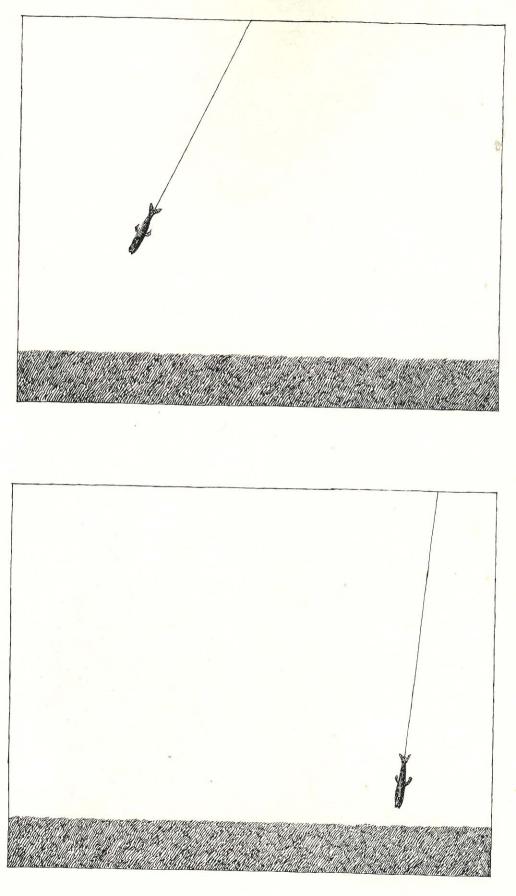








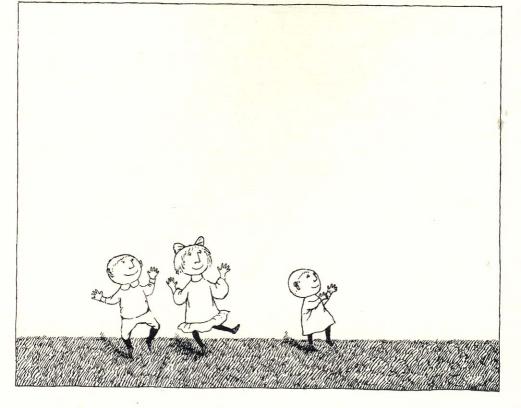


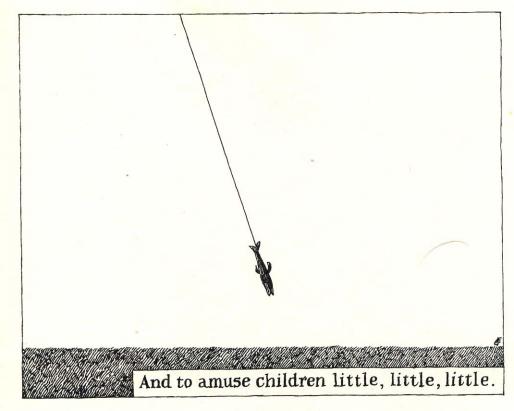


Now I have composed this story simple, simple,



To make all serious men mad, mad, mad,



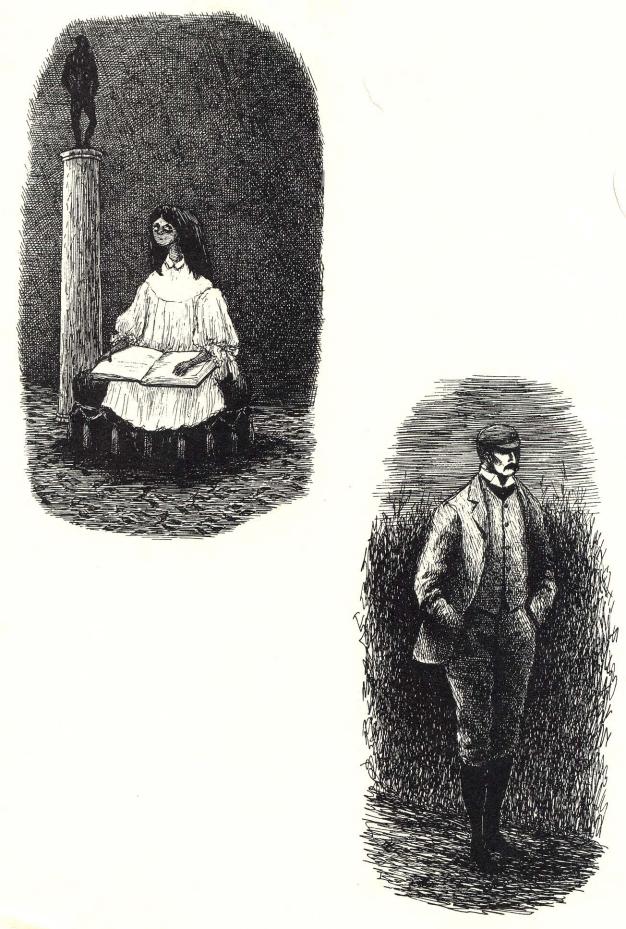




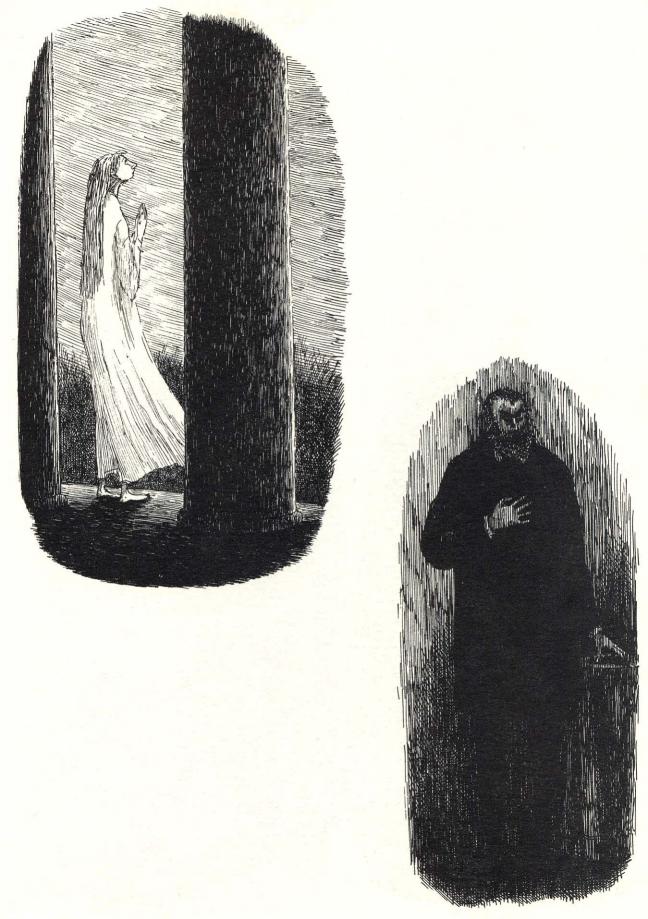
## LEAVES FROM A MISLAID ALBUM

Santa de Caración















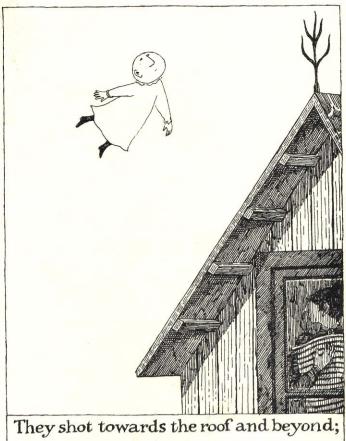


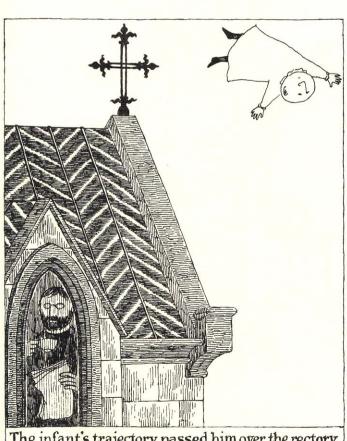


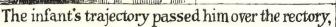














And into a lily-choked pond.



The first version of *The Chinese Obelisks* has not been published before.

The English version of Conte à Sara is mine; that of Le Hareng saur is by Alphonse Allais.

E.G.

























