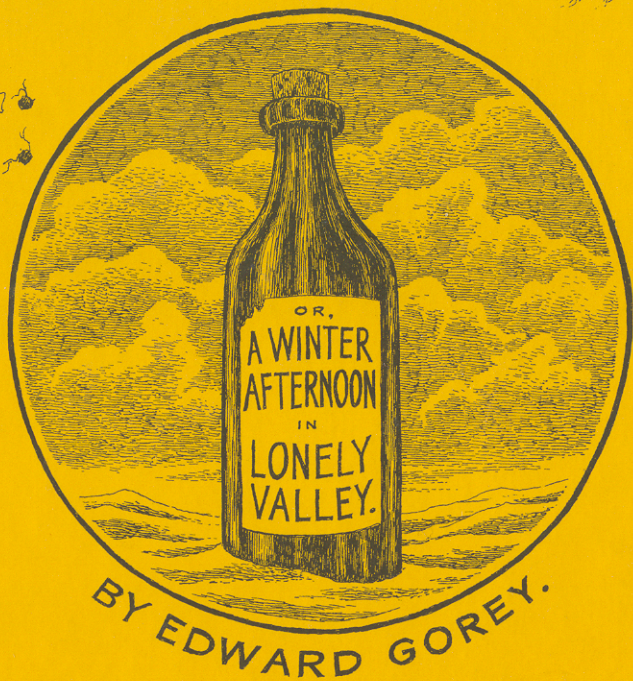


THE IRON TONIC:

The Bracingly
Bleak Tale
by
Edward Gorey



THE IRON TONIC

THE IRON GONIC:
OR,
A WINTER AFTERNOON
IN
LONELY VALLEY.

BY
EDWARD GOREY.

Harcourt, Inc.

NEW YORK SAN DIEGO LONDON

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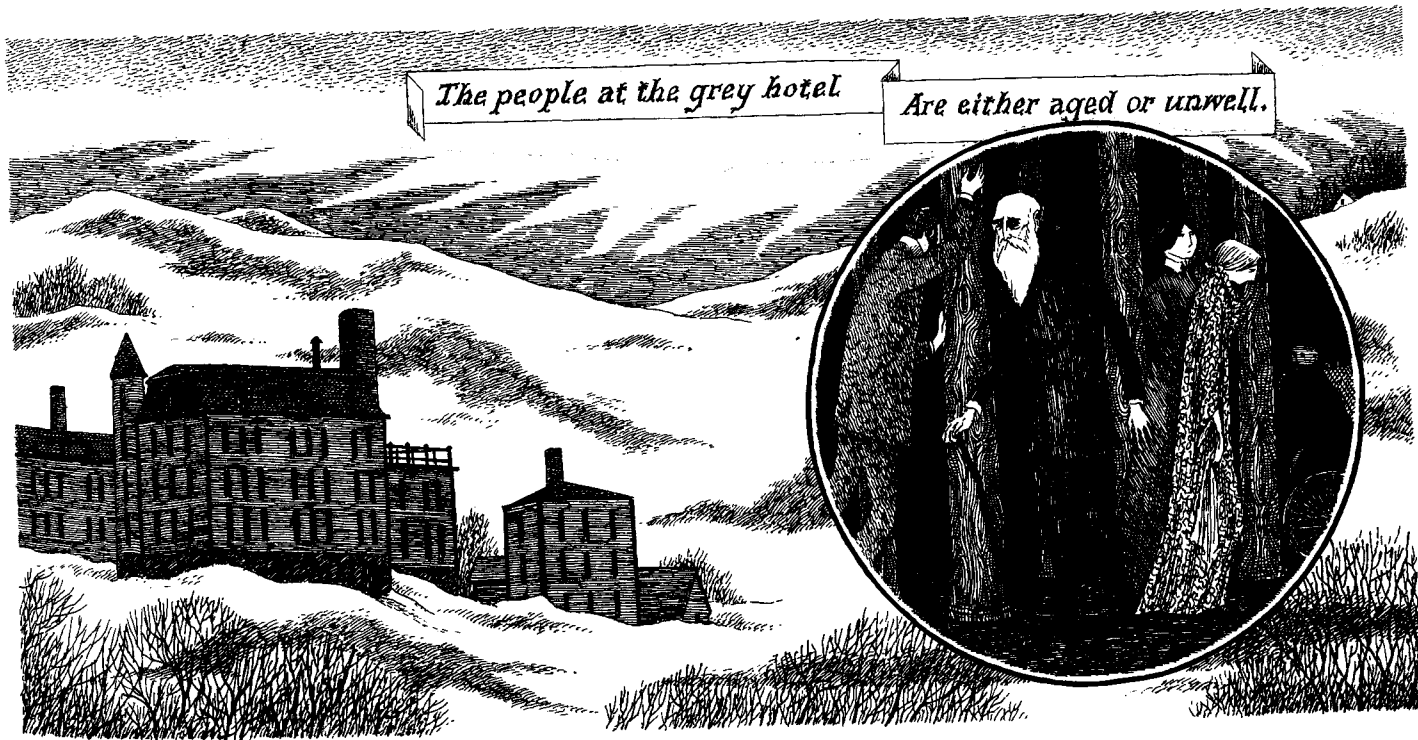
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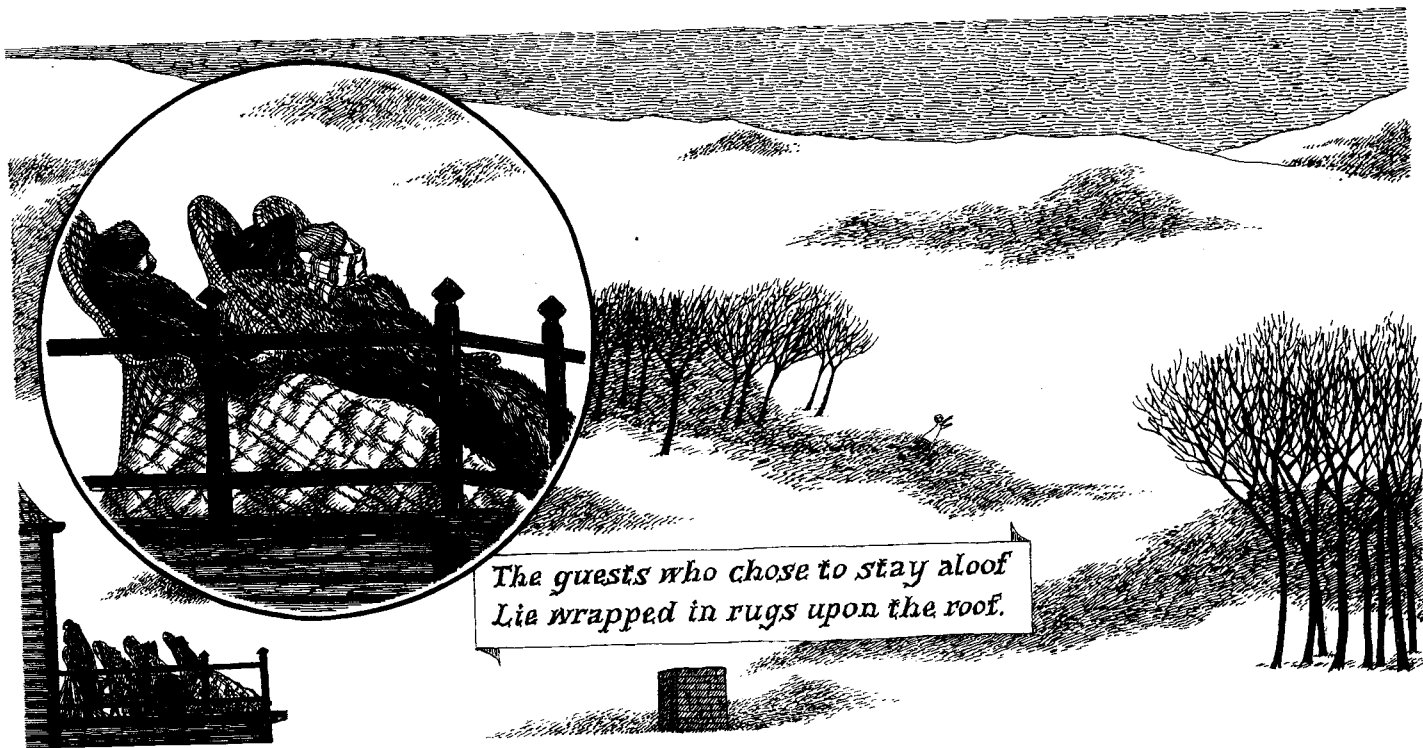
Printed in Singapore

To the memory of Helen St John Garvey

The people at the grey hotel

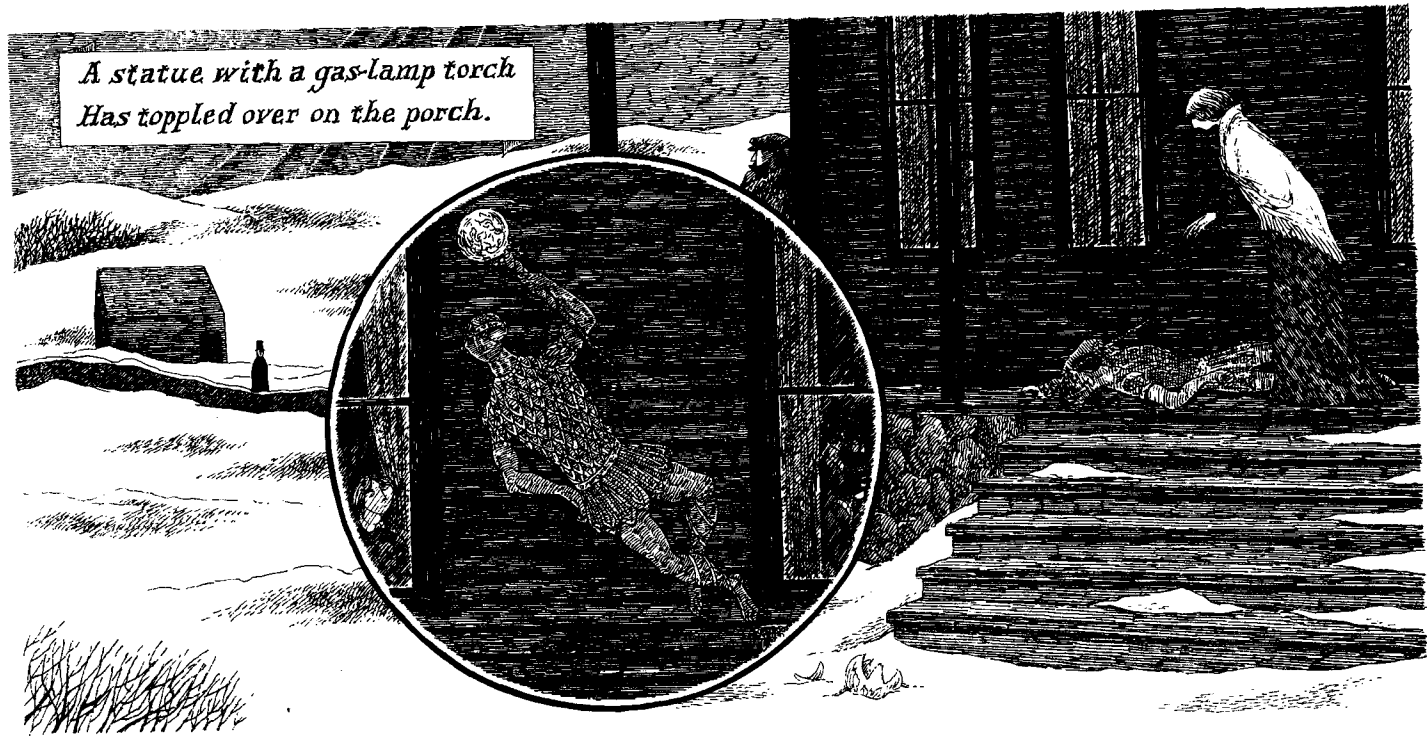
Are either aged or unwell.

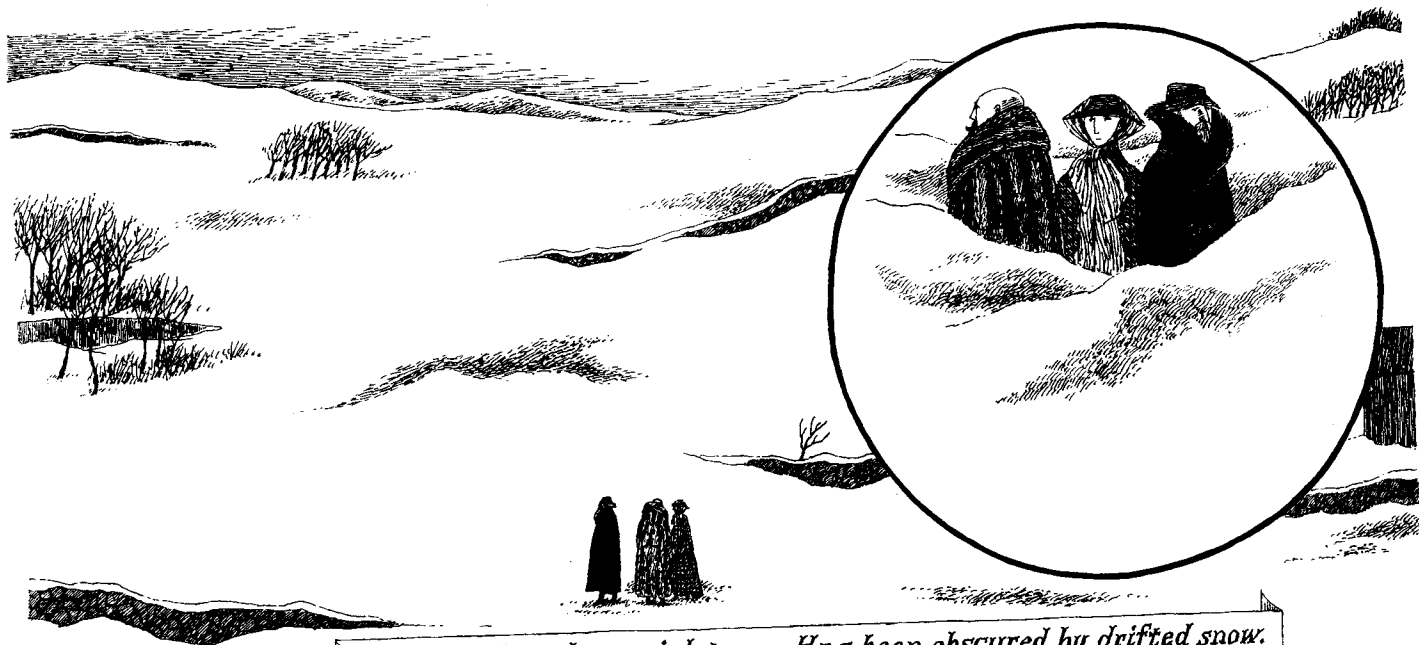




*The guests who chose to stay aloof
Lie wrapped in rugs upon the roof.*

*A statue with a gas-lamp torch
Has toppled over on the porch.*





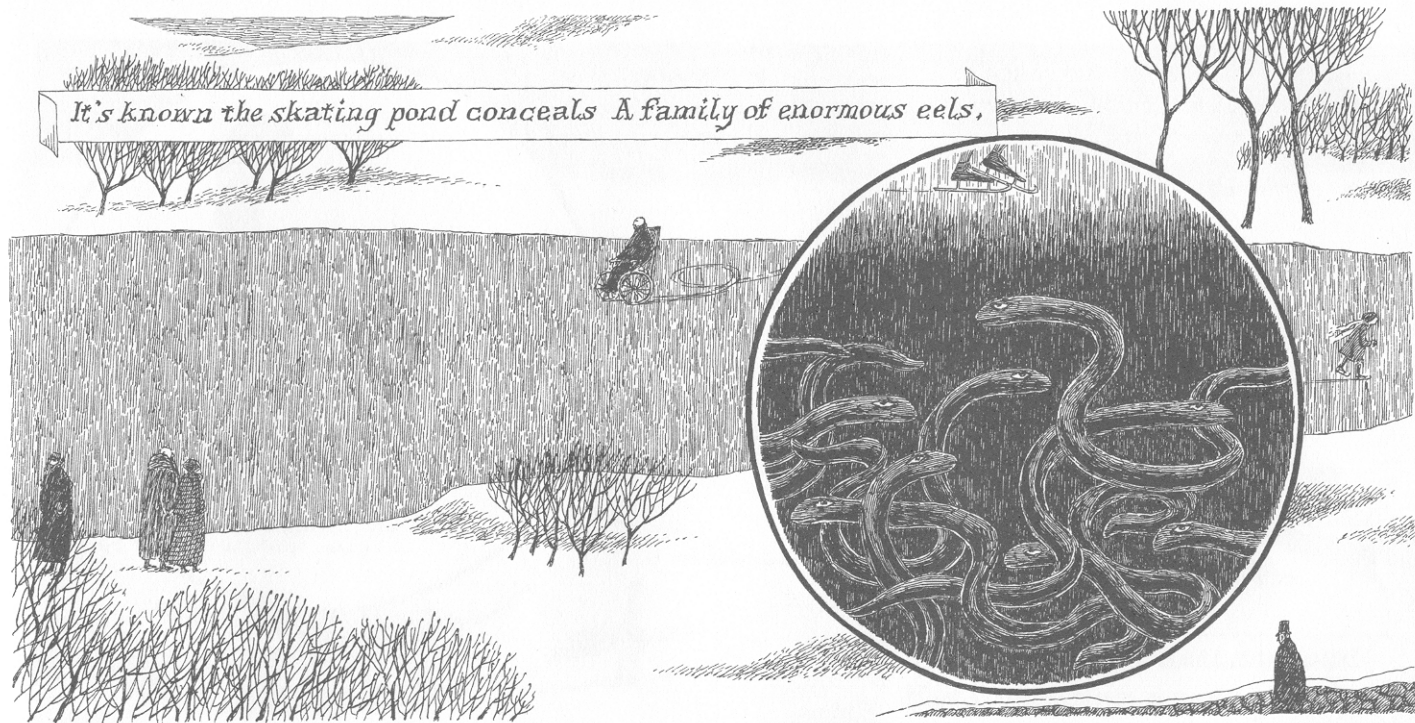
The way the others wish to go Has been obscured by drifted snow.

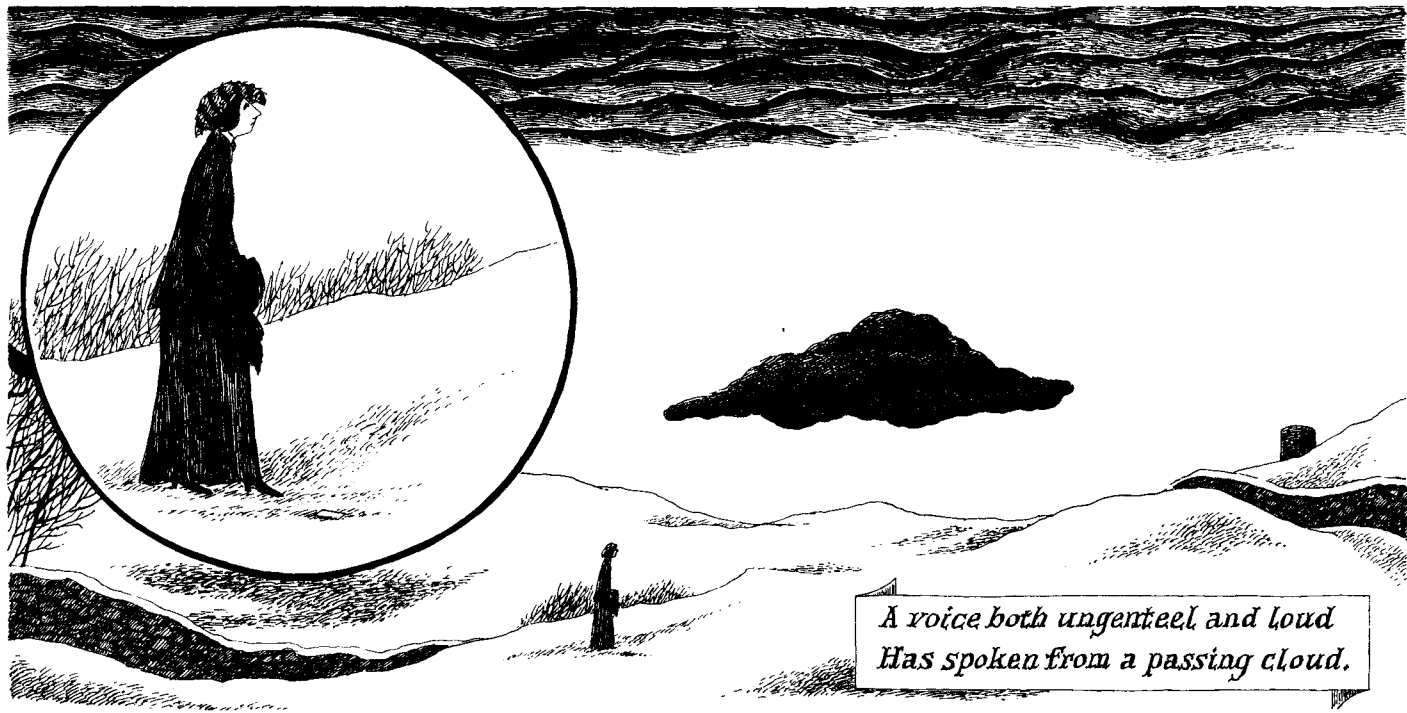
Of objects falling from the air.



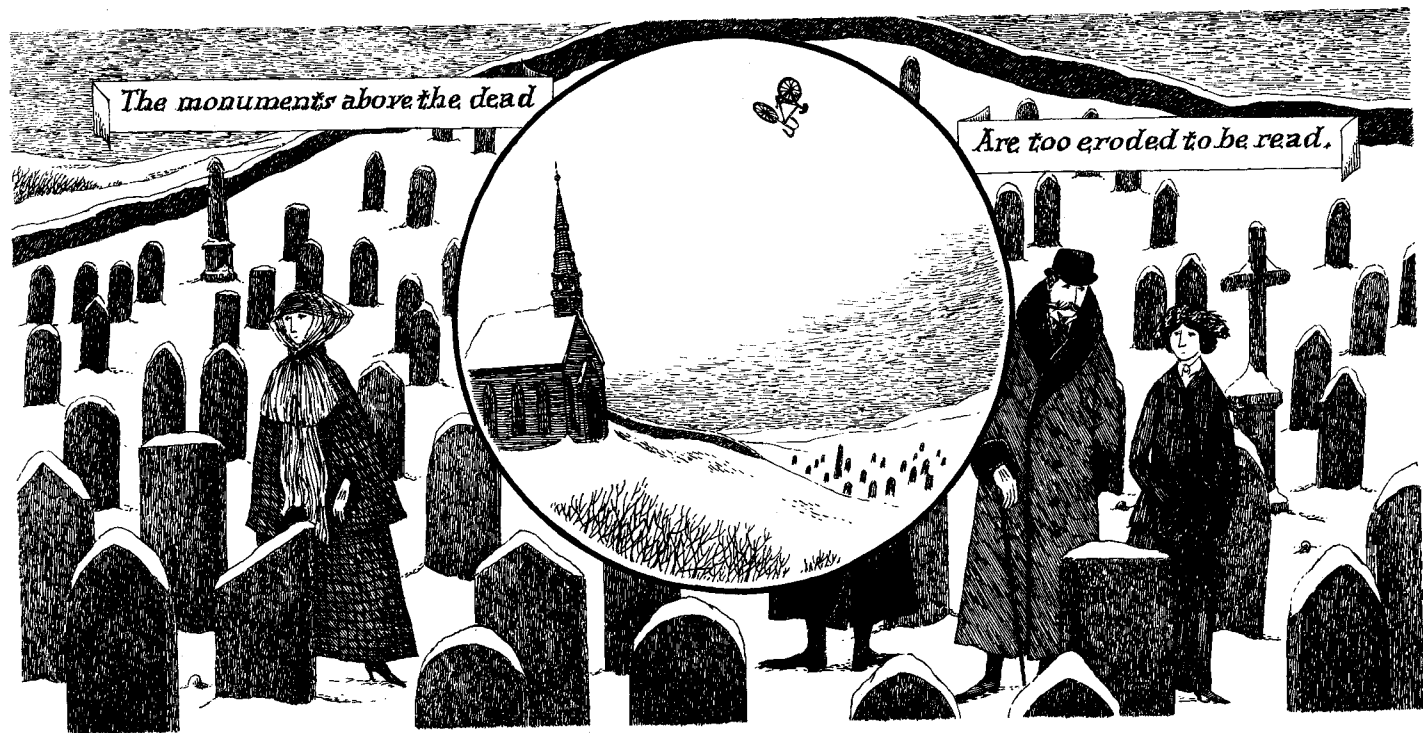
The careful stroller should beware.

It's known the skating pond conceals A family of enormous eels.





*A voice both ungentleel and loud
Has spoken from a passing cloud.*



The monuments above the dead

Are too eroded to be read.

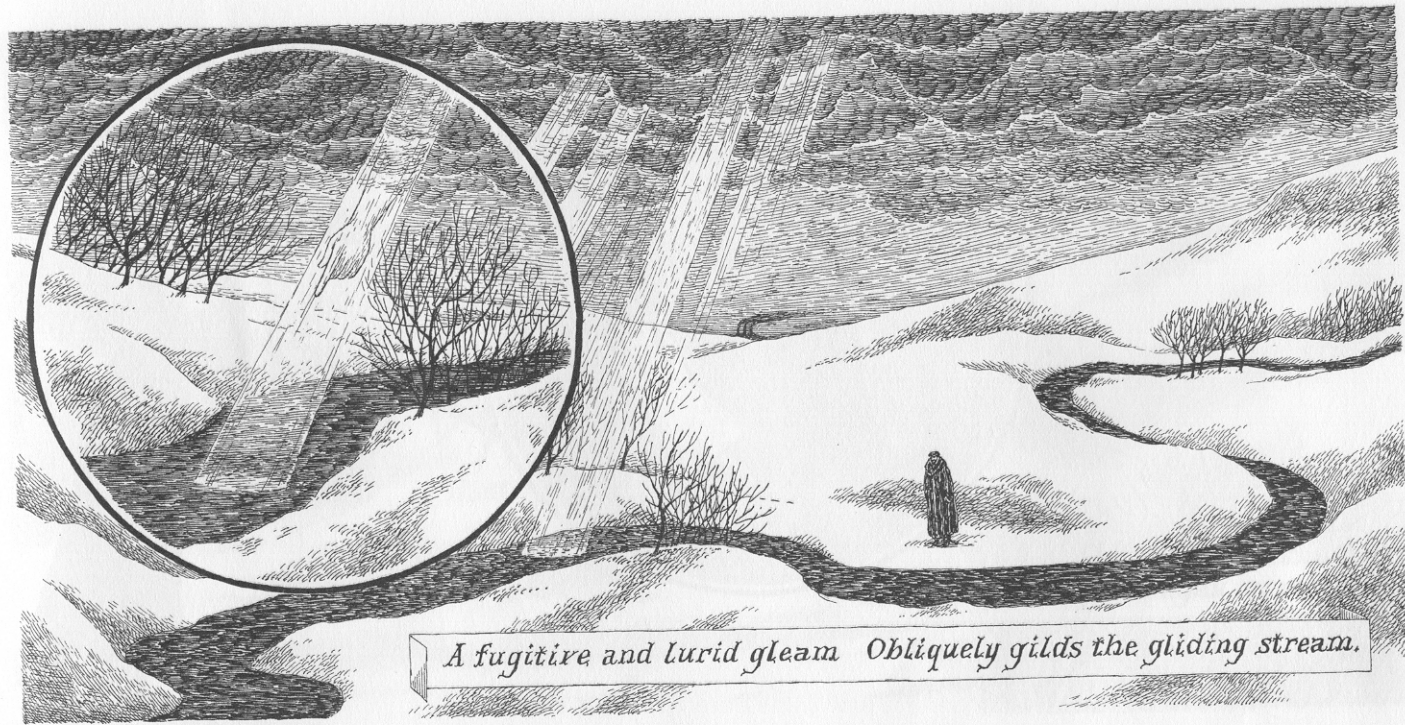
*A venturesome but wounded bird
Is making an unwelcome third.*



They sifted through the ancient mound;



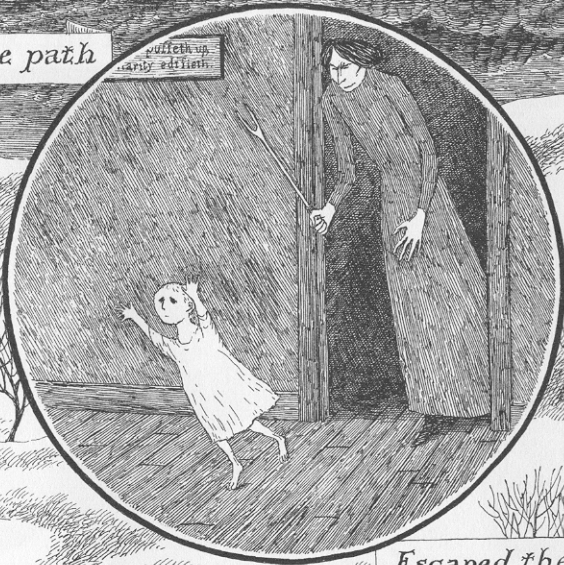
No bones or artifacts were found.



A fugitive and lurid gleam Obliquely gilds the gliding stream.

The infant dead beside the path

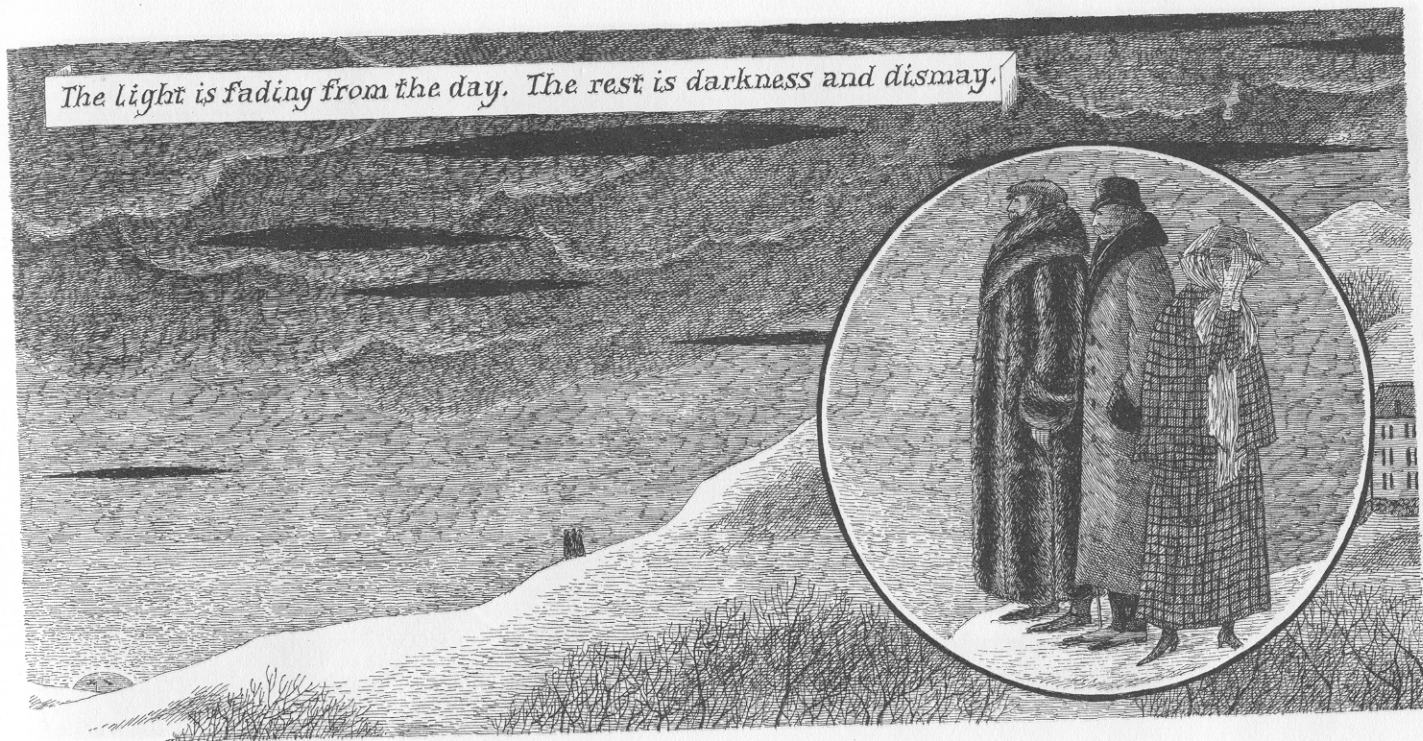
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early editieth.

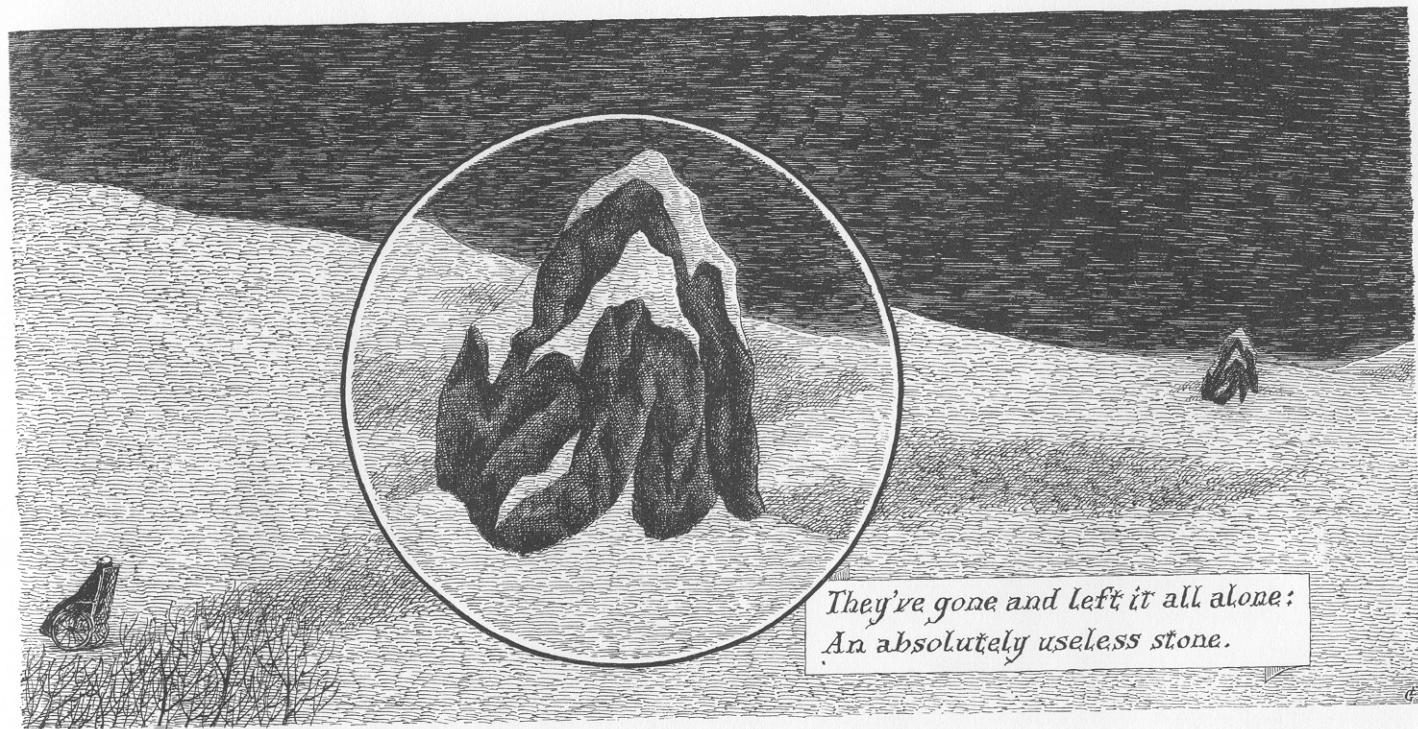


Escaped the orphanage's wrath.



The light is fading from the day. The rest is darkness and dismay.





*They've gone and left it all alone:
An absolutely useless stone.*

ALSO BY EDWARD GOREY

The Headless Bust

The Unstrung Harp

The Haunted Tea-Cosy

The Epileptic Bicycle

The Doubtful Guest

The Gashlycrumb Tinies

The Curious Sofa

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