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Кафедра европейских языков

СТИЛЬ И ЖАНР В ПЕРЕВОДЕ

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здоровья и инвалидов

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СТИЛЬ И ЖАНР В ПЕРЕВОДЕ

Рабочая программа дисциплины

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ОГЛАВЛЕНИЕ

1. Пояснительная записка
1.1 Цель и задачи дисциплины *(модуля)*
1.2. Формируемые компетенции, соотнесённые с планируемыми результатами обучения по дисциплине *(модулю)*
1.3. Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы
2. .Структура дисциплины *(модуля)*
3. Содержание дисциплины *(модуля)*
4. Образовательные технологии
5. Оценка планируемых результатов обучения
5.1. Система оценивания
5.2.Критерии выставления оценок
5.3. Оценочные средства (материалы) для текущего контроля успеваемости, промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине *(модулю)*
6. Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины
6.1. Список источников и литературы
6.2. Перечень ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет»
7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины *(модуля)*
8. Обеспечение образовательного процесса для лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидов
9. Методические материалы
9.1. Планы практических (семинарских, лабораторных) занятий
9.2. Методические рекомендации по подготовке письменных работ
9.3. Иные материалы

Приложения
Приложение 1. Аннотация дисциплины
Приложение 2. Лист изменений

1. Пояснительная записка

1.1. Цель и задачи дисциплины

Цель дисциплины - научить студентов адекватно передавать содержательные и формальные особенности текстов на английском языке средствами русского языка.

Задачи дисциплины :

дать студентам следующие практические навыки и выработать у них следующие компетенции: определять функциональный стиль исходного текста, определять проблемные участки и находить наиболее приемлемые варианты перевода текстов на русский язык.

1.2. Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине, соотнесенных с индикаторами достижения компетенций:

ПК 2 Способен к применению методов и способов лингвистического анализа, создания и обработки текста на естественном языке с учетом языковых и экстралингвистических факторов в профессиональной деятельности

ПК 2.2 Способен создавать и редактировать тексты на русском и изучаемых языках с учетом передачи/ сохранения коммуникативно-прагматической информации

Компетенция (код и наименование)	**Индикаторы компетенций** (код и наименование)	**Результаты обучения**
ПК 2 Способен к применению методов и способов лингвистического анализа, создания и обработки текста на естественном языке с учетом языковых и экстралингвистических факторов в профессиональной деятельности	ПК 2.2 Способен создавать и редактировать тексты на русском и изучаемых языках с учетом передачи/ сохранения коммуникативно-прагматической информации	*1.* ***Знать:*** - основные переводческие приемы и подходы к переводу. *2.* ***Уметь:*** - пользоваться переводческим инструментарием; - учитывать важность контекста и особенности целевой аудитории; - порождать текст, соединяющий в себе эквивалентность оригиналу и соответствие речевым и стилистическим нормам русского языка. *3.* ***Владеть****:* способностью отбирать и использовать в научной деятельности необходимую информацию по проблемам, связанным с предметом курса, с использованием как традиционных, так и современных образовательных технологий; способностью самостоятельно изучать и ориентироваться в массиве научно-популярной и научно-исследовательской, художественной литературы и публицистики с учетом полученных знаний.

1.3. Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы

Дисциплина *(модуль)* «Стиль и жанр в переводе» относится к Вариативной части 1 Блока дисциплин учебного плана Элективная дисциплина.
Для освоения дисциплины *(модуля)* необходимы знания, умения и владения, сформированные в ходе изучения курсов «Первый иностранный язык» и «Герменевтика».
В результате освоения дисциплины *(модуля)* формируются знания, умения и владения, необходимые для итоговой аттестации.

2. Структура дисциплины

Структура дисциплины для очной формы обучения

Общая трудоёмкость дисциплины составляет 2 з.е., 76 ч., в том числе контактная работа обучающихся с преподавателем 40 ч., самостоятельная работа обучающихся 36 ч.

№ п/п	Раздел Дисциплины	Семестр	Неделя семестра	Виды учебной работы, включая самостоятельную работу студентов и трудоемкость (в часах)			Текущий контроль успеваемости *(по неделям семестра)*
				Лекции	Практические занятия	Самостоятельная работа студентов	
Раздел I	**Общие основы переводческой деятельности.**	3		4	4	6	Устный ответ на практическом занятии
Раздел II	**Жанр и стиль в переводе.**	3		8	16	6	Устный ответ на практическом занятии
	Суммативный контроль по всему курсу	3			2	6	
	Промежуточная аттестация (защита проектов)	3			2	18	Подготовка к зачету и написание зачётной контрольной работы
	Итого: 76 часов			**12**	**24**	**36**	

3. Содержание дисциплины

Раздел I. Общие основы переводческой деятельности.

Понятие функционального стиля; определение функционального стиля исходного текста; основные приемы перевода; основные трудности перевода: идиоматические выражения, реалии, литературные и культурные аллюзии. Справочные материалы. Виды словарей. Общеязыковые и специальные словари. Контекстный словарь Ю.Апресяна. справочные издания. Словари цитат, сочетаемости, персоналий, идиоматических выражений, лингвострановедческие. Словари синонимов русского языка. Краткая история перевода. Персоналии. Отражение личности переводчика в переводе.

Раздел II. Жанр и стиль в переводе.

Художественный стиль: всеохватность как ключевая особенность художественного стиля. Нейтральный, возвышенный и сниженный стили, средства из выражения на английском языке и способы передачи на русском. Языковые сложности, возникающие при переводе художественных текстов: идиомы, разговорная речь, просторечие, брань, жаргонизмы, слэнг, арго, окказионализмы, неологизмы, архаизмы, историзмы. Перевод пародий. Расхождение между выразительными средствами английского и русского языков; использование суффиксации и префиксации в русском языке для передачи эмоционально-оценочных категорий. Передача диалектных фонетических, морфологических и семантических особенностей художественного текста, социальных и региональных диалектов. Перевод поэтических текстов.

4. Образовательные технологии

Для данной дисциплины образовательные технологии представлены лекциями, семинарами и самостоятельной работой студентов. На семинарах проводится обсуждение проблем, поднятых на лекциях, осмысление прочитанных студентами работ и материалов, разбираются выполненные дома тренировочные упражнения и задачи. Желающие могут делать небольшие сообщения и презентации на предложенные преподавателем темы.

К рассмотрению и обсуждению привлекается материал на традиционных или электронных носителях. Предлагаются задания на поиск сведений в Интернете, их сопоставление и оценку (иногда перевод с других языков). Это помогает повысить интерактивность даже такой традиционной формы педагогической коммуникации, как лекция.

В период временного приостановления посещения обучающимися помещений и территории РГГУ. для организации учебного процесса с применением электронного обучения и дистанционных образовательных технологий могут быть использованы следующие образовательные технологии:

– видео-лекции**;**

– онлайн-лекции в режиме реального времени;

– электронные учебники, учебные пособия, научные издания в электронном виде и доступ к иным электронным образовательным ресурсам;

– системы для электронного тестирования;
– консультации с использованием телекоммуникационных средств.

5. Оценка планируемых результатов обучения

5.1. Система оценивания

Оценка за семестр складывается из следующих составляющих (максимальная сумма 100 баллов):

1) оценки за посещение семинаров (всего 10 баллов) и активную работу на них (до 30 баллов) – итого за работу на семинарах до 40 баллов;

2) оценка за текущую контрольную работу (до 10 баллов);

3) оценка за разработку проекта / доклада по теме (до 20 баллов);

5) итоговая контрольная работа (до 30 баллов).

Для получения высокой оценки студенту необходимо систематически демонстрировать устойчивые результаты обучения.

<table>
<tr><th>100-балльная шкала</th><th colspan="2">Традиционная шкала</th><th>Шкала ECTS</th></tr>
<tr><td>95 – 100</td><td rowspan="2">отлично</td><td rowspan="5">зачтено</td><td>A</td></tr>
<tr><td>83 – 94</td><td>B</td></tr>
<tr><td>68 – 82</td><td>хорошо</td><td>C</td></tr>
<tr><td>56 – 67</td><td rowspan="2">удовлетворительно</td><td>D</td></tr>
<tr><td>50 – 55</td><td>E</td></tr>
<tr><td>21 – 49</td><td rowspan="2">неудовлетворительно</td><td rowspan="2">не зачтено</td><td>FX</td></tr>
<tr><td>0 – 20</td><td>F</td></tr>
</table>

5.2.Критерии выставления оценки по дисциплине[1]

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	**Оценка по дисциплине**	**Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине**

[1] Могут уточняться и дополняться в соответствии со спецификой дисциплины, установленных форм контроля, применяемых технологий обучения и оценивания.

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	**Оценка по дисциплине**	**Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине**
100-83/ A,B	«отлично»/ «зачтено (отлично)»/ «зачтено»	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он глубоко и прочно усвоил теоретический и практический материал, может продемонстрировать это на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся исчерпывающе и логически стройно излагает учебный материал, умеет увязывать теорию с практикой, справляется с решением задач профессиональной направленности высокого уровня сложности, правильно обосновывает принятые решения. Свободно ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «высокий».
82-68/ C	«хорошо»/ «зачтено (хорошо)»/ «зачтено»	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает теоретический и практический материал, грамотно и по существу излагает его на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации, не допуская существенных неточностей. Обучающийся правильно применяет теоретические положения при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности разного уровня сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами. Достаточно хорошо ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «хороший».

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	Оценка по дисциплине	Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине
67-50/ D,E	«удовлетвори-тельно»/ «зачтено (удовлетвори-тельно)»/ «зачтено»	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает отдельные ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает определённые затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого базовыми навыками и приёмами. Демонстрирует достаточный уровень знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «достаточный».
49-0/ F,FX	«неудовлетворите льно»/ не зачтено	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он не знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает грубые ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает серьёзные затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, не владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами. Демонстрирует фрагментарные знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции на уровне «достаточный», закреплённые за дисциплиной, не сформированы.

5.3. Оценочные средства (материалы) для текущего контроля успеваемости, промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине

Вопросы для итогового контроля (ПК 2.2)

1. Различные школы и направления в теории перевода

2. Понятие функционального стиля, его значимость для практики перевода. Понятие литературного языка в России и в англоговорящих странах. Особенности перевода художественных текстов.

3. Принципы работы со справочными материалами

4. Перевод безэквивалентной лексики

5. Перевод окказионализмов

6. Перевод неологизмов

7. Перевод каламбуров

8. Передача реалий

9. Передача культурных аллюзий. Работа с цитатами.

10. Передача различных имен собственных.

Критерии оценивания для промежуточной аттестации обучающихся (вопросы к зачету)

–результат, содержащий полный правильный ответ, полностью соответствующий требованиям критерия – 85 – 100 %;

–результат, содержащий неполный правильный ответ (степень полноты ответа – более 75%) или ответ, содержащий незначительные неточности, т.е. ответ, имеющий незначительные отступления от требований критерия, – 75 – 84% от максимального количества баллов;

–результат, содержащий неполный правильный ответ (степень полноты ответа – до 75%) или ответ, содержащий незначительные неточности, т.е. ответ, имеющий незначительные отступления от требований критерия – 60 -74 % от максимального количества баллов;

–результат, содержащий неполный правильный ответ, содержащий значительные неточности, ошибки (степень полноты ответа – менее 60%) – до 60 % от максимального количества баллов;

–неправильный ответ (ответ не по существу задания) или отсутствие ответа, т.е. ответ, не соответствующий полностью требованиям критерия, – 0 % от максимального количества баллов.

Образцы текстов (ПК 2.2)

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Lewis Carroll
Chapter 1 - Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, `and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice `without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy- chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, `Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat- pocket,* and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.
Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled `ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.
`Well!' thought Alice to herself, `after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)
Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end! `I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. `I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down , I think--' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) `--yes, that's about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say .)
Presently she began again. `I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think--' (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) `--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma' am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsey as she spoke-- fancy *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) `And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'
Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. `Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat .) `I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, `Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, `Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, `Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, `Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.
There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.
Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!
Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head though the doorway; `and even if my head would go through,' thought poor

Alice, `it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.
There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (`which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words `DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.
It was all very well to say `Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. `No, I'll look first,' she said, `and see whether it's marked "*poison*" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked `poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.
However, this bottle was NOT marked `poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry- tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

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`What a curious feeling!' said Alice; `I must be shutting up like a telescope .'
And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going though the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; `for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, `in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.
After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found he had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.
`Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said Alice to herself, rather sharply; `I advise you to leave off this minute!' She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. `But it's no use now,' thought poor Alice, `to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make ONE respectable person!'
Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words `EAT ME' were beautifully marked in currants. `Well, I'll eat it,' said Alice, `and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'
She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, `Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.
So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

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Льюис Кэрролл. Аня в стране чудес
перевод с английского Владимира Набокова
Lewis Carroll. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

К Читателю.

Эта сказка известна маленьким читателям во всем мире. Ее автор - знаменитый английский писатель Льюис Кэрролл. Рассказ об Алисе перевел на русский язык Владимир Набоков и Алиса стала Аней, зажила новой жизнью.

Льюис КЭРРОЛЛ. АНЯ В СТРАНЕ ЧУДЕС

перевод с английского Владимира НАБОКОВА

Глава 1. НЫРОК В КРОЛИЧЬЮ НОРКУ

Ане становилось скучно сидеть без дела рядом с сестрой на травяном скате; раза два она заглянула в книжку, но в ней не было ни разговоров, ни картинок. "Что проку в книжке без картинок и без разговоров?" - подумала Аня.

Она чувствовала себя глупой и сонной - такой был жаркий день. Только что принялась она рассуждать про себя, стоит ли встать, чтобы набрать ромашек и свить из них цепь, как вдруг, откуда ни возьмись, пробежал мимо нее Белый Кролик с розовыми глазами.

В этом, конечно, ничего особенно замечательного не было; не удивилась Аня и тогда, когда услыхала, что Кролик бормочет себе под нос: "Боже мой, Боже мой, я наверняка опоздаю". (Только потом, вспоминая, она заключила, что говорящий зверек - диковина, но в то время ей почему-то казалось это очень естественным.) Когда же Кролик так-таки и вытащил часы из жилетного кармана и, взглянув на них, поспешил дальше, тогда только у Ани блеснула мысль, что ей никогда не приходилось видеть, чтобы у кролика были часы и карман, куда бы их совать. Она вскочила, сгорая от любопытства, побежала за ним через поле и как раз успела заметить, как юркнул он в большую нору под шиповником.

Аня мгновенно нырнула вслед за ним, не задумываясь над тем, как ей удастся вылезти опять на свет Божий.

Нора сперва шла прямо в виде туннеля, а потом внезапно

оборвалась вниз - так внезапно, что Аня не успела и ахнуть, как уже стоймя падала куда-то, словно попала в бездонный колодец.

Да, колодец, должно быть, был очень глубок, или же падала она очень медленно: у нее по пути вполне хватало времени осмотреться и подумать о том, что может дальше случиться. Сперва она взглянула вниз, чтоб узнать, что ее ожидает, но глубина была беспросветная; тогда она посмотрела на стены колодца и заметила, что на них множество полок и полочек; тут и там висели на крючках географические карты и картинки. Она падала вниз так плавно, что успела мимоходом достать с одной из полок банку, на которой значилось: "Клубничное варенье". Но, к великому ее сожалению, банка оказалась пустой. Ей не хотелось бросать ее, из боязни убить кого-нибудь внизу, и потому она ухитрилась поставить ее в один из открытых шкафчиков, мимо которых она падала.

"Однако, - подумала Аня, - после такого испытания мне ни чуточки не покажется страшным полететь кувырком с лестницы! Как дома будут дивиться моей храбрости! Что лестница! Если бы я даже с крыши грохнулась, и тогда б я не пикнула! Это уже, конечно".

Вниз, вниз, вниз... Вечно ли будет падение?

- Хотела бы я знать, сколько верст сделала я за это время, - сказала она громко. - Должно быть, я уже приближаюсь к центру земли. Это, значит, будет приблизительно шесть тысяч верст. Да, кажется, так... (Аня, видите ли, выучила несколько таких вещей в классной комнате, и хотя сейчас не очень кстати было высказывать свое знание, все же такого рода упражнение ей казалось полезным.)

- ...Да, кажется, это верное расстояние, но вопрос в том, на какой широте или долготе я нахожусь? (Аня не имела ни малейшего представления, что такое долгота и широта, но ей нравился пышный звук этих двух слов.)

Немного погодя она опять принялась думать вслух:

- А вдруг я провалюсь сквозь землю? Как забавно будет выйти на той стороне и очутиться среди людей, ходящих вниз головой! Антипатии, кажется. (На этот раз она была рада, что некому слышать ее: последнее слово как-то не совсем верно звучало.)

- Но мне придется спросить у них название их страны. Будьте добры, сударыня, сказать мне, куда я попала: в Австралию или в Новую Зеландию? (Тут она попробовала присесть - на воздухе-то!) Ах, за какую дурочку примут меня! Нет, лучше не спрашивать: может быть, я увижу это где-нибудь написанным.

Вниз, вниз, вниз... От нечего делать Аня вскоре опять заговорила. "Сегодня вечером Дина, верно, будет скучать без меня". (Дина была кошка.) "Надеюсь, что во время чая не забудут налить ей молока в блюдце. Дина, милая, ах, если бы ты была здесь, со мной! Мышей в воздухе, пожалуй, нет, но зато ты могла бы поймать летучую мышь! Да вот едят ли кошки летучих мышей? Если нет, почем же они по крышам бродят?" Тут Аня стала впадать в дремоту и продолжала повторять сонно и смутно: "Кошки на крыше, летучие мыши"... А потом слова путались и выходило что-то несуразное: летучие кошки, мыши на крыше... Она чувствовала, что одолел ее сон, но только стало ей сниться, что гуляет она под руку с Диной и очень настойчиво спрашивает у нее: "Скажи мне, Дина, правду: ела ли ты когда-нибудь летучих мышей?"... - как вдруг...

Бух! Бух!

Аня оказалась сидящей на куче хвороста и сухих листьев. Паденье было окончено. Она ничуть не ушиблась и сразу же вскочила на ноги. Посмотрела вверх - там было все темно. Перед ней же был другой длинный проход, и в глубине его виднелась спина торопливо семенящего Кролика. Аня, вихрем сорвавшись, кинулась за ним и успела услышать, как он воскликнул на повороте: "Ох, мои ушки и усики, как поздно становится!" Она была совсем близко от него, но, обогнув угол, потеряла его из виду. Очутилась она в низкой зале, освещенной рядом ламп, висящих на потолке.

Вокруг всей залы были многочисленные двери, но все оказались запертыми! И после того как Аня прошлась вдоль одной стороны и вернулась вдоль другой, пробуя каждую дверь, она вышла на середину залы, с грустью спрашивая себя, как же ей выбраться наружу.

Внезапно она заметила перед собой столик на трех ножках, весь сделанный из толстого стекла. На нем ничего не было, кроме крошечного золотого ключика, и первой мыслью Ани было, что ключик этот подходит к одной из дверей, только что испробованных ею. Не тут-то было! Замки были слишком велики, ключик не отпирал. Но, обойдя залу во второй раз, она нашла низкую занавеску, которой не заметила раньше, а за этой занавеской оказалась крошечная дверь. Она всунула золотой ключик в замок - он как раз подходил!

Аня отворила дверцу и увидела, что она ведет в узкий проход величиной с крысиную норку. Она встала на колени и, взглянув в глубину прохода, увидела в круглом просвете уголок чудеснейшего сада. Как потянуло ее туда из сумрачной залы, как захотелось ей там побродить между высоких нежных цветов и прохладных светлых фонтанов! - но и головы она не могла просунуть в дверь. "А если б и могла", - подумала бедная Аня, - "то все равно без плеч далеко не уйдешь. Ах, как я бы хотела быть в состоянии складываться, как подзорная труба! Если бы я только знала, как начать, мне, пожалуй, удалось бы это". Видите ли, случилось столько необычайного за последнее время, что Аня уже казалось, что на свете очень мало действительно невозможных вещей.

Постояла она у дверцы, потопталась, да и вернулась к столику, смутно надеясь, что найдет на нем какой-нибудь другой ключ или по крайней мере книжку правил для людей, желающих складываться по примеру подзорной трубы; на этот раз она увидела на нем скляночку (которой раньше, конечно, не было, - подумала Аня), и на бумажном ярлычке, привязанном к горлышку, были напечатаны красиво и крупно два слова: "ВЫПЕЙ МЕНЯ".

Очень легко сказать: "Выпей меня", но умная Аня не собиралась действовать опрометчиво. "Посмотрю сперва", - сказала она, - "есть ли на ней пометка "яд". Она помнила, что читала некоторые милые рассказики о детях, которые пожирались дикими зверями, и с которыми случались всякие другие неприятности - все только потому, что они не слушались дружеских советов и не соблюдали самых простых правил, как, например: если будешь держать слишком долго кочергу за раскаленный докрасна кончик, то обожжешь руку; если слишком глубоко воткнешь в палец нож, то может пойти кровь; и,

наконец, если глотнешь из бутылочки, помеченной "яд", то рано или поздно почувствуешь себя неважно.

Но в данном случае на склянке никакого предостережения не было, и Аня решилась испробовать содержимое. И так как оно весьма ей понравилось (еще бы! это был какой-то смешанный вкус вишневого торта, сливочного мороженого, ананаса, жареной индейки, тянучек и горячих гренков с маслом), то склянка вскоре оказалась пуста.....

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- Вот странное чувство! - воскликнула Аня. - Должно быть, я захлопываюсь, как телескоп.

Действительно: она теперь была не выше десяти дюймов росту и вся она просияла при мысли, что при такой величине ей легко можно пройти в дверцу, ведущую в дивный сад. Но сперва нужно было посмотреть, перестала ли она уменьшаться: этот вопрос очень ее волновал. "Ведь это может кончиться тем, что я вовсе погасну, как свеча, - сказала Аня. - На что же я тогда буду похожа?". И она попробовала вообразить себе, как выглядит пламя, после того, как задуешь свечу. Никогда раньше она не обращала на это внимания.

Через некоторое время, убедившись в том, что ничего больше с ней не происходит, она решила не медля отправиться в сад. Но, увы! Когда бедная Аня подошла к двери, она спохватилась, что забыла взять золотой ключик, а когда пошла за ним к стеклянному столику, то оказалось, что нет никакой возможности до него дотянуться: она видела его совершенно ясно, снизу, сквозь стекло и попыталась даже вскарабкаться вверх по одной из ножек, но слишком было скользко; и уставшая от тщетных попыток, бедняжка свернулась в клубочек и заплакала.

- Будет тебе плакать. Что толку в слезах? - довольно резко сказала Аня себе самой. - Советую тебе тотчас же перестать.

Советы, которые она себе давала, обычно были весьма добрые, хотя она редко следовала им. Иногда она бранила себя так строго, что слезы выступали на глазах, а раз, помнится, она попробовала выдрать себя за уши за то, что сплутовала, играя сама с собой в крокет. Странный этот ребенок очень любил представлять из себя двух людей. "Но это теперь ни к чему", - подумала бедная Аня. - Ведь от меня осталось так мало! На что я гожусь?.."

Тут взгляд ее упал на какую-то стеклянную коробочку, лежащую под столом: она открыла ее и нашла в ней малюсенький пирожок, на котором изящный узор изюминок образовал два слова: "СЪЕШЬ МЕНЯ!"

- Ну что же, и съем! - сказала Аня. - И если от этого я вырасту, то мне удастся достать ключ; если же я стану еще меньше, то смогу подлезть под дверь. Так или иначе, я буду в состоянии войти в сад. Будь что будет!

Она съела кусочек и стала спрашивать себя: "В какую сторону, в какую?" - и при этом ладонь прижимала к темени, чтобы почувствовать, по какому направлению будет расти голова; однако, к ее великому удивлению, ничего не случилось: она оставалась все того же роста. Впрочем, так обыкновенно и бывает, когда ешь пирожок, но она так привыкла на каждом шагу ждать одних только чудес, что жизнь уже казалась ей глупой и скучной, когда все шло своим порядком.

Поэтому она принялась за пирожок, и вскоре он был уничтожен. .....

.....

ГЛАВА ПЕРВАЯ,

в которой Алиса чуть не провалилась сквозь Землю

Алиса сидела со старшей сестрой на берегу и маялась: делать ей было совершенно нечего, а сидеть без дела, сами знаете, дело нелегкое; раз-другой она, правда, сунула нос в книгу, которую сестра читала, но там не оказалось ни картинок, ни стишков. "Кому нужны книжки без картинок.- или хоть стишков, не понимаю!" - думала Алиса.

С горя она начала подумывать (правда, сейчас это тоже было дело не из легких - от жары ее совсем разморило), что, конечно, неплохо бы сплести венок из маргариток, но плохо то, что тогда нужно подниматься и идти собирать эти маргаритки, как вдруг... Как вдруг совсем рядом появился белый кролик с розовыми глазками!

Тут, разумеется, еще не было ничего такого необыкновенного; Алиса-то не так уж удивилась, даже когда услыхала, что Кролик сказал (а сказал он: "Ай-ай-ай! Я опаздываю!"). Кстати, потом, вспоминая обо всем этом, она решила, что все-таки немножко удивиться стоило, но сейчас ей казалось, что все идет как надо.

Но когда Кролик достал из жилетного кармана (да-да, именно!) ЧАСЫ (настоящие!) и, едва взглянув на них, опрометью кинулся бежать, тут Алиса так и подскочила!

Еще бы! Ведь это был первый Кролик в жилетке и при часах, какого она встретила за всю свою жизнь!

Сгорая от любопытства, она со всех ног помчалась вдогонку за Кроликом и, честное слово, чуть-чуть его не догнала!

Во всяком случае, она поспела как раз вовремя, чтобы заметить, как Белый Кролик скрылся в большой норе под колючей изгородью.

В ту же секунду Алиса не раздумывая ринулась за ним. А кой о чем подумать ей не мешало бы - ну хоть о том, как она выберется обратно!

Нора сперва шла ровно, как тоннель, а потом сразу обрывалась так круто и неожиданно, что Алиса ахнуть не успела, как полетела-полетела вниз, в какой-то очень, очень глубокий колодец.

То ли колодец был действительно уж очень глубокий, то ли летела Алиса уж очень не спеша, но только вскоре выяснилось, что теперь у нее времени вволю и для того, чтобы осмотреться кругом, и для того, чтобы подумать, что ее ждет впереди.

Первым делом она, понятно, поглядела вниз и попыталась разобрать, куда она летит, но там было слишком темно; тогда она стала рассматривать стены колодца и заметила, что вместо стен шли сплошь шкафы и шкафчики, полочки и полки; кое-где были развешаны картинки и географические карты.

С одной из полок Алиса сумела на лету снять банку, на которой красовалась этикетка: "АПЕЛЬСИНОВОЕ ВАРЕНЬЕ". Банка, увы, была пуста, но, хотя Алиса и была сильно разочарована, она, опасаясь ушибить кого-нибудь, не бросила ее, а ухитрилась опять поставить банку на какую-то полку.

- Да,- сказала себе Алиса,- вот это полетела так полетела! Уж теперь я не заплачу, если полечу с лестницы! Дома скажут: вот молодчина! Может, даже с крыши слечу и не пикну!

(Боюсь, что тут она была даже чересчур права!)

И она все летела: вниз, и вниз, и вниз! Неужели это никогда не кончится?

- Интересно, сколько я пролетела? - громко сказала Алиса.- Наверное, я уже где-нибудь около центра Земли! Ну да: как раз тысяч шесть километров

или что-то в этом роде...

(Дело в том, что Алиса уже обучалась разным наукам и как раз недавно проходила что-то в этом роде; хотя сейчас был не самый лучший случай блеснуть своими познаниями - ведь, к сожалению, никто ее не слушал,- она всегда была не прочь попрактиковаться.)

- Ну да, расстояние я определила правильно,- продолжала она.- Вот только интересно, на каких же я тогда параллелях и меридианах?

(Как видите, Алиса понятия не имела о том, что такое параллели и меридианы,- ей просто нравилось произносить такие красивые, длинные слова.)

Немного отдохнув, она снова начала:

- А вдруг я буду так лететь, лететь и пролечу всю Землю насквозь? Вот было бы здорово! Вылезу - и вдруг окажусь среди этих... которые ходят на головах, вверх ногами! Как они называются? Анти... Антипятки, что ли?

Мы-то с вами, конечно, прекрасно знаем, что тех, кто живет на другой стороне земного шара, называют (во всяком случае, в старину называли) антиподами.

(На этот раз Алиса в душе обрадовалась, что ее никто не слышит: она сама почувствовала, что слово какое-то не совсем такое.)

- Только мне, пожалуй, там придется спрашивать у прохожих, куда я попала: "Извините, тетя, это Австралия или Новая Зеландия"?

(Вдобавок Алиса попыталась еще вежливо присесть! Представляете? , Книксен в воздухе! Вы бы смогли, как вы думаете?)

- Но ведь эта тетя тогда подумает, что я дурочка, совсем ничего не знаю! Нет уж, лучше не буду спрашивать. Сама прочитаю! Там ведь, наверно, где- нибудь написано, какая это страна.

И дальше - вниз, вниз и вниз!

Так как никакого другого занятия у нее не было, Алиса вскоре опять заговорила сама с собой.

- Динка будет сегодня вечером ужасно обо мне скучать! (Диной звали ее кошку.) Хоть бы они не забыли дать ей молочка вовремя!.. Милая моя Диночка, хорошо бы ты была сейчас со мной! Мышек тут, правда, наверное, нет, но ты бы ловила летучих мышей. Не все ли тебе равно, киса? Только вот я не знаю, кушают кошки летучих мышек или нет?

И тут Алиса совсем задремала и только повторяла сквозь сон:

- Скушает кошка летучую мышку? Скушает кошка летучую мышку?

А иногда у нее получалось:

- Скушает мышка летучую мошку?

Не все ли равно, о чем спрашивать, если ответа все равно не получишь, правда?

А потом она заснула по-настоящему, и ей уже стало сниться, что она гуляет с Динкой под ручку и ни с того ни с сего строго говорит ей: "Ну-ка, Дина, признавайся: ты хоть раз ела летучих мышей?"

Как вдруг - трах! бах! - она шлепнулась на кучу хвороста и сухих листьев. На чем полет и закончился.

Алиса ни капельки не ушиблась; она моментально вскочила на ноги и осмотрелась: первым делом она взглянула наверх, но там было совершенно темно; зато впереди снова оказалось нечто вроде тоннеля, и где-то там вдали мелькнула фигура Белого Кролика, который улепетывал во весь дух.

Не теряя времени, Алиса бросилась в погоню. Опять казалось, что она вот- вот догонит его, и опять она успела услышать, как Кролик, сворачивая за угол, вздыхает:

- Ах вы ушки-усики мои! Как я опаздываю! Боже мой!

Но, увы, за поворотом Белый Кролик бесследно исчез, а сама Алиса очутилась в очень странном месте.

Это было низкое, длинное подземелье; своды его слабо освещались рядами висячих ламп. Правда, по всей длине стен шли двери, но, к большому сожалению, все они оказались заперты. Алиса довольно скоро удостоверилась в

этом, дважды обойдя все подземелье и по нескольку раз подергав каждую дверь. Она уныло расхаживала взад и вперед, пытаясь придумать, как ей отсюда выбраться, как вдруг наткнулась на маленький стеклянный столик, на котором лежал крохотный золотой ключик.

Алиса очень обрадовалась: она подумала, что это ключ от какой-нибудь из дверей. Но увы! Может быть, замки были слишком большие, а может быть, ключик был слишком маленький, только он никак не хотел открывать ни одной двери. Она добросовестно проверяла одну дверь за другой, и тут-то она впервые заметила штору, спускавшуюся до самого пола, а за ней...

За ней была маленькая дверца - сантиметров тридцать высотой. Алиса вставила золотой ключик в замочную скважину - и, о радость, он как раз подошел!

Алиса отворила дверцу: там был вход в узенький коридор, чуть пошире крысиного лаза. Она встала на коленки, заглянула в отверстие - и ахнула: коридор выходил в такой чудесный сад, каких вы, может быть, и не видывали.

Представляете, как ей захотелось выбраться из этого мрачного подземелья на волю, погулять среди прохладных фонтанов и клумб с яркими цветами?! Но в узкий лаз не прошла бы даже одна Алисина голова. "А если бы и прошла,- подумала бедняжка,- тоже хорошего мало: ведь голова должна быть на плечах! Почему я такая большая и нескладная! Вот если бы я умела вся складываться, как подзорная труба или, еще лучше, как веер,- тогда бы другое дело! Научил бы меня кто-нибудь, я бы сложилась - и все в порядке!"

(Будь вы на месте Алисы, вы бы, пожалуй, тоже решили, что сейчас ничего невозможного нет!)

Так или иначе, сидеть перед заветной дверцей было совершенно бесполезно, и Алиса вернулась к стеклянному столику, смутно надеясь, что, может быть, там все-таки найдется другой ключ или, на худой конец, книжка: "УЧИСЬ СКЛАДЫВАТЬСЯ!" Ни того, ни другого она, правда, не нашла, зато обнаружила хорошенький пузырек ("Ручаюсь, что раньше его тут не было",- подумала Алиса, к горлышку которого был привязан бумажный ярлык (как на бутылочке с лекарством), а на нем большими буквами было четко напечатано: "ВЫПЕЙ МЕНЯ!"

Конечно, выглядело это очень заманчиво, но Алиса была умная девочка и не спешила откликнуться на любезное приглашение.

- Нет,- сказала она,- я сначала посмотрю, написано тут "Яд!" или нет.

Она недаром перечитала множество поучительных рассказов про детей, с которыми случались разные неприятности - бедные крошки и погибали в пламени, и доставались на съедение диким зверям,- и все только потому, что они забывали (или не хотели помнить!) советы старших. А ведь, кажется, так просто запомнить, что, например, раскаленной докрасна кочергой можно обжечься, если будешь держать ее в руках слишком долго; что если ОЧЕНЬ глубоко порезать палец ножом, из этого пальца, как правило, пойдет кровь, и так далее и тому подобное.

И уж Алиса-то отлично помнила, что если выпьешь слишком много из бутылки, на которой нарисованы череп и кости и написано "Яд!", то почти наверняка тебе не поздоровится (то есть состояние твоего здоровья может ухудшиться).

Однако на этой бутылочке не было ни черепа, ни костей, ни надписи "Яд!", и Алиса рискнула попробовать ее содержимое.

А так как оно оказалось необыкновенно вкусным (на вкус - точь-в-точь смесь вишневого пирога, омлета, ананаса, жареной индюшки, тянучки и горячих гренков с маслом), она сама не заметила, как пузырек опустел.

- Ой, что же это со мной делается! - сказала Алиса.- Я, наверное, и правда складываюсь, как подзорная труба!

Спорить с этим было трудно: к этому времени в ней осталось всего лишь четверть метра. Алиса так и сияла от радости, уверенная, что она теперь

свободно может выйти в чудесный сад. Но все-таки она решила на всякий случай немного подождать и убедиться, что она уже перестала уменьшаться в росте. "А то вдруг я буду делаться все меньше, меньше, как свечка, а потом совсем исчезну! - не без тревоги подумала она.- Вот бы поглядеть, на что я буду тогда похожа".

И она попыталась вообразить, на что похоже пламя свечи, когда свеча погасла, но это ей не удалось,- ведь, к счастью, ей этого никогда не приходилось видеть...

Подождав немного и убедившись, что все остается по-прежнему, Алиса побежала было в сад; но - такая незадача! - у самого выхода она вспомнила, что оставила золотой ключик на столе, а подбежав опять к столику, обнаружила, что теперь ей никак до ключа не дотянуться.

И главное, его было так хорошо видно сквозь стекло!

Она попробовала влезть на стол по ножке, но ножки были тоже стеклянные и ужасно скользкие, и как Алиса ни старалась, она вновь и вновь съезжала на пол и, наконец, настаравшись и насъезжавшись до изнеможения, бедняжка села прямо на пол и заплакала.

- Ну вот, еще чего не хватало! - сказала Алиса себе довольно строго.- Слезами горю не поможешь! Советую тебе перестать сию минуту!

Алиса вообще всегда давала себе превосходные советы (хотя слушалась их далеко-далеко не всегда); иногда она закатывала себе такие выговоры, что еле могла удержаться от слез; а как-то раз она, помнится, даже попробовала выдрать себя за уши за то, что сжульничала, играя сама с собой в крокет. Эта выдумщица ужасно любила понарошку быть двумя разными людьми сразу!

"А сейчас это не поможет,- подумала бедная Алиса,- да и не получится! Из меня теперь и одной приличной девочки не выйдет!" Тут она заметила, что под столом лежит ларчик, тоже стеклянный. Алиса открыла его - и там оказался пирожок, на котором изюминками была выложена красивая надпись: "СЪЕШЬ МЕНЯ!"

- Ну и ладно, съем,- сказала Алиса.- Если я от него стану побольше, я смогу достать ключ, а если стану еще меньше, пролезу под дверь. Будь что будет - в сад я все равно заберусь! Больше или меньше? Больше или меньше? - озабоченно повторяла она, откусив кусочек пирожка, и даже положила себе руку на макушку, чтобы следить за своими превращениями.

Как же она удивилась, когда оказалось, что ее размеры не изменились!

Вообще-то обычно так и бывает с тем, кто есть пирожки, но Алиса так уже привыкла ждать одних только сюрпризов и чудес, что она даже немножко расстроилась - почему это вдруг опять все пошло, как обычно!

С горя она принялась за пирожок и довольно скоро покончила с ним.

Глава I. ВНИЗ ПО КРОЛИЧЬЕЙ НОРЕ

Алисе наскучило сидеть с сестрой без дела на берегу реки; разок-другой она заглянула в книжку, которую читала сестра, но там не было ни картинок, ни разговоров.

-- Что толку в книжке, -- подумала Алиса, -- если в ней нет ни картинок, ни разговоров?

Она сидела и размышляла, не встать ли ей и не нарвать ли цветов для венка; мысли ее текли медленно и несвязно -- от жары ее клонило в сон. Конечно, сплести венок было бы очень приятно, но стоит ли ради этого подыматься?

Вдруг мимо пробежал кролик с красными глазами.

Конечно, ничего удивительного в этом не было. Правда, Кролик на бегу говорил:

-- Ах, боже мой! Я опаздываю.

Но и это не показалось Алисе особенно странным. (Вспоминая

об этом позже, она подумала, что ей следовало бы удивиться, однако в тот миг все казалось ей вполне естественным). Но, когда Кролик вдруг вынул часы из жилетного кармана и, взглянув на них, помчался дальше, Алиса вскочила на ноги. Ее тут осенило: ведь никогда раньше она не видела кролика с часами, да еще с жилетным карманом в придачу! Сгорая от любопытства, она побежала за ним по полю и только-только успела заметить, что он юркнул в нору под изгородью.

В тот же миг Алиса юркнула за ним следом, не думая о том, как же она будет выбираться обратно.

Нора сначала шла прямо, ровная, как туннель, а потом вдруг круто обрывалась вниз. Не успела Алиса и глазом моргнуть, как она начала падать, словно в глубокий колодец.

То ли колодец был очень глубок, то ли падала она очень медленно, только времени у нее было достаточно, чтобы прийти в себя и подумать, что же будет дальше. Сначала она попыталась разглядеть, что ждет ее внизу, но там было темно, и она ничего не увидела. Тогда она принялась смотреть по сторонам. Стены колодца были уставлены шкафами и книжными полками; кое-где висели на гвоздиках картины и карты. Пролетая мимо одной из полок, она прихватила с нее банку с вареньем. На банке написано ``АПЕЛЬСИНОВОЕ", но увы! она оказалась пустой. Алиса побоялась бросить банку вниз -- как бы не убить кого-нибудь! На лету она умудрилась засунуть ее в какой-то шкаф.

-- Вот это упала, так упала!--подумала Алиса.--Упасть с лестницы теперь для меня пара пустяков. А наши решат, что я ужасно смелая. Да свались я хоть с крыши, я бы и то не пикнула.

Вполне возможно, что так оно и было бы.

А она все падала и падала. Неужели этому не будет конца?

-- Интересно, сколько миль я уже пролетела? -- сказала Алиса вслух. -- Я, верно, приближаюсь к центру земли. Дайте-ка вспомнить... Это кажется, около четырех тысяч миль вниз.

Видишь ли, Алиса выучила кое-что в этом роде на уроках в классной, и, хоть сейчас был не самый подходящий момент демонстрировать свои познания -- никто ведь ее не слышал, -- она не могла удержаться.

-- Да так, верно, оно и есть, -- продолжала Алиса. -- Но интересно, на какой же я тогда широте и долготе?

Сказать по правде, она понятия не имела о том, что такое широта и долгота, но ей очень нравились эти слова. Они звучали так важно и внушительно!

Помолчав, она начала снова:

-- А не пролечу ли я всю землю насквозь? Вот будет смешно! Вылезаю -- а люди вниз головой! Как их там зовут?.. Антипатии, кажется...

В глубине души она порадовалась, что в этот миг ее никто не слышит, потому что слово это звучало как-то не так.

-- Придется мне у них спросить, как называется их страна. ``Простите, сударыня, где я? В Австралии или в Новой Зеландии?"

И она попробовала сделать реверанс. Можешь себе представить реверанс в воздухе во время падения? Как, по-твоему, тебе бы удалось его сделать?

-- А она, конечно, подумает, что я страшная невежда! Нет, не буду никого спрашивать! Может, увижу где-нибудь надпись!

А она все падала и падала. Делать нечего--помолчав, Алиса снова заговорила.

-- Дина будет меня сегодня весь вечер искать. Ей без меня так скучно!

Диной звали их кошку.

-- Надеюсь, они не забудут в полдник налить ей молочка... Ах, Дина, милая, как жаль, что тебя со мной нет. Правда, мышек в воздухе нет, но зато мошек хоть отбавляй! Интересно, едят ли кошки мошек?

Тут Алиса почувствовала, что глаза у нее слипаются. Она сонно бормотала:

-- Едят ли кошки мошек? Едят ли кошки мошек?

Иногда у нее получалось:

-- Едят ли мошки кошек?

Алиса не знала ответа ни на первый, ни на второй вопрос, и потому ей было все равно, как их ни задать. Она почувствовала, что засыпает. Ей уже снилось, что она идет об руку с Диной и озабоченно спрашивает ее:

-- Признайся, Дина, ты когда-нибудь ела мошек?

Тут раздался страшный треск. Алиса упала на кучу валежника и сухих листьев.

Она ничуть не ушиблась и быстро вскочила на ноги. Взглянула наверх -- там было темно. Перед ней тянулся другой коридор, а в конце его мелькнул Белый Кролик. Нельзя было терять ни минуты, и Алиса помчалась за ним следом. Она слышала, как исчезая за поворотом, Кролик произнес:

-- Ах, мои усики! Ах, мои ушки! Как я опаздываю!

Повернув за угол, Алиса ожидала тут же увидеть Кролика, но его нигде не было. А она очутилась в длинном низком зале, освещенном рядом ламп, свисавших с потолка.

Дверей в зале было множество, но все оказались заперты. Алиса попробовала открыть их -- сначала с одной стороны, потом с другой, но, убедившись, что ни одна не поддается, она прошла по залу, с грустью соображая, как ей отсюда выбраться.

Вдруг она увидела стеклянный столик на трех ножках. На нем не было ничего, кроме крошечного золотого ключика. Алиса решила, что это ключ от одной из дверей, но увы! -- то ли замочные скважины были слишком велики, то ли ключик слишком мал, только он не подошел ни к одной, как она ни старалась. Пройдясь по залу во второй раз, Алиса увидела занавеску, которую не заметила раньше, а за ней оказалась маленькая дверца дюймов в пятнадцать вышиной. Алиса вставила ключик в замочную скважину -- и, к величайшей ее радости, он подошел!

Она открыла дверцу и увидела за ней нору, совсем узкую, не шире крысиной. Алиса встала на колени и заглянула в нее -- в глубине виднелся сад удивительной красоты. Ах, как ей захотелось выбраться из темного зала и побродить между яркими цветочными клумбами и прохладными фонтанами! Но она не могла просунуть в нору даже голову.

-- Если б моя голова и прошла,--подумала бедная Алиса,--что толку! Кому нужна голова без плечей? Ах, почему я не складываюсь, как подзорная труба! Если б я только знала, с чего начать, я бы, наверно, сумела.

Видишь ли, в тот день столько было всяких удивительных происшествий, что ничто не казалось ей теперь не возможным.

Сидеть у маленькой дверцы не было никакого смысла, и Алиса вернулась к стеклянному столику, смутно надеясь найти на нем другой ключ или на худой конец руководство к складыванию наподобие подзорной трубы. Однако на этот раз на столе оказался

пузырек.

-- Я совершенно уверена, что раньше его здесь не было! -- сказала про себя Алиса.

К горлышку пузырька была привязана бумажка, а на бумажке крупными красивыми буквами было написано: ``ВЫПЕЙ МЕНЯ!"

Это, конечно, было очень мило, но умненькая Алиса совсем не торопилась следовать совету.

-- Прежде всего надо убедиться, что на этом пузырьке нигде нет пометки: ``Яд!" -- сказала она.

Видишь ли, она начиталась всяких прелестных историй о том, как дети сгорали живьем или попадали на съедение диким зверям, -- и все эти неприятности происходили с ними потому, что они не желали соблюдать простейших правил, которым обучали их друзья: если слишком долго держать в руках раскаленную докрасна кочергу, в конце концов обожжешься; если поглубже полоснуть по пальцу ножом, из пальца обычно идет кровь; если разом осушить пузырек с пометкой ``Яд!", рано или поздно почти наверняка почувствуешь недомогание. Последнее правило Алиса помнила твердо.

Однако на этом пузырьке никаких пометок не было, и Алиса рискнула отпить из него немного. Напиток был очень приятен на вкус--он чем-то напоминал вишневый пирог с кремом, ананас, жареную индейку, сливочную помадку и горячие гренки с маслом. Алиса выпила его до конца.

* * * * *

-- Какое странное ощущение!--воскликнула Алиса.--Я, верно, складываюсь, как подзорная труба.

И не ошиблась -- в ней сейчас было всего десять дюймов росту. Она подумала, что теперь легко пройдет сквозь дверцу в чудесный сад, и очень обрадовалась. Но сначала на всякий случай она немножко подождала -- ей хотелось убедиться, что больше она не уменьшается. Это ее слегка тревожило.

-- Если я и дальше буду так уменьшаться,--сказала она про себя, -- я могу и вовсе исчезнуть. Сгорю как свечка! Интересно, какая я тогда буду?

И она постаралась представить себе, как выглядит пламя свечи после того, как свеча потухнет. Насколько ей помнилось, такого она никогда не видала.

Подождав немного и убедившись, что больше ничего не происходит, она решила тотчас же выйти в сад. Бедняжка! Подойдя к дверце, она обнаружила, что забыла золотой ключик на столе, а вернувшись к столу, поняла, что ей теперь до него не дотянуться. Сквозь стекло она ясно видела снизу лежащий на столе ключик. Она попыталась взобраться на стол по стеклянной ножке, но ножка была очень скользкая. Устав от напрасных усилий, бедная Алиса села на пол и заплакала.

-- Ну, хватит! -- строго приказала она себе немного спустя. -- Слезами горю не поможешь. Советую тебе сию же минуту перестать!

Она всегда давала себе хорошие советы, хоть следовала им нечасто. Порой же ругала себя так беспощадно, что глаза ее наполнялись слезами. А однажды она даже попыталась отшлепать себя по щекам за то, что схитрила, играя в одиночку партию в крокет. Эта глупышка очень любила притворяться двумя разными девочками сразу.

-- Но сейчас это при всем желании невозможно! -- подумала бедная Алиса. -- Меня и на одну-то едва-едва хватает!

Тут она увидела под стеклом маленькую стеклянную коробочку. Алиса открыла ее--внутри был пирожок, на котором коринками было красиво написано: ``СЪЕШЬ МЕНЯ!"

-- Что ж,--сказала Алиса,--я так и сделаю. Если при этом я вырасту, я достану ключик, а если уменьшусь -- пролезу под дверь. Мне бы только попасть в сад, а как --- все равно!

Она откусила от пирожка и с тревогой подумала:

-- Расту или уменьшаюсь? Расту или уменьшаюсь?

Руку Алиса при этом положила на макушку, чтобы чувствовать, что с ней происходит. Но, к величайшему ее удивлению, она не стала ни выше, ни ниже. Конечно, так всегда и бывает, когда ешь пирожки, но Алиса успела привыкнуть к тому, что вокруг происходит одно только удивительное; ей показалось скучно и глупо, что жизнь опять пошла по-обычному. Она откусила еще кусочек и вскоре съела весь пирожок.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.-Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

К.Р.

Быть иль не быть, вот в чем вопрос.
Что выше:
Сносить в душе с терпением удары
Пращей и стрел судьбы жестокой или,
Вооружившись против моря бедствий,
Борьбой покончить с ним? Умереть, уснуть -
Не более; и знать, что этим сном покончишь
С сердечной мукою и с тысячью терзаний,
Которым плоть обречена, - о, вот исход
Многожеланный! Умереть, уснуть;
Уснуть! И видеть сны, быть может? Вот оно!
Какие сны в дремоте смертной снятся,
Лишь тленную стряхнем мы оболочку, - вот что
Удерживает нас. И этот довод -
Причина долговечности страданья.
Кто б стал терпеть судьбы насмешки и обиды,
Гнет притеснителей, кичливость гордецов,
Любви отвергнутой терзание, законов
Медлительность, властей бесстыдство и презренье
Ничтожества к заслуге терпеливой,
Когда бы сам все счеты мог покончить
Каким-нибудь ножом? Кто б нес такое бремя,
Стеная, весь в поту под тяготою жизни,
Когда бы страх чего-то после смерти,
В неведомой стране, откуда ни единый
Не возвращался путник, воли не смущал,
Внушая нам скорей испытанные беды
Сносить, чем к неизведанным бежать? И вот
Как совесть делает из всех нас трусов;
Вот как решимости природный цвет
Под краской мысли чахнет и бледнеет,
И предприятья важности великой,
От этих дум теченье изменив,
Теряют и названье дел. - Но тише!
Прелестная Офелия! - О нимфа!
Грехи мои в молитвах помяни!

М. Лозинский

Быть или не быть, - таков вопрос;
Что благородней духом - покоряться
Пращам и стрелам яростной судьбы
Иль, ополчась на море смут, сразить их
Противоборством? Умереть, уснуть, -
И только; и сказать, что сном кончаешь
Тоску и тысячу природных мук,
Наследье плоти, - как такой развязки
Не жаждать? Умереть, уснуть. - Уснуть!
И видеть сны, быть может? Вот в чем трудность;
Какие сны приснятся в смертном сне,
Когда мы сбросим этот бренный шум,
Вот что сбивает нас; вот где причина
Того, что бедствия так долговечны;
Кто снес бы плети и глумленье века,
Гнет сильного, насмешку гордеца,

Боль презренной любви, судей неправду,
Заносчивость властей и оскорбленья,
Чинимые безропотной заслуге,
Когда б он сам мог дать себе расчет
Простым кинжалом? Кто бы плелся с ношей,
Чтоб охать и потеть под нудной жизнью,
Когда бы страх чего-то после смерти, -
Безвестный край, откуда нет возврата
Земным скитальцам, - волю не смущал,
Внушая нам терпеть невзгоды наши
И не спешить к другим, от нас сокрытым?
Так трусами нас делает раздумье,
И так решимости природный цвет
Хиреет под налетом мысли бледным,
И начинанья, взнесшиеся мощно,
Сворачивая в сторону свой ход,
Теряют имя действия. Но тише!
Офелия? - В твоих молитвах, нимфа,
Да вспомнятся мои грехи.

Борис Пастернак

Быть или не быть, вот в чем вопрос. Достойно ль
Смиряться под ударами судьбы,
Иль надо оказать сопротивленье
И в смертной схватке с целым морем бед
Покончить с ними? Умереть. Забыться.
И знать, что этим обрываешь цепь
Сердечных мук и тысячи лишений,
Присущих телу. Это ли не цель
Желанная? Скончаться. Сном забыться.
Уснуть... и видеть сны? Вот и ответ.
Какие сны в том смертном сне приснятся,
Когда покров земного чувства снят?
Вот в чем разгадка. Вот что удлиняет
Несчастьям нашим жизнь на столько лет.
А то кто снес бы униженья века,
Неправду угнетателей, вельмож
Заносчивость, отринутое чувство,
Нескорый суд и более всего
Насмешки недостойных над достойным,
Когда так просто сводит все концы
Удар кинжала! Кто бы согласился,
Кряхтя, под ношей жизненной плестись,
Когда бы неизвестность после смерти,
Боязнь страны, откуда ни один
Не возвращался, не склоняла воли
Мириться лучше со знакомым злом,
Чем бегством к незнакомому стремиться!
Так всех нас в трусов превращает мысль,
И вянет, как цветок, решимость наша
В бесплодье умственного тупика,
Так погибают замыслы с размахом,
В начале обещавшие успех,
От долгих отлагательств. Но довольно!

Офелия! О радость! Помяни
Мои грехи в своих молитвах, нимфа.

Быть иль не быть? - вот в чем вопрос!
Что благородней для души - терпеть
Судьбы-обидчицы удары, стрелы
Иль, против моря бед вооружась,
Покончить с ними? Умереть, уснуть,
И все... И говорить, что сном покончил
С сердечной болью, с тысячью страданий,
Наследьем тела. Ведь конца такого
Как не желать нам? Умереть, уснуть,
Уснуть... И, может быть, увидеть сны...
Ах, в этом-то и дело все. Какие
Присниться сны нам могут в смертном сне,
Когда мы сбросим этот шум земной?
Вот здесь подумать надо... Оттого
У наших горестей так жизнь длинна.
Кто снес бы времени удары, глум?
И гнет господ? Насмешки наглецов?
Страдания отвергнутой любви?
Медлительность судов? И спесь властей?
Пинки, что терпеливый и достойный
От недостойных получает, - если
Покоя мог бы он достичь ножом
Простым? Кто стал бы этот груз тащить,
Потея и ворча под тяжкой жизнью?
Нет, ужас перед чем-то после смерти,
Та неоткрытая страна, откуда
К нам путешественник не возвращался,
Сбивает нашу волю, заставляет
Знакомые нам горести сносить
И не бежать от них к тем, что не знаем.
Так в трусов нас сознанье превращает,
И так природный цвет решенья меркнет,
Чуть ляжет на него тень бледной мысли,
И так дела высокой, смелой силы,
Остановившись на пути, теряют
Названье "действия". Но тише! Здесь
Прекрасная Офелия.

Входит Офелия.

Помяни
Мои грехи в своих молитвах, нимфа!

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore -
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door -

"'Tis some visiter", I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door -
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
Nameless _here_ for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir", said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely", said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou", I said,
"art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door -
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered - not a feather then
he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have
flown before -
On the morrow _he_ will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless", said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore -
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never - nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch", I cried, "thy God hath lent thee - by these
angels he hath sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost
Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still,
if bird or devil! -
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted -
On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I
implore -
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me -
tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird
or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that
God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting -
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above
my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

(1844-1849)

Ворон

Погруженный в скорбь немую
и усталый, в ночь глухую,
Раз, когда поник в дремоте
я над книгой одного
Из забытых миром знаний,
книгой полной обаяний, -
Стук донесся, стук нежданный
в двери дома моего:
"Это путник постучался
в двери дома моего,
Только путник -
больше ничего".

В декабре - я помню - было
это полночью унылой.
В очаге под пеплом угли
разгорались иногда.

Груды книг не утоляли
  ни на миг моей печали -
Об утраченной Леноре,
  той, чье имя навсегда -
В сонме ангелов - Ленора,
   той, чье имя навсегда
      В этом мире стерлось -
         без следа.

От дыханья ночи бурной
   занавески шелк пурпурный
Шелестел, и непонятный
   страх рождался от всего.
Думал, сердце успокою,
   все еще твердил порою:
"Это гость стучится робко
   в двери дома моего,
Запоздалый гость стучится
   в двери дома моего,
      Только гость -
         и больше ничего!"

И когда преодолело
   сердце страх, я молвил смело:
"Вы простите мне, обидеть
   не хотел я никого;
Я на миг уснул тревожно:
   слишком тихо, осторожно, -
Слишком тихо вы стучались
   в двери дома моего..."
И открыл тогда я настежь
   двери дома моего -
      Мрак ночной, -
         и больше ничего.

Все, что дух мой волновало,
   все, что снилось и смущало,
До сих пор не посещало
   в этом мире никого.
И ни голоса, ни знака -
   из таинственного мрака...
Вдруг "Ленора!" прозвучало
   близ жилища моего...
Сам шепнул я это имя,
   и проснулось от него
      Только эхо -
         больше ничего.

Но душа моя горела,
   притворил я дверь несмело.
Стук опять раздался громче;
   я подумал: "Ничего,
Это стук в окне случайный,
   никакой здесь нету тайны:
Посмотрю и успокою
   трепет сердца моего,
Успокою на мгновенье

трепет сердца моего.
Это ветер, -
больше ничего".

Я открыл окно, и странный
гость полночный, гость нежданный,
Ворон царственный влетает;
я привета от него
Не дождался. Но отважно, -
как хозяин, гордо, важно
Полетел он прямо к двери,
к двери дома моего,
И вспорхнул на бюст Паллады,
сел так тихо на него,
Тихо сел, -
и больше ничего.

Как ни грустно, как ни больно, -
улыбнулся я невольно
И сказал: "Твое коварство
победим мы без труда,
Но тебя, мой гость зловещий,
Ворон древний. Ворон вещий,
К нам с пределов вечной Ночи
прилетающий сюда,
Как зовут в стране, откуда
прилетаешь ты сюда?"
И ответил Ворон:
"Никогда".

Говорит так ясно птица,
не могу я надивиться.
Но казалось, что надежда
ей навек была чужда.
Тот не жди себе отрады,
в чьем дому на бюст Паллады
Сядет Ворон над дверями;
от несчастья никуда, -
Тот, кто Ворона увидел, -
не спасется никуда,
Ворона, чье имя:
"Никогда".

Говорил он это слово
так печально, так сурово,
Что, казалось, в нем всю душу
изливал; и вот, когда
Недвижим на изваяньи
он сидел в немом молчаньи,
Я шепнул: "Как счастье, дружба
улетели навсегда,
Улетит и эта птица
завтра утром навсегда".
И ответил Ворон:
"Никогда".

И сказал я, вздрогнув снова:

"Верно молвить это слово
Научил его хозяин
в дни тяжелые, когда
Он преследуем был Роком,
и в несчастье одиноком,
Вместо песни лебединой,
в эти долгие года
Для него был стон единый
в эти грустные года -
Никогда, - уж больше
никогда!"

Так я думал и невольно
улыбнулся, как ни больно.
Повернул тихонько кресло
к бюсту бледному, туда,
Где был Ворон, погрузился
в бархат кресел и забылся...
"Страшный Ворон, мой ужасный
гость, - подумал я тогда -
Страшный, древний Ворон, горе
возвещающий всегда,
Что же значит крик твой:
"Никогда"?

Угадать стараюсь тщетно;
смотрит Ворон безответно.
Свой горящий взор мне в сердце
заронил он навсегда.
И в раздумьи над загадкой,
я поник в дремоте сладкой
Головой на бархат, лампой
озаренный. Никогда
На лиловый бархат кресел,
как в счастливые года,
Ей уж не склоняться -
никогда!

И казалось мне: струило
дым незримое кадило,
Прилетели Серафимы,
шелестели иногда
Их шаги, как дуновенье:
"Это Бог мне шлет забвенье!
Пей же сладкое забвенье,
пей, чтоб в сердце навсегда
Об утраченной Леноре
стерлась память - навсегда!..
И сказал мне Ворон:
"Никогда".

"Я молю, пророк зловещий,
птица ты иль демон вещий,
Злой ли Дух тебя из Ночи,
или вихрь занес сюда
Из пустыни мертвой, вечной,
безнадежной, бесконечной, -

Будет ли, молю, скажи мне,
  будет ли хоть там, куда
Снизойдем мы после смерти, -
  сердцу отдых навсегда?"
    И ответил Ворон:
      "Никогда".

"Я молю, пророк зловещий,
  птица ты иль демон вещий,
Заклинаю небом. Богом,
  отвечай, в тот день, когда
Я Эдем увижу дальней,
  обниму ль душой печальной
Душу светлую Леноры,
  той, чье имя навсегда
В сонме ангелов - Ленора,
  лучезарной навсегда?"
    И ответил Ворон:
      "Никогда".

"Прочь! - воскликнул я, вставая,
  демон ты иль птица злая.
Прочь! - вернись в пределы Ночи,
  чтобы больше никогда
Ни одно из перьев черных,
  не напомнило позорных,
Лживых слов твоих! Оставь же
  бюст Паллады навсегда,
Из души моей твой образ
  я исторгну навсегда!"
    И ответил Ворон:
      "Никогда".

И сидит, сидит с тех пор он
  там, над дверью черный Ворон,
С бюста бледного Паллады
  не исчезнет никуда.
У него такие очи,
  как у Злого Духа ночи,
Сном объятого; и лампа
  тень бросает. Навсегда
К этой тени черной птицы
  пригвожденный навсегда, -
    Не воспрянет дух мой -
      никогда!

(1890)

Перевод Дм. Мережковского

Ворон

Как-то в полночь, в час угрюмый, полный тягостною думой,
Над старинными томами я склонялся в полусне,
Грезам странным отдавался, - вдруг неясный звук раздался,
Будто кто-то постучался - постучался в дверь ко мне.

"Это, верно, - прошептал я, - гость в полночной тишине,
Гость стучится в дверь ко мне".

Ясно помню... Ожиданье... Поздней осени рыданья...
И в камине очертанья тускло тлеющих углей...
О, как жаждал я рассвета, как я тщетно ждал ответа
На страданье без привета, на вопрос о ней, о ней -
О Леноре, что блистала ярче всех земных огней, -
О светиле прежних дней.

И завес пурпурных трепет издавал как будто лепет,
Трепет, лепет, наполнявший темным чувством сердце мне.
Непонятный страх смиряя, встал я с места, повторяя:
"Это только гость, блуждая, постучался в дверь ко мне,
Поздний гость приюта просит в полуночной тишине -
Гость стучится в дверь ко мне".

"Подавив свои сомненья, победивши спасенья,
Я сказал: "Не осудите замедленья моего!
Этой полночью ненастной я вздремнул, - и стук неясный
Слишком тих был, стук неясный, - и не слышал я его,
Я не слышал..." Тут раскрыл я дверь жилища моего:
Тьма - и больше ничего.

Взор застыл, во тьме стесненный, и стоял я изумленный,
Снам отдавшись, недоступным на земле ни для кого;
Но как прежде ночь молчала, тьма душе не отвечала,
Лишь - "Ленора!" - прозвучало имя солнца моего, -
Это я шепнул, и эхо повторило вновь его, -
Эхо - больше ничего.

Вновь я в комнату вернулся - обернулся - содрогнулся, -
Стук раздался, но слышнее, чем звучал он до того.
"Верно, что-нибудь сломилось, что-нибудь пошевелилось,
Там, за ставнями, забилось у окошка моего,
Это - ветер, - усмирю я трепет сердца моего, -
Ветер - больше ничего".

Я толкнул окно с решеткой, - тотчас важною походкой
Из-за ставней вышел Ворон, гордый Ворон старых дней,
Не склонился он учтиво, но, как лорд, вошел спесиво
И, взмахнув крылом лениво, в пышной важности своей
Он взлетел на бюст Паллады, что над дверью был моей,
Он взлетел - и сел над ней.

От печали я очнулся и невольно усмехнулся,
Видя важность этой птицы, жившей долгие года.
"Твой хохол ощипан славно, и глядишь ты презабавно, -
Я промолвил, - но скажи мне: в царстве тьмы, где ночь всегда,
Как ты звался, гордый Ворон, там, где ночь царит всегда?"
Молвил Ворон: "Никогда".

Птица ясно отвечала, и хоть смысла было мало.
Подивился я всем сердцем на ответ ее тогда.
Да и кто не подивится, кто с такой мечтой сроднится,
Кто поверить согласится, чтобы где-нибудь, когда -
Сел над дверью говорящий без запинки, без труда

Ворон с кличкой: "Никогда".

И взирая так сурово, лишь одно твердил он слово,
Точно всю он душу вылил в этом слове "Никогда",
И крылами не взмахнул он, и пером не шевельнул он, -
Я шепнул: "Друзья сокрылись вот уж многие года,
Завтра он меня покинет, как надежды, навсегда".
Ворон молвил: "Никогда".

Услыхав ответ удачный, вздрогнул я в тревоге мрачной.
"Верно, был он, - я подумал, - у того, чья жизнь - Беда,
У страдальца, чьи мученья возрастали, как теченье
Рек весной, чье отреченье от Надежды навсегда
В песне вылилось о счастьи, что, погибнув навсегда,
Вновь не вспыхнет никогда".

Но, от скорби отдыхая, улыбаясь и вздыхая,
Кресло я свое придвинул против Ворона тогда,
И, склонясь на бархат нежный, я фантазии безбрежной
Отдался душой мятежной: "Это - Ворон, Ворон, да.
Но о чем твердит зловещий этим черным "Никогда",
Страшным криком: "Никогда".

Я сидел, догадок полный и задумчиво-безмолвный,
Взоры птицы жгли мне сердце, как огнистая звезда,
И с печалью запоздалой головой своей усталой
Я прильнул к подушке алой, и подумал я тогда:
Я - один, на бархат алый - та, кого любил всегда,
Не прильнет уж никогда.

Но постой: вокруг темнеет, и как будто кто-то веет, -
То с кадильницей небесной серафим пришел сюда?
В миг неясный упоенья я вскричал: "Прости, мученье,
Это бог послал забвенье о Леноре навсегда, -
Пей, о, пей скорей забвенье о Леноре навсегда!"
Каркнул Ворон: "Никогда".

И вскричал я в скорби страстной: "Птица ты - иль дух ужасный,
Искусителем ли послан, иль грозой прибит сюда, -
Ты пророк неустрашимый! В край печальный, нелюдимый,
В край, Тоскою одержимый, ты пришел ко мне сюда!
О, скажи, найду ль забвенье, - я молю, скажи, когда?"
Каркнул Ворон: "Никогда".

"Ты пророк, - вскричал я, - вещий! "Птица ты - иль дух зловещий,
Этим небом, что над нами, - богом, скрытым навсегда, -
Заклинаю, умоляя, мне сказать - в пределах Рая
Мне откроется ль святая, что средь ангелов всегда,
Та, которую Ленорой в небесах зовут всегда?"
Каркнул Ворон: "Никогда".

И воскликнул я, вставая: "Прочь отсюда, птица злая!
Ты из царства тьмы и бури, - уходи опять туда,
Не хочу я лжи позорной, лжи, как эти перья, черной,
Удались же, дух упорный! Быть хочу - один всегда!
Вынь свой жесткий клюв из сердца моего, где скорбь - всегда!"
Каркнул Ворон: "Никогда".

И сидит, сидит зловещий Ворон черный, Ворон вещий,
С бюста бледного Паллады не умчится никуда.
Он глядит, уединенный, точно Демон полусонный,
Свет струится, тень ложится, - на полу дрожит всегда.
И душа моя из тени, что волнуется всегда.
Не восстанет - никогда!

(1894)

Перевод К. Бальмонта

Ворон

Как-то в полночь, в час унылый, я вникал, устав, без силы,
Меж томов старинных, в строки рассужденья одного
По отвергнутой науке и расслышал смутно звуки,
Вдруг у двери словно стуки - стук у входа моего.
"Это - гость,- пробормотал я, - там, у входа моего,
Гость, - и больше ничего!"

Ах! мне помнится так ясно: был декабрь и день ненастный,
Был как призрак - отсвет красный от камина моего.
Ждал зари я в нетерпенье, в книгах тщетно утешенье
Я искал в ту ночь мученья, - бденья ночь, без той, кого
Звали здесь Линор. То имя... Шепчут ангелы его,
На земле же - нет его.

Шелковистый и не резкий, шорох алой занавески
Мучил, полнил темным страхом, что не знал я до него.
Чтоб смирить в себе биенья сердца, долго в утешенье
Я твердил: "То - посещенье просто друга одного".
Повторял: "То - посещенье просто друга одного,
Друга, - больше ничего!"

Наконец, владея волей, я сказал, не медля боле:
"Сэр иль Мистрисс, извините, что молчал я до того.
Дело в том, что задремал я и не сразу расслыхал я,
Слабый стук не разобрал я, стук у входа моего".
Говоря, открыл я настежь двери дома моего.
Тьма, - и больше ничего.

И, смотря во мрак глубокий, долго ждал я, одинокий,
Полный грез, что ведать смертным не давалось до тою!
Все безмолвно было снова, тьма вокруг была сурова,
Раздалось одно лишь слово: шепчут ангелы его.
Я шепнул: "Линор" - и эхо повторило мне его,
Эхо, - больше ничего.

Лишь вернулся я несмело (вся душа во мне горела),
Вскоре вновь я стук расслышал, но ясней, чем до того.
Но сказал я: "Это ставней ветер зыблет своенравный,
Он и вызвал страх недавний, ветер, только и всего,
Будь спокойно, сердце! Это - ветер, только и всего.
Ветер, - больше ничего! "

Растворил свое окно я, и влетел во глубь покоя
Статный, древний Ворон, шумом крыльев славя торжество,
Поклониться не хотел он; не колеблясь, полетел он,
Словно лорд иль лэди, сел он, сел у входа моего,
Там, на белый бюст Паллады, сел у входа моего,
    Сел, - и больше ничего.

Я с улыбкой мог дивиться, как эбеновая птица,
В строгой важности - сурова и горда была тогда.
"Ты, - сказал я, - лыс и черен, но не робок и упорен,
Древний, мрачный Ворон, странник с берегов, где ночь всегда!
Как же царственно ты прозван у Плутона?" Он тогда
    Каркнул: "Больше никогда!"

Птица ясно прокричала, изумив меня сначала.
Было в крике смысла мало, и слова не шли сюда.
Но не всем благословенье было - ведать посещенье
Птицы, что над входом сядет, величава и горда,
Что на белом бюсте сядет, чернокрыла и горда,
   С кличкой "Больше никогда!".

Одинокий, Ворон черный, сев на бюст, бросал, упорный,
Лишь два слова, словно душу вылил в них он навсегда.
Их твердя, он словно стынул, ни одним пером не двинул,
Наконец я птице кинул: "Раньше скрылись без следа
Все друзья; ты завтра сгинешь безнадежно!.." Он тогда
   Каркнул: "Больше никогда!"

Вздрогнул я, в волненье мрачном, при ответе стол
"Это - все, - сказал я, - видно, что он знает, жив го,
С бедняком, кого терзали беспощадные печали,
Гнали вдаль и дальше гнали неудачи и нужда.
К песням скорби о надеждах лишь один припев нужда
   Знала: больше никогда!"

Я с улыбкой мог дивиться, как глядит мне в душу птица
Быстро кресло подкатил я против птицы, сел туда:
Прижимаясь к мягкой ткани, развивал я цепь мечтаний
Сны за снами; как в тумане, думал я: "Он жил года,
Что ж пророчит, вещий, тощий, живший в старые года,
   Криком: больше никогда?"

Это думал я с тревогой, но не смел шепнуть ни слога
Птице, чьи глаза палили сердце мне огнем тогда.
Это думал и иное, прислонясь челом в покое
К бархату; мы, прежде, двое так сидели иногда...
Ах! при лампе не склоняться ей на бархат иногда
   Больше, больше никогда!

И, казалось, клубы дыма льет курильница незримо,
Шаг чуть слышен серафима, с ней вошедшего сюда.
"Бедный!- я вскричал,- то богом послан отдых всем тревогам,
Отдых, мир! чтоб хоть немного ты вкусил забвенье, - да?
Пей! о, пей тот сладкий отдых! позабудь Линор, - о, да?"
   Ворон: "Больше никогда!"

"Вещий, - я вскричал, - зачем он прибыл, птица или демон

Искусителем ли послан, бурей пригнан ли сюда?
Я не пал, хоть полн уныний! В этой заклятой пустыне,
Здесь, где правит ужас ныне, отвечай, молю, когда
В Галааде мир найду я? обрету бальзам когда?"
Ворон: "Больше никогда!"

"Вещий, - я вскричал, - зачем он прибыл, птица или д
Ради неба, что над нами, часа Страшного суда,
Отвечай душе печальной: я в раю, в отчизне дальней,
Встречу ль образ идеальный, что меж ангелов всегда?
Ту мою Линор, чье имя шепчут ангелы всегда?"
Ворон; "Больше никогда!"

"Это слово - знак разлуки! - крикнул я, ломая руки. -
Возвратись в края, где мрачно плещет Стиксова вода!
Не оставь здесь перьев черных, как следов от слов позорны?
Не хочу друзей тлетворных! С бюста - прочь, и навсегда!
Прочь - из сердца клюв, и с двери - прочь виденье навсегда!
Ворон: "Больше никогда!"

И, как будто с бюстом слит он, все сидит он, все сидит он,
Там, над входом, Ворон черный с белым бюстом слит всегда.
Светом лампы озаренный, смотрит, словно демон сонный.
Тень ложится удлиненно, на полу лежит года, -
И душе не встать из тени, пусть идут, идут года, -
Знаю, - больше никогда!

(1905-1924)

Перевод В. Брюсова

Ворон

Полночь мраком прирастала; одинокий и усталый
Я бродил по следу тайны древних, но бессмертных слов.
Усыпляя, плыли строки; вдруг раздался стук негромкий,
Словно кто-то скребся робко в дверь моих волшебных снов.
"Странник, - вздрогнув, я подумал, - нарушает сладость снов,
Странник, только и всего".

О, я помню, дело было в декабре унылом, стылом,
И камин ворчал без силы, уступая теням спор.
Страстно жаждал я рассвета, - тщетно проискав ответов,
Утешений в книгах ветхих - по потерянной Ленор,
По прекраснейшей из смертных с чудным именем Ленор,
Чей был смертный час так скор.

Шорох шелковой портьеры, вкрадчивый, глухой, неверный,
Теребил, тянул мне нервы, ужас полнил существо,
Так что, страхи отгоняя, я твердил как заклинанье:
"О ночлеге просит странник у порога моего,
О ночлеге молит странник у порога моего,
Странник, только и всего".

Вскоре, мужества исполнясь, я шагнул как в омут в полночь:

"Сэр... мадам... - не знаю, кто вы - не ищите строгих слов:
Я в дремоте был печальной, и так тихо вы стучали,
Вы столь слабо постучали в двери дома моего,
Что, я думал, показалось..." - распахнул я дверь рывком -
Темнота и... - ничего.

В тьму недвижным впившись взглядом, замер я; и будто рядом
Ангел снов и страхов ада черное крыло простер.
Тишина была полнейшей, темнота была кромешной,
И лишь призрак звука нежный шепот доносил: "Ленор!"
Это я шептал, и эхо возвращало мне: "Ленор!" -
Эха бесполезный сор.

В комнату вернувшись грустно, без надежд, в смятенных чувствах,
Я услышал те же стуки, - чуть ясней, чем до того.
Я подумал: "Да ведь это у окна скребется ветер;
Гляну - и в одно мгновенье будет все объяснено,
Сердце стоит успокоить - будет все объяснено...
Ветер - только и всего!"

Но едва открыл я ставню, как на свет, с вальяжной статью
Благородной древней знати, ворон выступил из тьмы.
Не смущаясь ни секунды, извинений, даже скудных,
Предъявить и не подумав, он уселся над дверьми -
Как на трон, на бюст Паллады взгромоздился над дверьми -
Наяву взирать на сны.

Видя гордое величье, видя, как смешно напыщен
Этот лорд из рода птичьих, скрыть улыбку я не смог.
"Ты, хоть временем потрепан, но уж, верно, не из робких;
Так скажи: на тех дорогах, что ты в жизни превозмог, -
Звали как тебя в том аде, что ты в жизни превозмог?"
Каркнул ворон: "Nevermore".

Сей бесхитростною речью, сколь скупой, столь человечьей,
Удивленный бесконечно, я воззрился на него;
Потому как, согласитесь, смертным раньше и не снилось,
Чтобы птицы громоздились над порогами домов,
Чтоб на бюсты громоздились над порогами домов -
Птицы с кличкой "Nevermore".

Ну а ворон, в грусти словно, молвил только это слово,
Будто в этом самом слове вся душа была его.
И замолк, перо не дрогнет; из меня же слабый, робкий
Выдох вырвался негромкий: "Я друзей сберечь не мог, -
Так и он к утру исчезнет, как надежды до него".
Рек здесь ворон: "Nevermore".

Звук в ночи таким был резким, так пугающе уместным,
Что я дернулся с ним вместе, под собой не чуя ног.
"Но, конечно, - бормотал я, - это весь запас словарный,
Что какой-то бедный малый заучить ему помог,
Хороня свои надежды и кляня тяжелый рок
Бесконечным "Nevermore".

Ворон все же был забавен, и, чтоб грусть свою разбавить,
Я, дела свои оставив, кресло выкатил вперед;

В нем усевшись поудобней перед бюстом с птицей гордой,
Разрешить решил я твердо, что имел в виду сей лорд,
Что имел в виду сей мрачный, старый, мудрый птичий лорд,
Говоря мне "Nevermore".

Так сидел я отрешенно, в мир догадок погруженный,
Ну а ворон взглядом жег мне, словно пламенем, нутро;
Головой клонясь устало на подушки бархат алый,
Вдруг с тоскою осознал я, что склониться головой -
Что на этот алый бархат лишь склониться головой
Ей нельзя, о - nevermore!

Вдруг как будто сладость дыма от незримого кадила
Воздух в комнате сгустила, ангельский донесся хор.
"Глупый! - я вскричал. - Бог, видя, как горьки твои обиды,
С ангелами шлет напиток для забвения Ленор!
Пей же снадобье, пей жадно и забудь свою Ленор!"
Каркнул ворон: "Nevermore".

"О, вещун - пусть злой, все ж вещий! - птица ль ты, иль зла приспешник! -
Послан ли ты силой грешной, иль тебя низвергнул шторм -
Сквозь безмолвье светлых далей, через брег, где волны спали,
В этот дом, юдоль печали, - говори: до сих ли пор
Есть дарующий забвенье сладкий сон средь вечных гор?"
Каркнул ворон: "Nevermore".

"О, вещун - пусть злой, все ж вещий! - птица ль ты, иль зла приспешник!
Заклинаю Небесами, Богом, чей так мил нам взор:
Сей душе, больной от скорби, дай надежду встречи скорой -
Душ слияния с Ленорой, с незабвенною Ленор,
С той прекраснейшей из смертных, смертный час чей был так скор".
Каркнул ворон: "Nevermore".

"Будь ты птица или дьявол! - этим словом ты доставил
Сердцу многая печали! - так закончим разговор!
Убирайся в ночь, обратно! Прочь лети, в объятья ада!
Там, наверно, будут рады лжи, что молвил ты как вор!
Прочь из жизни, сердца, дома! Растворись в ночи как вор!"
Ворон каркнул: "Nevermore".

До сих пор во тьме сердито все сидит он, все сидит он
Над моей мечтой разбитой, в сердце дома моего;
Черный огнь меж век струится, будто демон в нем таится,
Да и тень зловещей птицы в пол вросла уже давно;
И душе моей от этой черной тени не дано
Оторваться - nevermore!

Перевод Геннадия Аминова.

Александр Милитарев 2003
Ворон
Как-то ночью в полудреме я сидел в пустынном доме
над престранным изреченьем инкунабулы одной,
головой клонясь все ниже… Вдруг сквозь сон – все ближе, ближе
то ли скрип в оконной нише, то ли скрежет за стеной.
"Кто, – пробормотал я, – бродит там в потемках за стеной,
в этот поздний час ночной?"

Помню, в полночь это было: за окном декабрь унылый,
на ковре узор чертило углей тлеющих пятно.
Я не мог уснуть и в чтеньи от любви искал забвенья,
от тоски по той, чье имя света горнего полно,
по Лино, по той, чье имя в небесах наречено,
той, что нет давным-давно.

А шелков чуть слышный шорох, шепоток в багровых шторах
обволакивал мне душу смутных страхов пеленой!
И, глуша сердцебиенье, я решил без промедленья
дверь открыть в свои владенья тем, кто в поздний час ночной
ищут крова и спасенья в этот поздний час ночной
от стихии ледяной.

Быстро подойдя к порогу, вслух сказал я: "Ради Бога,
сэр или мадам, простите – сам не знаю, что со мной!
Я давно оставлен всеми… вы пришли в такое время…
стука в дверь не ждал совсем я – слишком свыкся с тишиной".
Так сказав, я дверь наружу распахнул – передо мной
мрак, один лишь мрак ночной.

В дом с крыльца скользнул я тенью, от себя гоня в смятеньи
то, что даже в сновиденьи смертным видеть не дано.
А когда замкнулся снова круг безмолвия ночного,
в тишине возникло слово, тихий вздох: "Лино… Лино…".
Но услышал лишь себя я – эхо, мне шепнув "Лино…",
смолкло, вдаль унесено.

Только дверь за мной закрылась (о, как гулко сердце билось!),
вновь усиленный молчаньем, оттененный тишиной
тот же звук раздался где-то. "Что ж, – подумал я, – раз нету
никого там, значит, это ветер воет за стеной.
Просто ветер, налетая из зимы, из тьмы ночной
бьется в ставни за стеной".

Настежь тут окно раскрыл я. Вдруг зашелестели крылья
и угрюмый черный ворон, вестник древности земной,
без поклона шагом твердым в дом вошел походкой лорда,
взмах крылом – и замер гордо он на притолоке дверной,
сел на белый бюст Паллады – там, на притолоке дверной,
сел – и замер надо мной.

От испуга я очнулся и невольно улыбнулся:
так был чопорен и важен, так вздымал он гордо грудь!
"Хоть хохол твой и приглажен, – я заметил, – но отважен
должен быть ты, ибо страшен из Страны Забвенья путь.
Как же звать тебя, о Ворон, через Стикс державший путь?"
Каркнул ворон: "неверррнуть!".

Что ж, не мог не подивиться я руладе глупой птицы:
хоть ответ и не был связным, к месту не был он ничуть,
никогда б я не поверил, чтобы в комнате над дверью
видел этакого зверя кто-нибудь когда-нибудь -
чтоб на мраморной Палладе обнаружил кто-нибудь
тварь по кличке "Неверррнуть".

Но издав свой хрип бредовый, ворон вдаль глядел сурово,
как певец, когда сорвется с вещих струн последний звук.
Так сидел он, тень немая, черных крыл не подымая,
и вздохнул я: "Понимаю: ты пришел ко мне как друг,
но тому, чей дом – могила, ни друзей уж, ни подруг…"
"Не вернуть!" – он каркнул вдруг.

Вздрогнул я слегка: ведь тут-то в точку он попал как будто!
Но решил: "Припев унылый – все, что слышать ты привык
в чьем-то доме, на который Фатум, на расправу скорый,
натравил несчастий свору, и убогий твой язык
в этой скорбной партитуре лишь один мотив постиг:
не вернуть! – тоскливый крик".

Усмехнулся я украдкой, так легко найдя разгадку
этой тайны, и уселся в кресло, чтоб слегка вздремнуть…
Но взвилась фантазмов стая вкруг меня! И в хриплом грае,
в дерзком, мерзком этом грае все искал я смысл и суть.
В том зловещем кличе птичьем все хотел постичь я суть
приговора "не вернуть!".

Так сидел я без движенья, погруженный в размышленья
перед птицей, что горящим взором мне сверлила грудь.
Передумал я немало, головой склонясь устало
на подушек бархат алый, алый бархат, лампой чуть
освещенный – на который ту, к кому заказан путь,
никогда уж не вернуть.

Вдруг пролился в воздух спальни аромат курильниц дальних,
вниз, во тьму, с высот астральных заструился светлый путь,
и незримых хоров пенье слышу я: "Во исцеленье
Небо шлет тебе забвенье – так забудь ее…забудь…
пей же, пей вино забвенья, и покой вернется в грудь…"
Тут он каркнул: "не вернуть!"

"Кто ты? – крикнул я с досадой – дух? пророк? исчадье ада?
искусителя посланник? или странник в море бед,
черным вихрем занесенный в этот край опустошенный,
в дом мой скорбный и сметенный? Но скажи мне: разве нет,
нет бальзама в Галааде, чтоб вернуть слепому свет?".
"Не вернуть" – пришел ответ.

"Птица, дьявол ты, не знаю, – я вскричал, – но заклинаю
этим небом, горним светом, указующим нам путь:
напророчь мне, гость незванный, что в земле обетованной
сможет вновь к Лино желанной сердце бедное прильнуть
и вернуть тот свет блаженный хоть на миг… когда-нибудь…".
Каркнул ворон: "Не вернуть".

Тут я встал: "Твое признанье принял я – как знак прощанья.
Уходи же, кто б ты ни был – в бурю, в ад, куда-нибудь!
черных перьев не дари мне! лживых слов не говори мне!
одиночество верни мне! с бюста – вон, в недобрый путь!
И из сердца клюв свой вырви, чтобы жизнь вернулась в грудь".
Каркнул ворон "Не вернуть".

И с тех пор сидит упорно надо мною ворон черный,

и под странным этим взором не проснуться, не уснуть.
И в глазах у древней птицы демон дремлющий таится,
и от крыльев тень ложится на полу, дрожа чуть-чуть…
И души из этой тени, что легла плитой на грудь,
не поднять – и не вернуть.

ACT I

Covent Garden at 11.15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily.

The church clock strikes the first quarter.

THE DAUGHTER [in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left] I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER [on her daughter's right] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER [on the lady's right] He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER. Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER. If Freddy had a bit of gumption, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER. What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER. Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet around the ankles.

THE DAUGHTER. Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY. There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER. Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER. It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY. I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER. Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER. Did you try?

FREDDY. I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER. You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER. You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY. I shall simply get soaked for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER. And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on. You selfish pig—

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder, orchestrates the incident]

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

FREDDY. Sorry [he rushes off].

THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket] There's menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad. [She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: its mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist].

THE MOTHER. How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?
THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy atbaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? [Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.]
THE DAUGHTER. Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!
THE MOTHER. Please allow me, Clara. Have you any pennies?
THE DAUGHTER. No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.
THE FLOWER GIRL [hopefully] I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.
THE MOTHER [to Clara] Give it to me. [Clara parts reluctantly]. Now [to the girl] This is for your flowers.
THE FLOWER GIRL. Thank you kindly, lady.
THE DAUGHTER. Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a bunch.
THE MOTHER. Do hold your tongue, Clara. [To the girl]. You can keep the change.
THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, thank you, lady.
THE MOTHER. Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.
THE FLOWER GIRL. I didn't.
THE MOTHER. I heard you call him by it. Don't try to deceive me.
THE FLOWER GIRL [protesting] Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. [She sits down beside her basket].
THE DAUGHTER. Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma, you might have spared Freddy that. [She retreats in disgust behind the pillar].
An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same plight as Freddy, very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light overcoat. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter's retirement.
THE GENTLEMAN. Phew!
THE MOTHER [to the gentleman] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?
THE GENTLEMAN. I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago. [He goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends].
THE MOTHER. Oh, dear! [She retires sadly and joins her daughter].
THE FLOWER GIRL [taking advantage of the military gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him]. If it's worse it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.
THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry, I haven't any change.
THE FLOWER GIRL. I can give you change, Captain,
THE GENTLEMEN. For a sovereign? I've nothing less.
THE FLOWER GIRL. Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.
THE GENTLEMAN. Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [Trying his pockets] I really haven't any change—Stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you [he retreats to the other pillar].
THE FLOWER GIRL [disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing] Thank you, sir.
THE BYSTANDER [to the girl] You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [All turn to the man who is taking notes].
THE FLOWER GIRL [springing up terrified] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. [Hysterically] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. [General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of Don't start hollerin. Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you. What's the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy, easy, etc., come from the elderly staid spectators, who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer: What's the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there: Took money off the gentleman, etc. The flower girl, distraught and mobbed, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying mildly] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They—

THE NOTE TAKER [coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him] There, there, there, there! Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?
THE BYSTANDER. It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. [Explaining to the note taker] She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.
THE NOTE TAKER [with quick interest] What's a copper's nark?
THE BYSTANDER [inept at definition] It's a—well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.
THE FLOWER GIRL [still hysterical] I take my Bible oath I never said a word—
THE NOTE TAKER [overbearing but good-humored] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?
THE FLOWER GIRL [far from reassured] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you've wrote about me. [The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man]. What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.
THE NOTE TAKER. I can. [Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly] "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' haw ya flahr orf a pore gel."
THE FLOWER GIRL [much distressed] It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [To the gentleman] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You—
THE GENTLEMAN. Charge! I make no charge. [To the note taker] Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.
THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY [demonstrating against police espionage] Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being insulted, etc., etc., etc. [She is conducted by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion].
THE BYSTANDER. He ain't a tec. He's a blooming busybody: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his boots.
THE NOTE TAKER [turning on him genially] And how are all your people down at Selsey?
THE BYSTANDER [suspiciously] Who told you my people come from Selsey?
THE NOTE TAKER. Never you mind. They did. [To the girl] How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.
THE FLOWER GIRL [appalled] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. [In tears] Oh, boo—hoo—oo—
THE NOTE TAKER. Live where you like; but stop that noise.
THE GENTLEMAN [to the girl] Come, come! he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.
A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman] Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.
THE FLOWER GIRL [subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low-spiritedly to herself] I'm a good girl, I am.
THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [not attending to her] Do you know where *I* come from?
THE NOTE TAKER [promptly] Hoxton.
Titterings. Popular interest in the note taker's performance increases.
THE SARCASTIC ONE [amazed] Well, who said I didn't? Bly me! You know everything, you do.
THE FLOWER GIRL [still nursing her sense of injury] Ain't no call to meddle with me, he ain't.
THE BYSTANDER [to her] Of course he ain't. Don't you stand it from him. [To the note taker] See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you? Where's your warrant?
SEVERAL BYSTANDERS [encouraged by this seeming point of law] Yes: where's your warrant?
THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him say what he likes. I don't want to have no truck with him.
THE BYSTANDER. You take us for dirt under your feet, don't you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!
THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. Yes: tell HIM where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.
THE NOTE TAKER. Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.
THE GENTLEMAN. Quite right. [Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's favor. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? etc.]. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?
THE NOTE TAKER. I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.
THE FLOWER GIRL [resenting the reaction] He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.
THE DAUGHTER [out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the pillar] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this draught any longer.
THE NOTE TAKER [to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"] Earlscourt.
THE DAUGHTER [violently] Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself?
THE NOTE TAKER. Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakeably.
THE MOTHER [advancing between her daughter and the note taker] How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park, near Epsom.
THE NOTE TAKER [uproariously amused] Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. [To the daughter] You want a cab, do you?
THE DAUGHTER. Don't dare speak to me.
THE MOTHER. Oh, please, please Clara. [Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily.] We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. [The note taker produces a whistle]. Oh, thank you. [She joins her daughter]. The note taker blows a piercing blast.
THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. There! I knowed he was a plain-clothes copper.
THE BYSTANDER. That ain't a police whistle: that's a sporting whistle.
THE FLOWER GIRL [still preoccupied with her wounded feelings] He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.
THE NOTE TAKER. I don't know whether you've noticed it; but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.
THE BYSTANDER. So it has. Why didn't you say so before? and us losing our time listening to your silliness. [He walks off towards the Strand].
THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. I can tell where you come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.
THE NOTE TAKER [helpfully] *H*anwell.
THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [affecting great distinction of speech] Thenk you, teacher. Haw haw! So long [he touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off].
THE FLOWER GIRL. Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself.
THE MOTHER. It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor bus. Come. [She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand].
THE DAUGHTER. But the cab—[her mother is out of hearing]. Oh, how tiresome! [She follows angrily].
All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.
THE FLOWER GIRL. Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worrited and chivied.
THE GENTLEMAN [returning to his former place on the note taker's left] How do you do it, if I may ask?
THE NOTE TAKER. Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession; also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.
THE FLOWER GIRL. Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!
THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?
THE NOTE TAKER. Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with 80 pounds a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them—
THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl—
THE NOTE TAKER [explosively] Woman: cease this detestable boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.
THE FLOWER GIRL [with feeble defiance] I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.
THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere—no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespear and Milton and The Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL [quite overwhelmed, and looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—oo!
THE NOTE TAKER [whipping out his book] Heavens! what a sound! [He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly] Ah—ah—ah—ow—ow—ow—oo!
THE FLOWER GIRL [tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself] Garn!
THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics, and a little as a poet on Miltonic lines.
THE GENTLEMAN. I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and—
THE NOTE TAKER [eagerly] Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?
THE GENTLEMAN. I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?
THE NOTE TAKER. Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.
PICKERING [with enthusiasm] I came from India to meet you.
HIGGINS. I was going to India to meet you.
PICKERING. Where do you live?
HIGGINS. 27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.
PICKERING. I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some supper.
HIGGINS. Right you are.
THE FLOWER GIRL [to Pickering, as he passes her] Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging.
PICKERING. I really haven't any change. I'm sorry [he goes away].
HIGGINS [shocked at girl's mendacity] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.
THE FLOWER GIRL [rising in desperation] You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. [Flinging the basket at his feet] Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.
The church clock strikes the second quarter.
HIGGINS [hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl] A reminder. [He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering].
THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up a half-crown] Ah—ow—ooh! [Picking up a couple of florins] Aaah—ow—ooh! [Picking up several coins] Aaaaaah—ow—ooh! [Picking up a half-sovereign] Aasaaaaaaaaah—ow—ooh!!!
FREDDY [springing out of a taxicab] Got one at last. Hallo! [To the girl] Where are the two ladies that were here?
THE FLOWER GIRL. They walked to the bus when the rain stopped.
FREDDY. And left me with a cab on my hands. Damnation!
THE FLOWER GIRL [with grandeur] Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. [She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shows him her handful of money]. Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. [He grins and opens the door]. Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's oil shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop it. [She gets in and pulls the door to with a slam as the taxicab starts].
FREDDY. Well, I'm dashed!

Bliss

ALTHOUGH Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at--nothing--at nothing, simply.
What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly by a feeling of bliss--absolute bliss!--as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? . . .
Oh, is there no way you can express it without being "drunk and disorderly" ? How idiotic civilisation is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

"No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean," she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key--she'd forgotten it, as usual--and rattling the letter-box. "It's not what I mean, because--Thank you, Mary"--she went into the hall. "Is nurse back?"
"Yes, M'm."
"And has the fruit come?"
"Yes, M'm. Everything's come."
"Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs."
It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.
But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place--that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror--but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something . . . divine to happen . . . that she knew must happen . . . infallibly.
Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.
"Shall I turn on the light, M'm?"
"No, thank you. I can see quite well."
There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: "I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table." And it had seemed quite sense at the time.
When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect--and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course, in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful. . . . She began to laugh.
"No, no. I'm getting hysterical." And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.
Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.
"Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl," said nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.
"Has she been good, Nanny?"
"She's been a little sweet all the afternoon," whispered Nanny. "We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her."
Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn't rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog's ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich girl with the doll.
The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn't help crying: "Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her her supper while you put the bath things away.
"Well, M'm, she oughtn't to be changed hands while she's eating," said Nanny, still whispering. "It unsettles her; it's very likely to upset her."
How absurd it was. Why have a baby if it has to be kept--not in a case like a rare, rare fiddle--but in another woman's arms?
"Oh, I must!" said she.
Very offended, Nanny handed her over.
"Now, don't excite her after her supper. You know you do, M'm. And I have such a time with her after!"
Thank heaven! Nanny went out of the room with the bath towels.
"Now I've got you to myself, my little precious," said Bertha, as the baby leaned against her.
She ate delightfully, holding up her lips for the spoon and then waving her hands. Sometimes she wouldn't let the spoon go; and sometimes, just as Bertha had filled it, she waved it away to the four winds.
When the soup was finished Bertha turned round to the fire. "You're nice--you're very nice!" said she, kissing her warm baby. "I'm fond of you. I like you."

And indeed, she loved Little B so much--her neck as she bent forward, her exquisite toes as they shone transparent in the firelight--that all her feeling of bliss came back again, and again she didn't know how to express it--what to do with it.
"You're wanted on the telephone," said Nanny, coming back in triumph and seizing her Little B.
Down she flew. It was Harry.
"Oh, is that you, Ber? Look here. I'll be late. I'll take a taxi and come along as quickly as I can, but get dinner put back ten minutes--will you? All right?"
"Yes, perfectly. Oh, Harry!"
"Yes?"
What had she to say? She'd nothing to say. She only wanted to get in touch with him for a moment. She couldn't absurdly cry: "Hasn't it been a divine day!"
"What is it?" rapped out the little voice.
"Nothing. Entendu," said Bertha, and hung up the receiver, thinking how much more than idiotic civilisation was.
They had people coming to dinner. The Norman Knights--a very sound couple--he was about to start a theatre, and she was awfully keen on interior decoration, a young man, Eddie Warren, who had just published a little book of poems and whom everybody was asking to dine, and a "find" of Bertha's called Pearl Fulton. What Miss Fulton did, Bertha didn't know. They had met at the club and Bertha had fallen in love with her, as she always did fall in love with beautiful women who had something strange about them.
The provoking thing was that, though they had been about together and met a number of times and really talked, Bertha couldn't make her out. Up to a certain point Miss Fulton was rarely, wonderfully frank, but the certain point was there, and beyond that she would not go.
Was there anything beyond it? Harry said "No." Voted her dullish, and "cold like all blonde women, with a touch, perhaps, of anaemia of the brain." But Bertha wouldn't agree with him; not yet, at any rate.
"No, the way she has of sitting with her head a little on one side, and smiling, has something behind it, Harry, and I must find out what that something is."
"Most likely it's a good stomach," answered Harry.
He made a point of catching Bertha's heels with replies of that kind . . . "liver frozen, my dear girl," or "pure flatulence," or "kidney disease," . . . and so on. For some strange reason Bertha liked this, and almost admired it in him very much.
She went into the drawing-room and lighted the fire; then, picking up the cushions, one by one, that Mary had disposed so carefully, she threw them back on to the chairs and the couches. That made all the difference; the room came alive at once. As she was about to throw the last one she surprised herself by suddenly hugging it to her, passionately, passionately. But it did not put out the fire in her bosom. Oh, on the contrary!
The windows of the drawing-room opened on to a balcony overlooking the garden. At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. Bertha couldn't help feeling, even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal. Down below, in the garden beds, the red and yellow tulips, heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. A grey cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. The sight of them, so intent and so quick, gave Bertha a curious shiver.
"What creepy things cats are!" she stammered, and she turned away from the window and began walking up and down. . . .
How strong the jonquils smelled in the warm room. Too strong? Oh, no. And yet, as though overcome, she flung down on a couch and pressed her hands to her eyes.
"I'm too happy--too happy!" she murmured.
And she seemed to see on her eyelids the lovely pear tree with its wide open blossoms as a symbol of her own life.
Really--really--she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They didn't have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends--modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions--just the kind of friends they wanted. And then there were books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes. . . .
"I'm absurd. Absurd!" She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite drunk. It must have been the spring.

Yes, it was the spring. Now she was so tired she could not drag herself upstairs to dress.
A white dress, a string of jade beads, green shoes and stockings. It wasn't intentional. She had thought of this scheme hours before she stood at the drawing-room window.
Her petals rustled softly into the hall, and she kissed Mrs. Norman Knight, who was taking off the most amusing orange coat with a procession of black monkeys round the hem and up the fronts.
" . . . Why! Why! Why is the middle-class so stodgy--so utterly without a sense of humour! My dear, it's only by a fluke that I am here at all--Norman being the protective fluke. For my darling monkeys so upset the train that it rose to a man and simply ate me with its eyes. Didn't laugh--wasn't amused--that I should have loved. No, just stared--and bored me through and through."
"But the cream of it was," said Norman, pressing a large tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle into his eye, "you don't mind me telling this, Face, do you?" (In their home and among their friends they called each other Face and Mug.) "The cream of it was when she, being full fed, turned to the woman beside her and said: 'Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?'"
"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Norman Knight joined in the laughter. "Wasn't that too absolutely creamy?"
And a funnier thing still was that now her coat was off she did look like a very intelligent monkey-- who had even made that yellow silk dress out of scraped banana skins. And her amber ear-rings: they were like little dangling nuts.
"This is a sad, sad fall!" said Mug, pausing in front of Little B's perambulator. "When the perambulator comes into the hall--" and he waved the rest of the quotation away.
The bell rang. It was lean, pale Eddie Warren (as usual) in a state of acute distress.
"It is the right house, isn't it?" he pleaded.
"Oh, I think so--I hope so," said Bertha brightly.
"I have had such a dreadful experience with a taxi-man; he was most sinister. I couldn't get him to stop. The more I knocked and called the faster he went. And in the moonlight this bizarre figure with the flattened head crouching over the lit-tle wheel . . . "
He shuddered, taking off an immense white silk scarf. Bertha noticed that his socks were white, too--most charming.
"But how dreadful!" she cried.
"Yes, it really was," said Eddie, following her into the drawing-room. "I saw myself driving through Eternity in a timeless taxi."
He knew the Norman Knights. In fact, he was going to write a play for N.K. when the theatre scheme came off.
"Well, Warren, how's the play?" said Norman Knight, dropping his monocle and giving his eye a moment in which to rise to the surface before it was screwed down again.
And Mrs. Norman Knight: "Oh, Mr. Warren, what happy socks?"
"I am so glad you like them," said he, staring at his feet. "They seem to have got so much whiter since the moon rose." And he turned his lean sorrowful young face to Bertha. "There is a moon, you know."
She wanted to cry: "I am sure there is--often--often!"
He really was a most attractive person. But so was Face, crouched before the fire in her banana skins, and so was Mug, smoking a cigarette and saying as he flicked the ash: "Why doth the bridegroom tarry?"
"There he is, now."
Bang went the front door open and shut. Harry shouted: "Hullo, you people. Down in five minutes." And they heard him swarm up the stairs. Bertha couldn't help smiling; she knew how he loved doing things at high pressure. What, after all, did an extra five minutes matter? But he would pretend to himself that they mattered beyond measure. And then he would make a great point of coming into the drawing-room, extravagantly cool and collected.
Harry had such a zest for life. Oh, how she appreciated it in him. And his passion for fighting--for seeking in everything that came up against him another test of his power and of his courage--that, too, she understood. Even when it made him just occasionally, to other people, who didn't know him well, a little ridiculous perhaps. . . . For there were moments when he rushed into battle where no battle was. . . . She talked and laughed and positively forgot until he had come in (just as she had imagined) that Pearl Fulton had not turned up.
"I wonder if Miss Fulton has forgotten?"
"I expect so," said Harry. "Is she on the 'phone?"
"Ah! There's a taxi, now." And Bertha smiled with that little air of proprietorship that she always assumed while her women finds were new and mysterious. "She lives in taxis."

"She'll run to fat if she does," said Harry coolly, ringing the bell for dinner. "Frightful danger for blonde women."
"Harry--don't!" warned Bertha, laughing up at him.
Came another tiny moment, while they waited, laughing and talking, just a trifle too much at their ease, a trifle too unaware. And then Miss Fulton, all in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blonde hair, came in smiling, her head a little on one side.
"Am I late?"
"No, not at all," said Bertha. "Come along." And she took her arm and they moved into the dining-room. What was there in the touch of that cool arm that could fan--fan--start blazing--blazing--the fire of bliss that Bertha did not know what to do with?
Miss Fulton did not look at her; but then she seldom did look at people directly. Her heavy eyelids lay upon her eyes and the strange half-smile came and went upon her lips as though she lived by listening rather than seeing. But Bertha knew, suddenly, as if the longest, most intimate look had passed between them--as if they had said to each other: "You too?"--that Pearl Fulton, stirring the beautiful red soup in the grey plate, was feeling just what she was feeling.
And the others? Face and Mug, Eddie and Harry, their spoons rising and falling--dabbing their lips with their napkins, crumbling bread, fiddling with the forks and glasses and talking.
"I met her at the Alpha show--the weirdest little person. She'd not only cut off her hair, but she seemed to have taken a dreadfully good snip off her legs and arms and her neck and her poor little nose as well."
"Isn't she very liée with Michael Oat?"
"The man who wrote Love in False Teeth? "
"He wants to write a play for me. One act. One man. Decides to commit suicide. Gives all the reasons why he should and why he shouldn't. And just as he has made up his mind either to do it or not to do it--curtain. Not half a bad idea."
"What's he going to call it--'Stomach Trouble' ?"
"I think I've come across the same idea in a lit-tle French review, quite unknown in England."
No, they didn't share it. They were dears--dears--and she loved having them there, at her table, and giving them delicious food and wine. In fact, she longed to tell them how delightful they were, and what a decorative group they made, how they seemed to set one another off and how they reminded her of a play by Tchekof!
Harry was enjoying his dinner. It was part of his--well, not his nature, exactly, and certainly not his pose--his--something or other--to talk about food and to glory in his "shameless passion for the white flash of the lobster" and "the green of pistachio ices--green and cold like the eyelids of Egyptian dancers."
When he looked up at her and said: "Bertha, this is a very admirable soufflée! " she almost could have wept with child-like pleasure.
Oh, why did she feel so tender towards the whole world tonight? Everything was good--was right. All that happened seemed to fill again her brimming cup of bliss.
And still, in the back of her mind, there was the pear tree. It would be silver now, in the light of poor dear Eddie's moon, silver as Miss Fulton, who sat there turning a tangerine in her slender fingers that were so pale a light seemed to come from them.
What she simply couldn't make out--what was miraculous-- was how she should have guessed Miss Fulton's mood so exactly and so instantly. For she never doubted for a moment that she was right, and yet what had she to go on? Less than nothing.
"I believe this does happen very, very rarely between women. Never between men," thought Bertha. "But while I am making the coffee in the drawing-room perhaps she will 'give a sign' "
What she meant by that she did not know, and what would happen after that she could not imagine. While she thought like this she saw herself talking and laughing. She had to talk because of her desire to laugh.
"I must laugh or die."
But when she noticed Face's funny little habit of tucking something down the front of her bodice--as if she kept a tiny, secret hoard of nuts there, too--Bertha had to dig her nails into her hands--so as not to laugh too much.
It was over at last. And: "Come and see my new coffee machine," said Bertha.
"We only have a new coffee machine once a fortnight," said Harry. Face took her arm this time; Miss Fulton bent her head and followed after.
The fire had died down in the drawing-room to a red, flickering "nest of baby phoenixes," said Face.

"Don't turn up the light for a moment. It is so lovely." And down she crouched by the fire again. She was always cold . . . "without her little red flannel jacket, of course," thought Bertha.
At that moment Miss Fulton "gave the sign."
"Have you a garden?" said the cool, sleepy voice.
This was so exquisite on her part that all Bertha could do was to obey. She crossed the room, pulled the curtains apart, and opened those long windows.
"There!" she breathed.
And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed--almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon.
How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands?
For ever--for a moment? And did Miss Fulton murmur: "Yes. Just that." Or did Bertha dream it?
Then the light was snapped on and Face made the coffee and Harry said: "My dear Mrs. Knight, don't ask me about my baby. I never see her. I shan't feel the slightest interest in her until she has a lover," and Mug took his eye out of the conservatory for a moment and then put it under glass again and Eddie Warren drank his coffee and set down the cup with a face of anguish as though he had drunk and seen the spider.
"What I want to do is to give the young men a show. I believe London is simply teeming with first-chop, unwritten plays. What I want to say to 'em is: 'Here's the theatre. Fire ahead.'"
"You know, my dear, I am going to decorate a room for the Jacob Nathans. Oh, I am so tempted to do a fried-fish scheme, with the backs of the chairs shaped like frying-pans and lovely chip potatoes embroidered all over the curtains."
"The trouble with our young writing men is that they are still too romantic. You can't put out to sea without being seasick and wanting a basin. Well, why won't they have the courage of those basins?"
"A dreadful poem about a girl who was violated by a beggar without a nose in a lit-tle wood. . . . "
Miss Fulton sank into the lowest, deepest chair and Harry handed round the cigarettes.
From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying abruptly: "Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up," Bertha realised that she not only bored him; he really disliked her. And she decided from the way Miss Fulton said: "No, thank you, I won't smoke," that she felt it, too, and was hurt.
"Oh, Harry, don't dislike her. You are quite wrong about her. She's wonderful, wonderful. And, besides, how can you feel so differently about someone who means so much to me. I shall try to tell you when we are in bed tonight what has been happening. What she and I have shared."
At those last words something strange and almost terrifying darted into Bertha's mind. And this something blind and smiling whispered to her: "Soon these people will go. The house will be quiet--quiet. The lights will be out. And you and he will be alone together in the dark room--the warm bed. . . . "
She jumped up from her chair and ran over to the piano.
"What a pity someone does not play!" she cried. "What a pity somebody does not play."
For the first time in her life Bertha Young desired her husband. Oh, she'd loved him--she'd been in love with him, of course, in every other way, but just not in that way. And equally, of course, she'd understood that he was different. They'd discussed it so often. It had worried her dreadfully at first to find that she was so cold, but after a time it had not seemed to matter. They were so frank with each other--such good pals. That was the best of being modern.
But now--ardently! ardently! The word ached in her ardent body! Was this what that feeling of bliss had been leading up to? But then, then-- "My dear," said Mrs. Norman Knight, "you know our shame. We are the victims of time and train. We live in Hampstead. It's been so nice."
"I'll come with you into the hall," said Bertha. "I loved having you. But you must not miss the last train. That's so awful, isn't it?"
"Have a whisky, Knight, before you go?" called Harry.
"No, thanks, old chap."
Bertha squeezed his hand for that as she shook it.
"Good night, good-bye," she cried from the top step, feeling that this self of hers was taking leave of them for ever.
When she got back into the drawing-room the others were on the move.
" . . . Then you can come part of the way in my taxi."

"I shall be so thankful not to have to face another drive alone after my dreadful experience."
"You can get a taxi at the rank just at the end of the street. You won't have to walk more than a few yards."
"That's a comfort. I'll go and put on my coat."
Miss Fulton moved towards the hall and Bertha was following when Harry almost pushed past.
"Let me help you."
Bertha knew that he was repenting his rudeness--she let him go. What a boy he was in some ways--so impulsive--so--simple.
And Eddie and she were left by the fire.
"I wonder if you have seen Bilks' new poem called Table d'Hôte," said Eddie softly. "It's so wonderful. In the last Anthology. Have you got a copy? I'd so like to show it to you. It begins with an incredibly beautiful line: 'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?'"
"Yes," said Bertha. And she moved noiselessly to a table opposite the drawing-room door and Eddie glided noiselessly after her. She picked up the little book and gave it to him; they had not made a sound. While he looked it up she turned her head towards the hall. And she saw . . . Harry with Miss Fulton's coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her head bent. He tossed the coat away, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her violently to him. His lips said: "I adore you," and Miss Fulton laid her moonbeam fingers on his cheeks and smiled her sleepy smile. Harry's nostrils quivered; his lips curled back in a hideous grin while he whispered: "Tomorrow," and with her eyelids Miss Fulton said: "Yes."
"Here it is," said Eddie. "'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?' It's so deeply true, don't you feel? Tomato soup is so dreadfully eternal."
"If you prefer," said Harry's voice, very loud, from the hall, "I can phone you a cab to come to the door."
"Oh, no. It's not necessary," said Miss Fulton, and she came up to Bertha and gave her the slender fingers to hold.
"Good-bye. Thank you so much."
"Good-bye," said Bertha.
Miss Fulton held her hand a moment longer.
"Your lovely pear tree!" she murmured.
And then she was gone, with Eddie following, like the black cat following the grey cat.
"I'll shut up shop," said Harry, extravagantly cool and collected.
"Your lovely pear tree--pear tree--pear tree!"
Bertha simply ran over to the long windows.
"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried.
But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still.
Green Tea
J. Sheridan LeFanu
PROLOGUE
Martin Hesselius, the German Physician
Through carefully educated in medicine and surgery, I have never practiced either. The study of each continues, nevertheless, to interest me profoundly. Neither idleness nor caprice caused my secession from the honorable calling which I had just entered. The cause was a very trifling scratch inflicted by a dissecting knife. This trifle cost me the loss of two fingers, amputated promptly, and the more painful loss of my health, for I have never been quite well since, and have seldom been twelve months together in the same place.
In my wanderings I became acquainted with Dr. Martin Hesselius, a wanderer like myself, like me a physician, and like me an enthusiast in his profession. Unlike me in this, that his wanderings were voluntary, and he a man, if not of fortune, as we estimate fortune in England, at least in what our forefathers used to term "easy circumstances." He was an old man when I first saw him; nearly five-and-thirty years my senior.
In Dr. Martin Hesselius, I found my master. His knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition. He was the very man to inspire a young enthusiast, like me, with awe and delight. My admiration has stood the test of time and survived the separation of death. I am sure it was well-founded. For nearly twenty years I acted as his medical secretary. His immense collection of papers he has left in my care, to be arranged, indexed and bound. His treatment of some of these cases is curious. He writes in two distinct characters. He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door, to the light of day, or

through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.

Here and there a case strikes me as of a kind to amuse or horrify a lay reader with an interest quite different from the peculiar one which it may possess for an expert. With slight modifications, chiefly of language, and of course a change of names, I copy the following. The narrator is Dr. Martin Hesselius. I find it among the voluminous notes of cases which he made during a tour in England about sixty-four years ago.

It is related in series of letters to his friend Professor Van Loo of Leyden. The professor was not a physician, but a chemist, and a man who read history and metaphysics and medicine, and had, in his day, written a play.

The narrative is therefore, if somewhat less valuable as a medical record, necessarily written in a manner more likely to interest an unlearned reader.

These letters, from a memorandum attached, appear to have been returned on the death of the professor, in 1819, to Dr. Hesselius. They are written, some in English, some in French, but the greater part in German. I am a faithful, though I am conscious, by no means a graceful translator, and although here and there I omit some passages, and shorten others, and disguise names, I have interpolated nothing.

CHAPTER I. Dr. Hesselius Relates How He Met the Rev. Mr. Jennings

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is tall and thin. He is middle-aged, and dresses with a natty, old-fashioned, high-church precision. He is naturally a little stately, but not at all stiff. His features, without being handsome, are well formed, and their expression extremely kind, but also shy.

I met him one evening at Lady Mary Haddock's. The modesty and benevolence of his countenance are extremely prepossessing.

We were but a small party, and he joined agreeably enough in the conversation, He seems to enjoy listening very much more than contributing to the talk; but what he says is always to the purpose and well said. He is a great favourite of Lady Mary's, who it seems, consults him upon many things, and thinks him the most happy and blessed person on earth. Little knows she about him.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is a bachelor, and has, they say sixty thousand pounds in the funds. He is a charitable man. He is most anxious to be actively employed in his sacred profession, and yet though always tolerably well elsewhere, when he goes down to his vicarage in Warwickshire, to engage in the actual duties of his sacred calling, his health soon fails him, and in a very strange way. So says Lady Mary.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jennings' health does break down in, generally, a sudden and mysterious way, sometimes in the very act of officiating in his old and pretty church at Kenlis. It may be his heart, it may be his brain. But so it has happened three or four times, or oftener, that after proceeding a certain way in the service, he has on a sudden stopped short, and after a silence, apparently quite unable to resume, he has fallen into solitary, inaudible prayer, his hands and his eyes uplifted, and then pale as death, and in the agitation of a strange shame and horror, descended trembling, and got into the vestry-room, leaving his congregation, without explanation, to themselves. This occurred when his curate was absent. When he goes down to Kenlis now, he always takes care to provide a clergyman to share his duty, and to supply his place on the instant should he become thus suddenly incapacitated.

When Mr. Jennings breaks down quite, and beats a retreat from the vicarage, and returns to London, where, in a dark street off Piccadilly, he inhabits a very narrow house, Lady Mary says that he is always perfectly well. I have my own opinion about that. There are degrees of course. We shall see.

Mr. Jennings is a perfectly gentlemanlike man. People, however, remark something odd. There is an impression a little ambiguous. One thing which certainly contributes to it, people I think don't remember; or, perhaps, distinctly remark. But I did, almost immediately. Mr. Jennings has a way of looking sidelong upon the carpet, as if his eye followed the movements of something there. This, of course, is not always. It occurs now and then. But often enough to give a certain oddity, as I have said, to his manner, and in this glance traveling along the floor there is something both shy and anxious.

A medical philosopher, as you are good enough to call me, elaborating theories by the aid of cases sought out by himself, and by him watched and scrutinized with more time at command, and consequently infinitely more minuteness than the ordinary practitioner can afford, falls insensibly into habits of observation, which accompany him everywhere, and are exercised, as some people would say, impertinently, upon every subject that presents itself with the least likelihood of rewarding inquiry.

There was a promise of this kind in the slight, timid, kindly, but reserved gentleman, whom I met for the first time at this agreeable little evening gathering. I observed, of course, more than I here set down; but I reserve all that borders on the technical for a strictly scientific paper.

I may remark, that when I here speak of medical science, I do so, as I hope some day to see it more generally understood, in a much more comprehensive sense than its generally material treatment would warrant. I believe the entire natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has its life. I believe that the essential man is a spirit, that the spirit is an organized substance, but as different in point of material from what we ordinarily understand by matter, as light or electricity is; that the material body is, in the most literal sense, a vesture, and death consequently no interruption of the living man's existence, but simply his extrication from the natural body--a process which commences at the moment of what we term death, and the completion of which, at furthest a few days later, is the resurrection "in power."

The person who weighs the consequences of these positions will probably see their practical bearing upon medical science. This is, however, by no means the proper place for displaying the proofs and discussing the consequences of this too generally unrecognized state of facts.

In pursuance of my habit, I was covertly observing Mr. Jennings, with all my caution--l think he perceived it--and I saw plainly that he was as cautiously observing me. Lady Mary happening to address me by my name, as Dr. Hesselius, I saw that he glanced at me more sharply, and then became thoughtful for a few minutes.

After this, as I conversed with a gentleman at the other end of the room, I saw him look at me more steadily, and with an interest which I thought I understood. I then saw him take an opportunity of chatting with Lady Mary, and was, as one always is, perfectly aware of being the subject of a distant inquiry and answer.

This tall clergyman approached me by-and-by; and in a little time we had got into conversation. When two people, who like reading, and know books and places, having traveled, wish to discourse, it is very strange if they can't find topics. It was not accident that brought him near me, and led him into conversation. He knew German and had read my Essays on Metaphysical Medicine which suggest more than they actually say.

This courteous man, gentle, shy, plainly a man of thought and reading, who moving and talking among us, was not altogether of us, and whom I already suspected of leading a life whose transactions and alarms were carefully concealed, with an impenetrable reserve from, not only the world, but his best beloved friends--was cautiously weighing in his own mind the idea of taking a certain step with regard to me.

I penetrated his thoughts without his being aware of it, and was careful to say nothing which could betray to his sensitive vigilance my suspicions respecting his position, or my surmises about his plans respecting myself.

We chatted upon indifferent subjects for a time but at last he said:

"I was very much interested by some papers of yours, Dr. Hesselius, upon what you term Metaphysical Medicine--I read them in German, ten or twelve years ago--have they been translated?"

"No, I'm sure they have not--I should have heard. They would have asked my leave, I think."

"I asked the publishers here, a few months ago, to get the book for me in the original German; but they tell me it is out of print."

"So it is, and has been for some years; but it flatters me as an author to find that you have not forgotten my little book, although," I added, laughing, "ten or twelve years is a considerable time to have managed without it; but I suppose you have been turning the subject over again in your mind, or something has happened lately to revive your interest in it."

At this remark, accompanied by a glance of inquiry, a sudden embarrassment disturbed Mr. Jennings, analogous to that which makes a young lady blush and look foolish. He dropped his eyes, and folded his hands together uneasily, and looked oddly, and you would have said, guiltily, for a moment.

I helped him out of his awkwardness in the best way, by appearing not to observe it, and going straight on, I said: "Those revivals of interest in a subject happen to me often; one book suggests an other, and often sends me back a wild-goose chase over an interval of twenty years. But if you still care to possess a copy, I shall be only too happy to provide you; I have still got two or three by me --and if you allow me to present one I shall be very much honoured."

"You are very good indeed," he said, quite at his ease again, in a moment: "I almost despaired--I don't know how to thank you.

"Pray don't say a word; the thing is really so little worth that I am only ashamed of having offered it, and if you thank me any more I shall throw it into the fire in a fit of modesty."
Mr. Jennings laughed. He inquired where I was staying in London, and after a little more conversation on a variety of subjects, he took his departure.

CHAPTER II. The Doctor Questions Lady Mary and She Answers

"I like your vicar so much, Lady Mary," said I, as soon as he was gone. "He has read, traveled, and thought, and having also suffered, he ought to be an accomplished companion."
"So he is, and, better still, he is a really good man," said she. "His advice is invaluable about my schools, and all my little undertakings at Dawlbridge, and he's so painstaking, he takes so much trouble--you have no idea wherever he thinks he can be of use: he's so good-natured and so sensible."
"It is pleasant to hear so good an account of his neighbourly virtues. I can only testify to his being an agreeable and gentle companion, and in addition to what you have told me, I think I can tell you two or three things about him," said I.
"Really!"
"Yes, to begin with, he's unmarried."
"Yes, that's right---go on."
"He has been writing, that is he was, but for two or three years perhaps, he has not gone on with his work, and the book was upon some rather abstract subject--perhaps theology."
"Well, he was writing a book, as you say; I'm not quite sure what it was about, but only that it was nothing that I cared for; very likely you are right, and he certainly did stop--yes."
"And although he only drank a little coffee here to-night, he likes tea, at least, did like it extravagantly."
"Yes, that's quite true."
"He drank green tea, a good deal, didn't he?" I pursued.
"Well, that's very odd! Green tea was a subject on which we used almost to quarrel."
"But he has quite given that up," said I. "So he has."
"And, now, one more fact. His mother or his father, did you know them?"
"Yes, both; his father is only ten years dead, and their place is near Dawlbridge. We knew them very well," she answered.
"Well, either his mother or his father--I should rather think his father, saw a ghost," said I.
"Well, you really are a conjurer, Dr. Hesselius."
"Conjurer or no, haven't I said right?" I answered merrily.
"You certainly have, and it was his father: he was a silent, whimsical man, and he used to bore my father about his dreams, and at last he told him a story about a ghost he had seen and talked with, and a very odd story it was. I remember it particularly, because I was so afraid of him. This story was long before he died--when I was quite a child--and his ways were so silent and moping, and he used to drop in sometimes, in the dusk, when I was alone in the drawing-room, and I used to fancy there were ghosts about him."
I smiled and nodded.
"And now, having established my character as a conjurer, I think I must say good-night!" said I.
"But how did you find it out?"
"By the planets, of course, as the gypsies do," I answered, and so, gaily we said good-night.
Next morning I sent the little book he had been inquiring after, and a note to Mr. Jennings, and on returning late that evening, I found that he had called at my lodgings, and left his card. He asked whether I was at home, and asked at what hour he would be most likely to find me.
Does he intend opening his case, and consulting me "professionally," as they say? I hope so. I have already conceived a theory about him. It is supported by Lady Mary's answers to my parting questions. I should like much to ascertain from his own lips. But what can I do consistently with good breeding to invite a confession? Nothing. I rather think he meditates one. At all events, my dear Van L., I shan't make myself difficult of access; I mean to re turn his visit tomorrow. It will be only civil in return for his politeness, to ask to see him. Perhaps something may come of it. Whether much, little, or nothing, my dear Van L., you shall hear.

CHAPTER III. Dr. Hesselius Picks Up Something in Latin Books

Well, I have called at Blank Street.
On inquiring at the door, the servant told me that Mr. Jennings was engaged very particularly with a gentleman, a clergyman from Kenlis, his parish in the country. Intending to reserve my privilege, and to call again, I merely intimated that I should try another time, and had turned to go, when the servant begged my pardon, and asked me, looking at me a little more attentively than well-bred persons of his

order usually do, whether I was Dr. Hesselius; and, on learning that I was, he said, "Perhaps then, sir, you would allow me to mention it to Mr. Jennings, for I am sure he wishes to see you."
The servant returned in a moment, with a message from Mr. Jennings, asking me to go into his study, which was in effect his back drawing-room, promising to be with me in a very few minutes.
This was really a study--almost a library. The room was lofty, with two tall slender windows, and rich dark curtains. It was much larger than I had expected, and stored with books on every side, from the floor to the ceiling. The upper carpet--for to my tread it felt that there were two or three--was a Turkey carpet. My steps fell noiselessly. The bookcases standing out, placed the windows, particularly narrow ones, in deep recesses. The effect of the room was, although extremely comfortable, and even luxurious, decidedly gloomy, and aided by the silence, almost oppressive. Perhaps, however, I ought to have allowed something for association. My mind had connected peculiar ideas with Mr. Jennings. I stepped into this perfectly silent room, of a very silent house, with a peculiar foreboding; and its darkness, and solemn clothing of books, for except where two narrow looking-glasses were set in the wall, they were everywhere, helped this sombre feeling.
While awaiting Mr. Jennings' arrival, I amused myself by looking into some of the books with which his shelves were laden. Not among these, but immediately under them, with their backs up ward, on the floor, I lighted upon a complete set of Swedenborg's "Arcana Cælestia," in the original Latin, a very fine folio set, bound in the natty livery which theology affects, pure vellum, namely, gold letters, and carmine edges. There were paper markers in several of these volumes, I raised and placed them, one after the other, upon the table, and opening where these papers were placed, I read in the solemn Latin phraseology, a series of sentences indicated by a penciled line at the margin. Of these I copy here a few, translating them into English.
"When man's interior sight is opened, which is that of his spirit, then there appear the things of another life, which cannot possibly be made visible to the bodily sight.". . . .
"By the internal sight it has been granted me to see the things that are in the other life, more clearly than I see those that are in the world. From these considerations, it is evident that external vision exists from interior vision, and this from a vision still more interior, and so on." . . . .
"There are with every man at least two evil spirits.". . . .
"With wicked genii there is also a fluent speech, but harsh and grating. There is also among them a speech which is not fluent, wherein the dissent of the thoughts is perceived as something secretly creeping along within it."
"The evil spirits associated with man are, indeed from the hells, but when with man they are not then in hell, but are taken out thence. The place where they then are, is in the midst between heaven and hell, and is called the world of spirits--when the evil spirits who are with man, are in that world, they are not in any infernal torment, but in every thought and affection of man, and so, in all that the man himself enjoys. But when they are remitted into their hell, they return to their former state.". . . .
"If evil spirits could perceive that they were associated with man, and yet that they were spirits separate from him, and if they could flow in into the things of his body, they would attempt by a thousand means to destroy him; for they hate man with a deadly hatred." . . . .
"Knowing, therefore, that I was a man in the body, they were continually striving to destroy me, not as to the body only, but especially as to the soul; for to destroy any man or spirit is the very delight of the life of all who are in hell; but I have been continually protected by the Lord. Hence it appears how dangerous it is for man to be in a living consort with spirits, unless he be in the good of faith." . . . .
"Nothing is more carefully guarded from the knowledge of associate spirits than their being thus conjoint with a man, for if they knew it they would speak to him, with the intention to destroy him." . . . .
"The delight of hell is to do evil to man, and to hasten his eternal ruin."
A long note, written with a very sharp and fine pencil, in Mr. Jennings' neat hand, at the foot of the page, caught my eye. Expecting his criticism upon the text, I read a word or two, and stopped, for it was something quite different, and began with these words, Deus misereatur mei--"May God compassionate me." Thus warned of its private nature, I averted my eyes, and shut the book, replacing all the volumes as I had found them, except one which interested me, and in which, as men studious and solitary in their habits will do, I grew so absorbed as to take no cognisance of the outer world, nor to remember where I was.
I was reading some pages which refer to "representatives" and "correspondents," in the technical language of Swedenborg, and had arrived at a passage, the substance of which is, that evil spirits, when seen by other eyes than those of their infernal associates, present themselves, by "correspondence," in the shape of

the beast (fera) which represents their particular lust and life, in aspect direful and atrocious. This is a long passage, and particularises a number of those bestial forms.

CHAPTER IV. Four Eyes Were Reading the Passage

I was running the head of my pencil-case along the line as I read it, and something caused me to raise my eyes.

Directly before me was one of the mirrors I have mentioned, in which I saw reflected the tall shape of my friend, Mr. Jennings, leaning over my shoulder, and reading the page at which I was busy, and with a face so dark and wild that I should hardly have known him.

I turned and rose. He stood erect also, and with an effort laughed a little, saying:

"I came in and asked you how you did, but without succeeding in awaking you from your book; so I could not restrain my curiosity, and very impertinently, I'm afraid, peeped over your shoulder. This is not your first time of looking into those pages. You have looked into Swedenborg, no doubt, long ago?"

"Oh dear, yes! I owe Swedenborg a great deal; you will discover traces of him in the little book on Metaphysical Medicine, which you were so good as to remember."

Although my friend affected a gaiety of manner, there was a slight flush in his face, and I could perceive that he was inwardly much perturbed.

"I'm scarcely yet qualified, I know so little of Swedenborg. I've only had them a fortnight," he answered, "and I think they are rather likely to make a solitary man nervous--that is, judging from the very little I have read---I don't say that they have made me so," he laughed; "and I'm so very much obliged for the book. I hope you got my note?"

I made all proper acknowledgments and modest disclaimers.

"I never read a book that I go with, so entirely, as that of yours," he continued. "I saw at once there is more in it than is quite unfolded. Do you know Dr. Harley?" he asked, rather abruptly.

In passing, the editor remarks that the physician here named was one of the most eminent who had ever practiced in England.

I did, having had letters to him, and had experienced from him great courtesy and considerable assistance during my visit to England.

"I think that man one of the very greatest fools I ever met in my life," said Mr. Jennings.

This was the first time I had ever heard him say a sharp thing of anybody, and such a term applied to so high a name a little startled me.

"Really! and in what way?" I asked.

"In his profession," he answered.

I smiled.

"I mean this," he said: "he seems to me, one half, blind--I mean one half of all he looks at is dark--preternaturally bright and vivid all the rest; and the worst of it is, it seems wilful. I can't get him--I mean he won't--I've had some experience of him as a physician, but I look on him as, in that sense, no better than a paralytic mind, an intellect half dead. I'll tell you--I know I shall some time--all about it," he said, with a little agitation. "You stay some months longer in England. If I should be out of town during your stay for a little time, would you allow me to trouble you with a letter?"

"I should be only too happy," I assured him.

"Very good of you. I am so utterly dissatisfied with Harley."

"A little leaning to the materialistic school," I said.

"A mere materialist," he corrected me; "you can't think how that sort of thing worries one who knows better. You won't tell any one--any of my friends you know--that I am hippish; now, for instance, no one knows--not even Lady Mary--that I have seen Dr. Harley, or any other doctor.

So pray don't mention it; and, if I should have any threatening of an attack, you'll kindly let me write, or, should I be in town, have a little talk with you."

I was full of conjecture, and unconsciously I found I had fixed my eyes gravely on him, for he lowered his for a moment, and he said: "I see you think I might as well tell you now, or else you are forming a conjecture; but you may as well give it up. If you were guessing all the rest of your life, you will never hit on it."

He shook his head smiling, and over that wintry sunshine a black cloud suddenly came down, and he drew his breath in, through his teeth as men do in pain.

"Sorry, of course, to learn that you apprehend occasion to consult any of us; but, command me when and how you like, and I need not assure you that your confidence is sacred."

He then talked of quite other things, and in a comparatively cheerful way and after a little time, I took my leave.

CHAPTER V. Dr. Hesselius is Summoned to Richmond

We parted cheerfully, but he was not cheerful, nor was I. There are certain expressions of that powerful organ of spirit--the human face--which, although I have seen them often, and possess a doctor's nerve, yet disturb me profoundly. One look of Mr. Jennings haunted me. It had seized my imagination with so dismal a power that I changed my plans for the evening, and went to the opera, feeling that I wanted a change of ideas.

I heard nothing of or from him for two or three days, when a note in his hand reached me. It was cheerful, and full of hope. He said that he had been for some little time so much better--quite well, in fact--that he was going to make a little experiment, and run down for a month or so to his parish, to try whether a little work might not quite set him up. There was in it a fervent religious expression of gratitude for his restoration, as he now almost hoped he might call it.

A day or two later I saw Lady Mary, who repeated what his note had announced, and told me that he was actually in Warwickshire, having resumed his clerical duties at Kenlis; and she added, "I begin to think that he is really perfectly well, and that there never was anything the matter, more than nerves and fancy; we are all nervous, but I fancy there is nothing like a little hard work for that kind of weakness, and he has made up his mind to try it. I should not be surprised if he did not come back for a year."

Notwithstanding all this confidence, only two days later I had this note, dated from his house off Piccadilly:

DEAR SIR,--I have returned disappointed. If I should feel at all able to see you, I shall write to ask you kindly to call. At present, I am too low, and, in fact, simply unable to say all I wish to say. Pray don't mention my name to my friends. I can see no one. By-and-by, please God, you shall hear from me. I mean to take a run into Shropshire, where some of my people are. God bless you! May we, on my return, meet more happily than I can now write.

About a week after this I saw Lady Mary at her own house, the last person, she said, left in town, and just on the wing for Brighton, for the London season was quite over. She told me that she had heard from Mr. Jenning's niece, Martha, in Shropshire. There was nothing to be gathered from her letter, more than that he was low and nervous. In those words, of which healthy people think so lightly, what a world of suffering is sometimes hidden!

Nearly five weeks had passed without any further news of Mr. Jennings. At the end of that time I received a note from him. He wrote:

"I have been in the country, and have had change of air, change of scene, change of faces, change of everything--and in everything--but myself. I have made up my mind, so far as the most irresolute creature on earth can do it, to tell my case fully to you. If your engagements will permit, pray come to me to-day, to-morrow, or the next day; but, pray defer as little as possible. You know not how much I need help. I have a quiet house at Richmond, where I now am. Perhaps you can manage to come to dinner, or to luncheon, or even to tea. You shall have no trouble in finding me out. The servant at Blank Street, who takes this note, will have a carriage at your door at any hour you please; and I am always to be found. You will say that I ought not to be alone. I have tried everything. Come and see."

I called up the servant, and decided on going out the same evening, which accordingly I did.

He would have been much better in a lodging-house, or hotel, I thought, as I drove up through a short double row of sombre elms to a very old-fashioned brick house, darkened by the foliage of these trees, which overtopped, and nearly surrounded it. It was a perverse choice, for nothing could be imagined more triste and silent. The house, I found, belonged to him. He had stayed for a day or two in town, and, finding it for some cause insupportable, had come out here, probably because being furnished and his own, he was relieved of the thought and delay of selection, by coming here.

The sun had already set, and the red reflected light of the western sky illuminated the scene with the peculiar effect with which we are all familiar. The hall seemed very dark, but, getting to the back drawing-room, whose windows command the west, I was again in the same dusky light. I sat down, looking out upon the richly-wooded landscape that glowed in the grand and melancholy light which was every moment fading. The corners of the room were already dark; all was growing dim, and the gloom was insensibly toning my mind, already prepared for what was sinister. I was waiting alone for his arrival, which soon took place. The door communicating with the front room opened, and the tall figure of Mr. Jennings, faintly seen in the ruddy twilight, came, with quiet stealthy steps, into the room.

We shook hands, and, taking a chair to the window, where there was still light enough to enable us to see each other's faces, he sat down beside me, and, placing his hand upon my arm, with scarcely a word of preface began his narrative.

CHAPTER VI. How Mr. Jennings Met His Companion

The faint glow of the west, the pomp of the then lonely woods of Richmond, were before us, behind and about us the darkening room, and on the stony face of the sufferer for the character of his face, though still gentle and sweet, was changed rested that dim, odd glow which seems to descend and produce, where it touches, lights, sudden though faint, which are lost, almost with out gradation, in darkness. The silence, too, was utter: not a distant wheel, or bark, or whistle from without; and within the de pressing stillness of an invalid bachelor's house.

I guessed well the nature, though not even vaguely the particulars of the revelations I was about to receive, from that fixed face of suffering that so oddly flushed stood out, like a portrait of Schalken's, before its background of darkness.

"It began," he said, "on the 15th of October, three years and eleven weeks ago, and two days--I keep very accurate count, for every day is torment. If I leave anywhere a chasm in my narrative tell me.

"About four years ago I began a work, which had cost me very much thought and reading. It was upon the religious metaphysics of the ancients."

"I know," said I, "the actual religion of educated and thinking paganism, quite apart from symbolic worship? A wide and very interesting field."

"Yes, but not good for the mind--the Christian mind, I mean. Paganism is all bound together in essential unity, and, with evil sympathy, their religion involves their art, and both their manners, and the subject is a degrading fascination and the Nemesis sure. God forgive me!

"I wrote a great deal; I wrote late at night. I was always thinking on the subject, walking about, wherever I was, everywhere. It thoroughly infected me. You are to remember that all the material ideas connected with it were more or less of the beautiful, the subject itself delightfully interesting, and I, then, without a care."

He sighed heavily.

"I believe, that every one who sets about writing in earnest does his work, as a friend of mine phrased it, on something--tea, or coffee, or tobacco. I suppose there is a material waste that must be hourly supplied in such occupations, or that we should grow too abstracted, and the mind, as it were, pass out of the body, unless it were reminded often enough of the connection by actual sensation. At all events, I felt the want, and I supplied it. Tea was my companion-at first the ordinary black tea, made in the usual way, not too strong: but I drank a good deal, and increased its strength as I went on. I never, experienced an uncomfortable symptom from it. I began to take a little green tea. I found the effect pleasanter, it cleared and intensified the power of thought so, I had come to take it frequently, but not stronger than one might take it for pleasure. I wrote a great deal out here, it was so quiet, and in this room. I used to sit up very late, and it became a habit with me to sip my tea--green tea--every now and then as my work proceeded. I had a little kettle on my table, that swung over a lamp, and made tea two or three times between eleven o'clock and two or three in the morning, my hours of going to bed. I used to go into town every day. I was not a monk, and, although I spent an hour or two in a library, hunting up authorities and looking out lights upon my theme, I was in no morbid state as far as I can judge. I met my friends pretty much as usual and enjoyed their society, and, on the whole, existence had never been, I think, so pleasant before.

"I had met with a man who had some odd old books, German editions in mediæval Latin, and I was only too happy to be permitted access to them. This obliging person's books were in the City, a very out-of-the-way part of it. I had rather out-stayed my intended hour, and, on coming out, seeing no cab near, I was tempted to get into the omnibus which used to drive past this house. It was darker than this by the time the 'bus had reached an old house, you may have remarked, with four poplars at each side of the door, and there the last passenger but myself got out. We drove along rather faster. It was twilight now. I leaned back in my corner next the door ruminating pleasantly.

"The interior of the omnibus was nearly dark. I had observed in the corner opposite to me at the other side, and at the end next the horses, two small circular reflections, as it seemed to me of a reddish light. They were about two inches apart, and about the size of those small brass buttons that yachting men used to put upon their jackets. I began to speculate, as listless men will, upon this trifle, as it seemed. From what center did that faint but deep red light come, and from what--glass beads, buttons, toy decorations--was it reflected? We were lumbering along gently, having nearly a mile still to go. I had not solved the puzzle, and it be came in another minute more odd, for these two luminous points, with a sudden jerk, descended nearer and nearer the floor, keeping still their relative distance and horizontal position, and then, as suddenly, they rose to the level of the seat on which I was sitting and I saw them no more.

"My curiosity was now really excited, and, before I had time to think, I saw again these two dull lamps, again together near the floor; again they disappeared, and again in their old corner I saw them.

"So, keeping my eyes upon them, I edged quietly up my own side, towards the end at which I still saw these tiny discs of red.
"There was very little light in the 'bus. It was nearly dark. I leaned forward to aid my endeavor to discover what these little circles really were. They shifted position a little as I did so. I began now to perceive an outline of something black, and I soon saw, with tolerable distinctness, the outline of a small black monkey, pushing its face forward in mimicry to meet mine; those were its eyes, and I now dimly saw its teeth grinning at me.
"I drew back, not knowing whether it might not meditate a spring. I fancied that one of the passengers had forgot this ugly pet, and wishing to ascertain something of its temper, though not caring to trust my fingers to it, I poked my umbrella softly towards it. It remained immovable--up to it--through it. For through it, and back and forward it passed, without the slightest resistance.
"I can't, in the least, convey to you the kind of horror that I felt. When I had ascertained that the thing was an illusion, as I then supposed, there came a misgiving about myself and a terror that fascinated me in impotence to remove my gaze from the eyes of the brute for some moments. As I looked, it made a little skip back, quite into the corner, and I, in a panic, found myself at the door, having put my head out, drawing deep breaths of the outer air, and staring at the lights and tress we were passing, too glad to reassure myself of reality.
"I stopped the 'bus and got out. I perceived the man look oddly at me as I paid him. I dare say there was something unusual in my looks and manner, for I had never felt so strangely before."

CHAPTER VII. The Journey: First Stage

"When the omnibus drove on, and I was alone upon the road, I looked carefully round to ascertain whether the monkey had followed me. To my indescribable relief I saw it nowhere. I can't describe easily what a shock I had received, and my sense of genuine gratitude on finding myself, as I supposed, quite rid of it.
"I had got out a little before we reached this house, two or three hundred steps. A brick wall runs along the footpath, and inside the wall is a hedge of yew, or some dark evergreen of that kind, and within that again the row of fine trees which you may have remarked as you came.
"This brick wall is about as high as my shoulder, and happening to raise my eyes I saw the monkey, with that stooping gait, on all fours, walking or creeping, close beside me, on top of the wall. I stopped, looking at it with a feeling of loathing and horror. As I stopped so did it. It sat up on the wall with its long hands on its knees looking at me. There was not light enough to see it much more than in outline, nor was it dark enough to bring the peculiar light of its eyes into strong relief. I still saw, however, that red foggy light plainly enough. It did not show its teeth, nor exhibit any sign of irritation, but seemed jaded and sulky, and was observing me steadily.
"I drew back into the middle of the road. It was an unconscious recoil, and there I stood, still looking at it. It did not move.
"With an instinctive determination to try something--any thing, I turned about and walked briskly towards town with askance look, all the time, watching the movements of the beast. It crept swiftly along the wall, at exactly my pace.
"Where the wall ends, near the turn of the road, it came down, and with a wiry spring or two brought itself close to my feet, and continued to keep up with me, as I quickened my pace. It was at my left side, so dose to my leg that I felt every moment as if I should tread upon it.
"The road was quite deserted and silent, and it was darker every moment. I stopped dismayed and bewildered, turning as I did so, the other way--I mean, towards this house, away from which I had been walking. When I stood still, the monkey drew back to a distance of, I suppose, about five or six yards, and remained stationary, watching me.
"I had been more agitated than I have said. I had read, of course, as everyone has, something about 'spectral illusions,' as you physicians term the phenomena of such cases. I considered my situation, and looked my misfortune in the face.
"These affections, I had read, are sometimes transitory and sometimes obstinate. I had read of cases in which the appearance, at first harmless, had, step by step, degenerated into something direful and insupportable, and ended by wearing its victim out. Still as I stood there, but for my bestial companion, quite alone, I tried to comfort myself by repeating again and again the assurance, 'the thing is purely disease, a well-known physical affection, as distinctly as small-pox or neuralgia. Doctors are all agreed on that, philosophy demonstrates it. I must not be a fool. I've been sitting up too late, and I daresay my digestion is quite wrong, and, with God's help, I shall be all right, and this is but a symptom of nervous dyspepsia.' Did I believe all this? Not one word of it, no more than any other miserable being ever did

who is once seized and riveted in this satanic captivity. Against my convictions, I might say my knowledge, I was simply bullying myself into a false courage.
"I now walked homeward. I had only a few hundred yards to go. I had forced myself into a sort of resignation, but I had not got over the sickening shock and the flurry of the first certainty of my misfortune.
"I made up my mind to pass the night at home. The brute moved dose betide me, and I fancied there was the sort of anxious drawing toward the house, which one sees in tired horses or dogs, sometimes as they come toward home.
"I was afraid to go into town, I was afraid of any one's seeing and recognizing me. I was conscious of an irrepressible agitation in my manner. Also, I was afraid of any violent change in my habits, such as going to a place of amusement, or walking from home in order to fatigue myself. At the hall door it waited till I mounted the steps, and when the door was opened entered with me.
"I drank no tea that night. I got cigars and some brandy and water. My idea was that I should act upon my material system, and by living for a while in sensation apart from thought, send myself forcibly, as it were, into a new groove. I came up here to this drawing-room. I sat just here. The monkey then got upon a small table that then stood there. It looked dazed and languid. An irrepressible uneasiness as to its movements kept my eyes always upon it. Its eyes were half closed, but I could see them glow. It was looking steadily at me. In all situations, at all hours, it is awake and looking at me. That never changes.
"I shall not continue in detail my narrative of this particular night. I shall describe, rather, the phenomena of the first year, which never varied, essentially. I shall describe the monkey as it appeared in daylight. In the dark, as you shall presently hear, there are peculiarities. It is a small monkey, perfectly black. It had only one peculiarity--a character of malignity--unfathomable malignity. During the first year looked sullen and sick. But this character of intense malice and vigilance was always underlying that surly languor. During all that time it acted as if on a plan of giving me as little trouble as was consistent with watching me. Its eyes were never off me. I have never lost sight of it, except in my sleep, light or dark, day or night, since it came here, excepting when it withdraws for some weeks at a time, unaccountably.
"In total dark it is visible as in daylight. I do not mean merely its eyes. It is all visible distinctly in a halo that resembles a glow of red embers, and which accompanies it in all its movements.
"When it leaves me for a time, it is always at night, in the dark, and in the same way. It grows at first uneasy, and then furious, and then advances towards me, grinning and shaking, its paws clenched, and, at the same time, there comes the appearance of fire in the grate. I never have any fire. I can't sleep in the room where there is any, and it draws nearer and nearer to the chimney, quivering, it seems, with rage, and when its fury rises to the highest pitch, it springs into the grate, and up the chimney, and I see it no more.
"When first this happened, I thought I was released. I was now a new man. A day passed--a night--and no return, and a blessed week--a week--another week. I was always on my knees, Dr. Hesselius, always, thanking God and praying. A whole month passed of liberty, but on a sudden, it was with me again."

CHAPTER VIII. The Second Stage

"It was with me, and the malice which before was torpid under a sullen exterior, was now active. It was perfectly unchanged in every other respect. This new energy was apparent in its activity and its looks, and soon in other ways.
"For a time, you will understand, the change was shown only in an increased vivacity, and an air of menace, as if it were always brooding over some atrocious plan. Its eyes, as before, were never off me."
"Is it here now?" I asked.
"No," he replied, "it has been absent exactly a fortnight and a day--fifteen days. It has sometimes been away so long as nearly two months, once for three. Its absence always exceeds a fortnight, although it may be but by a single day. Fifteen days having past since I saw it last, it may return now at any moment."
"Is its return," I asked, "accompanied by any peculiar manifestation?"
"Nothing--no," he said. "It is simply with me again. On lifting my eyes from a book, or turning my head, I see it, as usual, looking at me, and then it remains, as before, for its appointed time. I have never told so much and so minutely before to any one."
I perceived that he was agitated, and looking like death, and he repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his forehead; I suggested that he might be cured, and told him that I would call, with pleasure, in the morning, but he said:

"No, if you don't mind hearing it all now. I have got so far, and I should prefer making one effort of it. When I spoke to Dr. Harley, I had nothing like so much to tell. You are a philosophic physician. You give spirit its proper rank. If the thing is real----"
He paused looking at me with agitated inquiry.
"We can discuss it by-and-by, and very fully. I will give you all I think, " I answered after an interval.
"Well--very well. If it is anything real, I say, it is prevailing, little by little, and drawing me more interiorly into hell. Optic nerves, he talked of. Ah! well--there are other nerves of communication. May God Almighty help me! You shall hear.
"Its power of action, I tell you, had increased. Its malice became, in a way, aggressive. About two years ago, some questions that were pending between me and the bishop having been settled, I went down to my parish in Warwickshire, anxious to find occupation in my profession. I was not prepared for what happened, although I have since thought I might have apprehended something like it. The reason of my saying so is this--"
He was beginning to speak with a great deal more effort and reluctance, and sighted often, and seemed at times nearly overcome. But at this time his manner was not agitated. It was more like that of a sinking patient, who has given himself up.
"Yes, but I will first tell you about Kenlis my parish.
"It was with me when I left this place for Dawlbridge. It was my silent traveling companion, and it remained with me at the vicarage. When I entered on the discharge of my duties, another change took place. The thing exhibited an atrocious determination to thwart me. It was with me in the church--in the reading desk--in the pulpit--within the communion rails. At last, it reached this extremity, that while I was reading to the congregation, it would spring upon the book and squat there, so that I was unable to see the page. This happened more than once.
"I left Dawlbridge for a time. I placed myself in Dr. Harley's hands. I did everything he told me. he gave my case a great deal of thought. It interested him, I think. He seemed successful. For nearly three months I was perfectly free from a return. I began to think I was safe. With his full assent I returned to Dawlbridge.
"I traveled in a chaise. I was in good spirits. I was more--I was happy and grateful. I was returning, as I thought, delivered from a dreadful hallucination, to the scene of duties which I longed to enter upon. It was a beautiful sunny evening, everything looked serene and cheerful, and I was delighted, I remember looking out of the window to see the spire of my church at Kenlis among the trees, at the point where one has the earliest view of it. It is exactly where the little stream that bounds the parish passes under the road by a culvert, and where it emerges at the roadside, a stone with an old inscription is placed. As we passed this point, I drew my head in and sat down, and in the corner of the chaise was the monkey.
"For a moment I felt faint, and then quite wild with despair and horror, I called to the driver, and got out, and sat down at the road-side, and prayed to God silently for mercy. A despairing resignation supervened. My companion was with me as I reentered the vicarage. The same persecution followed. After a short struggle I submitted, and soon I left the place.
"I told you," he said, "that all the beast has before this become in certain ways aggressive. I will explain a little. It seemed to be actuated by intense and increasing fury, whenever I said my prayers, or even meditated prayer. It amounted at last to a dreadful interruption. You will ask, how could a silent immaterial phantom effect that? It was thus, whenever I meditated praying; It was always before me, and nearer and nearer.
"It used to spring on the table, on the back of the chair, on the chimney-piece, and slowly swing itself from side to side, looking at me all the time. There is in its motion an indefinable power to dissipate thought, and to contract one's attention to that monotony, till the ideas shrink, as it were, to a point, and at last to nothing--and unless I had started up, and shook off the catalepsy I have felt as if my mind were to a point of losing itself. There are no other ways," he sighed heavily; "thus, for instance, while I pray with my eyes closed, it comes closer and closer and closer, and I see it. I know it is not to be accounted for physically, but I do actually see it, though my lids are closed, and so it rocks my mind, as it were, and overpowers me, and I am obliged to rise from my knees. If you had ever yourself known this, you would be acquainted with desperation."

CHAPTER IX. The Third Stage

"I see, Dr. Hesselius, that you don't lose one word of my statement. I need not ask you to listen specially to what I am now going to tell you. They talk of the optic nerves, and of spectral illusions, as if the organ of fight was the only point assailable by the influences that have fastened upon me--I know better. For two years in my direful case that limitation prevailed. But as food is taken in softly at the lips, and then

brought under the teeth, as the tip of the little finger caught in a mill crank will draw in the hand, and the arm, and the whole body, so the miserable mortal who has been once caught firmly by the end of the finest fibre of his nerve, is drawn in and in, by the enormous machinery of hell, until he is as I am. Yes, Doctor, as I am, for a while I talk to you, and implore relief, I feel that my prayer is for the impossible, and my pleading with the inexorable."

I endeavoured to calm his visibly increasing agitation, and told him that he must not despair.

While we talked the night had overtaken us. The filmy moonlight was wide over the scene which the window commanded, and I said:

"Perhaps you would prefer having candles. This light, you know, is odd. I should wish you, as much as possible, under your usual conditions while I make my diagnosis, shall I call it--otherwise I don't care."

"All lights are the same to me," he said; "except when I read or write, I care not if night were perpetual. I am going to tell you what happened about a year ago. The thing began to speak to me."

"Speak! How do you mean--speak as a man does, do you mean?"

"Yes; speak in words and consecutive sentences, with perfect coherence and articulation; but there is a peculiarity. It is not like the tone of a human voice. It is not by my ears it reaches me--it comes like a singing through my head.

"This faculty, the power of speaking to me, will be my undoing. It won't let me pray, it interrupts me with dreadful blasphemies. I dare not go on, I could not. Oh! Doctor, can the skill, and thought, and prayers of man avail me nothing!"

"You must promise me, my dear sir, not to trouble yourself with unnecessarily exciting thoughts; confine yourself strictly to the narrative of facts; and recollect, above all, that even if the thing that infests you be, you seem to suppose a reality with an actual in dependent life and will, yet it can have no power to hurt you, unless it be given from above: its access to your senses depends mainly upon your physical condition--this is, under God, your comfort and reliance: we are all alike environed. It is only that in your case, the 'paries,' the veil of the flesh, the screen, is a little out of repair, and sights and sounds are transmitted. We must enter on a new course, sir,---be encouraged. I'll give to-night to the careful consideration of the whole case."

"You are very good, sir; you think it worth trying, you don't give me quite up; but, sir, you don't know, it is gaining such an influence over me: it orders me about, it is such a tyrant, and I'm growing so helpless. May God deliver me!"

"It orders you about--of course you mean by speech?"

"Yes, yes; it is always urging me to crimes, to injure others, or myself. You see, Doctor, the situation is urgent, it is indeed. When I was in Shropshire, a few weeks ago" (Mr. Jennings was speaking rapidly and trembling now, holding my arm with one hand, and looking in my face), "I went out one day with a party of friends for a walk: my persecutor, I tell you, was with me at the time. I lagged behind the rest: the country near the Dee, you know, is beautiful. Our path happened to lie near a coal mine, and at the verge of the wood is a perpendicular shaft, they say, a hundred and fifty feet deep. My niece had remained behind with me--she knows, of course nothing of the nature of my sufferings. She knew, however, that I had been ill, and was low, and she remained to prevent my being quite alone. As we loitered slowly on together, the brute that accompanied me was urging me to throw myself down the shaft. I tell you now--oh, sir, think of it!--the one consideration that saved me from that hideous death was the fear lest the shock of witnessing the occurrence should be too much for the poor girl. I asked her to go on and walk with her friends, saying that I could go no further. She made excuses, and the more I urged her the firmer she became. She looked doubtful and frightened. I suppose there was something in my looks or manner that alarmed her; but she would not go, and that literally saved me. You had no idea, sir, that a living man could be made so abject a slave of Satan," he said, with a ghastly groan and a shudder.

There was a pause here, and I said, "You were preserved nevertheless. It was the act of God. You are in His hands and in the power of no other being: be therefore confident for the future."

CHAPTER X. Home

I made him have candles lighted, and saw the room looking cheery and inhabited before I left him. I told him that he must regard his illness strictly as one dependent on physical, though subtle physical causes. I told him that he had evidence of God's care and love in the deliverance which he had just described, and that I had perceived with pain that he seemed to regard its peculiar features as indicating that he had been delivered over to spiritual reprobation. Than such a conclusion nothing could be, I insisted, less warranted; and not only so, but more contrary to facts, as disclosed in his mysterious deliverance from that murderous in fluence during his Shropshire excursion. First, his niece had been retained by his side

without his intending to keep her near him; and, secondly, there had been infused into his mind an irresistible repugnance to execute the dreadful suggestion in her presence.
As I reasoned this point with him, Mr. Jennings wept. He seemed comforted. One promise I exacted, which was that should the monkey at any time return, I should be sent for immediately; and, repeating my assurance that I would give neither time nor thought to any other subject until I had thoroughly investigated his case, and that to-morrow he should hear the result, I took my leave.
Before getting into the carriage I told the servant that his master was far from well, and that he should make a point of frequently looking into his room.
My own arrangements I made with a view to being quite secure from interruption.
I merely called at my lodgings, and with a traveling-desk and carpet-bag, set off in a hackney carriage for an inn about two miles out of town, called "The Horns," a very quiet and comfortable house, with good thick walls. And there I resolved, without the possibility of intrusion or distraction, to devote some hours of the night, in my comfortable sitting-room, to Mr. Jennings' case, and so much of the morning as it might require.
(There occurs here a careful note of Dr. Hesselius' opinion on the case, and of the habits, dietary, and medicines which he prescribed. It is curious--some persons would say mystical. But, on the whole, I doubt whether it would sufficiently interest a reader of the kind I am likely to meet with, to warrant its being here reprinted. The whole letter was plainly written at the inn where he had hid himself for the occasion. The next letter is dated from his town lodgings.)
I left town for the inn where I slept last night at half-past nine, and did not arrive at my room in town until one o'clock this afternoon. I found a letter m Mr. Jennings' hand upon my table. It had not come by post, and, on inquiry, I learned that Mr. Jennings' servant had brought it, and on learning that I was not to return until to-day, and that no one could tell him my address, he seemed very uncomfortable, and said his orders from his master were that he was not to return without an answer.
I opened the letter and read:
DEAR DR. HESSELIUS.--It is here. You had not been an hour gone when it returned. It is speaking. It knows all that has happened. It knows every thing-it knows you, and is frantic and atrocious. It reviles. I send you this. It knows every word I have written--I write. This I promised, and I therefore write, but I fear very confused, very incoherently. I am so interrupted, disturbed.
Ever yours, sincerely yours,
ROBERT LYNDER JENNINGS.
"When did this come?" I asked.
"About eleven last night: the man was here again, and has been here three times to-day. The last time is about an hour since."
Thus answered, and with the notes I had made upon his case in my pocket, I was in a few minutes driving towards Richmond, to see Mr. Jennings.
I by no means, as you perceive, despaired of Mr. Jennings' case. He had himself remembered and applied, though quite in a mistaken way, the principle which I lay down in my Metaphysical Medicine, and which governs all such cases. I was about to apply it in earnest. I was profoundly interested, and very anxious to see and examine him while the "enemy" was actually present.
I drove up to the sombre house, and ran up the steps, and knocked. The door, in a little time, was opened by a tall woman in black silk. She looked ill, and as if she had been crying. She curtseyed, and heard my question, but she did not answer. She turned her face away, extending her hand towards two men who were coming down-stairs; and thus having, as it were, tacitly made me over to them, she passed through a side-door hastily and shut it.
The man who was nearest the hall, I at once accosted, but being now close to him, I was shocked to see that both his hands were covered with blood.
I drew back a little, and the man, passing downstairs, merely said in a low tone, "Here's the servant, sir."
The servant had stopped on the stairs, confounded and dumb at seeing me. He was rubbing his hands in a handkerchief, and it was steeped in blood.
"Jones, what is it? what has happened?" I asked, while a sickening suspicion overpowered me.
The man asked me to come up to the lobby. I was beside him in a moment, and, frowning and pallid, with contracted eyes, he told me the horror which I already half guessed.
His master had made away with himself.
I went upstairs with him to the room--what I saw there I won't tell you. He had cut his throat with his razor. It was a frightful gash. The two men had laid him on the bed, and composed his limbs. It had happened, as the immense pool of blood on the floor declared, at some distance between the bed and the

window. There was carpet round his bed, and a carpet under his dressing table, but none on the rest of the floor, for the man said he did not like a carpet on his bedroom. In this sombre and now terrible room, one of the great elms that darkened the house was slowly moving the shadow of one of its great boughs upon this dreadful floor.

I beckoned to the servant, and we went downstairs together. I turned off the hall into an old-fashioned paneled room, and there standing, I heard all the servant had to tell. It was not a great deal.

"I concluded, sir, from your words, and looks, sir, as you left last night, that you thought my master was seriously ill. I thought it might be that you were afraid of a fit, or something. So I attended very close to your directions. He sat up late, till past three o'clock. He was not writing or reading. He was talking a great deal to himself, but that was nothing unusual. At about that hour I assisted him to undress, and left him in his slippers and dressing-gown. I went back softly in about half-an-hour. He was in his bed, quite undressed, and a pair of candles lighted on the table beside his bed. He was leaning on his elbow, and looking out at the other side of the bed when I came in. I asked him if he wanted anything, and he said No.

"I don't know whether it was what you said to me, sir, or some thing a little unusual about him, but I was uneasy, uncommon uneasy about him last night.

"In another half hour, or it might be a little more, I went up again. I did not hear him talking as before. I opened the door a little. The candles were both out, which was not usual. I had a bedroom candle, and I let the light in, a little bit, looking softly round. I saw him sitting in that chair beside the dressing-table with his clothes on again. He turned round and looked at me. I thought it strange he should get up and dress, and put out the candles to sit in the dark, that way.

But I only asked him again if I could do anything for him. He said, No, rather sharp, I thought. He said, 'Tell me truth, Jones; why did you come again--you did not hear anyone cursing?' 'No, sir,' I said, wondering what he could mean.

'"No,' said he, after me, 'of course, no;' and I said to him, 'Wouldn't it be well, sir, you went to bed? It's just five o'clock;' and he said nothing, but, 'Very likely; good-night, Jones.' so I went, sir, but in less than an hour I came again. The door was fast, and he heard me, and called as I thought from the bed to know what I wanted, and he desired me not to disturb him again. I lay down and slept for a little. It must have been between six and seven when I went up again. The door was still fast, and he made no answer, so I did not like to disturb him, and thinking he was asleep, I left him till nine. It was his custom to ring when he wished me to come, and I had no particular hour for calling him. I tapped very gently, and getting no answer, I stayed away a good while, supposing he was getting some rest then. It was not till eleven o'clock I grew really uncomfortable about him--for at the latest he was never, that I could remember, later than half past ten. I got no answer. I knocked and called, and still no answer. So not being able to force the door, I called Thomas from the stables, and together we forced it, and found him in the shocking way you saw."

Jones had no more to tell. Poor Mr. Jennings was very gentle, and very kind. All his people were fond of him. I could see that the servant was very much moved.

So, dejected and agitated, I passed from that terrible house, and its dark canopy of elms, and I hope I shall never see it more. While I write to you I feel like a man who has but half waked from a frightful and monotonous dream. My memory rejects the picture with incredulity and horror. Yet I know it is true. It is the story of the process of a poison, a poison which excites the reciprocal action of spirit and nerve, and paralyses the tissue that separates those cognate functions of the senses, the external and the interior. Thus we find strange bed-fellows, and the mortal and immortal prematurely make acquaintance.

CONCLUSION. A Word for Those Who Suffer

My dear Van L--, you have suffered from an affection similar to that which I have just described. You twice complained of a return of it.

Who, under God, cured you? Your humble servant, Martin Hesselius. Let me rather adopt the more emphasized piety of a certain good old French surgeon of three hundred years ago: "I treated, and God cured you."

Come, my friend, you are not to be hippish. Let me tell you a fact.

I have met with, and treated, as my book shows, fifty-seven cases of this kind of vision, which I term indifferently "sublimated," "precocious," and "interior."

There is another class of affections which are truly termed- though commonly confounded with those which I describe--spectral illusions. These latter I look upon as being no less simply curable than a cold in the head or a trifling dyspepsia.

It is those which rank in the first category that test our promptitude of thought. Fifty-seven such cases have I encountered, neither more nor less. And in how many of these have I failed? In no one single instance.
There is no one affliction of mortality more easily and certainly reducible, with a little patience, and a rational confidence in the physician. With these simple conditions, I look upon the cure as absolutely certain.
You are to remember that I had not even commenced to treat Mr. Jennings' case. I have not any doubt that I should have cured him perfectly in eighteen months, or possibly it might have extended to two years. Some cases are very rapidly curable, others extremely tedious. Every intelligent physician who will give thought and diligence to the task, will effect a cure.
You know my tract on "The Cardinal Functions of the Brain." I there, by the evidence of innumerable facts, prove, as I think, the high probability of a circulation arterial and venous in its mechanism, through the nerves. Of this system, thus considered, the brain is the heart. The fluid, which is propagated hence through one class of nerves, returns in an altered state through another, and the nature of that fluid is spiritual, though not immaterial, any more than, as I before remarked, light or electricity are so.
By various abuses, among which the habitual use of such agents as green tea is one, this fluid may be affected as to its quality, but it is more frequently disturbed as to equilibrium. This fluid being that which we have in common with spirits, a congestion found on the masses of brain or nerve, connected with the interior sense, forms a surface unduly exposed, on which disembodied spirits may operate: communication is thus more or less effectually established. Between this brain circulation and the heart circulation there is an intimate sympathy. The seat, or rather the instrument of exterior vision, is the eye. The seat of interior vision is the nervous tissue and brain, immediately about and above the eyebrow. You remember how effectually I dissipated your pictures by the simple application of iced eau-de-cologne. Few cases, how ever, can be treated exactly alike with anything like rapid success. Cold acts powerfully as a repellant of the nervous fluid. Long enough continued it will even produce that permanent insensibility which we call numbness, and a little longer, muscular as well as sensational paralysis.
I have not, I repeat, the slightest doubt that I should have first dimmed and ultimately sealed that inner eye which Mr. Jennings had inadvertently opened. The same senses are opened in delirium tremens, and entirely shut up again when the overaction of the cerebral heart, and the prodigious nervous congestions that attend it, are terminated by a decided change in the state of the body. It is by acting steadily upon the body, by a simple process, that this result is produced--and inevitably produced--I have never yet failed.
Poor Mr. Jennings made away with himself. But that catastrophe was the result of a totally different malady, which, as it were, projected itself upon the disease which was established. His case was in the distinctive manner a complication, and the complaint under which he really succumbed, was hereditary suicidal mania. Poor Mr. Jennings I cannot call a patient of mine, for I had not even begun to treat his case, and he had not yet given me, I am convinced, his full and unreserved confidence. If the patient do not array himself on the side of the disease, his cure is certain.
The End

Howard Phillips Lovecraft
The Call of Cthulhu

The Call of Cthulhu

Of such great powers or beings there may be conceivably a survival... a survival of a hugely remote period when... consciousness was manifested, perhaps, in shapes and forms long since withdrawn before the tide of advancing humanity... forms of which poetry and legend alone have caught a flying memory and called them gods, monsters, mythical beings of all sorts and kinds...
Algernon Blackwood

I. The Horror In Clay

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of

reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.

Theosophists have guessed at the awesome grandeur of the cosmic cycle wherein our world and human race form transient incidents. They have hinted at strange survivals in terms which would freeze the blood if not masked by a bland optimism. But it is not from them that there came the single glimpse of forbidden eons which chills me when I think of it and maddens me when I dream of it. That glimpse, like all dread glimpses of truth, flashed out from an accidental piecing together of separated things – in this case an old newspaper item and the notes of a dead professor. I hope that no one else will accomplish this piecing out; certainly, if I live, I shall never knowingly supply a link in so hideous a chain. I think that the professor, too intended to keep silent regarding the part he knew, and that he would have destroyed his notes had not sudden death seized him.

My knowledge of the thing began in the winter of 1926-27 with the death of my great-uncle, George Gammell Angell, Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages in Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. Professor Angell was widely known as an authority on ancient inscriptions, and had frequently been resorted to by the heads of prominent museums; so that his passing at the age of ninety-two may be recalled by many. Locally, interest was intensified by the obscurity of the cause of death. The professor had been stricken whilst returning from the Newport boat; falling suddenly; as witnesses said, after having been jostled by a nautical-looking negro who had come from one of the queer dark courts on the precipitous hillside which formed a short cut from the waterfront to the deceased's home in Williams Street. Physicians were unable to find any visible disorder, but concluded after perplexed debate that some obscure lesion of the heart, induced by the brisk ascent of so steep a hill by so elderly a man, was responsible for the end. At the time I saw no reason to dissent from this dictum, but latterly I am inclined to wonder – and more than wonder.

As my great-uncle's heir and executor, for he died a childless widower, I was expected to go over his papers with some thoroughness; and for that purpose moved his entire set of files and boxes to my quarters in Boston. Much of the material which I correlated will be later published by the American Archaeological Society, but there was one box which I found exceedingly puzzling, and which I felt much averse from showing to other eyes. It had been locked and I did not find the key till it occurred to me to examine the personal ring which the professor carried in his pocket. Then, indeed, I succeeded in opening it, but when I did so seemed only to be confronted by a greater and more closely locked barrier. For what could be the meaning of the queer clay bas-relief and the disjointed jottings, ramblings, and cuttings which I found? Had my uncle, in his latter years become credulous of the most superficial impostures? I resolved to search out the eccentric sculptor responsible for this apparent disturbance of an old man's peace of mind.

The bas-relief was a rough rectangle less than an inch thick and about five by six inches in area; obviously of modern origin. Its designs, however, were far from modern in atmosphere and suggestion; for, although the vagaries of cubism and futurism are many and wild, they do not often reproduce that cryptic regularity which lurks in prehistoric writing. And writing of some kind the bulk of these designs seemed certainly to be; though my memory, despite much the papers and collections of my uncle, failed in any way to identify this particular species, or even hint at its remotest affiliations.

Above these apparent hieroglyphics was a figure of evident pictorial intent, though its impressionistic execution forbade a very clear idea of its nature. It seemed to be a sort of monster, or symbol representing a monster, of a form which only a diseased fancy could conceive. If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the *general outline* of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful. Behind the figure was a vague suggestions of a Cyclopean architectural background.

The writing accompanying this oddity was, aside from a stack of press cuttings, in Professor Angell's most recent hand; and made no pretense to literary style. What seemed to be the main document was headed "CTHULHU CULT" in characters painstakingly printed to avoid the erroneous reading of a word so unheard-of. This manuscript was divided into two sections, the first of which was headed "1925 – Dream and Dream Work of H.A. Wilcox, 7 Thomas St., Providence, R. I.", and the second, "Narrative of Inspector John R. Legrasse, 121 Bienville St., New Orleans, La., at 1908 A. A. S. Mtg. – Notes on Same, & Prof. Webb's Acct." The other manuscript papers were brief notes, some of them accounts of the queer dreams of different persons, some of them citations from theosophical books and magazines (notably W. Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis and the Lost Lemuria*), and the rest comments on long-surviving secret societies and hidden cults, with references to passages in such mythological and anthropological source-books as

Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Miss Murray's *Witch-Cult in Western Europe* . The cuttings largely alluded to outré mental illness and outbreaks of group folly or mania in the spring of 1925.

The first half of the principal manuscript told a very particular tale. It appears that on March 1st, 1925, a thin, dark young man of neurotic and excited aspect had called upon Professor Angell bearing the singular clay bas-relief, which was then exceedingly damp and fresh. His card bore the name of Henry Anthony Wilcox, and my uncle had recognized him as the youngest son of an excellent family slightly known to him, who had latterly been studying sculpture at the Rhode Island School of Design and living alone at the Fleur-de-Lys Building near that institution. Wilcox was a precocious youth of known genius but great eccentricity, and had from childhood excited attention through the strange stories and odd dreams he was in the habit of relating. He called himself "psychically hypersensitive", but the staid folk of the ancient commercial city dismissed him as merely "queer." Never mingling much with his kind, he had dropped gradually from social visibility, and was now known only to a small group of esthetes from other towns. Even the Providence Art Club, anxious to preserve its conservatism, had found him quite hopeless.

On the occasion of the visit, ran the professor's manuscript, the sculptor abruptly asked for the benefit of his host's archeological knowledge in identifying the hieroglyphics of the bas-relief. He spoke in a dreamy, stilted manner which suggested pose and alienated sympathy; and my uncle showed some sharpness in replying, for the conspicuous freshness of the tablet implied kinship with anything but archeology. Young Wilcox's rejoinder, which impressed my uncle enough to make him recall and record it verbatim, was of a fantastically poetic cast which must have typified his whole conversation, and which I have since found highly characteristic of him. He said, "It is new, indeed, for I made it last night in a dream of strange cities; and dreams are older than brooding Tyre, or the contemplative Sphinx, or garden-girdled Babylon."

It was then that he began that rambling tale which suddenly played upon a sleeping memory and won the fevered interest of my uncle. There had been a slight earthquake tremor the night before, the most considerable felt in New England for some years; and Wilcox's imagination had been keenly affected. Upon retiring, he had had an unprecedented dream of great Cyclopean cities of Titan blocks and sky-flung monoliths, all dripping with green ooze and sinister with latent horror. Hieroglyphics had covered the walls and pillars, and from some undetermined point below had come a voice that was not a voice; a chaotic sensation which only fancy could transmute into sound, but which he attempted to render by the almost unpronounceable jumble of letters: *"Cthulhu fhtagn."*

This verbal jumble was the key to the recollection which excited and disturbed Professor Angell. He questioned the sculptor with scientific minuteness; and studied with frantic intensity the bas-relief on which the youth had found himself working, chilled and clad only in his night clothes, when waking had stolen bewilderingly over him. My uncle blamed his old age, Wilcox afterwards said, for his slowness in recognizing both hieroglyphics and pictorial design. Many of his questions seemed highly out of place to his visitor, especially those which tried to connect the latter with strange cults or societies; and Wilcox could not understand the repeated promises of silence which he was offered in exchange for an admission of membership in some widespread mystical or paganly religious body. When Professor Angell became convinced that the sculptor was indeed ignorant of any cult or system of cryptic lore, he besieged his visitor with demands for future reports of dreams. This bore regular fruit, for after the first interview the manuscript records daily calls of the young man, during which he related startling fragments of nocturnal imaginery whose burden was always some terrible Cyclopean vista of dark and dripping stone, with a subterrene voice or intelligence shouting monotonously in enigmatical sense-impacts uninscribable save as gibberish. The two sounds frequently repeated are those rendered by the letters *"Cthulhu"* and *"R'lyeh."*

On March 23, the manuscript continued, Wilcox failed to appear; and inquiries at his quarters revealed that he had been stricken with an obscure sort of fever and taken to the home of his family in Waterman Street. He had cried out in the night, arousing several other artists in the building, and had manifested since then only alternations of unconsciousness and delirium. My uncle at once telephoned the family, and from that time forward kept close watch of the case; calling often at the Thayer Street office of Dr. Tobey, whom he learned to be in charge. The youth's febrile mind, apparently, was dwelling on strange things; and the doctor shuddered now and then as he spoke of them. They included not only a repetition of what he had formerly dreamed, but touched wildly on a gigantic thing "miles high" which walked or lumbered about.

He at no time fully described this object but occasional frantic words, as repeated by Dr. Tobey, convinced the professor that it must be identical with the nameless monstrosity he had sought to depict in

his dream-sculpture. Reference to this object, the doctor added, was invariably a prelude to the young man's subsidence into lethargy. His temperature, oddly enough, was not greatly above normal; but the whole condition was otherwise such as to suggest true fever rather than mental disorder.

On April 2 at about 3 P.M. every trace of Wilcox's malady suddenly ceased. He sat upright in bed, astonished to find himself at home and completely ignorant of what had happened in dream or reality since the night of March 22. Pronounced well by his physician, he returned to his quarters in three days; but to Professor Angell he was of no further assistance. All traces of strange dreaming had vanished with his recovery, and my uncle kept no record of his night-thoughts after a week of pointless and irrelevant accounts of thoroughly usual visions.

Here the first part of the manuscript ended, but references to certain of the scattered notes gave me much material for thought – so much, in fact, that only the ingrained skepticism then forming my philosophy can account for my continued distrust of the artist. The notes in question were those descriptive of the dreams of various persons covering the same period as that in which young Wilcox had had his strange visitations. My uncle, it seems, had quickly instituted a prodigiously far-flung body of inquires amongst nearly all the friends whom he could question without impertinence, asking for nightly reports of their dreams, and the dates of any notable visions for some time past. The reception of his request seems to have varied; but he must, at the very least, have received more responses than any ordinary man could have handled without a secretary. This original correspondence was not preserved, but his notes formed a thorough and really significant digest. Average people in society and business – New England's traditional "salt of the earth" – gave an almost completely negative result, though scattered cases of uneasy but formless nocturnal impressions appear here and there, always between March 23 and April 2 – the period of young Wilcox's delirium. Scientific men were little more affected, though four cases of vague description suggest fugitive glimpses of strange landscapes, and in one case there is mentioned a dread of something abnormal.

It was from the artists and poets that the pertinent answers came, and I know that panic would have broken loose had they been able to compare notes. As it was, lacking their original letters, I half suspected the compiler of having asked leading questions, or of having edited the correspondence in corroboration of what he had latently resolved to see. That is why I continued to feel that Wilcox, somehow cognizant of the old data which my uncle had possessed, had been imposing on the veteran scientist. These responses from esthetes told disturbing tale. From February 28 to April 2 a large proportion of them had dreamed very bizarre things, the intensity of the dreams being immeasurably the stronger during the period of the sculptor's delirium. Over a fourth of those who reported anything, reported scenes and half-sounds not unlike those which Wilcox had described; and some of the dreamers confessed acute fear of the gigantic nameless thing visible toward the last. One case, which the note describes with emphasis, was very sad. The subject, a widely known architect with leanings toward theosophy and occultism, went violently insane on the date of young Wilcox's seizure, and expired several months later after incessant screamings to be saved from some escaped denizen of hell. Had my uncle referred to these cases by name instead of merely by number, I should have attempted some corroboration and personal investigation; but as it was, I succeeded in tracing down only a few. All of these, however, bore out the notes in full. I have often wondered if all the objects of the professor's questioning felt as puzzled as did this fraction. It is well that no explanation shall ever reach them.

The press cuttings, as I have intimated, touched on cases of panic, mania, and eccentricity during the given period. Professor Angell must have employed a cutting bureau, for the number of extracts was tremendous, and the sources scattered throughout the globe. Here was a nocturnal suicide in London, where a lone sleeper had leaped from a window after a shocking cry. Here likewise a rambling letter to the editor of a paper in South America, where a fanatic deduces a dire future from visions he has seen. A dispatch from California describes a theosophist colony as donning white robes en masse for some "glorious fulfiment" which never arrives, whilst items from India speak guardedly of serious native unrest toward the end of March 22-23.

The west of Ireland, too, is full of wild rumour and legendry, and a fantastic painter named Ardois-Bonnot hangs a blasphemous *Dream Landscape* in the Paris spring salon of 1926. And so numerous are the recorded troubles in insane asylums that only a miracle can have stopped the medical fraternity from noting strange parallelisms and drawing mystified conclusions. A weird bunch of cuttings, all told; and I can at this date scarcely envisage the callous rationalism with which I set them aside. But I was then convinced that young Wilcox had known of the older matters mentioned by the professor.

II. The Tale of Inspector Legrasse.

The older matters which had made the sculptor's dream and bas-relief so significant to my uncle formed the subject of the second half of his long manuscript. Once before, it appears, Professor Angell had seen the hellish outlines of the nameless monstrosity, puzzled over the unknown hieroglyphics, and heard the ominous syllables which can be rendered only as *"Cthulhu"* ; and all this in so stirring and horrible a connexion that it is small wonder he pursued young Wilcox with queries and demands for data.

This earlier experience had come in 1908, seventeen years before, when the American Archaeological Society held its annual meeting in St. Louis. Professor Angell, as befitted one of his authority and attainments, had had a prominent part in all the deliberations; and was one of the first to be approached by the several outsiders who took advantage of the convocation to offer questions for correct answering and problems for expert solution.

The chief of these outsiders, and in a short time the focus of interest for the entire meeting, was a commonplace-looking middle-aged man who had travelled all the way from New Orleans for certain special information unobtainable from any local source. His name was John Raymond Legrasse, and he was by profession an Inspector of Police. With him he bore the subject of his visit, a grotesque, repulsive, and apparently very ancient stone statuette whose origin he was at a loss to determine. It must not be fancied that Inspector Legrasse had the least interest in archaeology. On the contrary, his wish for enlightenment was prompted by purely professional considerations. The statuette, idol, fetish, or whatever it was, had been captured some months before in the wooded swamps south of New Orleans during a raid on a supposed voodoo meeting; and so singular and hideous were the rites connected with it, that the police could not but realise that they had stumbled on a dark cult totally unknown to them, and infinitely more diabolic than even the blackest of the African voodoo circles. Of its origin, apart from the erratic and unbelievable tales extorted from the captured members, absolutely nothing was to be discovered; hence the anxiety of the police for any antiquarian lore which might help them to place the frightful symbol, and through it track down the cult to its fountain-head.

Inspector Legrasse was scarcely prepared for the sensation which his offering created. One sight of the thing had been enough to throw the assembled men of science into a state of tense excitement, and they lost no time in crowding around him to gaze at the diminutive figure whose utter strangeness and air of genuinely abysmal antiquity hinted so potently at unopened and archaic vistas. No recognised school of sculpture had animated this terrible object, yet centuries and even thousands of years seemed recorded in its dim and greenish surface of unplaceable stone.

The figure, which was finally passed slowly from man to man for close and careful study, was between seven and eight inches in height, and of exquisitely artistic workmanship. It represented a monster of vaguely anthropoid outline, but with an octopus-like head whose face was a mass of feelers, a scaly, rubbery-looking body, prodigious claws on hind and fore feet, and long, narrow wings behind. This thing, which seemed instinct with a fearsome and unnatural malignancy, was of a somewhat bloated corpulence, and squatted evilly on a rectangular block or pedestal covered with undecipherable characters. The tips of the wings touched the back edge of the block, the seat occupied the centre, whilst the long, curved claws of the doubled-up, crouching hind legs gripped the front edge and extended a quarter of the way clown toward the bottom of the pedestal. The cephalopod head was bent forward, so that the ends of the facial feelers brushed the backs of huge fore paws which clasped the croucher's elevated knees. The aspect of the whole was abnormally life-like, and the more subtly fearful because its source was so totally unknown. Its vast, awesome, and incalculable age was unmistakable; yet not one link did it shew with any known type of art belonging to civilisation's youth – or indeed to any other time. Totally separate and apart, its very material was a mystery; for the soapy, greenish-black stone with its golden or iridescent flecks and striations resembled nothing familiar to geology or mineralogy. The characters along the base were equally baffling; and no member present, despite a representation of half the world's expert learning in this field, could form the least notion of even their remotest linguistic kinship. They, like the subject and material, belonged to something horribly remote and distinct from mankind as we know it. something frightfully suggestive of old and unhallowed cycles of life in which our world and our conceptions have no part.

And yet, as the members severally shook their heads and confessed defeat at the Inspector's problem, there was one man in that gathering who suspected a touch of bizarre familiarity in the monstrous shape and writing, and who presently told with some diffidence of the odd trifle he knew. This person was the late William Channing Webb, Professor of Anthropology in Princeton University, and an explorer of no slight note. Professor Webb had been engaged, forty-eight years before, in a tour of Greenland and Iceland in search of some Runic inscriptions which he failed to unearth; and whilst high up on the West

Greenland coast had encountered a singular tribe or cult of degenerate Esquimaux whose religion, a curious form of devil-worship, chilled him with its deliberate bloodthirstiness and repulsiveness. It was a faith of which other Esquimaux knew little, and which they mentioned only with shudders, saying that it had come down from horribly ancient aeons before ever the world was made. Besides nameless rites and human sacrifices there were certain queer hereditary rituals addressed to a supreme elder devil or *tornasuk* ; and of this Professor Webb had taken a careful phonetic copy from an aged *angekok* or wizard-priest, expressing the sounds in Roman letters as best he knew how. But just now of prime significance was the fetish which this cult had cherished, and around which they danced when the aurora leaped high over the ice cliffs. It was, the professor stated, a very crude bas-relief of stone, comprising a hideous picture and some cryptic writing. And so far as he could tell, it was a rough parallel in all essential features of the bestial thing now lying before the meeting.

This data, received with suspense and astonishment by the assembled members, proved doubly exciting to Inspector Legrasse; and he began at once to ply his informant with questions. Having noted and copied an oral ritual among the swamp cult-worshippers his men had arrested, he besought the professor to remember as best he might the syllables taken down amongst the diabolist Esquimaux. There then followed an exhaustive comparison of details, and a moment of really awed silence when both detective and scientist agreed on the virtual identity of the phrase common to two hellish rituals so many worlds of distance apart. What, in substance, both the Esquimaux wizards and the Louisiana swamp-priests had chanted to their kindred idols was something very like this: the word-divisions being guessed at from traditional breaks in the phrase as chanted aloud:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for several among his mongrel prisoners had repeated to him what older celebrants had told them the words meant. This text, as given, ran something like this:

"In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

And now, in response to a general and urgent demand, Inspector Legrasse related as fully as possible his experience with the swamp worshippers; telling a story to which I could see my uncle attached profound significance. It savoured of the wildest dreams of myth-maker and theosophist, and disclosed an astonishing degree of cosmic imagination among such half-castes and pariahs as might be least expected to possess it.

On November 1st, 1907, there had come to the New Orleans police a frantic summons from the swamp and lagoon country to the south. The squatters there, mostly primitive but good-natured descendants of Lafitte's men, were in the grip of stark terror from an unknown thing which had stolen upon them in the night. It was voodoo, apparently, but voodoo of a more terrible sort than they had ever known; and some of their women and children had disappeared since the malevolent tom-tom had begun its incessant beating far within the black haunted woods where no dweller ventured. There were insane shouts and harrowing screams, soul-chilling chants and dancing devil-flames; and, the frightened messenger added, the people could stand it no more.

So a body of twenty police, filling two carriages and an automobile, had set out in the late afternoon with the shivering squatter as a guide. At the end of the passable road they alighted, and for miles splashed on in silence through the terrible cypress woods where day never came. Ugly roots and malignant hanging nooses of Spanish moss beset them, and now and then a pile of dank stones or fragment of a rotting wall intensified by its hint of morbid habitation a depression which every malformed tree and every fungous islet combined to create. At length the squatter settlement, a miserable huddle of huts, hove in sight; and hysterical dwellers ran out to cluster around the group of bobbing lanterns. The muffled beat of tom-toms was now faintly audible far, far ahead; and a curdling shriek came at infrequent intervals when the wind shifted. A reddish glare, too, seemed to filter through pale undergrowth beyond the endless avenues of forest night. Reluctant even to be left alone again, each one of the cowed squatters refused point-blank to advance another inch toward the scene of unholy worship, so Inspector Legrasse and his nineteen colleagues plunged on unguided into black arcades of horror that none of them had ever trod before.

The region now entered by the police was one of traditionally evil repute, substantially unknown and untraversed by white men. There were legends of a hidden lake unglimpsed by mortal sight, in which dwelt a huge, formless white polypous thing with luminous eyes; and squatters whispered that bat-winged devils flew up out of caverns in inner earth to worship it at midnight. They said it had been there before d'Iberville, before La Salle, before the Indians, and before even the wholesome beasts and birds of the woods. It was nightmare itself, and to see it was to die. But it made men dream, and so they knew enough to keep away. The present voodoo orgy was, indeed, on the merest fringe of this abhorred area, but that

location was bad enough; hence perhaps the very place of the worship had terrified the squatters more than the shocking sounds and incidents.

Only poetry or madness could do justice to the noises heard by Legrasse's men as they ploughed on through the black morass toward the red glare and muffled tom-toms. There are vocal qualities peculiar to men, and vocal qualities peculiar to beasts; and it is terrible to hear the one when the source should yield the other. Animal fury and orgiastic license here whipped themselves to daemoniac heights by howls and squawking ecstacies that tore and reverberated through those nighted woods like pestilential tempests from the gulfs of hell. Now and then the less organized ululation would cease, and from what seemed a well-drilled chorus of hoarse voices would rise in sing-song chant that hideous phrase or ritual:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."

Then the men, having reached a spot where the trees were thinner, came suddenly in sight of the spectacle itself. Four of them reeled, one fainted, and two were shaken into a frantic cry which the mad cacophony of the orgy fortunately deadened. Legrasse dashed swamp water on the face of the fainting man, and all stood trembling and nearly hypnotised with horror.

In a natural glade of the swamp stood a grassy island of perhaps an acre's extent, clear of trees and tolerably dry. On this now leaped and twisted a more indescribable horde of human abnormality than any but a Sime or an Angarola could paint. Void of clothing, this hybrid spawn were braying, bellowing, and writhing about a monstrous ring-shaped bonfire; in the centre of which, revealed by occasional rifts in the curtain of flame, stood a great granite monolith some eight feet in height; on top of which, incongruous in its diminutiveness, rested the noxious carven statuette. From a wide circle of ten scaffolds set up at regular intervals with the flame-girt monolith as a centre hung, head downward, the oddly marred bodies of the helpless squatters who had disappeared. It was inside this circle that the ring of worshippers jumped and roared, the general direction of the mass motion being from left to right in endless Bacchanal between the ring of bodies and the ring of fire.

It may have been only imagination and it may have been only echoes which induced one of the men, an excitable Spaniard, to fancy he heard antiphonal responses to the ritual from some far and unillumined spot deeper within the wood of ancient legendry and horror. This man, Joseph D. Galvez, I later met and questioned; and he proved distractingly imaginative. He indeed went so far as to hint of the faint beating of great wings, and of a glimpse of shining eyes and a mountainous white bulk beyond the remotest trees but I suppose he had been hearing too much native superstition.

Actually, the horrified pause of the men was of comparatively brief duration. Duty came first; and although there must have been nearly a hundred mongrel celebrants in the throng, the police relied on their firearms and plunged determinedly into the nauseous rout. For five minutes the resultant din and chaos were beyond description. Wild blows were struck, shots were fired, and escapes were made; but in the end Legrasse was able to count some forty-seven sullen prisoners, whom he forced to dress in haste and fall into line between two rows of policemen. Five of the worshippers lay dead, and two severely wounded ones were carried away on improvised stretchers by their fellow-prisoners. The image on the monolith, of course, was carefully removed and carried back by Legrasse.

Examined at headquarters after a trip of intense strain and weariness, the prisoners all proved to be men of a very low, mixed-blooded, and mentally aberrant type. Most were seamen, and a sprinkling of Negroes and mulattoes, largely West Indians or Brava Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands, gave a colouring of voodooism to the heterogeneous cult. But before many questions were asked, it became manifest that something far deeper and older than Negro fetishism was involved. Degraded and ignorant as they were, the creatures held with surprising consistency to the central idea of their loathsome faith. They worshipped, so they said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. Those Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first men, who formed a cult which had never died. This was that cult, and the prisoners said it had always existed and always would exist, hidden in distant wastes and dark places all over the world until the time when the great priest Cthulhu, from his dark house in the mighty city of R'lyeh under the waters, should rise and bring the earth again beneath his sway. Some day he would call, when the stars were ready, and the secret cult would always be waiting to liberate him.

Meanwhile no more must be told. There was a secret which even torture could not extract. Mankind was not absolutely alone among the conscious things of earth, for shapes came out of the dark to visit the faithful few. But these were not the Great Old Ones. No man had ever seen the Old Ones. The carven idol was great Cthulhu, but none might say whether or not the others were precisely like him. No one could read the old writing now, but things were told by word of mouth. The chanted ritual was not the secret –

that was never spoken aloud, only whispered. The chant meant only this: "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

Only two of the prisoners were found sane enough to be hanged, and the rest were committed to various institutions. All denied a part in the ritual murders, and averred that the killing had been done by Black Winged Ones which had come to them from their immemorial meeting-place in the haunted wood. But of those mysterious allies no coherent account could ever be gained. What the police did extract, came mainly from the immensely aged mestizo named Castro, who claimed to have sailed to strange ports and talked with undying leaders of the cult in the mountains of China.

Old Castro remembered bits of hideous legend that paled the speculations of theosophists and made man and the world seem recent and transient indeed. There had been aeons when other Things ruled on the earth, and They had had great cities. Remains of Them, he said the deathless Chinamen had told him, were still be found as Cyclopean stones on islands in the Pacific. They all died vast epochs of time before men came, but there were arts which could revive Them when the stars had come round again to the right positions in the cycle of eternity. They had, indeed, come themselves from the stars, and brought Their images with Them.

These Great Old Ones, Castro continued, were not composed altogether of flesh and blood. They had shape – for did not this star-fashioned image prove it? – but that shape was not made of matter. When the stars were right, They could plunge from world to world through the sky; but when the stars were wrong, They could not live. But although They no longer lived, They would never really die. They all lay in stone houses in Their great city of R'lyeh, preserved by the spells of mighty Cthulhu for a glorious surrection when the stars and the earth might once more be ready for Them. But at that time some force from outside must serve to liberate Their bodies. The spells that preserved them intact likewise prevented Them from making an initial move, and They could only lie awake in the dark and think whilst uncounted millions of years rolled by. They knew all that was occurring in the universe, for Their mode of speech was transmitted thought. Even now They talked in Their tombs. When, after infinities of chaos, the first men came, the Great Old Ones spoke to the sensitive among them by moulding their dreams; for only thus could Their language reach the fleshly minds of mammals.

Then, whispered Castro, those first men formed the cult around tall idols which the Great Ones shewed them; idols brought in dim eras from dark stars. That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom. Meanwhile the cult, by appropriate rites, must keep alive the memory of those ancient ways and shadow forth the prophecy of their return.

In the elder time chosen men had talked with the entombed Old Ones in dreams, but then something happened. The great stone city R'lyeh, with its monoliths and sepulchres, had sunk beneath the waves; and the deep waters, full of the one primal mystery through which not even thought can pass, had cut off the spectral intercourse. But memory never died, and the high-priests said that the city would rise again when the stars were right. Then came out of the earth the black spirits of earth, mouldy and shadowy, and full of dim rumours picked up in caverns beneath forgotten sea-bottoms. But of them old Castro dared not speak much. He cut himself off hurriedly, and no amount of persuasion or subtlety could elicit more in this direction. The size of the Old Ones, too, he curiously declined to mention. Of the cult, he said that he thought the centre lay amid the pathless desert of Arabia, where Irem, the City of Pillars, dreams hidden and untouched. It was not allied to the European witch-cult, and was virtually unknown beyond its members. No book had ever really hinted of it, though the deathless Chinamen said that there were double meanings in the *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred which the initiated might read as they chose, especially the much-discussed couplet:

That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons even death may die.

Legrasse, deeply impressed and not a little bewildered, had inquired in vain concerning the historic affiliations of the cult. Castro, apparently, had told the truth when he said that it was wholly secret. The authorities at Tulane University could shed no light upon either cult or image, and now the detective had come to the highest authorities in the country and met with no more than the Greenland tale of Professor Webb.

The feverish interest aroused at the meeting by Legrasse's tale, corroborated as it was by the statuette, is echoed in the subsequent correspondence of those who attended; although scant mention occurs in the formal publications of the society. Caution is the first care of those accustomed to face occasional charlatanry and imposture. Legrasse for some time lent the image to Professor Webb, but at the latter's death it was returned to him and remains in his possession, where I viewed it not long ago. It is truly a terrible thing, and unmistakably akin to the dream-sculpture of young Wilcox.

That my uncle was excited by the tale of the sculptor I did not wonder, for what thoughts must arise upon hearing, after a knowledge of what Legrasse had learned of the cult, of a sensitive young man who had *dreamed* not only the figure and exact hieroglyphics of the swamp-found image and the Greenland devil tablet, but had come *in his dreams* upon at least three of the precise words of the formula uttered alike by Esquimaux diabolists and mongrel Louisianans?. Professor Angell's instant start on an investigation of the utmost thoroughness was eminently natural; though privately I suspected young Wilcox of having heard of the cult in some indirect way, and of having invented a series of dreams to heighten and continue the mystery at my uncle's expense. The dream-narratives and cuttings collected by the professor were, of course, strong corroboration; but the rationalism of my mind and the extravagance of the whole subject led me to adopt what I thought the most sensible conclusions. So, after thoroughly studying the manuscript again and correlating the theosophical and anthropological notes with the cult narrative of Legrasse, I made a trip to Providence to see the sculptor and give him the rebuke I thought proper for so boldly imposing upon a learned and aged man.

Wilcox still lived alone in the Fleur-de-Lys Building in Thomas Street, a hideous Victorian imitation of seventeenth century Breton Architecture which flaunts its stuccoed front amidst the lovely colonial houses on the ancient hill, and under the very shadow of the finest Georgian steeple in America, I found him at work in his rooms, and at once conceded from the specimens scattered about that his genius is indeed profound and authentic. He will, I believe, some time be heard from as one of the great decadents; for he has crystallised in clay and will one day mirror in marble those nightmares and phantasies which Arthur Machen evokes in prose, and Clark Ashton Smith makes visible in verse and in painting.

Dark, frail, and somewhat unkempt in aspect, he turned languidly at my knock and asked me my business without rising. Then I told him who I was, he displayed some interest; for my uncle had excited his curiosity in probing his strange dreams, yet had never explained the reason for the study. I did not enlarge his knowledge in this regard, but sought with some subtlety to draw him out. In a short time I became convinced of his absolute sincerity, for he spoke of the dreams in a manner none could mistake. They and their subconscious residuum had influenced his art profoundly, and he shewed me a morbid statue whose contours almost made me shake with the potency of its black suggestion. He could not recall having seen the original of this thing except in his own dream bas-relief, but the outlines had formed themselves insensibly under his hands. It was, no doubt, the giant shape he had raved of in delirium. That he really knew nothing of the hidden cult, save from what my uncle's relentless catechism had let fall, he soon made clear; and again I strove to think of some way in which he could possibly have received the weird impressions.

He talked of his dreams in a strangely poetic fashion; making me see with terrible vividness the damp Cyclopean city of slimy green stone – whose geometry, he oddly said, was *all wrong* – and hear with frightened expectancy the ceaseless, half-mental calling from underground: *"Cthulhu fhtagn"* , *"Cthulhu fhtagn."*

These words had formed part of that dread ritual which told of dead Cthulhu's dream-vigil in his stone vault at R'lyeh, and I felt deeply moved despite my rational beliefs. Wilcox, I was sure, had heard of the cult in some casual way, and had soon forgotten it amidst the mass of his equally weird reading and imagining. Later, by virtue of its sheer impressiveness, it had found subconscious expression in dreams, in the bas-relief, and in the terrible statue I now beheld; so that his imposture upon my uncle had been a very innocent one. The youth was of a type, at once slightly affected and slightly ill-mannered, which I could never like, but I was willing enough now to admit both his genius and his honesty. I took leave of him amicably, and wish him all the success his talent promises.

The matter of the cult still remained to fascinate me, and at times I had visions of personal fame from researches into its origin and connexions. I visited New Orleans, talked with Legrasse and others of that old-time raiding-party, saw the frightful image, and even questioned such of the mongrel prisoners as still survived. Old Castro, unfortunately, had been dead for some years. What I now heard so graphically at first-hand, though it was really no more than a detailed confirmation of what my uncle had written, excited me afresh; for I felt sure that I was on the track of a very real, very secret, and very ancient religion whose discovery would make me an anthropologist of note. My attitude was still one of absolute

materialism, as I wish it still were, and I discounted with almost inexplicable perversity the coincidence of the dream notes and odd cuttings collected by Professor Angell.
One thing I began to suspect, and which I now fear I know, is that my uncle's death was far from natural. He fell on a narrow hill street leading up from an ancient waterfront swarming with foreign mongrels, after a careless push from a Negro sailor. I did not forget the mixed blood and marine pursuits of the cult-members in Louisiana, and would not be surprised to learn of secret methods and rites and beliefs. Legrasse and his men, it is true, have been let alone; but in Norway a certain seaman who saw things is dead. Might not the deeper inquiries of my uncle after encountering the sculptor's data have come to sinister ears? I think Professor Angell died because he knew too much, or because he was likely to learn too much. Whether I shall go as he did remains to be seen, for I have learned much now.

III. The Madness from the Sea

If heaven ever wishes to grant me a boon, it will be a total effacing of the results of a mere chance which fixed my eye on a certain stray piece of shelf-paper. It was nothing on which I would naturally have stumbled in the course of my daily round, for it was an old number of an Australian journal, the *Sydney Bulletin* for April 18, 1925. It had escaped even the cutting bureau which had at the time of its issuance been avidly collecting material for my uncle's research.
I had largely given over my inquiries into what Professor Angell called the "Cthulhu Cult", and was visiting a learned friend in Paterson, New Jersey; the curator of a local museum and a mineralogist of note. Examining one day the reserve specimens roughly set on the storage shelves in a rear room of the museum, my eye was caught by an odd picture in one of the old papers spread beneath the stones. It was the Sydney Bulletin I have mentioned, for my friend had wide affiliations in all conceivable foreign parts; and the picture was a half-tone cut of a hideous stone image almost identical with that which Legrasse had found in the swamp.
Eagerly clearing the sheet of its precious contents, I scanned the item in detail; and was disappointed to find it of only moderate length. What it suggested, however, was of portentous significance to my flagging quest; and I carefully tore it out for immediate action. It read as follows:

MYSTERY DERELICT FOUND AT SEA

Vigilant Arrives With Helpless Armed New Zealand Yacht in Tow. One Survivor and Dead Man Found Aboard. Tale of Desperate Battle and Deaths at Sea. Rescued Seaman Refuses Particulars of Strange Experience. Odd Idol Found in His Possession. Inquiry to Follow.
The Morrison Co.'s freighter *Vigilant* , bound from Valparaiso, arrived this morning at its wharf in Darling Harbour, having in tow the battled and disabled but heavily armed steam yacht *Alert* of Dunedin, N.Z., which was sighted April 12th in S. Latitude 34?21', W. Longitude 152?17', with one living and one dead man aboard.
The Vigilant left Valparaiso March 25th, and on April 2nd was driven considerably south of her course by exceptionally heavy storms and monster waves. On April 12th the derelict was sighted; and though apparently deserted, was found upon boarding to contain one survivor in a half-delirious condition and one man who had evidently been dead for more than a week. The living man was clutching a horrible stone idol of unknown origin, about foot in height, regarding whose nature authorities at Sydney University, the Royal Society, and the Museum in College Street all profess complete bafflement, and which the survivor says he found in the cabin of the yacht, in a small carved shrine of common pattern.
This man, after recovering his senses, told an exceedingly strange story of piracy and slaughter. He is Gustaf Johansen, a Norwegian of some intelligence, and had been second mate of the two-masted schooner *Emma* of Auckland, which sailed for Callao February 20th with a complement of eleven men.
The Emma, he says, was delayed and thrown widely south of her course by the great storm of March 1st, and on March 22nd, in S. Latitud e 49?51' W. Longitude 128?34', encountered the *Alert* , manned by a queer and evil-looking crew of Kanakas and half-castes. Being ordered peremptorily to turn back, Capt. Collins refused; whereupon the strange crew began to fire savagely and without warning upon the schooner with a peculiarly heavy battery of brass cannon forming part of the yacht's equipment. The *Emma* 's men shewed fight, says the survivor, and though the schooner began to sink from shots beneath the water-line they managed to heave alongside their enemy and board her, grappling with the savage crew on the yacht's deck, and being forced to kill them all, the number being slightly superior, because of their particularly abhorrent and desperate though rather clumsy mode of fighting.

Three of the *Emma* 's men, including Capt. Collins and First Mate Green, were killed; and the remaining eight under Second Mate Johansen proceeded to navigate the captured yacht, going ahead in their original direction to see if any reason for their ordering back had existed. The next day, it appears, they raised and landed on a small island, although none is known to exist in that part of the ocean; and six of the men somehow died ashore, though Johansen is queerly reticent about this part of his story, and speaks only of their falling into a rock chasm. Later, it seems, he and one companion boarded the yacht and tried to manage her, but were beaten about by the storm of April 2nd, From that time till his rescue on the 12th the man remembers little, and he does not even recall when William Briden, his companion, died. Briden's death reveals no apparent cause, and was probably due to excitement or exposure. Cable advices from Dunedin report that the *Alert* was well known there as an island trader, and bore an evil reputation along the waterfront, It was owned by a curious group of half-castes whose frequent meetings and night trips to the woods attracted no little curiosity; and it had set sail in great haste just after the storm and earth tremors of March 1st. Our Auckland correspondent gives the *Emma* and her crew an excellent reputation, and Johansen is described as a sober and worthy man. The admiralty will institute an inquiry on the whole matter beginning tomorrow, at which every effort will be made to induce Johansen to speak more freely than he has done hitherto.

This was all, together with the picture of the hellish image; but what a train of ideas it started in my mind! Here were new treasuries of data on the Cthulhu Cult, and evidence that it had strange interests at sea as well as on land. What motive prompted the hybrid crew to order back the *Emma* as they sailed about with their hideous idol? What was the unknown island on which six of the *Emma* 's crew had died, and about which the mate Johansen was so secretive? What had the vice-admiralty's investigation brought out, and what was known of the noxious cult in Dunedin? And most marvellous of all, what deep and more than natural linkage of dates was this which gave a malign and now undeniable significance to the various turns of events so carefully noted by my uncle?

March 1st – or February 28th according to the International Date Line – the earthquake and storm had come. From Dunedin the Alert and her noisome crew had darted eagerly forth as if imperiously summoned, and on the other side of the earth poets and artists had begun to dream of a strange, dank Cyclopean city whilst a young sculptor had moulded in his sleep the form of the dreaded Cthulhu. March 23rd the crew of the Emma landed on an unknown island and left six men dead; and on that date the dreams of sensitive men assumed a heightened vividness and darkened with dread of a giant monster's malign pursuit, whilst an architect had gone mad and a sculptor had lapsed suddenly into delirium! And what of this storm of April 2nd – the date on which all dreams of the dank city ceased, and Wilcox emerged unharmed from the bondage of strange fever? What of all this – and of those hints of old Castro about the sunken, star-born Old Ones and their coming reign; their faithful cult *and their mastery of dreams* ? Was I tottering on the brink of cosmic horrors beyond man's power to bear? If so, they must be horrors of the mind alone, for in some way the second of April had put a stop to whatever monstrous menace had begun its siege of mankind's soul.

That evening, after a day of hurried cabling and arranging, I bade my host adieu and took a train for San Francisco. In less than a month I was in Dunedin; where, however, I found that little was known of the strange cult-members who had lingered in the old sea-taverns. Waterfront scum was far too common for special mention; though there was vague talk about one inland trip these mongrels had made, during which faint drumming and red flame were noted on the distant hills. In Auckland I learned that Johansen had returned *with yellow hair turned white* after a perfunctory and inconclusive questioning at Sydney, and had thereafter sold his cottage in West Street and sailed with his wife to his old home in Oslo. Of his stirring experience he would tell his friends no more than he had told the admiralty officials, and all they could do was to give me his Oslo address.

After that I went to Sydney and talked profitlessly with seamen and members of the vice-admiralty court. I saw the *Alert* , now sold and in commercial use, at Circular Quay in Sydney Cove, but gained nothing from its non-committal bulk. The crouching image with its cuttlefish head, dragon body, scaly wings, and hieroglyphed pedestal, was preserved in the Museum at Hyde Park; and I studied it long and well, finding it a thing of balefully exquisite workmanship, and with the same utter mystery, terrible antiquity, and unearthly strangeness of material which I had noted in Legrasse's smaller specimen. Geologists, the curator told me, had found it a monstrous puzzle; for they vowed that the world held no rock like it. Then I thought with a shudder of what Old Castro had told Legrasse about the Old Ones; "They had come from the stars, and had brought Their images with Them."

Shaken with such a mental revolution as I had never before known, I now resolved to visit Mate Johansen in Oslo. Sailing for London, I reembarked at once for the Norwegian capital; and one autumn day landed at the trim wharves in the shadow of the Egeberg. Johansen's address, I discovered, lay in the Old Town of King Harold Haardrada, which kept alive the name of Oslo during all the centuries that the greater city masqueraded as "Christiana." I made the brief trip by taxicab, and knocked with palpitant heart at the door of a neat and ancient building with plastered front. A sad-faced woman in black answered my summons, and I was stung with disappointment when she told me in halting English that Gustaf Johansen was no more.

He had not long survived his return, said his wife, for the doings sea in 1925 had broken him. He had told her no more than he told the public, but had left a long manuscript – of "technical matters" as he said – written in English, evidently in order to guard her from the peril of casual perusal. During a walk rough a narrow lane near the Gothenburg dock, a bundle of papers falling from an attic window had knocked him down. Two Lascar sailors at once helped him to his feet, but before the ambulance could reach him he was dead. Physicians found no adequate cause the end, and laid it to heart trouble and a weakened constitution. I now felt gnawing at my vitals that dark terror which will never leave me till I, too, am at rest; "accidentally" or otherwise. Persuading the widow that my connexion with her husband's "technical matters" was sufficient to entitle me to his manuscript, I bore the document away and began to read it on the London boat.

It was a simple, rambling thing – a naive sailor's effort at a post-facto diary – and strove to recall day by day that last awful voyage. I cannot attempt to transcribe it verbatim in all its cloudiness and redundance, but I will tell its gist enough to shew why the sound the water against the vessel's sides became so unendurable to me that I stopped my ears with cotton.

Johansen, thank God, did not know quite all, even though he saw the city and the Thing, but I shall never sleep calmly again when I think of the horrors that lurk ceaselessly behind life in time and in space, and of those unhallowed blasphemies from elder stars which dream beneath the sea, known and favoured by a nightmare cult ready and eager to loose them upon the world whenever another earthquake shall heave their monstrous stone city again to the sun and air.

Johansen's voyage had begun just as he told it to the vice-admiralty. The *Emma*, in ballast, had cleared Auckland on February 20th, and had felt the full force of that earthquake-born tempest which must have heaved up from the sea-bottom the horrors that filled men's dreams. Once more under control, the ship was making good progress when held up by the *Alert* on March 22nd, and I could feel the mate's regret as he wrote of her bombardment and sinking. Of the swarthy cult-fiends on the *Alert* he speaks with significant horror. There was some peculiarly abominable quality about them which made their destruction seem almost a duty, and Johansen shews ingenuous wonder at the charge of ruthlessness brought against his party during the proceedings of the court of inquiry. Then, driven ahead by curiosity in their captured yacht under Johansen's command, the men sight a great stone pillar sticking out of the sea, and in S. Latitude 47?9', W. Longitude l23?43', come upon a coastline of mingled mud, ooze, and weedy Cyclopean masonry which can be nothing less than the tangible substance of earth's supreme terror – the nightmare corpse-city of R'lyeh, that was built in measureless aeons behind history by the vast, loathsome shapes that seeped down from the dark stars. There lay great Cthulhu and his hordes, hidden in green slimy vaults and sending out at last, after cycles incalculable, the thoughts that spread fear to the dreams of the sensitive and called imperiously to the faithfull to come on a pilgrimage of liberation and restoration. All this Johansen did not suspect, but God knows he soon saw enough!

I suppose that only a single mountain-top, the hideous monolith-crowned citadel whereon great Cthulhu was buried, actually emerged from the waters. When I think of the extent of all that may be brooding down there I almost wish to kill myself forthwith. Johansen and his men were awed by the cosmic majesty of this dripping Babylon of elder daemons, and must have guessed without guidance that it was nothing of this or of any sane planet. Awe at the unbelievable size of the greenish stone blocks, at the dizzying height of the great carven monolith, and at the stupefying identity of the colossal statues and bas-reliefs with the queer image found in the shrine on the *Alert* , is poignantly visible in every line of the mates frightened description.

Without knowing what futurism is like, Johansen achieved something very close to it when he spoke of the city; for instead of describing any definite structure or building, he dwells only on broad impressions of vast angles and stone surfaces – surfaces too great to belong to anything right or proper for this earth, and impious with horrible images and hieroglyphs. I mention his talk about angles because it suggests something Wilcox had told me of his awful dreams. He said that the geometry of the dream-place he saw

was abnormal, non-Euclidean, and loathsomely redolent of spheres and dimensions apart from ours. Now an unlettered seaman felt the same thing whilst gazing at the terrible reality.

Johansen and his men landed at a sloping mud-bank on this monstrous Acropolis, and clambered slipperily up over titan oozy blocks which could have been no mortal staircase. The very sun of heaven seemed distorted when viewed through the polarising miasma welling out from this sea-soaked perversion, and twisted menace and suspense lurked leeringly in those crazily elusive angles of carven rock where a second glance shewed concavity after the first shewed convexity.

Something very like fright had come over all the explorers before anything more definite than rock and ooze and weed was seen. Each would have fled had he not feared the scorn of the others, and it was only half-heartedly that they searched – vainly, as it proved – for some portable souvenir to bear away.

It was Rodriguez the Portuguese who climbed up the foot of the monolith and shouted of what he had found. The rest followed him, and looked curiously at the immense carved door with the now familiar squid-dragon bas-relief. It was, Johansen said, like a great barn-door; and they all felt that it was a door because of the ornate lintel, threshold, and jambs around it, though they could not decide whether it lay flat like a trap-door or slantwise like an outside cellar-door. As Wilcox would have said, the geometry of the place was all wrong. One could not be sure that the sea and the ground were horizontal, hence the relative position of everything else seemed phantasmally variable.

Briden pushed at the stone in several places without result. Then Donovan felt over it delicately around the edge, pressing each point separately as he went. He climbed interminably along the grotesque stone moulding – that is, one would call it climbing if the thing was not after all horizontal – and the men wondered how any door in the universe could be so vast. Then, very softly and slowly, the acre-great lintel began to give inward at the top; and they saw that it was balauced

Donovan slid or somehow propelled himself down or along the jamb and rejoined his fellows, and everyone watched the queer recession of the monstrously carven portal. In this phantasy of prismatic distortion it moved anomalously in a diagonal way, so that all the rules of matter and perspective seemed upset.

The aperture was black with a darkness almost material. That tenebrousness was indeed a *positive quality* ; for it obscured such parts of the inner walls as ought to have been revealed, and actually burst forth like smoke from its aeon-long imprisonment, visibly darkening the sun as it slunk away into the shrunken and gibbous sky on flapping membraneous wings. The odour rising from the newly opened depths was intolerable, and at length the quick-eared Hawkins thought he heard a nasty, slopping sound down there. Everyone listened, and everyone was listening still when It lumbered slobberingly into sight and gropingly squeezed Its gelatinous green immensity through the black doorway into the tainted outside air of that poison city of madness.

Poor Johansen's handwriting almost gave out when he wrote of this. Of the six men who never reached the ship, he thinks two perished of pure fright in that accursed instant. The Thing cannot be described – there is no language for such abysms of shrieking and immemorial lunacy, such eldritch contradictions of all matter, force, and cosmic order. A mountain walked or stumbled. God! What wonder that across the earth a great architect went mad, and poor Wilcox raved with fever in that telepathic instant? The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awaked to claim his own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again, and ravening for delight.

Three men were swept up by the flabby claws before anybody turned. God rest them, if there be any rest in the universe. They were Donovan, Guerrera, and Angstrom. Parker slipped as the other three were plunging frenziedly over endless vistas of green-crusted rock to the boat, and Johansen swears he was swallowed up by an angle of masonry which shouldn't have been there; an angle which was acute, but behaved as if it were obtuse. So only Briden and Johansen reached the boat, and pulled desperately for the *Alert* as the mountainous monstrosity flopped down the slimy stones and hesitated, floundering at the edge of the water.

Steam had not been suffered to go down entirely, despite the departure of all hands for the shore; and it was the work of only a few moments of feverish rushing up and down between wheel and engines to get the *Alert* under way. Slowly, amidst the distorted horrors of that indescribable scene, she began to churn the lethal waters; whilst on the masonry of that charnel shore that was not of earth the titan Thing from the stars slavered and gibbered like Polypheme cursing the fleeing ship of Odysseus. Then, bolder than the storied Cyclops, great Cthulhu slid greasily into the water and began to pursue with vast wave-raising strokes of cosmic potency. Briden looked back and went mad, laughing shrilly as he kept on laughing at intervals till death found him one night in the cabin whilst Johansen was wandering deliriously.

But Johansen had not given out yet. Knowing that the Thing could surely overtake the *Alert* until steam was fully up, he resolved on a desperate chance; and, setting the engine for full speed, ran lightning-like on deck and reversed the wheel. There was a mighty eddying and foaming in the noisome brine, and as the steam mounted higher and higher the brave Norwegian drove his vessel head on against the pursuing jelly which rose above the unclean froth like the stern of a daemon galleon. The awful squid-head with writhing feelers came nearly up to the bowsprit of the sturdy yacht, but Johansen drove on relentlessly. There was a bursting as of an exploding bladder, a slushy nastiness as of a cloven sunfish, a stench as of a thousand opened graves, and a sound that the chronicler could not put on paper. For an instant the ship was befouled by an acrid and blinding green cloud, and then there was only a venomous seething astern; where – God in heaven! – the scattered plasticity of that nameless sky-spawn was nebulously *recombining* in its hateful original form, whilst its distance widened every second as the *Alert* gained impetus from its mounting steam.

That was all. After that Johansen only brooded over the idol in the cabin and attended to a few matters of food for himself and the laughing maniac by his side. He did not try to navigate after the first bold flight, for the reaction had taken something out of his soul. Then came the storm of April 2nd, and a gathering of the clouds about his consciousness. There is a sense of spectral whirling through liquid gulfs of infinity, of dizzying rides through reeling universes on a comets tail, and of hysterical plunges from the pit to the moon and from the moon back again to the pit, all livened by a cachinnating chorus of the distorted, hilarious elder gods and the green, bat-winged mocking imps of Tartarus.

Out of that dream came rescue-the *Vigilant* , the vice-admiralty court, the streets of Dunedin, and the long voyage back home to the old house by the Egeberg. He could not tell – they would think him mad. He would write of what he knew before death came, but his wife must not guess. Death would be a boon if only it could blot out the memories.

That was the document I read, and now I have placed it in the tin box beside the bas-relief and the papers of Professor Angell. With it shall go this record of mine – this test of my own sanity, wherein is pieced together that which I hope may never be pieced together again. I have looked upon all that the universe has to hold of horror, and even the skies of spring and the flowers of summer must ever afterward be poison to me. But I do not think my life will be long. As my uncle went, as poor Johansen went, so I shall go. I know too much, and the cult still lives.

Cthulhu still lives, too, I suppose, again in that chasm of stone which has shielded him since the sun was young. His accursed city is sunken once more, for the Vigilant sailed over the spot after the April storm; but his ministers on earth still bellow and prance and slay around idol-capped monoliths in lonely places. He must have been trapped by the sinking whilst within his black abyss, or else the world would by now be screaming with fright and frenzy. Who knows the end? What has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise. Loathsomeness waits and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the tottering cities of men. A time will come – but I must not and cannot think! Let me pray that, if I do not survive this manuscript, my executors may put caution before audacity and see that it meets no other eye.

Ravin's of a Piute Poet Poe
C.L. Edson
(Scholastic Magazine, 1963)

Once upon a midnight dreary -- eerie, scary -- I was wary;
I was weary, full of sorry, thinking of my lost Lenore.
Of my cheery, eerie, faery, fiery dearie -- nothing more.
I lay napping when a rapping on the overlapping coping
woke me -- grapping, yapping, groping -- I went hopping,
leaping!, hoping that the rapping on the coping
was my little lost Lenore.
That, on opening the shutter, to admit the latter critter,
in she'd flutter from the gutter, with her bitter eyes aglitter.
So I opened wide the door -- what was there?
The dark wier and the drear moor -- or, I'm a liar!:
The dark mire, the drear moor, the mere door ...
And nothing more.

Then in stepped a stately raven, shaven like the Bard of Avon.
Yes, a shaven, rovin' raven seeking haven at my door.
And that grievin', rovin' raven had been movin' (get me, Steven?!)
For the warm and loving haven of my stove and oven door.
Oven door and ... nothing more!
Ah, distinctly I remember, every ember that December
Turned from amber to burnt umber. (I was burning limber lumber
in my chamber that December and it left an amber ember.)
With each silken sad uncertain flirtin' of a certain curtain,
That old raven, cold and callous, perched upon the bust of Pallas
just above my chamber door -- a lusty, trusty bust thrust
just above my chamber door.
Had that callous cuss shown malice, or sought solace there on Pallas?
You may tell us, Alice Wallace! Tell this soul with nightmares ridden,
Hidden in the shade and broodin', if a maiden out of Eden
Sent this sudden bird invadin' my poor chamber
(and protrudin' half an inch above my door!).
Tell this broodin' soul (he's breedin' bats by so much sodden readin'--
Readin' Snowden's "Ode to Odin"!) ...
Tell this soul with nightmares ridden if -- no kiddin'! --
on a sudden, he shall clasp a radiant maiden born in Aiden
(or in Leyden, or indeed in Baden-Baden) ...
Will he grab this buddin' maiden, gaddin' in forbidden Eden,
Whom the angels named Lenore? And that bird said, "Nevermore!"
"Prophet", cried I, "thing of evil, navel, novel, or boll weavil,
You shall travel! On the level! Scratch the gravel now, and travel --
Leave my hovel, I implore!"
And that raven, never flitting (never knitting, never tatting,
never spouting Nevermore) still is sitting (out this ballad!)
On the solid bust, and pallid -- on the vallid, pallid, bust
Above my chamber door.
And my soul is in the shadow which lies floating on the floor --
Fleeting, floating (yachting, boating) on the fluting of the matting,
Matting of my chamber door!
[And that's all there is, and nothin' more!]

A Visit from Saint Nicholas In The Ernest Hemingway Manner
James Thurber
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It was the night before Christmas. The house was very quiet. No creatures were stirring in the house. There weren't even any mice stirring. The stockings had been hung carefully by the chimney. The children hoped that Saint Nicholas would come and fill them.
The children were in their beds. Their beds were in the room next to ours. Mamma and I were in our beds. Mamma wore a kerchief. I had my cap on. I could hear the children moving. We didn't move. We wanted the children to think we were asleep.
“Father,” the children said.
There was no answer. He's there, all right, they thought.
“Father,” they said, and banged on their beds.
“What do you want?” I asked.
“We have visions of sugarplums,” the children said.
“Go to sleep,” said mamma.
“We can't sleep,” said the children. They stopped talking, but I could hear them moving. They made sounds.
“Can you sleep?” asked the children.

“No,” I said.
“You ought to sleep.”
“I know. I ought to sleep.”
“Can we have some sugarplums?”
“You can't have any sugarplums,” said mamma.
“We just asked you.”
There was a long silence. I could hear the children moving again.
“Is Saint Nicholas asleep?” asked the children.
“No,” mamma said. “Be quiet.”
“What the hell would he be asleep tonight for?” I asked.
“He might be,” the children said.
“He isn't,” I said.
“Let's try to sleep,” said mamma.
The house became quiet once more. I could hear the rustling noises the children made when they moved in their beds.
Out on the lawn a clatter arose. I got out of bed and went to the window. I opened the shutters; then I threw up the sash. The moon shone on the snow. The moon gave the lustre of mid-day to objects in the snow. There was a miniature sleigh in the snow, and eight tiny reindeer. A little man was driving them. He was lively and quick. He whistled and shouted at the reindeer and called them by their names. Their names were Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, and Blitzen.
He told them to dash away to the top of the porch, and then he told them to dash away to the top of the wall. They did. The sleigh was full of toys.
“Who is it?” mamma asked.
“Some guy,” I said. “A little guy.”
I pulled my head in out of the window and listened. I heard the reindeer on the roof. I could hear their hoofs pawing and prancing on the roof.
“Shut the window,” said mamma.
I stood still and listened.
“What do you hear?”
“Reindeer,” I said. I shut the window and walked about. It was cold. Mamma sat up in the bed and looked at me.
“How would they get on the roof?” mamma asked.
“They fly.”
“Get into bed. You'll catch cold.”
Mamma lay down in bed. I didn't get into bed. I kept walking around.
“What do you mean, they fly?” asked mamma.
“Just fly is all.”
Mamma turned away toward the wall. She didn't say anything.
I went out into the room where the chimney was. The little man came down the chimney and stepped into the room. He was dressed all in fur. His clothes were covered with ashes and soot from the chimney. On his back was a pack like a peddler's pack. There were toys in it. His cheeks and nose were red and he had dimples. His eyes twinkled. His mouth was little, like a bow, and his beard was very white. Between his teeth was a stumpy pipe. The smoke from the pipe encircled his head in a wreath. He laughed and his belly shook. It shook like a bowl of red jelly. I laughed. He winked his eye, then he gave a twist to his head. He didn't say anything.
He turned to the chimney and filled the stockings and turned away from the chimney. Laying his finger aside his nose, he gave a nod. Then he went up the chimney. I went to the chimney and looked up. I saw him get into his sleigh. He whistled at his team and the team flew away. The team flew as lightly as thistledown. The driver called out, “Merry Christmas and good night.” I went back to bed.
“What was it?” asked mamma. “Saint Nicholas?” She smiled.
“Yeah,” I said.
She sighed and turned in the bed.
“I saw him,” I said.
“Sure.”
“I did see him.”
“Sure you saw him.” She turned farther toward the wall.
“Father,” said the children.

“There you go,” mamma said. “You and your flying reindeer.”
“Go to sleep,” I said.
“Can we see Saint Nicholas when he comes?” the children asked.
“You got to be asleep,” I said. “You got to be asleep when he comes. You can't see him unless you're unconscious.”
“Father knows,” mamma said.
I pulled the covers over my mouth. It was warm under the covers. As I went to sleep I wondered if mamma was right.

Anthony Burgess: *The Clockwork Orange*
PART 1

1

"What's it going to be then, eh?"

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie, and Dim. Dim being really dim, and we sat in the Korova Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard though dry. The Korova Milkbar was a milk-plus mesto, and you may, O my brothers, have forgotten what these mestos were like, things changing so skorry these days and everybody very quick to forget, newspapers not being read much neither. Well, what they sold there was milk plus something else. They had no licence for selling liquor, but there was no law yet against prodding some of the new veshches which they used to put into the old moloko, so you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or drencrom or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice quiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admiring Bog And All His Holy Angels and Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozg. Or you could peet milk with knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-one, and that was what we were peeting this evening I'm starting off the story with.

Our pockets were full of deng, so there was no real need from the point of view of crasting any more pretty polly to tolchock some old veck in an alley and viddy him swim in his blood while we counted the takings and divided by four, nor to do the ultra-violent on some shivering starry grey-haired ptitsa in a shop and go smecking off with the till's guts. But, as they say, money isn't everything.

The four of us were dressed in the height of fashion, which in those days was a pair of black very tight tights with the old jelly mould, as we called it, fitting on the crotch underneath the tights, this being to protect and also a sort of a design you could viddy clear enough in a certain light, so that I had one in the shape of a spider, Pete had a rooker (a hand, that is), Georgie had a very fancy one of a flower, and poor old Dim had a very hound-and-horny one of a clown's litso (face, that is). Dim not ever having much of an idea of things and being, beyond all shadow of a doubting thomas, the dimmest of we four. Then we wore waisty jackets without lapels but with these very big built-up shoulders (`pletchoes' we called them) which were a kind of a mockery of having real shoulders like that. Then, my brothers, we had these off-white cravats which looked like whipped-up kartoffel or spud with a sort of a design made on it with a fork. We wore our hair not too long and we had flip horrorshow boots for kicking.

"What's it going to be then, eh?"

There were three devotchkas sitting at the counter all together, but there were four of us malchicks and it was usually like one for all and all

for one. These sharps were dressed in the heighth of fashion too, with purple and green and orange wigs on their gullivers, each one not costing less than three or four weeks of those sharps' wages, I should reckon, and make-up to match (rainbows round the glazzies, that is, and the rot painted very wide). Then they had long black very straight dresses, and on the groody part of them they had little badges of like silver with different malchicks' names on them--Joe and Mike and suchlike. These were supposed to be the names of the different malchicks they'd spatted with before they were fourteen. They kept looking our way and I nearly felt like saying the three of us (out of the corner of my rot, that is) should go off for a bit of pol and leave poor old Dim behind, because it would be just a matter of kupetting Dim a demi-litre of white but this time with a dollop of synthemesc in it, but that wouldn't really have been playing like the game. Dim was very very ugly and like his name, but he was a horrorshow filthy fighter and very handy with the boot.

"What's it going to be then, eh?"

The chelloveck sitting next to me, there being this long big plushy seat that ran round three walls, was well away with his glazzies glazed and sort of burbling slovos like "Aristotle wishy washy works outing cyclamen get forficulate smartish." He was in the land all right, well away, in orbit, and I knew what it was like, having tried it like everybody else had done, but at this time I'd got to thinking it was a cowardly sort of a veshch, O my brothers. You'd lay there after you'd drunk the old moloko and then you got the messel that everything all round you was sort of in the past. You could viddy it all right, all of it, very clear--tables, the stereo, the lights, the sharps and the malchicks--but it was like some veshch that used to be there but was not there not no more. And you were sort of hypnotized by your boot or shoe or a finger-nail as it might be, and at the same time you were sort of picked up by the old scruff and shook like you might be a cat. You got shook and shook till there was nothing left. You lost your name and your body and your self and you just didn't care, and you waited until your boot or finger-nail got yellow, then yellower and yellower all the time. Then the lights started cracking like atomics and the boot or finger-nail or, as it might be, a bit of dirt on your trouser-bottom turned into a big big big mesto, bigger than the whole world, and you were just going to get introduced to old Bog or God when it was all over. You came back to here and now whimpering sort of, with your rot all squaring up for a boohoohoo. Now that's very nice but very cowardly. You were not put on this earth just to get in touch with God. That sort of thing could sap all the strength and the goodness out of a chelloveck.

"What's it going to be then, eh?"

The stereo was on and you got the idea that the singer's goloss was moving from one part of the bar to another, flying up to the ceiling and then swooping down again and whizzing from wall to wall. It was Berti Laski rasping a real starry oldie called `You Blister My Paint.' One of the three ptitsas at the counter, the one with the green wig, kept pushing her belly out and pulling it in in time to what they called the music. I could feel the knives in the old moloko starting to prick, and now I was ready for a bit of twenty-to-one. So I yelped: "Out out out out!" like a doggie, and then I cracked this veck who was sitting next to me and well away and burbling a horrorshow crack on the ooko or earhole, but he didn't feel it and went on with his "Telephonic hardware and when the farfarculule gets rubadubdub." He'd feel it all right when he came to, out of the land.

"Where out?" said Georgie.

"Oh, just to keep walking," I said, "and viddy what turns up, O my little brothers."

So we scatted out into the big winter nochy and walked down Marghanita

Boulevard and then turned into Boothby Avenue, and there we found what we were pretty well looking for, a malenky jest to start off the evening with. There was a doddery starry schoolmaster type veck, glasses on and his rot open to the cold nochy air. He had books under his arm and a crappy umbrella and was coming round the corner from the Public Biblio, which not many lewdies used these days. You never really saw many of the older bourgeois type out after nightfall those days, what with the shortage of police and we fine young malchickiwicks about, and this prof type chelloveck was the only one walking in the whole of the street. So we goolied up to him, very polite, and I said: "Pardon me, brother."

He looked a malenky bit poogly when he viddied the four of us like that, coming up so quiet and polite and smiling, but he said: "Yes? What is it?" in a very loud teacher-type goloss, as if he was trying to show us he wasn't poogly. I said:

"I see you have books under your arm, brother. It is indeed a rare pleasure these days to come across somebody that still reads, brother."

"Oh," he said, all shaky. "Is it? Oh, I see." And he kept looking from one to the other of we four, finding himself now like in the middle of a very smiling and polite square.

"Yes," I said. "It would interest me greatly, brother, if you would kindly allow me to see what books those are that you have under your arm. I like nothing better in this world than a good clean book, brother."

"Clean," he said. "Clean, eh?" And then Pete skvatted these three books from him and handed them round real skorry.

Being three, we all had one each to viddy at except for Dim. The one I had was called `Elementary Crystallography,' so I opened it up and said: "Excellent, really first-class," keeping turning the pages. Then I said in a very shocked type goloss: "But what is this here? What is this filthy slovo? I blush to look at this word. You disappoint me, brother, you do really."

"But," he tried, "but, but."

"Now," said Georgie, "here is what I should call real dirt. There's one slovo beginning with an f and another with a c." He had a book called `The Miracle of the Snowflake.'

"Oh," said poor old Dim, smotting over Pete's shoulder and going too far, like he always did, "it says here what he done to her, and there's a picture and all. Why," he said, "you're nothing but a filthy-minded old skitebird."

"An old man of your age, brother," I said, and I started to rip up the book I'd got, and the others did the same with the ones they had. Dim and Pete doing a tug-of-war with `The Rhombohedral System.' The starry prof type began to creech: "But those are not mine, those are the property of the municipality, this is sheer wantonness and vandal work," or some such slovos. And he tried to sort of wrest the books back off of us, which was like pathetic. "You deserve to be taught a lesson, brother," I said, "that you do." This crystal book I had was very tough-bound and hard to razrez to bits, being real starry and made in days when things were made to last like, but I managed to rip the pages up and chuck them in handfuls of like snowflakes, though big, all over this creeching old veck, and then the others did the same with theirs, old Dim just dancing about like the clown he was. "There you are," said Pete. "There's the mackerel of the cornflake for you, you dirty reader of filth and nastiness."

"You naughty old veck, you," I said, and then we began to filly about with him. Pete held his rookers and Georgie sort of hooked his rot wide open for him and Dim yanked out his false zoobies, upper and lower. He threw these down on the pavement and then I treated them to the old boot-crush, though they were hard bastards like, being made of some new horrorshow plastic stuff. The old veck began to make sort of chumbling shooms--"wuf waf

wof"--so Georgie let go of holding his goobers apart and just let him have one in the toothless rot with his ringy fist, and that made the old veck start moaning a lot then, then out comes the blood, my brothers, real beautiful. So all we did then was to pull his outer platties off, stripping him down to his vest and long underpants (very starry; Dim smecked his head off near), and then Pete kicks him lovely in his pot, and we let him go. He went sort of staggering off, it not having been too hard of a tolchock really, going "Oh oh oh," not knowing where or what was what really, and we had a snigger at him and then riffled through his pockets, Dim dancing round with his crappy umbrella meanwhile, but there wasn't much in them.

There were a few starry letters, some of them dating right back to 1960 with "My dearest dearest" in them and all that chepooka, and a keyring and a starry leaky pen. Old Dim gave up his umbrella dance and of course had to start reading one of the letters out loud, like to show the empty street he could read. "My darling one," he recited, in this very high type goloss, "I shall be thinking of you while you are away and hope you will remember to wrap up warm when you go out at night." Then he let out a very shoomny smeck--"Ho ho ho"--pretending to start wiping his yahma with it. "All right," I said. "Let it go, O my brothers." In the trousers of this starry veck there was only a malenky bit of cutter (money, that is)--not more than three gollies--so we gave all his messy little coin the scatter treatment, it being hen-korm to the amount of pretty polly we had on us already. Then we smashed the umbrella and razrezzed his platties and gave them to the blowing winds, my brothers, and then we'd finished with the starry teacher type veck. We hadn't done much, I know, but that was only like the start of the evening and I make no appy polly loggies to thee or thine for that. The knives in the milk plus were stabbing away nice and horrorshow now.

The next thing was to do the sammy act, which was one way to unload some of our cutter so we'd have more of an incentive like for some shop-crasting, as well as it being a way of buying an alibi in advance, so we went into the Duke of New York on Amis Avenue and sure enough in the snug there were three or four old baboochkas peeting their black and suds on SA (State Aid). Now we were the very good malchicks, smiling good evensong to one and all, though these wrinkled old lighters started to get all shook, their veiny old rookers all trembling round their glasses, and making the suds spill on the table. "Leave us be, lads," said one of them, her face all mappy with being a thousand years old, "we're only poor old women." But we just made with the zoobies, flash flash flash, sat down, rang the bell, and waited for the boy to come. When he came, all nervous and rubbing his rookers on his grazzy apron, we ordered us four veterans--a veteran being rum and cherry brandy mixed, which was popular just then, some liking a dash of lime in it, that being the Canadian variation. Then I said to the boy:

"Give these poor old baboochkas over there a nourishing something. Large Scotchmen all round and something to take away." And I poured my pocket of deng all over the table, and the other three did likewise, O my brothers. So double firegolds were bought in for the scared starry lighters, and they knew not what to do or say. One of them got out "Thanks, lads," but you could see they thought there was something dirty like coming. Anyway, they were each given a bottle of Yank General, cognac that is, to take away, and I gave money for them to be delivered each a dozen of black and suds that following morning, they to leave their stinking old cheenas' addresses at the counter. Then with the cutter that was left over we did purchase, my brothers, all the meat pies, pretzels, cheese-snacks, crisps and chocbars in that mesto, and those too were for the old sharps. Then we said: "Back in a minoota," and the old ptitsas were still saying: "Thanks, lads," and "God bless you, boys," and we were going out without one cent of cutter in our carmans.

"Makes you feel real dobby, that does," said Pete. You could viddy that poor old Dim the dim didn't quite pony all that, but he said nothing for fear of being called gloopy and a domeless wonderboy. Well, we went off now round the corner to Attlee Avenue, and there was this sweets and cancers shop still open. We'd left them alone near three months now and the whole district had been very quiet on the whole, so the armed millicents or rozz patrols weren't round there much, being more north of the river these days. We put our maskies on--new jobs these were, real horrorshow, wonderfully done really; they were like faces of historical personalities (they gave you the names when you bought) and I had Disraeli, Pete had Elvis Presley, Georgie had Henry VIII and poor old Dim had a poet veck called Peebee Shelley; they were a real like disguise, hair and all, and they were some very special plastic veshch so you could roll it up when you'd done with it and hide it in your boot--then three of us went in.

Pete keeping chasso without, not that there was anything to worry about out there. As soon as we launched on the shop we went for Slouse who ran it, a big portwine jelly of a veck who viddied at once what was coming and made straight for the inside where the telephone was and perhaps his well-oiled pooshka, complete with six dirty rounds. Dim was round that counter skorry as a bird, sending packets of snoutie flying and cracking over a big cut-out showing a sharp with all her zoobies going flash at the customers and her groodies near hanging out to advertise some new brand of cancers. What you could viddy then was a sort of a big ball rolling into the inside of the shop behind the curtain, this being old Dim and Slouse sort of locked in a death struggle. Then you could slooshy panting and snoring and kicking behind the curtain and veshches falling over and swearing and then glass going smash smash smash. Mother Slouse, the wife, was sort of froze behind the counter. We could tell she would creech murder given one chance, so I was round that counter very skorry and had a hold of her, and a horrorshow big lump she was too, all nuking of scent and with flipflop big bobbing groodies on her. I'd got my rooker round her rot to stop her belting out death and destruction to the four winds of heaven, but this lady doggie gave me a large foul big bite on it and it was me that did the creeching, and then she opened up beautiful with a flip yell for the millicents. Well, then she had to be tolchocked proper with one of the weights for the scales, and then a fair tap with a crowbar they had for opening cases, and that brought the red out like an old friend. So we had her down on the floor and a rip of her platties for fun and a gentle bit of the boot to stop her moaning. And, viddying her lying there with her groodies on show, I wondered should I or not, but that was for later on in the evening. Then we cleaned the till, and there was flip horrorshow takings that nochy, and we had a few packs of the very best top cancers apiece, then off we went, my brothers.

"A real big heavy great bastard he was," Dim kept saying. I didn't like the look of Dim: he looked dirty and untidy, like a veck who'd been in a fight, which he had been, of course, but you should never look as though you have been. His cravat was like someone had trampled on it, his maskie had been pulled off and he had floor-dirt on his litso, so we got him in an alleyway and tidied him up a malenky bit, soaking our tashtooks in spit to cheest the dirt off. The things we did for old Dim. We were back in the Duke of New York very skorry and I reckoned by my watch we hadn't been more than ten minutes away. The starry old baboochkas were still there on the black and suds and Scotchmen we'd bought them, and we said: "Hallo there, girlies, what's it going to be?" They started on the old "Very kind, lads, God bless you, boys," and so we rang the collocol and brought a different waiter in this time and we ordered beers with rum in, being sore athirst, my brothers, and whatever the old ptitsas wanted. Then I said to the old baboochkas: "We haven't been out of here, have we? Been here all the time, haven't we?" They

all caught on real skorry and said:

"That's right, lads. Not been out of our sight, you haven't. God bless you, boys," drinking.

Not that it mattered much, really. About half an hour went by before there was any sign of life among the millicents, and then it was only two very young rozzes that came in, very pink under their big copper's shlemmies. One said:

"You lot know anything about the happenings at Slouse's shop this night?"

"Us?" I said, innocent. "Why, what happened?"

"Stealing and roughing. Two hospitalizations. Where've you lot been this evening?"

"I don't go for that nasty tone," I said. "I don't care much for these nasty insinuations. A very suspicious nature all this betokeneth, my little brothers."

"They've been in here all night, lads," the old sharps started to creech out. "God bless them, there's no better lot of boys living for kindness and generosity. Been here all the time they have. Not seen them move we haven't."

"We're only asking," said the other young millicent. "We've got our job to do like anyone else." But they gave us the nasty warning look before they went out. As they were going out we handed them a bit of lip-music: brrrrzzzzrrrr. But, myself, I couldn't help a bit of disappointment at things as they were those days. Nothing to fight against really. Everything as easy as kiss-my-sharries. Still, the night was still very young.

Terry David John Pratchett
The Color of Magic

The Discworld Series – 1

Prologue

In a distant and second-hand set of dimensions, in an astral plane that was never meant to fly, the curling star-mists waver and part…
See…
Great A'Tuin the turtle comes, swimming slowly through the interstellar gulf, hydrogen frost on his ponderous limbs, his huge and ancient shell pocked with meteor craters. Through sea-sized eyes that are crusted with rheum and asteroid dust He stares fixedly at the Destination.
In a brain bigger than a city, with geological slowness, He thinks only of the Weight.
Most of the weight is of course accounted for by Berilia, Tubul, Great T'Phon and Jerakeen, the four giant elephants upon whose broad and startanned shoulders the disc of the World rests, garlanded by the long waterfall at its vast circumference and domed by the baby-blue vault of Heaven.
Astropsychology has been, as yet, unable to establish what they think about.
The Great Turtle was a mere hypothesis until the day the small and secretive kingdom of Krull, whose rim-most mountains project out over the Rimfall, built a gantry and pulley arrangement at the tip of the most precipitous crag and lowered several observers over the Edge in a quartzwindowed brass vessel to peer through the mist veils.
The early astrozoologists, hauled back from their long dangle by enormous teams of slaves, were able to bring back much information about the shape and nature of A'Tuin and the elephants but this did not resolve fundamental questions about the nature and purpose of the universe. [2]

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2 The shape and cosmology of the disc system are perhaps worthy of note at this point. There are, of course, two major directions on the disc: Hubward and Rimward. But since the disc itself revolves at the

For example, what was Atuin's actual sex? This vital question, said the Astrozoologists with mounting authority, would not be answered until a larger and more powerful gantry was constructed for a deep-space vessel. In the meantime they could only speculate about the revealed cosmos.
There was, for example, the theory that A'Tuin had come from nowhere and would continue at a uniform crawl, or steady gait, into nowhere, for all time. This theory was popular among academics. An alternative, favoured by those of a religious persuasion, was that A'Tuin was crawling from the Birthplace to the Time of Mating, as were all the stars in the sky which were, obviously, also carried by giant turtles. When they arrived they would briefly and passionately mate, for the first and only time, and from that fiery union new turtles would be born to carry a new pattern of worlds. This was known as the Big Bang hypothesis.
Thus it was that a young cosmochelonian of the Steady Gait faction, testing a new telescope with which he hoped to make measurements of the precise albedo of Great A'Tuin's right eye, was on this eventful evening the first outsider to see the smoke rise hubward from the burning of the oldest city in the world. Later that night he became so engrossed in his studies he completely forgot about it. Nevertheless, he was the first. There were others…

The Colour of Magic

Fire roared through the bifurcated city of Ankh-Morpork. Where it licked the Wizards' Quarter it burned blue and green and was even laced with strange sparks of the eighth colour, octarine; where its outriders found their way into the vats and oil stores all along Merchants Street it progressed in a series of blazing fountains and explosions; in the Streets of the perfume blenders it burned with a sweetness; where it touched bundles of rare and dry herbs in the storerooms of the drugmasters it made men go mad and talk to God.
By now the whole of downtown Ankh-Morpork was alight, and the richer and worthier citizens of Ankh on the far bank were bravely responding to the situation by feverishly demolishing the bridges. But already the ships in the Morpork docks – laden with grain, cotton and timber, and coated with tar – were blazing merrily and, their moorings burnt to ashes, were breasting the river Ankh on the ebb tide, igniting riverside palaces and bowers as they drifted like drowning fireflies towards the sea. In any case, sparks were riding the breeze and touching down far across the river in hidden gardens and remote brickyards. The smoke from the merry burning rose miles high, in a wind-sculpted black column that could be seen across the whole of the Discworld. It was certainly impressive from the cool, dark hilltop a few leagues away, where two figures were watching with considerable interest.
The taller of the pair was chewing on a chicken leg and leaning on a sword that was only marginally shorter than the average man. If it wasn't for the air of wary intelligence about him it might have been supposed that he was a barbarian from the hubland wastes.

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rate of once every eight hundred days (in order to distribute the weight fairly upon its supportive pachyderms, according to Reforgule of Krull) there are also two lesser directions, which are Turnwise and Widdershins. Since the disc's tiny orbiting sunlet maintains a fixed orbit while the majestic disc turns slowly beneath it, it will be readily deduced that a disc year consists of not four but eight seasons. The summers are those times when the sun rises or sets at the nearest point on the Rim, the winters those occasions when it rises or sets at a point around ninety degrees along the circumference. Thus, in the lands around the Circle Sea, the year begins on Hogs' Watch Night, progresses through a Spring Prime to its first midsummer (Small Gods' Eve) which is followed by Autumn Prime and, straddling the half-year point of Crueltide, Winter Secundus (also known as the Spindlewinter, since at this time the sun rises in the direction of spin). Then comes Secundus Spring with Summer Two on its heels, the three quarter mark of the year being the night of Alls Fallow–the one night of the year, according to legend, when witches and warlocks stay in bed. Then drifting leaves and frosty nights drag on towards Backspindlewinter and a new Hogs' Watch Night nestling like a frozen jewel at its heart.the Hub is never closely warmed by the weak sun the lands there are locked in permafrost. The Rim, on the other hand, is a region of sunny islands and balmy days. There are, of course, eight days in a disc week and eight colours in its light spectrum. Eight is a number of some considerable occult significance on the disc and must never, ever, be spoken by a wizard.why all the above should be so is not clear, but goes some way to explain why, on the disc, the Gods are not so much worshipped as blamed.

His partner was much shorter and wrapped from head to toe in a brown cloak. Later, when he has occasion to move, it will be seen that he moves lightly, cat-like.
The two had barely exchanged a word in the last twenty minutes except for a short and inconclusive argument as to whether a particularly powerful explosion had been the oil bond store or the workshop of Kerible the Enchanter. Money hinged on the fact.
Now the big man finished gnawing at the bone and tossed it into the grass, smiling ruefully.
'There go all those little alleyways,' he said. 'I liked them.'
'All the treasure houses,' said the small man. He added thoughtfully, 'Do gems burn, I wonder? 'Tis said they're kin to coal.'
'All the gold, melting and running down the gutters,' said the big one, ignoring him. 'And all the wine, boiling in the barrels.'
'There were rats,' said his brown companion.
'Rats, I'll grant you.'
'It was no place to be in high summer.'
'That, too. One can't help feeling, though, a well, a momentary–'
He trailed off, then brightened. 'We owed old Fredor at the Crimson Leech eight silver pieces,' he added.
The little man nodded.
They were silent for a while as a whole new series of explosions carved a red line across a hitherto dark section of the greatest city in the world. Then the big man stirred.
'Weasel?'
'Yes?'
'I wonder who started it?'
The small swordsman known as the Weasel said nothing. He was watching the road in the ruddy light. Few had come that way since the widershins gate had been one of the first to collapse in a shower of white-hot embers.
But two were coming up it now. The Weasel's eyes always at their sharpest in gloom and halflight, made out the shapes of two mounted men and some sort of low beast behind them. Doubtless a rich merchant escaping with as much treasure as he could lay frantic hands on. The Weasel said as much to his companion, who sighed.
'The status of footpad ill suits us,' said the barbarian, 'but as you say, times are hard and there are no soft beds tonight.'
He shifted his grip on his sword and, as the leading rider drew near, stepped out onto the road with a hand held up and his face set in a grin nicely calculated to reassure yet threaten.
'Your pardon, sir–' he began.
The rider reined in his horse and drew back his hood. The big man looked into a face blotched with superficial burns and punctuated by tufts of singed beard. Even the eyebrows had gone.
'Bugger off,' said the face. 'You're Bravd the Hublander, aren't you?'
Bravd became aware that he had fumbled the initiative.
'Just go away, will you?' said the rider. 'I just haven't got time for you, do you understand?' He looked around and added: 'That goes for your shadow-loving fleabag partner too, wherever he's hiding.'
The Weasel stepped up to the horse and peered at the dishevelled figure.
'Why, it's Rincewind the wizard, isn't it?' he said in tones of delight, meanwhile filing the wizard's description of him in his memory for leisurely vengeance. 'I thought I recognized the voice.'
Bravd spat and sheathed his sword. It was seldom worth tangling with wizards, they so rarely had any treasure worth speaking of.
'He talks pretty big for a gutter wizard,' he muttered.
'You don't understand at all,' said the wizard wearily. 'I'm so scared of you my spine has turned to jelly, it's just that I'm suffering from an overdose of terror right now. I mean, when I've got over that then I'll have time to be decently frightened of you.'
The Weasel pointed towards the burning city. 'You've been through that?' he asked.
The wizard rubbed a red, raw hand across his eyes. 'I was there when it started. See him? Back there?' He pointed back down the road to where his travelling companion was still approaching, having adopted a method of riding that involved falling out of the saddle every few seconds.
'Well?' said Weasel.
'He started it,' said Rincewind simply. Bravd and Weasel looked at the figure, now hopping across the road with one foot in a stirrup.
'Fire-raiser, is he?' said Bravd at last.

'No,' said Rincewind. 'Not precisely. Let's just say that if complete and utter chaos was lightning, then he'd be the sort to stand on a hilltop in a thunderstorm wearing wet copper armour and shouting 'All gods are bastards'. Got any food?'
'There's some chicken,' said Weasel. 'In exchange for a story.'
'What's his name?' said Bravd, who tended to lag behind in conversations.
'Twoflower.'
'Twoflower?' said Bravd. 'What a funny name.'
'You,' said Rincewind, dismounting, 'do not know the half of it. Chicken, you say?'
'Devilled,' said Weasel. The wizard groaned.
'That reminds me,' added the Weasel, snapping his fingers, 'there was a really big explosion about, oh, half an hour ago.'
'That was the oil bond store going up,' said Rincewind, wincing at the memory of the burning rain. Weasel turned and grinned expectantly at his companion, who grunted and handed over a coin from his pouch. Then there was a scream from the roadway, cut off abruptly. Rincewind did not look up from his chicken.
'One of the things he can't do, he can't ride a horse,' he said. Then he stiffened as if sandbagged by a sudden recollection, gave a small yelp of terror and dashed into the gloom. When he returned, the being called Twoflower was hanging limply over his shoulder. It was small and skinny, and dressed very oddly in a pair of knee length britches and a shirt in such a violent and vivid conflict of colours that Weasel's fastidious eye was offended even in the half-light.
'No bones broken, by the feel of things,' said Rincewind. He was breathing heavily. Bravd winked at the Weasel and went to investigate the shape that they assumed was a pack animal.
'You'd be wise to forget it,' said the wizard, without looking up from his examination of the unconscious Twoflower. 'Believe me. A power protects it.'
'A spell?' said Weasel, squatting down.
'No-oo. But magic of a kind, I think. Not the usual sort. I mean, it can turn gold into copper while at the same time it is still gold, it makes men rich by destroying their possessions, it allows the weak to walk fearlessly among thieves, it passes through the strongest doors to leach the most protected treasuries. Even now it has me enslaved–so that I must follow this madman willynilly and protect him from harm. It's stronger than you, Bravd. It is, I think, more cunning even than you, Weasel.'
'What is it called then, this mighty magic?'
Rincewind shrugged. 'In our tongue it is reflected-sound-as-of-underground-spirits. Is there any wine?'
'You must know that I am not without artifice where magic is concerned,' said Weasel. 'only last year did I– assisted by my friend there–part the notoriously powerful Archmage of Ymitury from his staff, his belt of moon jewels and his life, in that approximate order. I do not fear this reflected-sound-of-underground-spirits of which you speak. However,' he added, 'you engage my interest. Perhaps you would care to tell me more?'
Bravd looked at the shape on the road. It was closer now, and clearer in the pre-dawn light. It looked for all the world like a--
'A box on legs?' he said.
'I'll tell you about it,' said Rincewind. 'if there's any wine, that is.'
Down in the valley there was a roar and a hiss. Someone more thoughtful than the rest had ordered to be shut the big river gates that were at the point where the Ankh flowed out of the twin city. Denied its usual egress, the river had burst its banks and was pouring down the fire-ravaged streets. Soon the continent of flame became a series of islands, each one growing smaller as the dark tide rose. And up from the city of fumes and smoke rose a broiling cloud of steam, covering the stars. Weasel thought that it looked like some dark fungus or mushroom.
The twin city of proud Ankh and pestilent Morpork, of which all the other cities of time and space are, as it were, mere reflections, has stood many assaults in its long and crowded history and has always risen to flourish again. So the fire and its subsequent flood, which destroyed everything left that was not flammable and added a particularly noisome flux to the survivors' problems, did not mark its end. Rather it was a fiery punctuation mark, a coal-like comma, or salamander semicolon, in a continuing story.
Several days before these events a ship came up the Ankh on the dawn tide and fetched up, among many others, in the maze of wharves and docks on the Morpork shore. It carried a cargo of pink pearls, milk-nuts, pumice, some official letters for the Patrician of Ankh, and a man.
It was the man who engaged the attention of Blind Hugh, one of the beggars on early duty at Pearl Dock. He nudged Cripple Wa in the ribs, and pointed wordlessly.

Now the stranger was standing on the quayside watching several straining seamen carry a large brass-bound chest down the gangplank. Another man, obviously the captain, was standing beside him. There was about the seaman–every nerve in Blind Hugh's body, which tended to vibrate in the presence of even a small amount of impure gold at fifty paces, screamed into his brain–the air of one anticipating imminent enrichment.

Sure enough, when the chest had been deposited on the cobbles, the stranger reached into a pouch and there was the flash of a coin. Several coins. Gold. Blind Hugh, his body twanging like a hazel rod in the presence of water, whistled to himself. Then he nudged Wa again, and sent him scurrying off down a nearby alley into the heart of the city. When the captain walked back onto his ship, leaving the newcomer looking faintly bewildered on the quayside, Blind Hugh snatched up his begging cup and made his way across the street with an ingratiating leer. At the sight of him the stranger started to fumble urgently with his money pouch.

'Good day to thee, sire,' Blind Hugh began, and found himself looking up into a face with four eyes in it. He turned to run…

'!' said the stranger, and grabbed his arm. Hugh was aware that the sailors lining the rail of the ship were laughing at him. At the same time his specialised senses detected an overpowering impression of money. He froze. The stranger let go and quickly thumbed through a small black book he had taken from his belt. Then he said 'Hallo.'

'What?' said Hugh. The man looked blank.

'Hallo?' he repeated, rather louder than necessary and so carefully that Hugh could hear the vowels tinkling into place.

'Hallo yourself,' Hugh riposted. The stranger smiled widely, fumbled yet again in the pouch. This time his hand came out holding a large gold coin. It was in fact slightly larger than an 8,000-dollar Ankhian crown and the design on it was unfamiliar, but it spoke inside Hugh's mind in a language he understood perfectly. My current owner, it said, is in need of succour and assistance; why not give it to him, so you and me can go off somewhere and enjoy ourselves?

Subtle changes in the beggar's posture made the stranger feel more at ease. He consulted the small book again.

'I wish to be directed to an hotel, tavern, lodging house, inn, hospice, caravanserai,' he said.

'What, all of them?' said Hugh, taken aback.

'?' said the stranger.

Hugh was aware that a small crowd of fishwives, shellfish diggers and freelance gawpers were watching them with interest.

'Look,' he said, 'I know a good tavern, is that enough?' He shuddered to think of the gold coin escaping from his life. He'd keep that one, even if Ymor confiscated all the rest. And the big chest that comprised most of the newcomer's luggage looked to be full of gold, Hugh decided. The four-eyed man looked at his book.

'I would like to be directed to an hotel, place of repose, tavern, a–'

'Yes, all right. Come on then,' said Hugh hurriedly. He picked up one of the bundles and walked away quickly. The stranger, after a moment's hesitation, strolled after him.

A train of thought shunted its way through Hugh's mind. Getting the newcomer to the Broken Drum so easily was a stroke of luck, no doubt of it, and Ymor would probably reward him. But for all his new acquaintance's mildness there was something about him that made Hugh uneasy, and for the life of him he couldn't figure out what it was. Not the two extra eyes, odd though they were. There was something else. He glanced back. The little man was ambling along in the middle of the street, looking around him with an expression of keen interest.

Something else Hugh saw nearly made him gibber.

The massive wooden chest, which he had last seen resting solidly on the quayside, was following on its master's heels with a gentle rocking gait. Slowly, in case a sudden movement on his part might break his fragile control over his own legs, Hugh bent slightly so that he could see under the chest.

There were lots and lots of little legs. Very deliberately, Hugh turned around and walked very carefully towards the Broken Drum.

'Odd,' said Ymor.

'He had this big wooden chest,' added Cripple Wa.

'He'd have to be a merchant or a spy,' said Ymor.

He pulled a scrap of meat from the cutlet in his hand and tossed it into the air. It hadn't reached the zenith of its arc, before a black shape detached itself from the shadows in the corner of the room and swooped down, taking the morsel in mid-air.
'A merchant or a spy,' repeated Ymor. 'I'd prefer a spy. A spy pays for himself twice, because there's always the reward when we turn him in. What do you think, Withel?'
Opposite Ymor the second greatest thief in Ankh-Morpork half-closed his one eye and shrugged. 'I've checked on the ship,' he said. 'it's a freelance trader. Does the occasional run to the Brown islands. People there are just savages. They don't understand about spies and I expect they eat merchants.'
'He looked a bit like a merchant,' volunteered Wa. 'Except he wasn't fat.'
There was a flutter of wings at the window. Ymor shifted his bulk out of the chair and crossed the room, coming back with a large raven. After he'd unfastened the message capsule from its leg it flew to join its fellows lurking among the rafters.
Withel regarded it without love. Ymor's ravens were notoriously loyal to their master, to the extent that Withel's one attempt to promote himself to the rank of greatest thief in Ankh-Morpork had cost their master's right hand man his left eye. But not his life, however. Ymor never grudged a man his ambitions.
'B12,' said Ymor, tossing the little phial aside and unrolling the tiny scroll within.
'Gorrin the Cat,' said Withel automatically. 'On station up in the gong tower at the Temple of Small Gods.'
'He says Hugh has taken our stranger to the Broken Drum. Well, that's good enough. Broadman is a– friend of ours, isn't he?'
'Aye,' said Withel, 'if he knows what's good for trade.'
'Among his customers has been your man Gorrin,' said Ymor pleasantly, 'for he writes here about a box on legs, if I read this scrawl correctly.'
He looked at Withel over the top of the paper. Withel looked away. 'He will be disciplined,' he said flatly.
Wa looked at the man leaning back in his chair, his black-clad frame resting as nonchalantly as a Rimland puma on a jungle branch, and decided that Gorrin atop Small Gods temple would soon be joining those little deities in the multifold dimensions of Beyond. And he owed Wa three copper pieces.
Ymor crumpled the note and tossed it into a corner. 'I think we'll wander along to the Drum later on, Withel. Perhaps, too, we may try this beer that your men find so tempting.'
Withel said nothing. Being Ymor's right-hand man was like being gently flogged to death with scented bootlaces.

The twin city of Ankh-Morpork, foremost of all the cities bounding the Circle Sea, was as a matter of course the home of a large number of gangs, thieves' guilds, syndicates and similar organisations. This was one of the reasons for its wealth. Most of the humbler folk on the widdershin side of the river, in Morpork's mazy alleys, supplemented their meagre incomes by filling some small role for one or other of the competing gangs. So it was that by the time Hugh and Twoflower entered the courtyard of the Broken Drum the leaders of a number of them were aware that someone had arrived in the city who appeared to have much treasure. Some reports from the more observant spies included details about a book that told the stranger what to say, and a box that walked by itself. These facts were immediately discounted. No magician capable of such enchantments ever came within a mile of Morpork docks.
It still being that hour when most of the city was just rising or about to go to bed there were few people in the Drum to watch Twoflower descend the stairs. When the Luggage appeared behind him and started to lurch confidently down the steps the customers at the rough wooden tables, as one man, looked suspiciously at their drinks.
Broadman was browbeating the small troll who swept the bar when the trio walked past him. 'What in hell's that?' he said.
'Just don't talk about it,' hissed Hugh. Twoflower was already thumbing through his book.
'What's he doing?' said Broadman, arms akimbo.
'It tells him what to say. I know it sounds ridiculous,' muttered Hugh.
'How can a book tell a man what to say?'
'I wish for an accommodation, a room, lodgings, the lodging house, full board, are your rooms clean, a room with a view, what is your rate for one night?' said Twoflower in one breath.
Broadman looked at Hugh. The beggar shrugged.
'He's got plenty money,' he said.
'Tell him it's three copper pieces, then. And that thing will have to go in the stable.'
'?' said the stranger. Broadman held up three thick red fingers and the man's face was suddenly a sunny display of comprehension. He reached into his pouch and laid three large gold pieces on Broadman's

palm. Broadman stared at them. They represented about four times the worth of the Broken Drum, Staff included. He looked at Hugh. There was no help there. He looked at the stranger. He swallowed.
'Yes,' he said, in an unnaturally high voice. 'And then there's meals, o'course. Uh. You understand, yes? Food. You eat. No?' He made the appropriate motions.
'Fut?' said the little man.
'Yes,' said Broadman, beginning to sweat. 'Have a look in your little book, I should.'
The man opened the book and ran a finger down one page. Broadman, who could read after a fashion, peered over the top of the volume. What he saw made no sense.
'Fooood,' said the stranger. 'Yes. Cutlet, hash chop, stew, ragout, fricassee, mince, collops, souffle, dumpling, blancmange, sorbet, gruel, sausage, not to have a sausage, beans, without a hear, kickshaws, jelly, jam. Giblets.' He beamed at Broadman.
'All that?' said the innkeeper weakly.
'It's just the way he talks,' said Hugh, 'Don't ask me why. He just does.'
All eyes in the room were watching the stranger-except for a pair belonging to Rincewind the wizard, who was sitting in the darkest corner nursing a mug of very small beer.
He was watching the Luggage.
Watch Rincewind.
Look at him. Scrawny, like most wizards, and clad in a dark red robe on which a few mystic sigils were embroidered in tarnished sequins. Some might have taken him for a mere apprentice enchanter who had run away from his master out of defiance, boredom, fear and a lingering taste for heterosexuality. Yet around his neck was a chain bearing the bronze octagon that marked him as an alumnus of Unseen University, the high school of magic whose time-and-space transcendent campus is never precisely Here or There. Graduates were usually destined for mageship at least, but Rincewind – after an unfortunate event – had left him knowing only one spell and made a living of sorts around the town by capitalising on an innate gift for languages. He avoided work as a rule, but had a quickness of wit that put his acquaintances in mind of a bright rodent. And he knew sapient pearwood when he saw it. He was seeing it now, and didn't quite believe it.
An archmage, by dint of great effort and much expenditure of time, might eventually obtain a small staff made from the timber of the sapient peartree. It grew only on the sites of ancient magic - there were probably no more than two such staffs in all the cities of the circle sea. A large chest of it… Rincewind tried to work it out, and decided that even if the box were crammed with star opals and sticks of auricholatum the contents would not be worth one-tenth the price of the container. A vein started to throb in his forehead.
He stood up and made his way to the trio.
'May I be of assistance?' he ventured.
'Shove off, Rincewind,' snarled Broadman.
'I only thought it might be useful to address this gentleman in his own tongue,' said the wizard gently.
'He's doing all right on his own,' said the innkeeper, but took a few steps backward. Rincewind smiled politely at the stranger and tried a few words of Chimeran. He prided himself on his fluency in the tongue, but the stranger only looked bemused.
'It won't work,' said Hugh knowledgeably, 'it's the book, you see. It tells him what to say. Magic.'
Rincewind switched to High Borogravian, to Vanglemesht, Sumtri and even Black Oroogu, the language with no nouns and only one adjective, which is obscene. Each was met with polite incomprehension. In desperation he tried heathen Trob, and the little man's face split into a delighted grin.
'At last!' he said. 'My good sir! This is remarkable!' [3].
'What was all that?' said Broadman suspiciously.
'What did the innkeeper say?' said the little man.
Rincewind swallowed. 'Broadman,' he said. 'Two mugs of your best ale, please.'
'You can understand him?'
'Oh, sure.'

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3 Although in Trob the last word in fact became 'a thing which may happen but once in the usable lifetime of a canoe hollowed diligently by axe and fire from the tallest diamondwood tree that grows in the noted diamondwood forests on the lower Slopes of Mount Awayawa, home of the firegods or so it is said.'

'Tell him tell him he's very welcome. Tell him breakfast is–uh–one gold piece.' For a moment Broadman's face looked as though some vast internal struggle was going on, and then he added with a burst of generosity. 'I'll throw in yours, too.'
'Stranger,' said Rincewind levelly. 'if you stay here you will be knifed or poisoned by nightfall. But don't stop smiling, or so will I.'
'Oh, come now,' said the stranger, looking around.
'This looks like a delightful place. A genuine Morporkean tavern. I've heard so much about them, you know. All these quaint old beams. And so reasonable, too.'
Rincewind glanced around quickly, in case some leakage of enchantment from the Magician's Quarter across the river had momentarily transported them to some other place. No – this was still the interior of the Drum, its walls stained with smoke, its floor a compost of old rushes and nameless beetles, its sour beer not so much purchased as merely hired for a while. He tried to fit the image around the word 'quaint', or rather the nearest Trob equivalent, which was 'that pleasant oddity of design found in the little coral houses of the sponge-eating pigmies on the Orohai peninsular'.
His mind reeled back from the effort. The visitor went on, 'My name is Twoflower,' and extended his hand. Instinctively, the other three looked down to see if there was a coin in it.
'Pleased to meet you,' said Rincewind. 'I'm Rincewind. Look, I wasn't joking. This is a tough place.'
'Good! Exactly what I wanted!'
'Eh?'
'What is this stuff in the mugs?'
'This? Beer. Thanks, Broadman. Yes. Beer. You know. Beer.'
'Ah, the so-typical drink. A small gold piece will be sufficient payment, do you think? I do not want to cause offense.'
It was already half out of his purse.
'Yarrt,' croaked Rincewind. 'I mean, no, it won't cause Offense.'
'Good. You say this is a tough place. Frequented, you mean, by heroes and men of adventure?'
Rincewind considered this. 'Yes?' he managed.
'Excellent. I would like to meet some.'

JB Cabell: *Jurgen*
1.

Why Jurgen Did the Manly Thing

It is a tale which they narrate in Poictesme, saying: In the 'old
days lived a pawnbroker named Jurgen; but what his wife called him
was very often much worse than that. She was a high-spirited woman,
with no especial gift for silence. Her name, they say, was Adelais,
but people by ordinary called her Dame Lisa.

They tell, also, that in the old days, after putting up the shop-windows
for the night, Jurgen was passing the Cistercian Abbey, on his way home:
and one of the monks had tripped over a stone in the roadway. He was
cursing the devil who had placed it there.

"Fie, brother!" says Jurgen, "and have not the devils enough to bear
as it is?"

"I never held with Origen," replied the monk; "and besides, it hurt
my great-toe confoundedly."

"None the less," observes Jurgen, "it does not behoove God-fearing
persons to speak with disrespect of the divinely appointed Prince of
Darkness. To your further confusion, consider this monarch's
industry! day and night you may detect him toiling at the task

Heaven set him. That is a thing can be said of few communicants and of no monks. Think, too, of his fine artistry, as evidenced in all the perilous and lovely snares of this world, which it is your business to combat, and mine to lend money upon. Why, but for him we would both be vocationless! Then, too, consider his philanthropy! and deliberate how insufferable would be our case if you and I, and all our fellow parishioners, were to-day hobnobbing with other beasts in the Garden which we pretend to desiderate on Sundays! To arise with swine and lie down with the hyena?--oh, intolerable!"

Thus he ran on, devising reasons for not thinking too harshly of the Devil. Most of it was an abridgement of some verses Jurgen had composed, in the shop when business was slack.

"I consider that to be stuff and nonsense," was the monk's glose.

"No doubt your notion is sensible," observed the pawnbroker: "but mine is the prettier."

Then Jurgen passed the Cistercian Abbey, and was approaching Bellegarde, when he met a black gentleman, who saluted him and said:

"Thanks, Jurgen, for your good word."

"Who are you, and why do you thank me?" asks Jurgen.

"My name is no great matter. But you have a kind heart, Jurgen. May your life be free from care!"

"Save us from hurt and harm, friend, but I am already married."

"Eh, sirs, and a fine clever poet like you!"

"Yet it is a long while now since I was a practising poet."

"Why, to be sure! You have the artistic temperament, which is not exactly suited to the restrictions of domestic life. Then I suppose your wife has her own personal opinion about poetry, Jurgen."

"Indeed, sir, her opinion would not bear repetition, for I am sure you are unaccustomed to such language."

"This is very sad. I am afraid your wife does not quite understand you, Jurgen."

"Sir," says Jurgen, astounded, "do you read people's inmost thoughts?"

The black gentleman seemed much dejected. He pursed his lips, and fell to counting upon his fingers: as they moved his sharp nails glittered like flame-points.

"Now but this is a very deplorable thing," says the black gentleman, "to have befallen the first person I have found ready to speak a kind word for evil. And in all these centuries, too! Dear me, this is a most regrettable instance of mismanagement! No matter, Jurgen, the morning is brighter than the evening. How I will reward you, to

be sure!"

So Jurgen thanked the simple old creature politely. And when Jurgen reached home his wife was nowhere to be seen. He looked on all sides and questioned everyone, but to no avail. Dame Lisa had vanished in the midst of getting supper ready--suddenly, completely and inexplicably, just as (in Jurgen's figure) a windstorm passes and leaves behind it a tranquillity which seems, by contrast, uncanny. Nothing could explain the mystery, short of magic: and Jurgen on a sudden recollected the black gentleman's queer promise. Jurgen crossed himself.

"How unjustly now," says Jurgen, "do some people get an ill name for gratitude! And now do I perceive how wise I am, always to speak pleasantly of everybody, in this world of tale-bearers."

Then Jurgen prepared his own supper, went to bed, and slept soundly.

"I have implicit confidence," says he, "in Lisa. I have particular confidence in her ability to take care of herself in any surroundings."

That was all very well: but time passed, and presently it began to be rumored that Dame Lisa walked on Morven. Her brother, who was a grocer and a member of the town-council, went thither to see about this report. And sure enough, there was Jurgen's wife walking in the twilight and muttering incessantly.

"Fie, sister!" says the town-councillor, "this is very unseemly conduct for a married woman, and a thing likely to be talked about."

"Follow me!" replied Dame Lisa. And the town-councillor followed her a little way in the dusk, but when she came to Amneran Heath and still went onward, he knew better than to follow.

Next evening the elder sister of Dame Lisa went to Morven. This sister had married a notary, and was a shrewd woman. In consequence, she took with her this evening a long wand of peeled willow-wood. And there was Jurgen's wife walking in the twilight and muttering incessantly.

"Fie, sister!" says the notary's wife, who was a shrewd woman, "and do you not know that all this while Jurgen does his own sewing, and is once more making eyes at Countess Dorothy?"

Dame Lisa shuddered; but she only said, "Follow me!"

And the notary's wife followed her to Amneran Heath, and across the heath, to where a cave was. This was a place of abominable repute. A lean hound came to meet them there in the twilight, lolling his tongue: but the notary's wife struck thrice with her wand, and the silent beast left them. And Dame Lisa passed silently into the cave, and her sister turned and went home to her children, weeping.

So the next evening Jurgen himself came to Morven, because all his wife's family assured him this was the manly thing to do. Jurgen left the shop in charge of Urien Villemarche, who was a highly

efficient clerk. Jurgen followed his wife across Amneran Heath until they reached the cave. Jurgen would willingly have been elsewhere.

For the hound squatted upon his haunches, and seemed to grin at Jurgen; and there were other creatures abroad, that flew low in the twilight, keeping close to the ground like owls; but they were larger than owls and were more discomforting. And, moreover, all this was just after sunset upon Walburga's Eve, when almost anything is rather more than likely to happen.

So Jurgen said, a little peevishly: "Lisa, my dear, if you go into the cave I will have to follow you, because it is the manly thing to do. And you know how easily I take cold."

The voice of Dame Lisa, now, was thin and wailing, a curiously changed voice. "There is a cross about your neck. You must throw that away."

Jurgen was wearing such a cross, through motives of sentiment, because it had once belonged to his dead mother. But now, to pleasure his wife, he removed the trinket, and hung it on a barberry bush; and with the reflection that this was likely to prove a deplorable business, he followed Dame Lisa into the cave.

6. Учебно-методическое и информационное обеспечение дисциплины

6.1. Список источников и литературы[4]

Литература

Основная

1. Казакова Тамара Анатольевна. Практические основы перевода : English <=> Russian : учебное пособие / Т. А. Казакова. - Санкт-Петербург : Союз, 2005. - 317 с. - (Изучаем иностранные языки). - Загл. обл. также: Translation techniques. - Библиогр. в конце кн. - ISBN 5-940330-49-5 : 68.75.
2. Бархударов Леонид Степанович. Язык и перевод : вопросы общей и частной теории перевода : [на материале пер. худжеств. и обществ.-полит. лит. с англ. яз. на рус. и с рус. на англ.] / Л. С. Бархударов. - Изд. 2-е. - М. : URSS : ЛКИ, 2008. - 235 с. ; 22 см. - Библиогр. в конце кн. - ISBN 978-5-382-00577-5 : 134.42.

6.2. Перечень ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет».

1. www.multitran.ru
2. www.m-w.com

7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины *(модуля)*

Занятия по курсу можно проводить с максимальной эффективностью в компьютерном классе или аудитории с доступом в Интернет, проектором и экраном для презентаций. Необходимо также наличие доски или флипчарта, чтобы преподаватель мог разбирать примеры по ходу объяснения и записывать задания.

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[4] Рекомендуется включать в списки не более 15 печатных изданий.

Состав программного обеспечения (ПО), современных профессиональных баз данных (БД) и информационно-справочные систем (ИСС)

Перечень ПО

№п/п	Наименование ПО	Производитель	Способ распространения (*лицензионное или свободно распространяемое*)
1.	Microsoft Office 2010	Microsoft	лицензионное
2.	Windows 7 Pro	Microsoft	лицензионное
3.	Microsoft Office 2013	Microsoft	лицензионное
4.	Windows 10 Pro	Microsoft	лицензионное
5.	Kaspersky Endpoint Security	Kaspersky	лицензионное
6.	Microsoft Office 2016	Microsoft	лицензионное
7.	Zoom	Zoom	лицензионное

Перечень БД и ИСС

№п/п	Наименование
1	Международные реферативные наукометрические БД, доступные в рамках национальной подписки Web of Science Scopus
2	Профессиональные полнотекстовые БД, доступные в рамках национальной подписки Журналы Cambridge University Press ProQuest Dissertation & Theses Global SAGE Journals Журналы Taylor and Francis
3	Профессиональные полнотекстовые БД JSTOR Издания по общественным и гуманитарным наукам

Состав программного обеспечения с реквизитами документов

Microsoft Office 2010, договор №17/03 от 21.03.2017 с АО «СофтЛайнТрейд»
Microsoft Office 2013, договор №16 от 13.06.17 с ООО «Софтлайн Проекты»
Windows 7 Pro, договор №17/03 от 21.03.2017 с АО «СофтЛайнТрейд»
Windows 10 Pro, договор №16 от 13.06.17 с ООО «Софтлайн Проекты»
Kaspersky Endpoint Security, договор №594-05-44 от 19.12.18 с АО «СофтЛайнТрейд»
Microsoft Office 2016, договор №16 от 13.06.2017 с ООО «Софтлайн Проекты»

8. Обеспечение образовательного процесса для лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидов

В ходе реализации дисциплины используются следующие дополнительные методы обучения, текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации обучающихся в зависимости от их индивидуальных особенностей:

- для слепых и слабовидящих:

- лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением;
- письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением, или могут быть заменены устным ответом;
- обеспечивается индивидуальное равномерное освещение не менее 300 люкс;
- для выполнения задания при необходимости предоставляется увеличивающее устройство; возможно также использование собственных увеличивающих устройств;
- письменные задания оформляются увеличенным шрифтом;
- экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.

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- лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, либо предоставляется звукоусиливающая аппаратура индивидуального пользования;
- письменные задания выполняются на компьютере в письменной форме;
- экзамен и зачёт проводятся в письменной форме на компьютере; возможно проведение в форме тестирования.

- для лиц с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата:

- лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением;
- письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением;
- экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.

При необходимости предусматривается увеличение времени для подготовки ответа.

Процедура проведения промежуточной аттестации для обучающихся устанавливается с учётом их индивидуальных психофизических особенностей. Промежуточная аттестация может проводиться в несколько этапов.

При проведении процедуры оценивания результатов обучения предусматривается использование технических средств, необходимых в связи с индивидуальными особенностями обучающихся. Эти средства могут быть предоставлены университетом, или могут использоваться собственные технические средства.

Проведение процедуры оценивания результатов обучения допускается с использованием дистанционных образовательных технологий.

Обеспечивается доступ к информационным и библиографическим ресурсам в сети Интернет для каждого обучающегося в формах, адаптированных к ограничениям их здоровья и восприятия информации:

- для слепых и слабовидящих:

- в печатной форме увеличенным шрифтом;
- в форме электронного документа;
- в форме аудиофайла.

- для глухих и слабослышащих:

- в печатной форме;
- в форме электронного документа.

- для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата:

- в печатной форме;
- в форме электронного документа;
- в форме аудиофайла.

Учебные аудитории для всех видов контактной и самостоятельной работы, научная библиотека и иные помещения для обучения оснащены специальным оборудованием и учебными местами с техническими средствами обучения:

- для слепых и слабовидящих:
  - устройством для сканирования и чтения с камерой SARA CE;
  - дисплеем Брайля PAC Mate 20;
  - принтером Брайля EmBraille ViewPlus;
- для глухих и слабослышащих:
  - автоматизированным рабочим местом для людей с нарушением слуха и слабослышащих;
  - акустический усилитель и колонки;
- для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата:
  - передвижными, регулируемыми эргономическими партами СИ-1;
  - компьютерной техникой со специальным программным обеспечением.

9. Методические материалы[5]

9.1. Планы *семинарских* занятий

План лекций

В курсе предусмотрены лекционные занятия. Лекции носят установочно-ознакомительный характер и предполагают активную самостоятельную работу студентов. В зависимости от запланированного количества часов некоторые темы могут быть объединены.

Основные темы лекций.

Понятие функционального стиля; определение функционального стиля исходного текста; основные приемы перевода; основные трудности перевода: идиоматические выражения, реалии, литературные и культурные аллюзии.

Справочные материалы. Виды словарей. Общеязыковые и специальные словари. Контекстный словарь Ю.Апресяна. справочные издания. Словари цитат, сочетаемости, персоналий, идиоматических выражений, лингвострановедческие. Словари синонимов русского языка.

Краткая история перевода. Персоналии. Отражение личности переводчика в переводе.

Художественный стиль: всеохватность как ключевая особенность художественного стиля. Нейтральный, возвышенный и сниженный стили, средства из выражения на английском языке и способы передачи на русском.

Языковые сложности, возникающие при переводе художественных текстов: идиомы, разговорная речь, просторечие, брань, жаргонизмы, слэнг, арго, окказионализмы, неологизмы, архаизмы, историзмы.

Перевод пародий.

Расхождение между выразительными средствами английского и русского языков; использование суффиксации и префиксации в русском языке для передачи эмоционально-оценочных категорий.

Передача диалектных фонетических, морфологических и семантических особенностей художественного текста, социальных и региональных диалектов. Перевод поэтических текстов.

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[5] Методические материалы по дисциплине могут входить в состав рабочей программы, либо разрабатываться отдельным документом.

План семинарских занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов

В соответствии с учебным планом предусмотрены семинарские занятия. Некоторые из них строго обязательны, а другие допускают рассмотрение той или иной темы с разной степенью подробности: разворачивание и уточнение темы или, напротив, объединение нескольких тем.

Практическое занятие № 1. Общие основы переводческой деятельности. (2 ч)

Основные проблемы

Отражение личности переводчика в переводе.

Раздаточный материал

Lewis Carroll: *Alice in Wonderland* (отрывки) – переводы В. Набокова, Б. Заходера, Н. Демуровой

William Shakespeare: *Hamlet* (отрывки) – переводы Б. Пастернака, М. Лозинского, К.Р., А. Радловой

Edgar Allan Poe: *The Raven* – переводы А. Милитарева, В. Брюсова, Д. Мережковского, К. Бальмонта, Г. Аминова

Практическое занятие № 2-10. Жанр и стиль в переводе. (18 часов)

Основные проблемы

Художественный стиль: всеохватность как ключевая особенность художественного стиля. Нейтральный, возвышенный и сниженный стили, средства из выражения на английском языке и способы передачи на русском. Языковые сложности, возникающие при переводе художественных текстов: идиомы, разговорная речь, просторечие, брань, жаргонизмы, слэнг, арго, окказионализмы, неологизмы, архаизмы, историзмы. Перевод пародий. Расхождение между выразительными средствами английского и русского языков; использование суффиксации и префиксации в русском языке для передачи эмоционально-оценочных категорий. Передача диалектных фонетических, морфологических и семантических особенностей художественного текста, социальных и региональных диалектов. Перевод поэтических текстов.

Раздаточный материал

Catherine Mansfield: *Bliss*

GB Shaw: *Pygmalion*

John LeFanu: *Green Tea*

HP Lovecraft: *The Call of Cthulhu*

CL Edson: *Ravin's of a Piute Poet Poe*

James Thurber: *A Visit from St. Nicholas in the Ernest Hemingway Manner*

Anthony Burgess: *The Clockwork Orange*

Terry Pratchett: *The Colour of Magic*

JB Cabell: *Jurgen*

Материально-техническое обеспечение занятия:

Семинарские занятия по дисциплине можно проводить с максимальной эффективностью, если проводить их в компьютерном классе или аудитории с доступом в Интернет и экраном для презентаций. Необходимо также наличие доски или флипчарта, чтобы преподаватель мог разбирать примеры по ходу объяснения и записывать задания.

Также необходим доступ к научной, учебной и учебно-методической литературе и словарям

9.2. Методические рекомендации по подготовке письменных работ

Материал доклада оформляется в виде реферата по теме (см. примеры тем выше). Объем реферата – 18-20 тыс.знаков. Реферат должен включать вводную часть, основную часть и выводы, должен быть снабжён списком использованной литературы и источников. Достаточное количество проработанных научных работ по теме – не менее 5-7. Достаточное количество источников – не менее 3-х.

Дополнительная рекомендуемая литература

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4. Новый большой англо-русский словарь. В 3 т. - М., 1999.
1. Казакова, Т. А. Imagery in Translation. Практикум по художественному переводу. - СПб., 2003.
2. Семенюк, Е. В. Проблема стилизации и перевод (на материале английской и американской художественной литературы). Дисс. ... канд. филол. наук. - М., 2003
3. Словари персоналий
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5. Чуковский, К. И. Высокое искусство.//Чуковский, К.И. Собрание сочинений в 15 т. Т. 3. - М., 2001.
6. Bartlett, J. Caplan. J. Familiar Quotations. Любое издание
7. Longman Dictionary of Language and Culture. Любое издание.
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Приложение 1

АННОТАЦИЯ ДИСЦИПЛИНЫ

Дисциплина **«Стиль и жанр в переводе»** реализуется в Институте лингвистики кафедрой европейских языков.

Цель дисциплины - научить студентов адекватно передавать содержательные и формальные особенности текстов на английском языке средствами русского языка.

Задачи дисциплины:

дать студентам следующие практические навыки и выработать у них следующие компетенции: определять функциональный стиль исходного текста, определять проблемные участки и находить наиболее приемлемые варианты перевода текстов на русский язык.

Дисциплина направлена на формирование следующих компетенций:

ПК 2 Способен к применению методов и способов лингвистического анализа, создания и обработки текста на естественном языке с учетом языковых и экстралингвистических факторов в профессиональной деятельности

ПК 2.2 Способен создавать и редактировать тексты на русском и изучаемых языках с учетом передачи/ сохранения коммуникативно-прагматической информации

В результате освоения дисциплины студент должен

1. ***Знать:***

- основные переводческие приемы и подходы к переводу.

2. ***Уметь:***

- пользоваться переводческим инструментарием;
- учитывать важность контекста и особенности целевой аудитории;
- порождать текст, соединяющий в себе эквивалентность оригиналу и соответствие речевым и стилистическим нормам русского языка.

3. ***Владеть:*** способностью отбирать и использовать в научной деятельности необходимую информацию по проблемам, связанным с предметом курса, с использованием как традиционных, так и современных образовательных технологий; способностью самостоятельно изучать и ориентироваться в массиве научно-популярной и научно-исследовательской, художественной литературы и публицистики с учетом полученных знаний.

По дисциплине предусмотрена промежуточная аттестация в форме зачета.

Общая трудоемкость освоения дисциплины составляет 2 зачетные единицы.

Приложение 2

ЛИСТ ИЗМЕНЕНИЙ

№	Текст актуализации или прилагаемый к РПД документ, содержащий изменения	Дата	№ протокола