

EPISODE X.—HOW ONE CAME, AS WAS FORETOLD, TO THE CITY OF NEVER.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

THE child that played about the terraces and gardens in sight of the Surrey hills never knew that it was he that should come to the Ultimate City, never knew that he should see the Under Pits, the barbicans and the holy minarets of the mightiest city known. I think of him now as a child, with a little red watering-can, going about the gardens on a summer's day that lit the warm South country, his imagination delighted with all tales of quite little adventures; and all the while there was reserved for him that feat at which men wonder.

Looking in other directions, away from the Surrey hills, through all his infancy he saw that precipice that, wall above wall and mountain above mountain, stands at the edge of the World, and in perpetual twilight alone with the Moon and the Sun holds up the inconceivable city of Never. To tread its streets he was destined; prophecy knew it. He had the magic halter, and a worn old rope it was—an old wayfaring woman had given it him. It had the power to hold any animal whose race had never known captivity, such as the unicorn, the hippogriff, Pegasus, dragons, and wyverns; but with a lion, giraffe, camel, or horse it was useless.

How often we have seen that city of Never, that marvel of the Nations! Not when it is night in the World, and we can see no further than the stars; not when the sun is shining where we dwell, dazzling our eyes; but when the sun has set on some stormy day, all at once repentant at evening, and those glittering cliffs reveal themselves, which we almost take to be clouds, and it is twilight with us as it is forever with them, then on their gleaming summits we see those golden domes that overpeer the edges of the World, and seem to dance with dignity and calm in that gentle light of evening that is Wonder's native haunt. Then does the city of Never, unvisited and afar, look long at her sister the World.

It had been prophesied that he should come there. They knew it when the pebbles were being made, and before the isles of coral were given unto the sea. And thus the prophecy came unto fulfilment and passed into history, and so, at length, to Oblivion, out of which I drag it as it goes floating by, into which I shall one day tumble. The hippogriffs dance before dawn in the upper air; long before sunrise flashes upon our lawns they go to glitter in light that has not yet come to the World; and as the dawn works up from the ragged hills and the stars feel it, they go slanting earthwards, till sunlight touches the tops of the tallest trees, and the hippogriffs alight with a rattle of quills and fold their wings and gallop and gambol away till they come to some prosperous, wealthy, detestable town, and they leap at once from the fields and soar away from the sight of it, pursued by the horrible smoke of it until they come again to the pure blue air.

He whom prophecy had named from of old to come to the city of Never went down one midnight with his magic halter to a lakeside where the hippogriffs alighted at dawn, for the turf was soft there and they could gallop far before they came to a town; and there he waited, hidden near their hoof-marks. And the stars paled a little and grew indistinct; but there was no other sign as yet of the dawn, when there appeared, far up in the deeps of night, two little saffron specks, then four and five: it was the hippogriffs dancing and twirling round in the sun. Another flock joined them—there were twelve of them now; they danced there, flashing their colours back at the sun; they descended in wide curves slowly; trees down on earth revealed against the sky, jet-black, each delicate twig; a star disappeared from a cluster, now another; and dawn came on like music, like a new song. Ducks shot by to the lake from still-dark fields of corn, far voices uttered, a colour grew upon water, and still the hippogriffs gloried in the light, revelling up in the sky; but when pigeons stirred on the branches and the first small bird was abroad and little coots from the rushes ventured to peer about, then there came down on a sudden with a thunder of feathers the hippogriffs; and as they landed from their celestial heights, all bathed with the day's first sunlight, the man whose destiny it was from of old to come to the city of Never sprang up and caught the last with the magic halter. It plunged but could not escape it, for the hippogriffs are of the uncaptured races, and magic has power over the magical; so the man mounted it, and it soared again for the heights whence it had come, as a wounded beast goes home. But when they came to the heights that venturesome rider saw, huge and fair to the left of him, the destined city of Never, and he beheld the towers of Lel and Lek, Neerib and Akathooma; and the cliffs of Toldenarba a-glistening

in the twilight like an alabaster statue of the Evening. Towards them he wrenched the halter, towards Toldenarba and the Under Pits; the wings of the hippogriff roared as the halter turned him. Of the Under Pits who shall tell? Their mystery is secret. It is held by some that they are the sources of night, and that darkness pours from them at evening upon the world; while others hint that knowledge of these might undo our civilisation.

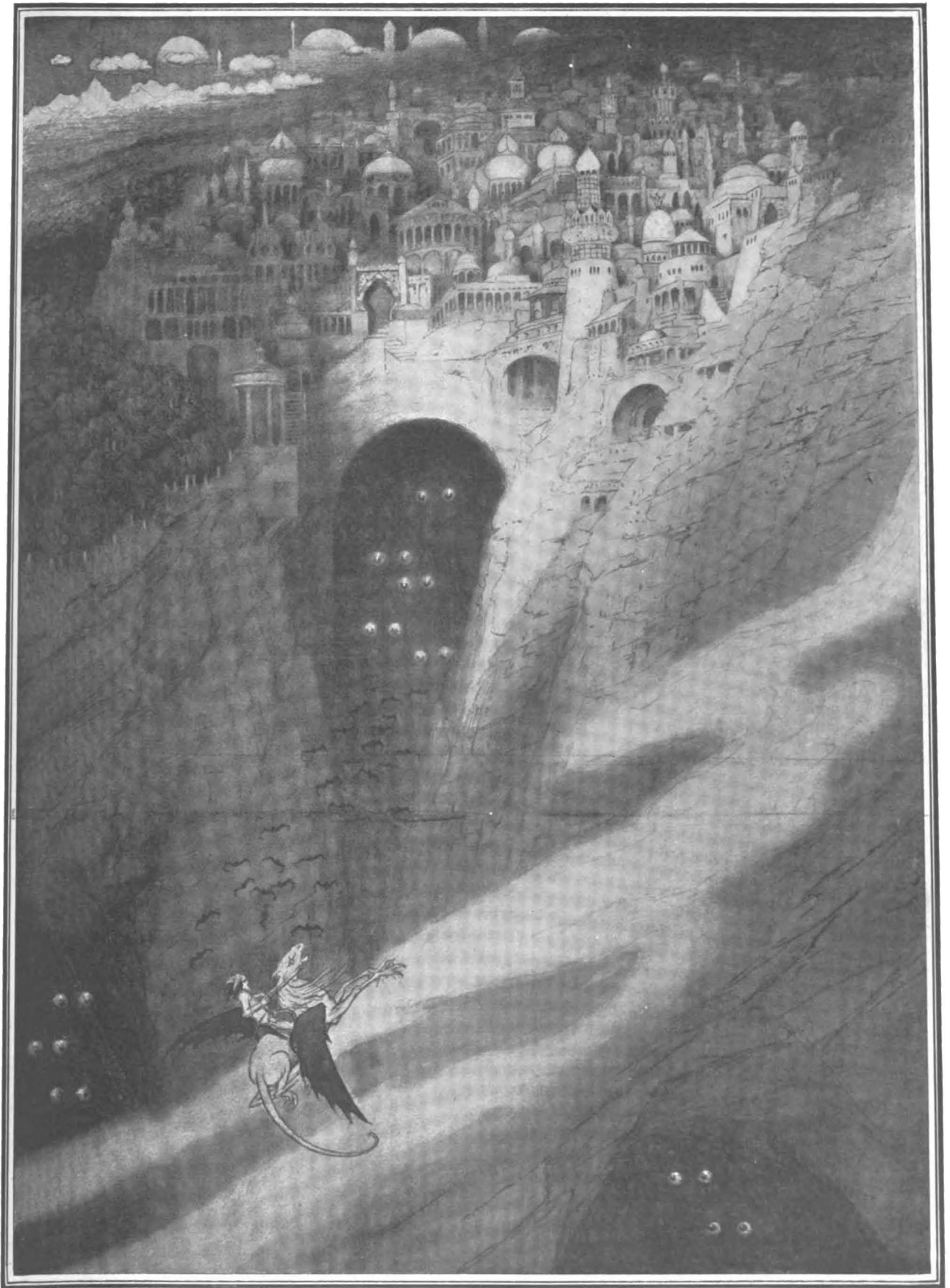
There watched him ceaselessly from the Under Pits those eyes whose duty it is; from further within and deeper the bats that dwell there arose when they saw the surprise in the eyes; the sentinels on the bulwarks beheld that stream of bats and lifted up their spears as it were for war. Nevertheless, when they perceived that that war for which they watched was not now come upon them, they lowered their spears and suffered him to enter, and he passed whirring through the earthward gateway. Even so he came, as foretold, to the city of Never, perched upon Toldenarba, and saw late twilight on those pinnacles that know no other light. All the domes were of copper, but the spires on their summits were gold. Little steps of onyx ran all this way and that. With cobbled agates were its streets a glory. Through small square panes of rose-quartz the citizens looked from their houses. To them, as they looked abroad, the World far off seemed happy. Clad though that city was in one robe always, in twilight, yet was its beauty worthy of even so lovely a wonder: city and twilight both were peerless but for each other. Built of a stone unknown in the world we tread were its bastions, quarried we know not where, but called by the gnomes *abyx*; it so flashed back to the twilight its glories, colour for colour, that none can say of them where their boundary is, and which the eternal twilight, and which the city of Never: they are the twin-born children, the fairest daughters of Wonder. Time had been there, but not to work destruction: he had turned to a fair pale green the domes that were made of copper; the rest he had left untouched, even he the destroyer of cities, by what bribe I know not averted. Nevertheless, they often wept in Never for change and passing away, mourning catastrophes in other worlds, and they built temples sometimes to ruined stars that had fallen flaming down from the Milky Way, giving them worship still when by us long since forgotten. Other temples they have—who knows to what divinities?

And he that was destined alone of men to come to the city of Never was well content to behold it as he trotted down its agate street, with the wings of his hippogriff furled, seeing at either side of him marvel on marvel of which even China is ignorant. Then as he neared the city's further rampart, by which no inhabitant stirred, and looked in a direction to which no houses faced with any rose-pink windows, he suddenly saw far off, dwarfing the mountains, an even greater city. Whether that city was built upon the twilight, or whether it rose from the coasts of some other world, he did not know. He saw it dominate the city of Never, and strove to reach it; but at this unmeasured home of unknown colossi the hippogriff shied frantically, and neither the magic halter nor anything that he did could make the monster face it. At last from the city of Never's lonely outskirts, where no inhabitants walked, the rider turned slowly earthwards; he knew now why all the windows faced this way—the denizens of the twilight gazed at the world and not at a greater than they. Then from the last step of the earthward stairway, like lead past the Under Pits and down the glittering face of Toldenarba, down from the overshadowed glories of the gold-tipped city of Never, and out of perpetual twilight swooped the man on his winged monster: the wind, that slept at the time, leapt up like a dog at their onrush; it uttered a cry and ran past them. Down on the World it was morning. Night was roaming away with his cloak trailed behind him; white mists turned over and over as he went; the orb was grey, but it glittered; lights blinked surprisingly in early windows; forth over wet, dim fields went cows from their houses: even in this hour touched the fields again the feet of the hippogriff. And the moment that the man dismounted and took off his magic halter, the hippogriff flew slanting away with a whir, going back to some airy dancing-place of his people.

And he that surmounted glittering Toldenarba and came alone of men to the city of Never has his name and his fame among nations; but he and the people of that twilight city well know two things unguessed by other men: they, that there is a city fairer than theirs, and he—a deed unaccomplished.

THE END.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIMS.



EPISODE X.—“HOW ONE CAME, AS WAS FORETOLD, TO THE CITY OF NEVER.”

“When they came to the heights, that venturesome rider saw, huge and fair to the left of him, the destined city of Never, and he beheld . . . the cliffs of Toldenarba aglistering in the twilight like an alabaster statue of the Evening. Towards them he wrenched the halter, towards Toldenarba and the Under Pits; the wings of the hippogriff rose as the halter turned him. . . . There watched him ceaselessly from the Under Pits those eyes whose duty it is, from further within and deeper the bats that dwell there arose when they saw the surprise in the eyes. . . . Even so he came, as foretold, to the city of Never, perched upon Toldenarba, and saw late twilight on those pinnacles that know no other light. All the domes were of copper, but the spires on their summits were gold. . . . Then, as he neared the city's further rampart . . . he suddenly saw far off, dwarfing the mountains, an even greater city. Whether that city was built upon the twilight, or whether it rose from the coasts of some other world, he did not know. He saw it dominate the city of Never, and strove to reach it.”

After the Drawing by S. H. Sims. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)