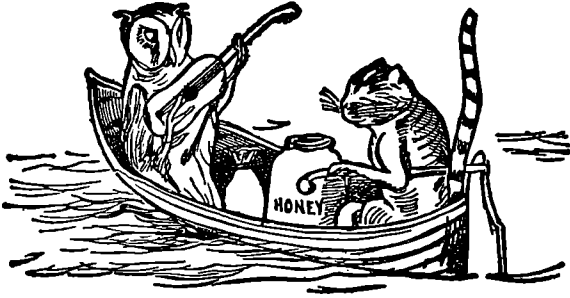


NONSENSE
SONGS *and* STORIES



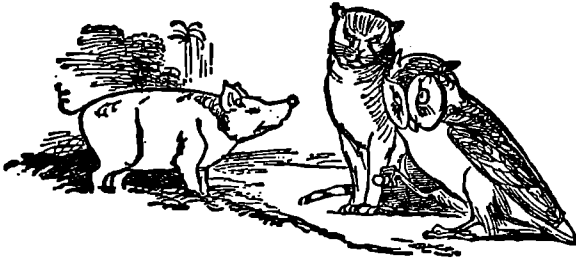
THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

I

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

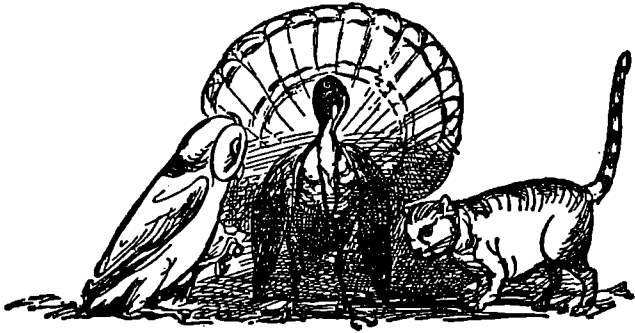
II

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! Let us be married; too long we have tarried.
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong tree grows.
And there in a wood a Piggywig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.



III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.



And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

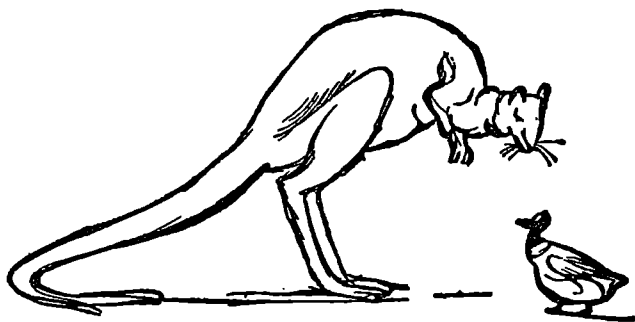
THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

I
SAID the Duck to the Kangaroo,
“Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields, and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond.
I wish I could hop like you,”
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.



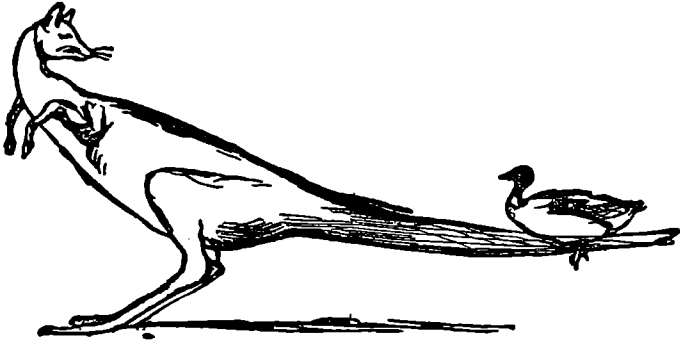
II

“Please give me a ride on your back,”
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
“I would sit quite still, and say nothing but ‘Quack,’
The whole of the long day through.
And we’d go the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea.
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!”
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.



III

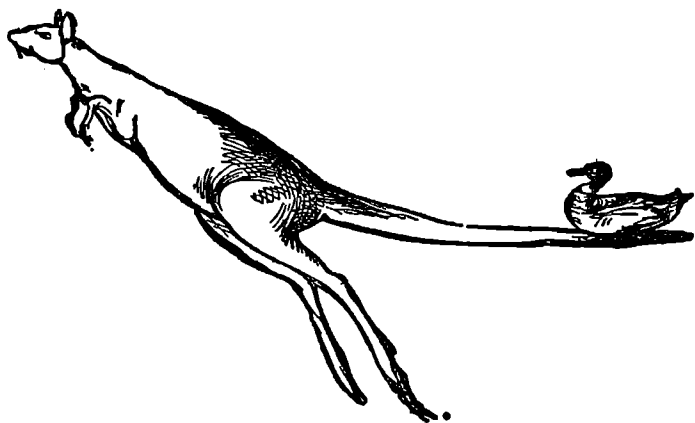
Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection.
Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection;



Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo—
Matiz," said the Kangaroo.

IV

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely;
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web feet neatly.
And, to keep out the cold, I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo."



V

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready,
All in the moonlight pale.
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail."
So away they went with a hop and a bound.
And they hopped the whole world three times round.
And who so happy, oh! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

THE DADDY LONGLEGS AND THE FLY

I

ONCE Mr. Daddy Longlegs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day.
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,

He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
All dressed in blue and gold.
And, as it was too soon to dine,
They drank some periwinkle wine,
And played an hour or two, or more,
At battlecock and shuttledore.

II

Said Mr. Daddy Longlegs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
“Why do you never come to court?
I wish you’d tell me why.
All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You’d quite delight the court.



Why do you never go at all?
I really think you *ought*.
And, if you went, you’d see such sights!
Such rugs and jugs and candlelights!
And, more than all, the king and queen,
One in red, and one in green.”

III

“O Mr. Daddy Longlegs!”
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
“It’s true I never go to court;
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
At once I’d go to court;
But, oh! I can’t, because *my* legs
Are so extremely short.
And I’m afraid the king and queen
(One in red, and one in green)
Would say aloud, ‘You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!’

IV

“Oh, Mr. Daddy Longlegs!”
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
“I wish you’d sing one little song,
One mumbian melody.
You used to sing so awful well
In former days gone by.
But now you never sing at all.
I wish you’d tell me why;
For, if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing, ‘Ah, Hum di Hum!’ ”

V

Said Mr. Daddy Longlegs,
“I can never sing again,
And, if you wish, I’ll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.

For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song;
And this the dreadful reason is,
My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair;
And, if I stand or lie or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"

VI

So Mr. Daddy Longlegs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea,
And gazed upon the sky.
They said, "This is a dreadful thing!
The world has all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
The other much too long.
One never more can go to court,
Because his legs have grown too short.
The other cannot sing a song,
Because his legs have grown too long!"

VII

Then Mr. Daddy Longlegs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foamy sea
With one sponge-taneous cry.
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and gray;
And off they sailed among the waves,
Far and far away.

They sailed across the silent main
And reached the great Gromboolian Plain.
And there they play forevermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.



THE JUMBLIES

I

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did.

In a sieve they went to sea:

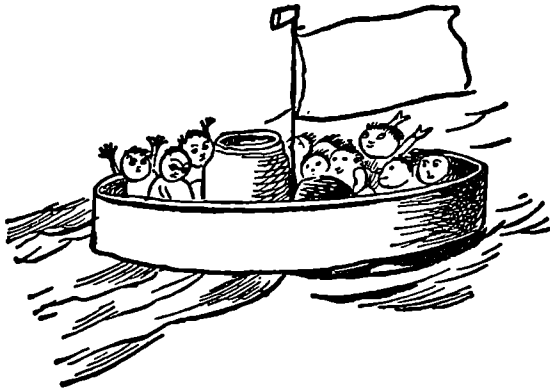
In spite of all their friends could say,

On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a sieve they went to sea.

And when the sieve turned round and round,

And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"



They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

II

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

III

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

IV

And all night long they sailed away,
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

V

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees.
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

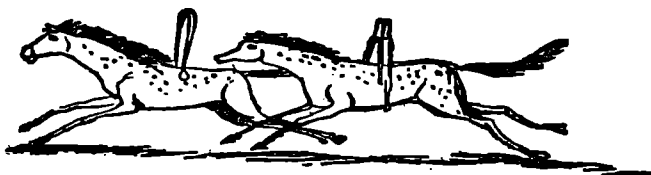
VI

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more;
And everyone said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And everyone said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR TONGS

I

THE Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table;
The Sugar tongs sat by a plate at his side;
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While everyone else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?"



II

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?
Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

III

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute.

The Sugar tongs snapped, and the Crackers said,
"Crack!"

The stable was open; the horses were in it.

Each took out a pony and jumped on his back.

The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway;

The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay;

The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from
Norway

Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

IV

The whole of the household was filled with amazement:

The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about;

The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement;

The Saltcellar stood on his head with a shout;

The Spoons, with a clatter, looked out of the lattice;

The Mustard pot climbed up the gooseberry pies;

The Soup ladle peeped through a heap of veal patties,

And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

V

The Frying pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"

The Teakettle hissed, and grew black in the face;

And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion

To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.

And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter

(Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with
brown),

The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar tongs after,

Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

VI

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station;

They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
In silence they rode, and "made no observation,"

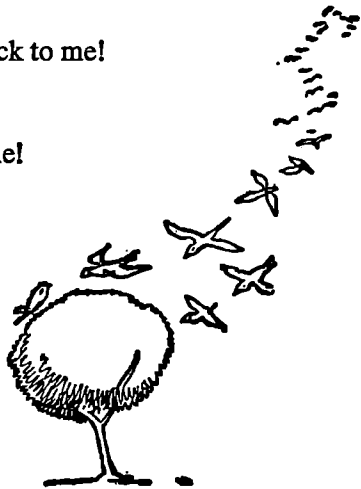
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar tongs snap, and the Crackers say, "Crack!"
Till, far in the distance their forms disappearing,
They faded away; and they never came back!

CALICO PIE

I

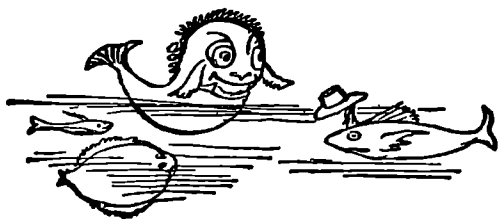
CALICO pie,

The little birds fly
Down to the calico tree:
Their wings were blue,
And they sang, "Tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew;
And they never came back to me!
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me!



II

Calico jam,
The little Fish swam
Over the Syllabub Sea.
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-wat:
But he never came back to me;
He never came back,
He never came back,
He never came back to me,



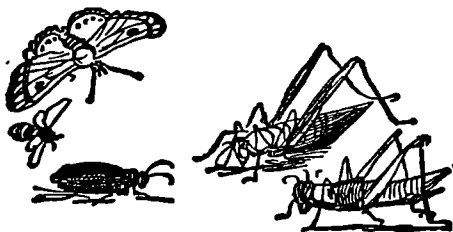
III

Calico ban,
The little Mice ran
To be ready in time for tea;
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup:
But they never came back to me;
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.



IV

Calico drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and round,
With a hop and a bound;
But they never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.



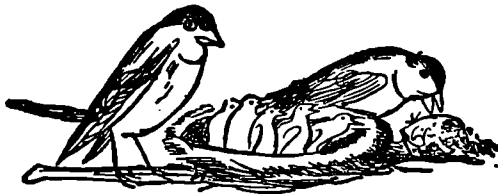
MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW

I

In a little piece of wood
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood:
Mrs. Sparrow sat close by,
A-making of an insect pie
For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive;
Singing with a cheerful smile,
To amuse them all the while,
 "Twikky wikky wikky wee,
 Wikky bikky twikky tee,
 Spikky bikky beel!"

II

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
"Spikky, darling! In my head
Many thoughts of trouble come,
Like to flies upon a plum.
All last night, among the trees,
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;
And thought I, 'It's come to that
Because he does not wear a hat!'
 Chippy wippy sikky tee,
 Bikky wikky tikky mee,
 Spikky chippy wee!



III

“Not that you are growing old;
But the nights are growing cold.
No one stays out all night long
Without a hat: I’m sure it’s wrong!”
Mr. Spikky said, “How kind,
Dear, you are, to speak your mind!
All your life I wish you luck!
You are, you are, a lovely duck!
 Witchy witchy witchy wee,
 Twitchy witchy witchy bee,
 Tikky tikky tee!

IV

“I was also sad, and thinking,
When one day I saw you winking,
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,
And I saw your feathers ruffle:
To myself I sadly said,
‘She’s neuralgia in her head!
That dear head has nothing on it!
Ought she not to wear a bonnet?’
 Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,
 Spikky wikky mikky bee,
 Chippy wippy chee!

V

“Let us both fly up to town:
There I’ll buy you such a gown!
Which, completely in the fashion,
You shall tie a sky-blue sash on;
And a pair of slippers neat
To fit your darling little feet,

So that you will look and feel
Quite galloobious and genteel.
 Jikky wikky bikky see,
 Chicky bikky wikky bee,
 Twicky witchy weel!”



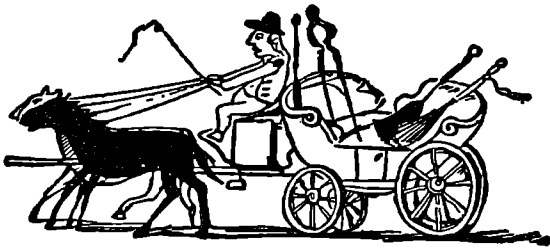
VI

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument;
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop!
Into Moses’ wholesale shop.
There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.
 Zikky wikky mikky bee,
 Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
 Sikky tikky wee!

VII

Then, when so completely dressed,
Back they flew, and reached their nest.
Their children cried, “O ma and pa!
How truly beautiful you are!”

Said they, "We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again;
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.
Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twicky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee!"



THE BROOM, THE SHOVEL, THE POKER AND THE TONGS

I

THE Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park;
And they each sang a song, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
Before they went back in the dark.
Mr. Poker he sat quite upright in the coach;
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash;
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch);
Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
And they all sang a song.

II

“O Shovel so lovely!” the Poker he sang,
 “You have perfectly conquered my heart.
 Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong! If you’re pleased with my
 song,
 I will feed you with cold apple tart.
 When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
 You enrapture my life with delight,
 Your nose is so shiny, your head is so round,
 And your shape is so slender and bright!
 Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
 Ain’t you pleased with my song?”



III

“Alas! Mrs. Broom,” sighed the Tongs in his song,
 “Oh, is it because I’m so thin,
 And my legs are so long—ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!—
 That you don’t care about me a pin?
 Ah! Fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
 Ah! Why don’t you heed my complaint?
 Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
 Because you are covered with paint?
 Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
 You are certainly wrong.”

IV

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
 “What nonsense you’re singing today!”
Said the Shovel, “I’ll certainly hit you a bang!”
 Said the Broom, “And I’ll sweep you away!”
So the coachman drove homeward as fast as he could,
 Perceiving their anger with pain;
But they put on the kettle, and little by little
 They all became happy again.
 Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
 There’s an end of my song.



THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

I

SAID the Table to the Chair,
 “You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,”
Said the Table to the Chair.

II

Said the Chair unto the Table,
“Now, you *know* we are not able:

How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

III

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

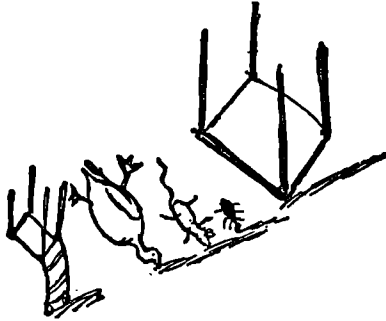
IV

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

V

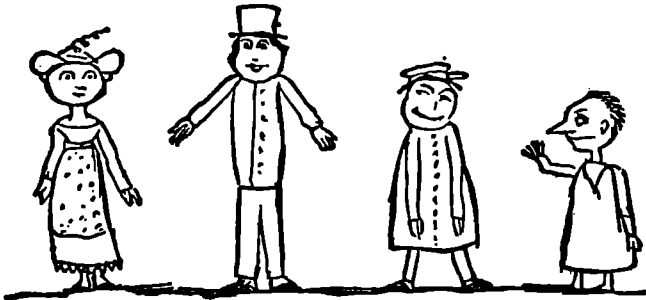
Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle

Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.



THE STORY OF THE FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN WHO WENT AROUND THE WORLD

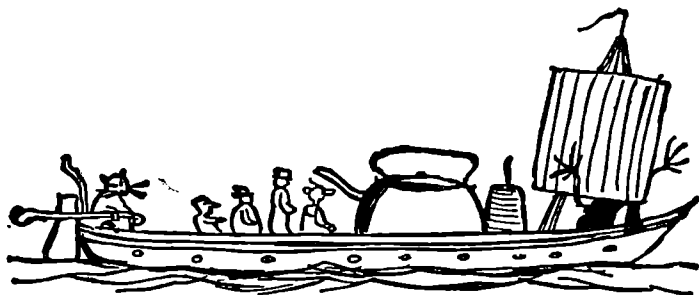
ONCE upon a time, a long while ago, there were four
little people whose names were



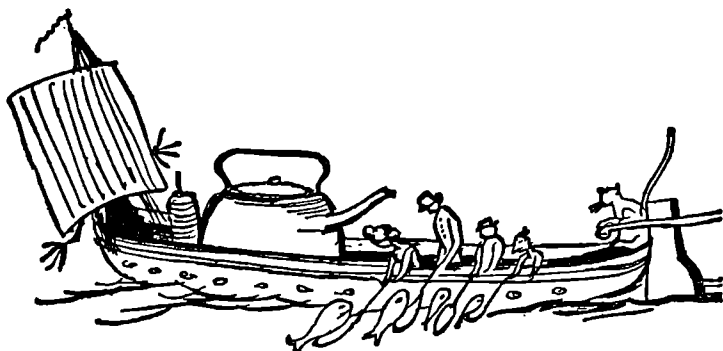
VIOLET, SLINGSBY, GUY, and LIONEL;

and they all thought they should like to see the world.
So they bought a large boat to sail quite round the world

by sea, and then they were to come back on the other side by land. The boat was painted blue with green spots, and the sail was yellow with red stripes: and, when they set off, they only took a small Cat to steer and look after the boat, besides an elderly Quangle-Wangle, who had to cook the dinner and make the tea; for which purposes they took a large kettle.

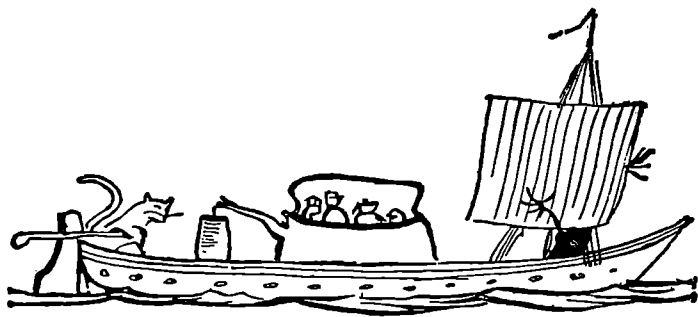


For the first ten days they sailed on beautifully, and found plenty to eat, as there were lots of fish; and they had only to take them out of the sea with a long spoon, when the Quangle-Wangle instantly cooked them; and the Pussycat was fed with the bones, with which she



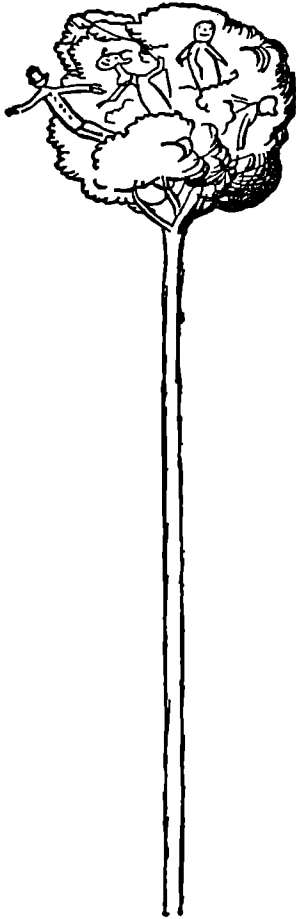
expressed herself pleased, on the whole: so that all the party were very happy.

During the daytime, Violet chiefly occupied herself in putting salt water into a churn; while her three brothers churned it violently, in the hope that it would turn into butter, which it seldom if ever did; and in the evening they all retired into the teakettle, where they all managed to sleep very comfortably, while Pussy and the Quangle-Wangle managed the boat.



After a time, they saw some land at a distance; and, when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses, with a great gulf stream running about all over it; so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, 503 feet high.

When they had landed, they walked about, but found, to their great surprise, that the island was quite full of veal cutlets and chocolate drops, and nothing else. So they all climbed up the single high tree to discover, if possible, if there were any people; but having remained on



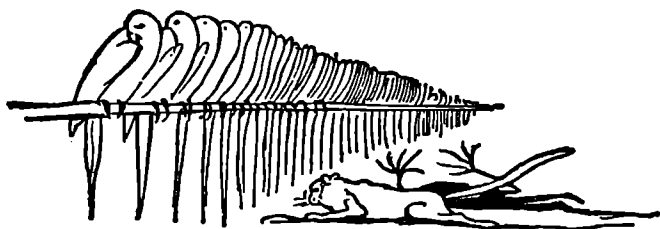
the top of the tree for a week, and not seeing anybody, they naturally concluded that there were no inhabitants; and accordingly, when they came down, they loaded the boat with two thousand veal cutlets and a million of chocolate drops; and these afforded them sustenance for more than a month, during which time they pursued their voyage with the utmost delight and apathy.

After this they came to a shore where there were no less than sixty-five great red parrots with blue tails, sitting on a rail all of a row, and all fast asleep. And I am sorry to say that the Pussycat and the Quangle-Wangle crept softly, and bit off the tail feathers of all the sixty-five parrots; for which

Violet reproved them both severely.

Notwithstanding which, she proceeded to insert all the feathers—two hundred and sixty in number—in her bonnet; thereby causing it to have a lovely and glittering appearance; highly prepossessing and efficacious.

The next thing that happened to them was in a narrow part of the sea, which was so entirely full of fishes that the boat could go on no farther: so they remained there about six weeks, till they had eaten nearly all the fishes, which were soles, and all ready-cooked, and covered with shrimp sauce, so that there was no trouble whatever. And as the few fishes who remained uneaten complained of

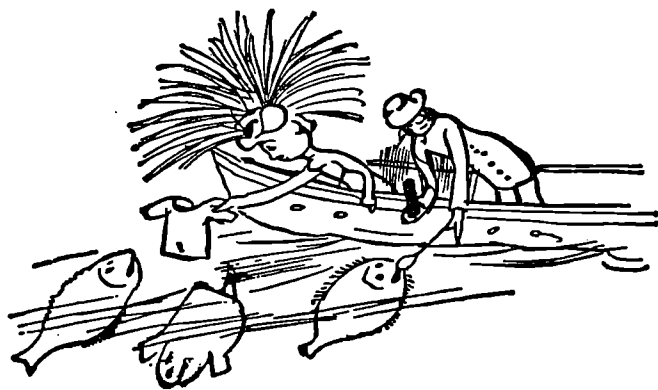


the cold, as well as of the difficulty they had in getting any sleep on account of the extreme noise made by the arctic bears and the tropical turnspits, which frequented the neighborhood in great numbers, Violet most amiably



knitted a small woollen frock for several of the fishes, and Slingsby administered some opium drops to them; through which kindness they became quite warm, and slept soundly.

Then they came to a country which was wholly cov-



ered with immense orange trees of a vast size, and quite full of fruit. So they all landed, taking with them the tea-kettle, intending to gather some of the oranges, and place them in it. But, while they were busy about this, a most



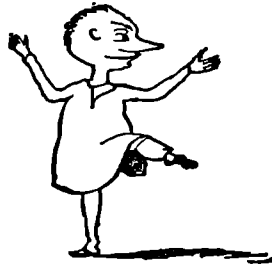
dreadfully high wind rose, and blew out most of the parrot-tail feathers from Violet's bonnet. That, however, was nothing compared with the calamity of the oranges falling down on their heads by millions and millions, which thumped and bumped and bumped and thumped them all so seriously, that they were obliged to run as hard as they could for their lives; besides that, the sound of the oranges rattling on the teakettle was of the most fearful and amazing nature.

Nevertheless, they got safely to the boat, although considerably vexed and hurt; and the Quangle-Wangle's



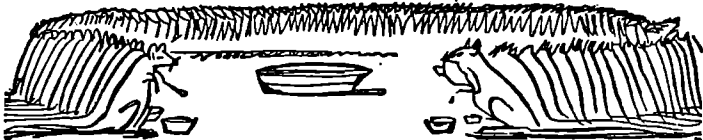
right foot was so knocked about that he had to sit with his head in his slipper for at least a week.

This event made them all for a time rather melancholy: and perhaps they might never have become less so, had not Lionel, with a most praiseworthy devotion and perseverance, continued to stand on one leg, and whistle to them in a loud and lively manner; which diverted the whole party so extremely that they gradually recovered their spirits, and agreed that whenever they should reach home, they would subscribe towards a testimonial to Lionel, entirely made of gingerbread and raspberries, as an earnest token of their sincere and grateful infection.



After sailing on calmly for several more days, they came to another country, where they were much pleased and surprised to see a countless multitude of white Mice with red eyes, all sitting in a great circle, slowly eating custard pudding with the most satisfactory and polite demeanor.

And as the four travelers were rather hungry, being tired of eating nothing but soles and oranges for so long



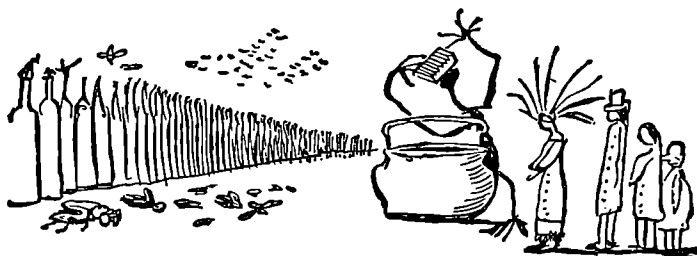
a period, they held a council as to the propriety of asking the Mice for some of their pudding in a humble and affecting manner, by which they could hardly be otherwise than gratified. It was agreed, therefore, that Guy should go and ask the Mice, which he immediately did; and the result was, that they gave a walnut shell only half full of custard diluted with water. Now, this displeased Guy, who said, "Out of such a lot of pudding as

you have got, I must say, you might have spared a somewhat larger quantity." But no sooner had he finished speaking than the Mice turned round at once, and sneezed at him in an appalling and vindictive manner (and it is impossible to imagine a more scroobious and unpleasant sound than that caused by the simultaneous sneezing of many millions of angry Mice); so that Guy rushed back to the boat, having first shied his cap



into the middle of the custard pudding, by which means he completely spoiled the Mice's dinner.

By and by the four children came to a country where there were no houses, but only an incredibly innumerable number of large bottles without corks, and of a dazzling and sweetly susceptible blue color. Each of these blue bottles contained a Blue-Bottle-Fly; and all these interesting animals live continually together in the most copious and rural harmony: nor perhaps in many parts of the world is such perfect and abject happiness to be found. Violet and Slingsby and Guy and Lionel were greatly struck with this singular and instructive settlement; and, having previously asked permission of the Blue-Bottle-Flies (which was most courteously granted), the boat was drawn up to the shore, and they proceeded to make tea in front of the bottles: but as they had no



tea leaves, they merely placed some pebbles in the hot water; and the Quangle-Wangle played some tunes over it on an accordion, by which, of course, tea was made directly, and of the very best quality.

The four children then entered into conversation with the Blue-Bottle-Flies, who discoursed in a placid and genteel manner, though with a slightly buzzing accent, chiefly owing to the fact that they each held a small clothesbrush between their teeth, which naturally occasioned a fizzy, extraneous utterance.

“Why,” said Violet, “would you kindly inform us, do you reside in bottles; and, if in bottles at all, why not, rather, in green or purple, or, indeed, in yellow bottles?”

To which questions a very aged Blue-Bottle-Fly answered, “We found the bottles here all ready to live in; that is to say, our great-great-great-great-grandfathers did: so we occupied them at once. And, when the winter comes on, we turn the bottles upside down, and consequently rarely feel the cold at all; and you know very well that this could not be the case with bottles of any other color than blue.”

“Of course it could not,” said Slingsby. “But, if we may take the liberty of inquiring, on what do you chiefly subsist?”

“Mainly on oyster patties,” said the Blue-Bottle-Fly, “and, when these are scarce, on raspberry vinegar and Russian leather boiled down to a jelly.”

“How delicious!” said Guy.

To which Lionel added, “Huzz!” And all the Blue-Bottle-Flies said, “Buzz!”

At this time, an elderly Fly said it was the hour for the evening-song to be sung; and, on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The Moon was shining slobaciously from the star-bespangled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides and wings and backs of the Blue-Bottle-Flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, while all Nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances.

In many long-after years, the four little travelers looked back to that evening as one of the happiest in all their lives; and it was already past midnight when—the sail of the boat having been set up by the Quangle-Wangle, the teakettle and churn placed in their respective positions, and the Pussycat stationed at the helm—the children each took a last and affectionate farewell of the Blue-Bottle-Flies, who walked down in a body to the water’s edge to see the travelers embark.

As a token of parting respect and esteem, Violet made a courtesy quite down to the ground, and stuck one of her few remaining parrot-tail feathers into the back hair of the most pleasing of the Blue-Bottle-Flies; while Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel offered them three small



boxes, containing, respectively, black pins, dried figs, and Epsom salts; and thus they left that happy shore forever.

Overcome by their feelings, the four little travelers instantly jumped into the teakettle, and fell fast asleep. But all along the shore, for many hours, there was distinctly heard a sound of severely suppressed sobs, and of a vague multitude of living creatures using their pocket handkerchiefs in a subdued simultaneous snuffle, lingering sadly along the walloping waves as the boat sailed farther and farther away from the Land of the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies.

Nothing particular occurred for some days after these events, except that, as the travelers were passing a low tract of sand, they perceived an unusual and gratifying spectacle; namely, a large number of Crabs and Crawfish—perhaps six or seven hundred—sitting by the water-side, and endeavoring to disentangle a vast heap of pale pink worsted, which they moistened at intervals with a fluid composed of lavender-water and white-wine negus.

“Can we be of any service to you, O crusty Crabbies?” said the four children.

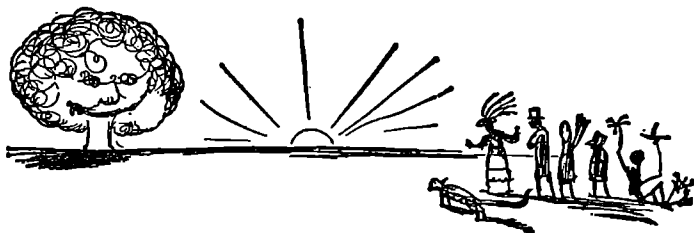
“Thank you kindly,” said the Crabs consecutively.

"We are trying to make some worsted mittens, but do not know how."

On which Violet, who was perfectly acquainted with the art of mitten-making, said to the Crabs, "Do your claws unscrew, or are they fixtures?"

"They are all made to unscrew," said the Crabs; and forthwith they deposited a great pile of claws close to the boat, with which Violet uncombed all the pale pink worsted, and then made the loveliest mittens with it you can imagine. These the Crabs, having resumed and screwed on their claws, placed cheerfully upon their wrists, and walked away rapidly on their hind legs, warbling songs with a silvery voice and in a minor key.

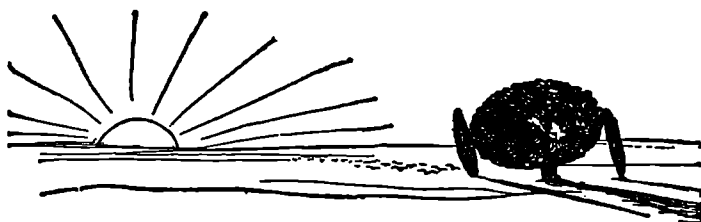
After this, the four little people sailed on again till they came to a vast and wide plain of astonishing dimensions, on which nothing whatever could be discovered at first; but, as the travelers walked onward, there appeared in the extreme and dim distance a single object, which on a nearer approach, and on an accurately cutaneous inspection seemed to be somebody in a large white wig, sitting on an armchair made of spongecakes and oyster shells. "It does not quite look like a human being," said Violet doubtfully; nor could they make out what it really was, till the Quangle-Wangle (who had previously been



round the world) exclaimed softly in a loud voice, "It is the co-operative Cauliflower!"

And so, in truth, it was: and they soon found that what they had taken for an immense wig was in reality the top of the Cauliflower; and that he had no feet at all, being able to walk tolerably well with a fluctuating and graceful movement on a single cabbage stalk—an accomplishment which naturally saved him the expense of stockings and shoes.

Presently, while the whole party from the boat was gazing at him with mingled affection and disgust, he suddenly arose, and, in a somewhat plundomphious man-

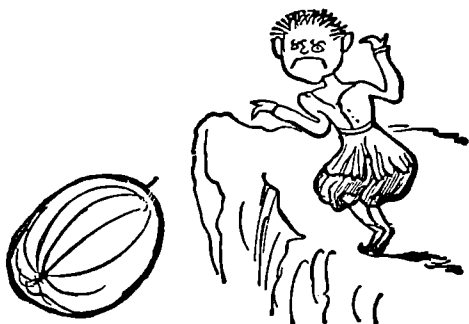


ner, hurried off towards the setting sun—his steps supported by two superincumbent confidential Cucumbers, and a large number of Water-wagtails proceeding in advance of him by three and three in a row—till he finally disappeared on the brink of the western sky in a crystal cloud of sudorific sand.

So remarkable a sight, of course, impressed the four children very deeply; and they returned immediately to their boat with a strong sense of undeveloped asthma and a great appetite.

Shortly after this, the travelers were obliged to sail di-

rectly below some high overhanging rocks, from the top of one of which a particularly odious little boy, dressed in rose-colored knickerbockers, and with a pewter plate upon his head, threw an enormous pumpkin at the boat, by which it was instantly upset.

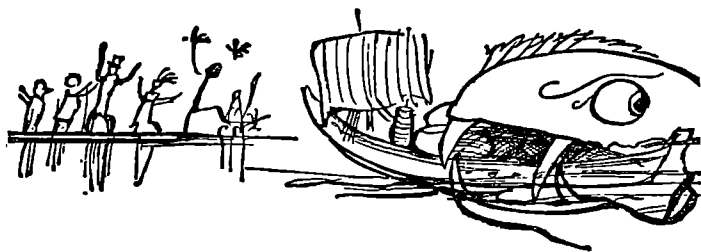


But this upsetting was of no consequence, because all the party knew how to swim very well: and, in fact, they preferred swimming about till after the moon rose; when, the water growing chilly, they sponge-taneously entered the boat. Meanwhile the Quangle-Wangle threw back the pumpkin with immense force, so that it hit the rocks where the malicious little boy in rose-colored knickerbockers was sitting; when, being quite full of lucifer-matches, the pumpkin exploded surreptitiously into a thousand bits; whereon the rocks instantly took fire, and the odious little boy became unpleasantly hotter and hotter and hotter, till his knickerbockers were turned quite green, and his nose was burned off.

Two or three days after this had happened, they came to another place, where they found nothing at all except some wide and deep pits full of mulberry jam. This is the

property of the tiny, yellow-nosed Apes who abound in these districts, and who store up the mulberry jam for their food in winter, when they mix it with pellucid pale periwinkle soup, and serve it out in Wedgwood china bowls, which grow freely all over that part of the country. Only one of the yellow-nosed Apes was on the spot, and he was fast asleep; yet the four travelers and the Quangle-Wangle and Pussy were so terrified by the violence and sanguinary sound of his snoring that they merely took a small cupful of the jam, and returned to re-embark in their boat without delay.

What was their horror on seeing the boat (including the churn and the teakettle) in the mouth of an enormous Seeze Pyder, an aquatic and ferocious creature truly

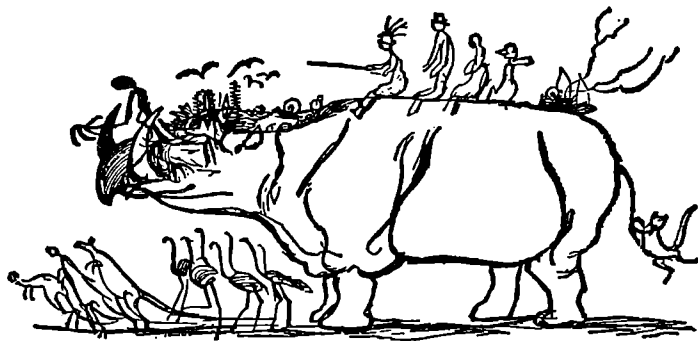


dreadful to behold, and, happily, only met with in those excessive longitudes! In a moment, the beautiful boat was bitten into fifty-five thousand million hundred billion bits; and it instantly became quite clear that Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel could no longer prelimitate their voyage by sea.

The four travelers were therefore obliged to resolve on pursuing their wanderings by land: and, very fortunately, there happened to pass by at that moment an elderly

Rhinoceros, on which they seized; and, all four mounting on by his ears, and the Pussycat swinging at the end of his tail—they set off, having only four small beans and three pounds of mashed potatoes to last through their whole journey.

They were, however, able to catch numbers of the chickens and turkeys and other birds who incessantly alighted on the head of the Rhinoceros for the purpose of gathering the seeds of the rhododendron plants which grew there; and these creatures they cooked in the most translucent and satisfactory manner by means of a fire lighted on the end of the Rhinoceros's back. A crowd of



Kangaroos and gigantic Cranes accompanied them, from feelings of curiosity and complacency; so that they were never at a loss for company, and went onward, as it were, in a sort of profuse and triumphant procession.

Thus in less than eighteen weeks they all arrived safely at home, where they were received by their admiring relatives with joy tempered with contempt, and where

they finally resolved to carry out the rest of their traveling plans at some more favorable opportunity.

As for the Rhinoceros, in token of their grateful adherence, they had him killed and stuffed directly, and then set him up outside the door of their father's house as a diaphanous door-scraper.

