

Weird Tales

ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

SEPTEMBER, 1950

Cover by Bill Wayne

NOVELETTE

LEGAL RITES Isaac Asimov and James MacCreagh 8
"The fact that I was once killed by violence doesn't mean that I have lost my legal rights, does it?"

SHORT STORIES

THE PINEYS Manly Wade Wellman 26
Rumor had it that the Pineys were horrible all right, but that they weren't really people. They lived around longleaf districts and have lived there since the beginning of time.

THE SHADOW FROM THE STEEPLE Robert Bloch 34
. . . assailed by a curious psychic disturbance, he seemed to see "visions of other lands and the gulfs beyond the stars." And then there appeared the creature of darkness who could not survive light.

THE MIRROR Mildred Johnson 47
They were all there in the mirror—the husband whom she hated, and the sons she loved. For in that mirror one could see the dead.

UNKNOWN LADY Harold Lawlor 54
Could there be any real reason why such a desirable house should be vacant in a housing shortage?

POTTS' TRIUMPH August Derleth 64
The Laver sisters had wallpaper with sound effects. If you listened carefully it sounded as if someone far away were saying, "Let me out!"

THE SPANISH CAMERA Carl Jacobi 70
It's one thing to focus your camera; another when it takes matters into its own hands and focuses itself.

THE THREE POOLS AND THE PAINTED MOON Frank Owen 79
. . . Even as he struggled, Tang Ling regretted that he had painted his attacker with such an abundance of virility.

THE INSISTENT GHOST Emil Petaja 84
She could feel those muddy gray, half blind eyes watching her as they had when he was alive.

VERSE

INCANTATION Page Cooper 63

THE EYRIE 4

WEIRD TALES CLUB 83

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, \$1.50. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession.

Copyright, 1950, by Weird Tales. Copyright in Great Britain. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

178

 Vol. 42, No. 6

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

The Pineys

BY MANLY WADE WELLMAN



*"... I may not believe in them,
but I am afraid of them."*

AT THOSE words the three men in front of the country filling station fell quickly silent. Whether they were amused or shocked, I, for one, couldn't tell. I just leaned back in the rear seat of Mr. Beau Sawtelle's sedan, where nobody could see me. Mr. Beau Sawtelle drummed his fat knuckles on the steering wheel. He looked at his blonde niece Terry, then over

his heavy shoulder at me, and finally at the tallest and oldest of the men. Mr. Beau was thick and glumly alert, like a toad; like the car-driving toad in that Wind in the Willows story. For some reason Terry herself had mentioned the story and told a piece of it, right after they'd seen me up the highway with my thumb stuck out, and stopped to give me a lift. Not that Mr. Beau Saw-

tettle seemed the type to stop for a strange hitch-hiker, but maybe he couldn't help stopping for me.

"You sure you want to head for Piney's Grove, mister?" asked the tallest and oldest man.

"Piney's Grove, yes," repeated Mr. Beau gruffly. "Where the Pineys are supposed to live."

"Oh," said the tallest and oldest man. "You've heard about them."

"A little," said Mr. Beau, his toad-profile turned to me, "but not yet have I heard how I get there. If you please, friend."

The tallest and oldest man hooked his gaunt thumbs in the belt of his blue jeans and drummed his fingers on his hip bones. He squinted behind his glasses, and spit over one shoulder. "I myself never been down there. When I was just a chap, old folks used to tell tales about the place to keep us away from there."

"To make you stay away they must have told you where Piney's Grove was," said Mr. Beau.

"That's right, sir." The tallest and oldest man took one thumb out of his belt and pointed it down the road. "You have to go three-four miles. You curve around a quick bend, and you're not across Drowning Creek yet, but you see a sort of winding road going through the trees to your right. Them trees is thick and green a right much. From what I used to be told, you follow that road in to its end, and when you're at the end of it, why, you're at Piney's Grove."

"Thank you, friend," said Mr. Beau. "When we're settled in, you all come and visit us, hear?"

Another batch of silence, and it still hung over the men at the filling station as Mr. Beau shifted gears, started the car and drove us away.

We ourselves didn't speak for a while. Mr. Beau hunched his slack, heavy shoulders over his wheel. Terry fluffed back her cloud of hair, that was like pale yellow leaves of autumn with the sun on them. I half lay in the rear seat, an elbow on my pack. Finally Mr. Beau turned just enough so that his words blew back to me.

"Mac?" I'd told them they might call me Mac. "We're just about due to leave the

highway. Where would you like us to let you off?"

"Nowhere in particular," I replied. "I'm going nowhere." And that was as close to true as anything I'd told him and Terry since they picked me up.

"Just drifting?" he asked.

"Right now, I'm wondering if I mightn't ride on and see you come to this Piney's Grove; the place those men were so funny about."

Mr. Beau made a *grump* sound, the way a toad might try to chuckle. "If you really don't have a home or job, might you like to work for me a couple of days, Mac? You seem a nice young fellow, I like you and think I can trust you around."

Terry's shoulders tightened a bit, as if the suggestion worried her. She didn't turn her smooth, pretty face back to me, but I guessed it was frowning a little. "I'd be proud, Mr. Beau," I said. "Proud to help you."

"Then okay," he said.

WE DROVE along and found that quick bend we'd been told about. And just beyond, along the side of the highway, plodded toward us a straight, shabby old Negro. Mr. Beau put on the brakes and rolled to a stop and waited for the man to come up to us. He was a good-looking old brown-black fellow. He took off his shabby straw hat, the way mannerly Negroes do in North Carolina. "Good evenin', lady and gentlemen," he said gently. "How you today?"

"Uncle," said Mr. Beau, "you know how to direct us to Piney's Grove?"

The Negro's face turned blank, the way those faces at the filling station had turned. The dark lids hooded the eyes a little. Then a finger like a black billy club pointed. "That trail right there yonder, sir. You ain't fixin' to go there, is you?"

"Why not, Uncle?" asked Mr. Beau.

White-rimmed eyes were eloquent in the thunder-dark face. "Pineys might not like it, sir."

"You believe in the Pineys?" asked Terry, leaning across Mr. Beau.

The eyes hooded themselves again, courtously timid. "Most folks believes in the

Pineys, Miss. Even them that says don't believe, them scared."

Terry chuckled, not sounding shaky. "The Pineys must be horrible people."

"They horrible, all right," agreed the old Negro, as grave as a Chinese philosopher, "but they ain't peoples."

"Maybe they won't know we're coming," suggested Terry.

"They bound to know. They got a king, he out figurin' on you all, know you all's comin' to Piney's Grove."

"King, eh?" said Terry. "I never heard that."

"Thanks, Uncle," said Mr. Beau. He started the car again and drove to where the trail mouthed onto the highway as a creek onto a river. He turned us in and we went along. Glancing back, I saw the Negro gazing after us, like a dark statue.

Almost at once the trees made a tunnel, lacing their branches above us from side to side and shutting out the bright sun of late afternoon.

Often I've thought of the South as a place of extreme, almost frightening, contrasts. You travel along and come to a place like the one I'm telling about, where the light is shut out so you're almost benighted, and suddenly you'll whip out among the shadowing trees into a field of cotton, dazzling, blinding white. Only that wasn't what happened this time. We kept on under the tunnel of branches, while the trees clouded in closer and closer, and the track grew narrower, until it was barely wide enough for the car to pass. Under the tires lay thick, thick layers of brown pine straw, the droppings of seasons, and they muffled the noise of our travel.

Mr. Beau was remembering how the old man at the filling station had directed him to come to the end of the road and find Piney's Grove. This wasn't a road we travelled, but it came to an end. Mr. Beau stopped the car and got out. So did Terry. So did I. I flung my pack under one of the tall, straight longleaf pines that rose like pillars in a big church or auditorium or warehouse, and mixed their tufts of spangle-long needles overhead into a gloomy roof. Every pine trunk slanted a little southward, from having stood so long against the north

winds of mild Carolina winters. Underfoot lay the fallen pine straw, thick and soft and even as an expensive brown carpet. All around us grew the pines, out to where suddenly the grove was walled in by thick growth of brush and thorny creepers. It was like walking into a banquet hall after the crowd had gone. The poet Tom Moore, Terry told me she remembered, had written something like that in the last lines of a poem called *Oft in the Stilly Night*.

"Know why Piney's Grove is like this?" Mr. Beau asked Terry. "It's never been cultivated. Nobody ever held title to it. In the old days, when there were houses hereabouts, the colonists brought certain beliefs from Europe with them. A community used to set aside a tract and call it Devil's Croft—that's what you see here. It was supposed to belong to evil spirits, who'd stay there and leave the rest of the ground alone."

Terry shifted her feet on the carpet of needles, as if she wished she was somewhere else.

"Here we are," said Mr. Beau, "and here we stay." He looked up along one tall trunk, and along another. "What magnificent trees! As fine as I've ever seen." Then he gazed along the muffled ground. "Clean and level as a floor. No dead wood. It reminds me of what someone told me about an African jungle, where the white ants, the termites, had eaten up all the fallen dead branches and left things spick and span." He faced me. "Mac, you said you've been around here."

"In my time, yes," I said.

"Do you suppose termites—"

"No, sir, I doubt that the termites cleaned up this place," I said respectfully.

"Maybe the gnomes or the dwarfs did," offered Terry, smiling. Her smile was slight, but it managed to be radiant whenever she showed it.

"Or the Pineys," said Mr. Beau. "Since this was Devil's Croft, and they're devils of some sort, it was their responsibility to clean it up. Anyway, we camp here. This is the ideal spot." He tossed some bundles out of the luggage rack on top of the car. "Terry," he said, "drive back there to the crossroads and buy us some groceries."

Rapidly he scribbled out a list for her

and handed her some money. She slid under the wheel, started the car again, and backed and filled carefully around until she could head back the way we'd come. Mr. Beau unrolled a canvas pup tent and another, and I helped him pitch them, side by side under the tall pines. He was active, for all his heavy body and short, crooked legs. "These trees are perfect for my purpose," he kept saying, as if I'd argued otherwise.

I knew what his purpose was. He was a government tree specialist, and hard at work on the problem of longleaf pine cultivation. The government sponsored it, big lumber companies approved it. You can't always get longleaf pine to grow where it isn't native, and it would mean plenty of lumber and money if it could be cultivated generally. Mr. Beau Sawtelle was going to camp here, in this specially informative spot, and pry into the longleaf business with the eye of a botanist and economist.

After the tents were up, he scuffed through the carpet of needles and scooped earth into a pan, for tests with his portable laboratory equipment. "Hope it stays clear tomorrow," he said, gazing upward. "Isn't it getting cloudy?"

"I think we're just pretty much in the shade," I told him.

"Help me gather wood, Mac," he directed. We had to go quite a way for some, because of that swept-floor aspect of Piney's Grove, but in among the brushy wall thickets we got two big man-loads and brought it back. Then Terry drove into sight. She'd fetched some paper bags full of food, and she'd fetched a pale, drawn, face, too.

"Those men at the crossroads," she said. "They seem to be betting on whether we'll last out the night here."

She stared, I listened. And Mr. Beau gave his croaking toad-chuckle.

"Mac," he called to me, "why don't you run back up there and take ~~some~~ of that money they want to bet."

"No, thank you kindly," I said, "I'll just stay here."

"If I wasn't so busy with trees," Mr. Beau went on, "I'd make a study of country superstitions. Like the way Carolina folks plant by the full moon, and won't sit down thirteen at a time, and believe in those devouring Pineys! I'm surprised they know enough to lie down when they're tired."

"Well, I'm tired," said Terry, "and a little nervous. I know enough to relax." She sat down with her back against a pine trunk.

"You'll feel better when you've had some supper," smiled Mr. Beau. He bustled with a frying pan and a coffee pot while I built up the fire. It seemed cheerful as the gloom gathered. We made a good-humored meal together, and sat around the fire afterward. Terry smoked a cigarette, and Mr. Beau did the talking.

He told us all about pine trees. They're old, old inhabitants, said Mr. Beau. Back as far as Silurian times, he said, a good few million years, there were pines growing among the giant horsetails and tree ferns, with big crawfish and worms wriggling around their roots, getting ready to turn into fish or snakes.

"Were there any Pineys then?" asked

Terry. She was still worrying over those bets among the men at the crossroads station.

Mr. Beau shook his head. "I haven't bothered with that Piney superstition, except to laugh at it. In any case, most of the Piney tales—about young lovers wandering among the pines and never coming back, things like that—don't come from around here. This Piney's Grove legend is told around here, but no catastrophes tied to it."

"Because people stayed away from Piney's Grove, perhaps," I suggested.

"Up to now," added Terry. "Mac, do you know about the Pineys?"

"A few things," I replied, and she gave me that strange, confused look of somebody who doesn't want to listen, but does.

"Folks will tell you," I continued, "that the Pineys live around the longleaf districts, and have lived there since the beginning of time—maybe all the way back to the Silurian age Mr. Beau mentioned. The pines are their home land, and they don't like pines to be destroyed or meddled with. They're shy and timid, except when they're on fighting terms."

"What did that old colored man say about their not being people?" reminded Terry.

"There's argument about whether they are or not. The earliest Indians used to say that the Pineys came before the Indians, and that the Pineys learned from the Indians to imitate the looks and ways of men. They're supposed to be rather smallish—say five feet tall, and slender—and they stand up on short legs and their arms are long and knobby. Some folks claim they wear clothes made of pine straw, some say their bodies are just shaggy, like a dog's. They have long heads with sharp faces, like a possum. And their hands have funny fingers. The third finger—what you call the ring finger—is longer than the middle one."

"Longer than the middle finger!" cried out Mr. Beau. "That's like the old Shonokin myths, about a race that wasn't human but had magic power and ruled America before the Indians."

"I've heard tell that the Indian word Shonokin means pine man," I said.

MR. BEAU had dug sand out from under the needles, and was using it to scrub out the frying pan. "This opens up an interesting speculation," he chattered. "You know that scientists think the old European legends about ogres and trolls date back to when the first real men, *homo sapiens*, met the coarse, hairy prehumans, *homo Neanderthalensis*, in western Europe during the Rough Stone Age. Prehuman remains might still turn up in America. Do you think maybe those stories about Shonokins and Pineys might indicate that there was some sort of Neanderthaler race in Stone-Age America?"

"I'm no scholar, I can't say," I said. "I'm just telling you the old tales. The Pineys aren't a dead race. They're still here—especially in the longleaf country, hiding nobody knows where. And folks say they're organized. They have a king."

"That colored man mentioned the king of the Pineys," said Terry, and she shuddered again. "He must be the worst of the lot."

I smiled to calm her. "On the contrary, he's supposed to be bigger than any of his subjects. Able to disguise himself by magic or something, so he can pass for a human being. And he goes out into the world to spot dangers to the Pineys, and to the pines where they live."

"You make them sound afraid of men," said Mr. Beau.

"I guess they are," I replied. "They're afraid of men, just the way rats are."

"Rats will fight if you corner them," said Terry. Her hand trembled as she lighted another cigarette. "And, look; long ago, the first settlers set aside this Piney's Grove for the Pineys."

"For the evil spirits," corrected Mr. Beau.

"Well, suppose the Pineys were satisfied as long as they had this little undisturbed hideaway," she argued. "And suppose, now that we've come here, right into their last stronghold—"

She did not finish.

Mr. Beau laughed, to hearten her as I thought. "You'll have nightmares if you don't cheer up. And it's bedtime. Terry and I have our pup tents, Mac, would you like to sleep in the car?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll just sleep outside. It's a fine night."

"Mac isn't afraid of the Pineys," said Mr. Beau to Terry. "He doesn't believe in them."

"Remember what the old colored man said," Terry half muttered. "I'm like that. I may not believe in them, but I'm afraid of them."

"I believe in them," I announced, and both Mr. Beau and Terry stared at me.

"Then why do you hang around?" asked Mr. Beau.

"Because I'm not afraid of them," I replied, and shoved more wood into the fire. It was dark, and seemed chilly for that time of year in North Carolina. Or maybe Terry's constant shivering made it seem chilly.

"Well," said Mr. Beau, "I'm going to turn in and sleep without any nightmares. Tomorrow I'll cut some pine specimens for study."

He got down uncouthly on all fours and crawled into his tent. Terry and I sat by the fire. After a few minutes, we could hear Mr. Beau snoring.

Terry rose and reached into the purse she wore slung on a strap over her shoulder. She got out an old envelope, full of something and doubled over. Opening it, she reached in. She moved away from the fire and past the tents. She began to circle our camp slowly, dipping into the envelope and strewing something, the way a sower drops a line of seeds.

"What are you up to?" I asked.

She stood still. "In this envelope," she said, "is a mixture of herbs and dust. There's the powder of John the Conqueror Root, and some aconite, and some ashes from burned papers with spells written on them."

"Sounds like a magic formula," I commented.

She went on pacing and strewing. She angled far out to get the car inside the circle she traced. Then she came back, and sat down, looking at me. She breathed deeply, as if she was somewhat relieved.

"It is a magic formula," she told me, with an air of confessing something. "There was an old woman I used to know,

who heard we were coming here and what for. She gave me that package of stuff, and told me to make a circle with it, the way you saw me do. Said it would make a charmed line that evil spirits couldn't cross. I took it just to please her, but tonight—" She broke off, and smiled rather ashamedly. "Well, after all the talk, I thought it wouldn't do any harm, anyway."

"It reminds me of what I've heard about the West," I replied. "Campers sleep in the rattlesnake country and lay a horsehair rope around them. The belief is, a rattlesnake won't crawl across it."

"I don't want any snake stories on top of Piney stories," said Terry.

"However," I added, "I remember seeing a photograph of a rattler crawling across a horsehair rope."

"Hush, Mac!" she begged, and I hushed. Terry sat against the trunk of a pine near her pup tent and drew her feet up under her skirt. I sat opposite her, against another trunk. She broke the silence at last.

"Maybe I was foolish to do what I did, Mac. I feel as if something is sneaking up on us, outside that circle. A whole lot of somethings, forming a ring."

"If they're outside your magic line, why bother?" I said. "You're camping in a strange place, and you're jumpy about the Piney stories."

"You say you believe in the Pineys," she remembered. "How can you believe in them? How can you explain them scientifically?"

"I'm no scientist, and science doesn't accept Pineys anyway," I replied. "So science doesn't try to explain them."

"But a race of creatures, dating back to before the Indians, like a race of gnomes or satyrs!" She sounded half-hysterical and lifted her shoulders almost to her ears to fight a shudder out of them.

"Take care you don't wake Mr. Beau," I cautioned her.

"Why doesn't anyone see the Pineys?"

"Probably they hide, unless they want to be seen. The army held maneuvers in these parts last spring, and not a single soldier reported seeing anything like a Piney."

"Do they live underground, Mac?"

"Maybe," I said.

"Or do they slip inside hollow trees, like dryads?"

"Maybe."

"Or just vanish into thin air when they want to? I know, Mac—you're about to say maybe: I wish I could get out of the notion that they're unvanishing themselves all around us."

"Why?" I asked. "Do you see anything that looks like a Piney?"

SHE shook her fair head vigorously. "No. I just—feel them near. A sense of hate and menace. But why should Pineys be hostile to us, supposing there were Pineys? We're not here to cut their trees, we're here to study longleaf pines and see how to make more of them grow."

"That's it," I said. "Grow more pines for the sake of the lumbering interests. The Pineys don't want that. If you grew a million more pines, but cut one, it would hurt the Pineys as though you cut their flesh. That's why they resent the plan."

She looked all around. "My reason says there can't be Pineys, but my blood keeps running cold. If I believed in them, like you, I might be less jumpy."

"Perhaps," I agreed.

"You think the Pineys know what we're up to here? Oh, yes, there's that king of the Pineys. He goes out among human beings, disguises himself as one of them and spies out what's happening. I could pick out a logical suspect for king of the Pineys, Mac."

"Now you're beginning to believe in them."

"Oh, it gets easy to believe in creepy stories, here in Piney's Grove at night. Maybe tomorrow I'll laugh at all this, but right now I've been figuring on who might be their king."

"Me, perhaps?" And I smiled.

Again she shook her head. "No, you're too normal." She leaned forward and whispered. "Uncle Beau."

I glanced toward his tent. I could hear him snoring.

"If that's your theory, you'd be pleading guilty to relationship—to Piney blood," I half-teased her.

"I'm not his real niece, Mac. I only call him Uncle Beau. You see, I've worked

with him so long, and I don't have any relatives of my own. But—suppose there were Pineys, and they had a king who went out in disguise. Well, just take a look at Uncle Beau. His grotesque froggy look, his strange ways, his insistence that the Pineys are only a ghost story."

"Doesn't he have an anti-Piney job?" I objected.

"That might be part of it. Maybe the king of the Pineys would get just the kind of job Uncle Beau has. He'd be a pine tree expert, so as to be next to all the plans of humanity as regarded pine trees. And he might plan to make a horrible example of his young girl assistant—yes, and a decent-seeming young hitch-hiker—by luring them into a trap."

Again she shuddered.

"How do you figure the Pineys destroy human beings that crowd them too close?" I inquired.

"I can only theorize. I imagine they strangle or smother them, and drag them off to some hidden den—maybe into some fourth dimension. What do they do with human victims?"

I smiled again, and shook my head. "Can't tell you. All people say is that the victims of the Pineys disappear and never show themselves again. But I'm interested in this notion of yours about Mr. Beau. Would it be worth his while, as king of the Pineys, to go to all that trouble getting his expert job, and then trap only two ordinary folks like you and me?"

"You see, he'd vanish, too," said Terry. "Go back to his Piney kingdom. The big pine tree expert would be mysteriously gone, and nobody—not even his girl assistant—would be left to take over in his place or report his findings. It would take some time for another expert to be trained. And it might be the Piney king again, in another disguise instead of the froggy form of Uncle Beau. Don't you agree that there's a lot of logic in the idea?"

"Yes," I conceded, "quite a lot."

Her smile was less nervous. "I'm feeling better. It's because I've been talking myself out, Mac. You're a big comfort, sitting there so calm and cheerful. I'm almost ready to crawl into my tent and go to sleep."

"I wouldn't just now, Miss Terry," I said.

HER eyes widened and she leaned forward into the firelight. "Stop that, Mac. Now you've got me imagining things again. I can almost see forms out there in the dark—shaggy forms, closing in—"

"You almost see them?" I interrupted. "Do you mean that?"

"I do see them!" she cried. "Stop scaring me. You've got me seeing things."

"But I see them, too," I said.

They were within the fringe of firelight.

A great uneven loop of them, knobby shoulder to knobby shoulder—a head shorter than the average man, standing up on scrawny, crooked legs, their bodies shaggy with what might be thick, coarse hair or a jacket of pine straw. And low skulls, sharp pointed brown ears, jutting possum noses, glowing eyes like tiny bits of coal.

The Pineys stood all around us.

Terry jumped up, glancing all around. "They've stopped closing in," she said, in a tight whisper. "The magic dust works. Look, Mac, they've come as close as they can without stepping over the circle. We're safe—"

I got up, too. "Safe from the ones outside," I corrected her.

The carpet of needles churned and heaved. Forms broke out of it, as if rising from under bed clothes. There was a

of his tent. That same moment the nearest Pineys had him, the way big shaggy ants might pile on top of a beetle. They had him silenced and helpless while you could count three.

And others were rising out of the needles, dropping out of the trees, filling the space around the fire inside the circle of dust Terry had strewn.

Terry ran toward me, the only protection she could hope for. I stood where I had risen, and flung both my hands high above my head.

"Stand still, all of you!" I shouted at the top of my voice. "Not one of you moves until I lower my hands!"

They froze where they were—the throng of them around us, the pile of them on top of Mr. Beau, the shoulder-to-shoulder ring of them outside the circle. Their noses pointed at me, their eyes glowed at me.

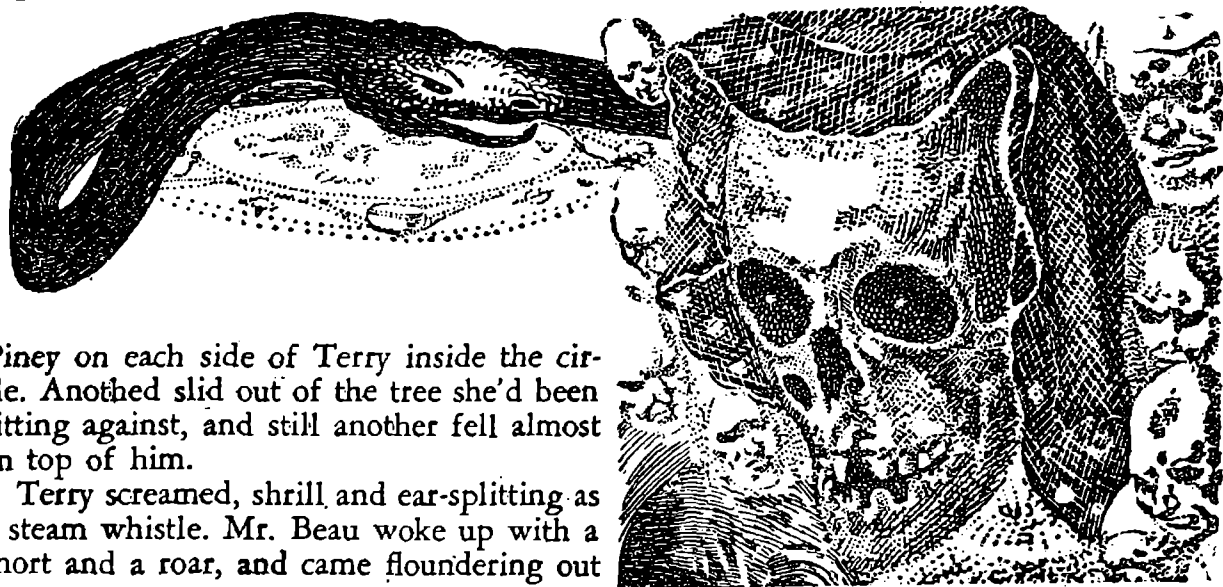
Terry caught me by the sleeve.

"Mac," she breathed, "you can save us from them. I know you can. You're stronger than all of them put together—even stronger than the king of the Pineys himself."

"You fool," I said to her.

I brought down my hands, that I'd lifted to make the Pineys stop for a moment. Thrusting them under Terry's nose, I showed her my fingers, the third fingers that were longer than the middle fingers.

"You fool," I said again. "I'm the king of the Pineys."



Piney on each side of Terry inside the circle. Another slid out of the tree she'd been sitting against, and still another fell almost on top of him.

Terry screamed, shrill and ear-splitting as a steam whistle. Mr. Beau woke up with a snort and a roar, and came floundering out