

WHEN THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST

The world was being stretched as if it were a piece of taffy. All the time it was getting longer and thinner; and I found that the thinnest part was under me. Finally it broke, and I fell through onto an infinite expanse of concrete floor, which I judged stood for Space. At the same time I happened to look up and saw the two ends of the world dangling over my head--but only for a moment, for the two large hands which held them immediately clumped them together again and began to mold the mass into a sphere as naturally as if they were making a snow ball.

When the hands had made the world once more perfectly round, they set it down on the concrete floor and disappeared. I then climbed back on the world and sat down. I was bored, but I would have been content had it not been for my face itching. At any rate, I did not want to be disturbed again--but I was. An attendant came along and motioned me to get off. I did, and he then proceeded to roll the world away. "What's the big idea?" I said. He pretended not to hear, so I said, "Where are you taking it?"

"Has to be put away for the night," he finally replied gruffly.

I watched him roll the world into a sort of barn, close the big doors, lock them and then shuffle off into the night. Everything around me was bleak and cold. There was nothing but the gray cement floor stretching in every direction as far as the eye could see. There was nothing to sit down on. Finally I lay down on the cement and tried to go to sleep. It began to rain.

IN THE BLACK FOREST

The Black Forest is full of brass gears. At night in the forest these gears begin to turn. Their well oiled and perfectly adjusted teeth interlock with a soft click. This clicking sound of the interlocking of the brass gears in the Black Forest goes on all night, but during the day these gears just lie idly on the ground.

One day a golden haired girl came running through the Black Forest. She was pursued by two dark visaged men. The intentions of these men were not honorable. Tearing disgrace, the golden haired girl looked about as she ran for some means of protecting herself, for it was evident that they would soon overtake her, and what was worse than death would result. She was almost about to collapse from exhaustion and distress when she espied one of the brass gears lying on a mound of moss. No sooner had she seen it than she stooped, picked it up, and turning, flung it with all her might at the foremost of the two dark men. It struck him between the eyes, and he fell heavily to the ground. But the other dark man came on the faster.

As there were no more gears in the place, the golden haired girl had nothing else to do but run on.