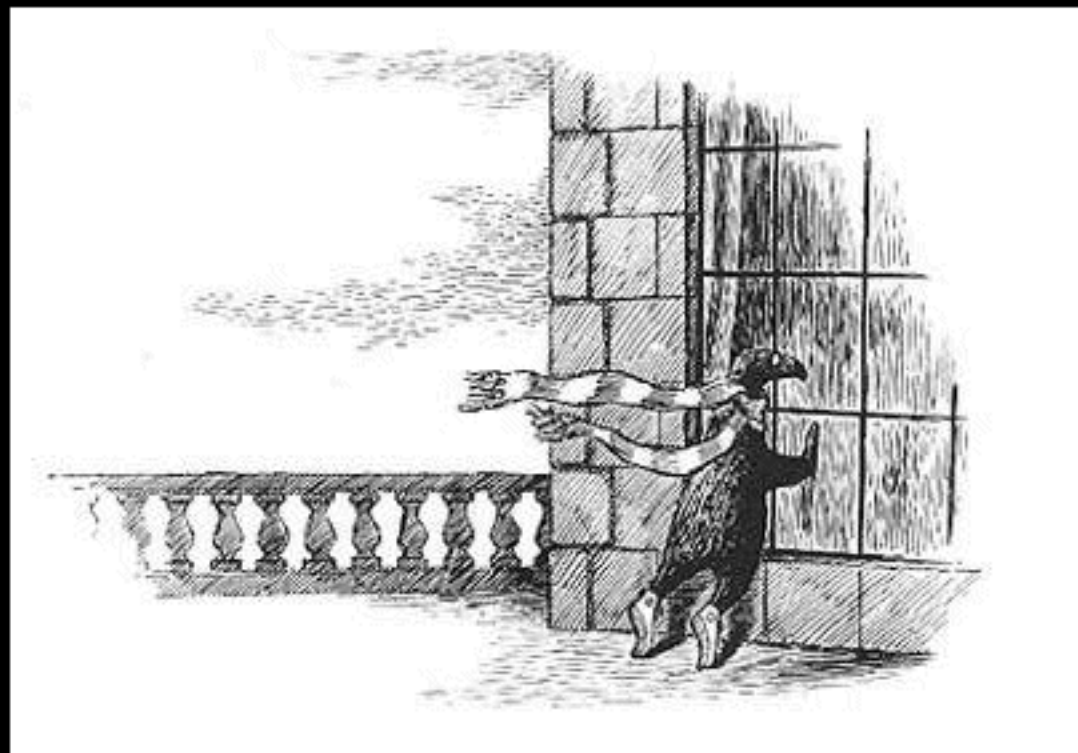
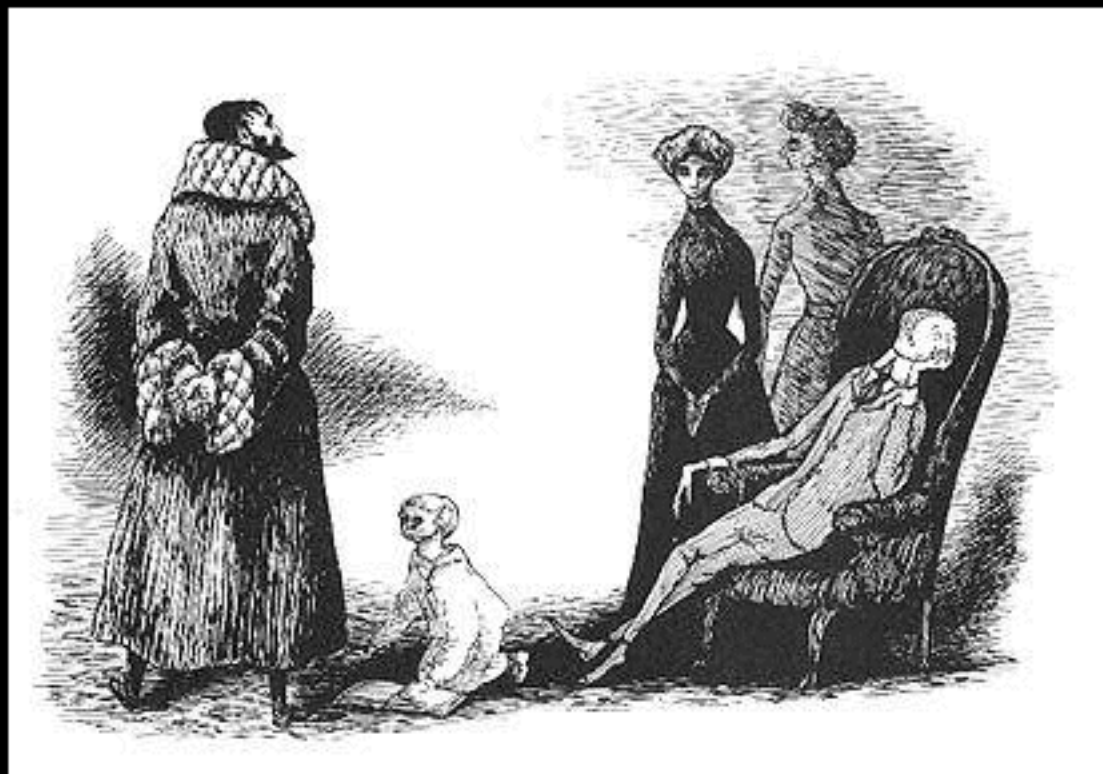


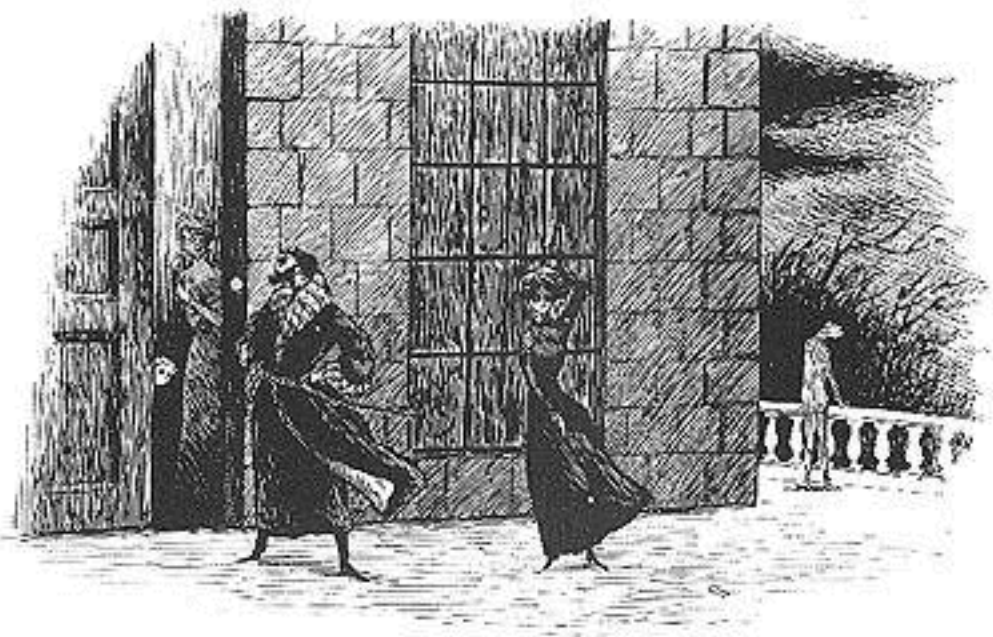
The Doubtful Guest

by Edward Gorey

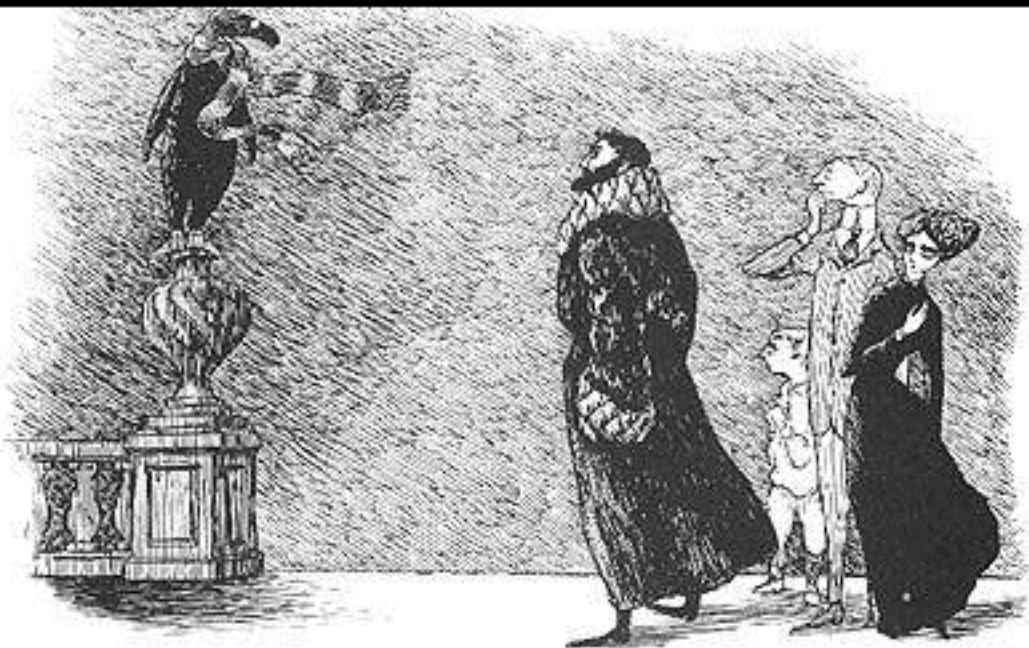




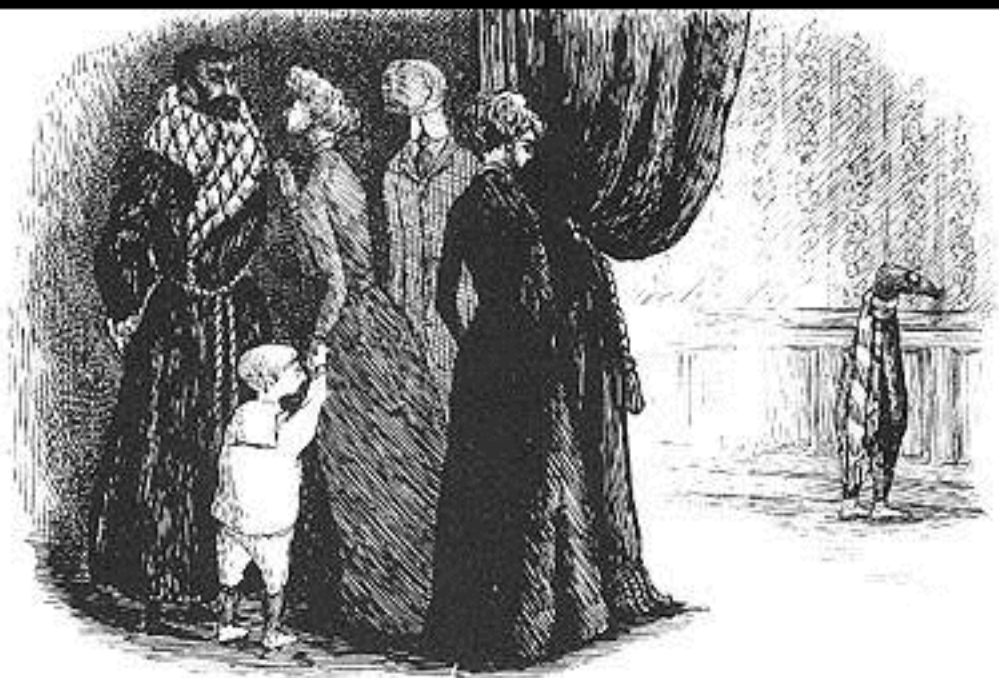




*When they answered the bell on that wild winter night,
There was no one expected - and no one in sight.*



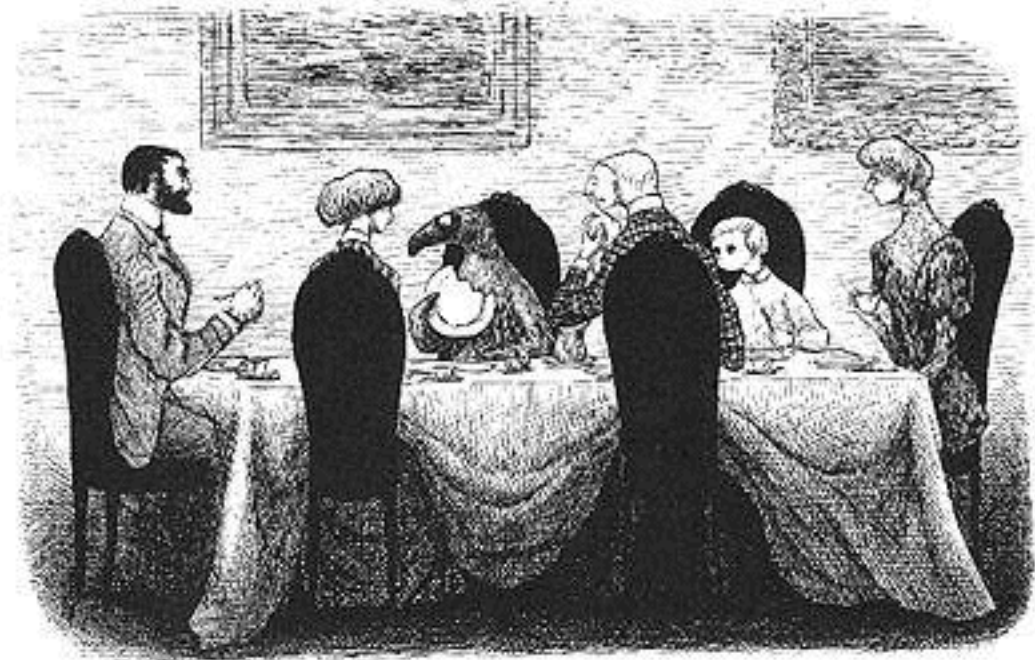
*Then they saw something standing on top of an urn,
Whose peculiar appearance gave them quite a turn.*



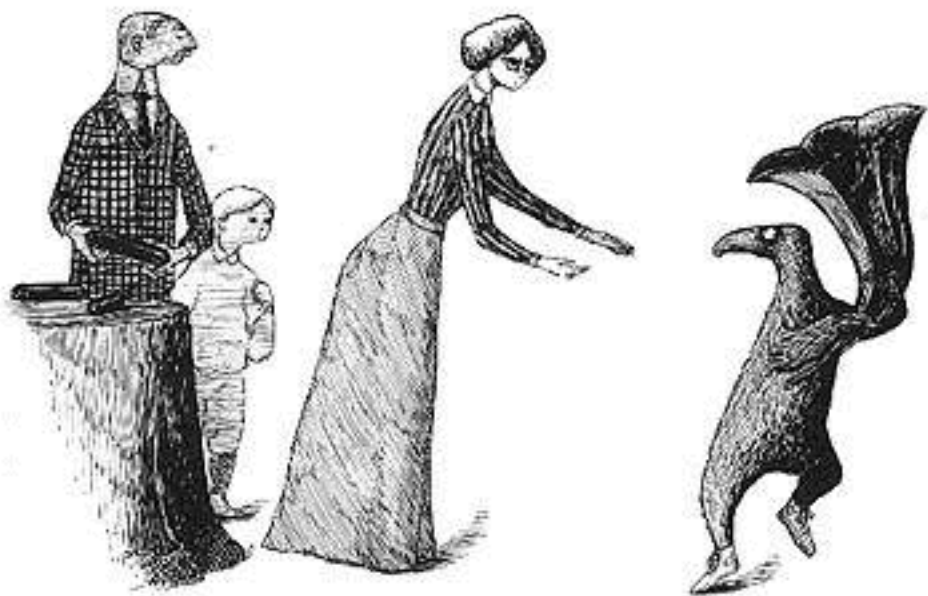
*All at once it leapt down and ran into the hall,
Where it chose to remain with its nose to the wall.*



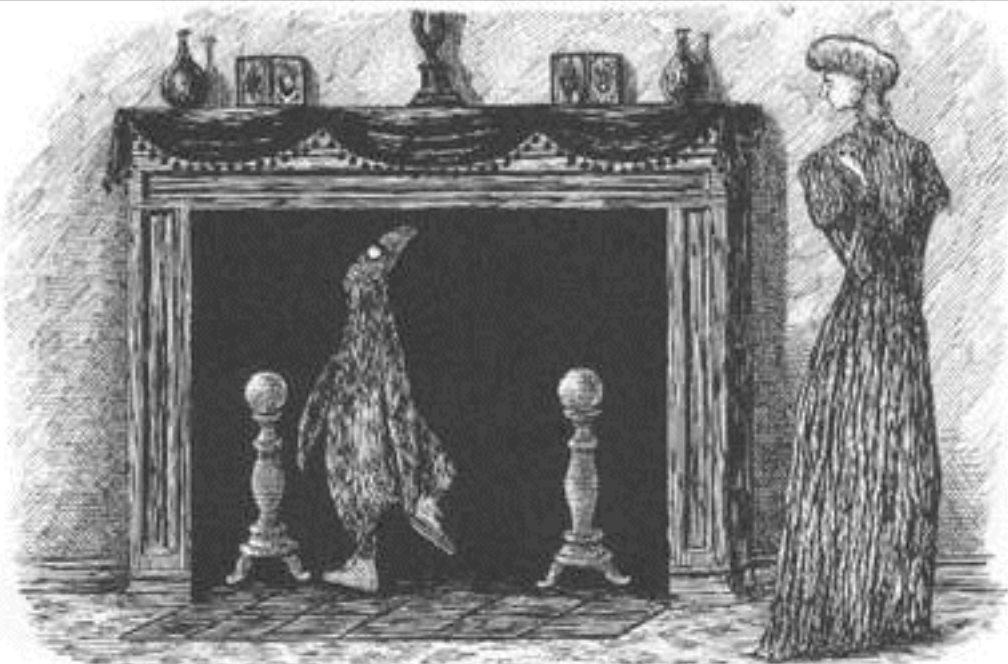
*It was seemingly deaf to whatever they said,
So at last they stopped screaming, and went off to bed.*



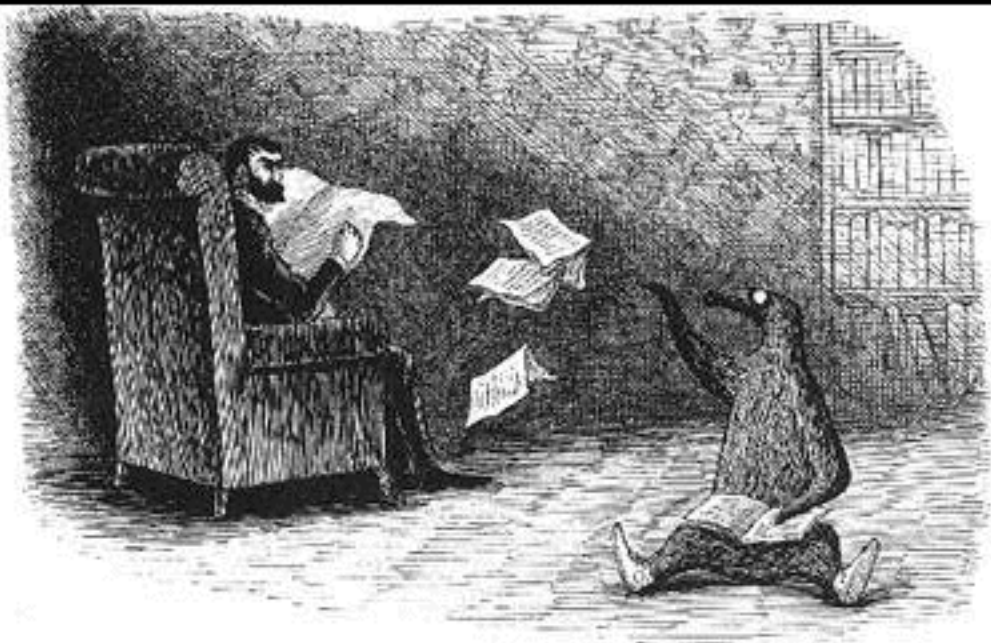
*It joined them at breakfast and presently ate
All the syrup and toast, and a part of a plate.*



*It wrenched off the horn from the new gramophone.
And could not be persuaded to leave it alone.*



*It betrayed a great liking for peering up flues,
And for peeling the soles of its white canvas shoes.*



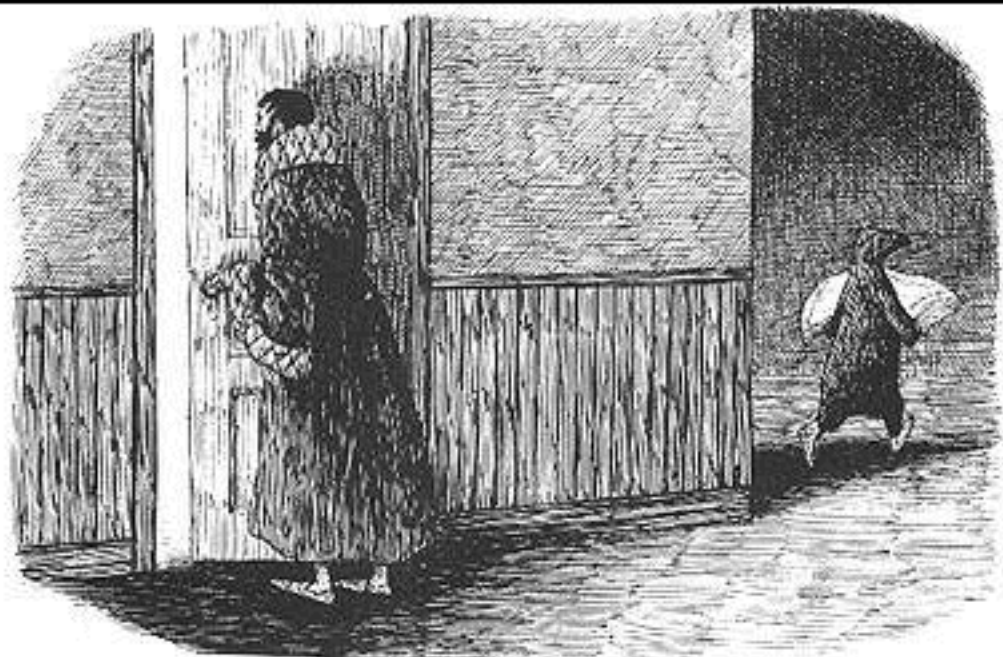
*At times it would tear out whole chapters from books,
Or put roomfuls of pictures askew on their hooks.*



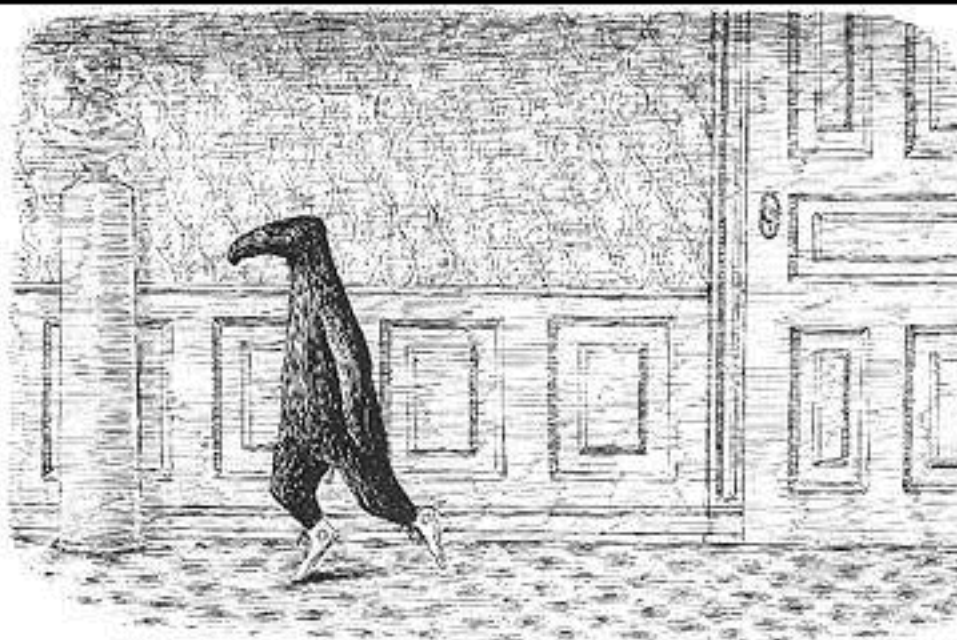
*Every Sunday it brooded and lay on the floor,
Inconveniently close to the drawing-room door.*



*Now and then it would vanish for hours from the scene,
But alas, be discovered inside a tureen.*



*It was subject to fits of bewildering wrath,
During which it would hide all the towels from the bath.*



*In the night through the house it would aimlessly creep,
In spite of the fact of its being asleep.*



*It would carry off objects of which it grew fond,
And protect them by dropping them into the pond.*



*It came seventeen years ago - and to this day
It has shown no intention of going away.*



Edward Gorey
1925 - 2000

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06/2000