

with the thought that there were other living and useful creatures still smaller than myself, and set out to seek further adventures.

Everything now took on an interesting and unusual appearance; the most common objects of daily life assumed the appearance of gigantic curiosities. A medicine-case looked to me like a big house of eccentric architecture; a dust-heap in a corner of the great room swarmed with infinitesimal bits of animal life which, I was sure, could not be discerned by the eye of a normal man.

One thing reconciled me to my strange predicament—I was free to go wheresoever I pleased, without let or hindrance. I stood for a moment in the shadow of a porcelain basin which rested on the floor, and watched with zest the passing of several pairs of giant legs. It gave me a peculiar sensation to see first one

eyes of ordinary mortals. I remember that for some space of time I hung perilously upon the table's edge like one swinging from the ledge of a sheer mountain face. When I gained the top my curiosity led me to a big, black object which I finally made out to be a common Derby hat turned brim uppermost on the table. Up the curving side of the hat I clambered, digging toes and fingers into the yielding felt, and swung safely over the brim. Carefully I crawled to the edge of the inner rim and peered down into the abyss. It was like looking into the mouth of a crater—a yawning chasm of darkness, to fall into which meant at least a broken neck. I lost no time in getting back to the more solid footing of the table-top.

Walking a few paces, I was presently confronted with a huge, round object covered with a glistening yellow excreta-



*I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard.*

belching fire and smoke at one end, which end projected out into space. I directed my steps toward it. The extreme point opposite that which was aflame had evidently been saturated with water, and then beaten and hacked at until it was shredded and pulpy. The object, I found, when I had crawled up its crackling side and sat on the top, was of cylindrical form, and exuded a pungent odour. Near the burning end I gazed over into a crumbling formation of hot ashes from which arose the most stifling fumes. The odour I recognised at once—it was a cigar, and, I am frank to say, not a very good one. Indeed, I remembered it as one of my own cigars, which, in my former state, I had left upon the table-edge on my way into the surgeon's hands. The odour was so nauseous and the smoke so rank that I decided if I were permitted, by kind Providence to grow up again and mingle with my fellows I would change the brand or quit smoking.

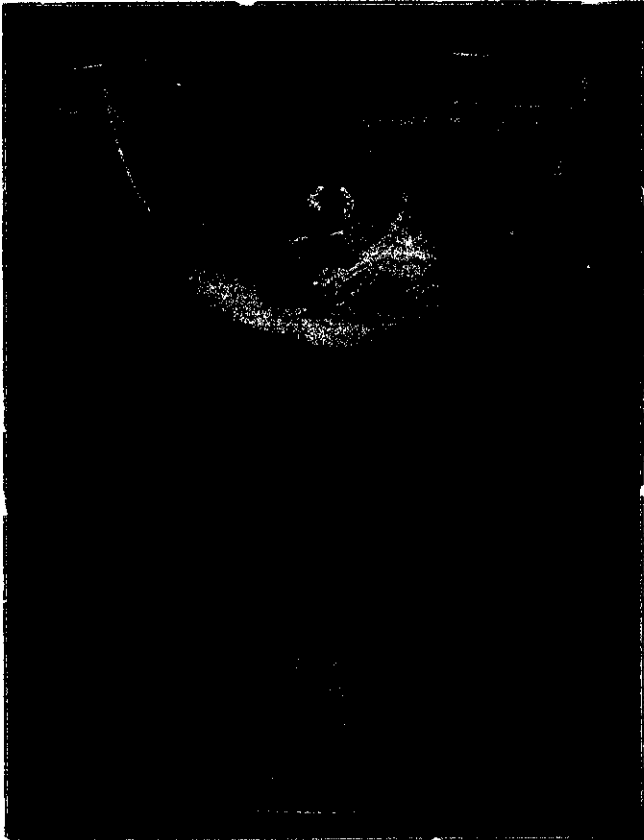
After a long rest I slid down from the table, and, seeing an open door, crawled over the sill and travelled through a long hall into another room.

Near by was the elaborately carved pilaster of an upright piano. This I climbed quite easily. I recognised the huge white and black keys, though the latter had every aspect of covered scows uniformly anchored in a sea of frozen ivory. By jumping vigorously upon the

keys I found that I could produce a fine rumble of sound away back somewhere in the cavernous black box.

While I was thus amusing myself I heard a swish of feminine skirts, and clambered off the keyboard behind the drop cover, where I might safely view the plump woman-giant who came straight toward the piano. Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys, which nearly split my ears. It was like a clap of thunder intermingled with the varied shrieks of a dozen sirens. I knew the awful vibrations would kill me if I did not escape at once, and I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard. I fully expected to hear a woman's shriek of fear, but my fair pianist must have been too much engrossed in her music-making to see me.

After landing on the carpet, panting and dishevelled, I scurried over the door-sill, and out in the long hall. Keeping close to the wall, I groped my way to the front door of the Hospital, which had been left ajar by a careless attendant, and in a few fearful minutes was out in the open. Dropping from stone step to stone step down the broad front stoop, I found myself on the side-walk, and moved toward the curb. As I stood speculating upon the size of the paving-blocks, there descended upon me out of nowhere, it seemed, a



*I struck out for a side of the glass, swimming valiantly*

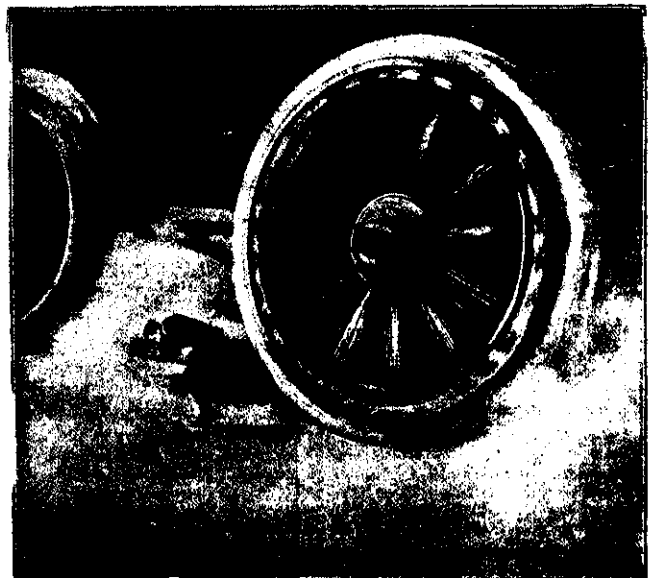
huge foot and a trousered leg rise high in the air and swing over the floor with the force of a flying mountain, to be immediately followed by the other leg performing a like miracle. And when a human foot came down upon the floor, it was like a crash of thunder in my Lilliputian ear-drums. My curiosity in this novel exhibition of walking came near costing me my life. I had ventured out from the safe shelter of a chair-leg to pass under a distant table, when from another part of the room a man started hurriedly in my direction, walking with long strides. Run as I might, the monster feet came crashing toward me, nor could I find any convenient object near at hand under which to dodge. In an instant I saw the shadow of an enormous foot and felt a rush of air. Instinctively I dropped to the floor and flattened out upon it. The great mass of creaking leather passed completely over me. I escaped being crushed into pulp only because the heel and sole of the Broddingnagian boot had struck the floor directly in front and back of me, and I sprawled in the hollow of the sole which arched for an instant above.

The passing of my recent danger had no further effect, when I was fully recovered, than to embolden me to test my diminutive powers. Accordingly, I essayed the climbing of a table-leg which loomed in my path like the trunk of a California redwood. How I reached the top I scarcely know, but reach it I did. The wood of the table was far rougher on the surface than it probably appeared in the

eyes like polished knobs of brass. On the other side of the giant ball was a case-knife of the kitchen or tool-box variety, and this seemed as large as a steel girder. The great sphere I recognised after closer scrutiny as an orange.

Noticing a champagne-glass standing like a Crystal Palace some distance away, I made for it and wondered if it were possible to scale its slippery sides. No sooner the thought than I threw aside my coat and made an attempt to reach the edge. After many discouraging efforts, I at last grasped the smooth, round brim at the top, and sat astride of it, balancing in mid-air. For some purpose the glass had been filled with water; it had the appearance of a rather muddy lake as seen from my uncertain perch. How it happened I never precisely knew, but of a sudden I was floundering around in this sluggish pool, more wet than frightened. I think I was blown into the water by the onrush of air from a near-by door that had been flung open. I struck out for the side of the glass, swimming valiantly enough, but finding it more difficult with each attempt to get a firm hold on the slippery side. Suffice it to say that, like a drenched rat, I finally made my way from what threatened to be a watery tomb.

Since I seemed doomed to hairbreadth escapes that day, I no longer shrank from any object, no matter how unfamiliar or repulsive a front it presented to my new line of vision. Naturally, therefore, when I saw at a far corner of the table an ugly mass of dark stuff



*A tornado that lifted me off my feet and flung me headlong to the pavement.*