

Sculpture Stories



Neil Gaiman
with Lisa Snellings

DON'T ASK JACK

by
Neil Gaiman

NOBODY KNEW WHERE THE TOY HAD COME FROM, WHICH GREAT-GRANDPARENT OR DISTANT AUNT HAD OWNED IT BEFORE IT WAS GIVEN IT TO THE NURSERY.

It was a box, carved and painted in gold and red. It was undoubtedly attractive and, on so the grown-ups maintained, quite valuable — perhaps even an antique. The latch, unfortunately, was rusted shut, and the key had been lost, so the Jack could not be released from his box. Still, it was a remarkable box, heavy and carved and gilt.

The children did not play with it. It sat in the bottom of the huge old wooden toybox, which was the same size and age as a pirate's treasure chest, or so the children thought. The Jack-in-the-box was buried beneath dolls and trains, clowns and paper stars and old conjuring tricks, and crippled marionettes with their strings irrevocably tangled, with dressing-up clothes (here the tatters of a long-ago wedding dress, there a black silk hat, crazed with age and time) and costume jewelry, broken hoops and tops and hobby-horses. Under them all was Jack's box.

The children did not play with it. They whispered among themselves, alone in the attic nursery. On grey days when the wind howled about the house and rain rattled the slates and pattered down the eaves, they told each other stories about Jack, although they had never seen him. One claimed that Jack was an evil wizard, placed in the box as punishment for crimes too awful to describe; another (I am certain that it must have been one of the girls) maintained that Jack's box was Pandora's Box, and he had been placed in the box as guardian to prevent the bad things inside it from coming out once more. They would not touch the box, if they could help it, although when, as happened from time to time, an adult would comment on the absence of that sweet old Jack-in-the-Box, and retrieve it from the chest, and place it in a position of honour on the mantelpiece, then the children would pluck up their courage and, later, hide it away once more in the darkness. The children did not play with the Jack-in-the-Box. And when they grew up, and left the great house, the attic Nursery was closed up and almost forgotten.

Almost, but not entirely. For each of the children, separately, remembered walking alone in the moon's blue light, on his or her own bare feet, up to the nursery. It was almost like sleepwalking, feet soundless on the wood of the stairs, on the threadbare nursery carpet. Remembered opening the treasure chest, passing through the dolls and the clothes and pulling out the box.

And then the child would touch the catch, and the lid would open, slowly as a sunset, and the music would begin to play, and Jack came out. Not with a pop and a bounce; he was no spring-loaded Jack. But deliberately, intent, he would rise from the box, and gesture to the child to come closer, closer, and smile.

And there in the moonlight, he told them each things they could never quite remember, things they were never able entirely to forget.

The oldest boy died in the Great War. The youngest, after their parents died, inherited the house, although it was taken from him when he was found one night in the cellar, with cloths and paraffin and matches, trying to burn the great house to the ground. They took him to the madhouse, and perhaps he is there still.

The other children, who had once been girls, and now were women, declined, each and every one, to return to the house in which they had grown up, and the windows of the house were boarded up, and the doors were all locked with huge iron keys, and the sisters visited it as often as they visited their eldest brother's grave, or the sad thing that had once been their younger brother, which is to say, never.

Years have passed, and the girls are old women, and owls and bats have made their home in the old attic nursery, rats build their nest among the forgotten toys. The creatures gaze curiously at the faded prints on the wall, and stain the remnants of the carpet with their droppings.

And deep within the box, within the box, Jack waits, and smiles, holding his secrets. He is waiting for the children. He can wait for ever. ■



GOOD BOYS

DESERVE FAVOURS

My own children delight in hearing true tales from my childhood: *The Time My Father Threatened to Arrest the Traffic Cop*, and *How I Broke my Sister's Front Teeth Twice*, *When I Pretended to Be Twins*, and even *The Day I Accidentally Killed the Gerbil*.

I have never told them this story. I would be hard put to tell you quite why not.

When I was nine the school told us that we could pick any musical instrument we wanted. Some boys chose the violin, the clarinet, the oboe. Some chose the timpani, the pianoforte, the viola.

I was not big for my age, and I, alone in the Junior School, elected to play the double-bass, chiefly because I loved the incongruity of the idea. I loved the idea of being a small boy, playing, delighting in, carrying around an instrument much taller than I was.

The double-bass belonged to the school, and I was deeply impressed by it. I learned to bow, although I had little interest in bowing technique, preferring to pluck the huge metal strings by hand. My right index finger was permanently puffed with white blisters until the blisters eventually became calluses.

I delighted in discovering the history of the double-bass: that it was no part of the sharp scap- ing family of the violin, the viola, the cello; its curves were gentler, softer, more sloping; it was, in fact the final survivor of an extinct family of instruments, the viol family, and was, more correctly, the bass viol.

I learned this from the double-bass teacher, an elderly musician imported by the school to teach me, and also to teach a couple of senior boys, for a few hours each week. He was a clean- shaven man, balding and intense, with long, callused fingers. I would do all I could to make him tell me about the bass, tell me of his experiences as a session musician, of his life cycling around the country. He had a contraption attached to the back of his bicycle, on which his bass rested, and he pedaled sedately through the countryside with the bass behind him.

He had never married. Good double-bass players, he told me, were men who made poor hus- bands. He had many such observations. There were no great male cellists—that's one I remember. And his opinion of viola players, of either sex, were scarcely repeatable.

He called the school double-bass she. "She could do with a good coat of varnish," he'd say. And "You take care of her, she'll take care of you."


I was not a particularly good double-bass player. There was little enough that I could do with the instrument on my own, and all I remember of my enforced membership in the school orches- tra was getting lost in the score, and sneaking glances at the cellos beside me, waiting for them to turn the page, so I could start playing once more, punctuating the orchestral schoolboy cacophony with low, uncomplicated bass notes.

It has been too many years, and I have almost forgotten how to read music; but when I dream of reading music, I still dream in the bass clef. *All Cows Eat Grass*. *Good Boys Deserve Favours Always*.

After lunch each day, the boys who played instruments walked down to the music school, and had music practice, while the boys who didn't lay on their beds and read their books and their comics.

I rarely practiced. Instead I would take a book down to the music school, and read it, surrepti- tiously, perched on my high stool, holding onto the smooth brown wood of the bass, the bow in one hand, the better to fool the casual observer. I was lazy, and uninspired. My bowing scrubbed and scratched where it should have glided and boomed, my fingering was hesitant and clumsy.

BY NEIL GAIMAN




Other boys worked at their instruments. I did not. As long as I was sitting at the bass for half an hour each day, no-one cared. I had the nicest, largest room to practise in, too, as the double-bass was kept in a cupboard in the master music room.

Our school, I should tell you, had only one Famous Old Boy. It was part of school legend—how the Famous Old Boy had been expelled from the school after driving a sports car across the cricket pitch, while drunk, how he had gone on to fame and fortune—first as a minor actor in Ealing Comedies, then as the token English cad in any number of Hollywood pictures. He was never a true star, but, during the Sunday afternoon film screening, we would cheer if ever he appeared.

When the door-handle to the practise room clicked and turned I put my book down on the piano and leaned forward, turning the page of the dog-eared *52 MUSICAL EXERCISES FOR THE DOUBLE-BASS*, and I heard the Headmaster say "...the music school was purpose-built of course. This is the master practise-room..." and they came in.

They were the Headmaster, and the Head of the Music Department (a faded, bespectacled man whom I rather liked), and the Deputy Head of the Music Department (who conducted the school orchestra, and disliked me cordially), and, there could be no mistaking it, the Famous Old Boy himself, in company with a fragrant fair woman who held his arm and looked as if she might also be a movie star.

I stopped pretending to play, and slipped off my high stool and stood up respectfully, holding the bass by the neck. The Headmaster told them about soundproofing and the carpets, and the fundraising drive to raise the money to build the music school, and he stressed that the next stage of rebuilding would need significant further donations, and he was just beginning to expound upon the cost of double-glazing when the fragrant woman said,



"Just look at him. Is that cute or what?" and they all looked at me.
"That's a big violin—be hard to get under your chin," said the Famous Old Boy, and everyone chortled dutifully.
"It's so big," said the woman. "And he's so small. Hey, but we're stopping you practising. You carry on. Play us something."

The Headmaster and the Head of the Music Department beamed at me, expectantly. The Deputy Head of the Music Department, who was under no illusions as to my musical skills, started to explain that the First Violin was practising next door and would be delighted to play for them and—

"I want to hear him," she said. "How old are you, kid?"
"Eleven, Miss," I said.

She nudged the Famous Old Boy in the ribs. "He called me Miss," she said. This amused her. "Go on. Play us something." The Famous Old Boy nodded, and they stood there and they looked at me.

The double-bass is not a solo instrument, really, not even for the competent, and I was far from competent. But I slid my bottom up onto the stool again, and crooked my fingers around the neck, and picked up my bow, heart pounding like a timpani in my chest, and prepared to embarrass myself.

Even twenty years later I remember.

I did not even look at *52 MUSICAL EXERCISES FOR THE DOUBLE-BASS*. I played... something. It arched and boomed and sang and reverberated. The bow glided over strange and confident arpeggios, and then I put down the bow and plucked a complex and intricate pizzicato melody out of the bass. I did things with the bass that an experienced jazz bass player with hands as big as my head could not have done. I played, and I played, and I played, tumbling down into the four taut metal strings, clutching the instrument as I had never clutched a human being. And, in the end, breathless and elated, I stopped.

The blonde woman led the applause, but they all clapped, even, with a strange expression on his face, the Deputy Head of Music.

"I didn't know it was such a versatile instrument," said the Headmaster. "Very lovely piece. Modern, yet classical. Very fine. Bravo." And then he shepherded the four of them from the room, and I sat there, utterly drained, the fingers of my left hand stroking the neck of the bass, the fingers of my right caressing her strings.

Like any true story, the end of the affair is messy and unsatisfactory: the following day, carrying the huge instrument across the courtyard to the school chapel, for orchestra practice, in a light rain, I slipped on the wet bricks, and fell forward. The wooden bridge of the bass was smashed, and the front was cracked.

It was sent away to be repaired, but when it returned it was not the same. The strings were higher, harder to pluck, the new bridge seemed to have been installed at the wrong angle. There was, even to my untutored ear, a change in the timbre. I had not taken care of her; she would no longer take care of me.

When, the following year, I changed schools, I did not continue with the double-bass. The thought of changing to a new instrument seemed vaguely disloyal, while the dusty black bass that sat in a cupboard in my new school's music room seemed to have taken a dislike to me. It was marked another's. And I was tall enough now that there would be nothing incongruous about my standing behind the double-bass.

And, soon enough, I knew there would be girls. ■





Text © Neil Gaiman, Photography by Rick Popham
The sculpture 'A Subtle Change in Timbre' Created by Lisa Snellings 1995.

THE SEA CHANGE

BY NEIL GAIMAN

*Now is a good time to write this down,
now with the rattle of the pebbles raked by the waves,
and the slanting rain cold, cold pattering and spattering
the tin roof, until I can barely hear myself think,
and over it all the wind's low howl. Believe me,
I could crawl down to the black waves now,
but that would be foolish, under the dark cloud.*

*"Now hear us as we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."*

*The old hymn hovers on my lips, unbidden,
perhaps I am singing aloud. I cannot tell.
I am not old, but when I wake I am knocked with pain,
an old sea wreck. Look at my hands.
Broken by the waves and the sea, and twisted,
they look like something I'd find on the beach, after a storm.
I hold my pen like an old man.*

*My father called a sea like this 'a widow-maker'
my mother said the sea was always a widow-maker,
even when it was grey and smooth as silk. And she was right.
My father drowned in fine weather.
Sometimes I wonder if his bones have ever washed ashore,
or if I'll know them if they had
twisted and sea-smoothed as they would be.*

*I was a lad of seventeen, cocky as any young man
who thinks he can make the sea his mistress
and I had promised my mother I'd not go to sea.
She'd prestidigitated me in a stationer, and my days were spent
with reams and quires, but when she died I took her savings
bought myself a small boat. I took my father's dusty nets and lobster-pots,
raised a three-man crew, all older than I was,
and left the ink-pots and the nibs for ever.*

*There were good months and bad.
Cold, cold, the sea was bitter and brine, the nets cut my hands,
the lines were tricky, dangerous things; still,
I'd not have given it up for the world. Not then.
The salt scent of my world made me sure I'd live for ever.
Scudding over the waves in a fine breeze,
The sun behind me, faster than a dozen horses across the white wave-tops,
that was living indeed.*

*The sea had moods. You learned that fast.
The day I write of now, she was shifty, evil-humoured,
the wind coming now and now from all four corners of the compass,
the waves all choppy. I could not get the measure of her.
We were all out of sight of land when I saw a hand,
saw something, reaching from the grey sea.
Remembering my father, I ran to the prow, and called aloud.*

*No answer but the lonely wail of gulls.
And the air was filled with a whirl of white wings, and then
the swing of the wooden boom, which struck me at the base of the skull:
I remember the slow way the cold sea came toward me,
enveloped me, swallowed me, took me for its own.*

*I tasted salt. We are made of sea-water and bone:
that's what the stationer told me, when I was a boy.
It has occurred to me since that waters break to herald every birth,
and I am certain that these waters must taste salt—
remembering, perhaps, my own birth.
The world beneath the sea was blue. Cold, cold, cold...*

*I do not believe I truly saw her. I can not believe.
A dream, or madness, the lack of air;
the blow upon the head: that's all she was.
But when in dreams I see her, as I do, I never doubt her.
Old as the sea she was, and young as a new-formed breaker or swell.*

Her goblin eyes had spied me. And I knew she wanted me.
They say the sea-folk have no souls: Perhaps
the sea is one huge soul they breathe and drink and live.
She wanted me. And she would have had me; there could be no doubt.
And yet...

They pulled me from the sea, and pumped my chest
until I vomited rich sea water onto the wave-wet stingle.
Cold, cold, cold I was trembling and shivering and sick.
My hands were broken and my legs were twisted,
as if I had just come up from deep water;
scrimshaw and driftwood are my bones,
carved messages hidden beneath my flesh.

The boat never came back. The crew was never more seen.
I live on the charity of the village:
there, but for the mercy of the sea, they say, go we.
Some years have passed: almost a score.

And whole women view me with pity, or with scorn.
Outside my cottage the wind's howl has become a screaming,
stalling the rain against the tin walls,
crouching the filthy stingle, stone against stone.
"Now hear us as we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

Believe me, I could go down to the sea tonight,
drag myself down there on my hands and knees.
Give myself to the water and the dark.
And to the girl.
Let her sack the meat from off these tangled bones,
transmute me to something incorruptible and ivory;
to something rich and strange. But that would be foolish.

The voice of the storm is whispering to me.
The voice of the storm is whispering to me.
The voice of the storm is whispering to me.



Text © Neil Gaiman, Photography by Rick Popham, The Sculpture 'Aqua Marie' created by Lisa Snellings 1995.

Sweeper of dreams

by
Neil Gaiman

After all the dreaming is over, after you wake, and leave the world of madness and glory for the mundane day-lit daily grind, through the wreckage of your abandoned fancies walks the sweeper of dreams.

Who knows what he was when he was alive? Or if, for that matter, he ever was alive. He certainly will not answer your questions. The sweeper talks little, in his gruff, grey voice, and when he does speak it is mostly about the weather, and the prospects, victories and defeats of certain sports teams. He despises everyone who is not him.

When you wake he comes to you, and he sweeps up kingdoms and castles, angels and owls, mountains and oceans. He sweeps up the lust and the love and the lovers, the sages who are not butterflies, the flowers of meat, the running of the deer and the sinking of the Titanic. He sweeps up everything you left behind in your dreams, the life you wore, the eyes through which you gazed, the examination paper you were never able to find. One by one he sweeps them away: the sharp-toothed woman who sank her teeth into your face; the nuns in the woods; the dead arm that broke through the tepid water of the bath; the scarlet worms that crawled in your chest when you opened your shirt.

He will sweep it up—everything you left behind, when you woke. And then he will burn it, to leave the stage fresh for your dreams tomorrow.

Treat him well, if you see him. Be polite with him. Ask him no questions. Applaud his teams' victories, commiserate with him over their losses, agree with him about the weather. Give him the respect he feels is his due.

For there are people he no longer visits, the sweeper of dreams, with his hand-rolled cigarettes and his dragon tattoo.

You've seen them. They have mouths that twitch, and eyes that stare, and they babble and they mewl and they whimper. Some of them walk the cities in ragged clothes, their belongings under their arms. Others of their number are locked in the dark, in places where they can no longer harm themselves or others. They are not mad, or rather, the loss of their sanity is the lesser of their problems. It is worse than madness. They will tell you, if you let them: they are the ones who live, each day, in the wreckage of their dreams.

And if the sweeper of dreams leaves you, he will never come back. ■



Neil Gaiman/photography by Rick Fughera. 'The Graveyard Book' sculpture by Lisa Swellings 1995.

The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of...



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KODAK 5063 TX

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Every month in FAN, (well, almost every month—Neil can get quite busy) two or three pages of this magazine are set aside to take you to a place of wonder. This world is created in words by Neil Gaiman and in form by Lisa Snellings. Their collaboration is one born out of mutual respect and mutual talent.

Interview by Barton Jones

aka



isa Snellings began her work as far from the artistic field as possible.

Her education is in biology and microbiology, and she worked in a morgue. The artistic spark however, has always been inside her.

"I've always loved art. But I just kind of really accidentally started playing around with some clay about five years ago and figured hey, I can do this," she explains. "Success did not come right off the bat, though.

"After I'd discovered I could really do this pretty well, I kind of took the big dive and left my job, and we had to adjust to a lot less income. It was pretty rough for the first three years or so, but then pieces started to sell. Not only did the pieces start to sell, but they attracted a great deal of interest.

Enter Neil Gaiman.

Gaiman is perhaps best known for his work in the comic book industry. His monthly work on *Sandman* (hey, if you missed last issue's article, you didn't look very hard) has earned him more praise and awards than almost



anyone else in the business. Outside of comics, he is also an accomplished author. This all leads to **FAN**.

What Gaiman wanted to bring to the magazine was not a "critical analysis" of the industry. He wanted to tell a story.

"I really had no wish to do a monthly column on the state of the business," Gaiman explains.

In order to tell the stories, he needed a partner for the artistic side. Neil had discovered the work of Lisa Snellings at the World Fantasy Convention in New Orleans. He was impressed.

"I was completely blown away by it," he says. "I thought it was incredible and I bought a couple of pieces from her. I kept thinking this is so great, they're like little frozen stories." Stories without words—but not for long.

Snellings' creative process is driven by several different stimuli. "A lot of it comes from music. I listen to a lot of music and I play classical piano and flute, and I listen to everything," Snellings declares.

Once the idea is in place with Snellings, the actual creation begins to take shape. Due to the incredible detail in her work, she uses an oil-based day which allows her to make the piece as life-like as possible. Then the original is hand painted.

From this point, the edition size is determined, which is usually a very small amount. "I'm really a stickler for detail, so I usually keep my editions very limited," Snellings tells us. The reproductions are cast from the original and then they too are all hand painted. Every once in a while she slips a surprise into one of the reproductions, she says slyly. "They're each a little bit different because I get bored. I'll sculpt a little extra detail here

or there, a little dry gremlin or goblin or something like that." Then a photo is rushed off to Neil, so that he can put the final piece of the puzzle in place.

As artistic collaborations go, the two work quite well together. The process of arriving at the finished product, for Gaiman, goes something like this: "What I tend to do is stare mournfully for hour after hour at piles of photographs, thinking, I have no idea what the story for any of these could possibly be." Then the deadline starts approaching and I think, "You know, actually I do have a story of this one," and so I'll take down that photograph and I'll write the story to go with it." He says the two are occasionally on the same wave-length about a piece. "Sometimes it'll be what she was thinking, but most of the time I think what she enjoys about it is that it's not."

This collaboration also allows Gaiman to work in whatever style he chooses. "She did a statue which had whatever thoughts it had, and then I will have gone in and done a little horror story or love story, or a poem."

Snellings tells pretty much the same story. "He wants to be able to do his own thing, and I tell you what, sometimes he really surprises me. It'll be completely different from what I intended, but so far I've been really, really pleased. I trust him. He's earned my trust completely."

Snellings was unfamiliar with Gaiman and his work up until he purchased several of her sculptures. The two overcame their mutual unfamiliarity rather quickly.

"I didn't really know Neil's work, and as I got to know him and his work better," Snellings says, "I saw that we were really very attracted to a lot of the same things, a lot of the same types of characters. I can see why

he was really attracted to my stuff." Although the two operate independently, it all works out in the end. "He and I are from a different background, we're very different personalities and it's been a lot of fun to see his take on my work."

She also works in other arts (she definitely qualifies for "renaissance woman"), including drawing and writing. The latter has piqued Gaiman's curiosity. "I write just for fun, and I've always wanted to see that."

As far as the future is concerned, you'll continue to see their collaborations on a monthly basis. As far as the two working together outside of **FAN**, Snellings says, "He's mentioned several collaborations, but we're really just in the kind of initial brainstorming phase. We've got so many ideas. We could do this and we could do that, so we'll probably start working this summer." Regardless of the work with Gaiman, Snellings has some pretty big plans of her own. Really big.

"The carousel I did [of which Gaiman writes about the individual pieces] is now at Worlds of Wonder in McClean, Virginia. They've commissioned me to do a Ferris wheel to go with that. After the Ferris wheel, I'm going to do a train—basically I'm putting together this mini-carnival. I'm going to use that to help raise some of the money to do a full size carousel. Yes, a full size carousel."

"I want to tour with it for a time and then settle it permanently somewhere. I think it's so beautiful to have the horrific, threatening-looking dragon carousel figure and then have this joyful child sitting on it. The contrast is really nice." ■

Barton Jones is a freelance writer. He lives in Phoenix with his mom and a pony named Newhart.

THE DAUGHTER OF OWLS

by Neil Gaiman

FROM THE REMAINS OF GENTILISME & JUDAISME

by JOHN ALBANY B.S.S. (1266-87). (pp. 262-263).

I had this story from my friend Edmund Wyld Esq, who had it from Mr Farrington, who said it was old in his time. In the Town of Dyonon a newly-born girl was left one night on the steps of the Church, where the Sexton found her there the next morning, and she had hold of a curious thing, viz.—y^e pellet of an Owle, which when crumbled showed the usual composition of an Owl-owle's pellet, threë skin and teeth and small bones.

The old wyves of the Town saied as follows: that the girl was the daughter of Owls, and that she should be burnt to death, for she was not borne of woman. Notwithstanding, wise Hans and Greybeards prevailed, and the babe was taken to the convent (for this was shortly after the Papish times, and the Convent had been left empty, for the Townsfolk thought it was a place of Dyrills and such, and Hoot-owles and Screech-owles and many bats did make thyr homes in the tower) and there she was left, and one of the wyves of the Towne each day went to the Convent and fed the babe so.

It was prognosticated that y^e babe would dye, w^{ch} she did not doe: instead she grew very orn and about until she was a mayd of still summers. She was the priftest thing you ever did see, a fine young lass, who spent her daie and nights behind high stone walls with no-one never to see, but a Towne wyfe who came every morn. One market daie the good-wife talked too loudly of the girl's prettynesse, & also that she could not speak, for she had never learned the manner of it.

The men of the Dyonon, the grey-beards and the young men, speake to-gether, saying if we were to visit her, who would know? (Meaning by visit, that they did intend to ravish her.)

It was putt about then; that y^e menfolk would go a-hunting all in a company, when the Moon would be full: w^{ch} it being, they crept one by one from thyr houses and met outside the Convent: & the Reeve of Dyonon unlocked the gate & one by one they went in. They found her hid- ing in the collar, being startled by y^e noyse.

The Maid was more pritty even than they had heard: her hair was red w^{ch} was uncommon, & she wore but a white shift, & when she saw them she was much afraid for she had never seen no Men before, save only the woman who brought her vittles: & she stared at them with huge eyes & she uttered small cries, as if she were imploring them not to hurte her.

The Townsfolk merrily laughed for they meant mischief & were wicked cruel men: & they came at her in the moon's light.

Then the girl began a-screetching & a-wailing, but that did not stay them from thyr purpos. & the grate window went dark & the light of the moon was blockt: & there was the sound of mighty wings, but the men did not see it as they were intent on thyr revichment.

The folk of Dyonon in thyr beds that night dreamed of hoots & screeches and howls: & of grute birds: & they dreamed that they were become small mosses & rattan.

On the morrow, when the sun was high, the goodwives of the Town went through Dyonon a-hunting High & Low for thyr Husbands & thyr Sonnes; w^{ch}, coming to the Convent, they found, on the Collar stones, y^e pellets of owles: & in the pellets they discovered hair & buckles & coins, & small bones: & also a quantity of straw upon the floor.

And the men of Dyonon was none of them seen againe. However, for some years thereafter, some said they saw y^e Maid in high Places, like the highest Olive trees & steeples so; this being always in the dusk, and at night, & no-one could rightly sweare, if it were her or no.

(She was a white figure:—but M^r E. Wyld could not remember his rightly whether folk said that she wore clothes or was naked.)

The truth of it I know, but it is a merrye tale & one w^{ch} I write down here.

ENDE.



Text © Neil Gaiman, photography by Rick Popham, The sculpture "Straw Souls" created by Lisa Snellings, 1996.