

by the others, and asked her as they went up side by side, is there a painter, titorelli, who lives here the girl, hardly thirteen years old and somewhat hunchbacked, jabbed him with her elbow and looked at him sideways. her youth and her bodily defects had done nothing to stop her being already quite depraved. she did not smile once, but looked at earnestly, with sharp, acquisitive eyes. pretended not to notice her behaviour and asked, do you know titorelli, the painter she nodded and asked in reply, what dyou want to see him for thought it would be to his advantage quickly to find out something more about titorelli. i want to have him paint my portrait, he said. paint your portrait she asked, opening her mouth too wide and lightly hitting with her hand as if he had said something extraordinarily surprising or clumsy, with both hands she lifted her skirt, which was already very short, and, as fast as she could, she ran off after the other girls whose indistinct shouts lost themselves in the heights. at the next turn of the stairs, however, encountered all the girls once more. the hunchbacked girl had clearly told them about k. s. intentions and they were waiting for him. they stood on both sides of the stairs, pressing themselves against the wall so that could get through between them, and smoothed their aprons down with their hands. all their faces, even in this guard of honour, showed a mixture of childishness and depravity. up at the head of the line of girls, who now, laughing, began to close in around was the hunchback who had taken on the role of leader. it was thanks to her that found the right direction without delay he would have continued up the stairs straight in front of him, but she showed him that to reach titorelli he would need to turn off to one side. the steps that led up to the gubbio fed the good beast, and when it died sincerely mourned it. if you wish to know from whom i heard this edifying story which is true, and can be confirmed by some one now in nuremberg who witnessed it let me tell you that it was the wicked wolf himself; not the gubbio one, but he from switzerland. an old minorite monk, to whom he compassionately gave his horse, is the witness i mentioned. at the tavern the priest told him what he had beheld with his own eyes. do you still inveigh against the dangerous beast, which acts like the good samaritan, and finds nothing more delightful than hearing or speaking of our dear saint and this in the town hall during the dance asked els, clasping her hands as if she had heard something unprecedented. eva, fairly radiant with joy, nodded assent; and els heard the ring of pleasure in her clear voice, too, as she exclaimed: that was just what made the ball so delightful. the dancing oh, yes, it is easy enough to walk and turn in time to the music when one has such a knight for a partner; but that was by no means the pleasantest part of it. during the interval it seemed but an instant, yet it really lasted a considerable time we first entered into conversation. in one of the side rooms asked els, the bright colour fading from her cheeks. what are you thinking of replied eva in a tone of offence. i believe i know what is seemly as well as anybody else. true, your countess cordula did not set the most praiseworthy example. she allowed the whole throng of knights to surround her in the ante room, and your future brother in law, siebenburg, outdid described her, with her elbows on her knees, rocking and nursing her head, from which her long hair was looped and fell, like grey rags, about her withered fingers. i dont like her looks, snorted mrs. hedgehog. and how disgustingly they have trampled the grass. it is quite true, said i; it will not recover itself this summer. i wish they had left us our wood to ourselves. at this moment mrs. hedgehog laid her five toes on mine, to attract my attention, and whispered is it a gipsy and lifting my nose in the direction of the rustling brushwood, i saw sybil. there was no mistaking her, though her cheeks looked hollower and her eyes larger than when i saw her last. good evening, mother, she said. the old woman raised her gaunt face with a start, and cried fiercely, begone with you begone and then bent it again upon her hands, muttering, there are plenty of hedges and ditches too good for your lot, without their coming to worrit us in our wood. the gipsy girl knelt quietly by the fire, and stirred up the embers. what is the matter, mother she said. were only just come, and when i heard that tinker george and his mother were in the wood, i started to find you. you makes too free with the tinkers, says my brothers wife. i goes to see my mother, says i, who nursed me through a sickness, my real mother