

"Dare me a sleep!"

I jumped to my feet, completely thunder-struck. My eyes fixed. I looked carefully all around me. I saw a most extraordinary small person, who must be cunning and with great seriousness. Here you see the first portrait that, later, I was able to make of it. But my drawing is certainly very much less than in model.

That, however, is not my fault. The Eweens were covered all in my picture, except when I was six years old and I never learned to draw anything, except from the outside and from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my mouth hanging out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I was in the desert a thousand miles from any habitable region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be lost nor to be fainting from thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave the impression of a child lost in the middle of the