

BOB CHERRY'S TRIUMPH!



A Play in Verse for Amateur Actors

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CHARACTERS:

HARRY WHARTON	Captain of the Remove Football XI.
BOB CHERRY	} Wharton's Chums and First Lieutenants.
JOHNNY BULL	
HURREE SINGH	
H. VERNON SMITH	} Other Members of the Remove XI.
PETER TODD	
MARK LINLEY	
TOM BROWN	
S. Q. I. FIELD	
G. BULSTRODE	} Master of the Remove.
MR. HORACE QUELCH	
PILLY BUNTER	

ACT I

SCENE.—No. 1 Study in the Remove Passage.
(THE FAMOUS FIVE are present, seated round the table. HARRY WHARTON has a sheet of paper in front of him, and a pencil in his hand. He scribbles industriously for a moment, and then looks up.)

WHARTON:

We play St. Jim's on Saturday,
And all are eager for the fray.
I've got a topping team together,
So play up! Never mind the weather!

HURREE SINGH:

The playfulness will be terrific—

CHERRY :

Smart, skilful, swift, and scientific!

NUGENT :

We'll trounce the strong St. Jim's
Eleven—

BULL :

And thus be in the seventh
heaven!

WHARTON :

I think I've made a good selection.
Here is the list, for your inspection.
The worthy Bulstrode holds the fort,
He's bound to win a good report.

There's Johnny

Bull and Brown at back,
They'll smother the
St. Jim's attack.

The half-back line
looks useful, very!
Mark Linley, Peter
Todd, and Cherry.

The forwards are a
lively lot—

A strong eleven, is
it not?

CHERRY :

Why, man, the team
that you've drawn up
Is fit to win the
English Cup!

NUGENT :

A really clever
combination,
That's bound to
make a big sensation.

(Sounds of knocking are heard without.)

CHERRY :

Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who comes?

HURREE SINGH :

The Bunter Bird, my worthy chums.

(Enter BILLY BUNTER, very cautiously. JOHNNY BULL gathers up a cushion, and hurries it at the intruder, who ducks in the nick of time.)

BUNTER :

Oh, really, Bull—it's rude and silly
Thus to bombard your old pal Billy!

WHARTON :

Buzz off, old barrel! Fade away!

CHERRY :

He's like Eliza—come to stay!

BULL :

We've got no cash, we've got no tarts—

NUGENT :

So this is where our friend departs!

BUNTER *(blinking wrathfully at the juniors):*

I've no desire to borrow money—

CHERRY :

Oh, come off, Bunty! Don't be funny!

BUNTER :

I've no desire to cadge a tart,
For tea in Hall will shortly start.

WHARTON :

Then what's the reason of this visit?

CHERRY :

It's not a friendly
look-in, is it?

BUNTER :

Look here! I've
just dropped in to say
That I've made up
my mind to play

For the Remove
against St. Jim's;

Look at my strong
and sturdy limbs!

I'm just the fellow
that you need

To capture goals—
is that agreed?

NUGENT *(aside):*

The stupid and
conceited Owl

Can't tell a goal-
post from a foul!



Bunter picked up a football and placed it in the centre of the room. The Famous Five drew back out of danger.

BUNTER :

I really think my form's divine,
It's splendid, all along the line!
I pass and dribble, kick and shoot;
None can withstand my hefty boot!
And my admiring cousin, Elsie,
Declares I'll one day play for Chelsea!

ALL :

Ha, ha, ha!

BUNTER :

Why do you fellows sit and cackle?
Yes, I can shoot, and I can tackle!
I've scored more goals than I remember—
I did the "hat-trick" last December!
My form is absolutely great,
And I will prove it while you wait!

BUNTER picks up a football which is lying in the corner, and places it in the centre of the room. THE FAMOUS FIVE spring to their feet in some alarm, and draw back out of the danger zone.

BUNTER:

Now, watch me take a mighty kick,
Deadly, and accurate, and quick!

BULL:

You'll break the study window, fool!

BUNTER:

Kindly refrain from comments, Bull!

WHARTON:

You'll smash the book-case, silly clown—

NUGENT:

Or bring a picture
crashing down!

BUNTER:

What nonsense!
I shall hit the door,
And everyone will
shout, "Encore!"

Now, watch and
wait, and you will see

The form of Bun-
ter, W. G.!

(BUNTER takes a flying
kick at the ball, which
shoots up and smotes
JOHNNY BULL full in
the chest.)

BUNTER:

Oh, dear, my aim
was rather wide!

BULL:

You clumsy Owl! I'll tan your hide!
(JOHNNY rushes at BUNTER, but his chums
seize him and hold him back.)

WHARTON:

Hold on, old chap! Don't make a scene.

CHERRY:

It was an accident, old bean!

BUNTER:

I meant to hit the door, of course;
Perhaps I shot with too much force!

CHERRY:

I'll show you how it should be done.
Now, gather round, and see the fun!

(CHERRY places the football in position, and takes
a running kick. The ball whizzes clean through
the open doorway—the wings of the stage—and
there is a wild yell of anguish from without.)

CHERRY (in dismay):

A tragedy, you chaps! Don't grin!
I've hit old Quelchy on the chin!

WHARTON:

My hat! You've fairly done it now!

NUGENT:

There's bound to be a fearful row!

HURREE SINGH:

The rowfulness will be terrific!
The waters of the wild Pacific
Will be less stormy than the glance
Of Quelchy Sahib—see him dance!

(Enter MR. QUELCH, clasping his chin, and
glaring at the assembly.)

MR. QUELCH:

Who kicked that
ball so recklessly?

BUNTER:

Pip-pip-pip-please,
sir, 'twasn't me!

MR. QUELCH:

Who dared to kick
it at a master?

CHERRY:

'Twas I who caused
the sad disaster!

MR. QUELCH:

Your conduct,
Cherry, is unruly!

CHERRY:

It was an accident,
sir, truly!

MR. QUELCH:

My chin is painful

marked, and muddy;

Pray follow me, sir, to my study!

(Exit MR. QUELCH, with BOB CHERRY
following.)

BULL:

There's sure to be an awful rumpus—

WHARTON:

I wonder Quelchy didn't clump us!

NUGENT:

What will become of poor old Bob?

BUNTER:

Quelchy will make him squirm and
sob!

BULL:

Afraid the outlook's rather black.

WHARTON:

Keep smiling! Bob will soon be back.



The ball shot up and smote Johnny Bull
full in the chest

(After a brief interval, BOB CHERRY re-enters. He looks very crestfallen and dejected.)
HURREE SINGH :

You have been caned, my worthy chum !
Or you would never look so glum.

CHERRY :

No, I have not been licked, but worse !

NUGENT :

You've got to write out yards of verse ?

CHERRY :

No ; I'm detained on Saturday.

WHARTON :

Great Scot ! That means you cannot play ?

CHERRY :

Harry, you've summed it up precisely !

BUNTER :

Events have worked out very nicely.

Now, Wharton, please don't pull a face,

For I can play in Cherry's place !

No need to look so sour and sad ;

You ought to feel extremely glad.

For I'm a better man than Cherry ;

I'll score three goals against Tom Merry !

WHARTON (*angrily*) :

Conceited porpoise ! Out you go !

BUNTER :

Keep off, you bullying bounders ! OH !

(THE FAMOUS FIVE hurl themselves at BUNTER, and send him whirling through the doorway. Exit BUNTER, with wild wails of anguish.)

WHARTON :

This is a tragedy indeed !

For Bob is just the man we need.

NUGENT :

I hoped the Quelchy bird would cane him ;

I didn't dream that he'd detain him !

BULL :

Confound old Quelchy and his whims !
We shall be beaten at St. Jim's !

HURREE SINGH :

The lickfulness will be tremendous,
Unless the gods of luck attend us.

CHERRY :

Cheer up, old chappies ! Do not grieve.

If I've a chance, I'll take French leave.

I'll dodge detention, and will play

For the Remove on Saturday.

It is a feat that takes some doing,

And if I'm caught, there's trouble brewing !

Whatever happens, don't despair ;

If I can work it, I'll be there !

WHARTON :

Well spoken, Bob !

I hope you will.

NUGENT :

We have a chance of victory still !

(CHERRY'S chums go towards him and pat him sympathetically on the shoulder, and BOB recovers his usual high spirits.)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE : *The visiting team's dressing-room at St. Jim's.*

(THE REMOVE ELEVEN, with the

exception of BOB CHERRY, are present, attired in football garb. The match with St. Jim's is about to be played.)

PETER TODD :

Old Wharton's looking very worried !

VERNON SMITH :

He also looks forlorn and flurried.

TOM BROWN :

I've seldom seen him look less jolly

MARK LINLEY :

He has an air of melancholy.

WHARTON :

This is a sad, sad Saturday !

I hoped that Bob would get away.

He said he'd try and break detention

(A serious matter, I might mention).

We've only got a team of ten,



Mr. Quelch entered, clasping his chin and glaring at the assembly

And Bob's the pick of all our men.
Unless he comes, we're bound to lose,
And that is why I've got the "blues."

NUGENT:

A burden of despair you carry
Upon those shapely shoulders, Harry!
But Bob will soon be here, I trust,
And then St. Jim's will bite the dust!

HURREE SINGH:

Yes; they will bite the dustful dirt!

BULL:

I hope old Bob puts on a spurt!

WHARTON:

They're waiting to begin the game—

PETER TODD:

And Bob's not with us. It's a shame!

VERNON-SMITH:

We'll wait a little while, you chap.

WHARTON:

We've let a good half-hour elapse!

(Loud knocking is heard without. THE REMOVE footballers exchange glances.)

BULSTRODE:

Hurrah! At last Bob Cherry's come!

HURREE SINGH:

Don't be too sure, my worthy chum!

(The knocking is repeated. Then the shrill, familiar voice of BILLY BUNTER is heard.)

BUNTER:

I say! Please let me in, you fellows!
Surely you heard my shouts and bellows?

WHARTON *(clenching his hands)*:

Oh, what a sell! It isn't Bob!

NUGENT:

It's that toad, Bunter! I could sob!
(JOHNNY BULL crosses to the door and admits BILLY BUNTER. The fat junior is attired in football garb and a raincoat.)

WHARTON:

Why, Bunter! How did you get here?

SQUIFF *(aside)*:

Wish the fat wozm would disappear!

BUNTER:

I came by train from Courtfield Town.
I bribed a porter half-a-crown
To let me demonstrate my pluck
By travelling in a cattle-truck!
You see, the fare is five-and-six,
And I was in a fearful fix;
For I had only half-a-crown—
Why do you glare at me, Tom Brown?
I bribed the porter, as I said,
And came for two-and-six instead.
I travelled with a bull and pig;
'Twas really very *infra dig*.
But, anyway, I had to stick it.

For I could not afford a ticket.

That cattle-truck, it swayed and swerved,
And made me frightened and unnerved.

The bull began to roar and bellow.

I had to murmur, "Shush, old fellow!"
The pig began to grunt and snort.

I had to say, "Less noise, old sport!"

At last I reached my destination,
And fairly jumped with jubilation.

Sound and intact were all my limbs,

So I came safely to St. Jim's.
And now I'm ready for the fray.
In which position shall I play?

WHARTON:

You're not to play at all, you chump!

NUGENT:

His antics give a chap the hump!

BUNTER:

My form is great, my passes deft;
So may I play at outside-left?

VERNON-SMITH:

You couldn't score—not if you tried—
So your position's "left outside"!

BUNTER:

Oh, really, Smithy, you're a beast!



"Oh, well played, Bob!" cried Harry Wharton.
"You're just in time!"

WHARTON :

It's time this silly nonsense ceased.
Bunter! Your journey's been in vain.
Now you can toddle back again!

BUNTER :

What! After coming all this distance?
I will not go! I'll show resistance!

PETER TODD :

We do not want you in the team—

TOM BROWN :

Your football is a perfect scream!

SQUIFF :

You cannot shoot, you cannot pass—

HURREE SINGH :

So please keep off
the grassful grass!

BUNTER (*angrily*) :

You're cads and
beasts! I cannot stick
you!

I hope St. Jim's
will soundly lick you!

(*There is a sudden
commotion without.
Entered BOB CHERRY,
flushed and breathless.*)

WHARTON :

Oh, well played,
Bob! You're just in
time!

BUNTER :

He's dodged de- "It is my painful task to mention that Cherry
tention—it's a crime! has escaped detention," said Billy Bunter, as he
took the dummy to Mr. Quelch

How did you make the journey, Bob?

CHERRY :

I found it was a fearful job!
I sprinted hard, but missed the train,
So had to bike with might and main!
I simply scorched along the highways,
And tore like fury down the byways.
I covered many a weary mile
In breathless, dizzy, breakneck style!
I rode at such a frantic pace
You'd think it was a cycle-race!

BULL :

Thank goodness you've arrived at last,
And all our keen suspense is past!

TOM BROWN :

How did you get away, old scout?

CHERRY :

I worked it well, without a doubt.

LINLEY :

Did Quelch see you leave the school?

CHERRY :

No, Marky, boy; I'm not a fool!
A dummy figure, smart and neat,
I've placed upon the Form-room seat.
When Quelch looks in, and sees it there,
He'll think it's me, I do declare!

NUGENT :

But if he makes a close inspection—

CHERRY :

Oh, well, I've got
to risk detection.

BUNTER :

I say! I think it's
rather thick!

Cherry has got here
by a trick.

He's had the nerve
to spoof a master—

A thing that leads
to dire disaster!

CHERRY :

How dare a glutton,
full of greed,

Thus sit in judg-
ment on my deed!

BUNTER :

We do not want
you here, Bob Cherry.

Your conduct is

disgraceful, very!

You've broken bounds this afternoon,
And Quelch will hear about it soon!

CHERRY (*indignantly*) :

You're going to tell him that I'm here!

BUNTER :

I'll do my duty, never fear!

WHARTON :

If you should dare to play the sneak,
We'll bump you daily for a week!

BUNTER :

Well, let me play for the Remove—

WHARTON :

A useless passenger you'd prove!

BUNTER (*chuckling grimly*) :

All right, then! If I'm not to play,



I'll flap my wings, and fly away.
Straight back to Greyfriars I shall go,
And tell old Quelch of this, you know!
I'll tell him Cherry's dodged detention,
And there are other things I'll mention.

VERNON SMITH :

However far and wide you seek
You'll never find a bigger sneak!

CHERRY :

Let's kick the porpoise out, you chaps——

BUNTER :

You're likely to succeed——perhaps!

(There is a sudden rush of feet towards

BUNTER, and the angry
footballers seize him, and
eject him with violence
from the dressing-room.

*There is a loud bump
as the fat junior dis-
appears from view.)*

BUNTER *(from without)* :

You won't prevent
me sneaking now,

I'll tell old Quelch

—— Yow-ow-ow!

WHARTON :

Let the fat bounder
do his worst!

CHERRY :

In duck-ponds he
will be immersed!

NUGENT :

We'll give him a
terrific bumping ——

BULL :

Also a clumping and a thumping!

TOM BROWN :

And a chastising, and a chiding——

SQUIFF :

Also an extra-special hiding!

WHARTON :

Meanwhile, we'll exercise our limbs
In scoring goals against St. Jim's!
(A shrill whistle is heard without.)

LINLEY :

The referee is loudly blowing——

CHERRY :

Come on! We don't care if it's snow-
ing!

WHARTON :

Forward, Removites, to the fray!

Fight the good fight, and win the day!

(Exit EVERYBODY)

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE.—*Mr. Quelch's study at Greyfriars.*

*(MR. QUELCH is seated at his typewriter,
busily engaged on his History of Greyfriars.
Suddenly there is a loud knocking without.)*

MR. QUELCH :

Who dares disturb me with this din!

Disturber of the peace, come in!

*(Enter BILLY BUNTER, carrying a dummy figure
in his arms.)*

MR. QUELCH :

Good gracious,
boy! What brings you
here?

BUNTER :

One moment, sir;
I'll make it clear.

MR. QUELCH :

You have a curious
object there——

A dummy figure,
I declare!

BUNTER *(grinning)* :

I guessed it would
create a stir!

I found it in the
Form-room, sir.

Bob Cherry made
this awful dummy:

A work of art he
calls it——lumme!

A sillier guy I don't remember

Since Bonfire Night, sir, last November!

MR. QUELCH *(looking perplexed)* :

But why should Cherry make this figure?

Speak up, my boy——don't stand and
snigger!

BUNTER :

It is my painful task to mention
That Cherry has escaped detention.
I am afraid the news will grieve you,
But Cherry plotted to deceive you.

MR. QUELCH :

What! Cherry went, without my knowledge
To play against St. James's College?
And left this dummy so grotesque
Leaning against a Form-room desk!



Bob Cherry, his forehead and knee bandaged, was brought in by Wharton and Nugent

BUNTER :

Yesir ; that is a solemn fact.
I hope the beast will be well whacked !
I hope you'll lick him with your cane
Until he hops around with pain !

MR. QUELCH (*frowning*) :

Boy ! Those remarks are most malicious :
Your conduct is extremely vicious !
This afternoon, you played the spy—
An action which was mean and sly ;
Kept Cherry under observation,
And now you bring me information,
Hoping that I shall cane the pupil
Who broke detention without scruple.

BUNTER :

One moment, sir ! Please let me speak.
You seem to think that I'm a sneak.
Of course, I'm nothing of the kind.
No finer fellow could you find.
I simply had to come along—
My sense of duty is so strong !
The painful task I never funk'd,
Of telling you that Cherry bunk'd !

MR. QUELCH (*sternly*) :

You had no right to leave this place.
You, also, were in deep disgrace.
For showing constant inattention
You earned an afternoon's detention.
Why did you leave your post, I pray ?
Come, answer me without delay !

BUNTER (*beginning to tremble*) :

Oh, crumbs ! Have pity, if you can, sir—

MR. QUELCH :

Boy, I am waiting for your answer !

BUNTER :

Oh, dear ! I'm in a sad position—

MR. QUELCH :

You left the school without permission !

BUNTER :

But Cherry also planned a flight—

MR. QUELCH :

Two wrongs, my boy, don't make a right !
(*The REMOVE-MASTER picks up a cane, and
BUNTER backs away in great alarm. The
dummy figure falls to the floor with a thud.*)

BUNTER :

You—you're going to lick me, I expect ?

MR. QUELCH :

Your supposition is correct !

BUNTER :

I plead to you with eloquence :

Regard my youth and innocence !
Look at my frail and feeble figure :
Would you chastise it, sir, with vigour !
One stroke, sir, of your dreaded cane,
And I shall swoon away with pain !
My constitution, sir, won't stick it :
Besides, you know, it's hardly cricket.
I've done my duty like an hero,
So please don't understudy Nero
And act with grim barbarity.
Show mercy, sir, and charity !
Oh, let me off, I do entreat :
I kurl myself, sir, at your feet !

(*BUNTER grovels on the floor at MR. QUELCH'S
feet, throwing out his arms in wild entreaty.*)

MR. QUELCH :

Upon your feet you'll kindly stand,
And then hold out your flabby hand !

(*BUNTER reluctantly obeys. He is given
three sharp cuts on each palm, and his yells of
anguish are loud and shrill.*)

MR. QUELCH :

You have no just cause for complaining
At such a necessary caning.
I hope this well-deserved correction
Will make you act with circumspection !
Your shrill and piercing wails of woe
Grate harshly on my ears ; so go !

(*Exit BILLY BUNTER, writhing and squirming.*)

MR. QUELCH :

I have no brief for that base boy ;
Tale-bearing is his greatest joy.
But Cherry must be brought to book :
His act I cannot overlook.
He's broken bounds this afternoon,
And ought to be returning soon.

(*Sounds of knocking without. MR. QUELCH
calls, "Come in!" Enter HARRY WHARTON,
BOB CHERRY, and FRANK NUGENT. Cherry
is in the middle, supported by his two chums.
There is a bandage round his forehead, and
another round his knee. His football togs are
torn and muddy.*)

MR. QUELCH :

Dear me ! The lad is hurt, I fear—

CHERRY :

My injuries are not severe.

MR. QUELCH :

There's a bandage round your forehead—

CHERRY :

I wish they'd take it off ; it's horrid !

Mr. QUELCH:
There is another on your knee—

WHARTON:
He's in the wars, sir, as you see.

Mr. QUELCH:
How did these injuries arise?
Come! I await your swift replies!

WHARTON:
Sir, in the match against St. Jim's
We did not spare our sturdy limbs.
We threw ourselves into the fray
In the good, honest, British way.
Bob Cherry played as if inspired,
He never faltered, never tired.
With nearly half-an-hour to go,
The scores were level, don't you know.
And Cherry worked with heart and soul
To gain the glorious winning goal.
Opponents crowded all around him.
And prostrate on the ground we found him,
Smothered from head to foot with dirt,
And also rather badly hurt.
He carried on, with grim intent,
Until the final whistle went.
Right on the very stroke of time
He raced away with speed sublime.
Then took a strong and hefty kick
That absolutely did the trick!

Mr. QUELCH:
A great achievement, 'pon my soul,
To thus obtain the winning goal

When badly injured in the fray.
Cherry, you have done well to-day!

CHERRY:
I broke detention, sir, to do it,
And now I s'pose you'll make me rue it?

Mr. QUELCH:
I won't deny you acted wrongly,
And I must reprimand you strongly.
But as for caning you, why, never,
After your manly, keen endeavour!
You won the match; I think it best
To let the other matter rest.
(Mr. QUELCH puts out his hand, and Bob
CHERRY grasps it warmly.)

CHERRY:
Your action, sir, is sporting—very!

Mr. QUELCH:
I cannot cane a hero, Cherry!

NUGENT:
And Bob's a hero, that's a fact!
He saved his side from getting whacked.
I've never seen a fellow play
A game like Bob put up to-day!

WHARTON:
And now we'll celebrate our win
With a delightful, grand tuck-in!

Mr. QUELCH (smiling):
I wish that I could share your joys.
Your banquet has my blessing, boys!

CURTAIN

A FRIENDLY REMINDER

To New Readers of this volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL whose appetite has been whetted by the stories of the famous schools of Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood, it will come as good news to know that these stories are specially featured every week in the world-famous Companion Papers. These are the MAGNET LIBRARY, which is devoted each week to the doings of Harry Wharton and Co. of Greyfriars; and the BOYS' FRIEND, in which Jimmy Silver and Co., of Rookwood, play a great part. Both these jolly papers are published every Monday. Then every Tuesday comes the POPULAR, which makes a speciality of publishing complete stories of all three of the schools—Greyfriars, St. Jim's and Rookwood, in addition to the famous school boy journal, "Billy Bunter's Weekly"; while each Wednesday morning brings the GEM LIBRARY, the special preserve of Tom Merry and Co., whose adventures, joys and sorrows have been faithfully chronicled therein every week by Mr. Martin Clifford for over seventeen years.

In addition to these, the great army of my younger readers is specially catered for by the delightful pictures and jolly stories in JUNGLE JINKS, which is printed in three colours, and is universally considered the brightest and best paper of its kind.

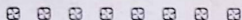
To the vast majority of the great host of my reader-friends the above-mentioned weekly journals need no introduction. The great reputation for clean, wholesome and vigorous fiction which has been won during many years by the HOLIDAY ANNUAL and the Companion Papers alike, and the high place which they occupy in the estimation of the reading public, are facts which in themselves form the best possible proof of my readers' appreciation.

Until the red-letter day when next year's volume of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL appears I hope to keep in touch with every single reader of this volume through the medium of the weekly Companion Papers under my control.—THE EDITOR.



AU REVOIR

By DICK PENFOLD



CHUMS and comrades, tried and true,
You have read this volume through.
Now our labours are complete,
And the fruit is at your feet.

You have shared our feuds and fights,
Our discomforts and delights ;
Laughed with us, and cried with us,
Battled side by side with us !

You have shared our schoolboy capers,
You have jested with the japers ;
Hailed the heroes, scorned the cads,
Loved the laughing, lively lads !

You have scanned the
sparkling stories
Of our Greyfriars and
its glories ;
And the boys with
sturdy limbs—
Sons of Rookwood
and St. Jim's !



Chums, a countless hosts are you,
Spread from China to Peru.
You, a mighty multitude,
Our adventures have pursued.

Gladly did we toil for you,
And burn the midnight oil for you.
Our pens were actively employed
Upon a task we all enjoyed.

And now, the parting of the ways
Comes before our wistful gaze.
"Au Revoir " must now be said,
Till another year has sped.

Chums and comrades,
tried and true,
Heart and soul, we're
one with you !
All good wishes we
extend
Ere we write the
words—

THE END

