

1.

On thin carpet there squatted a child born unlovely. He festered 'neath the table and the dinner guest swore that he ate a beetle and then smiled! "But, on that's nonsense! He's never eaten my insects...

Though his chin is agleam with drool and many-jointed legs...

2.

On thin carpet they stood and each guest lulled the little larva- but reluctantly; so ugly! And he smelled like rotten codfish! And besides, he squirmed and writhed and in sudden fit of tears he took the colonel by the ears and bit him on the nose and grunted! (Blood on his crooked lips!)

3.

On thin carpet they gasped and shrieked and coattails and lace unceremoniously recoiled from unlovely lullaby baby! And to the carpet he did plummet! And each guest did watch him hit and saw how his small skull did split and out crawled broken beetles and a surge of crimson forth! (Blood on the thin carpet!) (Blood on his crooked lips!)

"Shall we with draw to the parlor for aperitifs?"

"Yes, and my nose needs a bandage."

"I find the present support for workhouse reforms disturbing."

"I have Cousin in Marshalsea."

"Sunday or Monday, We're leaving for Retchingsted."

"No, I don't think I'll ever have children..."