KENNETH AND THE CARP.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

Kenneth's home was in Kent, a wooden house among cherry orchards, and the nearest river five miles away. That was why he looked forward in such a very extra and excited way to his visit to his cousins. Their house was very old, red brick, with ivy all over it. It had a secret staircase, only the secret was not kept any longer, and the housemaids carried pails and brooms up and down the staircase, and it was surrounded by a real deep moat, with clear water in it and long weeds and water-lilies and fish, the gold and the silver and the everyday kinds.

KENNETH'S cousins had often stayed with him, but he had never till now stayed with them. And you know how different everything is when you are in your own house. You are certain exactly what games the grown-ups dislike and what games they will not notice; also what sort of mischief is looked over and what sort is not.

You know all this. But Kenneth did not. And still less did he know what were the sort of things which, in his cousins' house, led to disapproval, punishment, scoldings; in short, to catching it. So that that business of Cousin Ethel's jewel-case, which is where this story ought to begin, was really not Kenneth's fault at all. Though for a time . . . But I am getting on too fast.

Kenneth's cousins were four—Conrad, Alison, George, and Ethel. The first three were natural sort of cousins somewhere near his own age; but Ethel was hardly like a cousin at all—more like an aunt. Because she was grown up, she wore long dresses and all her hair on the top of her head, a mass of combs and hairpins; in fact, she had just had her twenty-first birthday, with iced cakes and a party and lots of presents, most of them jewellery.

The first evening of Kenneth's visit passed uneventfully. His bedroom window looked over the moat, and early next morning he tried to catch fish with several pieces of string knotted together and a hairpin kindly lent to him by the parlourmaid. He did not catch any fish—partly, perhaps, because he baited the hairpin with brown Windsor soap, and it washed off.

"Besides, fish hate soap," Conrad told him; "and that hook of yours would do for a whale, perhaps. Only we don't stock our moat with whales. But I'll ask father to lend you his rod; it's a spiffing one, much jollier than ours. And I won't tell the kids, because they'd never let it down on you. Fishing with a hairpin!"

"Thank you very much," said Kenneth, feeling that his cousin was a man and a

brother. The kids were only two or three years younger than he was, but that is a great deal when you are the elder; and, besides, one of the kids was a girl.

"Alison's a bit of a sneak," Conrad used to say when anger overcame politeness and brotherly feeling. Afterwards, when the anger was gone and the other things left, he would say: "You see, she went to a beastly school at Brighton for a bit, for her health. And father says they must have bullied her. All girls are not like it, I believe."

But her sneakish qualities, if they really existed, were generally hidden, and she was very clever at thinking of new games, and very kind if you got into a row over anything.

George was eight and stout. He was not a sneak, but concealment was foreign to his nature, so he never could keep a secret unless he forgot it.

The uncle most amiably lent Kenneth his fishing-rod and provided real bait in the most thoughtful and generous manner. And the four children fished all the morning and all the afternoon. Conrad caught two perch and an eel. George caught nothing, and nothing was what the other two caught. But it was glorious sport. And the next day there was to be a picnic. Life to Kenneth seemed full of new and delicious excitements.

In the evening the aunt and the uncle went out to dinner, and Ethel, in her grown-up way, went with them, very grand in a blue silk dress and turquoises. So the children were left to themselves.

"It's two hours at least to bed-time," said Alison. "What shall we do?" Alison always began by saying "What shall we do?" and always ended by deciding what should be done. "You all say what you think," she went on, "and then we'll vote about it. You first, Ken, because you're the visitor."

"Fishing," said Kenneth, because it was the only thing he could think of.

"Make toffee," said Conrad.

"Build a great big house with all the bricks," said George.

"We can't make toffee," Alison explained, gently, but firmly, "because you know what the pan was like last time, and cook said, 'Never again, not much.' And it's no good building houses, Georgie, when you can be out of doors. And fishing's simply impossible when we've been at it all day. I've thought of something."

So, of course, all the others said, "What?"

"We'll have a pageant, a river pageant, on the moat. We'll all dress up, and hang Chinese lanterns in the trees. I'll be the Sunflower lady that the troubadour came for all across the sea, because he loved her so, and one of you can be the troubadour, and the others can be sailors or anything you like."

"I shall be the troubadour," said Conrad, with decision.

"I think you ought to let Kenneth, because he's the visitor," said George, who would have liked to be it himself, and anyhow did not see why Conrad should be a troubadour if *he* couldn't.

Conrad said what manners required:—

"Oh, all right; I don't care about being the beastly troubadour."

"You might be the Princess's brother," Alison suggested.

"Not me," said Conrad, scornfully; "I'll be the captain of the ship."

"In a turban the brother would be, with the Benares cloak, and the Persian dagger out of the cabinet in the drawing room," Alison went on, persuasively.

"I'll be that," said George.

"No, you won't—I shall, so there," said Conrad. "You can be the captain of the ship."

But in the end both boys were captains, because that meant being on the boat, whereas being the Princess's brother, however turbaned, only meant standing on the bank.

So then they all tore up to the attic where the dressing-up trunk was, and pulled out all the dressing-up things on to the floor. And all the time they were dressing Alison was telling the others what they were to say and do. The Princess wore a white satin skirt and a red flannel blouse, and a veil formed of several old motor scarves of various colours. Also a wreath of pink roses off one of Ethel's old hats, and a pair of yellow satin slippers with sparkly buckles.

Kenneth wore a blue silk dressing-jacket and a green sash, with a large lace collar and a towel turban.

And the others divided between them an Eastern dressing-gown (once the property of their grandfather), a black spangled scarf (very holey), a pair of red and white football stockings, a Chinese coat, and two old muslin curtains, which, rolled up, made turbans of enormous size and fierceness.

On the landing outside Cousin Ethel's open door Alison paused and said, "I say!"

"Oh, come on!" said Conrad; "we haven't fixed the Chinese lanterns yet, and it's getting dark."

"You go on," said Alison. "I've just thought of something."

The children were allowed to play in the boat so long as they didn't loose it from its

moorings. The painter was extremely long, and quite the effect of coming home from a long voyage was produced when the three boys pushed the boat as far as it would go among the boughs of the beech tree which overhung the water, and then reappeared in the circle of light thrown by the lanterns.

"What-ho! Ashore there!" shouted the captain.

"What-ho!" said a voice from the shore which, Alison explained, was disguised.

"We be three poor mariners," said Conrad, by a happy effort of memory, "just newly come to shore. We seek news of the Princess of Tripoli."

"She's in her palace, of course," said the disguised voice; "wait a minute and I'll tell her you're here. But what do you want her for? ('A poor minstrel of France.' Go on, Con.)"

"A poor minstrel of France," said Conrad —"(all right, I remember)—who has heard of the Princess's beauty has come to lay——"

"His heart," Alison prompted.

"(All right, I know)—his heart at her something or other feet."

"Pretty feet," Alison corrected. "I go to tell the Princess."

Next moment from the shadows on the bank a radiant vision stepped into the circle of light, crying:—

"Oh, Rudel, is it indeed thou? Thou art

"A RADIANT VISION STEPPED INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT."

come at last. Oh, welcome to the arms of the Princess!"

"What do I do now?" whispered Rudel (who was Kenneth), in the boat; and at the same moment Conrad and George said, as with one voice:—

"My hat, Alison! Won't you catch it?"

For at the end of the Princess's speech she had thrown back her veils and revealed a blaze of splendour. She wore several necklaces, one of seed pearls, one of topazes, and one of Australian shells, besides a string of amber and a string of coral. And the front of the red flannel blouse was studded with brooches, in one at least of which diamonds gleamed. Each arm had one or two bracelets, and on her clenched hands glittered as many rings as any Princess could wish to wear.

So her brothers had some excuse for saying "You'll catch it."

"No, I sha'n't. It's my look-out, anyhow. Do shut up," said the Princess, stamping her foot. "Now, then, Ken, go ahead. Ken, you say, 'Oh, lady, I faint with rapture!'"

"I faint with rapture," said Kenneth, stolidly. "Now I land, don't I?"

He landed and stared at the jewelled hand the Princess held out.

"At last, at last," she said; "but *you* ought to say that, Ken. I say, I think I'd better be an eloping Princess, and then I can come in the boat. Rudel dies really, but that's so dull. Lead me to your ship, oh, noble stranger! for you have won the Princess, and with you I will live and die. Give me your hand, can't you, silly; and do mind my train."

So Kenneth led her to the boat, and with some difficulty, for the satin train got between her feet, she managed to flounder into the boat.

"Now you stand and bow," she said. "Fair Rudel, with this ring I thee wed"; she pressed a large amethyst ring on to his thumb. "Remember that the Princess of Tripoli is yours for ever. Now let's sing."

So they sat in the boat and sang. And presently the servants came out to listen and admire, and at the sound of the servants' approach the Princess veiled her shining splendour.

"It's prettier than wot the Coventry pageant was, so it is," said the cook; "but it's long past your bed-times. So come on out of that there dangerous boat, there's dears."

So then the children went to bed. And when the house was quiet again Alison slipped down and put back Ethel's jewellery, fitting the things into their cases and boxes as correctly as she could. "Ethel won't notice," she thought, but, of course, Ethel did.

So that next day each child was asked separately by Ethel's mother who had been playing with Ethel's jewellery. And Conrad and George said they would rather not say. This was a form they always used in that family when that sort of question was asked, and it meant, "It wasn't me, and I don't want to sneak."

And when it came to Alison's turn she found, to her surprise and horror, that, instead of saying, "I played with them," she had said, "I would rather not say."

Of course, the mother thought that it was Kenneth who had had the jewels to play with. So when it came to his turn he was not asked the same question as the others, but his aunt said:—

"Kenneth, you are a very naughty little boy to take your Cousin Ethel's jewellery to play with."

"I didn't," said Kenneth.

"Hush, hush!" said the aunt. "Do not make your fault worse by untruthfulness; and what have you done with the amethyst ring?"

Kenneth was just going to say that he had given it back to Alison, when he saw that this would be sneakish. So he said, getting hot to the ears, "You don't suppose I've stolen your beastly ring, do you, auntie?"

"Don't you dare to speak to me like that," the aunt very naturally replied. "No, Kenneth, I do not think you would steal, but the ring is missing, and it must be found."

Kenneth was furious and frightened. He stood looking down and kicking the leg of the chair.

"You had better look for it. You will have plenty of time, because I shall not allow you to go to the picnic with the others. The mere taking of the jewellery was wrong, but if you had owned your fault and asked Ethel's pardon I should have overlooked it. But you have told me an untruth and you have lost the ring. You are a very wicked child, and it will make your dear mother very unhappy when she hears of it. That her boy should be a liar. It is worse than being a thief!"

At this Kenneth's fortitude gave way and he lost his head. "Oh, don't!" he said. "I didn't. I didn't. I didn't. Oh, don't tell mother I'm a thief and a liar! Oh, Aunt Effie, please, *please* don't!" And with that he began to cry.

Any doubts Aunt Effie might have had

were settled by this outbreak. It was now quite plain to her that Kenneth had really intended to keep the ring.

"You will remain in your room till the picnic party has started," the aunt went on, "and then you must find the ring. Remember, I expect it to be found when I return. And I hope you will be in a better frame of mind, and really sorry for having been so wicked."

"Mayn't I see Alison?" was all he found to say.

And the answer was, "Certainly not. I cannot allow you to associate with your cousins. You are not fit to be with honest, truthful children."

So they all went to the picnic and Kenneth was left alone. When they had gone he crept down and wandered furtively through the empty rooms, ashamed to face the servants, and feeling almost as wicked as though he had really done something wrong. He thought about it all, over and over again, and the more he thought the more certain he was that he *had* handed back the ring to Alison last night when the voices of the servants were first heard from the dark lawn.

But what was the use of saying so? No one would believe him, and it would be sneaking, anyhow. Besides, perhaps he *hadn't* handed it back to her; or, rather, perhaps he had handed it and she hadn't taken it. Perhaps it had slipped into the boat. He would go and see.

But he did not find it in the boat, though he turned up the carpet and even took up the boards to look. And then an extremely miserable little boy began to search for an amethyst ring in all sorts of impossible places, indoors and out.

The servants gave him his meals and told him to cheer up. But cheering up and Kenneth were, for the time, strangers. Cook was sorry for Kenneth, and sent him up a very nice dinner and a very nice tea. Roast chicken and gooseberry-pie the dinner was, and for tea there was cake with pink icing on it.

The sun was very low when he went back wearily to have one more look in the boat for that detestable amethyst ring. Of course, it was not there. And the picnic party would be home soon; and he really did not know what his aunt would do to him.

"Shut me up in a dark cupboard, perhaps," he thought, gloomily; "or put me to bed all day to-morrow."

The boat, set in motion by his stepping into it, swung out to the full length of its rope. The sun was shining almost level across the water. It was a very still evening, and the reflections of the trees and of the house were as distinct as the house and the trees themselves. And the water was unusually clear. He could see the gudgeon swimming about, and the sand and pebbles at the bottom of the moat. How clear and quiet it looked down there, and what fun the gudgeon seemed to be having.

"I wish I was a fish," said Kenneth. "Nobody punishes *them* for taking rings they *didn't* take."

And then suddenly he saw the ring itself, lying calm and quiet and round and shining, on the smooth sand at the bottom of the moat.

He reached for the boat-hook and leaned over the edge of the boat trying to get up the ring on the boat-hook's point. Then there was a splash.

"Good gracious! I wonder what that is?" said cook in the kitchen, and dropped the saucepan with the Welsh rabbit in it which she had just made for kitchen supper.

Kenneth had leaned out too far over the edge of the boat; the boat had suddenly decided to go the other way, and Kenneth had fallen into the moat.

The first thing he felt was delicious coolness, the second that his clothes had gone, and the next thing he noticed was that he was swimming quite easily and comfortably under water, and that he had no trouble with his breathing, such as people who tell you not to fall into water seem to expect you to have. Also he could see quite well, which he had never been able to do under water before.

"I can't think," he said to himself, "why people make so much fuss about your falling into the water. I sha'n't be in a hurry to get out. I'll swim right round the moat while I'm about it."

It was a very much longer swim than he expected, and as he swam he noticed one or two things that struck him as rather odd. One was that he couldn't see his hands. And another was that he couldn't feel his feet. And he met some enormous fishes, like great cod or halibut, they seemed. He had had no idea that there were fresh-water fish of that size.

They towered above him more like men-o'-war than fish, and he was rather glad to get past them. There were numbers of smaller fishes, some about his own size, he thought. They seemed to be enjoying themselves extremely, and he admired the clever

quickness with which they darted out of the way of the great hulking fish.

And then suddenly he ran into something hard and very solid, and a voice above him said, crossly :—

"Now, then, who are you a-shoving of? Can't you keep your eyes open, and keep your nose out of gentlemen's shirt-fronts?"

"I beg your pardon," said Kenneth, trying to rub his nose,

"THEN THERE WAS A SPLASH."

and not being able to. "I didn't know people could talk under water," he added, very much astonished to find that talking under water was as easy to him as swimming there.

"Fish can talk under water, of course," said the voice. "If they didn't, they'd never talk at all ; they certainly can't talk *out* of it."

"But I'm not a fish," said Kenneth, and felt himself grin at the absurd idea.

"Yes, you are," said the voice ; "of course you're a fish, a silly little gudgeon" ; and Kenneth, with a shiver of certainty, felt that the voice spoke the truth. He *was* a fish. He must have become a fish at the very moment when he fell into the water. That accounted for his not being able to see his hands or feel his feet. Because, of course, his hands were fins and his feet were a tail.

"Who are you?" he asked the voice, and his own voice trembled.

"I'm the Doyen Carp," said the voice. "You must be a very new fish indeed, or you'd know that. Come up and let's have a look at you."

Kenneth came up and found himself face to face with an enormous fish who had round, staring eyes and a mouth that opened and shut continually. It opened square, like a kit-bag, and it shut with an extremely sour and severe expression, like that of an offended rhinoceros.

"Yes," said the carp, "you are a new gudgeon. Who put you in?"

"I fell in," said Kenneth, "out of the boat ; but I'm not a gudgeon at all, really I'm not. I'm a boy, but I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"Why shouldn't I believe you?" asked the carp, wagging a slow fin. "Nobody tells untruths under water."

And, if you come to think of it, no one ever does.

"Tell me your true story," said the carp, very lazily. And Kenneth told it.

"Ah, these humans!" said the carp, when he had done. "Always in such a hurry to think the worst of everybody." He opened his mouth squarely and shut it contemptuously. "You're jolly lucky, you are. Not one boy in a million turns into a fish, let me tell you."

"Do you mean that I've got to *go on* being a fish?" Kenneth asked.

"Of course you'll go on being a fish as long as you stop in the water. You couldn't live here, you know, if you didn't."

"I might if I was an eel," said Kenneth, and thought himself very clever.

"Well, *be* an eel, then!" said the carp, and swam away, sneering and stately. Kenneth had to swim his hardest to catch up.

"Then, if I get out of the water, shall I be a boy again?" he asked, panting.

"Of course, silly," said the carp; "only you can't get out."

"Oh, can't I?" said Kenneth the fish, whisked his tail, and swam off. He went straight back to the amethyst ring, picked it up in his mouth, and swam into the shallows at the edge of the moat. Then he tried to climb up the slanting mud and on to the grassy bank, but the grass hurt his fins horribly, and when he put his nose out of the water the air stifled him, and he was glad to slip back again. Then he tried to jump out of the water, but he could only jump straight up into the air, so of course he fell straight down again into the water. He began to be afraid, and the thought that perhaps he was doomed to remain for ever a fish was indeed a terrible one. He wanted to cry, but the tears would not come out of his eyes.

The smaller fishes called to him in a friendly, jolly way to come and play with them; they were having a quite exciting game of follow-my-leader among some enormous water-lily stalks that looked like trunks of great trees. But Kenneth had no heart for games just then.

He swam miserably round the moat looking for the old carp, his only acquaintance in this strange wet world. And at last, pushing through a thick tangle of muddy water weeds, he found the great fish.

"Now, then," said the carp, testily, "haven't you any better manners than to come tearing a gentleman's bed-curtains like that?"

"I beg your pardon," said Kenneth fish, "but I know how clever you are. Do please help me."

"What do you want now?" said the carp, and spoke a little less crossly.

"I want to get out. I want to go and be a boy again."

"But you must have said you wanted to be a fish."

"I didn't mean it, if I did."

"You shouldn't say what you don't mean."

"I'll try not to again," said Kenneth, humbly; "but how can I get out?"

"There's only one way," said the carp, rolling his vast body over in his watery bed, "and a jolly unpleasant way it is. Far better stay here and be a good little fish. On the honour of a gentleman, that's the best thing you can do."

"I want to get out," said Kenneth again.

"Well, then, the only way is—— You know we always teach the young fish to look out for hooks, so that they may avoid them. *You* must look out for a hook and *take it.* Let them catch you—on a hook."

The carp shuddered, and went on, solemnly:—

"Have you strength? Have you patience? Have you high courage and determination? You will want them all. Have you all these?"

"I don't know what I've got," said poor Kenneth, "except that I've got a tail and fins that I don't want; and I don't know a hook when I see it. Won't you come with me? Oh, dear Mr. Doyen Carp, *do* come and show me a hook!"

"It will hurt you," said the carp, "very much indeed. You take a gentleman's word for it."

"I know," said Kenneth. "You needn't rub it in."

The carp rolled heavily out of his bed.

"Come on, then," he said. "I don't admire your taste, but if you *want* a hook—well, the gardener's boy is fishing in the cool of the evening. Come on."

He led the way with a steady, stately movement.

"I want to take the ring with me," said Kenneth, "but I can't get hold of it. Do you think you could put it on to my fin with your snout?"

"My what?" shouted the old carp, indignantly, and stopped dead.

"Your nose, I meant," said Kenneth. "Oh, please don't be angry! It would be so kind of you if you would. Shove the ring on, I mean."

"That will hurt, too," said the carp, and Kenneth thought he seemed not altogether sorry that it should.

It did hurt, very much indeed. The ring was hard and heavy, and somehow Kenneth's fin would not fold up small enough for the ring to slip over it, and the carp's big mouth was rather clumsy at the work; but at last it was done. And then they set out in search of a hook, for Kenneth to be caught with.

"I wish we could find one—I wish we could!" Kenneth fish kept saying.

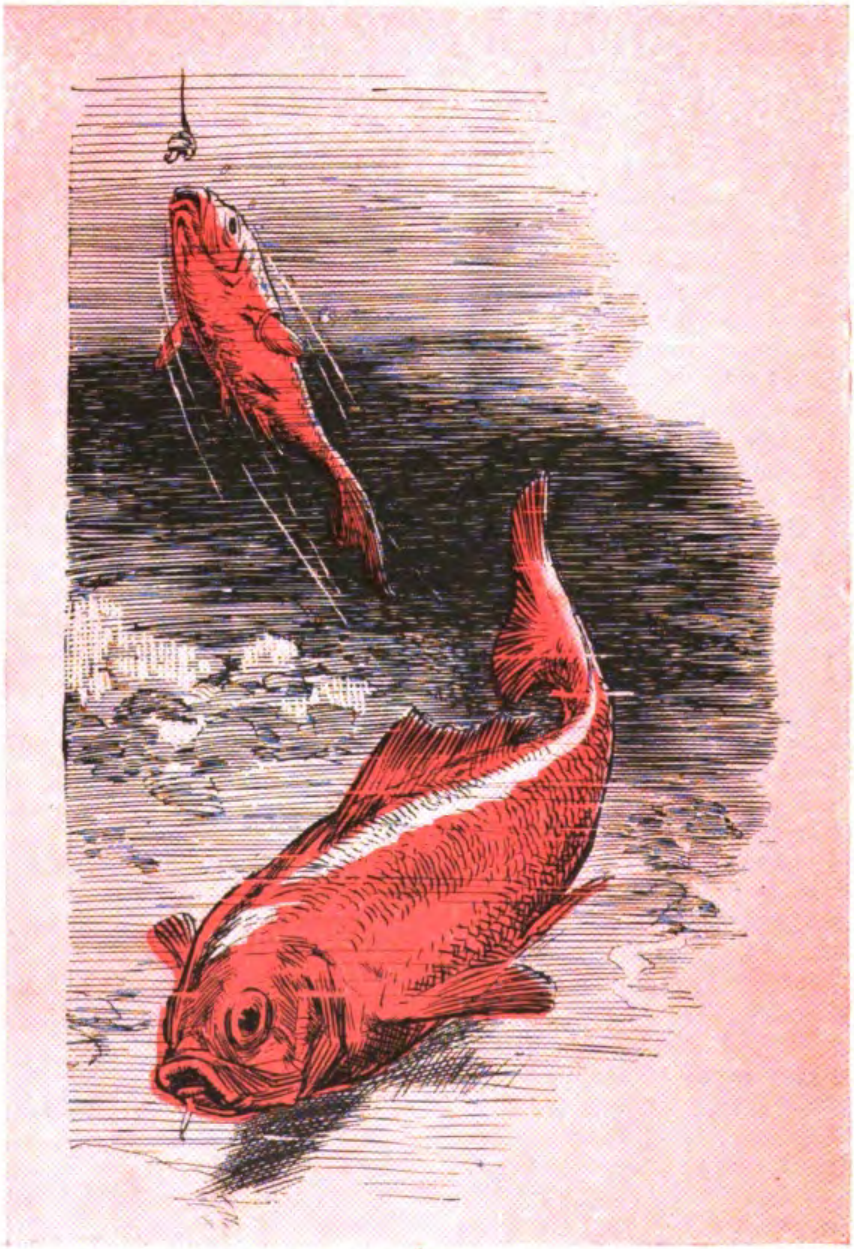
"You're just looking for trouble," said the carp. "Well, here you are!"

Above them in the clear water hung a delicious-looking worm. Kenneth boy did not like worms any better than you do, but to Kenneth fish that worm looked most tempting and delightful.

"Just wait a sec," he said, "till I get that worm."

"If you once begin to think about a hook you never take it," said the carp.

"*Never?*" said Kenneth; "then . . . Oh, good-bye!" he cried, desperately, and snapped at the worm. A sharp pain ran through his head and he felt himself drawn up into the air—that stifling, choking, husky,



"'OH, GOOD-BYE!' HE CRIED, DESPERATELY, AND SNAPPED AT THE WORM."

"You little silly," said the carp; "*that's the hook.* Take it."

"Wait a sec," said Kenneth again.

His courage was beginning to ooze out of his fin tips, and a shiver ran down him from gills to tail.

thick stuff in which fish cannot breathe. And as he swung in the air the dreadful thought came to him, "Suppose I don't turn into a boy again? Suppose I keep being a fish?" And then he wished he hadn't taken the hook. But it was too late to wish that.

Everything grew quite dark, only inside his head there seemed to be a light. There was a wild, rushing, buzzing noise, then something in his head seemed to break and he knew no more.

When, presently, he knew things again, he was lying on something hard. Was he Kenneth fish lying on a stone at the bottom of the moat, or Kenneth boy lying somewhere out of the water? His breathing was all right, so he wasn't a fish out of water or a boy under it.

"He's coming to," said a voice. The carp's he thought it was. But next moment he knew it to be the voice of his aunt, and he moved his hand and felt grass in it. He opened his eyes and saw above him the soft grey of the evening sky with a star or two.

"Here's the ring, aunt," he said.

The cook had heard a splash and had run out just as the picnic party arrived at the front door. They had all rushed to the moat, and the uncle had pulled Kenneth out with the boat-hook. He had not been in the water more than three minutes, they said. But Kenneth knew better.

They carried him in—very wet he was—and laid him on the breakfast-room sofa, where the aunt, with hurried thoughtfulness, had spread out the uncle's mackintosh.

"Get some rough towels, Jane," said the aunt. "Make haste, do."

"I got the ring," said Kenneth.

"Never mind about the ring, dear," said the aunt, taking his boots off.

"But you said I was a thief and a liar," Kenneth said, feebly, "and it was in the moat all the time."

"*Mother!*" It was Alison who shrieked. "You didn't say that to him?"

"Of course I didn't," said the aunt, impatiently. She thought she hadn't, but then Kenneth thought she had.

"It was *me* took the ring," said Alison, firmly and miserably, "and I dropped it. I didn't say I hadn't. I only said I'd rather not say. Oh, mother, poor Kenneth!"

The aunt, without a word, carried Kenneth up to the bath-room and turned on the hot-water tap. The uncle and Ethel followed.

"Why didn't you own up, you sneak?" said Conrad to his sister, with withering scorn.

"Sneak!" echoed the stout George.

"I meant to. I was only getting steam up," sobbed Alison. "I didn't know. Mother only told us she wasn't pleased with Ken, and so he wasn't to go to the picnic. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Sneak!" said her brothers in chorus, and left her to her tears of shame and remorse.

It was Kenneth who next day begged everyone to forgive and forget. And as it was *his* day—rather like a birthday, you know—when no one could refuse him anything, all agreed that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion. Everyone was tremendously kind, the aunt more so than anyone. But Alison's eyes were still red when in the afternoon they all went fishing once more. And before Kenneth's hook had been two minutes in the water there was a bite—a very big fish. The uncle had to be called from his study to land it.

"Here's a magnificent fellow," said the uncle. "Not an ounce less than three pounds, Ken. I'll have it stuffed for you."

And he held out the fish, and Kenneth found himself face to face with the Doyen Carp. There was no mistaking that mouth that opened like a kit-bag and shut in a sneer like a rhinoceros's. Its eye was most reproachful.

"Oh, no!" cried Kenneth; "you helped me back and I'll help you back," and he caught the carp from the hands of the uncle and flung it out into the moat.

"Your head's not quite right yet, my boy," said the uncle, kindly; "hadn't you better go in and lie down a bit?"

But Alison understood. For Kenneth had told her the whole story. He had told her that morning before breakfast while she was still in deep disgrace; to cheer her up, he said. And, most disappointingly, it made her cry more than ever.

"Your poor little fins," she had said; "and having your feet tied up in your tail. And it was all my fault!"

"I liked it," Kenneth had said, with earnest politeness; "it was a most awful lark." And he quite meant what he said. Things do look so different afterwards, don't they? Especially adventures.