

Whence Timothy? Ray Bradbury

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"And me, Grandmere?" said Timothy. "Did I come in through the High Attic window?"

"You did not come, child, but were found. Left at the door in a basket with Shakespeare for footprop and Poe's Usher as pillow. With a note pinned to your blouse: HISTORIAN. You were sent, child, to write us up, list us in lists, register our flights from the sun, our love of the moon. But the House, in a way, did call and your small fists hungered to write."

"What, Grandmere, what?"

The ancient mouth lisped and murmured and murmured and lisped ...

"To start with, the House itself ... "

The End