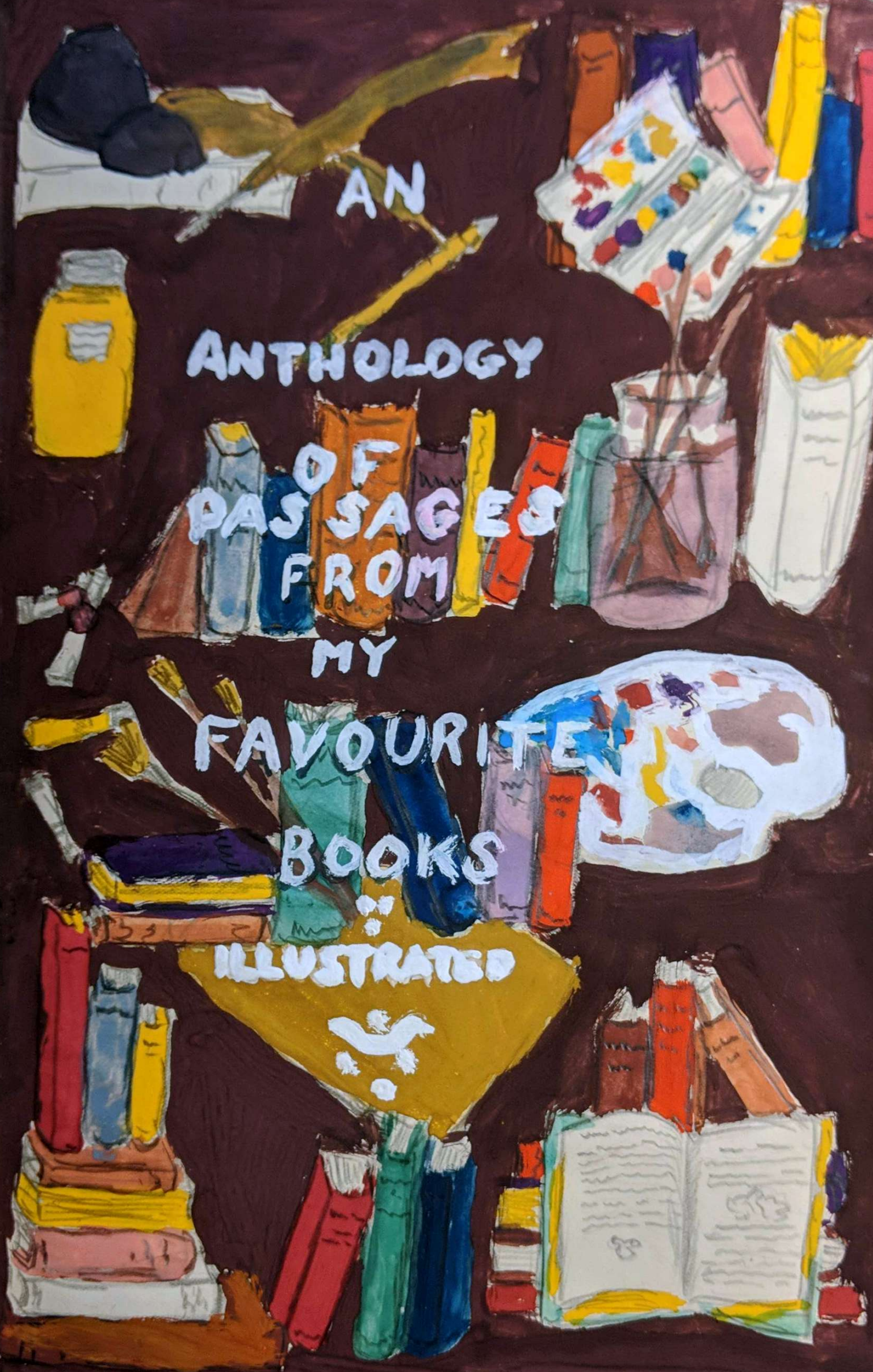


AN
ANTHOLOGY
OF
ILLUSTRATED

PASSAGES
FROM
MY
FAVOURATE
BOOKS

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Out on the Safaris, I had seen a herd of Buffalo, one hundred and twenty nine of them, come out of the morning mist under a copper sky, one by one, as if the dark and massive, ironlike animals with the mighty, horizontally swung horns were not approaching, but were being created before my eyes and sent out as they were finished.

Karen Blixen

"Out of Africa"



Sometimes the coffee would be dry, and ready to take out of the dryer, in the middle of the night. That was a picturesque moment, with many hurricane lamps in the huge dark room of the factory, that was hung everywhere with cobwebs and coffee husks, and with eager glowing dark faces, in the light of the lamps, round the dryer.

Karen Blixen

"Out of Africa."



He was a singular figure to have on a highland farm: so much a creature of the Sea that it was as if we had had an old clipped albatross with us. He was all broken by the hardships of life, and by disease and drink, bent and crooked, with the curious colouring of red haired people gone white, as if he had in reality strewn ashes upon his head, or as if he was marked by his own element and had been salted. But there was an unquenchable flame in him which no ashes could cover. He came of Danish fisherman stock and had been a sailor, and later one of the very early pioneers of Africa, — whatever wind it was that blew him there.

Karen Blixen

"Out of Africa,"



While he talked, my houseboys had come out, very silent; they went in again, and brought out a hurricane lamp. We got out dressing and disinfectant. It would be a waste of time to try to start the car, and we ran as quick as we could through the forest down to Belknaps house. The swinging hurricane lamp threw our shadows from the one side of the narrow road to the other.

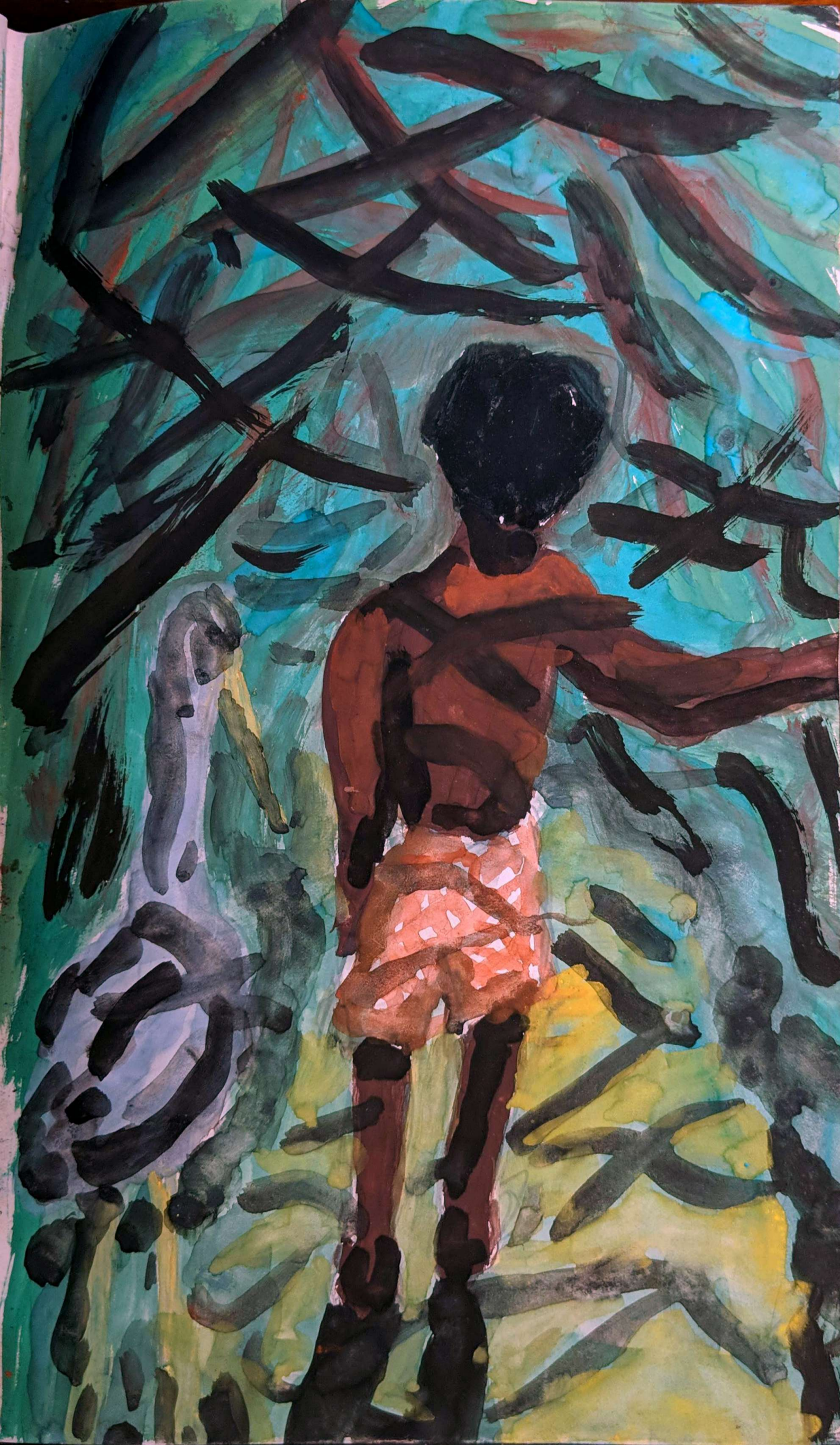
Karen Bliseen

"Out of Africa."



For some time I had in the house a stork with a broken wing. He was a decided character, he walked through the rooms and when he came into my bedroom he fought tremendous duels, as with the rapier, with swaggering and flapping of wings with his image in my looking glass. He followed Kamante about between the houses, and it was impossible not to believe that he was deliberately imitating Kamante's stiff measured walk. Their legs were about the same thickness. The little Native boys had an eye for caricature and shouted with joy when they saw the pair pass. Kamante understood the joke, but he never paid much attention to what other people thought of him. He sent off the little boys to collect frogs for the stork in the bogs.

Karen Blixen
"Out of Africa"



The factory, you felt, hung in the
great African night like a bright
jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

Karen Bliseen

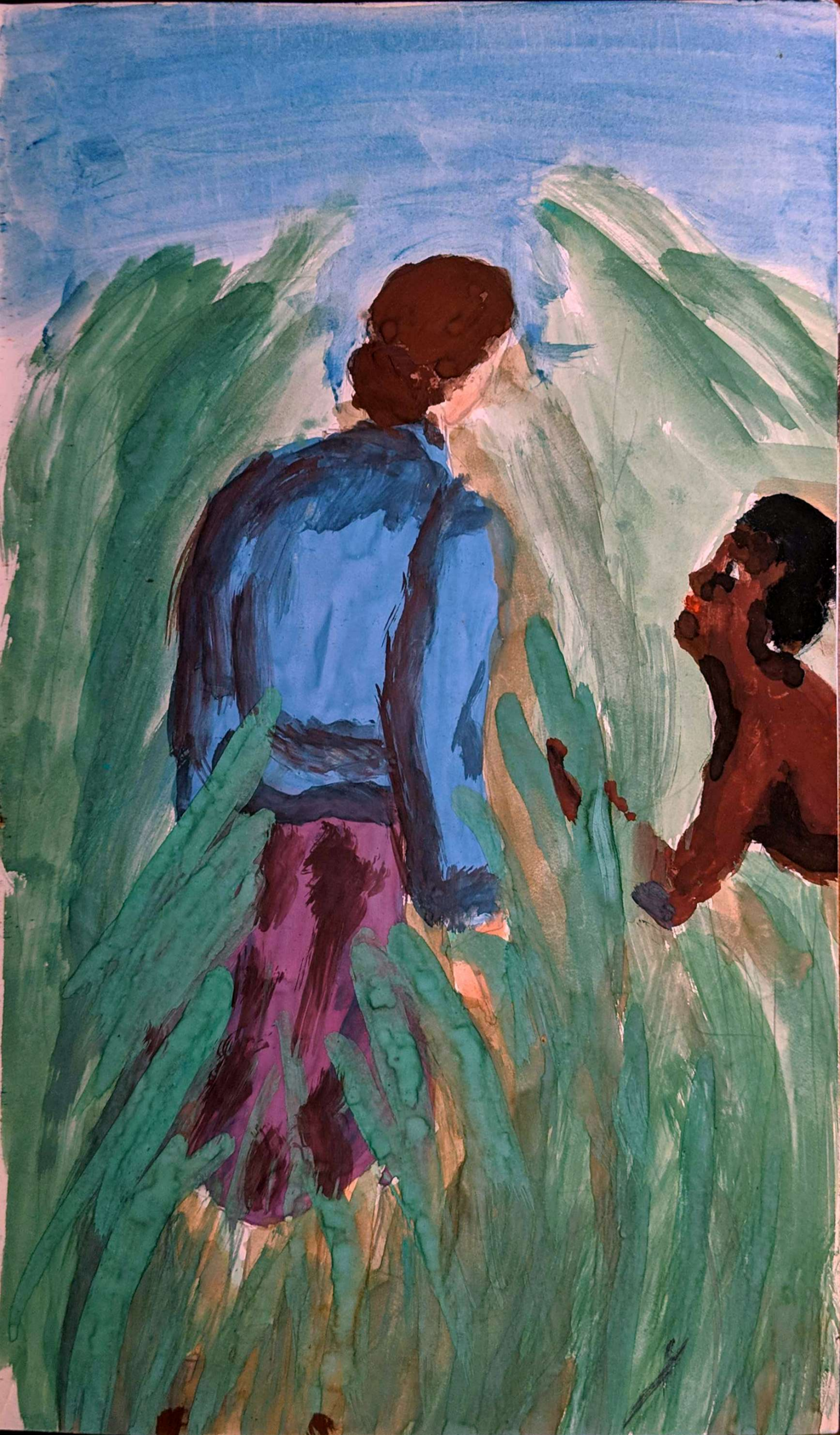
"Out of Africa."



The little herd-boys on the farm, who had never in their lives known of a time when I had not been living in the house, on the other hand had a great deal of excitement and tension of suspense out of the idea that I was going away. It may have been to them difficult, and daring, to imagine the world without me in it, as if Providence had been known to be abdicating. They rose to the surface of the long grass when I was passing and cried out to me: 'When are you going away, Msabu? Msabu, in how many days are you going away?'

Karen Bliseen

"Out of Africa."



After I had left Africa, Gustav Mohr wrote to me of a strange thing that had happened by Denys's grave, the like of which I have never heard. 'The Masai', he wrote, 'have reported to the District Commissioner at Ngong, that many times, at sunrise and sunset, they have seen lions on Finch-Hatton's grave in the Hills. A lion and a lioness have come there, and stood or lain, on the grave for a long time. Some of the Indians who have passed the place in their lorries on the way to Kajado have also seen them.....'

It was fit and decorous that the lions should come to Denys's grave and make him an African monument. And renowned be thy grave Lord Nelson himself, ^{have} reflected, in Trafalgar Square, has his lions made only out of stone.

Karen Blixen

"Out of Africa"



Then they went on, louder and more boldly: 'Has Bedâr shot the lions? Both two?' When they found that it was so, they were at once all over the place, like a swarm of small spring hares of the night, jumping up and down. They, then and there, made a song about the event; it ran as follows: 'Three shots. Two lions. Three shots, Two lions.' They embroidered and embellished it as they sang it, one clear voice falling in after the other: 'Three good shots, two big strong bad Kali lions.' And then they all joined into an improvised chorus: 'A. B. C. D.' - because they came straight from ^{the} school, and had their heads filled with wisdom.

Karen Bliszen

'Out of Africa.'



Only one rookery of Emperor penguins had been found at this date, and this was on the sea ice inside a little bay of the Barrier edge at Cape Crozier, which was guarded by miles of some of the biggest pressure in the Antarctic. Chick had been found in September, and Wilson reckoned that the eggs must be laid in the beginning of July. And so we started just after midwinter on the weirdest birds-nesting expedition that has ever been or ever will be -----

And so when we tried to start on July 30th we found we could not move both sledges together. There was nothing for it but to take one on at a time and come back for the other. This has often been done in daylight when the only risks run are those of blizzards. Now in darkness it was more complicated. - Apsley Cherry-Barrard



Somehow in judging Polar life you must discount compulsory endurance; and find out what a man can shirk, remembering always that it is a sledging life that is the hardest test. . . . It does not really matter much whether your man who works lies in or round the hut shirks a bit or not, just as it does not matter much in civilization; it is just rather a waste of opportunity. But there's precious little shirkup in Barrier sledging: a week finds most of us out.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

"The Worst Journey in the World"



There was a morning sometime in the middle of the winter when we awoke to one of our usual tearing blizzards. We had had some days of calm, and the ice had frozen sufficiently for the fish trap to be lowered again. But that it would not stand much of this wind was obvious, and after breakfast Atkinson stuck out his ^{jaw} ~~thumb~~ and said he was not going to lose another trap for any dashed blizzard. He and Keohane sallied forth on to the ice, lost to our sight immediately in the darkness and drift. They got it but arrived on the cape in quite a different place, and we were glad to see them back. Soon afterwards the ice blew out.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

"The Worst Journey in the World"



I do not think we quite realized - not
for ^{very} long - but someone reached up
to a projection of snow, and brus-
hed it away. The green flap of the
ventilator of the tent appeared,
and we knew that the door was
below.

Two of us entered, through the funnel
of the outer tent, and through the
bamboos on which was stretched
the lining of the inner tent. There
was some snow - not much - between
the two linings. But inside we could
see nothing - the snow had drifted
out the light. There was nothing
to do but dig the tent out. Soon
we could see the outlines. There
were three men here.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

"The Worst Journey in the World"



We have found them - to say it has been a ghastly day cannot express it - it is too bad for words - - - -

Their story I am not going to try and put down - They got to this point on March 21, and on the 29th all was over.

Nor will I try and put down what there was in that tent. Scott lay in the centre - Bill on his left, with his head towards the door, and Birdie on his right, lying with his feet towards the door.

Bill especially had died very quietly with his hands folded over his chest. Birdie also quietly - - - - Scott's left hand was stretched over Wilson, his lifelong friend.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

"The Worst Journey in the World."



Before the ship arrived it was decided among us to urge the erection of a cross on Observation Hill to the memory of the Polar Party. On the arrival of the ship the carpenter immediately set to work to make a great cross of jarrak wood Observation Hill was clearly the place for it, it knew them all so well. Three of them were Discovery men who lived three years under its shadow: they had seen it time after time as they came back from hard journeys on the Barrier: Observation Hill and Castle Rock where the two which always welcomed them in. It commanded McMurdo Sound on one side, where they had lived: and the Barrier on the other, where they had died. No more fitting pedestal, a pedestal which in itself is nearly 1000 feet high could have been found.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

"The Worst Journey in the World."



The light which Atkinson had seen
was a flare of tow soaked in pet-
rol lit by Day at Cape Evans. He cor-
rected his course and before long
was under the rock upon which Day
could be seen working like some hu-
man devil in one of Dante's hells.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard

The Worst Journey in the World