Billy

Some of Us Are Married/Dance-Mad Billy

Us Are Married by Mary Stewart Cutting Dance-Mad Billy 3595916Some of Us Are Married — Dance-Mad BillyMary Stewart Cutting MR. WILLIAM STERLING was pacing

The Three Billy-Goats Gruff

The Three Billy-Goats Gruff by Peter Christen Asbjørnsen 2662471The Three Billy-Goats GruffPeter Christen Asbjørnsen Versions of The Three Billy-Goats Gruff

"De tre bukkene Bruse som skulde til seters og gjøre sig fete" in Eventyr, 1928.

"The Three Billy-Goats Gruff", G. W. Dasent (transl.) Popular Tales from the Norse. 1912.

"The Three Billy Goats Gruff" G. W. Dasent (transl.); Kay Nielsen (illustr.) East of the sun and west of the moon; old tales from the North. 1922.

"The Three Billy Goats who went up into the Hills to get Fat" in Christmas Fireside Stories: Norwegian Folk & Fairy Tales, 1923.

Billy Dip

Versions of Billy Dip the Dyer Anonymous 4181437Billy Dip the DyerAnonymous Versions of Billy Dip the Dyer include: "Billy Dip" in Theatrical speaker (1840)

"Billy Dip" in Theatrical speaker (1840)

"Billy Dip" in The Reciter (1840s)

"Billy Dip" in Spouter's companion (1840s)

A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes/My Boy Billy

Boy Billy 177786A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes — My Boy Billy1895Sabine Baring-Gould ?XXV. MY BOY BILLY. 'Where hast thou been to-day, Billy, my

Harper's Magazine/Billy Boy

Billy Boy (1916) by Jennette Lee 4410676Billy Boy1916Jennette Lee Billy Boy BY JENNETTE LEE The clearing at the edge of the wood was filled with tall

The clearing at the edge of the wood was filled with tall, dry grass that shone gray in the sun; the bushes scattered here and there had occasional gleams of red or yellow, brilliant among the green; and the clump of sumachs, that had lost their leaves, except stray ones, showed transparent silver twigs against the hemlocks. The clearing had once been the center of an estate; but only a grassy road that disappeared into the forest showed by its turnings where buildings had once stood, and a curve to the left revealed a broken gateway toward the town.

A woman seated in the clearing on a bit of fallen timber was writing on a pad on her knee. Every now and then her eyes left the pad and rested absently on the sunshine that filled the clearing; the eyes were dark, with a look that touched them as the sun touched the edge of the forest where the road went—and revealed

nothing. The air was so still that sounds from the distant town came faintly—a trolley burring on its rails, or the sharp sound of metal striking on metal; then there was a sharper sound, a quick "ping," and the woman lifted her head, glancing toward the forest; but its quiet revealed only the great trees that crossed and interlaced their branches, and the sunshine falling through them and flecking the road.

Her eyes rested on the sunlight dreamily—and there came again the sharp "ping." She shivered a little and drew her cloak about her and went on writing on the pad on her knee: "I woke this morning to a prison—not only of spirit, but of mind and body. I have come into a close, dark place and there is no way out. I am shut off from life, and from myself—and from every one. If I could not write these words I should suffocate; there is no one to whom I can speak, or who will listen. I am alone! I think—"

What she thought she did not put down, for there was a sound behind her in the clearing—a faint touch on dry grass, and cautious, whispered words and clumsy feet stealing upon her.

She waited till they came close before she lifted her head. Then she spoke over her shoulder, not looking behind her: "I am glad you have not a gun. I have been hearing some one shooting off there—and I was terribly afraid I might get shot."

They circled about her slowly and came in range of her half-smiling gaze—two unkempt boys, eight and ten, it might be. They surveyed her with eager, curious eyes and stood half poised, ready for flight.

She returned the gaze frankly.

Slowly the tension relaxed. The older boy withdrew his hands from his pockets—unfolding as they came—and waved the right one toward the woods and the curving road.

"These are Baxter's woods," he said, reassuringly; "the' ain't anybody let to shoot in these woods."

"Baxter'd get after anybody that was shootin' here!" broke in the other, quickly.

"Yes, sir, he would!"—even more reassuringly from the first. They shifted from foot to foot and regarded her.

She took it quietly, with a little smile. "I am glad of that; I should hate to have my head shot right off, sitting here."

"The' won't anybody hurt you here," said the older one. He spoke protectingly, and he was looking at her with large, kind gaze.

It was evident that they had not expected to find a middle-aged woman sitting in the midst of the old clearing; and the pad on her knee and the writing on it had to be reckoned with. But every one has a right to be held innocent until he is proved guilty. They surveyed the writing, and drew nearer.

Her eyes regarded them idly. "How does it happen that you are not in school?" she asked.

They stopped. "It's Columbus Day!" They moved forward together.

"What is that—Columbus Day?"

They tumbled over each other to get in the words: "Columbus he was a man, and he—" "America was discovered in 14—"

The other cast a withering look at him. "Fred, will you keep still and let me tell this!"

Fred stopped. He had red hair, and a quick mouth that kept opening and shutting in time to the words that followed. But he withdrew in favor of Billy's eloquence. "Go ahead," he said, sullenly. His heel dug a hole in the ground.

And Billy went gloriously on: "Columbus he was a man, and he sailed—and sailed—till he come to a new world, and he called it America, and so we have a holiday. It was hundreds—"

"1492," said Fred, glibly.

But Billy's look withered him—"hundreds of years ago," he finished up.

The woman's gaze was full of interest. "That's fine!—to have a holiday just because a man sailed—and sailed! What are you going to do with it?"

They looked at each other questioningly, and then behind them at the dark wood.

"We got a camp," said Billy, indifferently.

"It's a dandy camp!" broke in Fred. "The's a big tree, you know—"

Billy pushed him aside. "It's holler—oh, it's awful big"—he looked about him—"bigger'n any tree," he said, reflectively. "An' we got inside it—"

"You can't both get in!"

"Yes, sir!" quickly, from both. They came nearer.

"It's held four of us," said Billy, without reserve.

She looked her surprise.

"And we have put a chair in it, too. We could get it in—but we couldn't turn it around," regretfully but truthfully.

There had been other camps, it seemed, in these woods. One they had—oh, it was a fine one!—and some other boys came and put up a door—and wrote things all over it.... Billy's eye lifted a minute, as if hoping she would not understand—and hoping she would.

"And when we come and found it, we tore it down, me and Fred—! And then they came back and tore it, and then we tore it some more—and it was all gone." It was a thoroughly demolished camp before they were done with it. And as Billy talked, they drew nearer to this strange woman who seemed to understand. "Like enough we'll find some boys over there now." He glanced toward the dark woods. "It's a dandy camp, this one!" He sat down on a rock near by, his hands clasped about his knees and his back carefully turned to the woman.

Fred looked at the back with sudden suspicion, and then at the woman. "Oh, come on, Billy! What's the use staying here all day?" He fidgeted a little on his way toward the wood. But Billy's back was imperturbable.

"I'm goin' to stay here; I ain't in any hurry."

"There isn't anything to do here!"

"Well, I like it, and I'm goin' to stay." Billy surveyed the woods before him with kindly, impersonal gaze.

Fred's mouth opened and shut.

"What have you in your pocket that sticks out so?" asked the woman. She was looking at Fred's pocket that bulged alarmingly.

His hand made a dive. "Horse-chestnuts."

Billy leaped to his feet. "I got a string six feet long!"

The woman weighed it with a half-quizzical smile. "That isn't a snake story, is it?"

"No, sir! It isn't a snake story." He came nearer to her.... Anyway, he had counted up as high as a hundred and twenty inches.

"Why, let me see—how many inches make a foot?"

"Twelve," helpfully, from Fred.

"And that goes in a hundred and twenty ten times—ten feet! That's even longer than you said." She looked at him reflectively. "It might be; it wouldn't take more than a hundred and twenty chestnuts— They're an inch wide, aren't they?"

"Not more'n half an inch—" Fred produced a handful from his pocket.

The woman reached out a hand. "How beautiful it is!" she said, softly.

They leaned forward, their eyes fairly shining. "Do you want some more?"

"But what could I do with horse-chestnuts? I have no pockets."

"But you have a bag," from Billy, eagerly. "You're sitting on it!"

"So I have—" And while she said it, consideringly, they were filling her lap—a kind of shamefaced competition in their gestures. She ran her fingers slowly over the brown surfaces.

Fred reached down half shyly and took one back, putting in its place a delightfully tiny one. "That's the littlest one I've got," he said. "You may have it!"

Billy's eye was on it grudgingly. "I had a little one once—no bigger'n a button!"

But he hadn't it now, or he would lay it in her lap. That was certain. He would give her anything he had.

Fred watched him distrustfully. "Oh, come on to the camp!"

"I like it well enough here. The' ain't any hurry," said Billy.

The woman's eyes swept the hemlock woods. "Aren't you ever afraid in the woods?"

No, they were never afraid. Why, they had been through these woods as late as eight o'clock at night—pitch dark!... And the way the woods were in winter—she ought to see 'em!

But Fred had drawings toward the camp—and, besides, he had never seen Billy like this; there was some kind of baleful influence at work on him. It was safer to go—and at last he had him started—with a parting request from the woman that if they saw the man who was shooting over there, they would tell him it was against the law.

She took up her pad and read thoughtfully what she had written, and tried to regain the thread. But before she could gather it up the two figures reappeared—Billy far ahead and breathless; Fred a little reluctant.... The

woman, too, was reluctant; there were things she wanted to say to her pad—if only she could gather them out of the darkness that seemed closing about her.

But Billy was a person who knew when he had found what he wanted. He sat down on his rock, with his back to her, and surveyed the wood.

She looked at the back and smiled a little. She had been wooed many times and in many ways, but never more valiantly than by Billy's back....

She considered subjects, and decided on "War." Would they like to have it all stop? People were talking about having war everywhere stopped; and probably about the time they got to be men it would be decided. It would depend a great deal on how boys like them felt about it.

Well—they'd "like it stopped."

"Don't you like to fight?" "Oh, no!" "But you do fight?" "Yes, you have to fight." "But why?" "Oh, you just have to!" "But you don't like it?" "No." "Nor to see other boys?" Assuredly not.

There was some kind of mysterious prompting, it seemed, that urged one on to fight; and if you were a boy—a real boy—you had to do it; but you didn't like it.... It was strange that any one should not know such a simple thing as that; but since she did not know it, and was obviously interested, they would gladly tell her more if they could—only there was nothing to tell. You just "had to." This afternoon they were going to climb one of the tall trees, the tallest one they could find, to watch the airship go up from Bayside. But Fred was keeping a watchful eye on Billy. It was time they were off.

The woman, with a faint smile, watched the movements of his mind—and his legs! She suggested that they skirt the camp of the enemy, who had sent them scurrying back, and play the enemy were Indians.

Fred's eye was grateful and eager.

Billy surveyed the plan and decided against it. He was contented where he was.

The situation grew serious from now on—almost epic in its detail and human quality. Here was Billy, the all-powerful, the callous, the companionable, refusing to budge. Here was an unknown female who apparently had something to do with this uncanny conduct of Billy's; and here was Fred, irritated, watchful, uncomprehending, driven by an awful force that he himself did not understand, to "act up."

He circled the rock and came close behind the mysterious woman and blew a shrill shriek between his two fingers. Over her head, as he did it, he could see Billy's back.

Billy had not turned his head, but he spoke in the tone of one to be obeyed. "Fred, you quit that."

Fred gave another ear-splitting yell, the yell of defiant comradeship gone wrong.

And Billy, very mildly, "Fred, you quit that, or I'll fix you."

Fred quit. His hand found a horse-chestnut, and he squared off to throw it high in the air. Then he circled in front of the woman and threw another, with proud, lofty swing—and then another; they rose and skimmed along the topmost leaves of the trees.

Billy's eye followed them with careless gaze and the shrugging remark that he couldn't throw 'cause he'd hurt his arm. Whereupon presently he rose, and, picking up a stone, sent it whizzing over the top of the tallest tree.

The woman turned to watch; and Billy sent a horse-chestnut flying over the same track.

"I'll bet I can find that one!" exclaimed Fred, and was off on a run.

The woman looked at Billy. "That was not bad—for a lame arm," she said.

"'Twa'n't nothin'," responded Billy.

He came over to her rock and sat down on the edge of it—still with his back carefully turned to her—and they fell to talking of many things. They were so absorbed that when Fred returned, proudly holding out the chestnut, the woman only looked up casually, with laughing eyes, and said, "You didn't really find it, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did! Here, I'll mark one, and he can throw it, and then you'll see!" He set his teeth savagely into a tough shell and bit a piece and spat it out. "Now!" He handed it to Billy. "Throw it!"

It was almost a menace, and Billy threw it with a careless swinging shrug of his thin shoulders. But it did not mount over the tree this time; it deflected from a branch to the ground, and the search for it was long. Billy and the woman returned to their talk—he sitting well on the edge of the rock and tossing the words back over his shoulder to her, as she listened with gentle glance.

Fred, searching among the underbrush for the lost chestnut, lifted a lowering head to gaze at them from time to time. They had forgotten him. Billy had gone back on him! He lifted his head with a shrill yell; it called out echoes from the camping boys in the woods, but no response from Billy and the woman on the rock.

He abandoned the search and hurried over. "Come on, Billy," he urged.

The woman glanced at Billy's indifferent back and gave a little laugh. "You'll have to lasso him," she suggested.

"He couldn't do nothin'," said Billy, quietly.

"I couldn't, couldn't I?" Fred fairly danced.

"No, you couldn't; I'd just wind it once around a tree and then you couldn't budge it."

Fred stuttered his retort. "I'd run around the tree—the other way 'round—and then I'd yank you!"

Billy, imperturbable, "You couldn't do nothin'!"

Fred approached the rock, breathing hard. He made a swift dart and was seated between them. It was a last heroic act—for the sake of Billy's soul.

Billy, unmoved, bent to pick up a bit of stone. Fred snatched at it—and the next moment they were on the ground by the rock, Fred underneath and very red in the face. Billy rose slowly and released him. Then, before the eye could follow, they had moved a little to one side and stood glaring at each other; there were broken words and retorts, and feints of sparring, a quick thrust or two—and Fred had started for home.

The woman looked after him, bewildered.

Billy looked after him, smoldering.

The woman turned her head a little. "Oh, Fred!" she called, "come back! You call him!" she said, swiftly.

And Billy called. But it was only a feeble, half-hearted attempt. He shook his head. "He won't come for me," he muttered. He's mad at me!"

They returned to the rock and resumed their talk. "Let him go," said the woman. But every now and then he bubbled up to the surface of Billy's thought and broke through.

"It'll be a week now, maybe more, before him and me get over that—"

"What will you do?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, I'll have to make up, somehow."

"Yes— How will you do it?"

"I dunno." He surveyed the woods. "I'll give him something, like enough."

"What do you suppose you'll give him?" She turned the knife gently in the wound.

"Oh, I dunno; 'most anything. Maybe I'll just holler out to him, or something like that."

"I suppose you don't often have fights?" she suggested.

"We're always havin' 'em," said Billy, gloomily. Then he added, balefully, "He's hidin' over there in the woods, maybe."

But these are only interjections that rise to the surface to be cast off. The main subject is the exploration of Billy's soul and of the woman's soul. It is surprising how many things they have in common now that Fred is out of the way and they can talk in peace. Snakes come up, and water-rats, and a black-and-yellow caterpillar that Billy sees and darts down to get and that curls into a round ball in Billy's dirty hand.

"You see—he's afraid," said the woman. "He doesn't know what's going to happen to him."

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' to him."

"No—but he doesn't know that yet."

The caterpillar, discarded, drops down in front of them, and after a while begins his journey again. Billy darts down to him, and this time the caterpillar does not curl up, but travels slowly across his hand.

"You see," said the woman, "he's not afraid this time; he knows you didn't hurt him before."

Snakes come up again. Billy had seen one once when he and some other boys were going up to Great Hill. "You ever been to Great Hill?" he turned to her. It was as if he said, "You ever been to Egypt?"

No, she had never been to Great Hill.

"Well, me and some other boys were goin' up there one day and we see a snake in the road that was cut right in two—"

The woman remarks casually that it seems too bad that animals have to suffer; if people suffer, it makes them brave—but animals seem different.

Billy, almost shyly, "Seems 's if they ought to chloroform them."

Then followed the story of their kitten that had fits; and it was one day when mother was cleaning the parlor, and she had the rug rolled up out on the piazza; and this kitten had one—a fit, you know—and ran right into the rug; and mother said to Mrs. Bell—she was there—she said, "You take that shawl and I'll shake out the rug." And she did, and they threw the shawl over it; and then mother sent for ten cents' worth of chloroform,

to the drug-store, and she had a tub of water all ready—and so they done it."

"A tub of water!" said the woman, perplexed.

"Yes, she had it ready."

The woman does not interrupt again, though the mystery of the tub remains in her face. "So they chloroformed the kitten?" she suggested.

Billy sighed. "That's all I know. I was to school when it happened. When I come home it was all over." He had been allowed to dig it up after a time, it seemed—"much as a year after, maybe," but the sides and bottom of the box were all that was left, "not a single bone of that kitten!" he said, dramatically.

"That seems strange!"

"It had evaporated, you know," he explained kindly.

"But still it does seem strange, doesn't it?"

"It was more'n a year after, I guess, that I did the diggin'. It had all evaporated, you see."

So they let it go at that. The snake that had been cut in two recurred. "We put stones on him—both parts of him, so's he shouldn't—suffer," gulping a little shamefacedly at the word.

"Wasn't he dead?" The woman sat up.

"No"—very matter-of-course from Billy. "So we covered him with stones—both parts of him; and when we come back—maybe it was two hours later—he was just through. We took the stones off, and his tail give one last yank—and that was all."

They were silent a minute, contemplating the snake.

"Him and me has been friends an awful long time," said Billy; "oh, as much as four years, I should think."

"It's old friends, like that, that we care a great deal for," said the woman, quietly.

"Yes"—a sigh. "Oh, we shall make it up somehow. He won't speak to me— You see!" A few minutes of silence.

The woman seemed considering the subject. "Well—you know he didn't really want to stay, anyway."

"He stays—when anything's goin' on. I'll say, 'Come on,' and he'll say, ' Just a minute; wait just a minute while I see this.' He's always doin' it!"

"Yes, he's the kind of boy that likes to be where things are going on; I could see that."

Fred drifts out of the way as allusively as he came in, and the woman is telling him how she first came to find the woods.

"I was out walking alone," she said, a little wistfully. "I have been ill a long time and I was lonely."

Billy gazes stoically at the trees in front of them. His back is not turned to her now.

"I was lonely and I longed to be in the woods; but I did not know there were woods near—I thought it was all town." She motioned to the gateway behind them. "And then I made a beeline—straight for this; and you were here!"

"Yes," said Billy. He turned to her, his face lighting up—as if something had touched a spring that opened a secret place. "I tell you what I'd like!" he said, swiftly: "I'd like—better'n anything—to have a house on the edge of a big woods, and live there always!"

"So should I!" She is looking at him with puzzled eyes. It is what one has always wanted—that little house on the edge of a great wood.

They were looking at each other understandingly, into each other's soul.

"You could see everything, you know"—he waved his hand—"miles and miles in front—and the woods right close."

"Yes—I know."

He sits a little closer to her. There is no one near them—but the woods and the sunshine and the dry grass of the clearing. "You don't live around here, do you?" he asks, very quietly.

"No—I live a long way off." Her eyes are following the figure of a man seen through the trees; he is going along the path to the woods.

The boy sees him, and his back gives a guilty start; flight is in his heels. His hand makes a cautious gesture. "That man's got it in for me!" he half whispers. But the man passing along the path to the wood does not glance in their direction.

It comes out, a jerk at a time, one eye on the receding man. "He's janitor over to the High School; and some of us boys, you know, the other day, was climbing up half-way on the building, on the outside—"

"What were you doing that for?"—a little curious.

"Oh—just for fun—and he come out and chased us; and he told me if he caught me he'd skin me alive!"

"Do you suppose he knows who you are?"

"Oh yes, he knows! He knows my father!"—He is still following with watchful eye—"I've got a fight on with him, all right!" He sighs a little.... "Seems 's if everybody had a fight on with me around here—" He is looking at her, half ashamed—half hoping she will understand.

She smiles at him. "It is funny about men," she said. "They do things when they are boys—I don't doubt he did just the kind of thing you were doing when he was a boy—and then, when they grow up, they seem to forget everything!"

Billy's eyes danced. "Hi! I'll remember that to tell him next time he chases me!" His face is full of it.

"Do you like to go to school?" asks the woman.

And the glinting face fell. "You just bet I don't! I'd stop to-day and never go again—if I could."

"What would you do?"

"I'd go to work. I'd do anything!" He spoke as one who wrestles with fate.

"I suppose we have to learn to read and write—or we would be just savages," suggested the woman.

"I can't write very well." The boy said it regretfully, half thoughtfully. "Someway I can't!" He was gazing at his hands where the caterpillar crawled. The finger-nails were very dirty and thin. The thin body was ill-

nourished. But something slumbered in it—a force like steel in the glance he lifted to her. "Someway I can't!" he said.

"Someway you will!" said the woman. She had gathered up the pad from her knee. "What time is it?" she asked. "It must be almost twelve if the janitor is going home."

"He goes half-past eleven some days," said Billy, quickly. But the noon whistle broke across his cheerful lie; and he watched her put the chestnuts in her bag and place the little pad on top of them and get up from her rock.

"I have had a very pleasant morning," she said.

"So have I!" said Billy. No such compliment had ever been paid her as the depth of Billy's emphasis.

She looked down at him, smiling. "I suppose we shall never see each other again," she said.

It was sheer, dramatic wickedness on her part. But Billy's eyes were fixed on a black-and-brown caterpillar crawling on the rock just back of where she had been sitting. He pointed to it.

"Two of them!" she exclaimed. They watched them crawl. "It would be rather good fun, wouldn't it," she said, slowly, "since there are two of them, to each take one and see if they really do—turn into butterflies!"

It is all in Billy's eyes—"And you can have this one that's got kind o' tame; and I'll take the other and get him used to me.

Something tugged at the woman's heart as she held out a bit of tissue paper for the brown-and-black caterpillar and placed it in her bag. She drew out the pad. "See, I will write my name and address and give it to you, and you shall give me yours—and we will let each other know if they really do turn into butterflies."

He watched her pen gravely. "My name is Clarence—Clarence Henderson," he said.

"So you are called 'Billy.'"

"Yes"—matter-of-fact.

She set it down. Then he stood waiting, very close, while the pen traced her own name and address.

"When are you going to that place?" he asked, soberly.

"That place—?"

"Where you live." He touched the paper with the writing on it.

"Oh, I don't know—a few weeks, perhaps."

"Do you suppose you will come to these woods again?" He looked about them at the dark, encircling hemlocks and the path going into them.

"I don't know." She spoke slowly. "It depends on so many things, you know—on whether it rains, and on the wind and the sun—"

Yes, it depended on many things. He gathered up the caterpillar from the rock, and they moved apart.

"I hope you will make up with Fred all right," she called. "Why don't you do it to-day?"

He gave her a swift, backward look and a smile. "I guess I will." It was full of reassurance. She was not to worry. They understood.

She turned again and moved toward the wood. But at the edge she paused and looked back. Perhaps she hoped that Billy would be looking, too; and she would wave a friendly hand. But there was only the dirty-brown boy going very slowly and looking down at something that he carried in his careful hand—the caterpillar that was going to "get used to him."

She watched the shabby figure a minute. Then she turned and went into the wood. And the clearing was left to the sunshine and the dry grass, and a little drifting movement of the leaves that fell through the sunlit air.

Pieces People Ask For/Bay Billy

by George Melville Baker Bay Billy by Frank H. Gassaway 1637263Pieces People Ask For — Bay BillyFrank H. Gassaway ? "BAY BILLY." You may talk of horses of

While the Billy Boils

While the Billy Boils (1913) by Henry Lawson Title and contents 631804While the Billy Boils — Title and contents1913Henry Lawson ? WHILE THE BILLY BOILS ?

Billy Budd

Billy Budd (1891) by Herman Melville 58818Billy Budd1891Herman Melville Chapter 1 Chapter 2 Chapter 3 Chapter 4 Chapter 5 Chapter 6 Chapter 7 Chapter

Popular Tales from the Norse/The Three Billy-Goats Gruff

Dasent The Three Billy-Goats Gruff 752688Popular Tales from the Norse — The Three Billy-Goats GruffGeorge Webbe Dasent ? THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF. Once

Oswald Bastable and Others/Billy and William

Others by E. Nesbit 1967887Oswald Bastable and OthersE. Nesbit Layout 2 ? BILLY AND WILLIAM A HISTORICAL TALE FOR THE YOUNG 'Have you found your prize essay

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