

# ILLITERATS

The rats got into the library and destroyed the books. You put the books back on the shelf, but find the rats have ripped the pages in two, and even eaten some of them. What were they looking for?

great piles in rooms; and would drip over it, and about on it. It was too dark well, but a man could run meat and sweep off handfuls

go because we don't know what to go back to living in a sewer people's garbage? Because that's act is, we aren't rats any more. Schultz has made. S mething new.

There would be meat stored in the water from leaky roofs thousands of rats would race in these storage places to see his hand over these piles of f the dried dung of rats.

"Monisieur?"  
"Hey?"  
"Who was it that was eating?"  
"The cat."  
"And who ate the cat?"  
"The rats."  
"The mice?"  
"Yes, the  
The w

"There!" he cried. "Now said something! A good rat than any hin' else in than a rat, and that's not tell you!"

Then he began to Hundreds, thousands, one a life; and dogs lives! all red bloo merely buzzing

On the fo rth day the rats began die in batches. At night, in passa shrill little death-cries could be each with a gout of blood, like a tapering muzzle;

We don't know where to we are. Do you want pipe? And eating other what rats do. But the We're something Dr.

The mask was closing on his cheek. And then - no, it was suddenly understood that in just ONE person to whom punishment - ONE body that imself and the rats. And he ver and over. 'Do it to Julia!'

face. The wire brushed his not relief, only hope, a tiny perhaps too late. But he had the whole world there was he could transfer his he could thrust between was shouting frantically,

to come out and es and alleys, their clearly heard. In the lining the gutters, on its red flower, on its

you got it! Now you really after's got to be more like a the world! Cleverer even an easy thing to be, let me

whisper: 'Rats, rats, rats! milli ns of them, and every to eat them, and cats too. All , with years of life in it; and not flies!'

"rats,"  
child, in consternation, dismayed at the thought of mice ich are cats, pursued:  
"Sir, would those mice eat us?"  
"Wouldn't they jus'!" ejaculated Gavroche.

