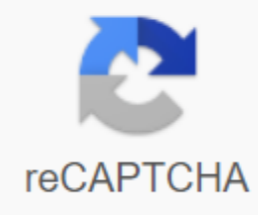




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Lenders mary norton \*\*\* by Satyar Beth and Joe KRUSH \*\* An Odsy/Harcourt Youth Classic Harcourt, INC. Orlando Austin New York San Diego London \*\*\* Copyright 1953, 1952 by Mary Norton Copyright Renewal 1981 Mary Norton, Beth Krush and Joe Krush Copyright Renewal by Mary Norton 1981, 1980 by Mary Norton All Rights Reserved. Any part of this publication can be presented in any form or in any form, including electronic or mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any information storage and recovery system, without permission in writing from the publisher. Applications for permission to copy any part of the work must be submitted online at [www.harcourt.com/contact](http://www.harcourt.com/contact) or sent to the following address: Department of Permissions, Hogatown Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida [www.HarcourtBooks.com](http://www.HarcourtBooks.com) First Harcourt Youth Classic Edition 1998 First Odissclassic Edition 1990 First Published Online in 1953 Congress Cataloging Data Norton, Library of Mary. Lenders. An Odissi/Harcourt Young Classic Summary: Small people living in an old country home by things borrowed by humans are forced to migrate from their home under the watch. [1. Concept.] -I. Krush, Beth, L. II, Krush, Enemy, L. Title. PZ7. N8248Bd 1986 [F] 86-4645 ISBN 978-0-15-209987-9 ISBN 978-0-15-20473 7-5 (PBS) UAE QQ RR PP L N P Q O M (PBA) \*\*\*\*\* No, not me. How could it be me — a wild, unexposed, who was told to hate the angry eyes and to crisis his teeth? Kate, it should be called. Yes, it was-Kate. It's not that name matters in many ways: he barely comes into the story. Mrs. May live in two rooms at Kate's parents' house in London. His bedroom was on the first floor, and his sitting room was a room which, as a part of the house, was called the breakfast room. Now the breakfast rooms are all right in the morning when the sun rises on toast and toast, but by noon they disappear a bit and seem to fill up with a strange silver light, their own godown. After that there was a kind of ad-in, but the kid liked it a sad kate. He will give only tea time before Mrs. and Mrs. crochet can teach it. Mrs. was probably old, her joints were stiff, and she was not exactly strict, but she believed her inner rather. Kate was never wild with Mrs. May, nor was she unexposed, nor want herself; And Mrs. Crochet can be taught many things besides this: how to wind up in an egg-sized ball . . . how to run and fall and plan a rufo. Like a dorsal and a blessing, a sheet of tissue against the dust, above the material. Where is your job, children? Mrs. One day, when Kate sat on the hallowed and silent. You don't dream there. Have you lost your tongue? No, Kate said, pull on her shoe button, I lost the crochet hole. They were making a bed quilt-in one-on-one squares: there were still. I know where I put him, he went on the weirdo. On the bottom shelf? Again Mrs. May, constantly flacking in her own needle props. Near the floor? Yes, Kate said, but I looked on the floor. Down the carpet. Everywhere. Owen was still there. The only where I left him was. Oh dear, Mrs. Cluster, don't say they're in this house too! What are that? Kate asked. Mrs. Creditors said, and at half light she seemed to smile. Kate hates a little fear. Are there things like that? He asked a moment later. As? As people, other people, who live in a house... Are you taking things away? Mrs. May put her work down. What did you think? He asked. I don't know, said Kate, pulling her shoe button. Can't be there. And yet - he raised his head - and still sometimes I think it must be there. Why do you think this should happen? Mrs. May said. Because of all that stuff is missing. For example, safety pins. Factories run on making safety pins, and every day people go to buy protective pins and yet, somehow, just don't have a safety pin when you want. Where are they all? Now, in that minute? Where do they go? Taking needles, she went on, all the needles my mom ever bought - must be hundreds - just can't be lied about this house. Don't lie about the house, no, Mrs. May. And all the other things we keep on buying. Once again and again. Pencil-like and box and sig fish-mom and hepens and drawing pins and tubs, put in the pins, massages, and blotting paper. Yes, the blotting paper, agreed on Kate, but not the hat pins. This is where you are wrong, Mrs. May, and she took her work again, he said. There was a reason for the cap pins. Kate hate. One reason? he said. They're re-introduced. I mean — what kind of a reason? Well, there were two reasons really. A hat pin is a very useful weapon and - Mrs. Suddenly laughs - but it all seems to be such a compliment and - she's hesitant - it was too long ago! But tell me, Kate said, tell me how you know about the cap pin. Have you ever had a look? Mrs. May throw a look at her. Well, yes- he started. Not a hat pin, cluster Kate Besbury, a-what ever said-in-a-loan? Mrs. can give a quick breath. No, he said immediately, I never saw one. Someone else saw, Called Kate, and you know about it. You see! Pressing, Mrs. May, no one is needed! He leads down in the upturned and then he smiles and his eyes slide away in the distance. I had a brother - he started unbelievably. Kate on the hassok. And they see them! Mrs. Said I don't know, shaking her head. I just don't know! He is on his knees, his work is smooth. He was such a climber. He told us many things — my sister and me — impossible things. He was killed, he gently added, many years ago, on the northwest border. He became the colonel of his regiment. He's dead he says 'death of a hero'... Was he your only brother? Yeah, and they were our little brother. I think why - he thought for a moment, still smiles himself - yes, why he told us such impossible stories, such weird concepts. He was jealous, I think, because we were old and we could read better. He wanted to impress us. He wanted us to be hurt. And yet - he looked in the fire - there was nothing about it - probably because we were brought to India between the sky and magic and legend — something we think he saw things that other people couldn't see; Sometimes we knew he was climbing, but other times- well, we weren't sure.... He closes forward and, in his clean way, cleans a fan of loose ashes under the drag, then, brush in hand, he hates fire again. He wasn't a very strong boy: the first time he came home from India he took a fever of the ass. He missed a full term at school and was sent to the country to get on it. For a great chachi house. Later i went there. It was a strange old house.... He threw the brush on his brass hole and, washing his hands on his rommel, he took his job. The lamp was well lit, he said. Still, Kate's mantra, bend forward. Please go. Please tell me- but I've told you. No, you didn't. This old house - where did he see it- they saw...? Mrs. Laugh. Where did they see the creditors? Yeah, that's what he told us... What did they believe in us? And, what's more, it seems they weren't just looking at them but he had to know them well. That he became part of their lives as he was. In fact, you can almost say that he became a debt to himself.... Oh, tell me. Please. Try to remember. Very right from start to right! But I remember, Mrs. May. Strange enough that I remember him better than many real things that have happened. Maybe it was a real thing. I just don't know. You see, my brother was on the way back and I had to share a cabin -my sister was used to sleeping with our operator - and, on their hot nights, often we couldn't sleep. And my brother hours and hours Will talk to you, going on old Recalling the conversation again, tell me once again - how they were and what they were doing. Who were they — exactly? The apartment is a great way to relax and relax. Pod? Yes, even their names were not exactly correct. They thought they had their own names — completely different from human names — but with half an ear could tell you that they had been borrowed. Even Uncle and Iglesia. All that was borrowed; They had nothing on their own. a few. Yet my brother said that he was flexible and flexible and thought that he was the lord of the world. What do you mean? They thought that humans were invented to do just dirty work-the great slaves put them to use. At least that's what they told each other. But my brother said, He thought down, he was afraid. This was because they were afraid, he thought they had little growth. Every generation was small and small, and more and more hidden. In the old days, it seems, and in some parts of England, our ancestors spoke very clearly about the 'little people.' Yes, Kate said, I know. Nowadays, I think, Mrs. If all that is present, you will find houses that are old and quiet and deep in the country - and where man lives normally. The routine is to protect them. They should know which room can be used and when. They don't live long there where there are people who are inneed, or children are fostered, or some domestic pets. This was especially typical of the old house, though as far as some of them were concerned, a sin was cold and empty. The great Chachi Was the Sopathi Bedradan, through a hunting accident some 20 years ago, and as was just for other humans. Cook, Crampful Garden, and, at rare intervals, a wonderful walk or so. My brother, too, had for his first weeks it seems that the lenders did not know their existence. She slept in the old night nursery, outside the school room. The schulrome, then, was filled with the serrated and the living and junk-funny tans, a broken sewing machine, a table, a dressmaker's d'am, a table, some chairs, and a disused panola-children as it had used, the children of the great chachi soup, The night the nursery got out of the schulroom and, from his bed, my brother saw the oil painting of the War of Waterloo which was wrapped above the schulroom fireplace and, on the wall, a corner closet with glass doors which was set out, the hawks and the shelf, At night, if the schulroom door was open, it was a look under the light that led to the head of the stairs, and it would rest. To see, every evening in the evening, Mrs. Driver looks at the head of the stairs and takes a tray for the soup in which the bath oliver biscuit and tall, nice old yellow madeira with cut glass. On her way Mrs. Driver would stop the gas jet in passing for a slow, blue flame and would reduce, and then get out of sight between the sinking down of her as she looked down the stom. Under this wheel, in the hall below, there was a clock, and by night he would attack that hour. It was a grandfather's watch and very old. Mr. Frith of Mr. Lytson Borgard came to air him every month, because his father had come before him and his great uncle before him. For 80 years, he said (and to some knowledge of Mr. Frith), it did not stop and, as far as anyone could tell, for several years before that. The great thing was that it should never be moved. It stood against The Vanscot, and the stone flag around it was often a small platform, my brother said, rose inside. And, under this watch, under the weanscot, there was a hole.... Chapter Two was the source of this pod — maintain its fort. The doors of his house. It wasn't anywhere near his home clock: far from it- as you might say. There were a black and dusty entrance yards, with wooden doors between the gap against the mice and the metal doors. Pods used all sorts of things for their door-a flat leaf of a folding cheese bowl, a small glass box of hongad skein, protected from an old meat, a wire-flying-swatter... Not that I'm afraid of rats, but I can't smell. The unprofitable arreity had its own little mouse to be offered, to bring a little blind mouse by hand-like aggr Renato. But the updish pan will explode with the owner and: and see what happened to The Iglletana! What, will you ask Arreti, what happened to Igluletana? But no one will ever be told. It was only the pod who knew the way through the dragon parts to the hole under the clock. And only the pods can open the doors. The hepens and protective pens were complex classes of which one pod knew the secret alone. His wife and child led the more sheltered in the medical lym-based apartments under the kitchen, far removed from the dangers and dangers of the above dangerous house. But there was a wrinkle in the wall of the house's bricks, above the kitchen floor level, through which the arreity can see the garden — a piece of grayyled passage and a bank where the Crocus bloomed in the spring; Where a flower has been grown from a tree of the stoic, and where later an azalea bush will flower; And where the birds came, and fought, and sometimes the fleurted. You'll say waste hours on these birds, and when there's no small task you can't get time. I was brought in one There was no squabble, and we were all happy for him. Now go and get me potatoes. It was the day when The Arreti, before the potatoes were washed down the floor board from the warehouse, pulled him out of the sick tempersosososod so that he wouldn't speed up his kitchen, where the up-and-coming stove was fighting. You go again, cluster edits, officers changed. Almost pushed me into the soup. And when I say 'potato' I don't mean whole potatoes. Take the cane, you can't, and cut a piece. You didn't know how much you wanted, the murmur, and the snout, the neutral and half-handled a pair of manicare cans from a nail on the wall, and started cutting through the peel. You've ruined this potato, they're the grobblade. You can't put it back in this mud right now, once it's not open. Oh, what makes it different? Arreity said. Too many. It's a good way to talk. Too much. Do you realize that the apdish went on the gravy, let the half-nails be a little bit of a snout, that your poor father risked his life every time that he borrowed potatoes? I mean, Arreti said, There are too many in the store room. Well, now out of my way, The Apdish said, whatever you did, and let me get his food. The room sitting through the open door is a great way to get a good view of the city. Ah, the fire was lit and the room looked bright and comfortable. The apdish was proud of his sitting room: the walls were pulled out of the waste paper basket with scrap screp of old letters, and the apdish had arranged manual writing sideways in vertical strips that had escaped from the roof from the floor. On the walls, repeated in different colors, as a girl, queen Victoria's many portrait hangs . . . this mail ticket was taken from the box on the desk in the morning room a few years ago. There was a stoic transport box, with the inside and the crackopen open, which they had used as a solution. And by this useful point, a chest of drawers made of match boxes. There was a round table with a red-sand cloth, which was made from the bottom of the wooden box of a shot of support on a knight's stand from the pod chess set. (It was a big deal of trouble above when Chachi Sopi's eldest son, on a mid-week trip to a flight, was invited to a game after dinner. , and no one was busy in his place. Since then, Mrs. Driver has been the supreme.) Knight himself- his morti, then to talk-to-the corner- stood on a column where it seemed great, and what happened in this room that just can be the stoic. With fire, in a white wooden book case, standing in the library of the Arreity. It was a set of these little ones. Loved the planting, but the large church seemed to be the size of the Bibles for the arreity. Tom Thumbs of the World's B.C., including the last census, was also involved. With a brief description of The Tom Thumb's Dictionary of The Bruce, scientific, philosophical, literary, and technical terms, the Tom Thumb edition of The Bruce, william Shakespeare's comedy, including a book on the author. And, last but not least, The Tom Thumb Diary and the Book of Legends of The Favorite Of The Errity's Favorite Braise, with an adage for every day of the year and, as a legend, is called General Tom Thumb as the life story of a little man, who has mercy on a girl Their car and pair anw-atkernan, with small horses-sized mice. Arreity wasn't an idiot girl. He knew that horses could not be as small as mice, but he didn't realize that Tom's thumb, about two feet high, would look a big for a loan. Mary Norton/Concept/Youth Adult/History & Fiction by Creditors 5/Based on 32 votes is rated