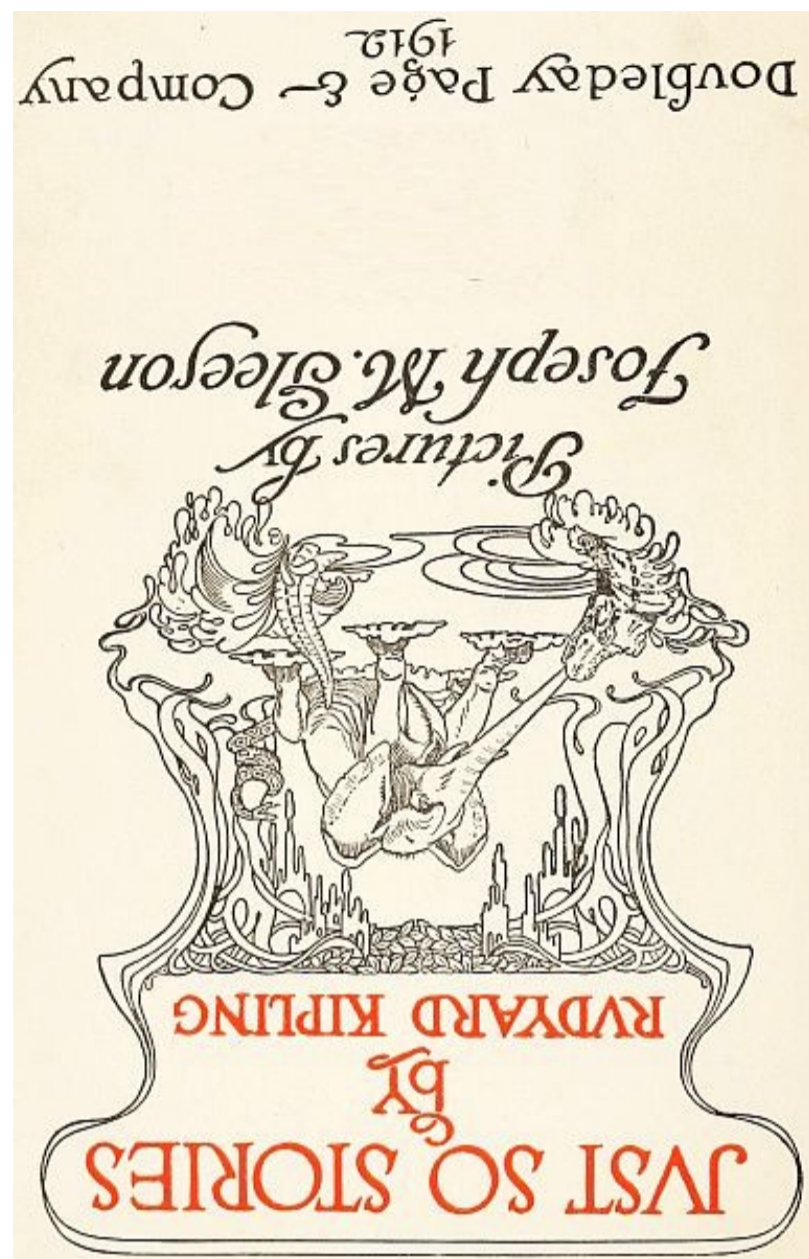


So he said to the 'stute fish, 'This man is very
 rubby, and besides he is making me hiccough. What
 shall I do?'
 'Tell him to come out,' said the 'stute fish.
 So the Whale called down his own throat to the
 shipwrecked Mariner, 'Come out and behave yourself.
 I've got the hiccoughs.'
 'Nay, nay!' said the Mariner. 'Not so, but far
 otherwise. Take me to my natal-shore and the
 white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it.' And
 he began to dance more than ever.



'You had better take him home,' said the 'stute
 fish to the Whale. 'I ought to have warned you
 that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-
 sagacity.' HERE is the Whale looking for the little



When the cabin port-holes are dark and green
 Because of the seas outside!
 When the ship goes wop (with a wiggle between)
 And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
 And the trunks begin to slide;
 When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
 And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,
 And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
 Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
 You're 'fifty north and forty West!'

How the Whale Got His Throat

Rudyard Kipling

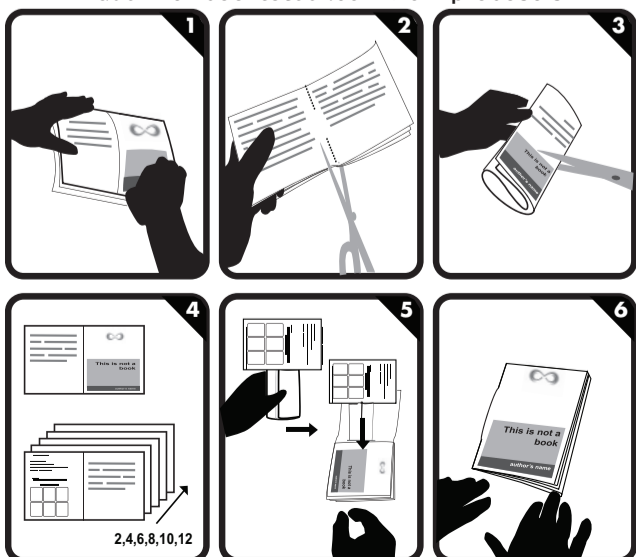
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 Rudyard Kipling

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'No,' said the Whale. 'What is it like?'

'Nice,' said the small 'stute fish. 'Nice but rubbly.'

'Then fetch me some,' said the Whale, and he
 made the sea froth up with his tail.

'One at a time is enough,' said the 'stute fish.
 'If you swim to latitude fifty north, longitude
 forty West (that is magic), you will find,
 sitting on a raft, in the middle of the sea, with
 nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair
 of suspenders (you must not forget the suspenders,
 Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, one shipwrecked
 Mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of
 infinite-resource-and-sagacity.'

HOW THE WHALE GOT HIS THROAT

by Rudyard Kipling

IN the sea, once upon a time, O my Best Beloved,
 there was a Whale, and he ate fishes. He ate the
 starfish and the garfish, and the crab and the dab,
 and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his
 mate, and the mackereel and the pickereel, and the
 really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he
 could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth—so!
 Till at last there was only one small fish left in
 all the sea, and he was a small 'stute fish, and he
 swam a little behind the Whale's right ear, so as to
 be out of harm's way. Then the Whale stood on
 his tail and said, 'I'm hungry.' And the small 'stute
 Fish said in a small 'stute voice, 'Noble and
 generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted man?'

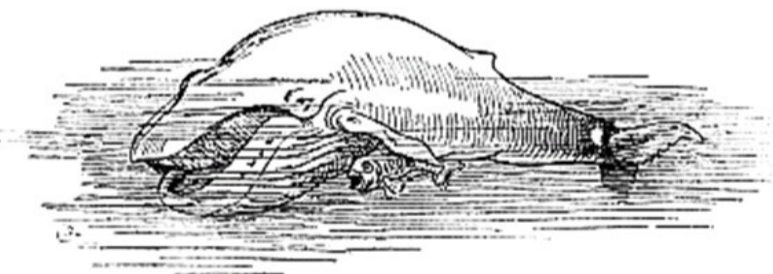
boys or little girls.
 the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or
 anything except very, very small fish; and that is
 cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating
 the grating in his throat, which he could neither
 afterward. So did the Whale. But from that day on,
 the water; and he married and lived happily ever
 mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in
 he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his
 For the Mariner he was also an Hi-ber-ni-an. And
 I have stopped your ating.

By means of a grating

to relate—

which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed
 there it stuck! Then he recited the following stoka,
 grating good and tight into the Whale's throat, and
 forget the suspenders!), and he dragged that

The small 'stute fish went and hid himself in the
 mud under the door-sills of the Equator. He was
 afraid that the Whale might be angry with him.



The sailor took the jack-knife home. He was
 wearing the blue canvas breeches when he walked
 out on the shingle. The suspenders were left behind,
 you see, to tie the grating with; and that is the
 end of that tale.

for Josh X

suspenders?
 unhappy indeed. (Have you forgotten the
 where he shouldn't, and the Whale felt most
 he stepped and he lepped, and he danced horripes
 and he sighed, and he crawled and he bawled, and
 howled, and he hopped and he dropped, and he cried
 he leaped and he creped, and he prowled and he
 banged and he clanged, and he hit and he bit, and
 bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he
 stumped and he jumped and he thumped and he
 inside the Whale's warm, dark, inside cupboards, he
 infinite-resource-and-sagacity, found himself truly
 but as soon as the Mariner, who was a man of
 tail.
 his lips—so, and turned round three times on his
 warm, dark, inside cupboards, and then he smacked

So the Whale swam and swam to latitude Fifty
 North, longitude Forty West, as fast as he could
 swim, and on a raft, in the middle of the
 sea, with nothing to wear except a pair of blue
 canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must
 particularly remember the suspenders, Best
 Beloved), and a jack-knife, he found one single,
 solitary shipwrecked Mariner, trailing his toes in the
 water. (He had his mummy's leave to paddle, or else
 he would never have done it, because he was a man
 of infinite-resource-and-sagacity.)

Then the Whale opened his mouth back and back
 and back till it nearly touched his tail, and he
 swallowed the shipwrecked Mariner, and the raft he
 was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and
 the suspenders (which you mustnot forget), and the
 jack-knife—He swallowed them all down into his

The beaky-fish are called beaked Dolphins, and the other fish with the queer heads are called Hammer-headed sharks. The Whale never found the little

doors.

they carved all those twisty fishes under the shadow-pictures on the doors of the Equator, and that keep the Equator in order. They drew the look like rocks are the two giants Moar and Koar, across is the Equator itself; and the things that ought always to be kept shut. The rope-thing right shut. They are always kept shut, because a door have drawn the doors of the Equator. They are that grows in front of the doors of the Equator. I he is hiding among the roots of the big seaweed Equator. The little 'Stute fish's name was Fingle. 'Stute fish, who is hiding under the door-sills of the

'Stute Fish till he got over his temper, and then they became good friends again.

So the Whale swam and swam and swam, with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hiccoughs; and at last he saw the Mariner's natal-shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said, 'Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the Fitchburg Road;' and just as he said 'Fitch' the Mariner walked out of his mouth.

But while the Whale had been swimming, the Mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss-cross, and he had tied it firm with his suspenders (now you know why you were not to

never forget the suspenders.

and the jack-knife and the suspenders. You must as to suck in Mr. Henry Albert Bivens and the raft because the Whale is sucking it all into his mouth so The reason that the sea looks so ooohy-stooshy is

else I would have drawn him.

'Stute fish is hiding under the Whale's tummy, or

called Mr. Henry Albert Bivens, A.B. The little

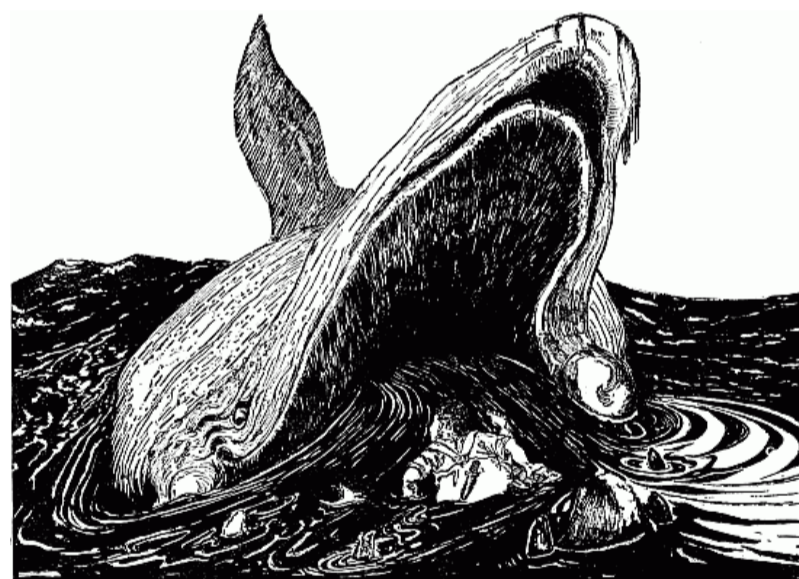
The Whale's name was Smiler, and the Mariner was

outside when he went in.

called the jaws-of-a-gaft. The Mariner left it

when the Whale came along. The piece of wood is

wood that he was trying to row the raft with



This is the picture of the Whale swallowing the Mariner with his infinite-resource-and-sagacity, and the raft and the jack-knife and his suspenders, which you must not forget. The buttony-things are the Mariner's suspenders, and you can see the knife close by them. He is sitting on the raft, but it has tilted up sideways, so you don't see much of it. The whity thing by the Mariner's left hand is a piece of