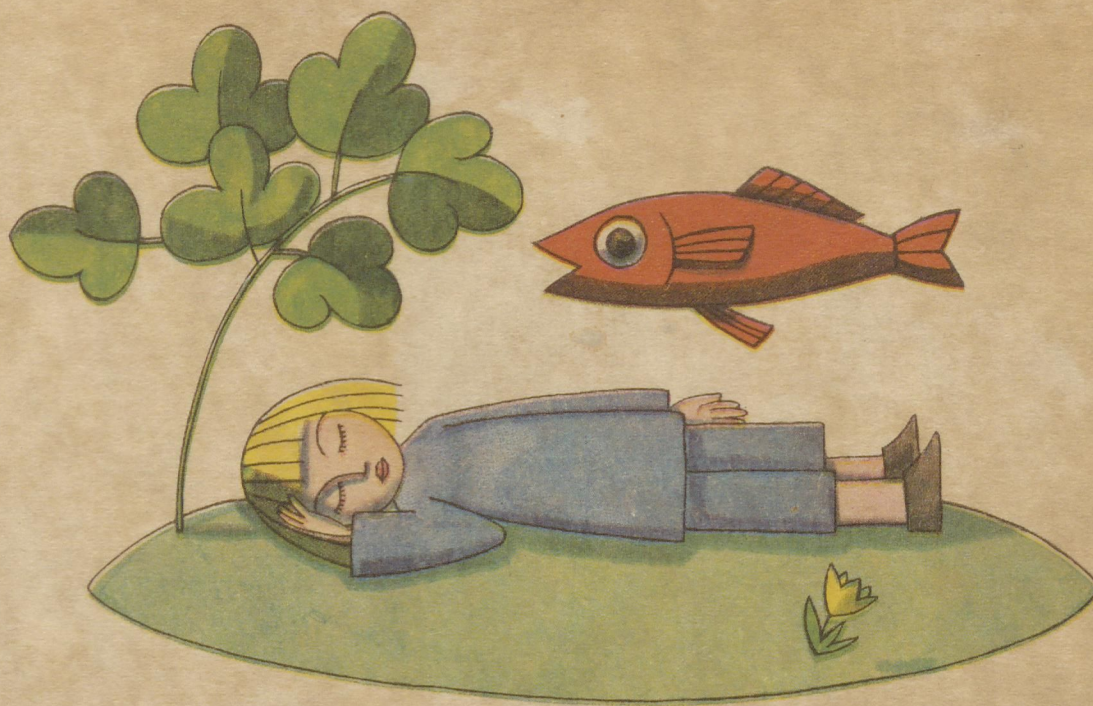


# PEREGRIN AND THE GOLDFISH



TOM SEIDMANN-FREUD

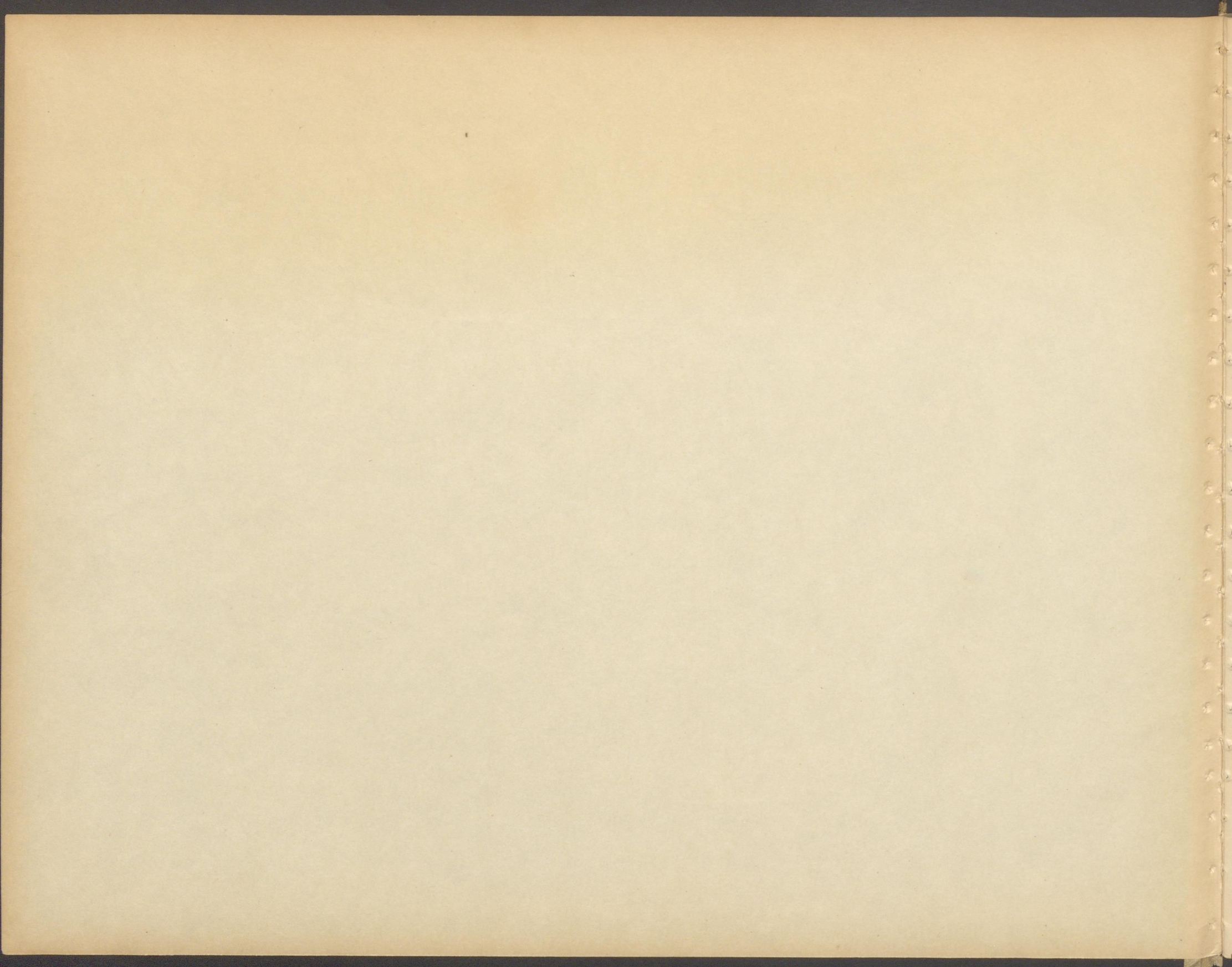
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY " NEW YORK

Done title  
Mun. Res. 6 b  
dt. EA 1923

F29.00  
Emp. EA

To Naz  
From Gert

Xmas 1929.



# PEREGRIN AND THE GOLDFISH

A PICTURE BOOK

BY

TOM SEIDMANN-FREUD

PEREGRIN PRESS " BERLIN

NEW YORK " THE MACMILLAN COMPANY " 1929

Printed in Germany.

One hot summer evening Peregrin fell asleep under a tree. He dreamed that he was walking along a street carrying a bowl, in which Nickeling, his pet goldfish, swam. The moon was shining and by its light Peregrin could see that the street was a very strange one. The houses were green and yellow and pink and so crooked that Peregrin wondered if they would tumble down.

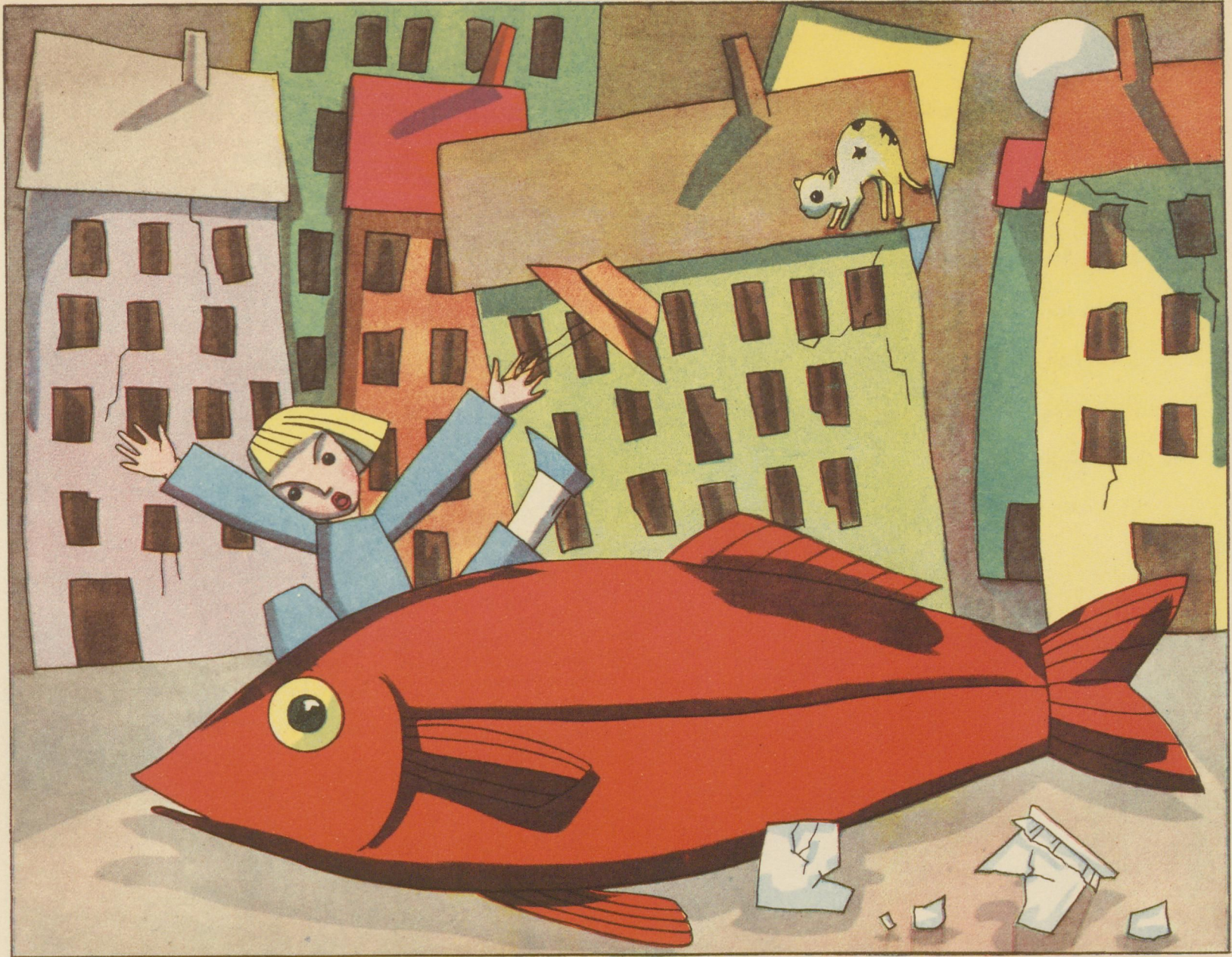


Peregrin was so busy wondering about the crooked houses that he did not look where he was going. He stumbled and fell, and the glass bowl broke in many pieces.

“P-s-s-st!” said the yellow cat on the roof. “That is the queerest fish I have seen!”

“Oh!” cried Peregrin, “Nickeling is growing!” And, indeed, now that he was out of the bowl, the goldfish had grown very large. He was larger than Peregrin.

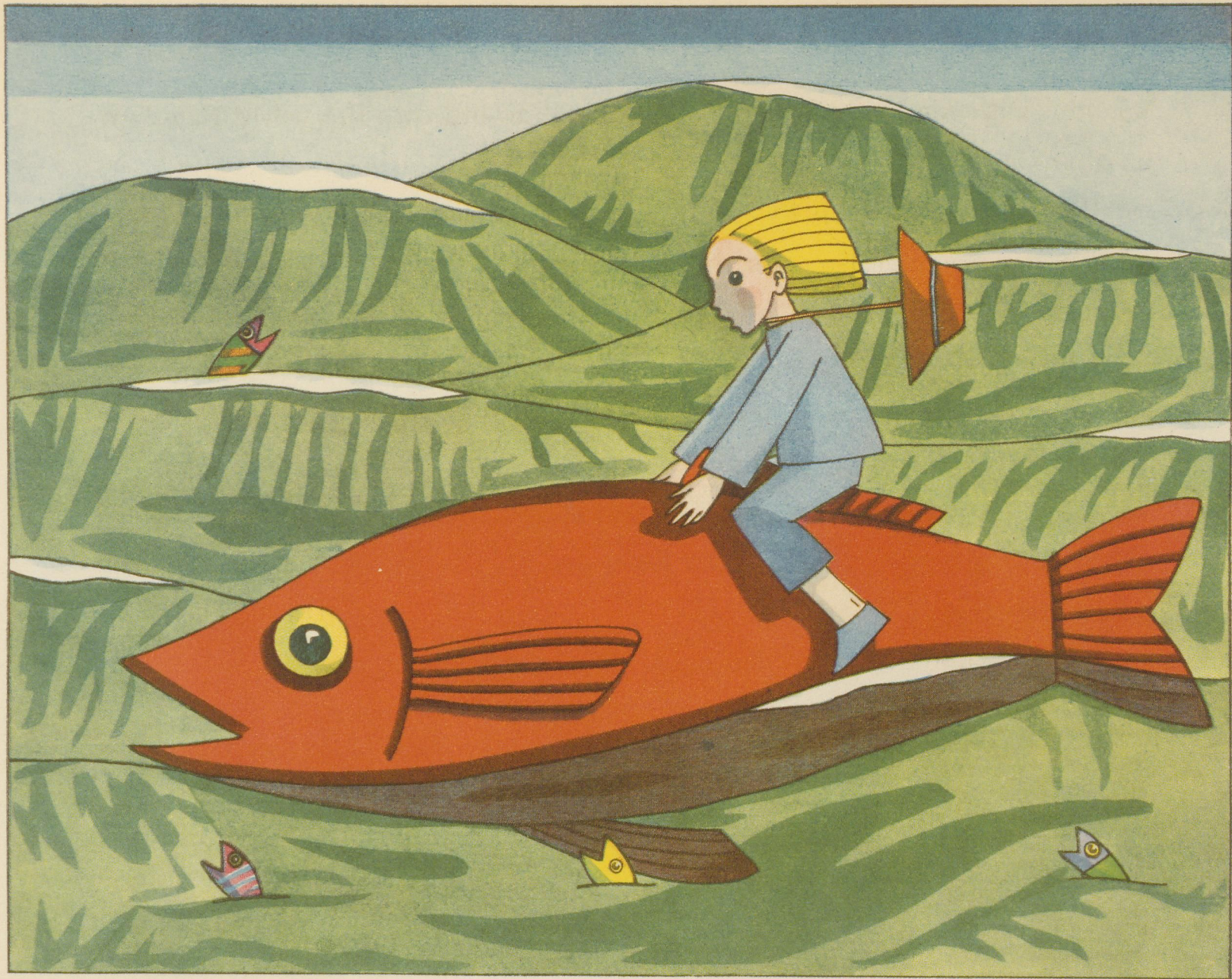




“Come with me,” said Nickeling. “We will go out into the world together, for there is much to see. Come with me!”

Peregrin climbed on the fish's back and away they went. Splash! They were in the ocean riding over the green waves. How fast the goldfish swam! Peregrin's hat flew off and he held very tightly to Nickeling. Little fishes came up to the top of the water to see what was happening. After a long time Peregrin and Nickeling came to the shore of a new and strange country.

“I shall leave you here,” said the goldfish. “If you need me, stand on the shore and call my name.” Then Nickeling swam away.



Peregrin felt frightened and alone in this strange land. He walked a little way and came to a town with a wall around it. Through the little red-roofed gate went Peregrin, and there inside the town were two little boys just like himself.

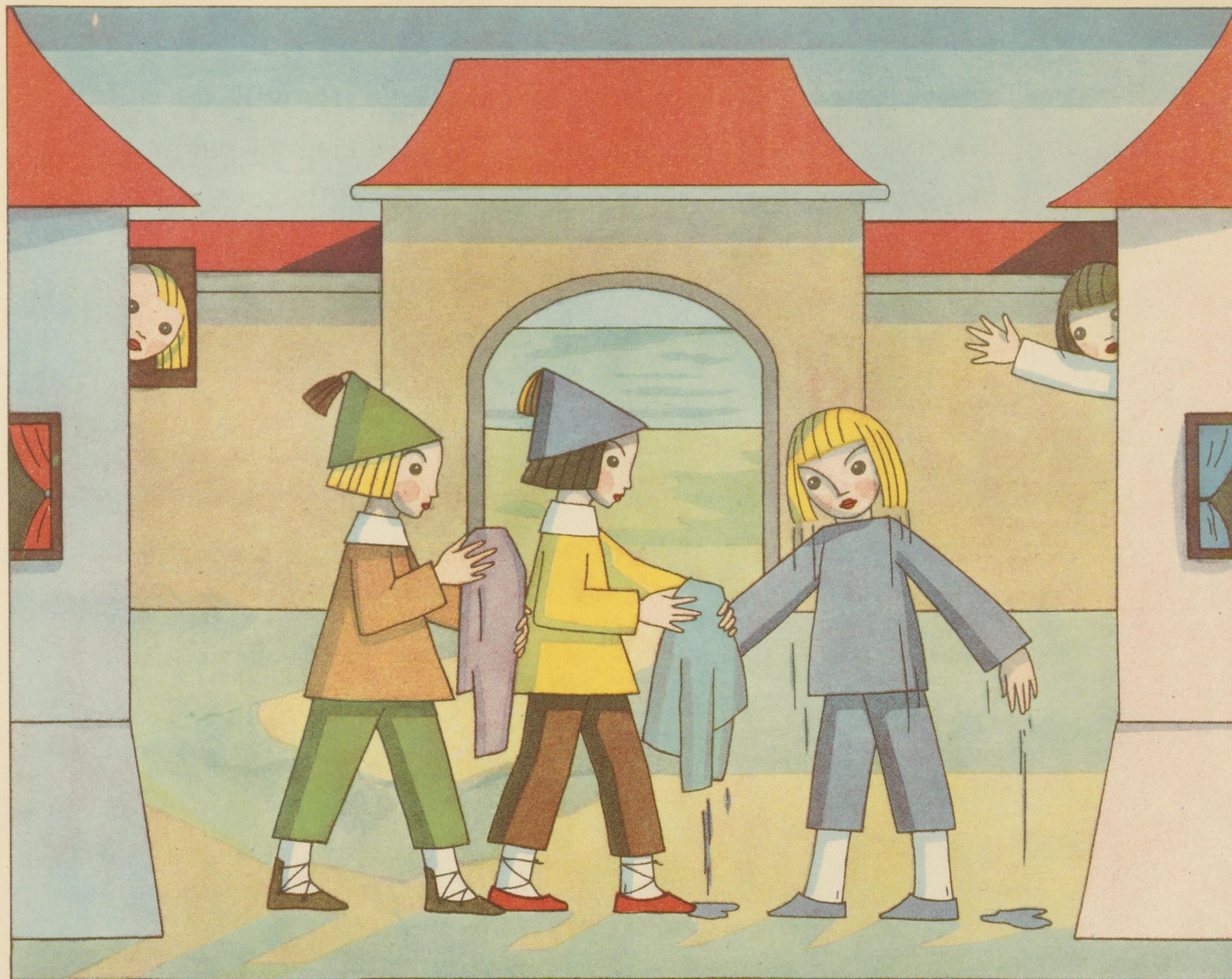
“What is your name?” asked one boy.

“How did you get here?” asked the other.

“My name is Peregrin and I came on the back of a goldfish.”

The boys did not seem at all surprised. “That is why you are so wet,” they said. “Stay with us and we will give you some dry clothes.” They brought Peregrin a gay suit of blue and lavender. It was much prettier than his plain blue suit.

“Now,” said the boys, “you must have something to eat.”



Soon Peregrin found himself seated at a table in a garden. Two little girls leaned over the wall and watched him as he ate. A pair of birds sang to him, and a deer came so close that Peregrin could give her a piece of sugar.

“This is a friendly town,” thought Peregrin. “I am sure I shall be happy here.”



When Peregrin had finished his meal, the two little boys came back to the garden.

“This is a busy place,” they told Peregrin. “All the boys and girls work. Come with us to the orchard.”

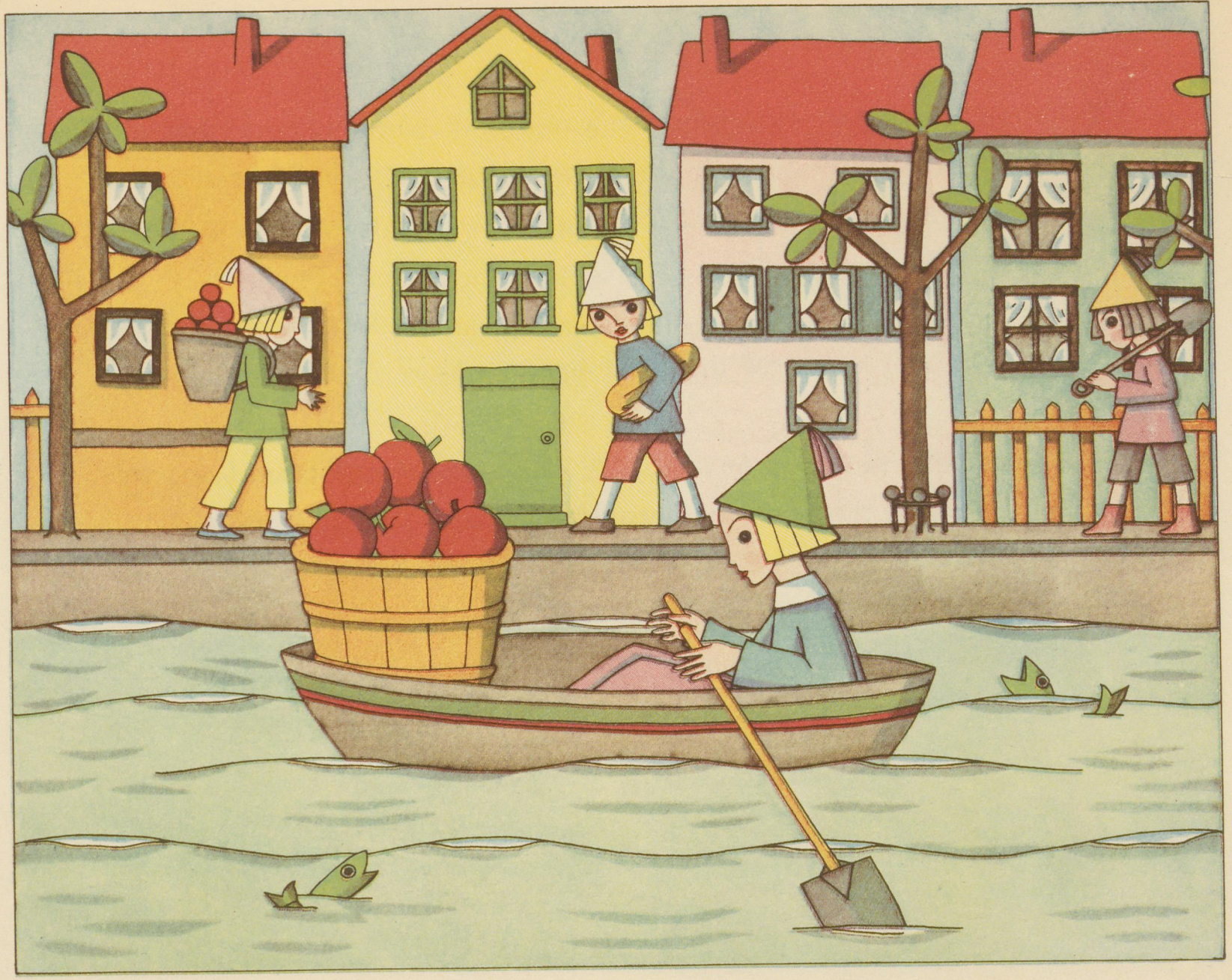
Peregrin followed the boys to the orchard. He thought it was great fun to climb the ladder and pick the ripe red cherries that hung so thickly on the branches. After a while the boys took Peregrin to the apple orchard where the apples grew ripe and juicy and rosy.





“Now,” said the boys, “we must take our fruit to the market.” Peregrin wondered how he could carry the heavy basket of apples that he had picked. There were very few streets in the town but many canals with boats on them, and pink and green and yellow houses along their banks. Peregrin found a little boat and, placing the basket of apples at one end of the boat, he rowed along. After a while he came to the market.

The market was a pleasant place. There were piles and piles of fruit—rosy apples, golden plums and peaches, yellow pears, purple grapes. Every one took what he wanted from the piles of fruit and no one seemed to need any money.



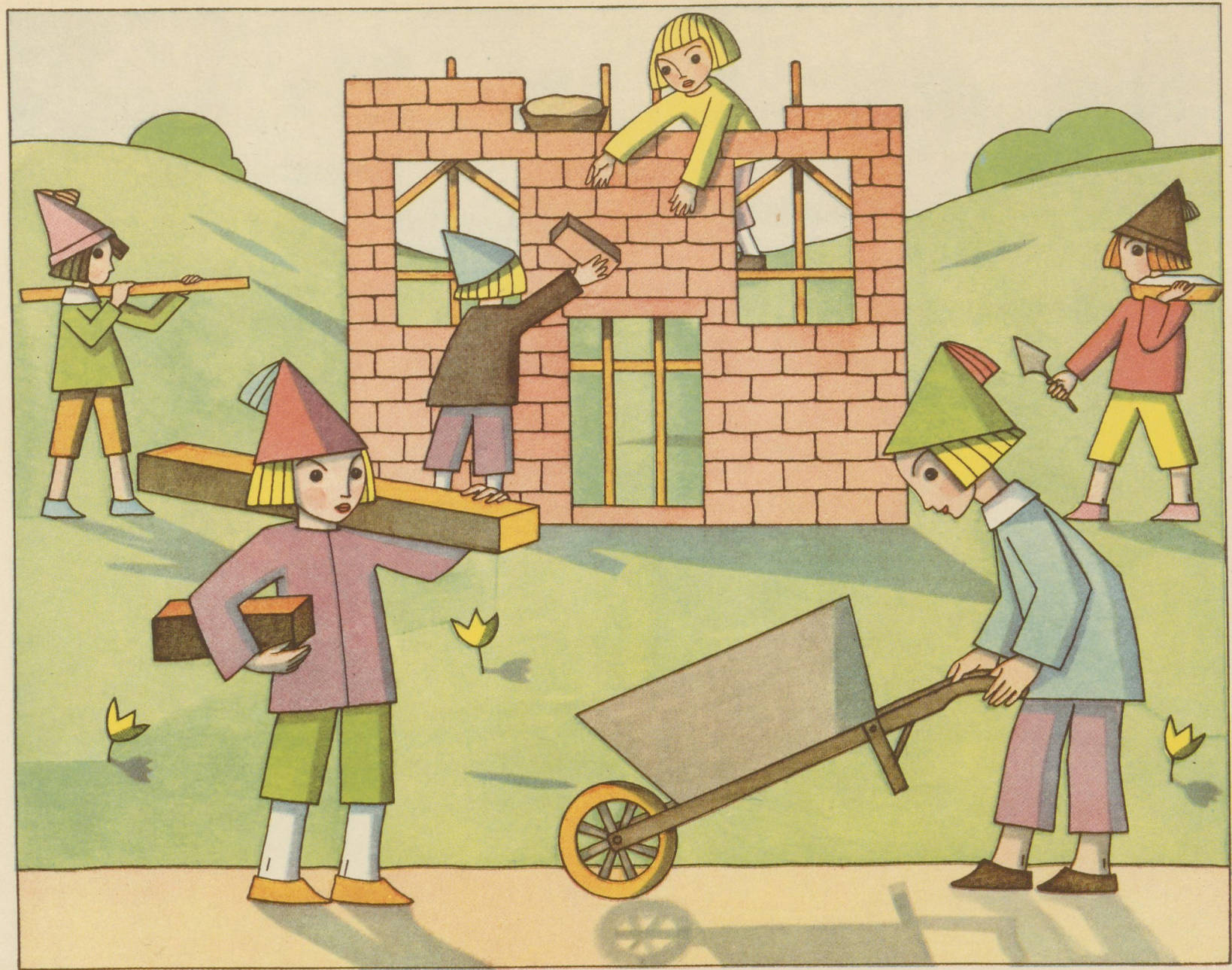
When all his apples were gone, Peregrin left the market and walked out beyond the walls of the town. Here he found some boys building a house. Now Peregrin had always wanted to build a house, but at home only grown-up men could be builders.

“Come and help us!” called the boys. They were busy carrying bricks for the house and wood for the windows and doors. Peregrin stood and watched them.

“What shall I do?” he wondered. “Shall I carry bricks? Shall I help the boy who is putting the bricks in place? Shall I carry those long boards?”

“We need some mortar,” said one of the boys. “Bring us some in the wheelbarrow.”

So Peregrin brought mortar in the wheelbarrow. It was hard work, but he thought it was even nicer than climbing the ladder to pick cherries. After a time his back began to ache and he felt very tired, so he left the builders and walked farther on into the country.



In a green meadow Peregrin found some boys who were looking at books.

“Stay with us, little boy in blue and lavender!” they called. “We are learning such interesting things about birds and trees, flowers and insects. Stay with us and you may have one of our books.”

Peregrin stayed with them for a very short time. He found the books rather dull, so he walked on looking for more adventures.



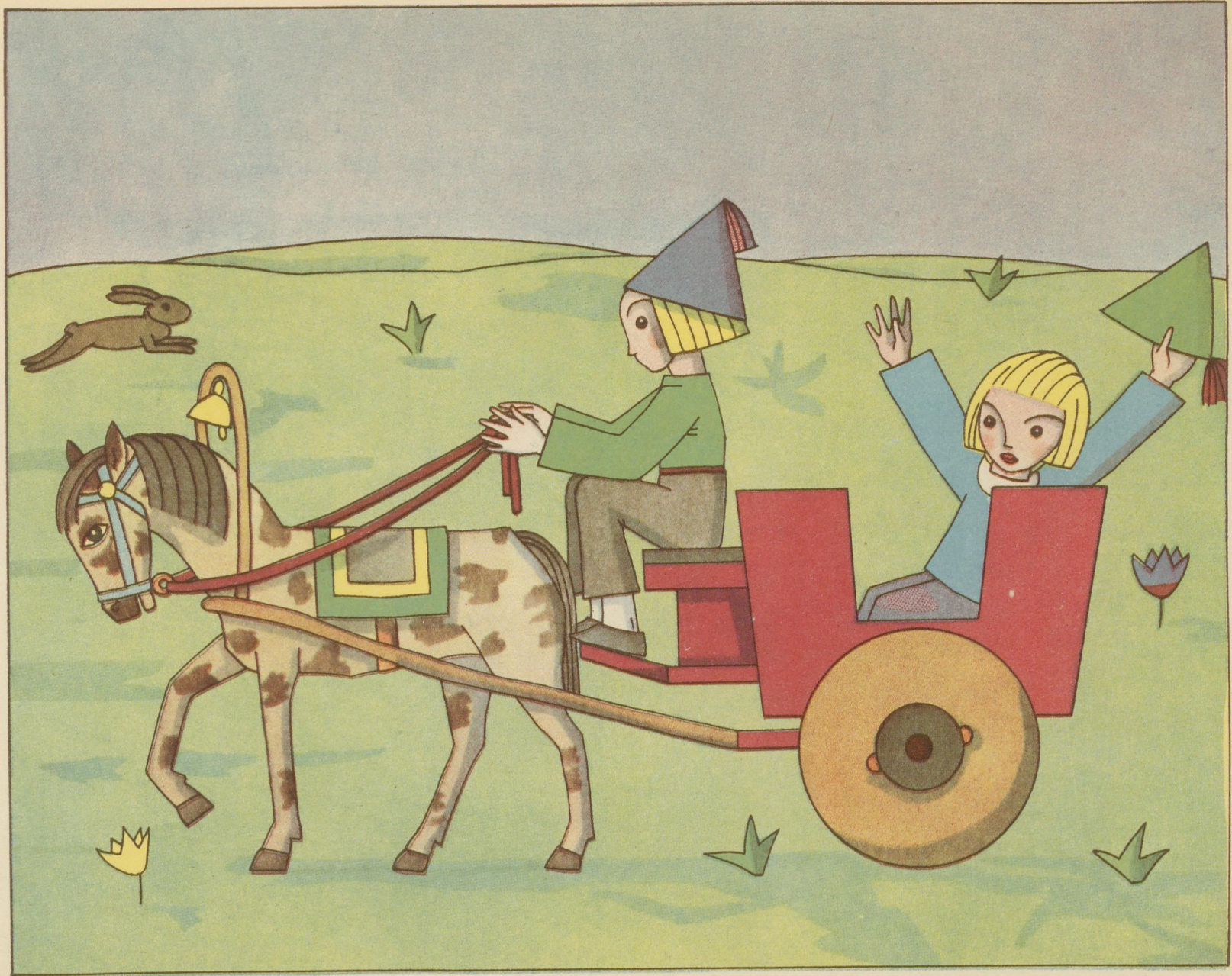
The sun was hot. How tired Peregrin's feet were! He sat down on the cool green grass, for he could walk no farther.

"Trot, trot!" came the sound of a pony's feet. A boy came by, driving a little red wagon.

"Climb in if you are tired," he said to Peregrin. "I will take you back to the town."

So Peregrin rode in the red wagon through the green meadows. A rabbit hurried by and Peregrin waved his hat at it. At last they came to a house on the edge of the town. The pony stopped as if he knew this was his home.

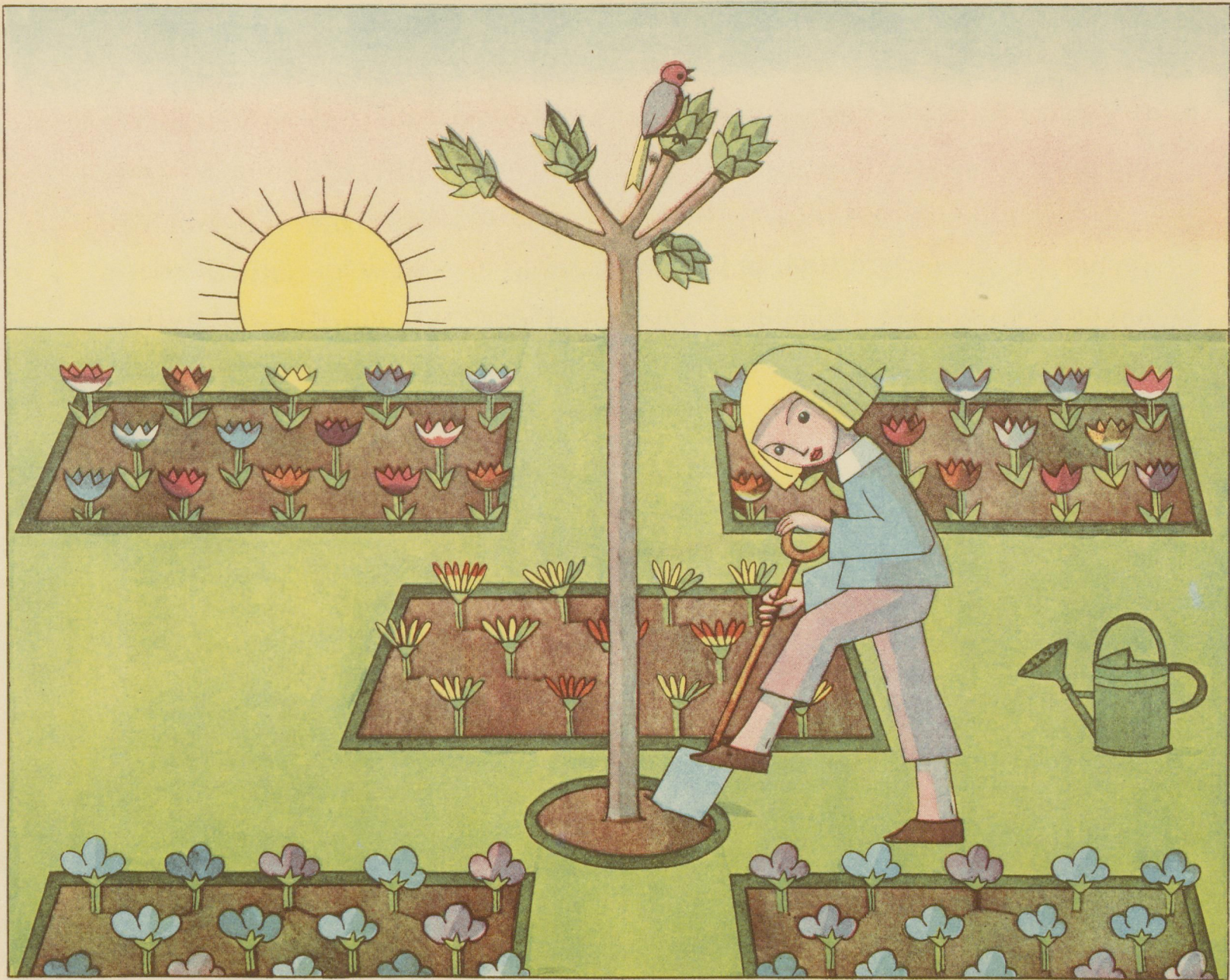




“Stay with me and help me work in my garden,” said the boy who drove the red wagon.

“How friendly they all are!” thought Peregrin. “But how hard they work! At home I have more time to play.” Although he was tired, Peregrin went out into the garden and dug in the neat little flower beds. It was growing late. The sun had almost gone to bed and the birds were singing their evening song. Peregrin began to feel sleepy. The spade was heavy—so heavy. He dropped it and ran to the edge of the water.

“I want to go home!” cried Peregrin. “Nickeling, Nickeling, come and take me home!”



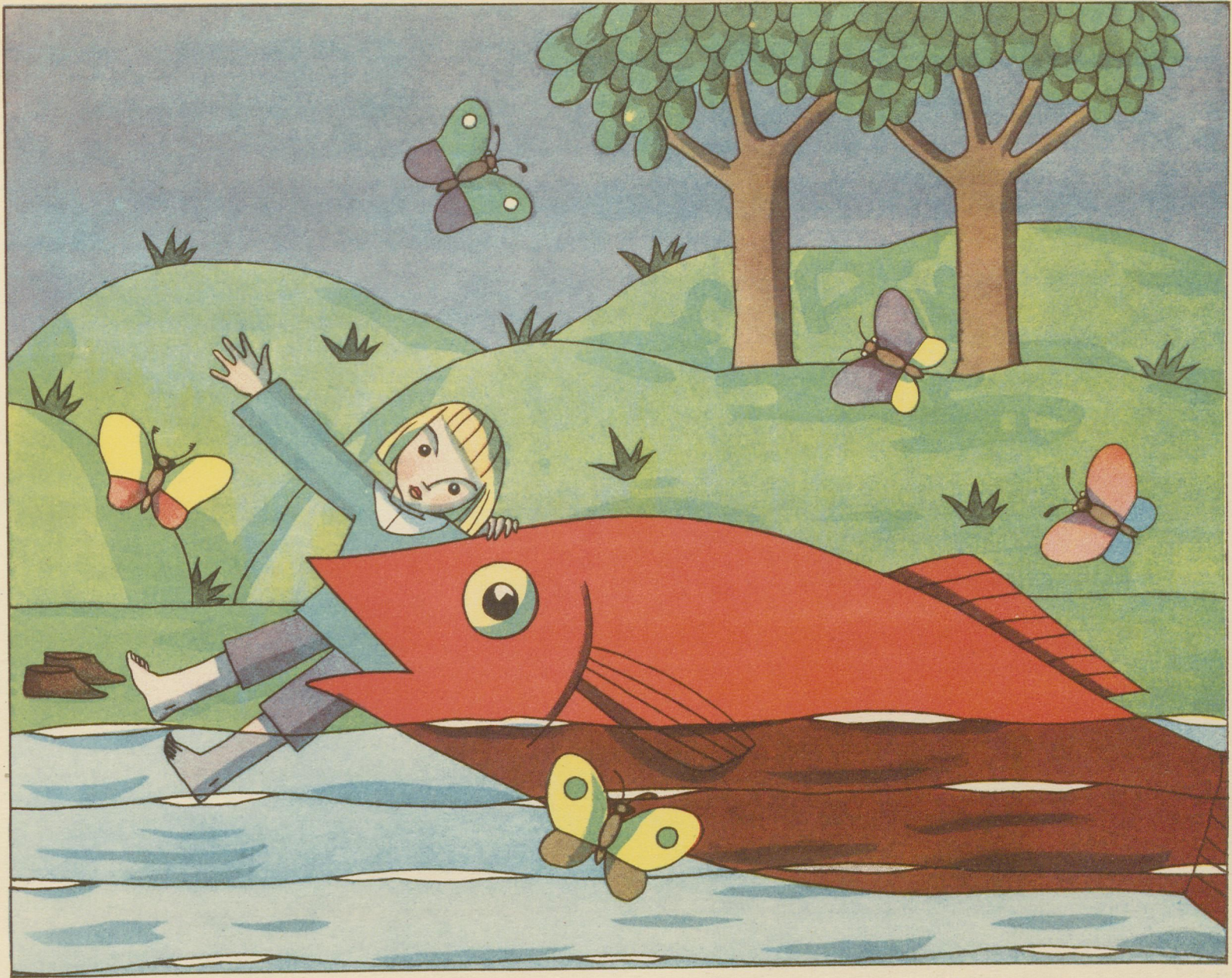
Splash! Out of the water rose Nickeling, the goldfish. He took Peregrin in his mouth, for now Peregrin was too sleepy to sit on Nickeling's back. Away they went, on and on, through the ocean. It was dark and the moonlight made the waves look like silver. On and on! It was very dark; Peregrin could not see where they were going. Suddenly Nickeling dived deep into the water. Down—

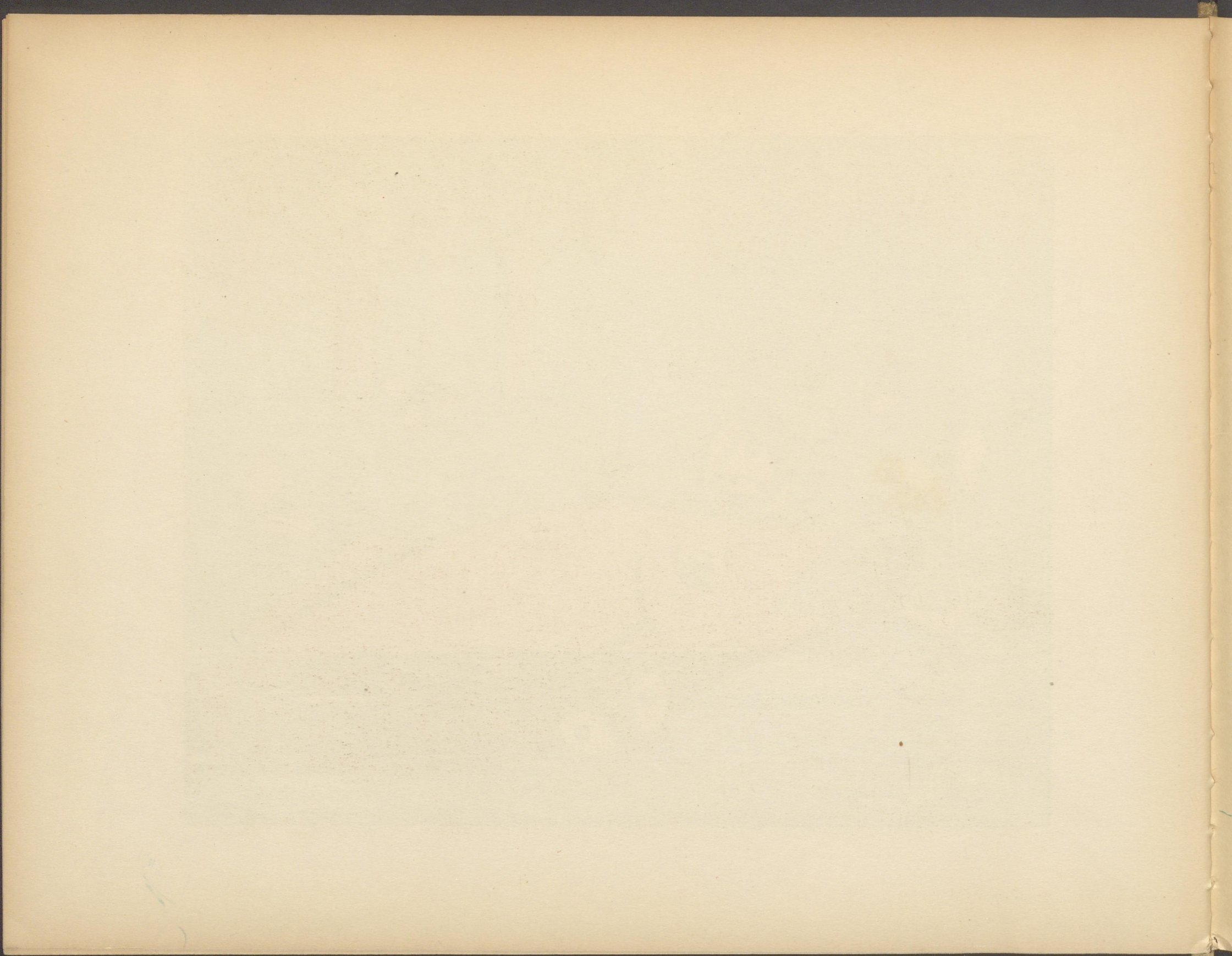
down—

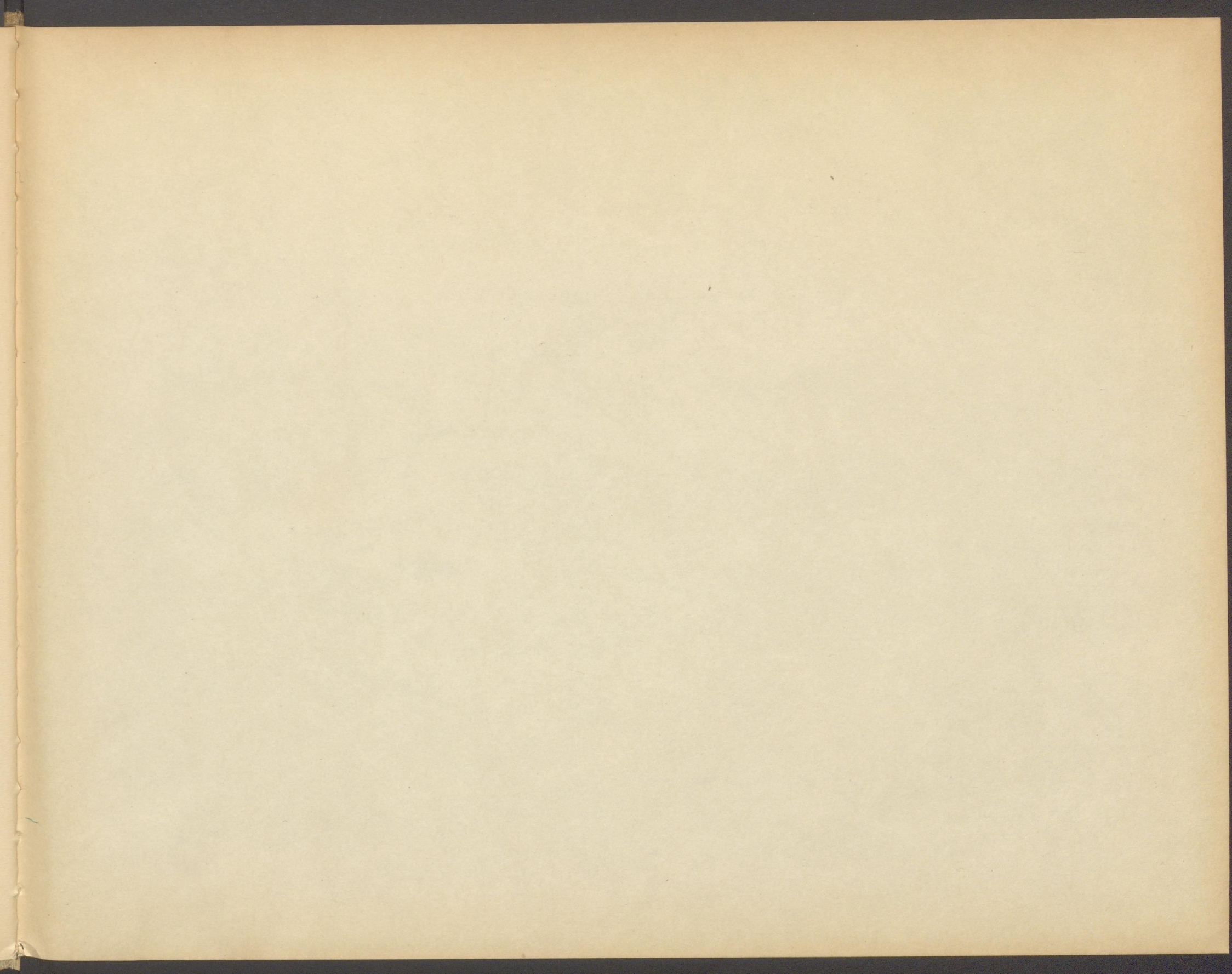
down—

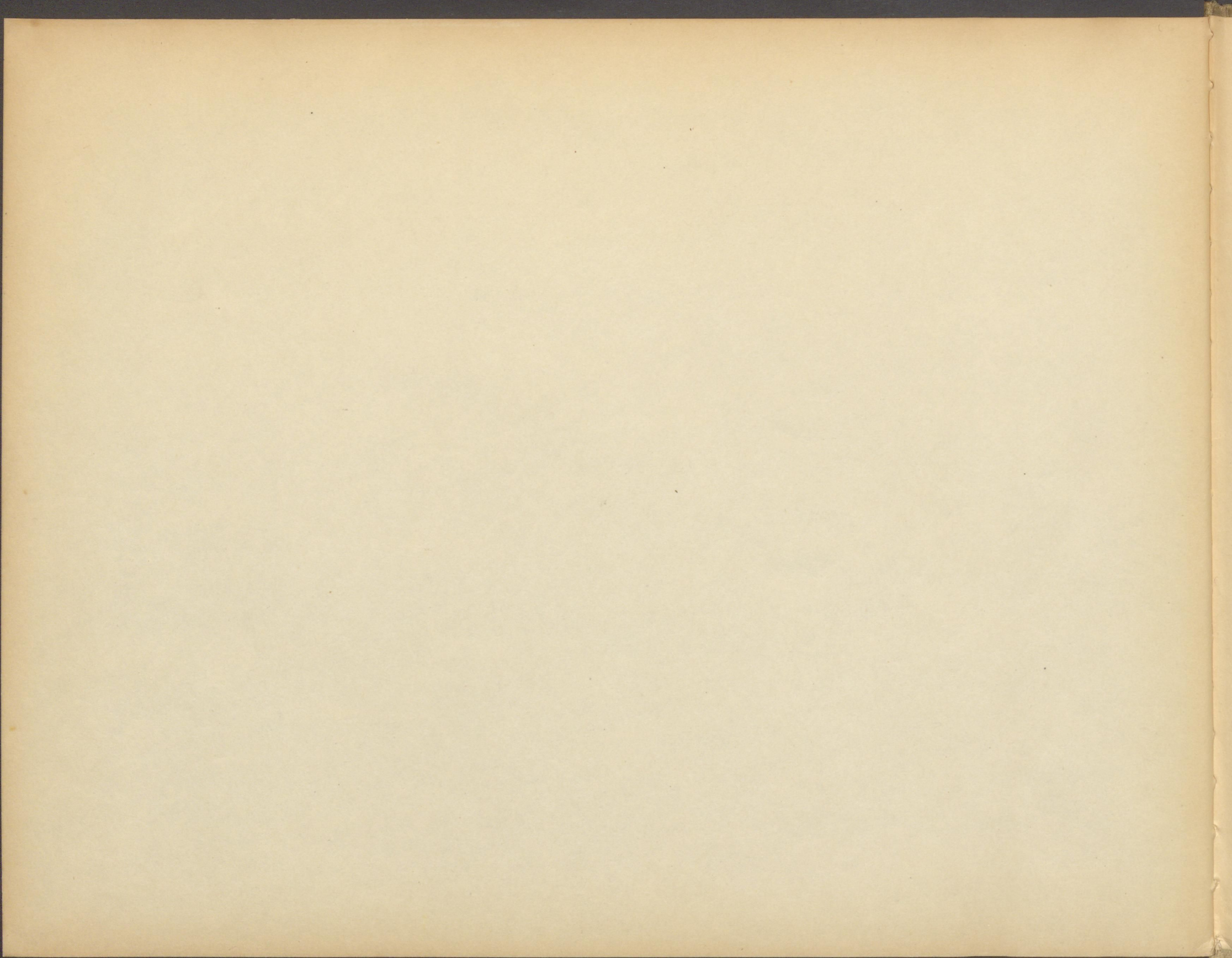
down—

And Peregrin awoke.





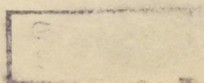


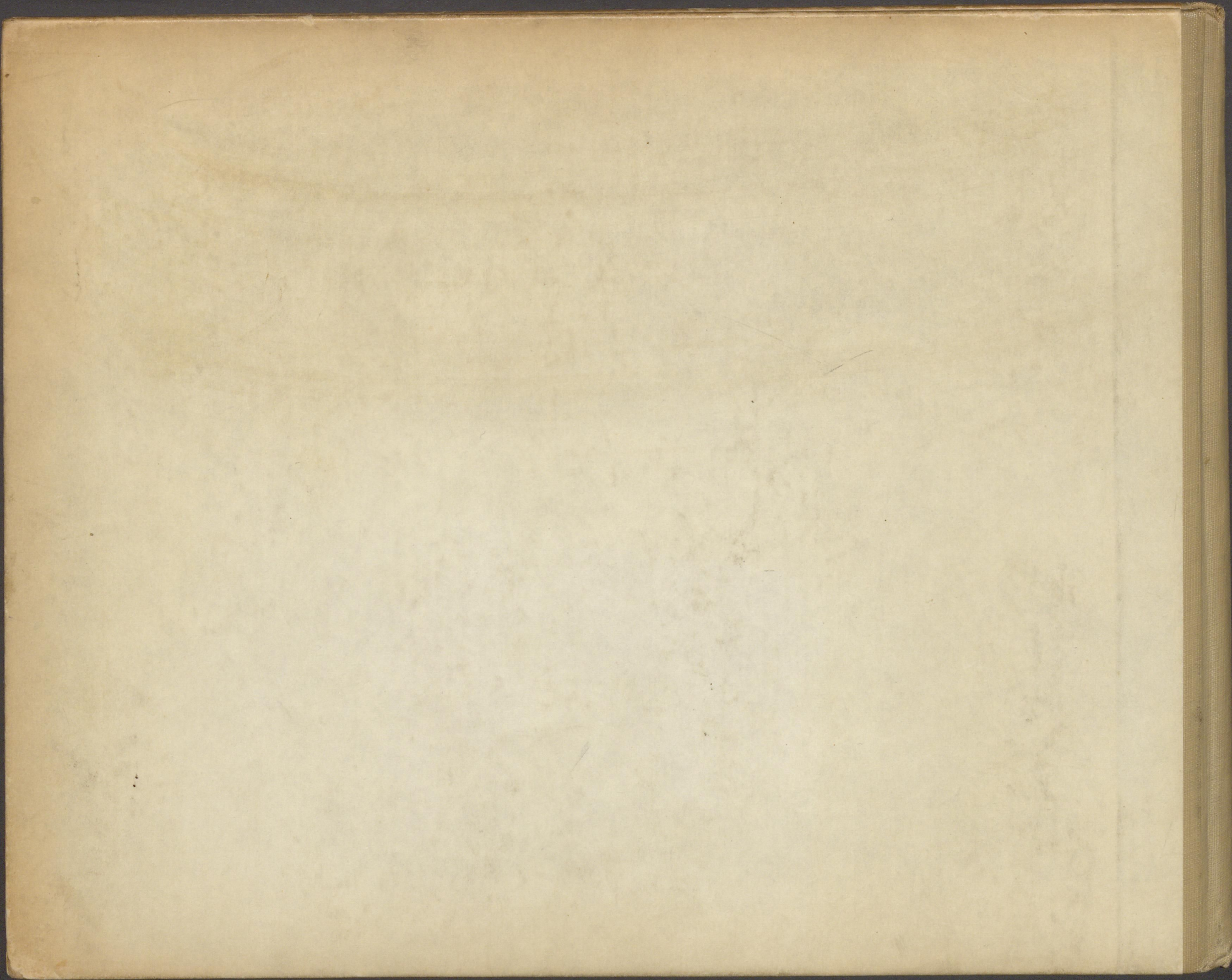


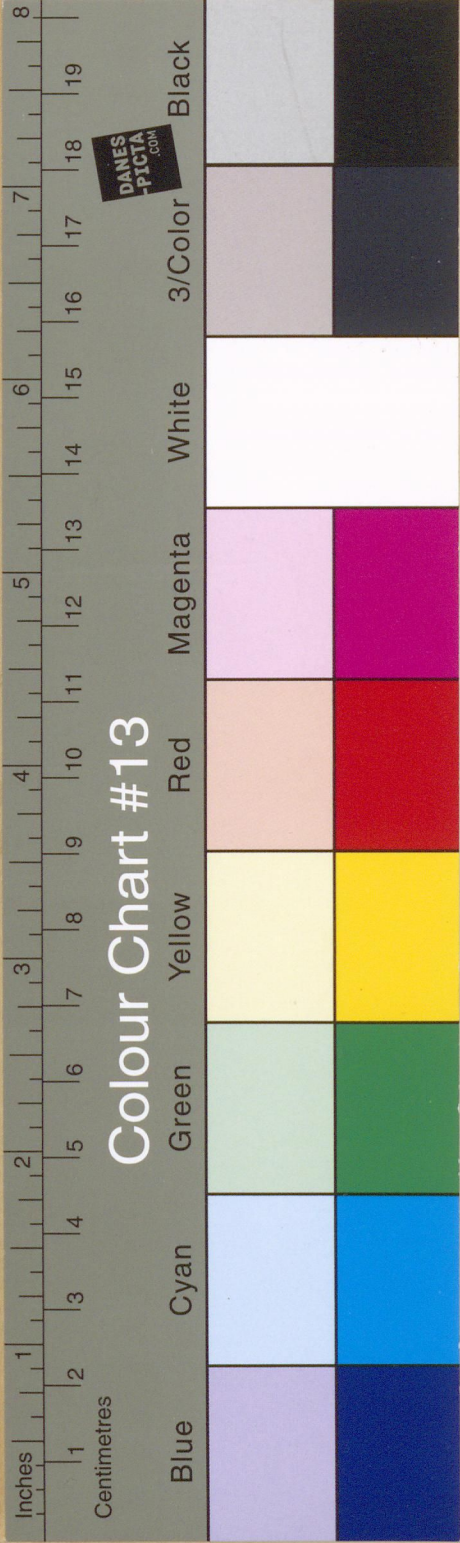


17180018

VIII.6.  
Seidm  
178  
16560







Colour Chart #13

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Inches  
Centimetres

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8