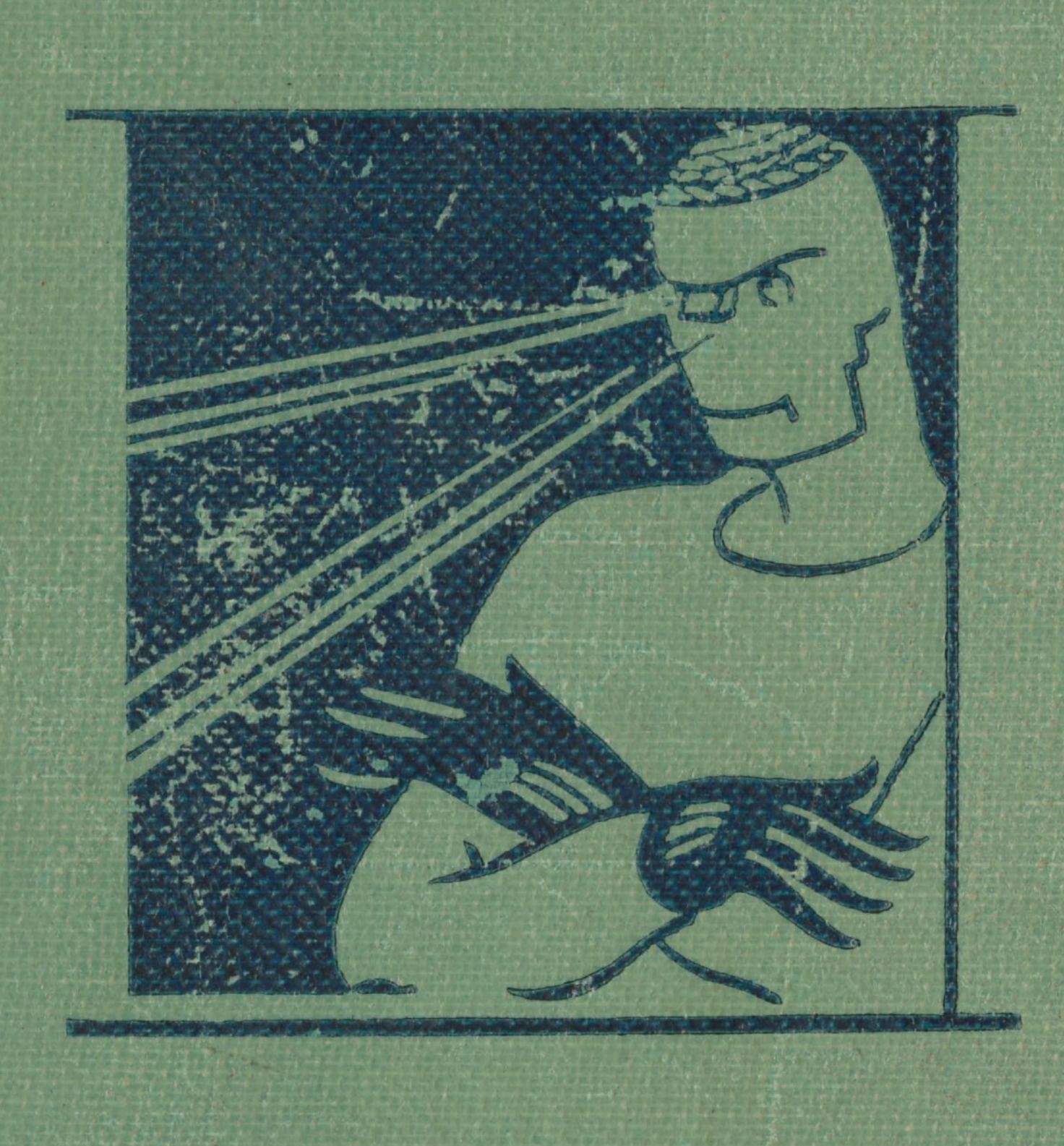

## GIARNIT SORCERER



WILLIAM WHITMAN 3.P.





THE NAVY OF THE ATLANTIC PASSED SLOWLY BEFORE THE PRESIDENT (page 40)

## THE STANT OF CERER

OR

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF RAPHAEL AND CASSANDRA:

64

WILLIAM WHITMAN 3.P.

by FRANK BOYD

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## CHAPTER III

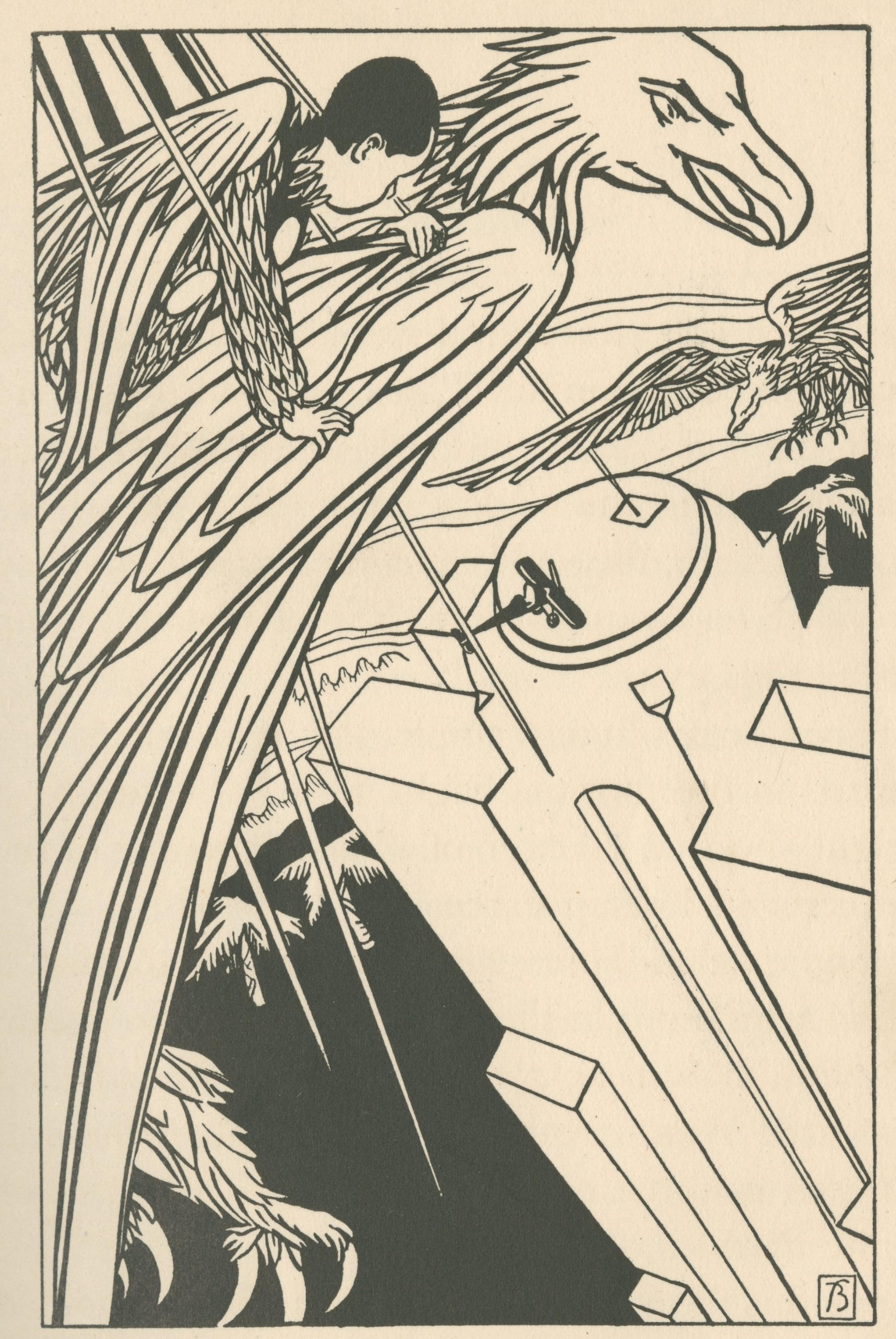
## THE CASTLE OF THE SORCERER

THEY fell earthward until Raphael felt dizzy and sick. His ears hummed; his stomach rose. He shut his eyes and clutched desperately at the feathers along the eagle's back. After an agony of excitement, the wind-song died to a hum; they dropped less rapidly, and Raphael with a gulp opened his eyes.

They were flying above the sea, which appeared in the morning light to be covered by a bright sheet of silver mail. The aeroplane of the Sorcerer had disappeared.

The eagles bore Raphael swiftly toward a cloud which lay in the distance above the ocean. As they drew near, the cloud changed, and land appeared rising fresh and green out of the sea. On this land the boy made out a great palace of white marble.

'Is this the Sorcerer's castle?' Raphael shouted into his friend's ear.



'IS THIS THE SORCERER'S CASTLE?' RAPHAEL SHOUTED

'Cassie,' he called softly to see if she were awake.

'Yes,' said Cassandra, opening her eyes.

'Let's get up. What time is it?'

'I don't know.'

Raphael got out of bed. Running over he pulled the bedclothes off Cassandra with a jerk, shouting, 'Ya, ya. Sleepy head. Going to stay all day in bed.' Cassandra hit at him with a pillow. Then Raphael remembered the Sorcerer. As the Emissary of Gæa he should behave with more dignity. He walked over to the bathroom and slipped on his new clothes.

When Cassandra and he went down to breakfast, they found the Sorcerer seated in a chair reading a magazine.

'Well,' said he, 'how did you sleep?'

'Fine,' said Raphael. 'Did you sleep well?'

'My dear boy,' answered the Sorcerer, 'I don't ever sleep. What use is sleep? It is a waste of valuable time.'

Raphael glanced at the magazine that the Sorcerer had been reading. It was lying open on the table. As far as Raphael could see it was made up of advertisements. Use Flip Flop Arches for Flat Feet. A Masterpiece of Mechanical Machinery. Is Your Personality Red Hot? The Mechanico Wearing Our Asbestos Underwear Is Correctly Garbed For All Occasions. And there was a picture of a mechanico standing on his head, underneath which Raphael read, Do you know better? Make your manners mechanical.

'Aren't there any stories in the magazine?'
Raphael asked.

'Oh dear no,' answered Mechanus. 'This is the Mechanico Journal Post. It is the last word in magazine-making. We have left out all unnecessary matter.' And he showed Raphael the cover on which was printed the picture of a mechanico with his mouth open. This was done handsomely in several colors.

After breakfast Raphael and Cassandra went out into the garden to play. It was a wonderful garden. There were all sorts of flowers growing in it, flowers much bigger than Raphael had ever seen before. Brick-red zinnias, crimson dahlias,