



TBC
ATTWELL

To Daddy's
Moose

with all his love



Sister Susie and the Twins

Designed by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL.

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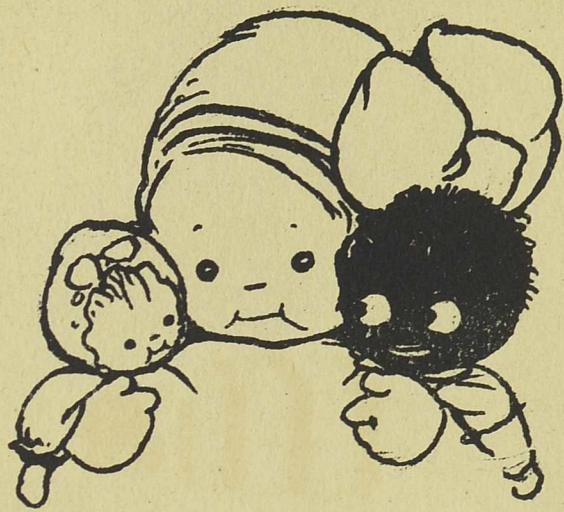
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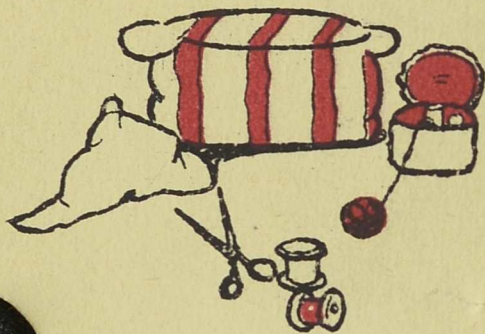
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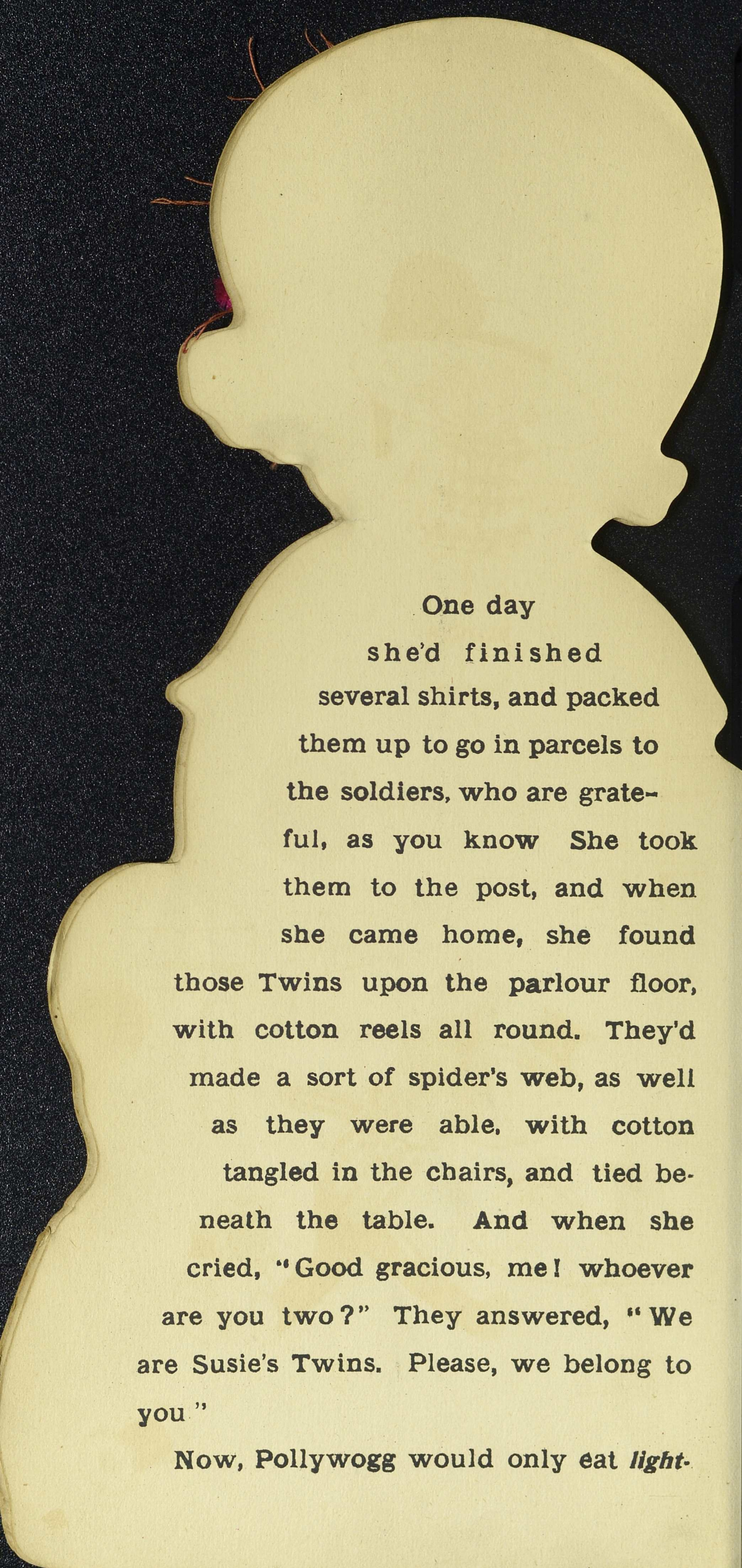


SISTER SUSIE AND THE TWINS

I MAKE no doubt you've often heard, before this tale begins, of Sister Susie, but you can't have heard about the Twins. You know how busy Susie was, with all those shirts she made. But since she had those naughty Twins, I'm very much afraid she couldn't do much sewing. For they *look* as good as gold, do Pollywogg and Gollywogg; but mostly, I've been told, they've led poor Susie such a life, by playing tricks and so on, she's hardly had a minute's peace. Too bad! But, still, to go on—

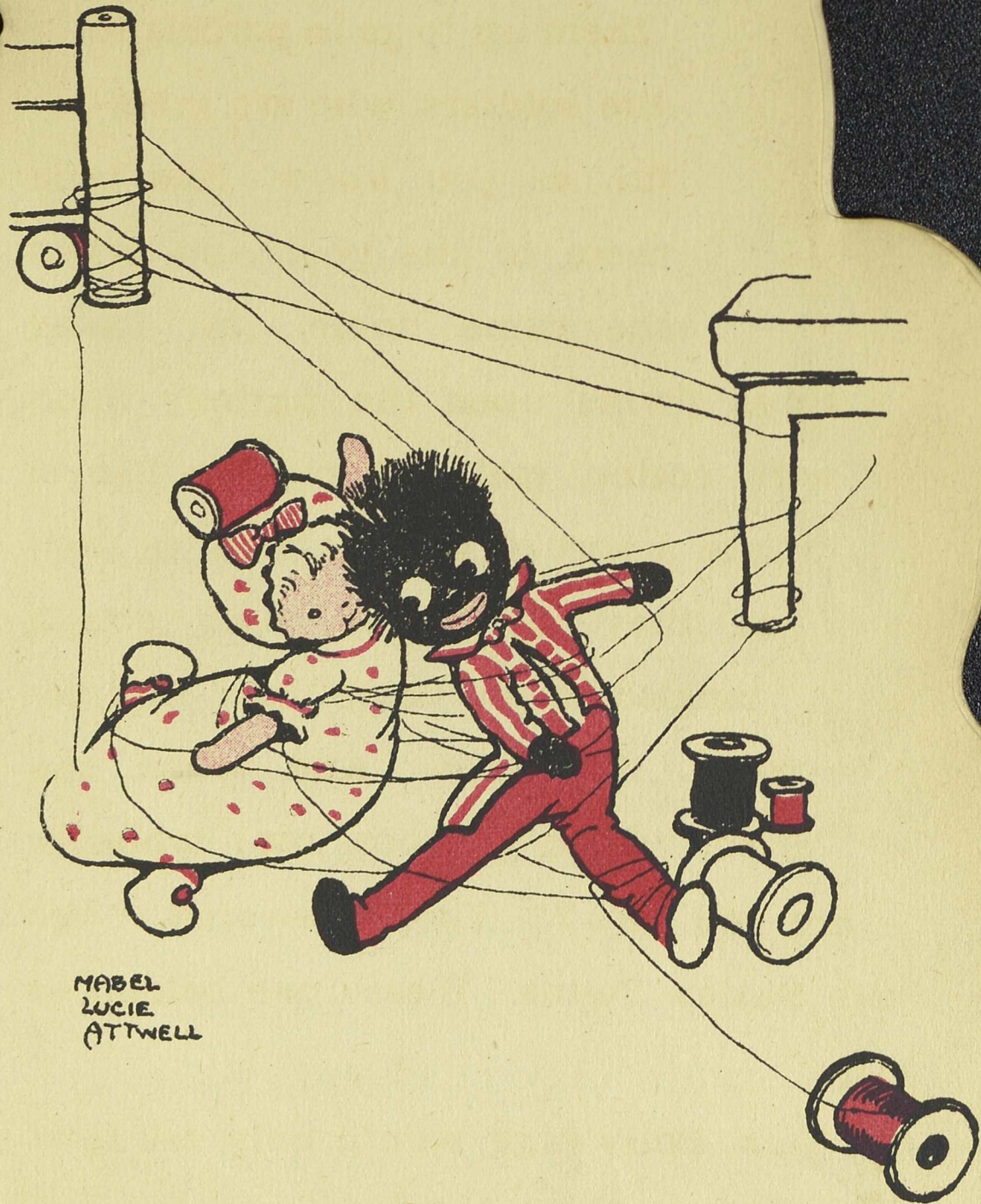


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One day
she'd finished
several shirts, and packed
them up to go in parcels to
the soldiers, who are grate-
ful, as you know She took
them to the post, and when
she came home, she found
those Twins upon the parlour floor,
with cotton reels all round. They'd
made a sort of spider's web, as well
as they were able, with cotton
tangled in the chairs, and tied be-
neath the table. And when she
cried, "Good gracious, me! whoever
are you two?" They answered, "We
are Susie's Twins. Please, we belong to
you."

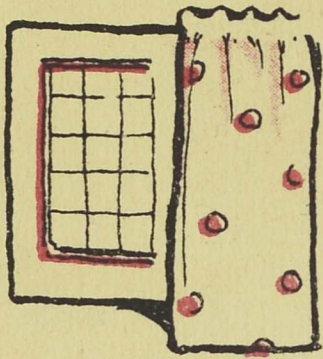
Now, Pollywogg would only eat *light*.



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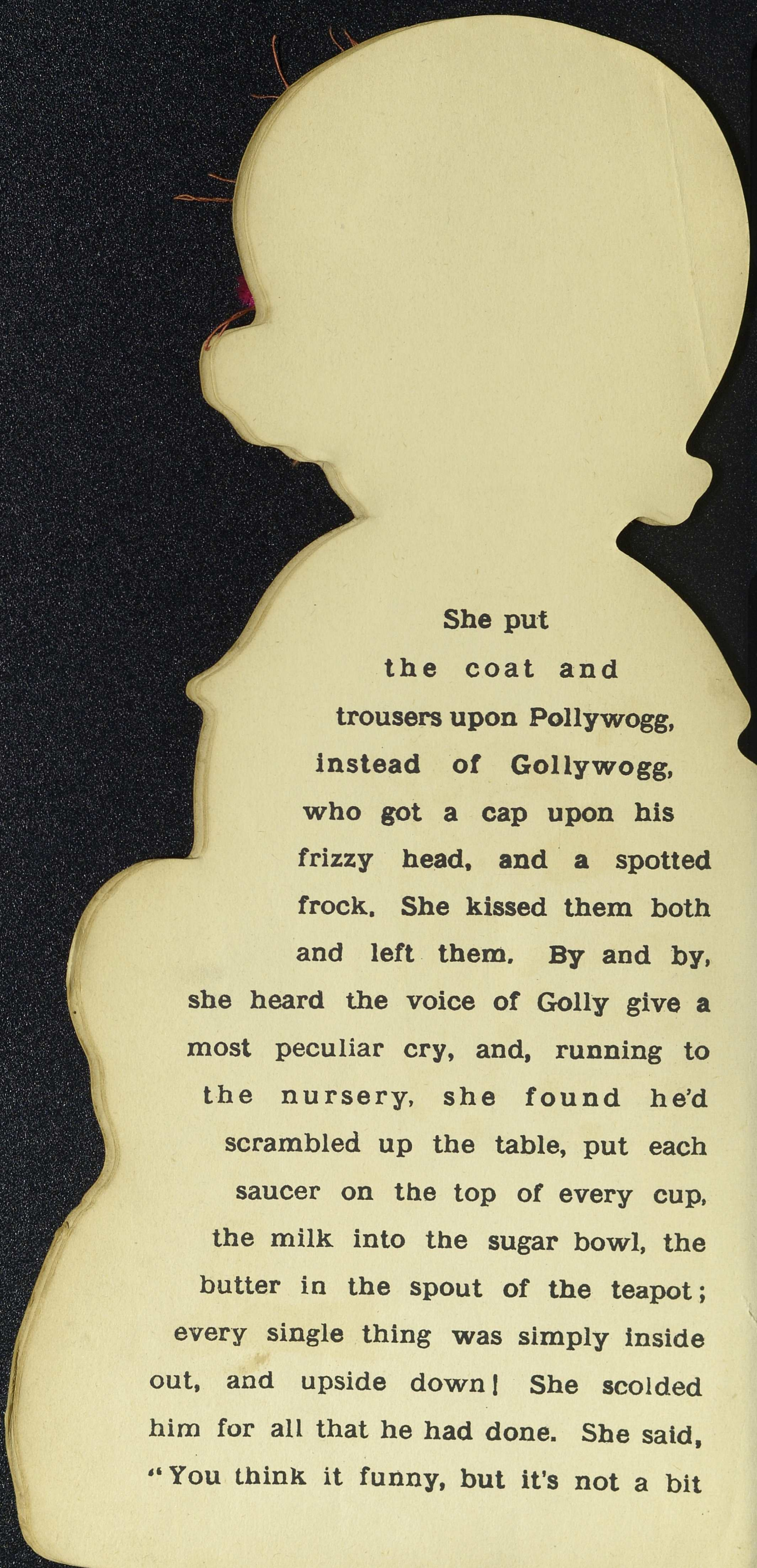
coloured
things, like cake,
and milk, and rice, and
porridge — there was no-
thing else she'd take. And
Golly wouldn't touch a thing
that wasn't *dark*, you see—like
ginger-bread, and sausages, and
beef, and jam, and tea. The bother
Susie had with them at meal-times!
and, no less, the bother that she had
with them all day, about their
dress! With scissors, and with
needles, and with papers full of
pins, she was always trying clothes
on just to fit those faddy Twins!

One morning, it was very dark, and
Susie couldn't see which infant she was
dressing (she had both upon her knee).



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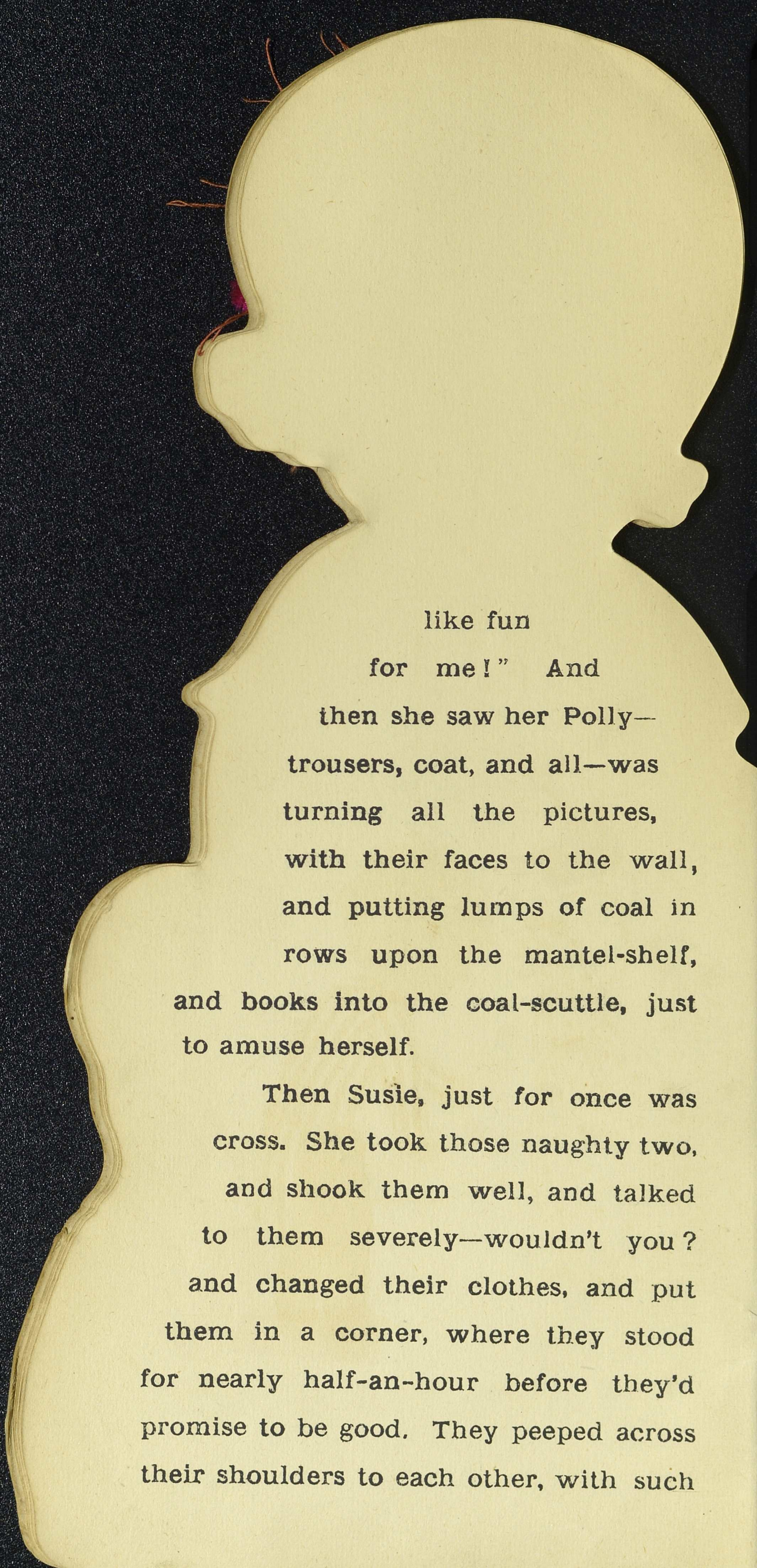
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She put
the coat and
trousers upon Pollywogg,
instead of Gollywogg,
who got a cap upon his
frizzy head, and a spotted
frock. She kissed them both
and left them. By and by,
she heard the voice of Golly give a
most peculiar cry, and, running to
the nursery, she found he'd
scrambled up the table, put each
saucer on the top of every cup,
the milk into the sugar bowl, the
butter in the spout of the teapot;
every single thing was simply inside
out, and upside down! She scolded
him for all that he had done. She said,
"You think it funny, but it's not a bit



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like fun
for me!" And
then she saw her Polly—
trousers, coat, and all—was
turning all the pictures,
with their faces to the wall,
and putting lumps of coal in
rows upon the mantel-shelf,
and books into the coal-scuttle, just
to amuse herself.

Then Susie, just for once was
cross. She took those naughty two,
and shook them well, and talked
to them severely—wouldn't you?
and changed their clothes, and put
them in a corner, where they stood
for nearly half-an-hour before they'd
promise to be good. They peeped across
their shoulders to each other, with such



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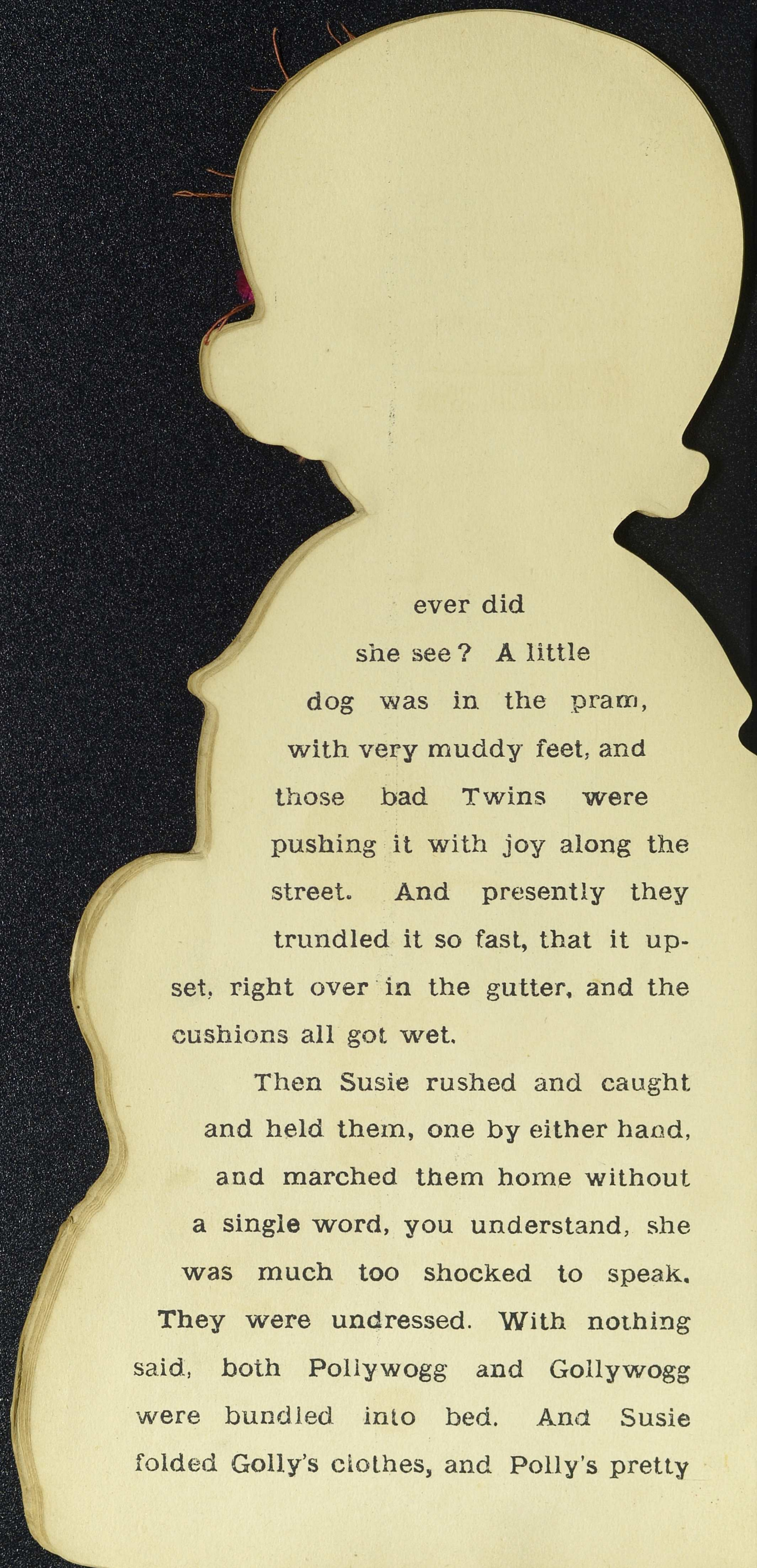
grins and
mischievous
grimaces, did those very
naughty Twins!

That afternoon, she took
them for an outing in the
pram. And people patted
Polly, and said, "Isn't she a
lamb!" And people smiled at Golly,
saying, "What a perfect dear!" They
little knew! Then Susie said, "I
have to go in here, this is the
draper's. I must buy some buttons
for a shirt. Now, children, sit quite
still, or you'll fall out, and you'll get
hurt."

She went into the shop, and when
she hurried out, dear me, where had
they gone? Some distance off. What-



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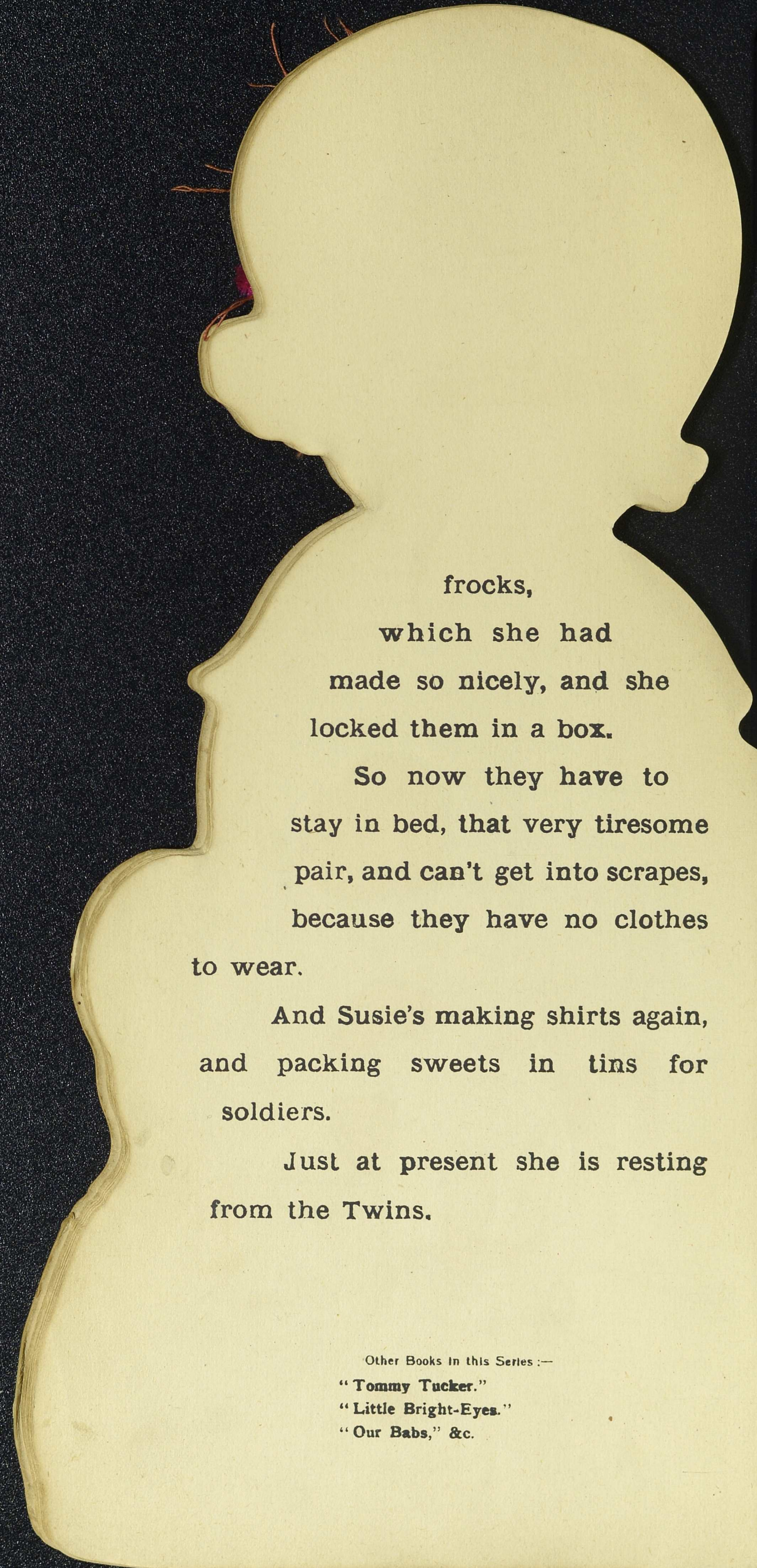


ever did
she see? A little
dog was in the pram,
with very muddy feet, and
those bad Twins were
pushing it with joy along the
street. And presently they
trundled it so fast, that it up-
set, right over in the gutter, and the
cushions all got wet.

Then Susie rushed and caught
and held them, one by either hand,
and marched them home without
a single word, you understand, she
was much too shocked to speak.
They were undressed. With nothing
said, both Pollywogg and Gollywogg
were bundled into bed. And Susie
folded Golly's clothes, and Polly's pretty



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frocks,
which she had
made so nicely, and she
locked them in a box.

So now they have to
stay in bed, that very tiresome
pair, and can't get into scrapes,
because they have no clothes
to wear.

And Susie's making shirts again,
and packing sweets in tins for
soldiers.

Just at present she is resting
from the Twins.

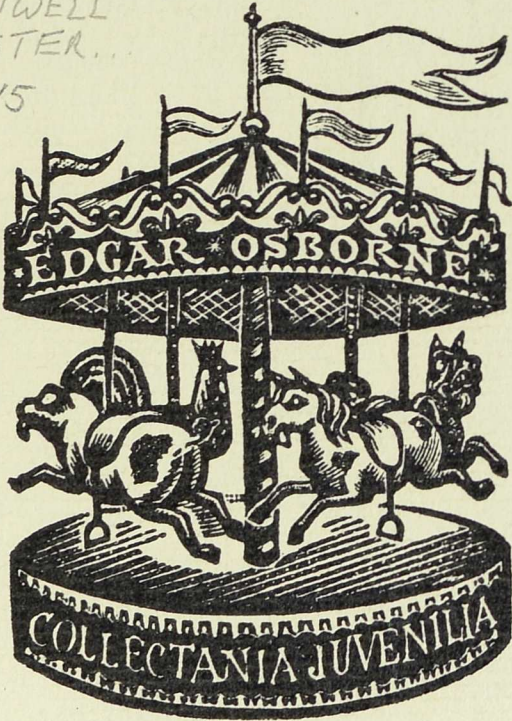
Other Books in this Series :—

“Tommy Tucker.”

“Little Bright-Eyes.”

“Our Babs,” &c.

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