

ROSY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649149346

Rosy by Mrs. Molesworth & Walter Crane

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MRS. MOLESWORTH & WALTER CRANE

ROSY



"JEWATA, DEAR, THIS IS MY ROSY," SHE SAID.—Page 34.

ROSY.

By MRS. MOLESWORTH,

Author of "Sweet Content," "The Cuckoo Clock," "Carrots," etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER CRANE.

"Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make good impulse stronger."

NEW YORK:
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.

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ROSY.

CHAPTER I.

ROSY, COLIN, AND FELIX.

“The highest not more
Than the height of a counselor’s bag.”

—WORDSWORTH.

Rosy stood at the window. She drummed on the panes with her little fat fingers in a fidgety, cross way; she pouted out her nice little mouth till it looked quite unlike itself; she frowned down with her eyebrows over her two bright eyes, making them seem like two small windows in a house with very overhanging roofs; and last of all, she stamped on the floor with first her right foot and then with her left. But it was all to no purpose, and this made Rosy still more vexed.

“Mamma,” she said at last, for really it was

too bad—wasn't it?—when she had given herself such a lot of trouble to show how vexed she was, that no one should take any notice. "Mamma," she repeated.

But still no one answered, and obliged at last to turn round, for her patience was at an end,



Rosy saw that there was no one in the room. Mamma had gone away! That was a great shame—really a great shame. Rosy was offended, and she wanted mamma to see how offended she was, and mamma chose just that moment to leave the room. Rosy looked round—there was no good going

on pouting and frowning and drumming and stamping to make mamma notice her if mamma wasn't there, and all that sort of going on caused Rosy a good deal of trouble. So she left off. But she wanted to quarrel with somebody. In fact, she felt that she must quarrel with somebody. She looked round again. The only "somebody" to be seen was mamma's big, big Persian cat, whose name was Manchon (why, Rosy did not know; she thought it a very stupid name), of whom, to tell the truth, Rosy was rather afraid. For Manchon could look very grand and terrible when he reared up his back and swept about his magnificent tail; and though he had never been known to hurt anybody, and mamma said he was the gentlest of animals, Rosy felt sure that he could do all sorts of things to punish his enemies if he chose. And knowing in her heart that she did not like him, that she was indeed sometimes rather jealous of him, Rosy always had a feeling that she must not take liberties with him, as she could not help thinking he knew what she felt.