



Library podcast

Thrilling Tales, A Storytime for Grownups presents: “Man Overboard! An Episode of the Red Sea” by Winston S. Churchill and “The Magic Shop” by H.G. Wells

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[00:00:44] Thrilling Tales happens on the first and third Monday of every month right here in the Seattle Public Library's Central Branch. Thank you for coming and spending your lunch hour with us. My name is David Wright. I'm a librarian in the fiction department here at the Central Library. And Thrilling Tales we hear gripping stories from authors, contemporary and classic. Today, we have two stories that take us back over a century, and they were written by H.G. Wells and Winston Churchill. Now, if we were gathered here one hundred years ago in the then brand new Seattle Public Library, and I told you I was going to read a story by Winston Churchill, you would immediately know who I was talking about. And you would be wrong. You would naturally assume that I was referring to the great American novelist Winston Churchill, who was as familiar in that day as John Grisham is in this. So when this story first appeared in 1899 in the Hammersmith Illustrated magazine, the editors felt impelled to include an explanatory note that this was not that Winston Churchill. It was this other fellow, a young man with a British lord for a father who was quite a promising writer. Winston S. Churchill's career as a writer of suspense apparently failed to pan out. But judging from this story, it looks like he could have done very well for himself had he chosen that. So for our first story, we have “Man Overboard! An Episode of the Red Sea” by Winston S. Churchill.

[00:02:33] It was a little after half past nine when the man fell overboard.

[00:02:39] The male steamer was hurrying through the Red Sea in the hope of making up the time which the currents of the Indian Ocean had stolen. The night was clear, though. The moon was hidden between clouds. The warm air was laden with moisture. The still surface of the waters was only broken by the movement of the Great Ship. From whose quarter?

[00:03:01] The long slanting undulations struck out like the feathers from an arrow shaft, and in whose wake the froth and air bubbles churned up by the propeller, trailed in the narrowing life to the darkness of the horizon.

[00:03:16] There was a concert onboard, all the passengers were glad to break the monotony of the voyage and gathered around the piano in the companion house. The decks were deserted. The man had been listening to the music and joining in the songs. The room was hot and he came out to smoke a cigarette and enjoy a breath of the wind, which the speedy passage of the liner created. It was the only wind on the Red Sea that night. The accommodation ladder had not been on ships since leaving Oddone and the man walked out onto the platform as on to a balcony. He leaned his back against the rail and blew a puff of smoke into the air reflectively.

[00:03:58] The piano struck up a lively turn and a voice began to sing the first verse of the rowdy Daudi Boys. The measured pulsations of the skroo were a subdued, but additional accompaniment.

[00:04:09] The man knew the song. It had been the rage at all the music halls when he had started for India seven years before. It reminded him of the brilliant and busy streets he had not seen for so long, but was soon to see again. He was just going to join in the chorus when the railing, which had been insecurely fastened, gave way suddenly with a snap and he fell backwards into the warm water of the sea amid a great splash for a moment. He was physically too much astonished to think. Then he realized that he must shout. He began to do this even before he rose to the surface. He achieved a horse in articulate, half choked scream. A startled brain suggested the word help, and he bawled this out lustily and with frantic efforts six or seven times without stopping.

[00:04:59] Then he listened. Hi. Hi. Clear the way for the rowdy dowdy boys. The chorus floated back to him across the smooth water for the ship. It already passed completely by. And as he heard the music, a long stab of terror drove through his heart. The possibility that he would not be picked up dawned for the first time on his consciousness.

[00:05:26] The chorus started again. Then I say boys whose for a jolly spree. Rum Tom. Tiddly. Yum! Who will have a drink with me?

[00:05:37] Ha ha ha!

[00:05:41] Shrieked the man in desperate fear.

[00:05:45] Thunder by glass. Now and then, fond of a roar or noise. Hi. Hi. You wait for the rowdy people.

[00:05:55] The last words drawled out faint and faint. The vessel was steaming fast.

[00:06:01] The beginning of the second verse was confused and broken by the ever growing distance. The dark outline of the Great Hall was getting blurred. The stern light dwindled.

[00:06:12] Then he set out to swim after it with furious energy, pausing every dozen strokes to shout.

[00:06:18] Long, wild shouts, the disturbed waters of the sea began to settle again to their rest. The widening undulations became ripples. The aerated confusion of the screw fizzed itself upwards and out. The noise and the sounds of life and music died away.

[00:06:38] The liner was but a single fading light on the blackness of the waters and a dark shadow against a paler sky. At length, full realisation came to the man and he stopped swimming.

[00:06:53] He was alone, abandoned.

[00:06:57] With the understanding his brain reeled, he began again to swim. Only now, instead of shouting, he prayed mad, incoherent prayers, the words stumbling into one another. Suddenly, a distant light seemed to flicker and brighten, a surge of joy and hope rushed through his mind. They were going to stop to turn the ship and come back. And with the hope came gratitude. His prayer was answered. Broken words of Thanksgiving rose to his lips. He stopped and stared after the light. His soul in his eyes. As he watched it, it grew gradually but steadily. Smaller.

[00:07:49] Then the man knew that his fate was certain. Despair succeeded hope. Gratitude gave place to curses, beating the water with his arms. He raved impotently. Foul oaths burst from him, as broken as his prayers and as unheated.

[00:08:07] The fit of passion past hurried by increasing fatigue, he became silent. Silent as was the sea, for even the ripples were subsiding into the glassy smoothness of the surface. He swam on mechanically along the track of the ship, sobbing quietly to himself in the misery of fear and the stern light became a tiny speck. Yellower, but scarcely bigger than some of the stars, which here in their shown between the clouds. Nearly 20 minutes past, the man's fatigue began to change to exhaustion. The overpowering sense of the inevitable press upon him with the weariness came a strange comfort. They need not swim all the long way to Suez, there was another course. He would die. He would resign his existence since he was thus abandoned.

[00:09:07] He threw up his hands impulsively and sank down, down. He went through the warm water. The physical death took hold of him and he began to drown. The pain of that savage grip recalled his anger. He fought with it furiously. Striking out with arms and legs, he sought to get back to the air. It was a hard struggle, but he escaped victorious and gasping to the surface.

[00:09:37] Despair awaited him.

[00:09:40] Feebly splashing with his hands, he moaned in bitter misery. I can't. I must. Oh, God.

[00:09:51] Let me die. The moon, then in her third quarter, pushed out from behind the concealing clouds and shed a pale soft glitter upon the sea. Upright in the water 50 yards away was a black triangular object.

[00:10:15] It puts a fin. It approached him slowly.

[00:10:22] His last appeal had been heard.

[00:10:30] Chilling. I know. Our next story is by Herbert George Wells and it appeared in The Strand magazine in nineteen oh three. Now, aside from the fact that we no longer ride around in hansom cabs, there's only one bit of terminology that may need some explanation, and that is the British slang use of the term rhum, which means queer, odd, peculiar and also perhaps spurious and bad, all of which are excellent words to describe this next story. "The Magic Shop" by H.G. Wells.

[00:11:10] I had seen the magic shop from afar several times. I passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hands, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick packs of cards that looked all right and all that sort of thing. But never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning. Grip hold me by my finger right up to the window. And so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there to tell the truth. Modest sized frontage in Regent Street between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators. But there it was. Sure enough, I'd fancied it was down nearer the circus or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn, always over the way, and a little inaccessible. It had been with something of the mirage in its position. But here it was now, quite indisputably. And the fat end of gifts pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

[00:12:18] If I was rich, said GEP, dabbing a finger at the disappearing aid, I'd buy myself that and that. Which was the crying baby? Very human. And that which was a mystery, and called so a neat card asserted by one and astonish your friends. Anything said GEP will disappear under one of those cones. I've read about it in a book, and the idea is the vanishing. Hey Penny only put it this way is up so we can't see how it's done.

[00:12:51] Gep. Dear boy inherits his mother's breeding and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way only, you know, quite unconsciously, he lugged my finger.

[00:13:03] Dorward And he made his interests clear that he said and pointed to the magic bottle. If you add that, I said, at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance, I could show it to Jessie. He said, thoughtful as ever of others.

[00:13:23] It's less than 100 days to your birthday. Gimbel's I said and laid my hand on the door handle gift made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger. And so we came into the shop. It was no common shop. This it was a magic shop and all the prancing precedents gift would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burden of the conversation to me. It was a

little narrow shop, not very well lit, and the doorbell pinged again with a plaintive note. As we closed it behind us for a moment or so, we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in papier-mache on the glass case that covered the low counter. A grave kind died tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner. There were several crystal spheres a China hand-holding, magic cards, a stock of magic fish bowls in various sizes, and in a modest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs on the floor, where magic mirrors one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, one to make you short and fat like a draft. And while we were laughing at these, the shopman, as I suppose came in at any rate. There he was behind the counter, a curious, sallow, dark man with one year larger than the other, and a chin like the toe cap of a boot.

[00:14:49] What can we have? The pleasure? He said, spreading his long magic fingers on the glass case. And so with a start, we were aware of him. I want, I said, to buy my little boy a few simple tricks. Legerdemain? He asked. Mechanical, domestic. Anything amusing? Said. I, said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment, as if thinking. And then quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. Something in this way, he said, and held it out. The action was unexpected. I've seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before. It's part of the common stock of conjurers, but I'd not expected it here. That's good, I said with a laugh. Isn't it? Said the shopman. GEP stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object, and found merely a blank palm. It's in your pocket, said the shopman. Then there it was. How much will that be? I asked. We make no charge for glass balls, said the shopman politely. We get them. He picked one out of his elbow as he spoke free.

[00:16:07] He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. GEP regarded his glass ball sagely, and then directed the look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled. You may have those two, said the shopman, and if you don't mind, one from my mouth. So.

[00:16:31] Gep counseled me mutely for a moment and then in a profound silence, put away the four balls, resumed my re-assuring finger and nerved himself for the next event.

[00:16:44] We get all our smaller tricks that way, the shoppin remarked. I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest instead of going to the wholesale shop, I said, Of course it's cheaper in a way, the shoppin said, though we pay in the end, but not so heavily as people suppose. Our larger tricks and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hot and you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it. There isn't a wholesale shop for genuine magic goods. I don't know if you noticed our inscription, the genuine magic shop. He drew a business card from his cheek and handed it to me. Genuine, he said with his finger on the word, and added, There is absolutely no deception, sir. He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly. I thought. He turned to GEP with a smile of remarkable affability. You know, are the right sort of boy.

[00:17:53] I was surprised at his knowing that because in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home. But GEP received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him. It's only the right sort of boy gets through that doorway.

[00:18:10] And as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard.

[00:18:17] I want to go in that. I want to go.

[00:18:23] And then they act sense of a downtrodden parent urging Constellation's and propitiation. It's locked in. He said, but it isn't I. It is, sir, said the shopman always fought for that sort of child. And as he spoke, we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a small white face pallid from sweet eating and oversampled food and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist pawing at the enchanted pain. It's no good, sir, said the shoppin, as I moved with my natural helpfulness DORWARD. And presently the spoiled child was carried off howling.

[00:19:05] How do you manage that? I said breathing a little more freely. Magic, said the shopman, with a careless wave of his hand, and behold the sparks of colored fire flew out from his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop. You were saying, he said, addressing himself to get before you came in, that you would like one of our by one and astonish your friends boxes. GEP, after a gallant effort, said yes. It's in your pocket. And leaning over the counter really had an extraordinarily long body. This amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurers manner.

[00:19:50] Paper, he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs string. And behold, his mouth was a string box from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel, he bit off and seemed to me to swallow the ball of string. Then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist dummies, stuck out one of his fingers, which had become sealing wax, read into the flame, and so sealed the parcel.

[00:20:16] Then there was the disappearing egg, he remarked, and produced one from within my coat breast, and packed it. Also the crying baby, very human. I handed each parcel to GEP as it was ready, and he class them to his chest. He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent. The clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the playground of unspeakable emotions, and ithe's, you know, were real magics.

[00:20:45] Then with a start, I discovered something moving about in my heart, something soft and jumpy, I whipped it off and a ruffled pigeon and no doubt a Confederate dropped out and ran on the counter and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the papier mâché tiger. Oh, tut, tut, said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my headdress. Careless bird. And as I live nesting, he shook my hat and shook out into his extended hand. Two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, and half a dozen of the inevitable glass bowls, and then crumpled crinkled paper more and more and more talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats inside, as well as out politely, of course, but with a certain personal application. All sorts of things accumulate, sir. Not you, of course, in particular. Nearly every customer Huffstodt tarnishing what they will carry about with the crumpled paper, rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden.

[00:21:53] And still his voice went on and on. We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal, sir. All we all know better than the brushed exteriors, lighted speakers.

[00:22:08] His voice stopped.

[00:22:11] Exactly like when you hit a neighbour's gramophone with a well aimed break, the same instant silence.

[00:22:19] The Russell of the paper stopped and everything was still. Have you done with my hat? I said after an interval there was no answer.

[00:22:31] I stared at GEP and GEP stared at me and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum and grave and quiet.

[00:22:42] I think we'll go now. I said, you tell me how much all this comes to. I say I said on a rather louder note, I want the bill and my hat, please. It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile. Let's look behind the counter grip. I said he's making fun of us. I led GEP round the head wagging Tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all. Only my hat on the floor and the common conjurers lop eared white rabbit lost in meditation and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurers rabbit can do. I resumed my hat and the rabbit lull up to Lulla Prasow out of my way. Dad, said GEP, in a guilty whisper. What is it, GEP? Said I. I do like this shop data. So should I. I said to myself, if the counter wouldn't suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door, but I didn't call gimps attention to that. Pussy, he said with a hand out to the rabbit as it came loping past us, pussy do get the magic and his eyes followed it as it squeezed through a door. I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but as I met mine with something between amusement and defiance. You'd like to see our show room, sir, he said, with an innocent swapper t. GIP tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shock men's eye again. I was beginning to think the magic just a little too genuine. We haven't very much time, I said. But somehow we were inside the shop room before I could finish that.

[00:24:44] All goods of the same quality, said the SHUKMAN, rubbing his flexible hands together, and that is the best. Nothing in the place that is in genuine magic and warranted thoroughly. Um. Excuse me, sir. I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat sleeve and then I saw. He held a little Regling Red Demon by the tail. The little creature bit and fought and tried to get it his hand. And in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind the counter. No doubt. The thing was only an image of twisted India rubber. But for the moment, and his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty, biting bit of vermin. I glanced at GEP, but GEP was looking at a magic rocking horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing I say.

[00:25:34] I said in an undertone and indicating GEP and the Red Demon with my eyes. You haven't many things like that about, have you? Non Doha's. Probably brought it with you, said the shopman,

also in an undertone and with a more dazzling smile than ever. Astonishing what people will carry about with them unawares.

[00:25:59] And then to GEP. Do you see anything you fancy here? There were many things that Gipp fancied. There he turned to this astonishing tradesmen with mingled confidence and respect. Is that a magic sword? He said a magic toy sword. It neither bends, breaks nor cuts of fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against anyone under 18. Half a crown to seven and sixpence according to size. These Panov, please. On cards are for juvenile knights, errant and very useful. Shield of safety. Sandals of swiftness. Helmet of invisibility. Oh, daddy! Gaspd GEP. I tried to find out what they cost, but the shoppin did not heed me. He had got get now it got him away from my finger. He had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock and nothing was going to stop in.

[00:26:56] Presently I saw it with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that GEP had hold of this person's finger, as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, a really good faked Stockstill. I wondered after them saying very little, but keeping an eye on this Prisk to digital fellow. After all, GEP was enjoying it, and no doubt when the time came to go, we should be able to go quite easily.

[00:27:29] It was a long, rambling place, that showroom, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars with archways leading off to other departments in which the queerest looking assistance loafed and stared at one. And with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So perplexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

[00:27:53] The shopman showed GEP magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals. And then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly. You took off the lid and said, well, I myself haven't a very quick ear. And it was a tongue twisting sound. But GEP, he has his mother's ear. He got it in no time. braavos said the shopman putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to GEP. Now, said the shopman, and in a moment GEP had made them all alive again. You'll take that box? Asked the shopman. We'll take that box, said I, unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a trust magnate. Oh, dear, heart. No, said the shop, and he swept the little men back again. Shut the lid, wave the box in the air, and there it was, in brown paper tied up and.

[00:28:47] With gifts, full name and address on the paper. The shop and laughed at my amazement. This is the genuine magic, he said, the real thing. It's a little too genuine for my taste. I said again.

[00:29:07] After that, he felt are showing GEP tricks, hard tricks and still order the way they were done. He explained them. He turned them inside out and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the same just manner. I did not attend as well as I might. Hey, presto, said the magic shopman. And then there would come a clear small hey presto, the boy. But I was distracted by other things. It was being borne in upon me just how tremendously rhum this place was. It was, so to speak. Inundated by a sense of Romney's, was something vaguely Raam about the fixtures, even about the ceiling, about the floor, about the casually distributed chairs, had a queer feeling that

whenever I wasn't looking at them straight, they went to skew and and moved about and played a noiseless puss in the corner behind my back.

[00:29:59] And the cornice had a serpentine design with masks, masks altogether too expressive for proper plaster. Then abruptly, my attention was caught by one of the odd-looking assistants. He was some way off and evidently unaware of my presence, I saw a sort of three quarter length of him over a pile of toys and through an arch and. You know, he was leaning against a pillar in an idle sort of way, doing the most horrid things with his features.

[00:30:37] The particular horrid thing he did was with his nose. He did it just as though he was idle and wanted to amuse himself. First of all, it was a short blobby nose and then suddenly he shot it out like a telescope.

[00:30:51] And then it flew and became thinner and thinner until it was like a a long red flexible whip, like like a thing in a mike. It was he flourished it and he flung it forth as a fly fisher flings his line. My instant thought was that GEP mustn't see him. And I turned about, and there was GEP quite preoccupied with a shopman and thinking no evil. They were whispering together and looking at me. GEP were standing on a stool in the shopman was holding a sort of a big drum in his hand. Hide and seek thatat cried. Get your. He. And before I could do anything to prevent it, the shopman had clapped the big drum over him. I saw what was up directly, take that off. I tried. This instant you'll find the boy. Take it off. The shopman with the unequal ears did so without a word.

[00:31:43] And he held the big cylinder towards me to show its emptiness. And the little stool was vacant. In that instant, my boy had utterly disappeared.

[00:31:57] You know, perhaps that sinister something that comes like a hand out of the unseen and grips your heart about. You know, it takes your common self away and leaves you tense and deliberate. Neither slow nor hasty, neither angry nor afraid. So it was with me. I came up to this grinning shopman and kicked his stool aside. Stop this folly. I said, where is my boy? What you see? He said, still displaying the drums interior. There is no deception. I put out my hand to grip him, and he alluded me by a dextrous movement. I snatched again, and he turned from me and pushed open a door to escape.

[00:32:43] Stop, I said. And he laughed, reseeding. I looked after him into utter darkness. FOD no bestbuy.

[00:32:55] I didn't see you coming, sir.

[00:32:58] I was in Regent Street and I had collided with a decent looking working man and a yard away perhaps, and looking extremely perplexed with himself. Was GEP.

[00:33:14] There was some sort of apology and then GIP turned and came to me with a bright little smile as though for a moment he'd missed me.

[00:33:22] And he was carrying four parcels in his arm. He secured immediate possession of my finger for the second I was rather at a loss. I stared round to see the door of the magic shop and behold, it was not there. There was no door. No shop. Nothing. Only the common plaster between the shop where they sell pictures and the window with the chicks. I did the only thing possible in that mental tumult. I walked straight to the curbstone and held up my umbrella for a cab and Simms said GEP in a note of culminating exaltation. I helped him in RECALDE my address with an effort and got in also something unusual proclaimed itself in my tailcoat pocket, and I felt and discovered a glass ball with a petulant expression. I flung it into the street. GEP said nothing. For the space, neither of us spoke.

[00:34:26] Gibbs said at last. That was a proper shop.

[00:34:32] I came round with that to the problem of just how the whole thing had seemed to him. He looked completely undamaged. So far, so good. He was neither scared nor unhinged. He was simply tremendously satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment. And there in his arms were the four parcels. Unfounded what could be in them? Mm hmm. I said little boys can't go to shops like that every day. He received this with his usual stoicism, and for a moment I was sorry that I was his father and not his mother and so couldn't suddenly they're caught and publico in our handsome kiss him. After all, I thought thing wasn't so very bad.

[00:35:24] But it was only when we opened the parcels that I really began to be reassured. Three of them contained boxes of soldiers, quite ordinary led soldiers, but of so good a quality as to make up altogether. Forget that originally these parcels had been magic tricks of the only genuine sort.


[00:35:43] And the fourth contained a kitten, a little living white kitten in excellent health and appetite and temper. I saw this unpacking with a sort of provisional relief I hung about in the nursery for quite an unconscionable time. Well, that happened six months ago, and now I'm beginning to believe it is. All right.

[00:36:07] The kitten had only the magic natural to all kittens, and the soldiers seem as steady a company as any colonel could desire and give up. The intelligent parent will understand that I have to go cautiously with Kip.

[00:36:24] But I went so far as this one day, I said, how would you like it if your soldiers came alive gap and marched about by themselves? Mind you, said Kip. I just have to say a word before I open the lid. And then they march about alone. Oh, quite, Dad. I shouldn't like them if they didn't do that.

[00:36:49] I displayed no unbecoming surprise. And since then, I've taken occasion to drop in upon him once or twice unannounced when the soldiers were about, but so far I've never discovered them performing in anything like a magical manner.

[00:37:04] It's so hard to tell.



[00:37:07] There's also the question of finance. I have an incurable habit of paying bills. I've been up and down Regent Street several times looking for that shop. I am inclined to think indeed that in the matter, honor is satisfied and that since Gimp's name and address are known to them, I may very well leave it to these people, whoever they are, to send in their bill in their own time.

[00:37:46] Thank you so much for coming to Thrilling Tales. We hope to see you here in two weeks time for more Thrilling Tales.

[00:37:56] This podcast was presented by the Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to the Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.

