THE KULALUK LEASE AS A MAGIC PUDDING

From “The Magic Pudding” by Norman Lindsay (1918)

“There you are,” said Bill. “There’s nothing this Puddin’ enjoys more than offering slices of himself to strangers.”

“Always anxious to be eaten,” said Bill, “that’s this Puddin’s mania. Well, to oblige him, I ask you to join us for lunch.”

A peculiar thing about the Puddin’ was that, though they had all had a great many slices off him, there was no sign of the place whence the slices had been cut.

“That’s where the magic comes in,” explained Bill. “The more you eats the more you get. Cut-an’-come-again is his name, an’ cut, an’ come again, is his nature. Me and Sam have been eating away at this pudding for years, and there’s not a mark on him. Perhaps,” he added, “you would like to hear how we came to own this remarkable Puddin’.”

