

## Where to Look for Forgotten Words

It is most perfectly true, and you must not disbelieve what I tell you today, most perfectly true that there is a place in your house where forgotten words are kept. If you should ever forget a word – and there are many that have been forgotten for a long time – then all you need do is find this place.

When I was young, like you, my boy, but perhaps not so bold, I had a word which I had completely and splendidly forgotten. I tried and I tried, and I spelt out all the letters of the great long alphabet, all the way from A to Z, with the peculiar and little-used ones in between; but I could not remember the word which had been forgotten. It was... it was... no, it's no good – I cannot even now remember; but perhaps being old and bent, instead of sparkly and straight, it is easier to forget these words than to remember them. So when I was

young, like you, I went in search of my forgotten word.

Now where would you look for something you had lost? Under the bed, in the cupboards, underneath your pillow, in the rubbish-bin? Up the chimney, inside the cat's ears, behind the grandmother? Up in the sky amongst the stars, down in the earth under the trees? Well, I looked and I looked, and I crept into some forbidden parts of the house, and there, in a bag at the bottom of a box at the bottom of a wooden chest I found a whole pile of forgotten words. I looked in the wooden chest and I looked in the box at the bottom of the wooden chest and I looked in the dusty bag that was in the box at the bottom of the wooden chest, and there they all lay, dozing.

What a lot there were: I picked up a handful of the words and they lay snoozing in my hand like little furry creatures, each with a label round its neck. There was:

axypolyp;  
blue-cup;  
catersnurble;  
drong;  
equage;  
firmy;  
goatsnatcher;  
hillback;

and many others, all the way down to;

tea-farer;  
unkettle;  
violin-tuba;  
wilmrat;  
xylobag;  
yippough;  
zoo-badinage.

(I must tell you most particularly that the word 'please' and the word 'thank you' lay there in the bag in great numbers. It was obvious to anyone that these two words were most commonly forgotten.)

The word that I was looking for was not in the first handful I took from the bag, nor indeed the second, in which lay snoring:

ambrote;  
benesocks;  
charmly;  
datency;  
efflant;  
fur-nipper;  
gallious;  
hob-thunder;  
irkable;

and twenty-four 'pleases' and eighteen 'thank-yous' and many many more.

Nor could I find my word in the third or the fourth or the fifth handful, and soon the floor of the room was covered with a great pile of words forgotten, and muttering complaints about being woken up. It was not until the hundredth handful, near the bottom of the bag, with the pile of words I had examined almost reaching to the ceiling, that I found the one I was looking for. Carefully, I put

it to one side, then picked up all the others o thffe floor, and stuffed them back into the cosy dark bag, so that they could continue their sleep. A small handful, I must admit, I kept for myself, and carry them around in my pocket for my own particular and personal use. Here's a couple now:

strubble-horse;

wide-hatty.

Now, my boy, I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you the word which I had forgotten then found again in the bag in the box at the bottom of the wooden chest. For, only last week, I forgot it again; and when you get to be as old and bent as me, you will find that you simply forget where the forgotten words are hidden.