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Note from Theo: When we first built our home on a Tarzana hillside, we had lots of visitors from the local sagebrush. Hundred-leggers, about twice the size of this illustration, used to run about on the ceilings. I remember one falling - into the middle of a tea party with guests, who of course screamed as it rushed about with us trying to catch it. [It got away.]

I wrote the following poem later as a sort of wish fulfillment.

A brash hundred-legger named Trent
Ran like lightning wherever he went,
Til one day he was lurking
Where masons were working;
Now he ambles in shoes of cement.