

# The Beasts of Never

Illustrated by H el ene Bouliane

## Bunyip

by Jenny Wagner

“What do bunyips look like?”  
asked the bunyip.  
“Horrible,” said the wallaby.  
“They have webbed feet and  
feathers.”  
“Fine handsome feathers,” said the  
bunyip hopefully.  
“Horrible feathers,” said the wallaby  
firmly . . .  
“Handsome webbed feet?” called  
the bunyip, but there was no  
answer.  
“Can you please tell me what  
bunyips look like?”  
“Yes,” said the man. . . . “Bunyips  
don’t look like anything. . . .  
Bunyips simply don’t exist.”  
The bunyip was shaken. . . .  
“What a pity,” he murmured.  
“What a pity, what a pity.”



## Cerberus

by N.B. Taylor

There!  
That terrible three-necked  
hound  
Cerberus crouched. . .  
Baying savagely from  
his triple throat . . .  
he barred the way to Pluto’s house.



# The Griffin

by Arnold Sundgaard

Protector of Pharaohs,  
Defender of Kings,  
The Griffin watched over  
Their Crowns and their Rings,  
With Wings of an Eagle,  
And sharp Lion claws,  
It once tore to pieces  
The Breaker of Laws.  
It heard every whisper,  
And knew every plot  
And you may believe it,  
Or else you may not!



# The Manticore

by Jeanne Steig

A mythic beast, the manticore—  
Dragon behind and man before,  
With lion sandwiched in between 'em.  
No living soul has ever seen him,  
Nor any combination of  
The creatures in the list above.



**P**egasus  
by Eleanor Farjeon

He could not be captured,  
He could not be bought,  
His running was rhythm,  
His standing was thought;  
With one eye on sorrow  
And one eye on mirth,  
He galloped in heaven  
And gambolled on earth

And only the poet  
With wings to his brain  
Can mount him and ride him  
Without any rein,  
The stallion of heaven,  
The steed of the skies,  
The horse of the singer  
Who sings as he flies.



**S**phinx  
by Deborah Chandra

As the sun  
Is going down,  
And shadows mix  
With yellow sand,  
He rises slowly,  
Stretches, stands,  
Wades into the Nile to wash  
Mummy-dust and sand fleas off—  
Licks heavy paws  
With heavy tongue  
Until the cool night air is gone.  
While on Egyptian earth  
He drops dry purrs,  
Ground out like powdered rock.

