

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST

ANATOLE FRANCE



Resumo de The Gods Are Athirst

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She bent her doleful look on the sketch, and little by little her eye brightened, sparkled, flashed, and her moon face beamed out in a radiant smile. It is his very likeness, she cried at last.

It is the very spit of Jules Ferrand, it is Jules Ferrand to the life. Before it occurred to the artist to take the sheet of paper out of her hands, she folded it carefully with her coarse red fingers into a tiny square, slipped it over her heart between her stays and her shift, handed the painter an assignat for five livres, and wishing the company a very good day, hobbled light-heartedly to the door and so out of the room.

chapter{Section 4III N the afternoon of the same day variste set out to see the citizen Jean Blaise, printseller, as well as dealer in ornamental boxes, fancy goods and games of all sorts, in the Rue Honore, opposite the Oratoire and near the office of the Messageries, at the sign of the Amour peintre.

The shop was on the ground floor of a house sixty years old, and opened on the street by a vaulted arch the keystone of which bore a grotesque head with horns.

The semicircle beneath the arch was occupied by an oil-painting representing the Sicilian or Cupid the Painter, after a composition by Boucher, which Jean Blaise's father had put up in 1770 and which sun and rain had been doing their best to obliterate ever since.

On either side of the door a similar arched opening, with a nymph's head on the keystone arch glazed with the largest panes to be got, exhibited for

the benefit of the public the prints in vogue at the time and the ...

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