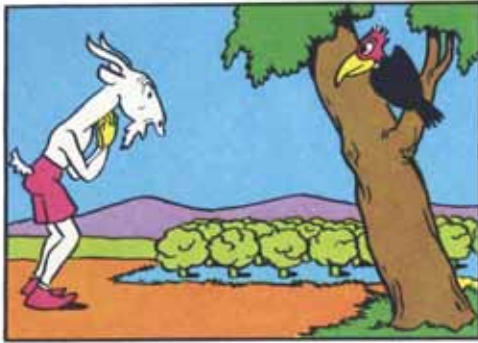
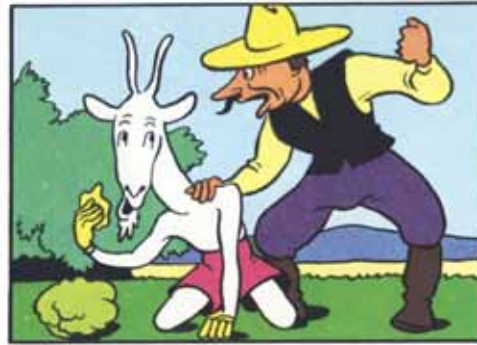


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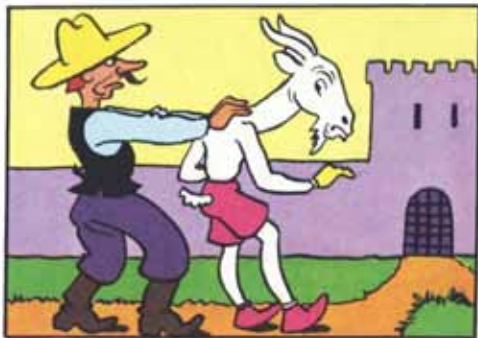
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And so he ran across the fields.
Round and around the empty land.
Suddenly, when hunger snatched him,
He whispered, "Oh, there grows cabbage!"



The cabbage heads were lined up neat,
Like small soldiers in rank and file.
Our hero commenced the meal,
Up by the collar he was taken.



"Now I got you, little scoundrel!"
Out of the shadows called the guard.
"Don't look around, carry on straight;
To prison you go, to prison!"



Then came the judge and commanded,
In irons must he be bound,
And in a cellar, gloomy as the night,
Chained to the wall, there he left him.



Our poor hero sat there, lonely,
His hand - he cannot move,
Nonstop he wails and moans:
"Farewell mom, farewell dad!"



Under cover of night the thieves came
Digging the dirt out brush,
And upon their backs,
Cell and all, our hero they bore away.

Excerpt from: K. Makuszynski and M. Walentynowicz's *120 Przygód Koziołka Matołka*

neugerriemschneider

pawel althamer
evil











Evil, 2012
plastic on metal wire construction;
stone, iron, leather, plastic
215 x 128 x 100 cmr



