

as he had never beheld his size was that
of a hill and his head like a vaulted dome
his mouth was a perfect cavern his stature
that of a staple his arm like tall poplar
his nose like the earthen mound of a fort
his foreteeth like anvils his lips like the
rim of an immense black vat and his eyes
like basins of blood It was a form of this
portentous kind that sat sharpening the
daggers which he placed on the ground
and uttered a deep sigh when his eye fell
on Div Toz he demanded who are you and
what brings you here "I am come said
Div Toz to enquire into the cause of your
sorrow The ancient Man said It is now
some time since I have been here the King
of this land is pious his race is run and
for some nights I have lamented over
his fate for such a prince the world will
never see again" When Div Toz heard this
declaration from the form that resembled
a blood drinking Deu more than a man
he expired a sigh of anguish from his
heart and liver and asked "O ancient man
is there no way of detaining the departing
life