



"The Fiend Has It".

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1922-12

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/4QRTXN54OELZH8F>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/InC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

The Fiend Has It

MILDRED FISH

I do not want to work tonight. I *do* want to work tonight. Laziness says, "Do not". Ambition says, "Do". I am as much of a fool as Launcelot Gobbo. My ambition eggs on my conscience, and Laziness, as if he were the devil, pricks me with his tail and blows in my ear, "Read! Eat! Go to bed!" when I must write a theme.

* * * * *

"Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.

They are hard at it. But the clock is on the

side of the fiend, who has set up a siege against me. Each tick is a battering ram.

Launcelot, right you are. Your speech needs little changing. "To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with ambition, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of a devil—how he pricks me,—and, to bury my head in the pillows away from ambition, I should be ruled by the fiend Laziness, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself . . . The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will go to bed, fiend; on with my night-gown at your command; I will go to bed.