

After miles of trials and tribulations,
stepping into the waiting footprints,
the weary walkers approached a sign.

“Edinburgh,” it said and pointed the line.
No, not that way, *that* way. You know.

“Where’s Edinburgh?” sniffed What?.

“There,” Poodle urged. “Follow me.”





In the misty distance they saw a city
of hills and castles and palaces,
with a sparkling firth beyond
(a firth is an inlet, a bay of the ocean),
and vessels floating at the docks,
and smoke rising from a thousand chimneys,
and the smell of suppers cooking,
and the clanks of pans clattering,
and frank conversation and bantering,
and someone objecting,
and something bumping
with thump thump and clump clump.

Edinburgh.
Even the word was exciting.

They pushed into its clackety cobblestone streets,
and suddenly, before a lone stone pillar,
a purple portal glowed above them.
It hummed and wavered, and it read:



Block City

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

— Robert Louis Stevenson