“…I determine for the thousandth time that I will follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

 I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of…It makes me tired to follow it.” (p. 6-7).

 “On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

 The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

 You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream” (p. 9).

 “At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

 I didn’t realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

 By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour” (p. 10).

“I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I’ve caught him several times *looking at the paper!* And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn’t know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper –she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry—asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John’s, and she wished we would be more careful!” (p. 10).

“The front pattern *does* move—and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!...And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern—it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!” (p. 12).