

The true reporte of the forme and

shape of a monstrous childe, borne at Huche Hockesley, a village thre myles from Colchester, in the Countie of Essex, the .xxi. daye of Aprill in this yeare. 1562.

O, praye ye God and
blesse his name



His mightye hande hath
wrought the fame,

His monstrous world that monsters byedes as
As men tofore it byed by nature kinde
Bye vntilnes that thewe corrupted natures strite
Deares what times befor the secrete minde.
I meane not this as though deformed shape
Were alwaies liks with fraughted minde with vice
But that in nature god such draughtes doth shape
Resemblyng fumes that so bin had in pitie,
So greifous faultes braue out in bodyes forme
And monster caused of want or to much store
Of matter, shewes the sea of sinne: whose flame
Deflowes and whelms betwix barren there.
Faulte alike in ebbe and eke in flote,
Like distaunt both from meane, both like extremes.
Yet greates excesse the want of meane doth shew
And want of meane excresse from betwix meanes.
So contrary extreames consent in sinne
Which to be way to blindest eyes by sight
Beholde a calfe hath clapt about his chinne
Wher chaubene rest whence nature placed it right.
And thus bynes doutfull seers to proue by speache
Them selues not calues, and makes the fashon stalle,
In him beholde by excresse from meane our beache
And in gods excresse yet want of natures shape.

To thewe our misse beholde a guiltlesse babe
Rest of his finnes (for such is vertues want)
Him selfe and parentes both in meane made
With sinfull by: ry; and yet a wooblyng fant.
Feares midwifes rote: bewayping his parentes fault
In want of honestye and excresse of sinne.
Hade lawfull by all lawes of man, yet hald
Of finnes by: God, feard not the shamefull markes
Of bastard soune in bastard shape defreyed.
Wether farre better binguen were his life
Than genen so. For nature iust enyed
Hye gift to hym: and croyd with mapning knyfe
His finnes to weake betwix on parentes sinne.
Which, if the spare vntwares to many scapes
As toyched world to beede wil neuer linc
Theyr liues declare theyr mains fened fro their shayps
Scorchd in theyr mindes: o cruel piypes maynes
That fetrest thyl, o vntuccered fore)
Wher fothers quiting wryth theyr bodyes shame
Theyr parentes quit, oft linger nor theyr liues
In lothed shapes but naked flye to theyes.
As this may do whole soune tofore thine eyes
Though want thou seest, a monstrous vglye shape
Whom feendly world to sinne doth terme a scape.



On Turyday being the .xxi. daye of Aprill, in this yeare of our Lorde God a
thousand fyue hundred the .lxxij. and two, there was borne a man childe
of this maped forme at Huche Hockesley in Essex, a village about thre
myles from Colchester, betwene a naturall father and a naturall mother
hauing neyther hande, foote, legge, nor arme, but on the left syde it hath a
stump growyng out of the shoulder, and the ende thereof is rounde,
and not so long as it should go to the elbowe, and on the ryghte syde no
menion of any thing where any arme should be, but a litle stump of aye ynche in length, also
on the left buttocke there is a stump comming out of the length of the thigh almost to the
ence, and round at the ende, and groweth something ouerthwart towards the place where
the ryght legge should be, and where the ryghte legge should be, there is no menion of anye
legge or stump. Also it hath a Codde and floures but no yearde, but a litle hole for the water
to issue out, finallye it hath effusion no toungge, by reason wherof it sucketh not, but is
succoured with liquide substance put into the mouth by dropes, and nowe begynneth to
feede with paype being very well fauoured, and of good and cheareful face.
The aforesayde Anthony Smyth of Huche Hockesley husbandman and his wyfe, were
both maped to others before, and haue had diuers chyldren, but this deformed childe is the
first that the sayd Anthony and his wyfe had betwene them two, it is a man childe. This
childe was begot out of matrimony, but borne in matrimony. And at the mapage hercof
was liuing, and like to a man.

Printed at London in a street nere to S. Dunstons church by Thomas Walford.