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opening extract from

Daddy Lost his Head

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For Olivia

A.B

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Daddy had lost his head.

It was plain to see that there was nothing on his shoulders.



He kept bumping into things all over the house. When he broke a very old, ugly, expensive china ornament that Mum loved, we had to ask him to stay sitting down. Even without ears he could still hear her.





Once he was finally settled in his chair, he stayed there. It was as if he had been unplugged. We took the opportunity to go and look for his head.



First of all, Mum glanced quickly into every room in the house. Then she looked again, this time more carefully. Finally, she even searched in places she knew Dad's head could not have been. In the end, she had to admit that we couldn't find it.





It was embarrassing not knowing where to look when we were talking to Dad. How were we going to explain to people that he had lost his head and we couldn't find it? Mum started to cry. She could imagine people saying, "Look at this careless woman who can't even find her own husband's head. What can she be like with her children's socks!" So my brother and I decided to make a head for Dad, so that people wouldn't say things like that, and make Mum cry.

