

Opening extract from

The Pencil

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Once there was a pencil, a lonely little pencil, and nothing else. It lay there, which was nowhere in particular, for a long long time. Then one day that little pencil made a move, shivered slightly, quivered somewhat ... and began to draw.

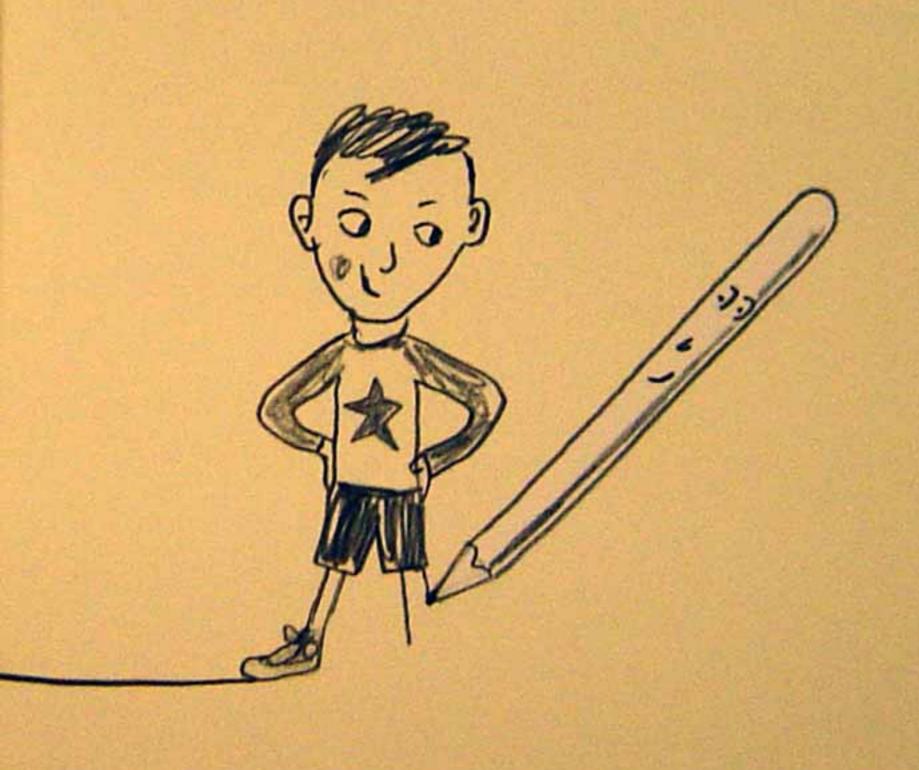
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The pencil drew a boy.

"What's my name?" said the boy.

"Er ... Banjo," said the pencil.

"Good," said Banjo. "Draw me a dog."



The pencil drew a dog.

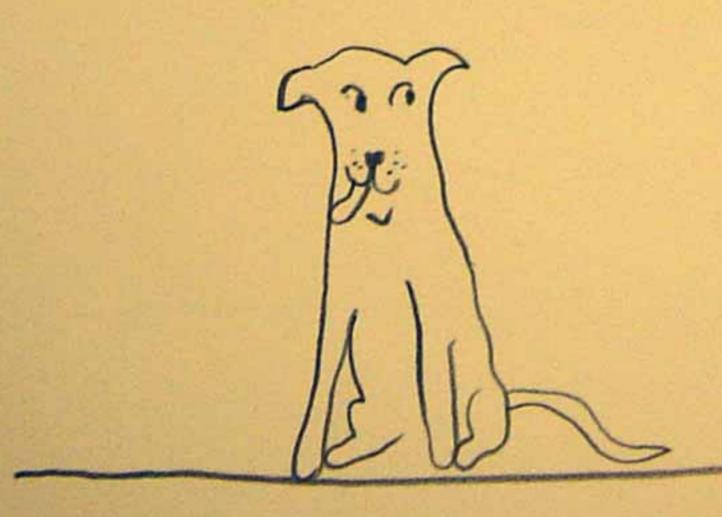
"What's my name?" barked the dog.

"Er ... Bruce," said the pencil.

"Excellent," said Bruce. "Draw me a cat."

The pencil hesitated.

"Please!" said Bruce.



So then the pencil drew a cat (named Mildred), and Bruce, of course, chased Mildred,

