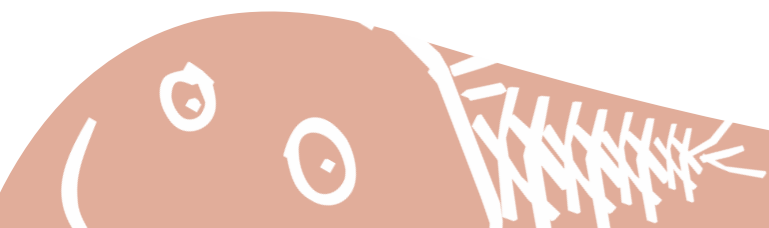


The day that Ricky lost his sight, the world where he lived became very small. Everything around him had been transformed into the same thing, a great black stain, like Chinese ink spreading out over wet paper.





But the minutes, hours and days passed and Ricky started to get bored with sitting still the whole time. Suddenly, he discovered a long hard object with the end curled round; it was hanging on the arm of the rocking chair. “What is grandmother’s walking stick doing here?”







Ricky didn't react until he noticed that something was licking his hand insistently.

"Yuck!" He exclaimed.

"What's that?"

The boy felt a furry and spongy thing that he imagined to be orange and golden.

