

"Draw me a sheep!"

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck. I took my eyes back. I looked carefully all around me. I saw a most extraordinary small person, who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you see the best portrait that, later, I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less than in model.

That, however, is not my fault. The experience encouraged me in my painter's career when I was six years old and I never learned to draw anything, except boats from outside and boats from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes staring out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I was crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be lost nor to be fairing.