

"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 examining me with great seriousness. Here you are 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 grown-ups discouraged me in my painter's career when I was six years old and I never learned to draw anything, except boats from outside and houses from the inside.

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