



SANDEMAN

Rich Brandy
SHERRY

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"Draw me a sheep!"

I jumped to my feet, completely thunderstruck. I looked at my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. I saw a most extraordinary small person, who stood 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 his 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 boys from outside and boys from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes starting out of my head in astonishment. Remember, I crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be stopped by uncertainty among the sands, nor to be fainting from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him suggested a child lost in the middle of the desert.

Thousands of miles from any human habitation. When he was able to speak, I said to him:

"But—what are you doing here?"

And in answer he repeated, very slowly, as if he was speaking of a matter of great consequence:

"If you please—draw me a sheep . . ."

When a mystery is too overpowering, one dare not obey. Absurd as it might seem to me, a thousand miles from any human habitation and in danger of death, I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my fountain-pen. But then I remembered how my studies had been concentrated on geography, history, arithmetic and grammar, and I told the little chap (a little crossly, too) that I did not know how to draw. He answered me:

"That doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep . . ."