

Mr Dolman was sitting on his porch staring out at the damp road with patches of murky water poured into crevasses. The dark and dank interior of his town made anyone feel lonely. Heavy black clouds seemed to weigh down the sky. Every single day, Mr Dolman felt top-sided. 'Let bygones be bygones,' he told the sky each day, but really he couldn't forgive the sky every time he went out. Mr Dolman was a lonely old man. His cupboard was surreptitiously

plain, and he wore the same pants + shirt and overalls every day. He wore wooden spectacles and polished brown shoes, but inside he felt empty. His mind was always buzzing with idea to break the silence, until it stopped. Ping! Stirring, he rose up, feeling the chilling afternoon air brush against his face. Mr Dolman had the perfect idea.

So one day, Mr Dolman started walking in town. Most places were deserted, but for some people shuffling slowly along the dusty



road. Even the few pedestrians who were sweeping the streets had a frown on their faces. Mr Dolman passed all of the squarely built shops all lined up neatly in a row. Then he backed away as he passed a shop. Mr Dolman couldn't believe his eyes. The shop was spectacular! Plastic, colourful tubes stuck up everywhere. It looked like there was a stationary motor of bells hung everywhere. There was a 'Welcome!' sign adjacent to a small flamboyant toy car perched on an upright t-