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As they walked away from Mr and Mrs Cave, Corky brushed the ash from Ruskin's hair and Ruskin ran his fingers along the dark brick beside him.

'Tell me, my dear boy,' Corky said, tapping one of the bricks with his walking stick, 'do you know what made the bricks so dark?'

'No,' Ruskin replied. 'What?'

'Well,' Corky began, 'the bricks were made dark by –'
Corky was interrupted by a voice asking, 'Do you want something?'

The voice belonged to Sparkey's mum, Mrs Walnut, who was just about to close her grocer's shop. She was a small, thin woman with short, curly hair, who always smelt of potatoes and wore a green apron.

'You're closing early today, Mrs Walnut,' Corky remarked.

'I know,' she said. 'But – as you see – I'm having to put in a new shop window. Didn't you hear the noise? Elvis broke my old one with that ball while he was sleep-walking last night.'

'We all sleep so very deeply on Lizard Street,' commented Corky. 'I'm afraid I didn't hear a thing.'

'Well, one day,' Mrs Walnut went on, 'we'll wake from our very deep sleeps to find all our windows smashed to smithereens, you mark my words!'

From down the street, Mrs Cave could be heard shouting, 'Elvy-baby! Elvy-baby! Time for your tea!'

Mrs Walnut looked into her shop and called, 'Elvis! Your mum's calling!'

There was a pause.

And then . . .

Da-boinggg!

Da-boinggg!

Elvis Cave came out with Sparkey.

'I want an ice lolly,' Elvis said.

'You've had enough ice lollies,' Mrs Walnut said. 'And besides, your mum's got your tea ready.'

'I always have an ice lolly before tea,' Elvis growled.

'Don't I, Sparkey?'

'Yes, Sir,' Sparkey said.

'Oh, take one and go,' Mrs Walnut said, sighing.

Elvis took a handful of ice lollies from the shop freezer, then walked down Lizard Street towards the pub, closely followed by Sparkey.

'Sparkey used to be such a nice boy,' Mrs Walnut said.

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'He's changed completely since Elvis grew so big. Why aren't you friends with Sparkey any more, Ruskin?'

'I want to be,' Ruskin replied, 'but Sparkey doesn't.'

Corky said, 'Actually, I do want something from your shop before you close, Mrs Walnut. I'll have a packet of chocolate biscuits.'

Mrs Walnut went into the shop to get the biscuits. When she returned she handed them to Corky, saying, 'I hope the chocolate hasn't melted. The sun's melting everything else. If we don't get some rain soon, the sun will melt the whole street away.'

'I'm sure it will cool down soon,' Corky said. 'Nothing lasts for ever. It just lasts for little whiles at a time.' Then he added, 'Come on, Ruskin. Let's go and have our tea and biscuits.'

As they walked down the road, Ruskin tripped over a bump in the road.

'Tell me,' Corky said, tapping one of the bumps with his walking stick, 'do you know what made those bumps and holes?'

'No,' Ruskin replied. 'What?'

'Well,' Corky began, 'the bumps and holes were made by —'

Corky was interrupted by a voice saying, 'We've got a new film!'