

'...everything a
picture book should be.'

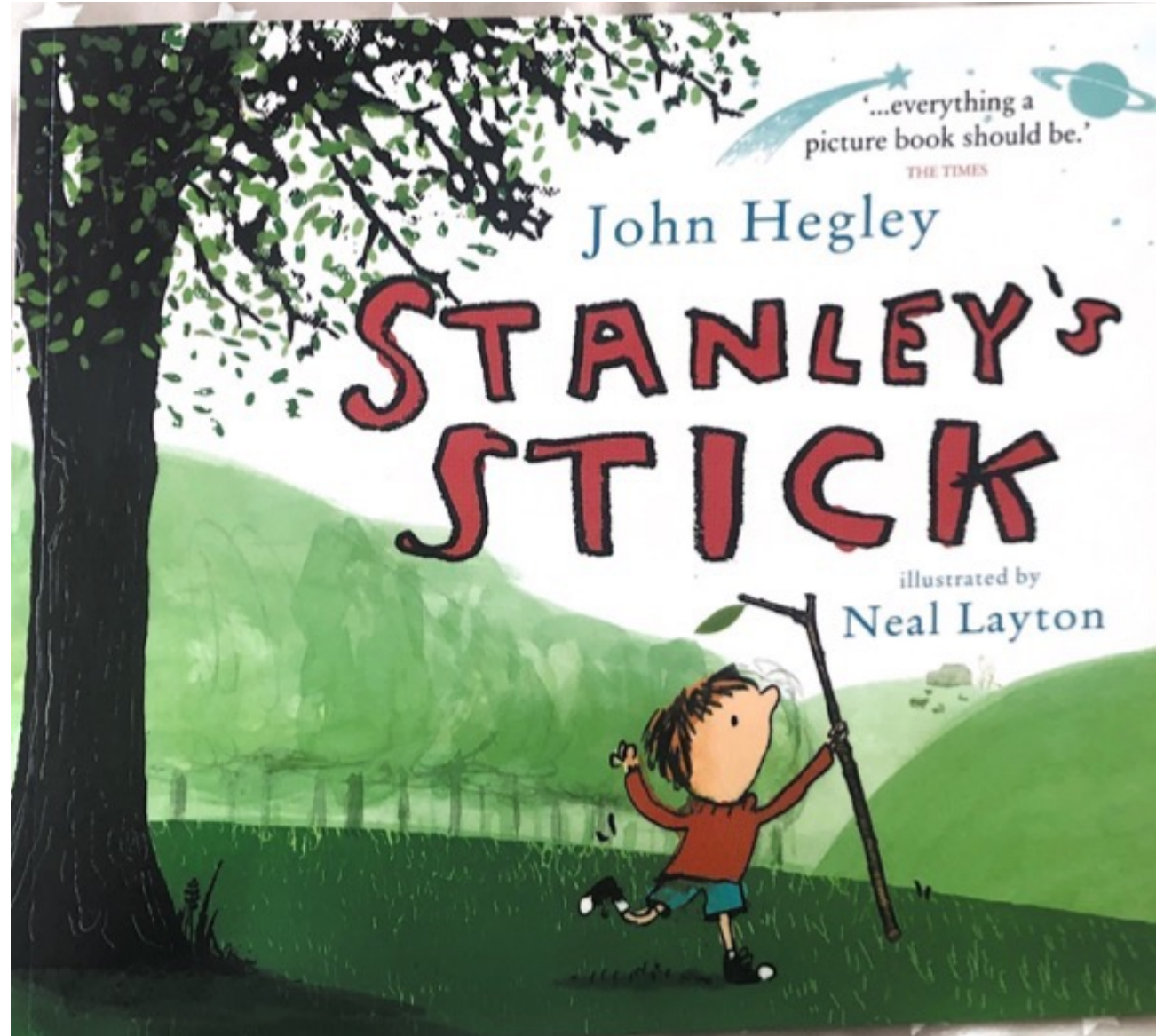
THE TIMES

John Hegley

STANLEY'S STICK

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Stanley stands on Stockport Station with his stick.
Stanley always carries his stick with him.



Stanley's stick was
once part of
something
tall
and
grand
and
it
will
never
return.



But it can still be a stick as best as it can.





Look, it's a dinosaur
that isn't extinct.
It's a
Stickosaurus.





Stanley has tried out some names
for his stick.
Like 'Starry',
and 'Moon'.
But those names were all
the wrong shape.



For a while he liked 'Stirry'.
But that is better for a spoon.

Stanley's stick is good for writing in the sand
languages only Stanley can understand.



And four times now he has used his stick
to pick up slugs from pathway,
platform and pavement,
thus saving them from a fate worse than feet.

Stanley's friend Bertie has some string
and sometimes they tie the string to the stick's end
and go pretend fishing.

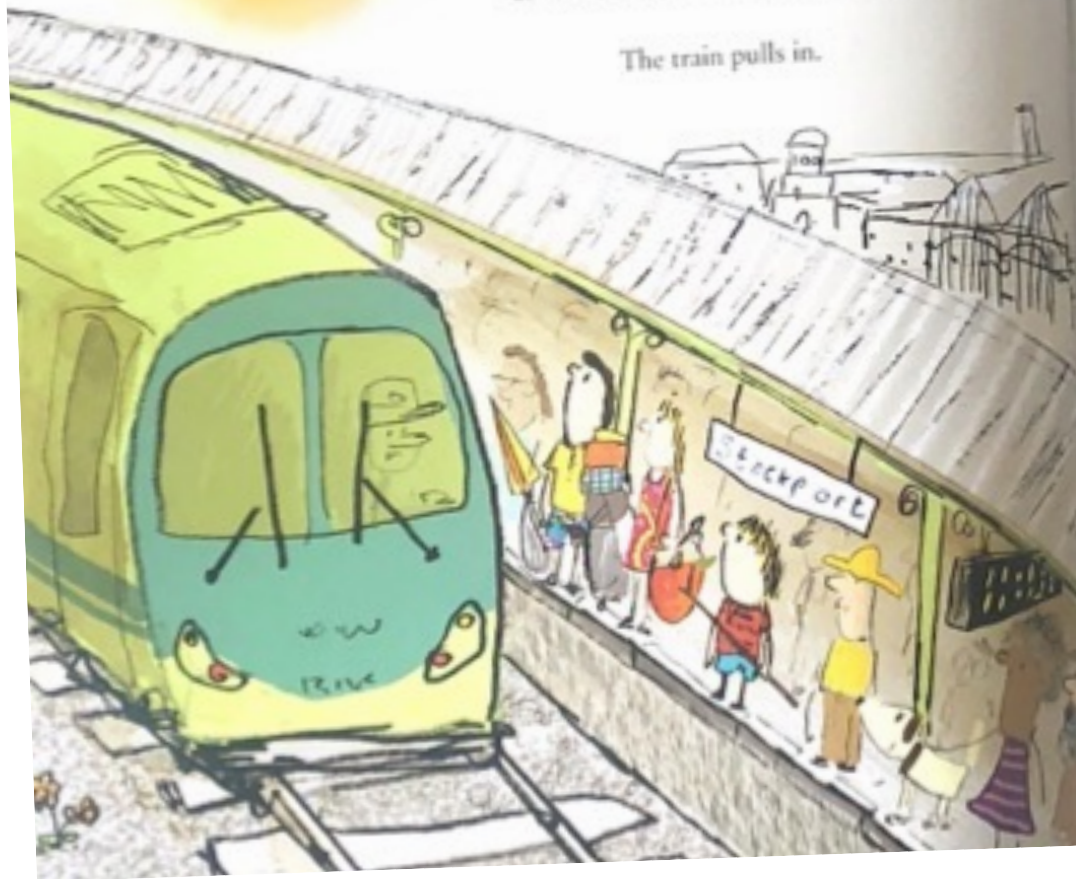


'Because the fish are pretend, no fish get hurt,' says Bertie.



So here is Stanley standing on the station,
taking his stick for a short stay
at the side of the sea with his mum and dad.

The train pulls in.



Down at the sea
Stanley goes down to the side
of the tide. His folks take stock of Stanley
standing in the sand, stick in hand.
What is he doing?

Maybe the boy thinks it is time for the stick
to be taken for someone else to enjoy?



Stanley hurls his stick into the wide tide.

Gosh.

What a tiny splosh for something that has been so big in Stanley's day



The sea picks up the stick and tucks it into itself.

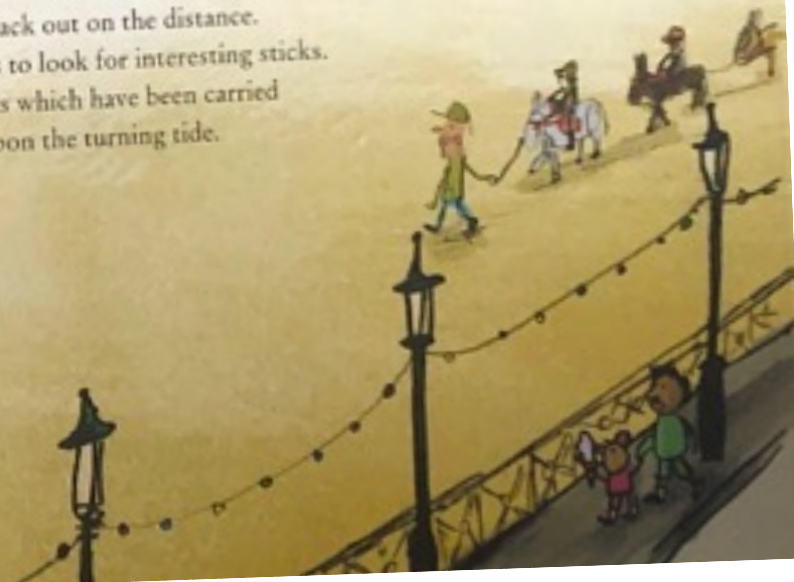
Stanley is stickless.





The next morning, back at their spot on the beach, the tide is out.

Stanley treads towards the spreading sea.
Boats ride seaback out on the distance.
Stanley decides to look for interesting sticks.
For other sticks which have been carried
twiggy-back upon the turning tide.



Soon he stumbles upon a stick alone upon the shore.
It is quite different from the stick he had before.
It is wonky.



The stick is an unusual saxophone.
Stanley thinks of home and begins to blurt a tune for Bertie.





Now Stanley stares at the sea through his stick telescope.
It is wonky.

And this stick, Stanley knows the name of.



It is called...



...Fantastick.



Stanley's fantastick.