

Prologue

Peter Bunderlin was in the garden but he wasn't standing up. He was sitting on his seat between the poplar tree and the big tangled hawthorns. It was good here because he could see across to the school and down the lane and into the field where the animals went to graze. Nobody ever saw him. They could have done if they had looked, but they didn't look so it was really quite easy for him to hide without being hidden.

Down the other side of the garden there was a very high solid fence which the neighbours had put up because they didn't like very big people like him and Franz who could see over the tops of things. That was silly really because there was nothing interesting in their garden, so that wasn't why he sat down. He once frightened a little girl. He didn't mean to. He had gone to the garage to get one of the goats down from the roof when the girl looked up and saw him. She screamed and ran away crying and he didn't like that. Her mother had probably taught her to be frightened of animals as well which was silly.

So he just sat on his seat and watched and read and read and read his poetry book. He knew all the poems now and he often read them in his head. Read in his head and ready for bed. But when he did that he played with them and made them different and funny. So he read them in the book as well. And then he would give the donkey and the goats apples and carrots and

things when they came to him. And sometimes when the pigs began to squeal in the afternoon he would go into the house and help his mama fill their feeding bowls.

That was a long time ago. Now he has to wait in the corners again and watch and hope to see the man he is looking for. He still keeps his camera in his pocket but he has to be careful not to do anything that will make people want to send him back to prison. Some of the people in prison are not nice and there are no animals so it would be silly to go back.