

LILY LAMBRELLI

Stumpy the Blackbird

drawings
VASO PSARAKI





Once upon a time, in a field full of nettles, an egg appeared – though nobody knows how. The nettles paid it no attention. Indeed, they had no time to, for like all nettles they spent their whole day exchanging stinging words. And when they weren't squabbling, they'd grumble about their miserable existence. In short, it was a hard life in that field, one filled with venomous pointed leaves, and the egg was afraid to move for fear of breaking and never growing up into a bird.



