

## Excerpt Chapter Three

### A NEW FRIEND

'How can you forget who you are?' asked the sheep, perplexed by this strange stranger.

'Oh, when you're as old as me it's easily done,' said the pear. 'Most easily done indeed!'

'How old are you?' enquired the sheep.

'Let me see,' said the pear. 'I'll have a good think.'

Hovering there for a few seconds, he suddenly whizzed high into the air. Fiercely coloured numbers shot out of him in a huge fountain like a firework display. Ghostly glowing geometry gyrated grimly over the sheep, cascading down on him like flaming confetti, making him duck. Colourful conundrums careered carelessly causing crazy cosmic collisions. Fiery formulas fizzed forth fiercesome fractions that hung in the air before disappearing only to be replaced by longer, more complicated ones that blazed brightly. Shiny sums soared skywards showering sparks, slowly turning into acrid algebra. Looking on, the sheep was amazed and dumbfounded as the night sky shone with light from the mathematical pyrotechnics. Eventually, the pear's gyrations slowed, finally stopping in a last huge shower of multicoloured calculations.

'Eureka! I have it!' cried the pear. 'Good gracious me, I'm four billion years old give or take the odd millennium. How extraordinary!'

'No one's that old, even I know that!' retorted the sheep.

'My dear Ovis Aries, that depends on where you're from!' said the pear. 'Why I know beings far, far older than I, yes indeed, far older.'

'How can that be?' asked the sheep.

'When you've travelled as far as me you see and learn the most wonderful things!' cried the pear.