



## BEFORWARDS

Dawn came to the Thousand Year Wood. It had snowed again, as it always did. Figment poked his head out of his little burrow and made his careful way through the fresh white snow.

He wondered if today he'd meet Whoot the Owl. Whoot had been working on a Special Snowing Song, the words of which he'd learned by heart yesterday, but today they were gone from the tip of his tongue.

“Oh dear,” said Figment. “I must stop keeping things on the tip of my tongue.”

He carried on his happy way through the Thousand Year Wood, trying ever so hard to remember that song. Songs were like that in the Thousand Year Wood. You'd go to sleep with them laid out ready to slip on the next morning, only to wake up and find them all covered in the snow of a new day.

Figment wondered which of his friends he'd find in the snow today. Perhaps TymeWore (such a sad little donkey) or maybe he'd be whisked away by Dr Roo, who'd want him to go hunting for Gallifrump.

Figment pattered on, until he stubbed his toe against something in the snow.

“Ow,” said Figment and scratched his head when he’d stopped rubbing his toe. “What’s this?”

It was a tree, hidden in the snow. He worked to uncover it, singing a jolly little Uncovering Song as he worked. The tree was square and blue, which was exciting, as Figment had never seen a blue tree before. There was some writing on the blue tree, which Figment couldn’t quite make out. He scratched his head (which had seen a good deal of scratching) and spelt out what he could.

“OFFICERSANDCARS  
RESPOND TO URGENT CALLS”



Figment read it again and he smiled. “How terribly nice of Officer Sandcars,” he said to himself. Figment wondered ever so much what he looked like.

“I do hope my call is urgent,” said Figment. “Or, at least, that it sounds urgent.”

Puzzling this problem, Figment wandered away into the Thousand Year Wood. He was humming to himself, humming a tune which the strange blue tree had taught him...







## FULL STOP

(after 'The End')

When I was One  
I was not much fun



When I was Two  
I was barely through



When I was Three  
I liked strong tea



When I was Four  
I hated a bore

When I was Five  
I was so alive



When I was Six  
I somehow could never quite fit in to what was expected of me, well, not exactly but that was because things weren't neat and there are no easy rhymes in the universe and scansion, my dear Peri, is a thing that's really overrated and you only have to look at a sunset to realise that creation itself is a poem and oh no wait, got it, of course, *Fix!* The line needed to end with *Fix!* (Or *tricks*. That works too.)

When I was Seven  
I sent gods to Heaven



When I was Eight  
Kissing was great