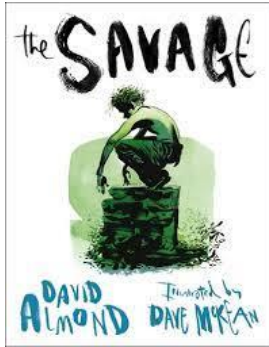




ONE



You won't believe this but it's true. I wrote a story called "The Savage" about a savage kid that lived under the ruined chapel in Burgess Woods, and the kid came to life in the real world.

I wrote it soon after my dad died. There was a counsellor at school called Mrs Molloy, that kept taking me out of lessons and telling me to write my thoughts and feelings down. She said she wanted me to explore my grief, and "start to move forward". I did try for a while, but it just seemed stupid, and it even made me feel worse, so one day I ripped up all that stuff about

There was a wild kid living in Burgess Woods,

I wrote.

He had no family and he had no pals and he didn't know where he came from and he couldn't talk and he lived on berries and roots and rabbits and stuff like old pies that he pinched from the bins at the back of Greenacres Rest Home. He lived in a cave under the ruined chapel. His weapons were old kitchen knives and forks and an ax that he nicked from Franky Finigin's allotment.

If anybody ever seen him he chased them and cut them and killed them and ate them and chucked their bones down an ancient pit shaft.

He was savage.

He was truly wild.

Once I started writing the story, it was like I couldn't stop, which was strange for me. I'd never been one for stories. I couldn't stand all that stuff about wizards and fairies and "once upon a time" and "they all lived happily after". That's not what life's like. Me, I wanted blood and guts and adventures,