

SHERLOCK SAM'S ORANGE SHORTS



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LOCK

ORANGE SHORTS



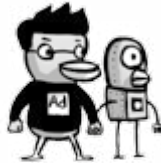
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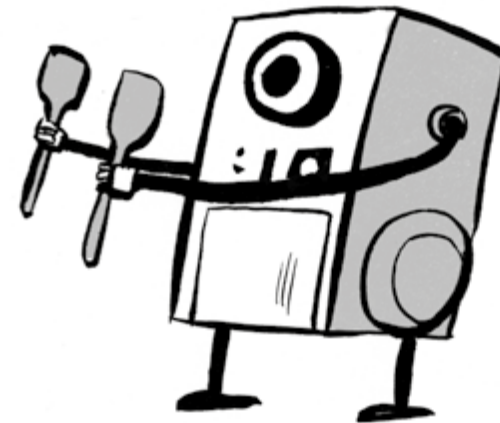
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**To our parents, who thought
that reading, watching TV
and daydreaming were just
as important as homework**



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WEN DI

and the ART
of COLOUR-FU
in the MIDDLE
KINGDOM

It was a long, long time ago in a place that resembled ancient China, but wasn't. This land was far, far more ancient, ruled by a powerful magic, and filled with colours. There were also monsters – terrifying, terrible monsters.

In this land lived a young maiden. Her name was Wen Di. She lived with her parents and younger brother, who was a brilliant young scholar known to have a weakness for steamed buns and chicken drumsticks.

The villagers remarked that Wen Di should try to behave more like a proper young lady (or at least how they perceived proper young ladies should behave). Alas, Wen Di combed her hair perhaps once a fortnight, and could barely boil an egg without causing a major incident. The young maiden was far more interested in other things—she had to perfect her Art. For you see, Wen Di was determined to master the art of colour-fu, a venerable technique of wielding the powerful, colourful magic that permeated the land of ancient not-China. When the villagers heard this, they laughed at her because everyone knew that no mere girl would ever become a master colour-fu artist! Not once had this happened in the long, long history of the Middle Kingdom.

However, despite being told by many that she would never succeed, Wen Di never gave up. She practised day and night.

She had the ability to tap into the powers of

the colours around her. Primary colours like red, blue and yellow were the source of only basic powers. Only a true master of colour-fu could mix and wield secondary colours like purple, green and orange. Practitioners wielded colour-fu differently. Some controlled colours by visualising a shade in their mind's eye. Others had to touch an object that possessed the colour they needed before they could wield it. And some could only manipulate certain colours, but not others.

Wen Di could control all the colours in the spectrum, and she had the rare ability to weave strands of colours from her fingertips. However, before she could activate her powers, she had to first say out loud the name of the colour in an ancient language known as Mandarin. Unfortunately, Wen Di's Mandarin was not very good—in fact, it was quite atrocious. Her brother Cher Lock had tried to help her, but to no avail. Her parents, who fully

supported her practice, had employed tutors — nothing helped.

Wen Di was growing increasingly frustrated. A new training school for practitioners of colour-fu had opened near her village and the date for the entrance exam was fast approaching.

“What about if you just brought flash cards with the *hanyu pinyin* of the colours and read from them during the entrance exam?” Cher Lock suggested. It was the day before the exam and he was helping her memorise the Mandarin names of secondary colours like orange and purple, which were made up of red plus yellow, and red plus blue, respectively. She had promised him her share of chicken drumsticks for the whole month if he helped her.

“It’s supposed to be a real-life scenario,” Wen Di replied. “If a monster attacked, I wouldn’t have the time to pull out flash cards and read from them, Little Brother.”

“What if you wrote the Mandarin names of

the colours on your arms then?”

“That would be cheating,” she replied, sighing.

“That is illogical,” he said. “In real life, no one would stop you from writing the names on your arms. And, you wouldn’t waste any time at all glancing at your arms. You’d just have to wear short sleeves and use ink that’s waterproof.”

Wendy shrugged. She also did not understand why memorising things was more important than being able to do them.

“Okay, let’s try again then, Big Sister,” Cher Lock said.

He paused, narrowing his eyes. Suddenly, he shouted, “Purple!”

Wen Di’s mouth opened to say the words, but nothing came out. Her mind was blank. She knew purple was made by combining red and blue. And she knew red, and blue, in Mandarin, but she couldn’t remember how to say purple. The words just seemed to

mysteriously vanish from her brain. It was most peculiar.

She sighed. She was so furious with herself that her eyes filled with tears. Cher Lock frowned. He liked to tease his big sister, but he didn't like seeing her so upset, especially after she had been training so hard.

"You should get some sleep, Big Sister," he said gently. "Maybe all you'll need tomorrow are red, blue and yellow."

Wen Di nodded, but in her heart, she knew that the entrance exam wouldn't be so easy.

The sun was unbearably hot by the time Wen Di, Cher Lock and their parents arrived at the school. There was already a long line of parents and children queuing to sign up for the entrance exam. Wen Di looked around; she was the only girl who was signing up. Some parents gave her strange looks, and turned and whispered to each other. She could feel sweat streaming down her back, causing her tunic

to stick uncomfortably. Wen Di's dad put his arm on her shoulder and gave her a reassuring smile. Her mother knelt down in front of her and said, "No matter what happens, I'm very proud of you for working so hard. Just do your best, Wen Di."

"Remember to breathe, Wen Di," her father said, nodding sagely. "Breathing is important. It gives you air. Air, as we all know, is essential to life."

Once her name had been added to the list of exam-takers, Wen Di was separated from her parents and Cher Lock. All the hopeful students were made to stand in a long meandering line to wait their turn to face the three stern-looking examiners who sat in a row behind an imposing black marble table. Wen Di looked around her. Most of the boys in the line were far taller than she was and she had to strain on tiptoe before she could catch a glimpse of her family a short distance

away. Her father grinned and gave her two thumbs up.

Wen Di decided to heed his advice and took deep, calming breaths. She started to recite the list of colours in Mandarin that she had memorised. So far, so good.

It wasn't long before it was her turn, but that wasn't a good sign. It meant that most of the hopeful students in front of her hadn't been able to pass even the first test and progress to more difficult ones that the examiners had set. Wen Di knew she had to complete a series of three challenges before she would be admitted to the colour-fu school, and every potential student received a different test, so there was no way to predict what she would get.

When it was finally her turn, she took another deep breath and straightened her shoulders. The three examiners looked at her, and then at each other. She was the only girl they had seen, and would see, today.

The examiner in the middle of the three, a heavy-set man with a full beard, said, "Form a protection shield."

Wen Di closed her eyes. She muttered "*huang se*" under her breath and pale yellow strands of light immediately emerged from her fingertips. Deftly, she spun around, weaving an intricate web-cocoon all around her made of different shades of yellow.

The audience gasped. Not many students her age would have been able to play with the different shades the way that she had.

The chubby examiner raised an eyebrow. He made a note on the sheet of paper in front of him. He nodded. Wendy allowed the yellow cocoon to disappear.

The other examiner then spoke. He was a skinny man with a thin moustache that trailed down his face like handlebars. All he said was, "Levitate."

Wen Di paused for a moment, her hands

frozen in mid-air. The audience waited in anticipation, wondering how she would choose to interpret that single word. Then she smiled and said, "*Lan se*." Gentle strands of blue light emerged from her fingertips to form waves at her feet. She stepped on them and lifted her hands up. The blue light waves rose higher, taking her up with them. Even though the crowd had been pre-warned not to cheer, they still clapped and whistled in astonishment. Through the roar, Wen Di could hear her family cheering the loudest!

The examiner on the right waved his hand to signal she could stop. He made a note on the sheet of paper in front of him as well. He had no expression on his face.

Wendy landed on the ground. She couldn't believe it. She had made it past the first two rounds. If she could pass the final test, she was in!

The last examiner, the one on the left, was

a short man with tufts of white hair growing from his ears. He looked kind. He was the only examiner who was smiling. Wendy smiled back.

He said, "Write the Chinese character for orange, in green."

Wen Di froze. Wait, what? Orange in green?! Green...green was *qing se*, but orange...what was orange?! She couldn't even remember what the *hanyu pinyin* was, much less the actual character! She turned to look at Cher Lock who was frantically moving his hands about and mouthing words—but he was too far away! Wen Di couldn't understand what he was saying, and couldn't see what brush strokes he was making with his hands!

"Did you not understand the request, young lady?" the short examiner asked. "We do not have a lot of time and there are many other children behind you."

Wen Di gulped. She muttered, "*Qing se*,"

and green light started to emerge from her fingertips. She lifted her hands, poised to write, but then she abruptly dropped them and ran away, pushing her way past the crowd to where her family stood. The crowd remained utterly silent.

When she reached her parents, she threw herself at her mother and gasped, "I failed."

An uncle next to them said, "Don't be sad, little one, you did a very good job, but you're only a girl after all. You should be proud you even got this far."

Wen Di's mother glared at him, and hugged her daughter even more tightly.

Dad leant down and said, "You did a very good job, Wen Di. We'll try again next year, I promise."

Cher Lock whispered, "You can have my chicken drumstick tonight."

Wen Di couldn't help but smile.

The crowd parted to let them past. Wen Di

did her best to ignore their whispers as she and her family made their way back home.

When they were halfway back to their village, there was a sudden gust of wind and a loud ripping sound could be heard behind them. Wen Di and her family paused and turned towards the commotion. Wen Di gasped. It was a void demon! Void demons lived in a parallel world where there was no colour or light. They were drawn to colour-fu magic and sucked all colour from their surroundings whenever they were around. Right now, a void demon was forcing its way through a tear between their two worlds!

"Oh no! It must be drawn to the colour-fu magic from all the students!" Cher Lock shouted.

"We have to warn them," Father replied.

"We'll never make it in time," Mother said.

"It'll reach them long before we can."

Suddenly, she looked down at Wen Di who

was still staring at the widening tear in horror.

"Wen Di, you need to stop the demon."

Wen Di looked at her mother and said,

"But...I'm not...I'm not powerful enough!"

"You can do it, Wen Di," Cher Lock said.

"Yes, my daughter. We believe in you!"
Father said.

Wen Di looked at her family. She could not let them down.

"Father, Mother, Little Brother, you need to warn those who live in our village, as well as those at the school!" she said.

Father nodded. He said, "Your brother and I will head towards our village—it's closer. Your mother can run the fastest. She will head towards the school and bring help!"

Wen Di's mother gave everyone a quick hug before sprinting away. Father and Cher Lock dashed towards their hometown, albeit at a slightly slower pace.

Wen Di knew she had no time to waste. She

ran towards the rip between the two worlds. The formless mist that was the void demon was slowly but surely forcing its way through the widening gap. And once it had, it would be impossible to stop it on her own—it would be too formidable. The only thing Wen Di could do to stop it was to sew the gap shut, but the only way to do that was to use the most powerful sewing colour-fu magic—purple!

Purple was...purple was... ARGH! She should have asked Cher Lock what purple was before he left!

The gap continued to widen—more dark mist was emerging!

Suddenly, something occurred to Wen Di. She didn't know what purple was in Mandarin, but she knew what red and blue were!

"*Hong se!*" she shouted and strands of red light emerged from her left hand. "*Lan se!*" she shouted again and strands of blue light emerged from her right hand. Reaching out with both



hands, she crossed the strands of light causing new strands, that were purple, to form!

She wove the purple strands in and out of the sides of the gap, drawing them closer and closer together. The void demon let out a terrifying roar that shook the ground, but Wen Di stood firm. She pulled and tugged, her arms straining against the power of the void demon, deftly weaving the purple strands of light closer and closer together until, finally, the gap closed. Quickly, she made a knot and cut off the loose strands of purple light.

Wen Di then fell to the ground in exhaustion.

She was still seated when she heard horses galloping towards her. It was her mother, with the three examiners!

Wen Di clambered upright. She knew her hair was in a terrifying mess and she was covered in dust and sweat, but that didn't stop her mother from jumping off the horse and rushing to hug her.

"You did it, Wen Di! You did it! I knew you could!" her mother cried.

The three examiners—short, thin and chubby—all alighted from their horses as well. The short one with the white tufts of hair came towards them. He smiled.

"Interesting. I can sense...red...and blue.... and purple as well. How is it that a girl who could not pass my simple test was able to save us all from a void demon?"

"Your test wasn't simple!" Wen Di retorted, unable to stop herself. Her mother had to smother a laugh.

The short examiner looked surprised, then he laughed.

"Perhaps not, but one of your skill should have easily been able to pass it, no?"

"I... I can't remember what the colours are called in Mandarin," Wen Di said, her face turning red. "I can remember the primary colours like red, blue and yellow. But when I

have to mix them up, I can't remember what they are called in Mandarin."

"Then how did you achieve purple?" the thin examiner asked.

"Well...purple is just red and blue, isn't it?" Wen Di replied. "So I just called on blue from one hand and red from another, and I mixed them to make purple."

The three examiners looked at each other. The short one laughed again. Finally, even the thin and the tall ones had smiles on their faces.

"Wen Di! Wen Di!"

Father and Cher Lock were also racing towards them on a horse. Cher Lock looked like he was about to pass out from exertion.

When they reached Wen Di, both of them rushed towards her, but abruptly coming to a halt when they noticed the three examiners.

"I did it, Father, Little Brother!" Wen Di said, grinning.

"Of course! I was your tutor," her younger

brother said. Wen Di rolled her eyes, but she was smiling.

"Such creativity needs to be rewarded, I think," the thin examiner said.

"Indeed," the chubby examiner replied.

"A place in our school awaits you, young lady," the short examiner said to Wen Di. "I look forward to seeing what other mischief you'll come up with."

With that, the three examiners mounted their horses and rode off.

Father, Mother, Cher Lock and Wen Di looked at each other in disbelief. Wen Di was going to be the very first girl to attend a school to train to be a colour-fu master artist!

"I should probably send that void demon a letter to thank it for helping us," Father said, grinning.

THE END

CHICKEN WING

and the STOLEN
JEWELS in the
LION CITY

A caped shadowy figure perched near the top of the art deco building Parkview Square, next to one of its large stone men. In the dark night, he surveyed the city below, keeping his eyes and ears open for any crimes being committed. He didn't need to wait long.

The man was across the street at the mall, shifting suspiciously in front of the locked door. He waited until the man made his move, then jumped off the building. He dived

towards the plaza in front of Parkview Square at a dizzying speed. The bronze statues of various historical figures rushed to meet him. At the last second, however, he extended his cape and glided forward, missing the floor by centimetres. He flew through the arch leading to the street, and expertly manoeuvred around the traffic, landing quietly behind the man. He crouched down a bit and lifted his cape to further hide his face.

"Excuse me, citizen, but I'm fairly certain you're not supposed to be doing that."

The man nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Chicken Wing!" the man shouted.

Chicken Wing dropped his dark brown cape and stood his full height. The red comb atop his head swayed slightly in the breeze. He peered through his brown mask, the yellow beak glinting in the city light.

"I'm sorry," the man said, "I didn't know you were here."

Chicken Wing bent down and picked up the empty bottle the man had thrown. "You shouldn't litter regardless of whether I'm around." He handed the bottle back to the man.

"You're right, of course," the man said. "I'm so sorry."

The man ran off to find the nearest dustbin.

Chicken Wing sighed as the man ran off. "What I wouldn't give for some real crime to fight."

"Now I know you don't really mean that, Samuel," a voice said in his ear.

Chicken Wing sighed. "No, I don't, Chili-One, but it's pretty boring to just keep going after litterers. The Dark Defender gets to fight her villains every day."

Chili-One was Chicken Wing's eye-in-the-sky and ear-on-the-ground. She was based in their secret lair, the Chicken Coop, monitoring the Lion City for any and all crime using the state-of-the-art Wingputer. She made sure

Chicken Wing was always where he was needed most, and never missed taking down an evildoer.

She was also Chicken Wing's mom.

"I've been pretty bored over here too, you know," Chili-One said. "I've been watching the Korean drama and *telenovelas* your dad and Commissioner Siva have been recommending."

"Please use code names, Chili-One," Chicken Wing said.

Chili-One rolled her eyes. "Fine, I mean I've been watching the Korean drama and *telenovelas* Chili-Two and Kopi-One have been recommending."

"Thank you," Chicken Wing said. "And that's great for you, but I'm still stuck out here scolding litterers instead of taking down any real crime."

"That's what happens when you defeat the greatest villain in the world," Chili-One said. "Or would you prefer the Mastermind be let

out of the asylum to threaten the city again?"

"No, of course not," Chicken Wing said. "I like the Mastermind right where he is, at Changi Asylum, but maybe they could let out one of the easier-to-handle villains so that I can chase them across the rooftops."

As if on cue, Chicken Wing noticed a shadowy figure jumping from roof to roof, bounding across the city skyline.

"There might be a situation in the Bugis-Bras Basah area, Chili-One," Chicken Wing said.

"Yes, I've just intercepted a message that the jewels on display at the National Library Building as part of the 'Treasures of Southeast Asia' exhibition have been stolen," Chili-One said.

"Activate Side-One and Side-Two, and have them meet me at Marina Bay Sands."

"Marina Bay?" Chili-One asked. "You don't think it's —"

"I do," Chicken Wing said. "Though I'm not

sure why she's suddenly operating again."

Chicken Wing took his grappling hook and aimed upwards. He pressed the trigger and was soon being pulled through the air. He deployed his Chicken Glider when he reached the top of his jump, and headed towards the brightest building in all the Lion City.

Marina Bay Sands was an integrated resort that had long been run by the closest thing the Lion City had to organised crime, headed by ex-cat burglar, the Tiger. Everything in MBS was legal or semi-legal, so Commissioner Siva could never go never get the necessary warrants to go in and investigate the Tiger's dealings.

Chicken Wing had never needed warrants.

He climbed up to the highest balcony in the centre tower and perched.

"Chili-One, where are Side-One and Side-Two?" Chicken Wing asked. There was movement inside the room. Chicken Wing

counted three people on the other side of the closed glass doors and thin curtains. They were all wearing immaculate black suits. He quietly shot the glass with a vibration detection device.

"Wait, Eun Tak is about to pull the sword," Chili-One said.

"Chili-One." Chicken Wing frowned. The three people inside were arguing about something.

"Fine," she said. "Luckily, Chili-Two bought the DVD set, so I can pause."

"The Sides, Chili-One."

One of the three people had started yelling, and Chicken Wing could hear him clearly.

"It was a score too good to pass up, Tiger! Not taking it would have been like letting some *ang moh* tourist walk out of the casino with all his money after he'd lost it in a poker game."

"There are two very important differences," the Tiger growled. "Taking money a tourist lost in poker, one, is legal and, two, doesn't bring

superheroes to my window."

"On the way, Chicken Wing," Chili-One said. "In fact, Side-One should be—"

Chicken Wing didn't hear the rest of Chili-One's sentence as a screaming all-white blur shot past him and crashed through the window.

Chicken Wing watched the Tiger leap over her desk and land in front of her two henchmen as Side-One crashed into the recently-vacated chair.

Undeterred, Side-One jumped up immediately, grinned a ridiculous grin, and said, "Have no fear, Egg is here!" Egg wore an all-white bodysuit equipped with an all-white gliding pack. The wings retracted into the pack, making him look much bulkier.

"I guess you haven't learned how to land," Chili-One said from the Coop.

"Egg," Chicken Wing said, "secure both men. They stole valuable jewels earlier this evening."

Before Egg could move towards the man,

the Tiger said, "Leave, both of you. I'll handle this."

The two henchmen looked at each other, then made for the door.

Chicken Wing threw two Wing Darts, which hit the wall in front of both men's eyes, stopping them in their tracks.

"Eliza, don't do this," he said, stepping off the railing and walking into the room.

"And good evening to you, Wing," the Tiger said.

Chicken Wing stood next to Egg. "We've never seen eye-to-eye, Eliza, but you promised me you'd stop your thieving if I left your casino alone."

"I haven't stolen anything," the Tiger said, "yet here you are, in my casino."

"But they have," Egg said. "And you're protecting them."

"You have no proof of that," the Tiger said.

"I heard them confess," Chicken Wing said.

"And you're willing to testify in a court of law?" the Tiger asked.

Chicken Wing didn't answer. "Side-Two in position," Chili-One said in his earpiece.

The Tiger shrugged. "That's the problem with being a masked vigilante, Wing," she said. "Like I said, you have no proof."

"Oh, no!" Chili-One suddenly shouted.

"What's wrong?" Chicken Wing asked, not taking his eyes off the Tiger.

"Eun Tak can't grab the sword!"

"Now is not the time, Chili-One."

"That's what I thought." The Tiger cocked her head, and her two henchmen made for the door again. Chicken Wing did not stop them this time.

When they opened the door, two yellow fists came through, knocking both henchmen backwards.

"Did somebody order an Omelette?"

Chili-One groaned in Chicken Wing's

earpiece. "I thought we agreed you'd stop using that horrible catchphrase, Omelette."

"I didn't agree to anything," Omelette said, stepping through the door. "I think it's a fantastic catchphrase." He wore a dark yellow sweatshirt with the hood up. The yellow spray-painted hockey mask covered his face entirely.

"You're wrong, Nazhar," Chili-One said.

"Code names, please," Chicken Wing said.

The two lunged towards Omelette, knocking him on his back.

"Egg, go help Omelette," Chicken Wing said.

"Really, Wing," the Tiger said, taking off her black jacket and straightening her tie. "The jewels would have been returned anonymously by tomorrow morning."

"Why defend them?" Chicken Wing asked.

"Our deal was mutually beneficial. Not having to worry about you and what you might be up to let me focus on the Mastermind so that I was finally able to defeat him, and it let you grow

your fortune in a legal way."

"They might be idiots, but they're *my* idiots," the Tiger replied. "As a good employer, I protect my idiots, even when they're being extra idiotic."

Chicken Wing kept an eye on Egg and Omelette. They were handling themselves well enough. Egg was still tripping all over himself, but it seemed to always work out in his favour. Omelette, on the other hand, was still pulling his punches.

"We don't have to fight," Chicken Wing said.

"You could just stand aside. We'll take these two to Commissioner Siva, and even tell him they couldn't have been caught without your help."

"Is that the best deal you've got?" the Tiger asked.

Egg tripped over one of the henchmen's legs, but somehow used that momentum to knock the other henchman down. Omelette used the



confusion to knock out the other henchman.

"It was the best deal you were going to get, yes," Chicken Wing said. "Now I have to take you in too, for obstruction of justice."

"Listen to you, pretending you're a real police officer," the Tiger said. "You're not taking me anywhere."

"This can't be happening!" Chili-One shouted.

"I would very much appreciate it if you stopped watching Korean dramas while on monitor duty, Chili-One," Chicken Wing said, trying to keep the anger out of his voice. "It's very distracting."

"I'm not talking about the drama, though it is unfortunate that Eun Tak has to give back her very pretty bag," Chili-One said.

"Focus, Chili-One!" Chicken Wing shouted, startling the Tiger.

"Samuel Tan Cher Lock! Is this how your father and I raised you?" Chili-One said.

"Sorry, Mom," Chicken Wing mumbled.

"But please focus on the matter at hand. What did you need to tell me?"

"That's better," she said. "The Mastermind has escaped from Changi Asylum."

"What?!" Chicken Wing, Omelette, and Egg all shouted in unison.

The Tiger was very confused. "What's going on?" she asked.

"Tell the Tiger to turn on her TV," Chili-One said.

"Turn on your TV," Chicken Wing said. "Now."

"The remote's in the desk," the Tiger replied. Chicken Wing opened some drawers until he found it. He tossed it at the Tiger. She caught it and turned on her TV.

"Helloooooooooooooo, Lion City! Guess what? I'm back!" A blond boy in a purple bowler hat was on screen, laughing.

"I enjoyed the vacation you and Chicken Wing got me at the asylum, but alas, it's time to come back to work. I only have so much

annual leave, after all. I don't want to use it up all at once."

"Chili-One, trace that broadcast," Chicken Wing said.

"Already on it," she said.

"I have a surprise for everyone, to thank you for the holiday," the Mastermind said. "It's my greatest doomsday device ever, but I think it's best if I show it to Chicken Wing first."

"That's not good," the Tiger said. "What are you going to do?"

Chicken Wing turned and walked out onto the balcony.

"What I have to do," he said, jumping off the railing into the night sky.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

A.J. Low is a husband-and-wife writing team!

Adan Jimenez was born in the San Joaquin Valley in California to Mexican immigrant parents. He became an immigrant himself when he moved to Singapore after living in New York for almost a decade. He has worked for comic book stores, book stores, gaming stores and even a hoagie sandwich shop once. He loves comics, LEGOs, books, games (analog and video), *Doctor Who* and sandwiches.

Felicia Low-Jimenez has been a geeky bookseller for most of her adult life. She has bought books, sold books, marketed books and now she is trying her hand at writing books. She loves to nap and eat chocolate. She spends most of her free time reading and, when she can afford it, she travels, usually to look for beautiful bookstores around the world.

Sherlock Sam and the Missing Heirloom in Katong won the International Schools Libraries Network's Red Dot Award 2013-2014 in the Younger Readers' Category. *Sherlock Sam and the Ghostly Moans in Fort Canning* took third place in the Popular Readers' Choice Awards 2013 in the English Children's Books category.

You can find them at sherlocksam.wordpress.com, facebook.com/SherlockSam Series and sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com

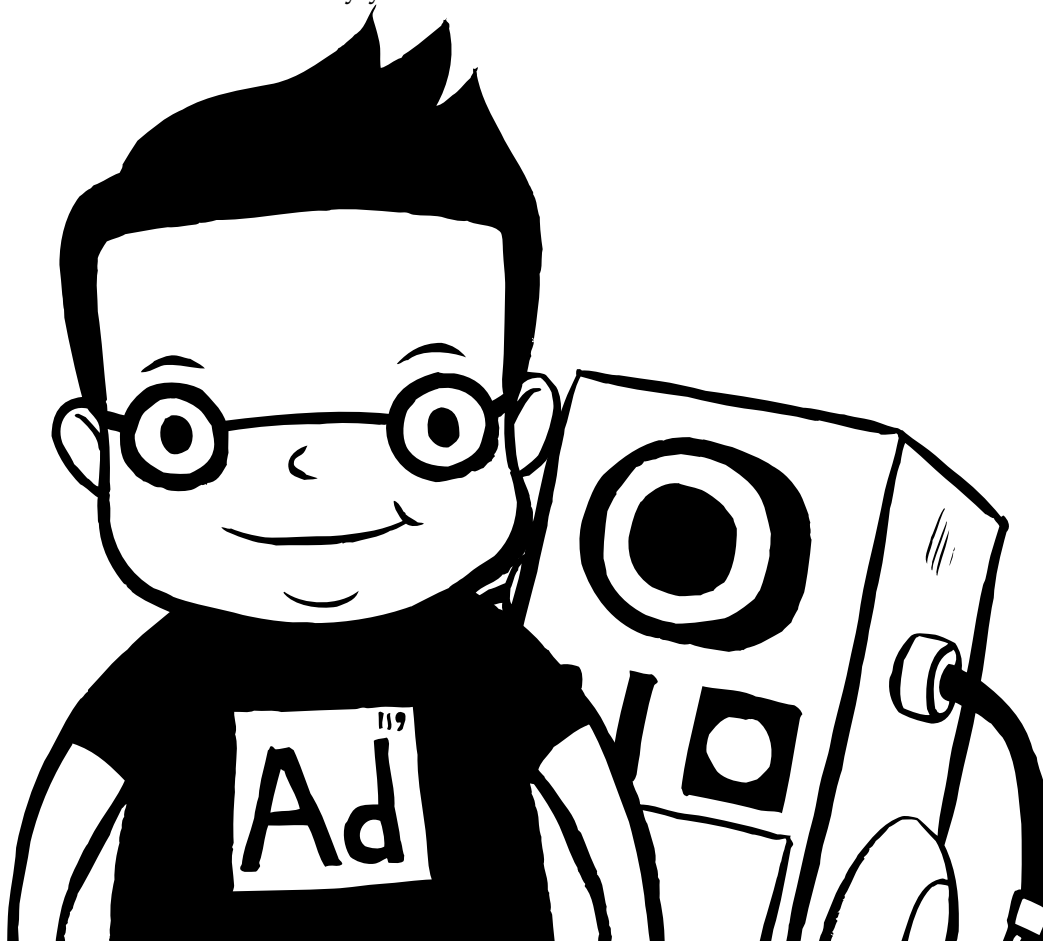
ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Andrew Tan (also known as Drewscape) is a full-time freelance illustrator and an Eisner-nominated comic artist. He illustrates for print ads, magazines and also enjoys storyboarding and illustrating for picture book projects. During his free time, he's always creating his own comics for the fun of it. In his home studio you'll find an overflow of art tools of all kinds as he loves experimenting with them. He already has too many fountain pens and tells himself that he will stop buying more. Andrew published his first graphic novel, *Monsters, Miracles & Mayonnaise*, in 2012.

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