

Thumb Shine's



henrik drescher





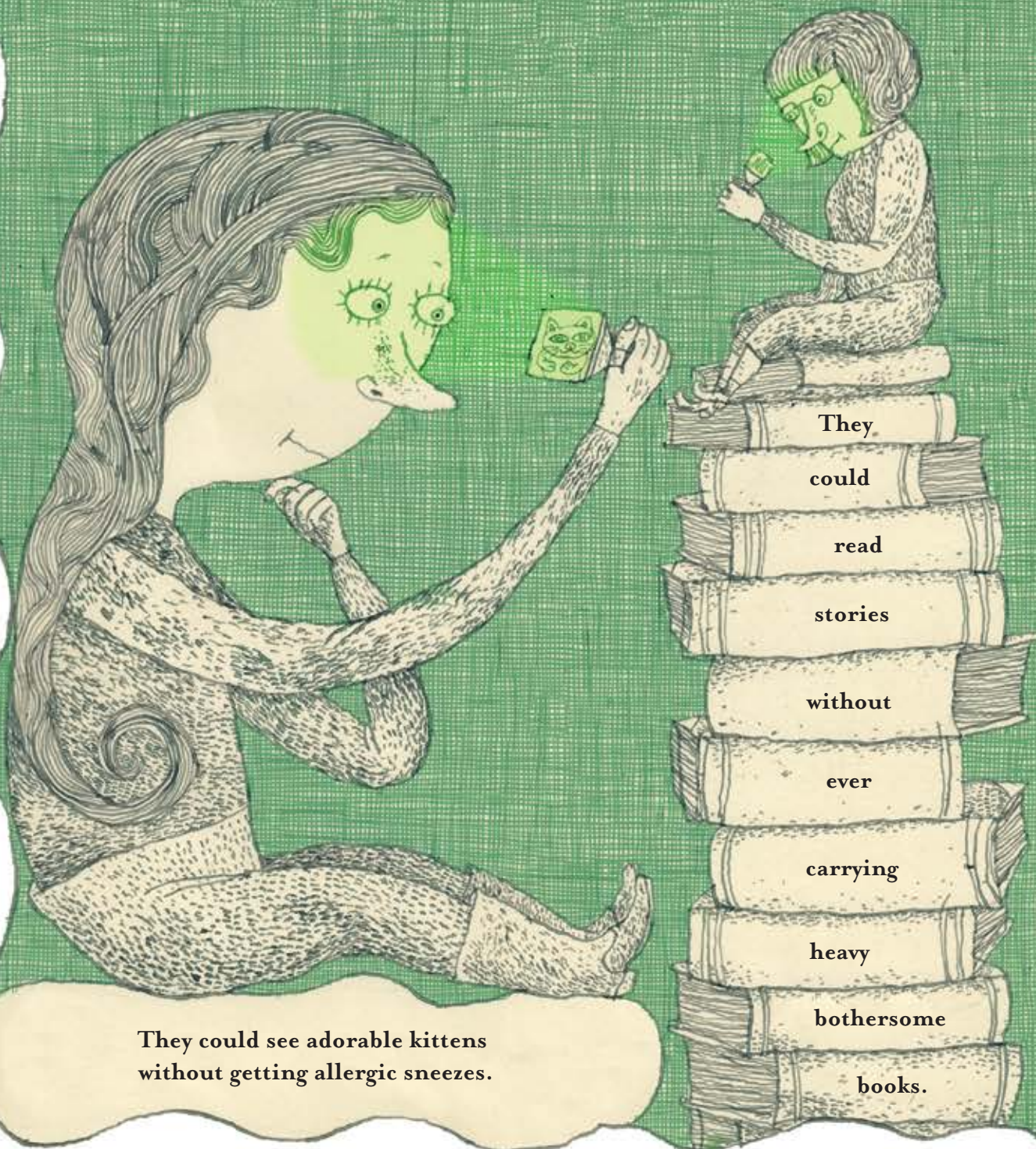
Tommel Titter

av Henrik Drescher

Once, not long ago and not too far from here, there was a town where people spent most of their time staring at their thumbs.

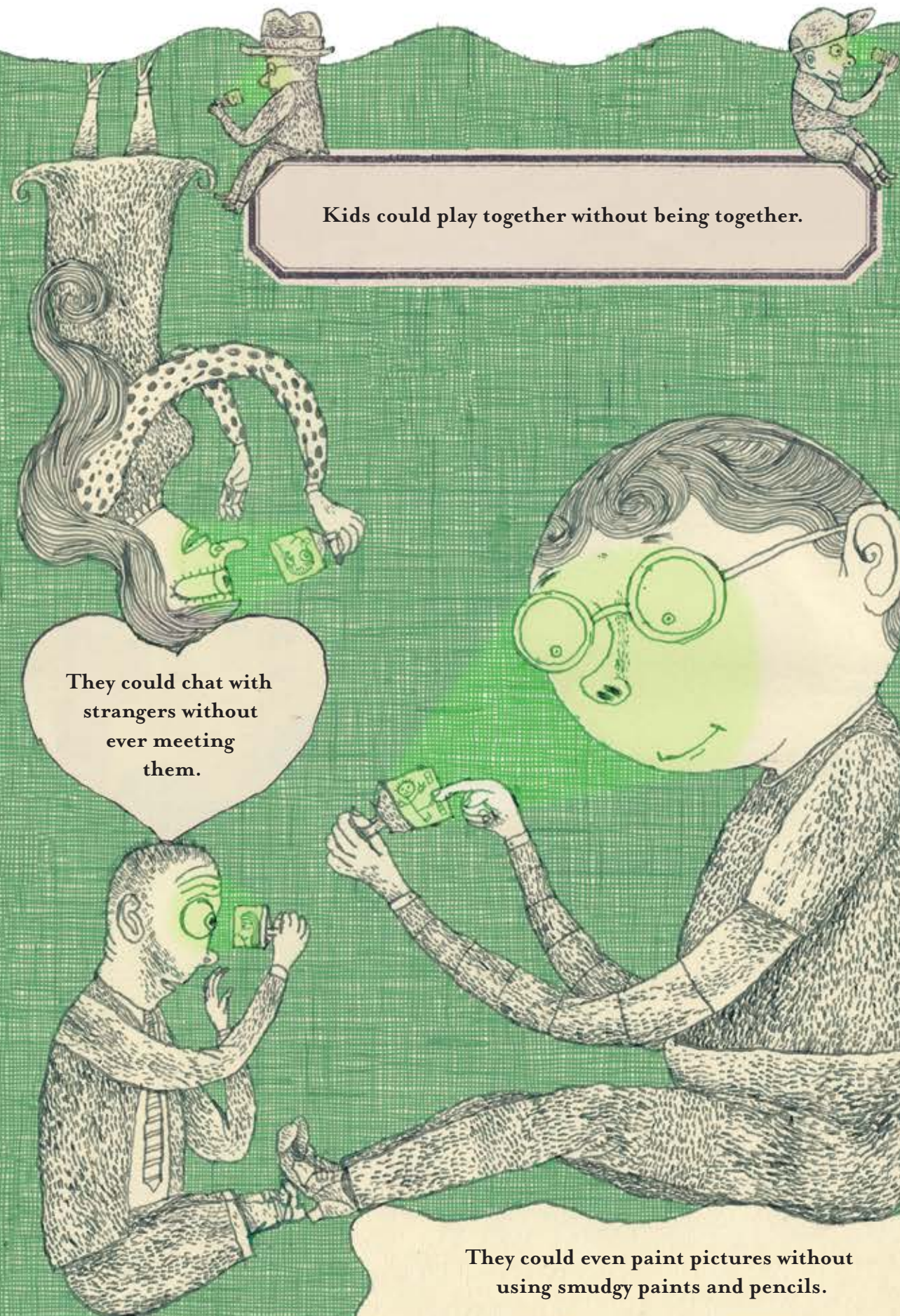
Actually they were staring at their ThumbShiners, almost anything could happen in the tiny screens.

Kids could play together without being together.



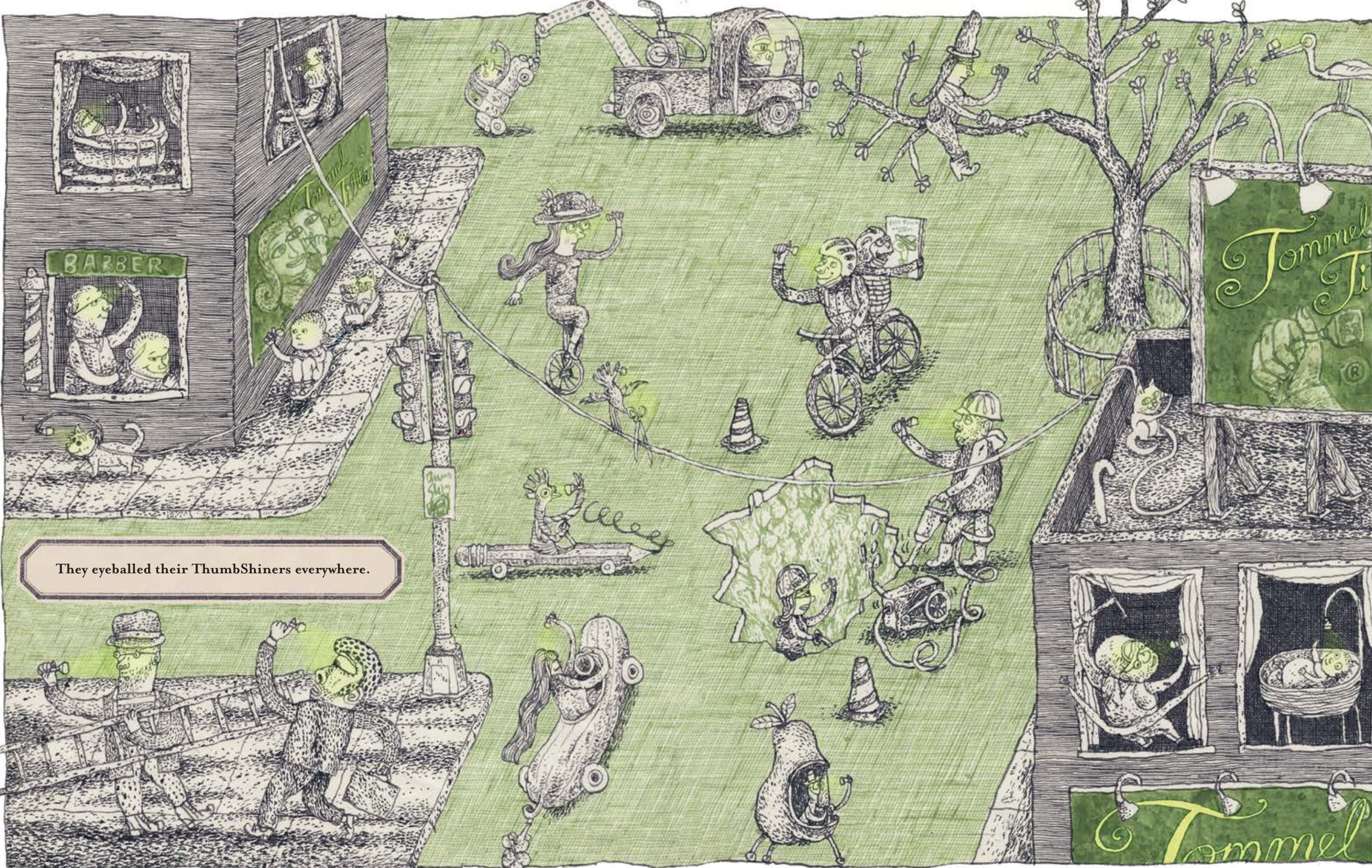
They
could
read
stories
without
ever
carrying
heavy
bothersome
books.

They could see adorable kittens without getting allergic sneezes.



They could chat with strangers without ever meeting them.

They could even paint pictures without using smudgy paints and pencils.



They eyeballed their ThumbShiners everywhere.

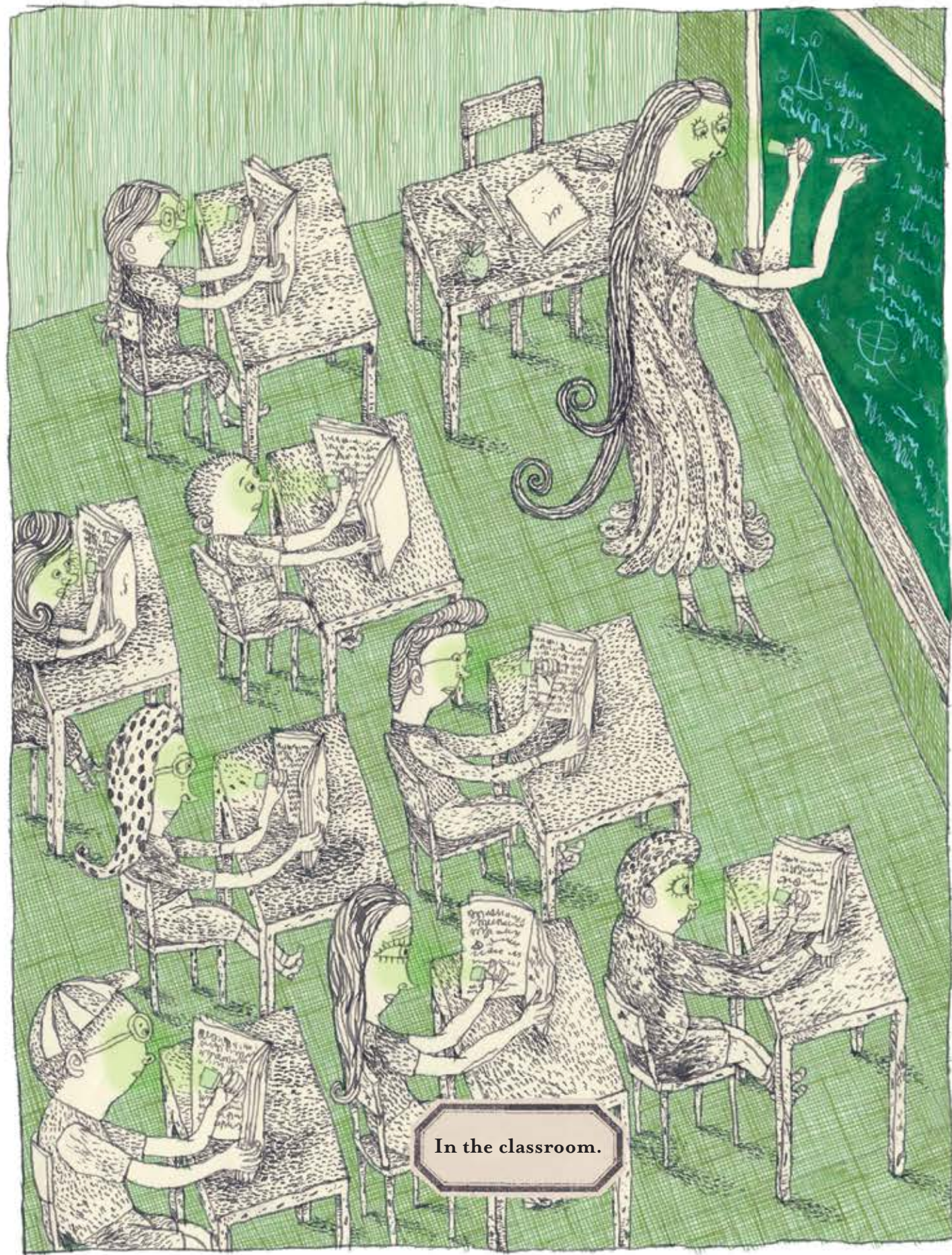
BARBER

Tommel Ti

Tommel



On the bus.



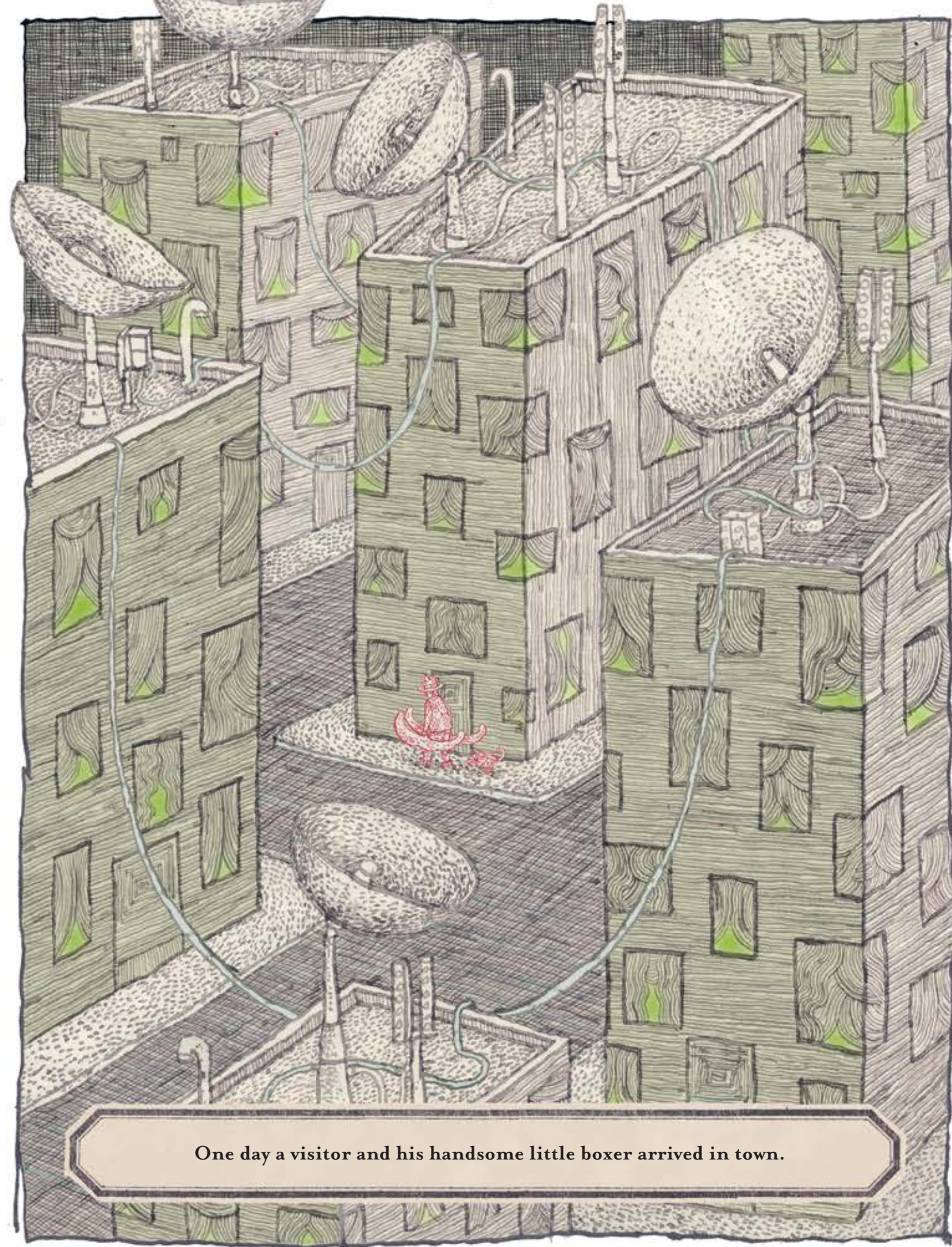
In the classroom.



ThumbShiners were the last thing they saw before going to sleep.

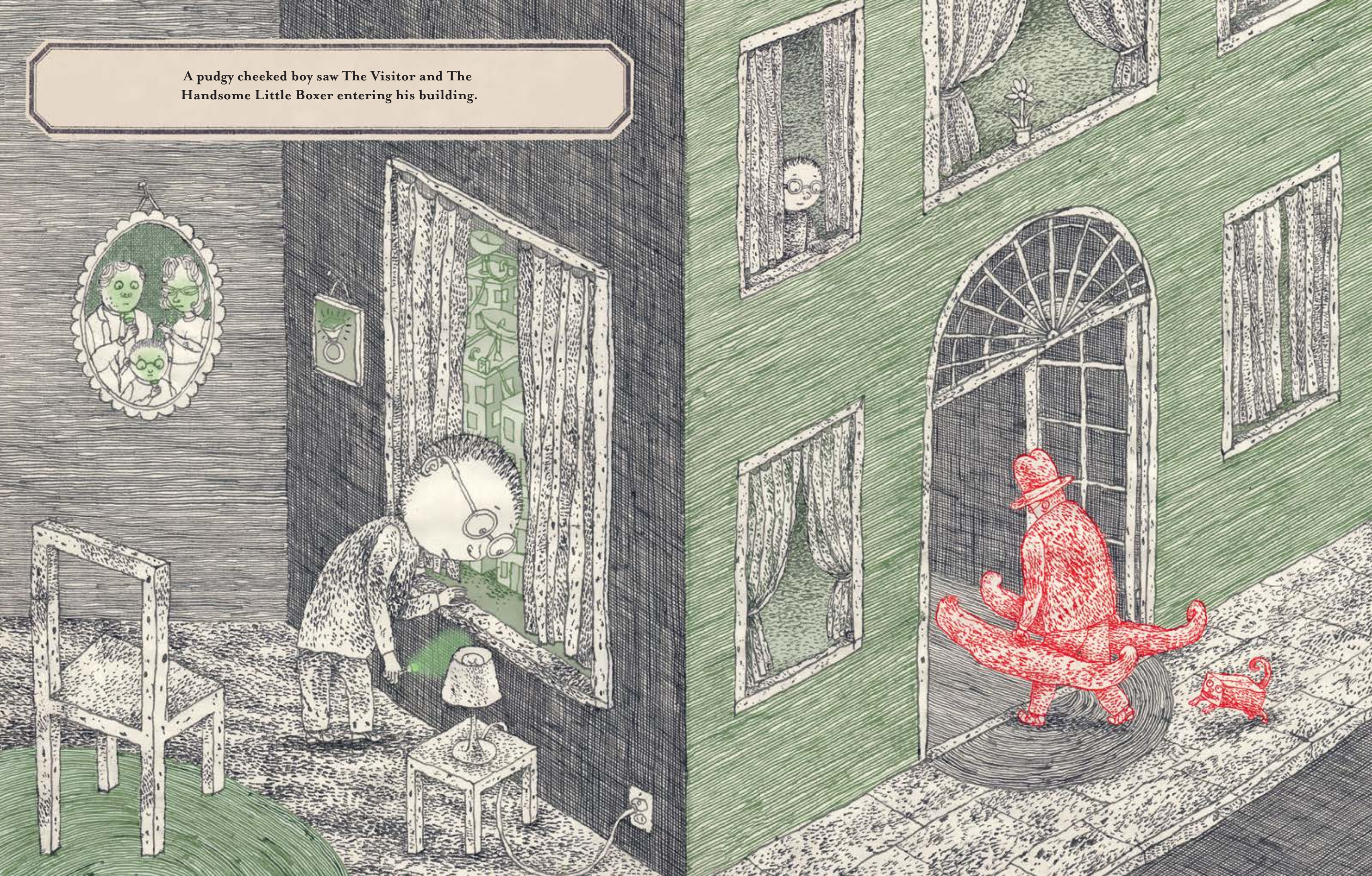


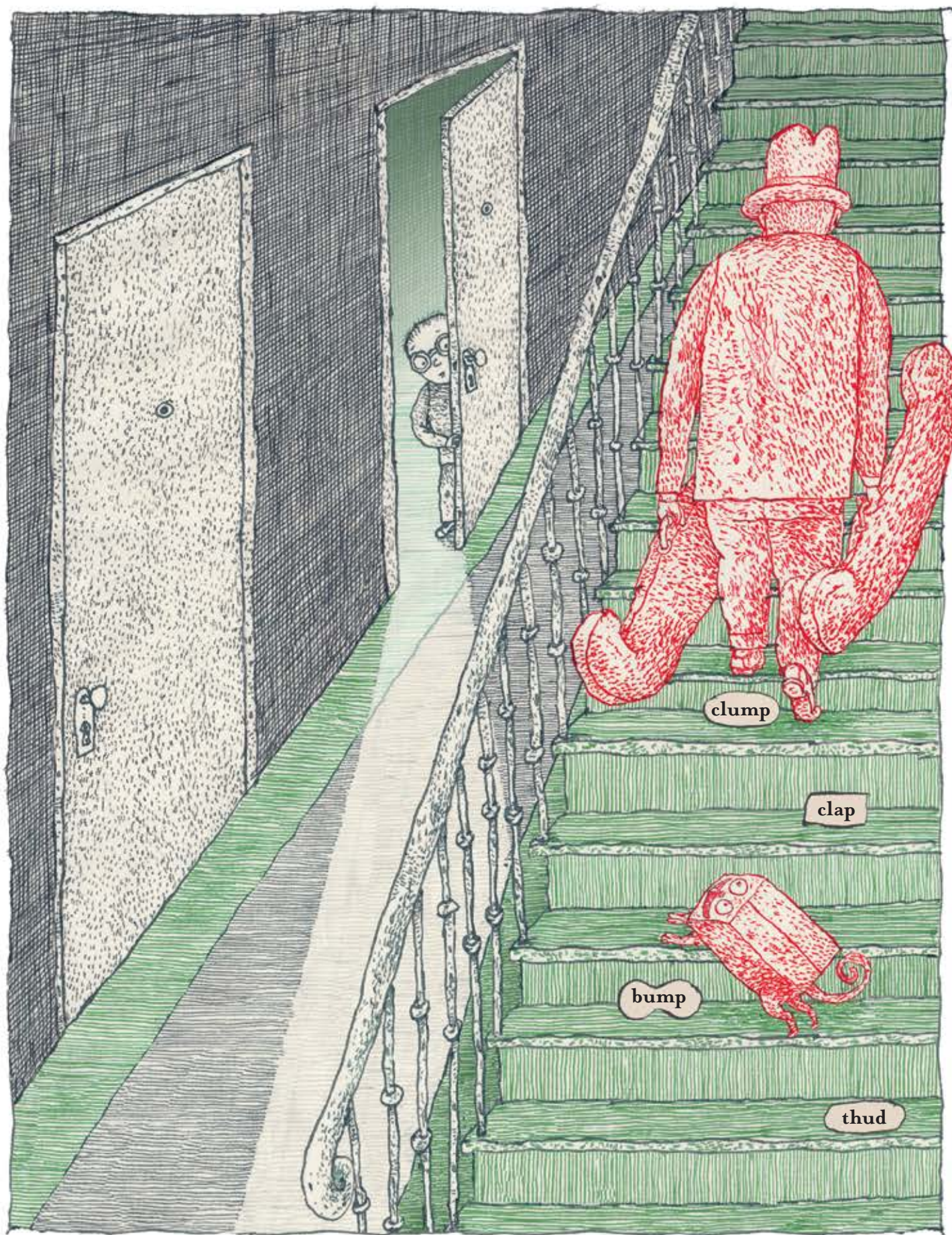
And the first thing that greeted them when they woke.



One day a visitor and his handsome little boxer arrived in town.

A pudgy cheeked boy saw The Visitor and The Handsome Little Boxer entering his building.





In the morning he got up and placed The Handsome Little Boxer
on the table next to a thick drawing pad.





The Visitor began to doodle with his magical markers.



Squirt * Splash * Splatter * Swish * Wiggle * Scribble * Slither