

He was just about to shout out to her when his attention was caught by a bright yellow brick near his foot.

Yellow, yellow, yellow, it sang out. It vibrated, it glowed, it hummed. He had to have it. He lunged forwards, his hand closed round it, but he could not really feel it, not enough anyway. He raised it to his mouth, and with his sensitive lips and gums and tooth he explored the woody, painty, yellowy, cubey taste of it, until he understood it all.