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It looked even less like a person.*

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# Mr Pock-Pock!

**Friday Oct 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1959, Gallegos.**

The commotion in the hen house woke Daida up. Had a neighbour's dog got in?

She jumped out of bed and ran outside in her nightgown. They couldn't afford to lose any hens—things were bad enough already.

As she ran through the kitchen, Daida grabbed the frying pan. It was heavy enough to knock a big dog dizzy, if she could swing it hard enough.

And if she couldn't swing it hard enough—

Daida refused to think about that as she tore down the garden, past the cabbages and the pig. She flung open the gate to the hens' enclosure and stopped dead with her mouth open.

It wasn't a dog.

It didn't look like any animal she'd ever seen, even in a school book.

It looked even less like a person.

The creature was lilac-coloured, and stood a little taller than her mother. But most of it wasn't solid. The three legs—if they were legs—seemed to be hollow tubes of wire mesh. The body was the same colour, but solid. And the head—she supposed it was a head because there was a nose with greeny tentacles in the middle and a mouth below it—looked like a wide triangle, with enormous ears stuck on at each end.

It had no clothes either, just a thick hexagon hanging on a chain around its neck, which was clucking like a chicken. And something on or near it was making pock-pock-pock noises.