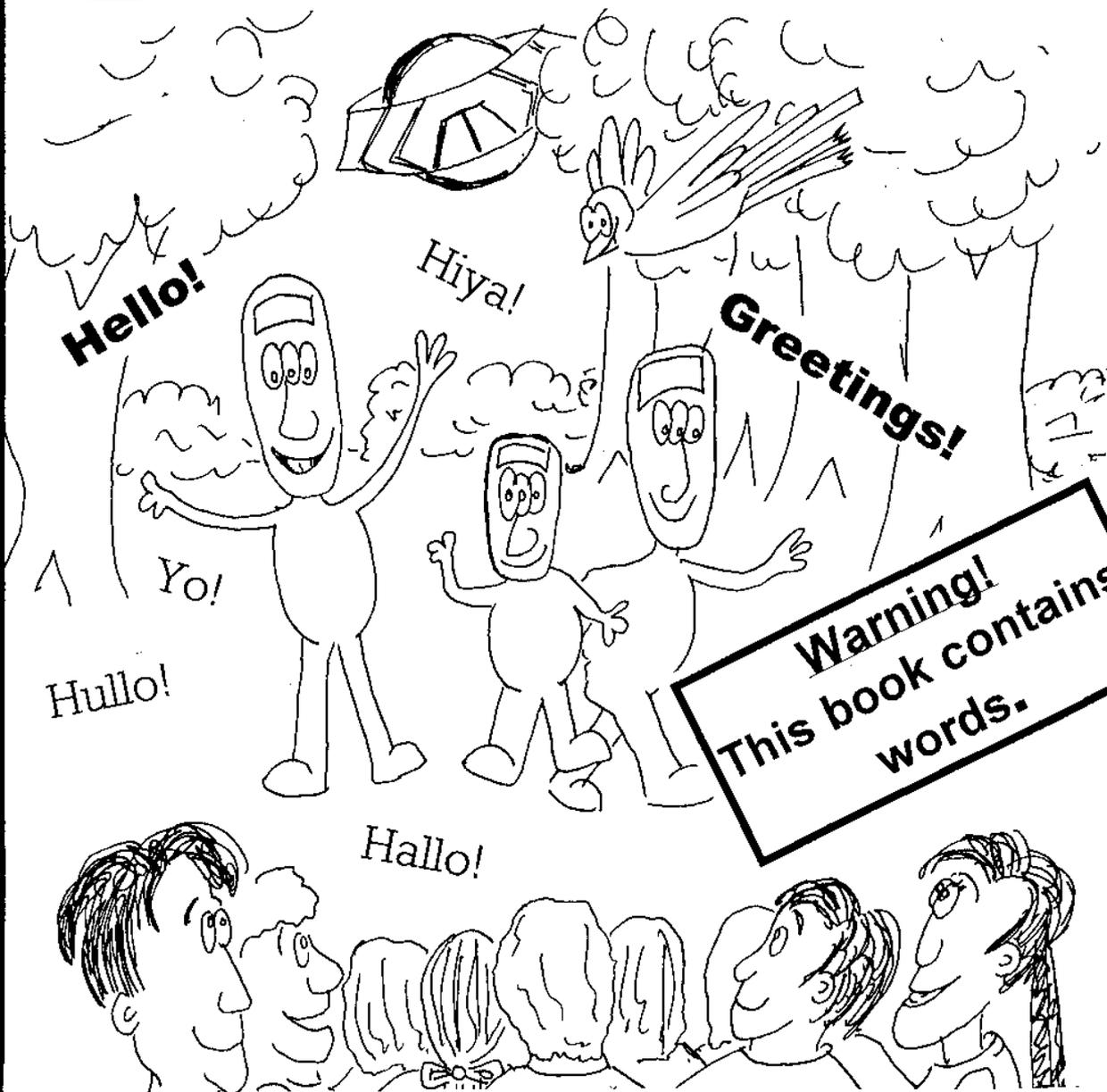


Greg Arious

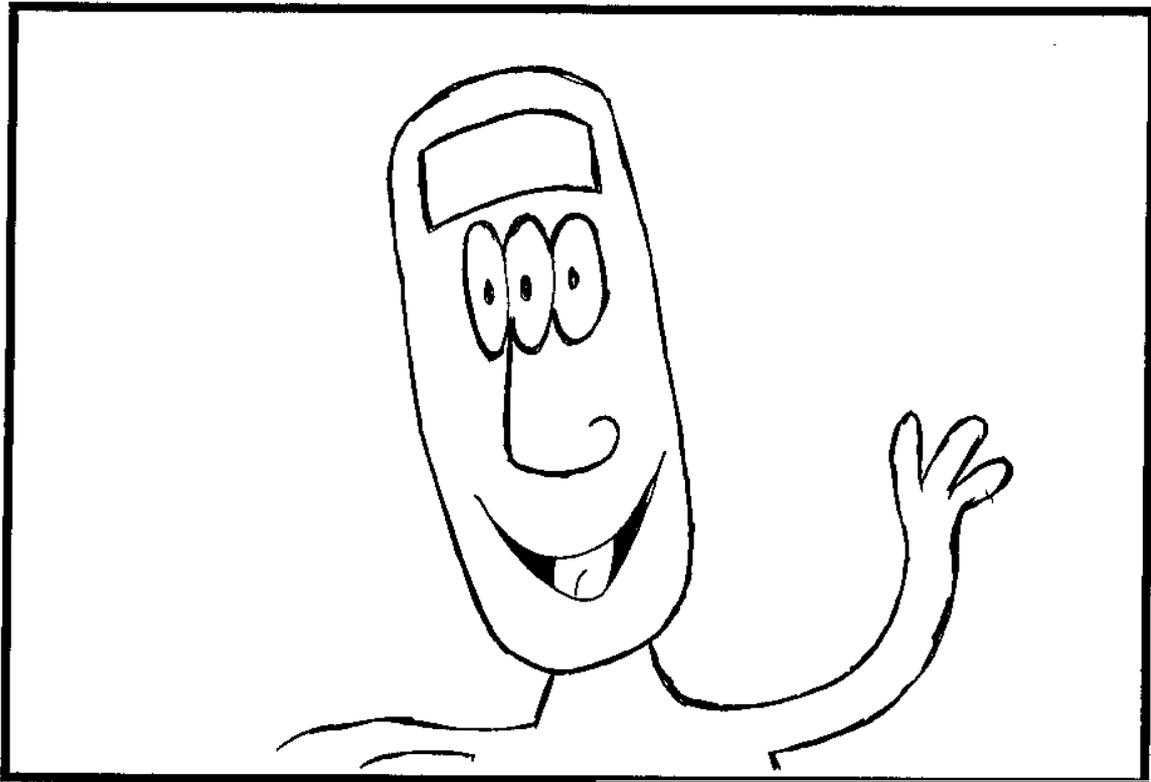
and the Lexicons



Written and Illustrated
by Gareth Pitchford

Greg Arious

and the Lexicons



Written and Illustrated
by Gareth Pitchford

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Many thanks to **Leon Cych** for transferring these pages to PDF format.
<http://www.garethford.freesevce.co.uk> – Email: Garethford@aol.com

In the town of Prosaic everything was dull.



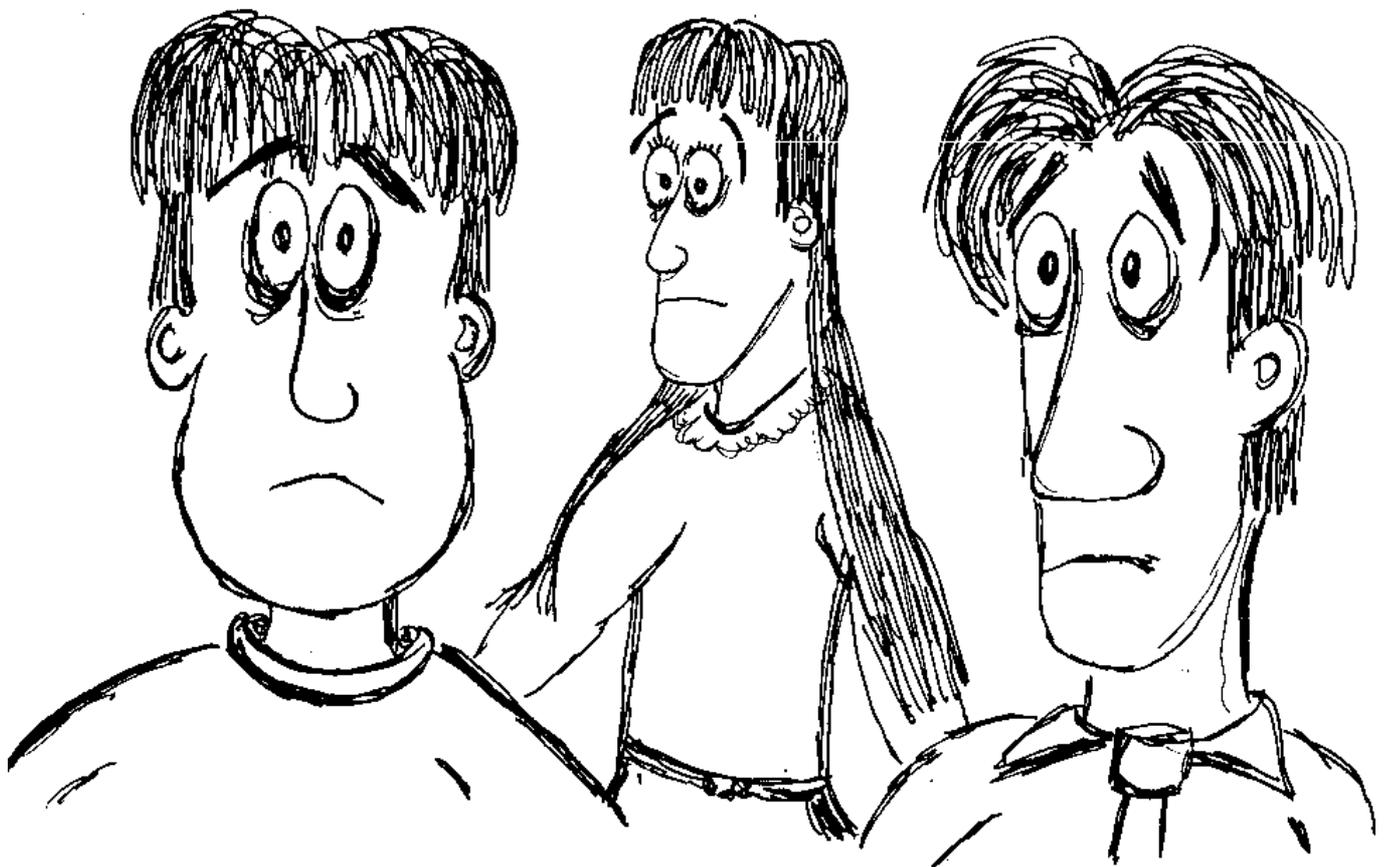
People just walked around the place.



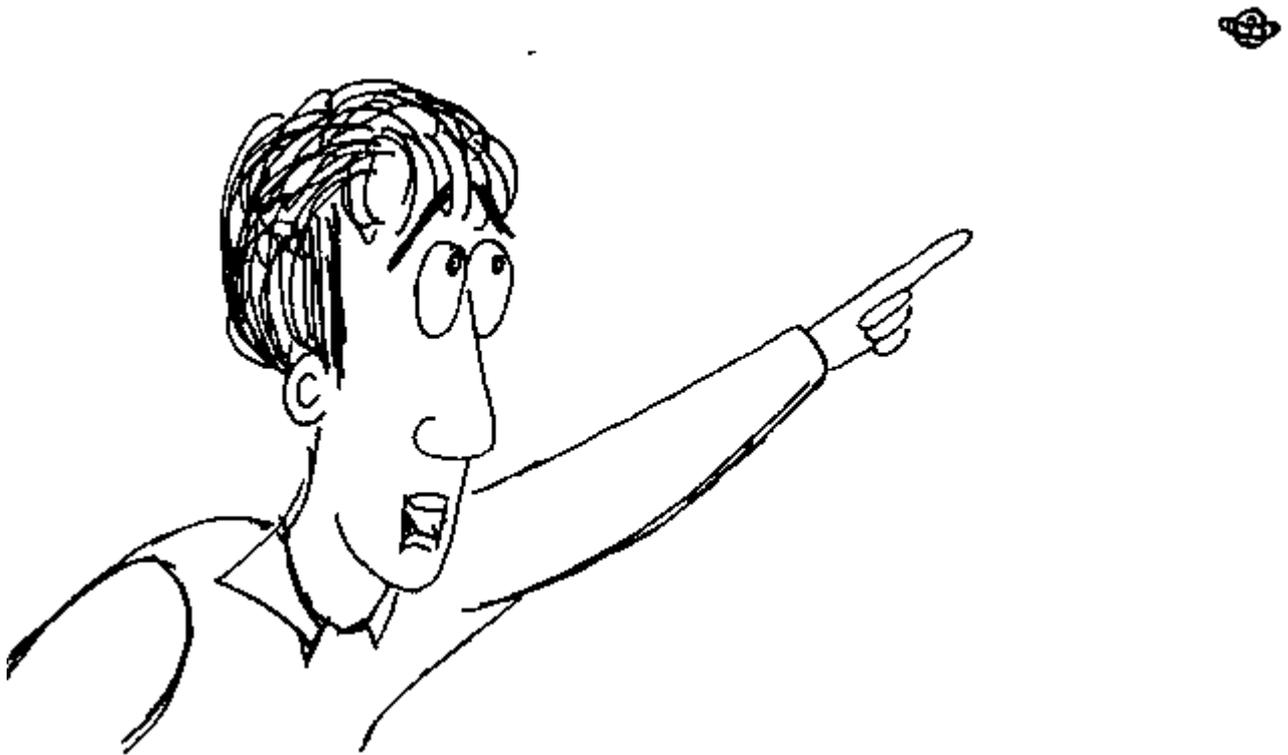
Dogs just went woof. Cats simply meowed and birds just tweeted.



Everyone was bored and unhappy.



Then one day someone noticed a small spot appear in the sky.



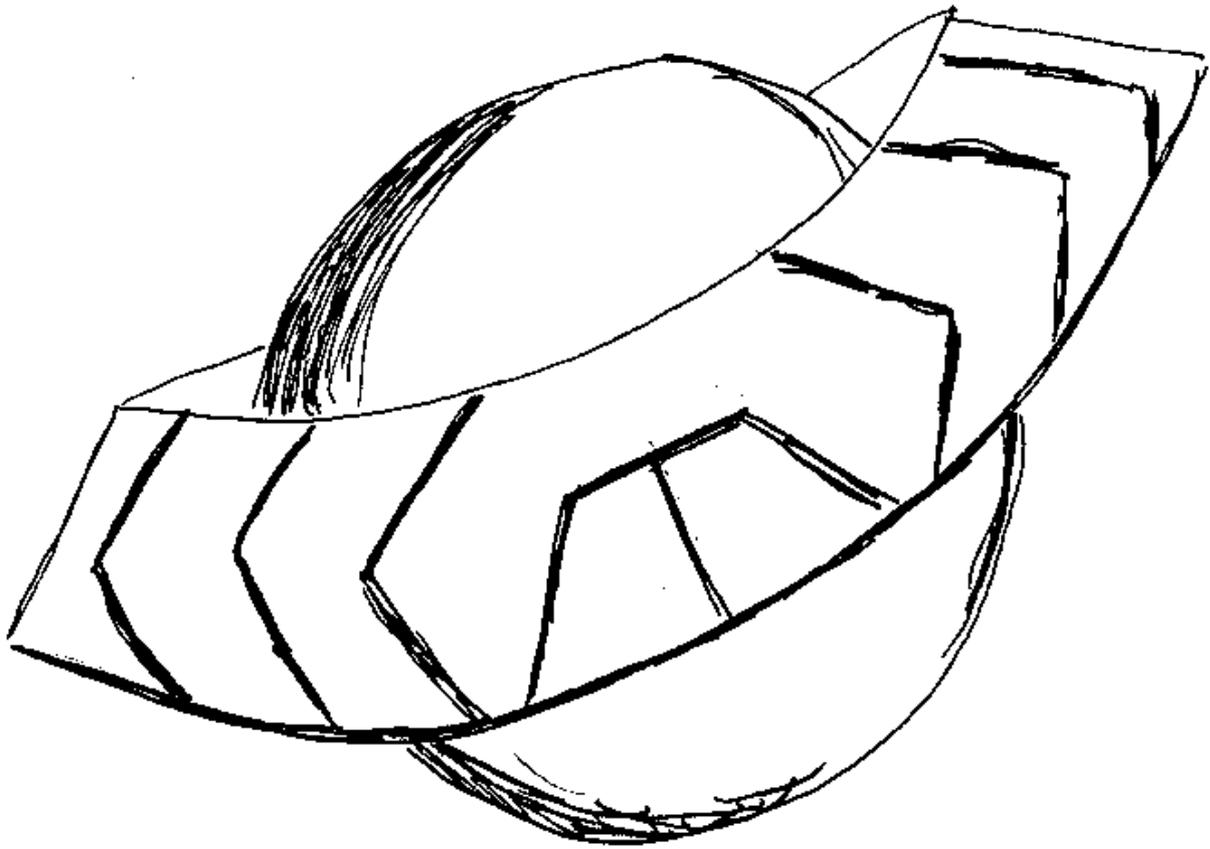
The spot grew larger...



...and larger...

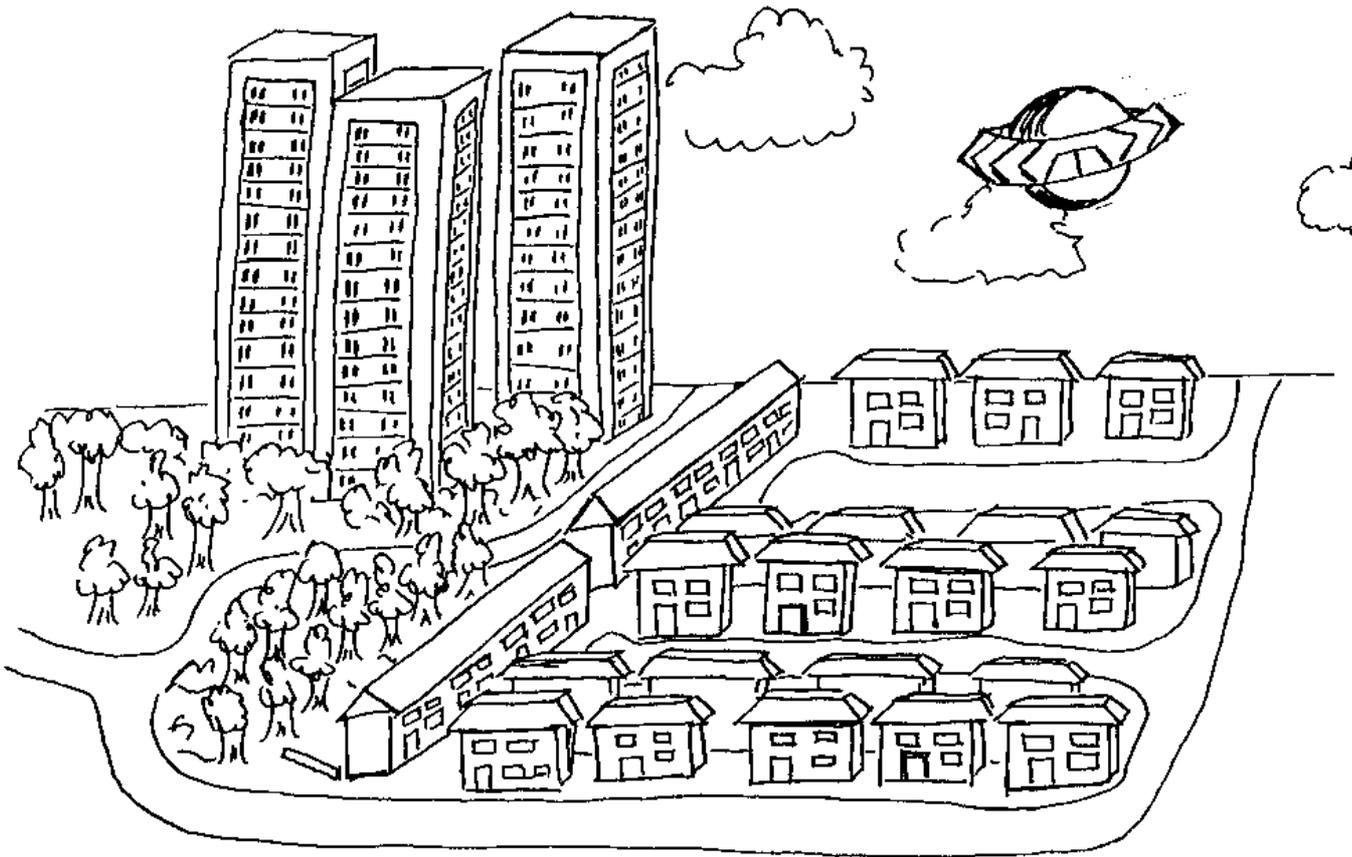


...and larger until eventually the people could see that it was a spaceship.



The spaceship was completely unlike anything the people of Prosaic had ever seen before.

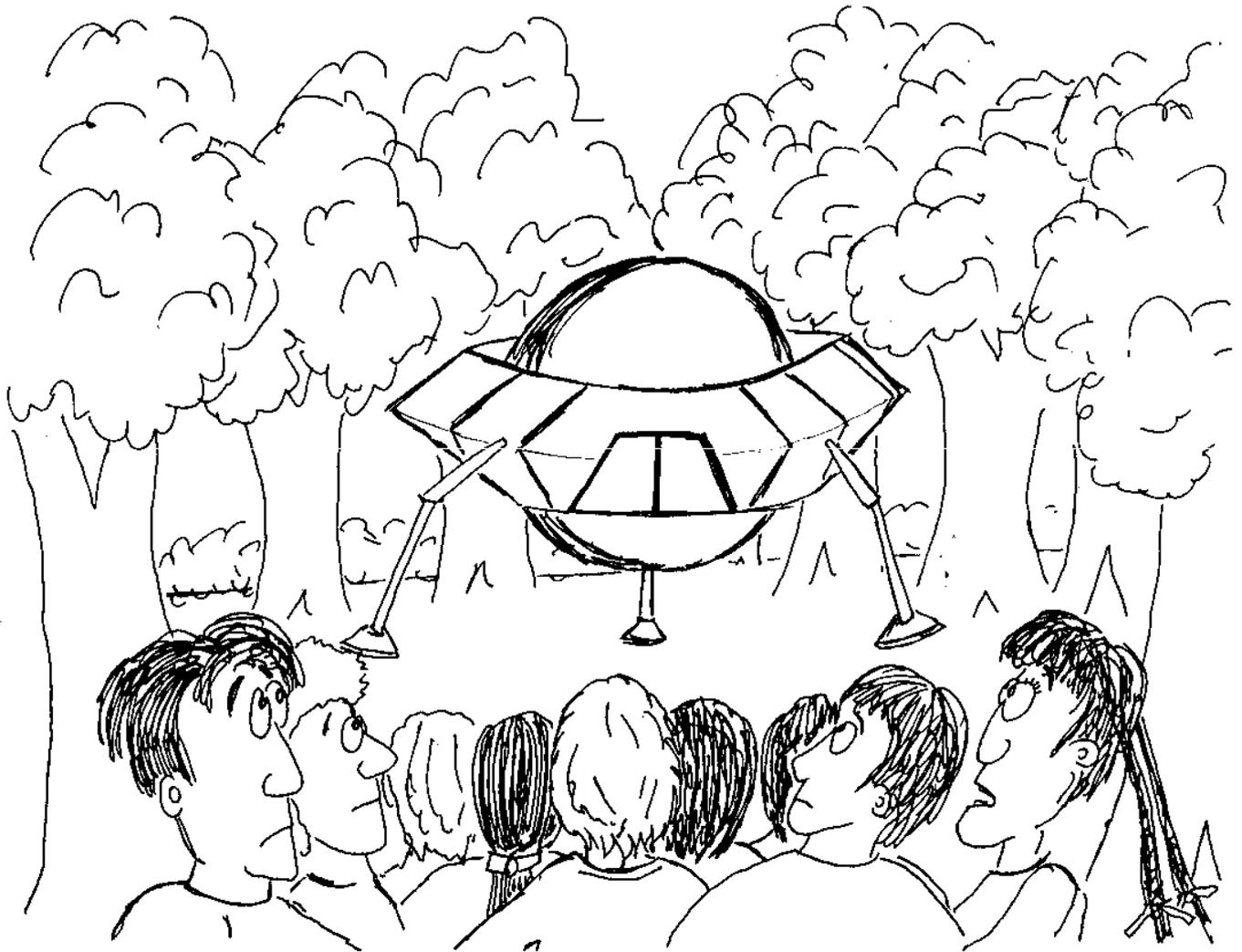
It hovered over the town, glowing slightly and emitting a soft reassuring humming sound.



Nevertheless the people of Prosaic were afraid. They stood around, peering up at the sky.

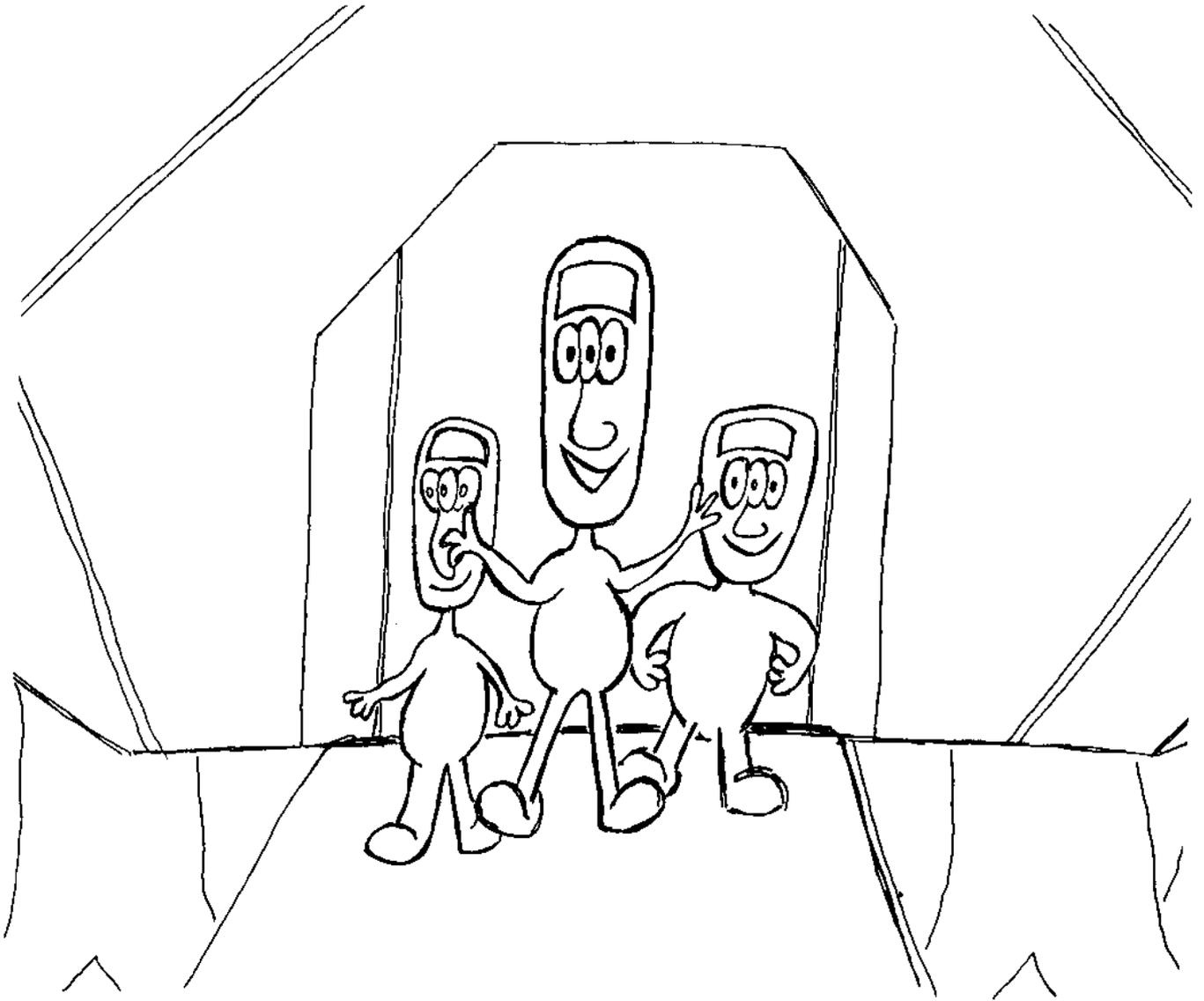
Where had the ship come from?
What would the ship contain?

Then the ship slowly started to move closer and closer to the ground. It got nearer and nearer until it eventually came to rest in the centre of the park.



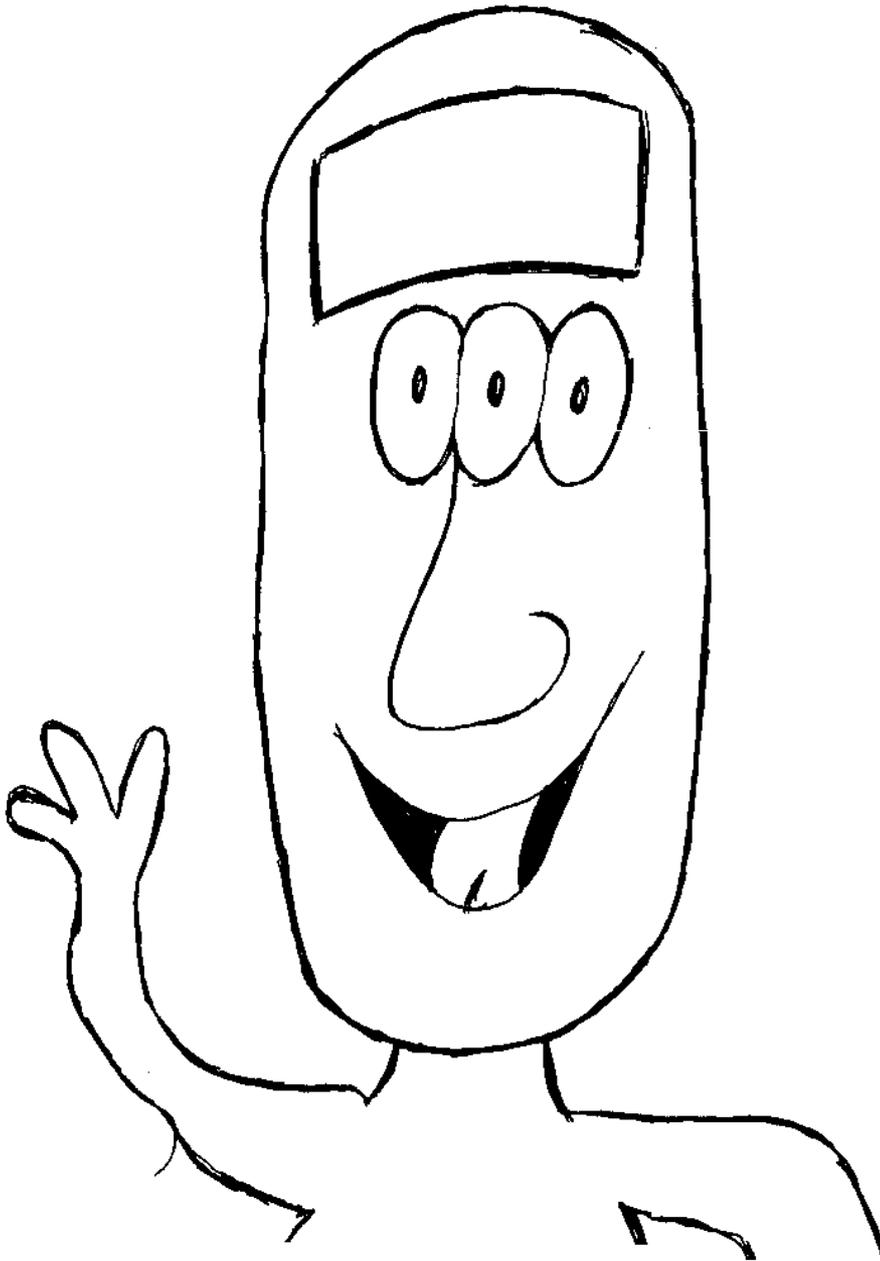
The people of Prosaic gathered around the ship. They peered cautiously at it, unsure of what would happen next.

There came a loud whooshing sound and a hatch opened in the side of the ship.



Out of the ship came a group of strange looking creatures. They had three eyes and curiously shaped heads. On the head of each creature was a small, glowing screen.

The leader of the aliens gave a broad grin and



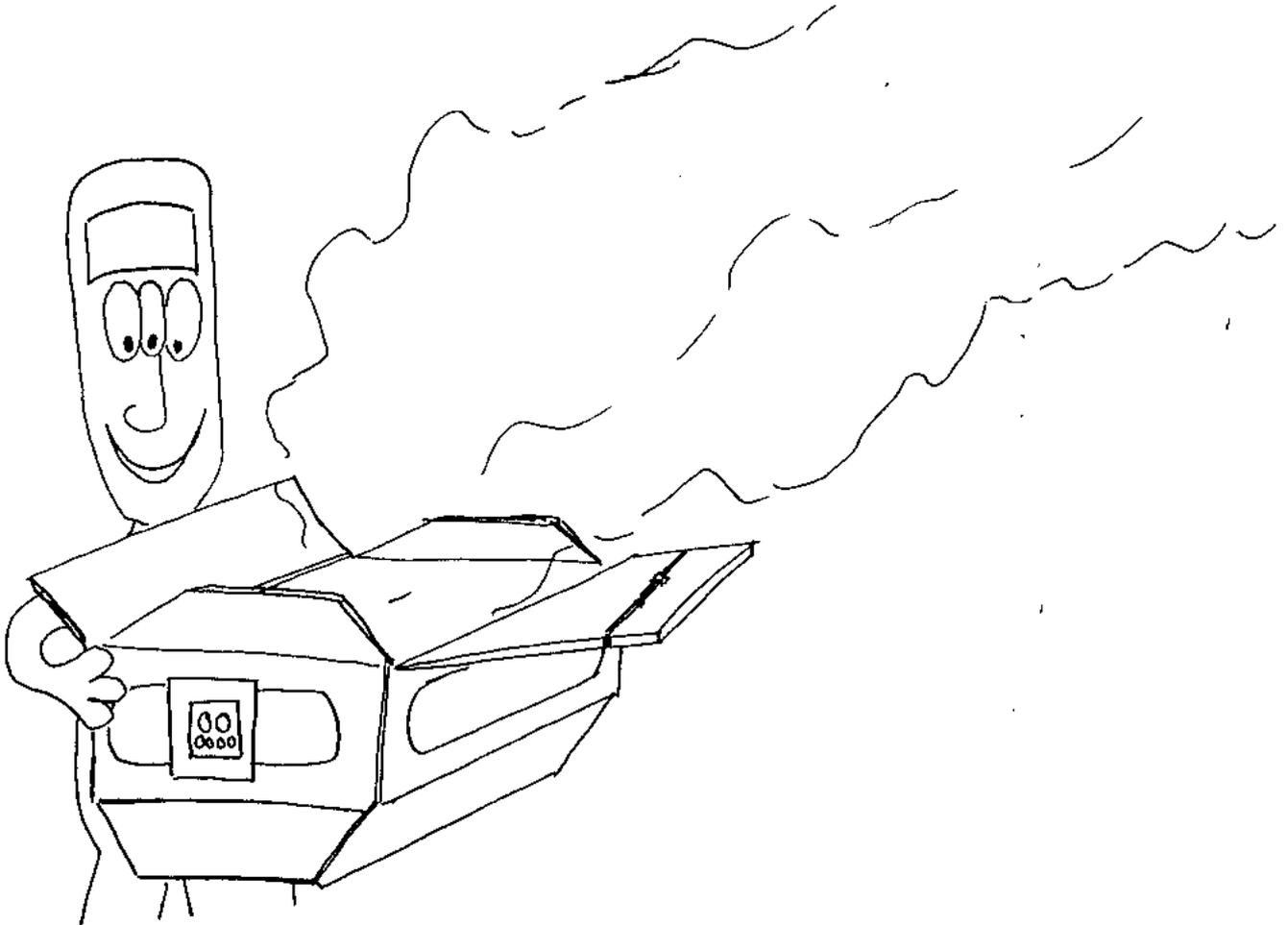
started speaking.

"Greetings!" he said. "I am Greg Arious and these are my fellow Lexicons."

"We come in peace and mean you no harm," he continued, "We seek only to bring you a special gift."

And with this the aliens produced a large box from inside their spaceship.

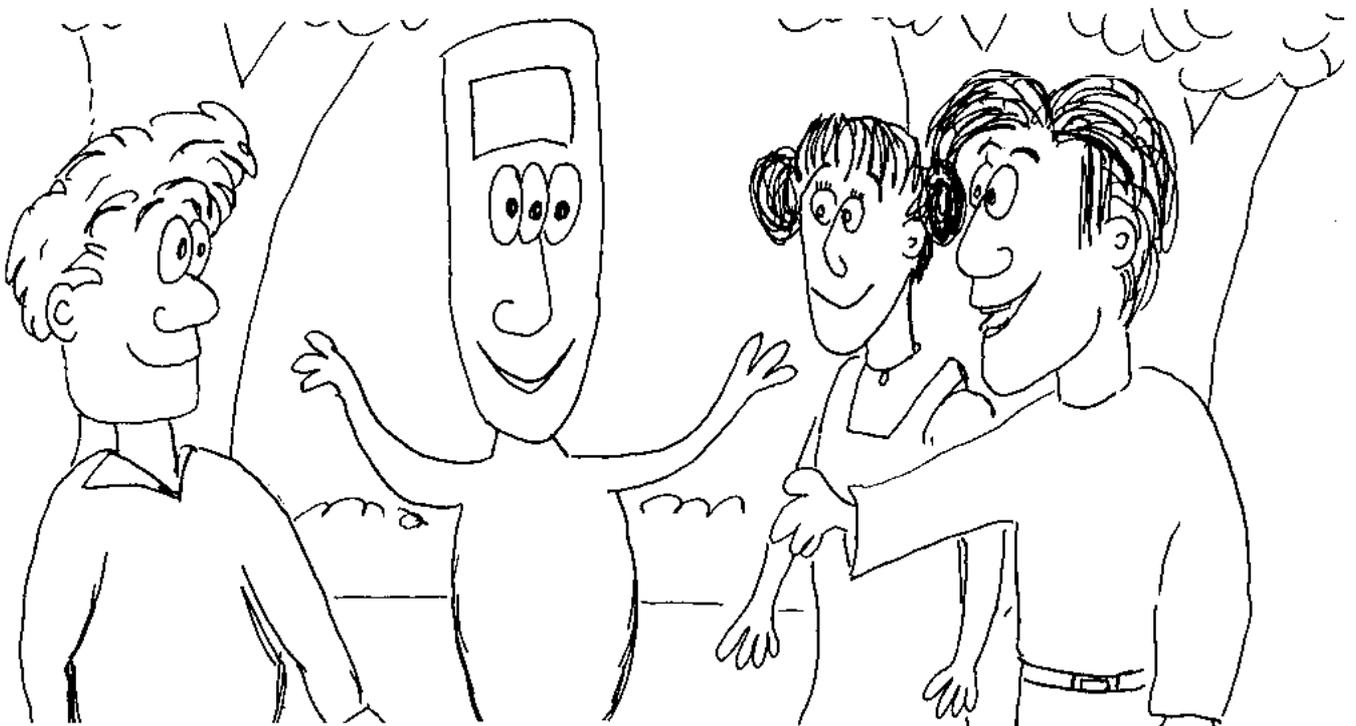
Greg gently touched the top of the box and its lid swung open.



There was a flash of light and when the people opened their eyes the town of Prosaic had undergone a huge transformation.

Everywhere the people looked the town had changed. It had become more colourful, more varied and more interesting.

"How did you do that?" asked the flabbergasted people of Prosaic.



"Easy," said Greg Arious. "It's all done using the power of words."

And looking round the people of Prosaic saw that this was indeed true. Everything had completely changed in Prosaic.

People no longer just *walked* around the town. Now they....

MSAGENTS

OPEN

DAILY WORD
**ALIENS
Land!**



pranced

hiked

rambled

tiptoed

roamed

trotted

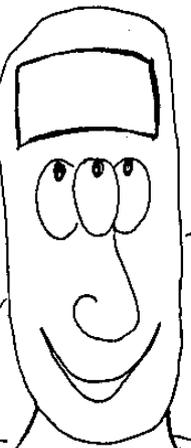
sauntered

strode

promled



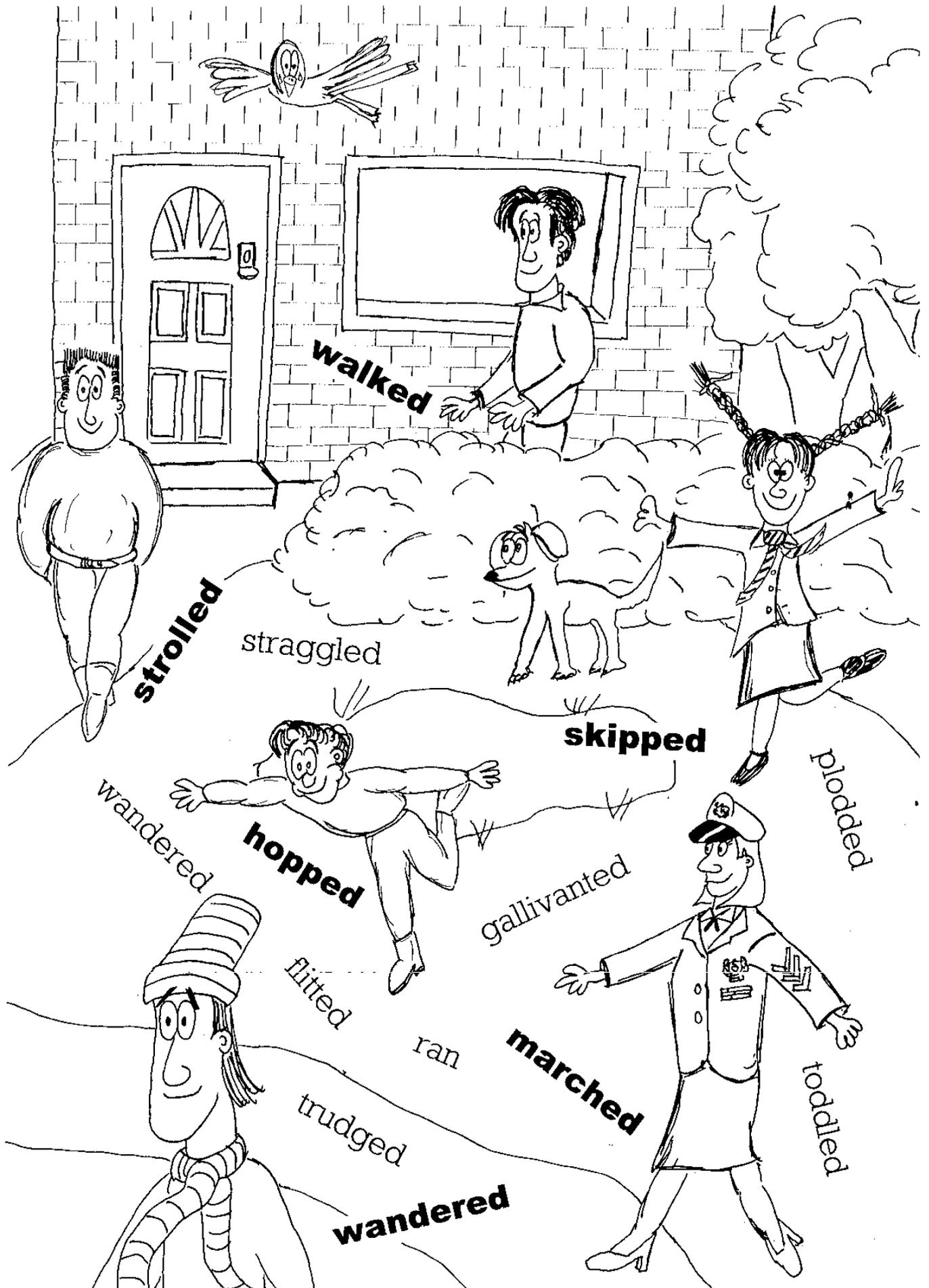
shuffled



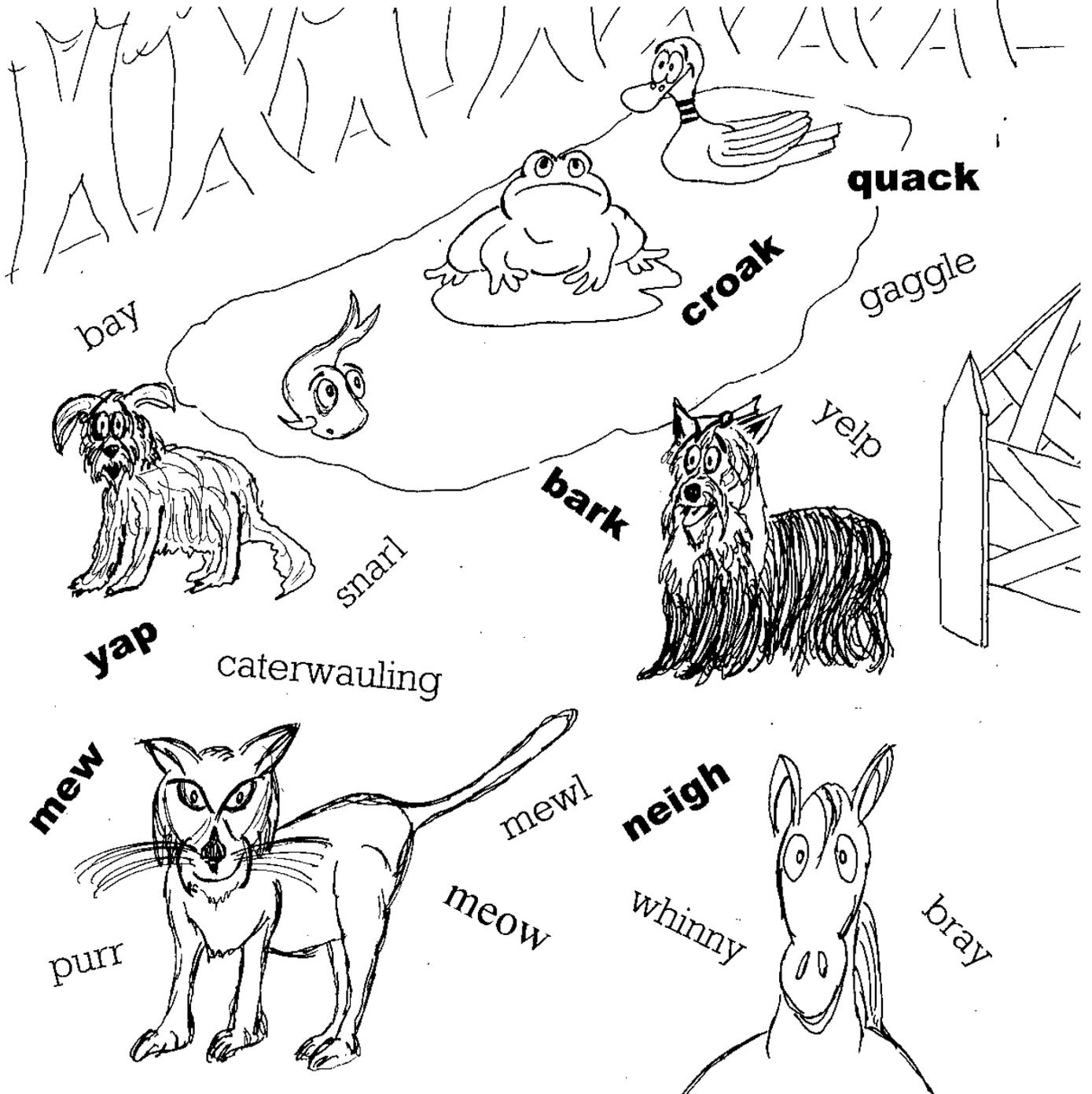
jogged

pranced

strode



Now the dogs of Prosaic didn't just bark. The cats didn't just meow and the birds didn't just tweet. All the animals made a whole host of different noises.



squawk



twitter

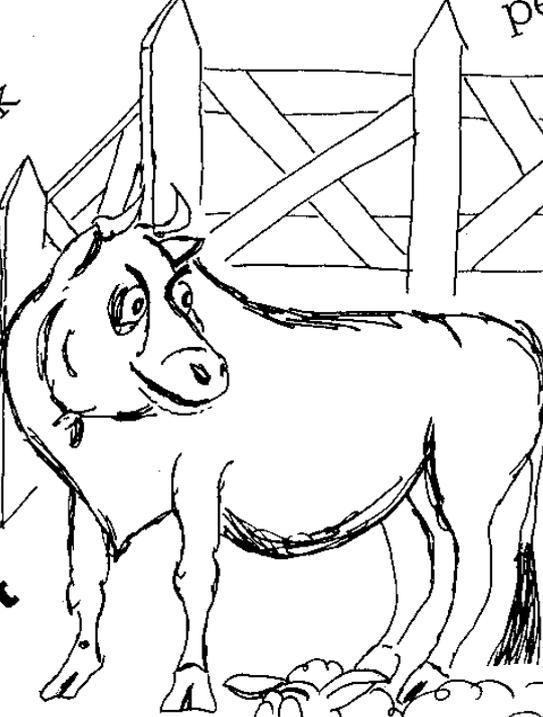
chirp



peep

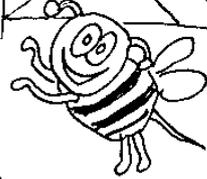
chirrup

cluck



snort

low



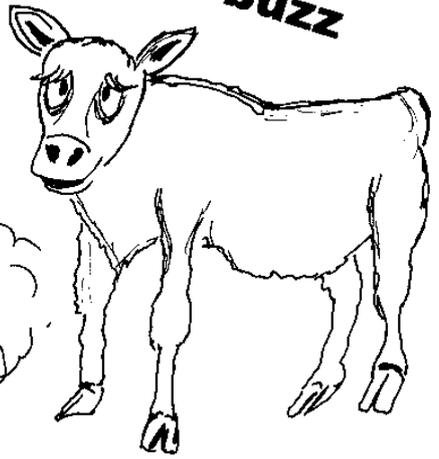
hum

buzz

bleat



moo



crow

caw



howl



cackle

growl

coo

gobble



snigger

titter

laugh

weep

blubber

chuckle

blub

sob

guffaw



giggle

cry

compact

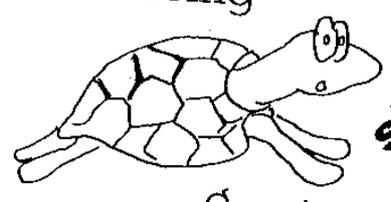
whimper

snivel

squat

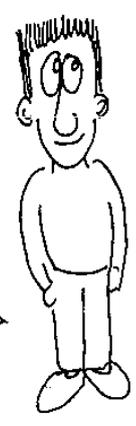
sluggish

lumbering



slow

stubby



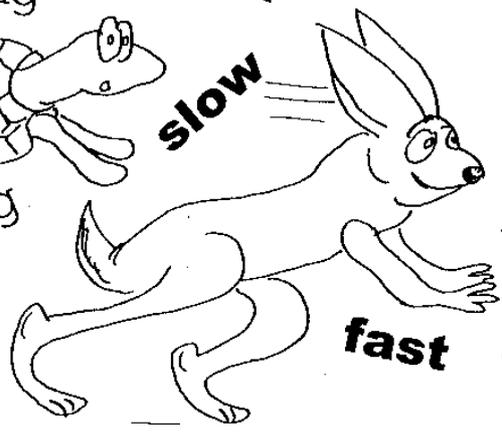
short

dawdling

brisk

quick

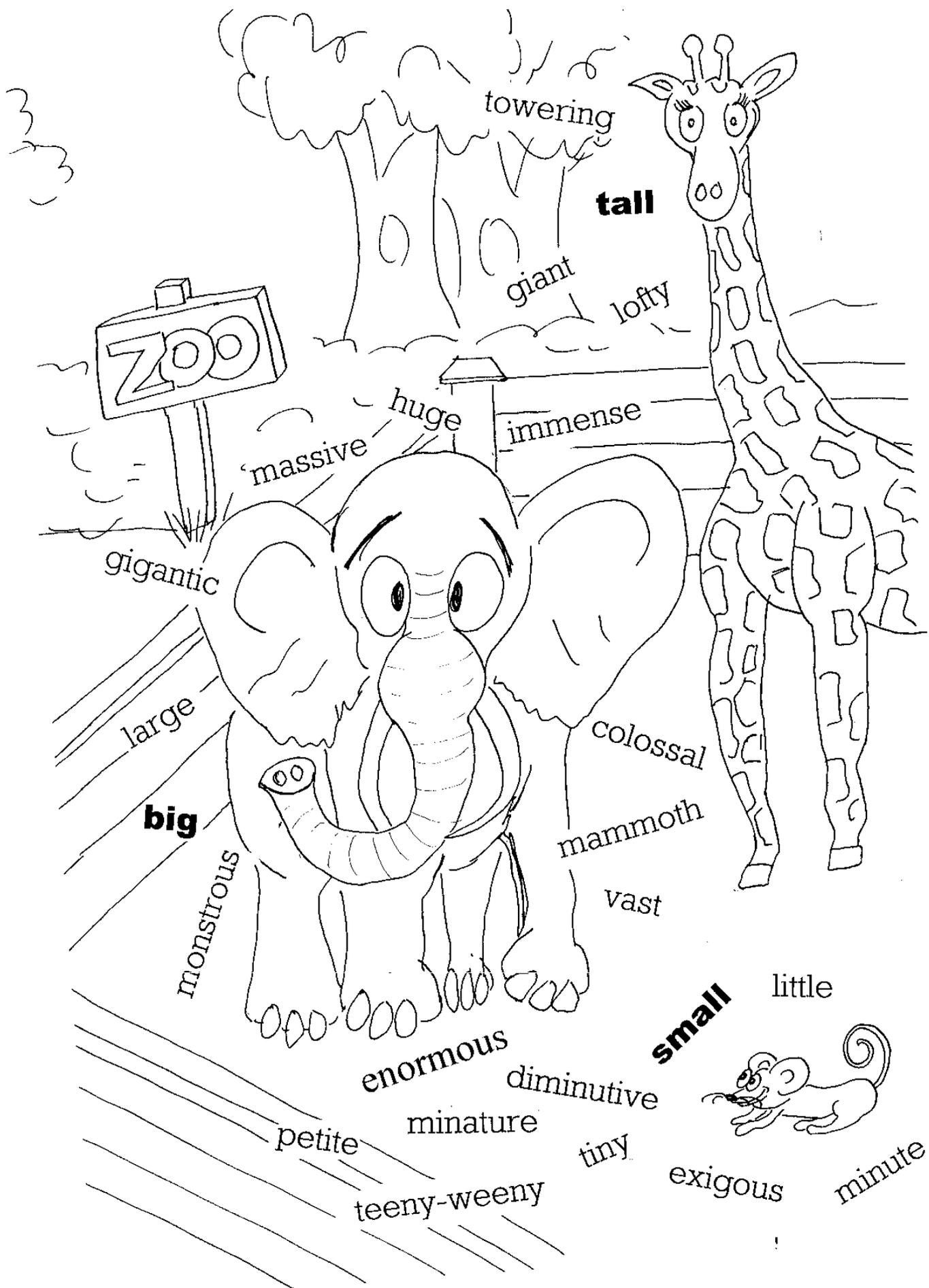
leaden



fast

speedy

swift rapid



towering

tall

giant

lofty

ZOO

massive

huge

immense

gigantic

large

big

monstrous

colossal

mammoth

vast

enormous

diminutive

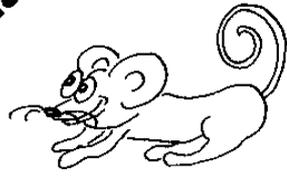
miniature

petite

teeny-weeny

small

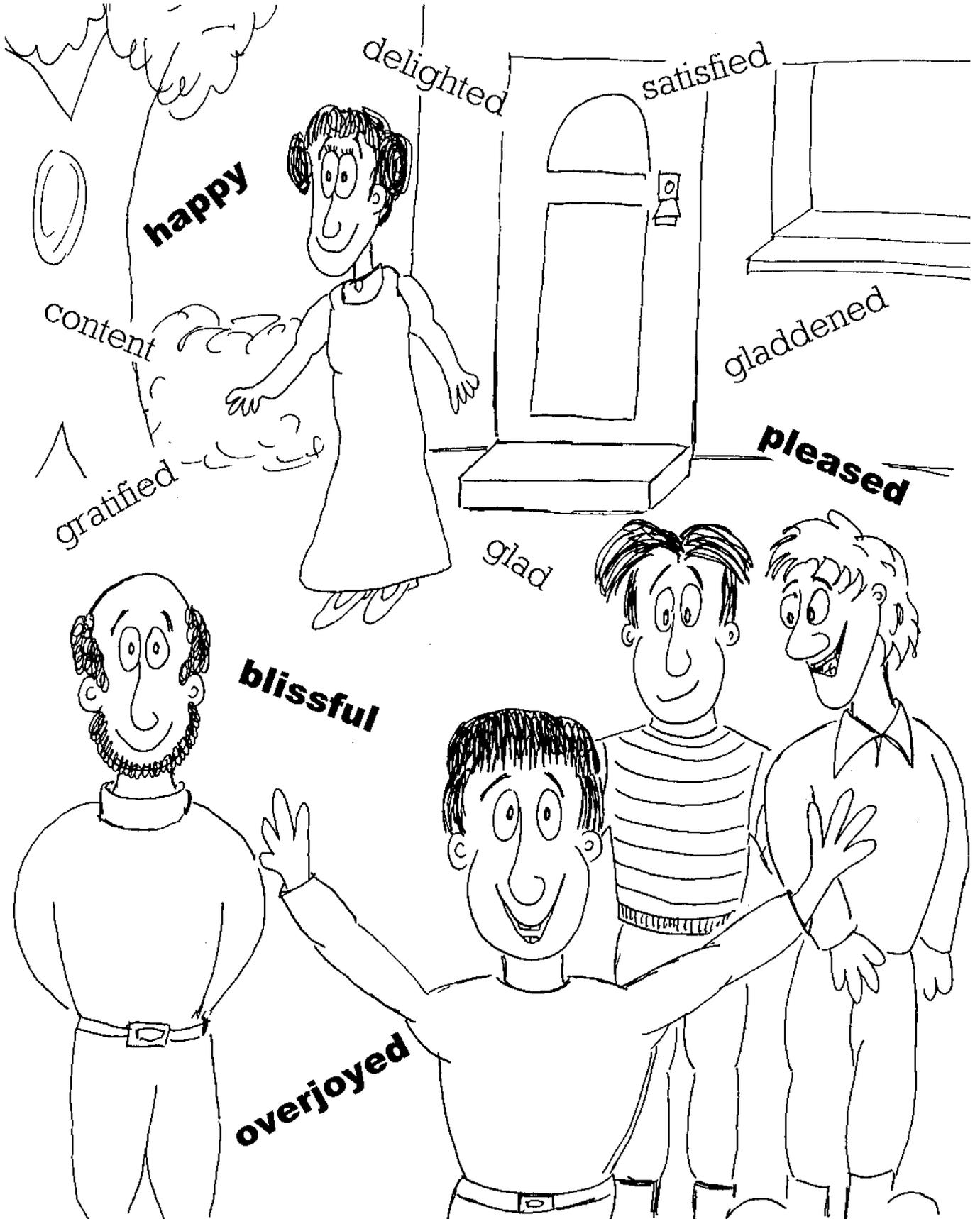
little



exiguous

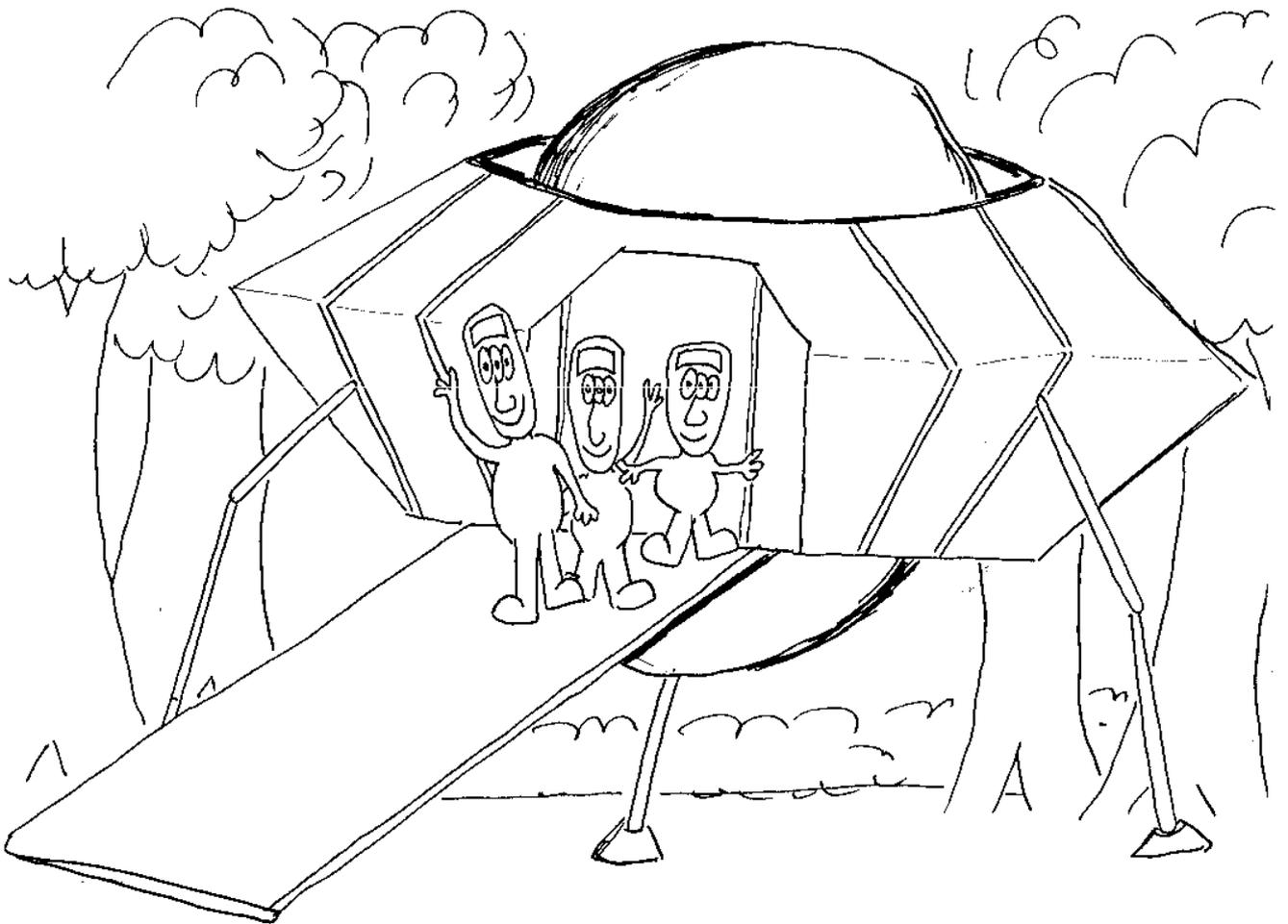
minute

Everyone was happy and content.



Greg Arious and the other Lexicons smiled.

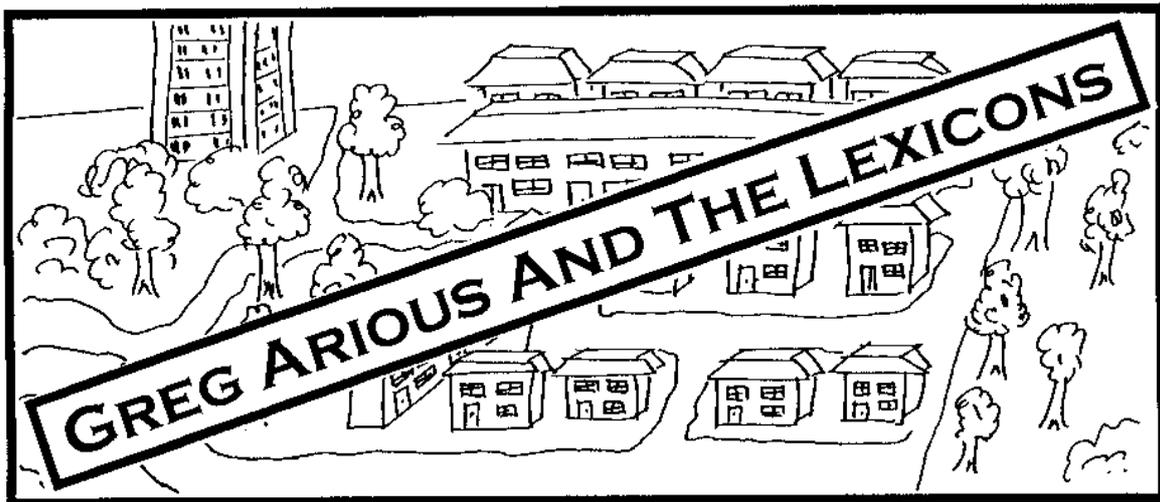
“Our job here is done,” he said.



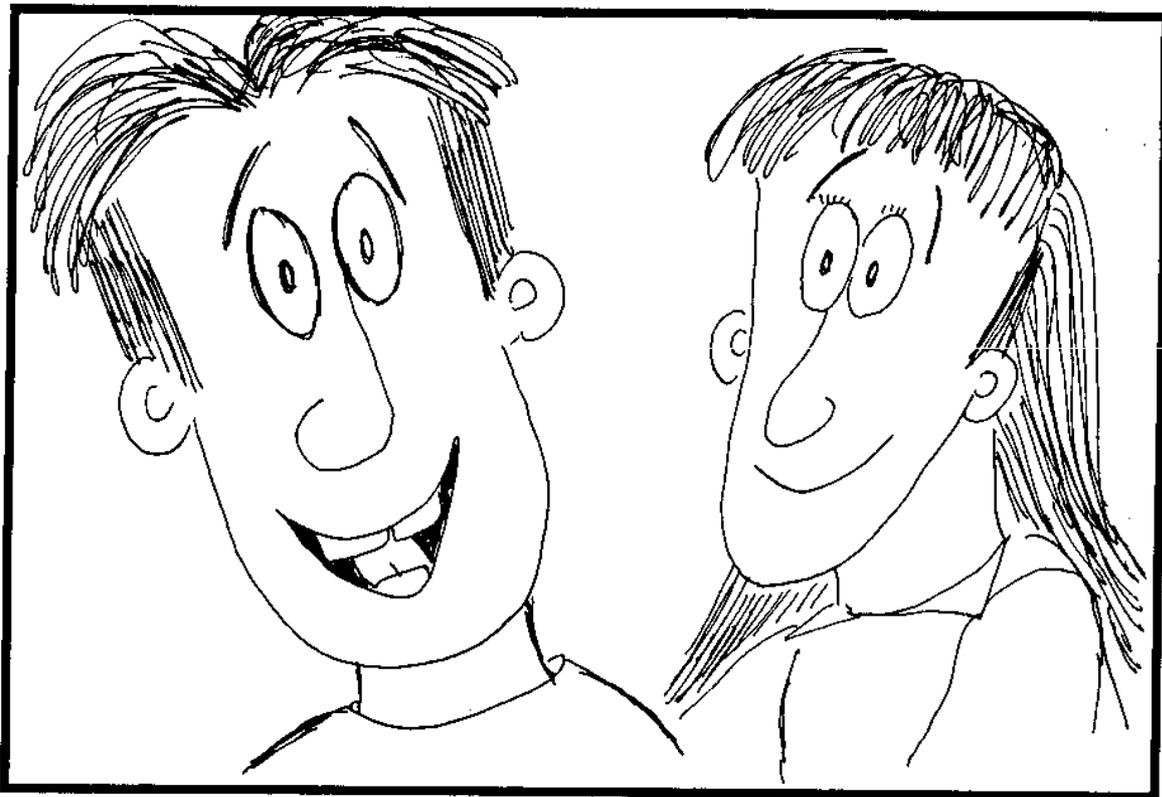
The aliens all climbed back aboard their spaceship. With a whoosh the ship cleared the ground and blasted off high into the atmosphere.

Back in Prosaic the people were happy as the Lexicons' gift of words had given their town new life.





The town of Prosaic was a dull, boring place. That was until a group of aliens, led by Greg Arious, arrived with a special gift.



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