

天主教輔仁大學英國語文學系學士班畢業成果
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, FU JEN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
GRADUATION PROJECT 2019

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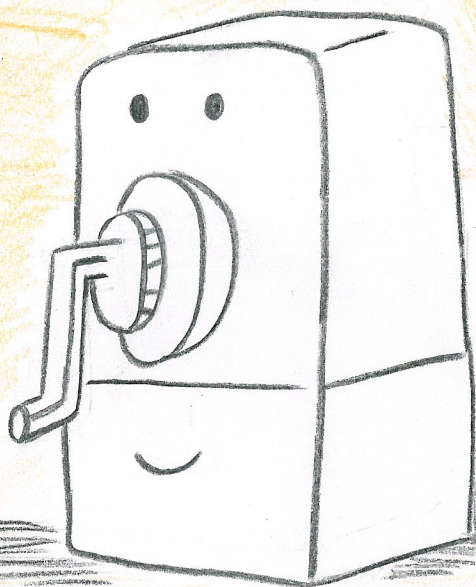
Picture Book: Timmy the Pencil Sharpener

學生：謝秉曄 撰

Benny Ping-Yeh Hsieh

Timmy

the
= PENCIL SHARPENER =

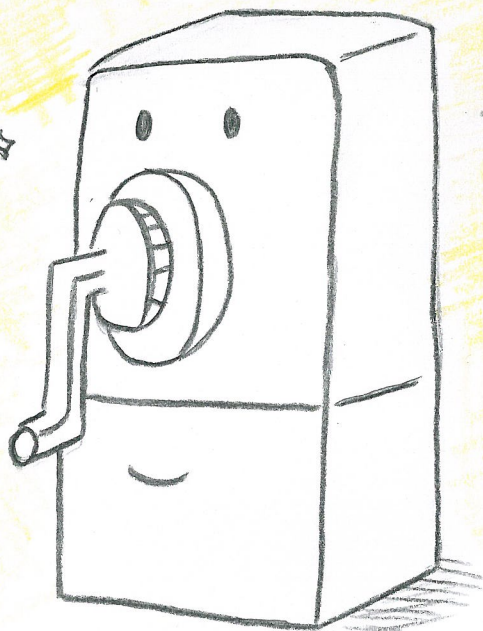


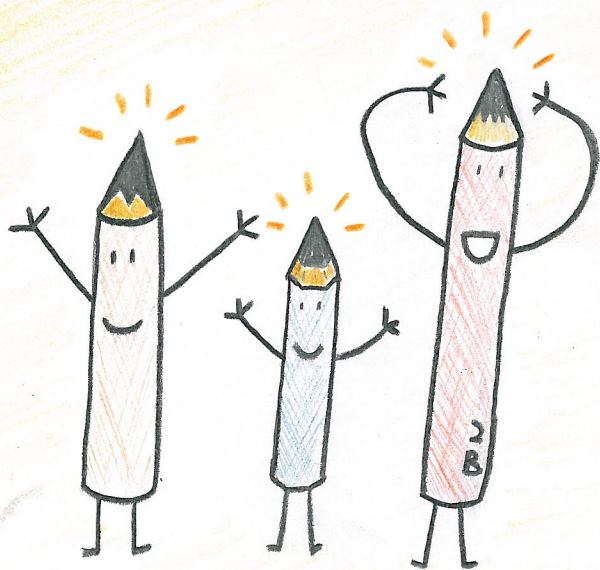
written & illustrated by

BENNY HSIEH

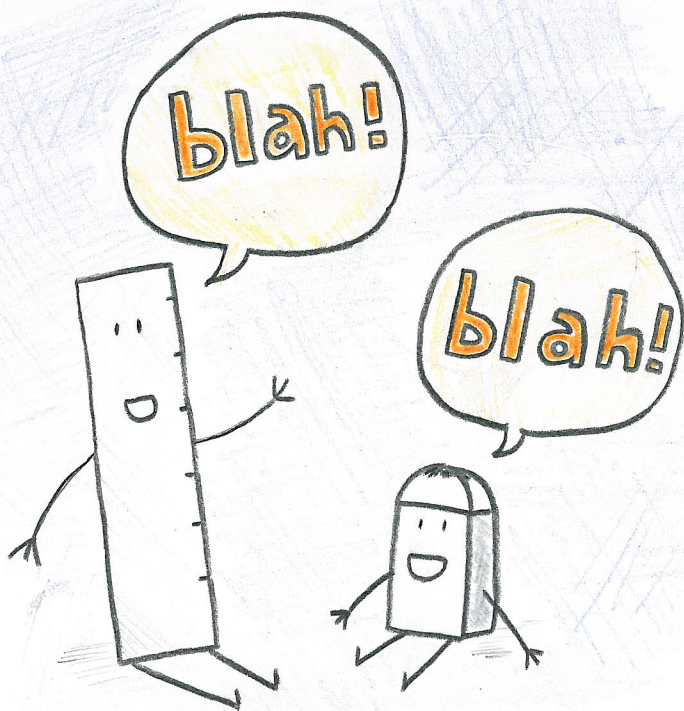
To All My Dear Friends

Timmy the Pencil Sharpener can never
forget how happy he used to be.





He remembered giving many pencils
sharp and clean haircuts.



He remembered listening to erasers
and rulers talk for a long time in the
midnight.

He remembered that a little boy would check his body and oil him every Saturday morning.

"I must be the happiest pencil sharpener in the world!" Timmy always thought.



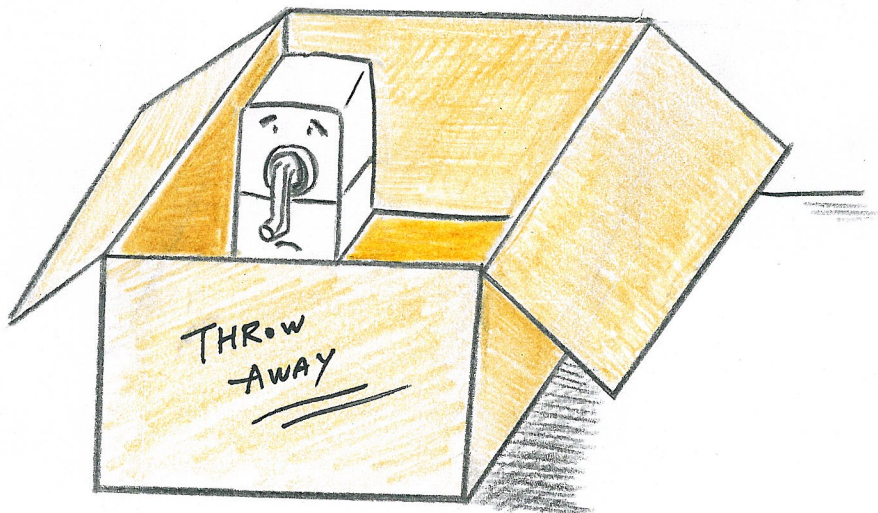
However, it was a long, long time ago.



After all, there is no happiness that lasts
forever in this cruel and terrible world.

It was another ordinary Saturday morning,
and the little boy came a little bit late.

The little boy put Timmy into a really old box,
glued it, and never came back again.

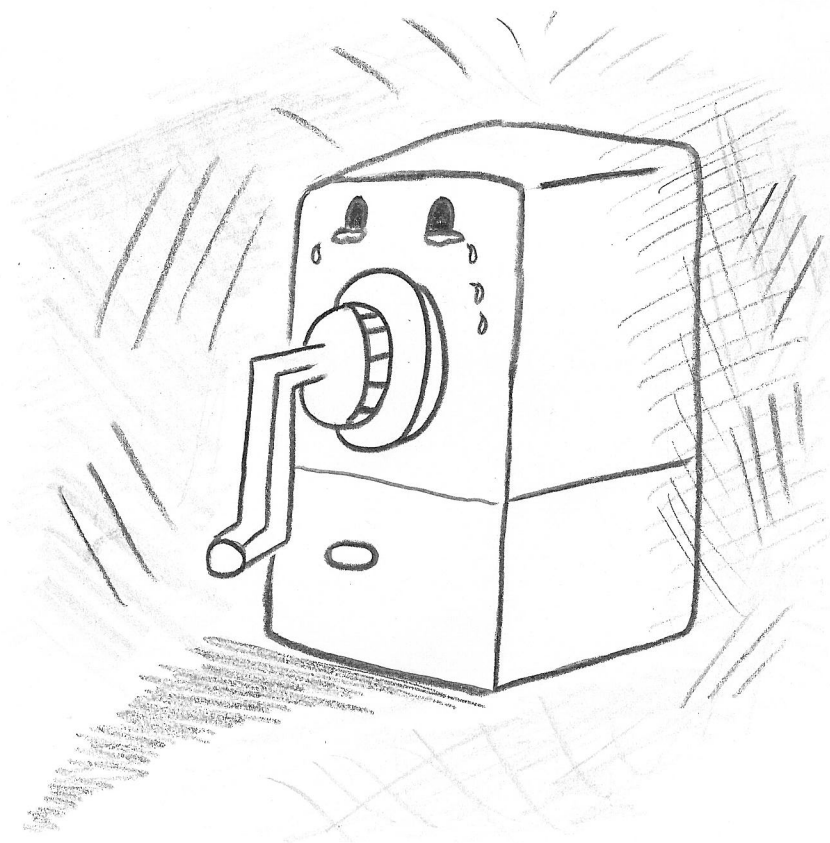


Timmy was sent to a place of isolation.

He could see nothing but darkness and hear nothing but strange howling.

He felt so cold deeply in his heart as fear and loss started to crumble his bones.

"What should I do?" Timmy cried, "I am now useless and all alone!"

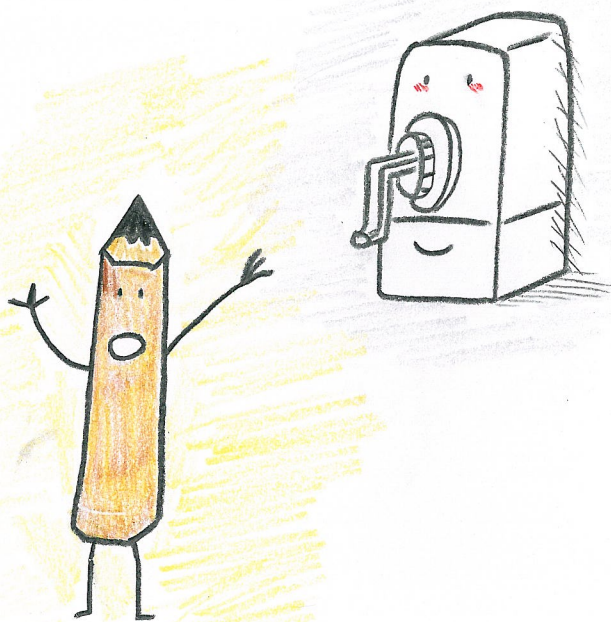


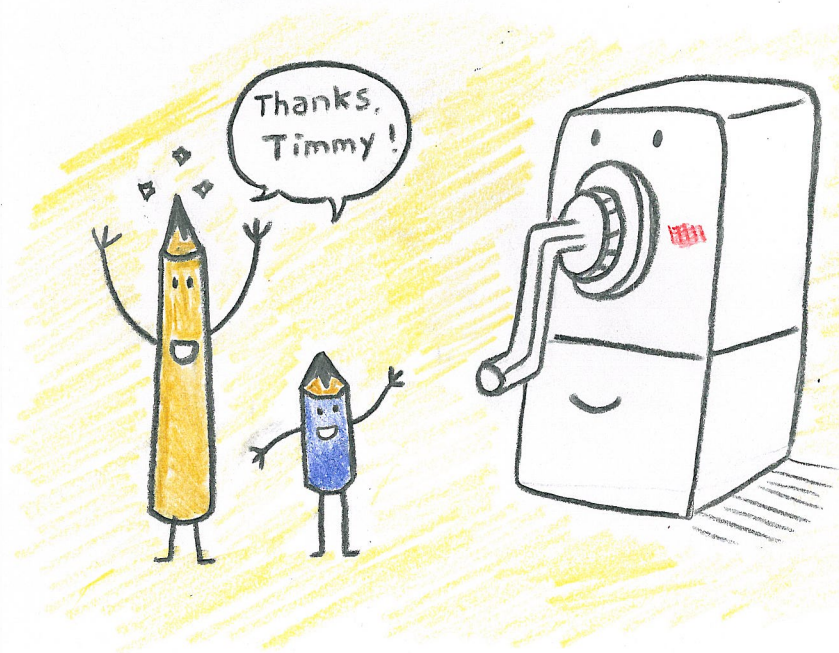
Suddenly, Timmy heard some people singing and laughing around somewhere distant.

He saw a bunch of pencils and erasers gathering together and having a lot of fun.

"Look!" one of the pencils noticed Timmy.

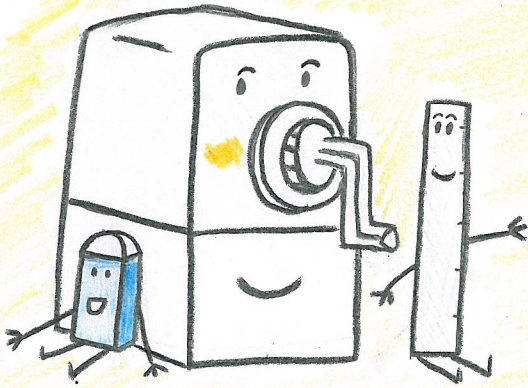
"Here comes a new pencil sharpener!"



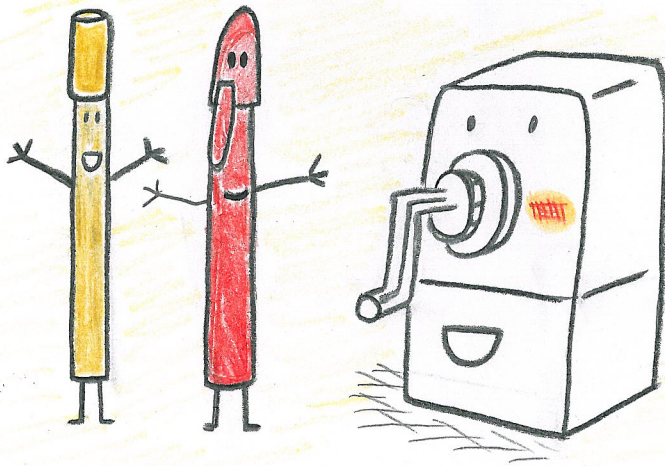


Timmy soon became friends with these abandoned stationeries.

He gave the pencils new haircuts.



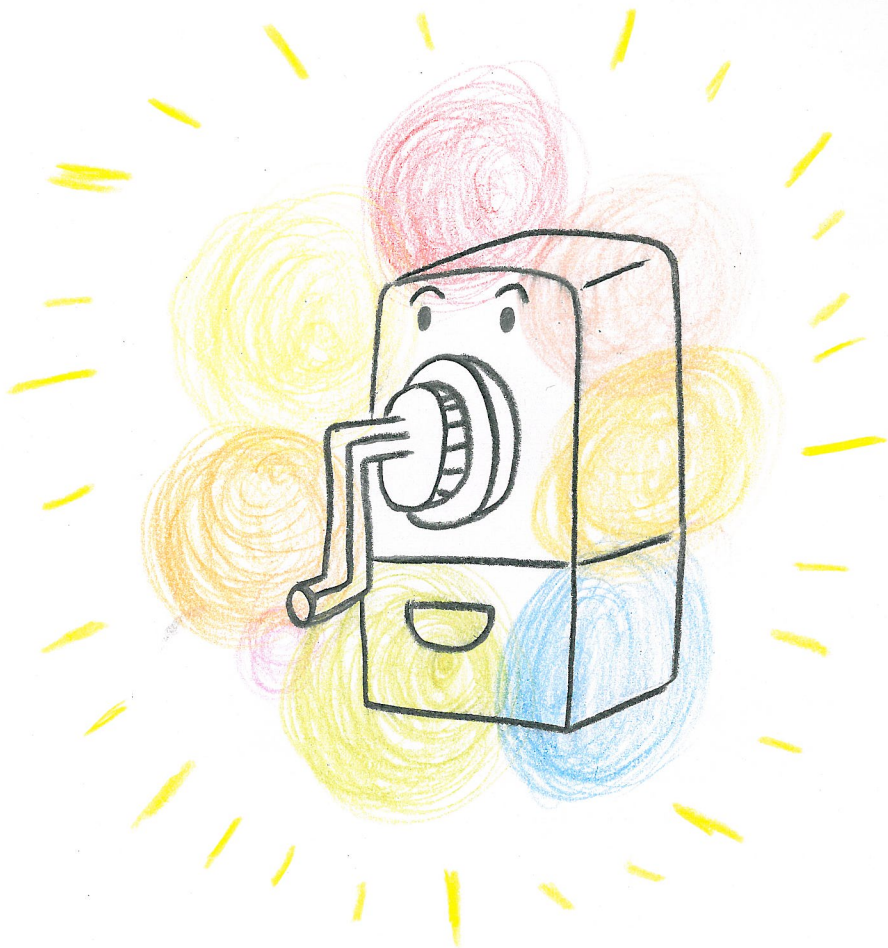
He had long talks with rulers and erasers.



He even met some pens and highlighters,
and they were surprisingly nice!

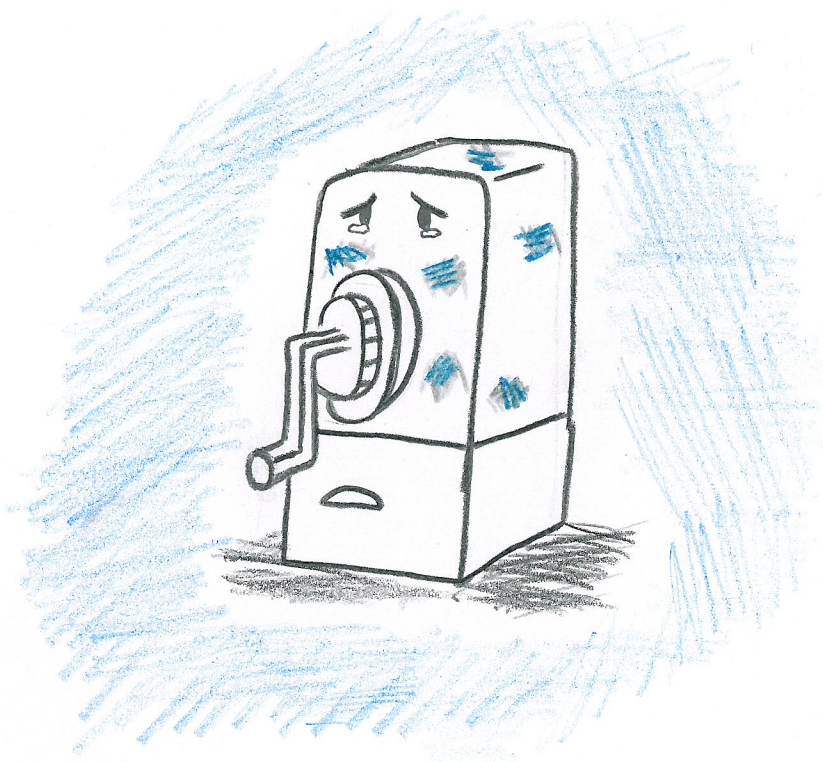
Timmy grew to enjoy his new life very much.

He felt useful, important, and happy again!



However, there is no happiness that lasts forever in this cruel and terrible world.

As time goes by, Timmy had become rustier and rustier.

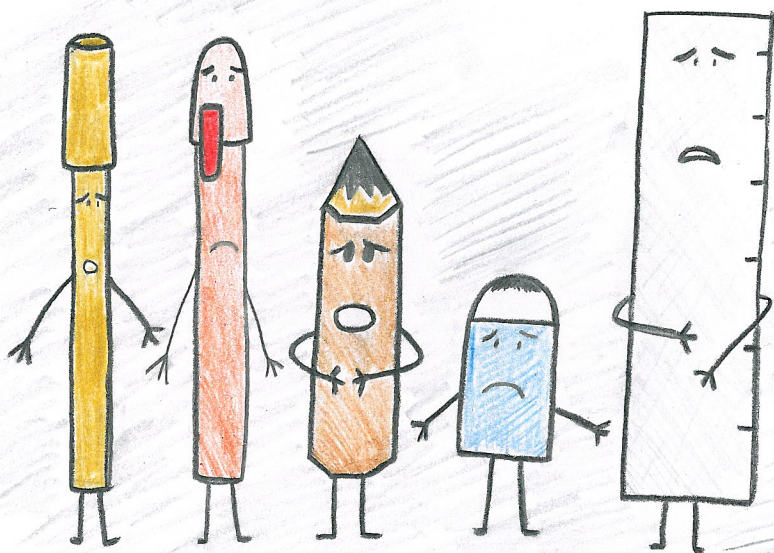


After all, he had never been oiled or repaired since the little boy threw him away.

Timmy became tired very often.

He sometimes fell asleep when talking with his friends.

Sometimes he even forgot how to do haircuts.



Everyone was worried about Timmy.

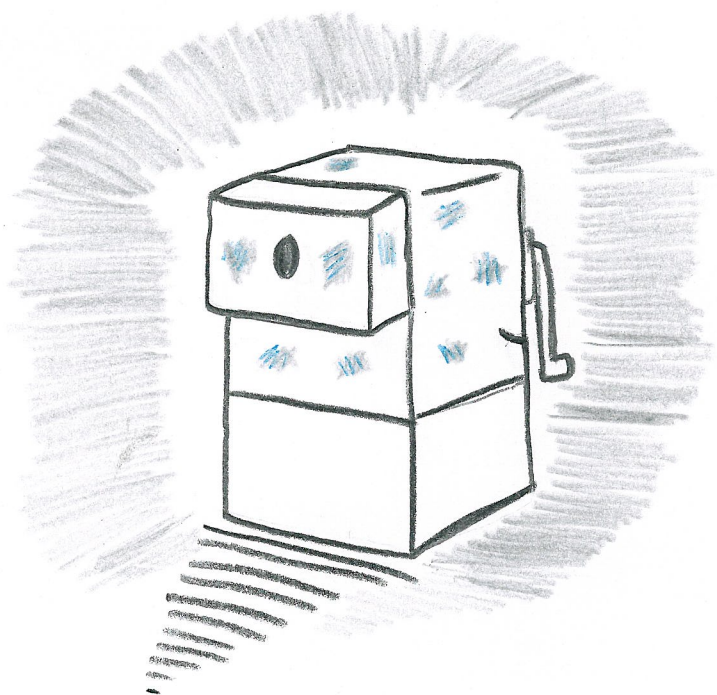
"Are you okay?" They asked. "You seem to be very, very sick."

Timmy didn't answer.

All he did was smiling weakly.

He knew he wasn't sick.

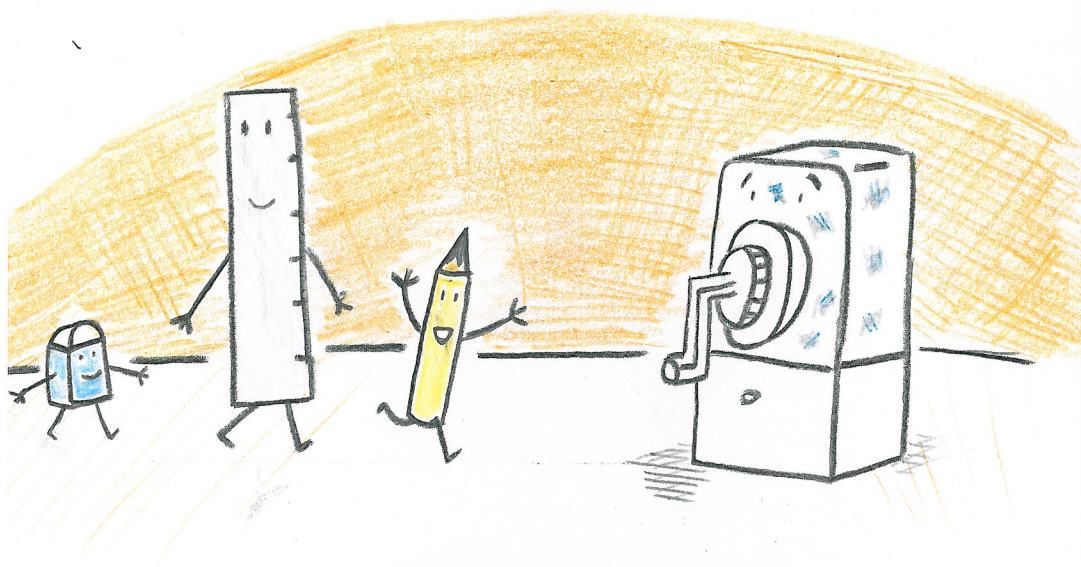
He was dying.



Timmy felt afraid.

"Soon I will be useless and all alone
..... again." Timmy cried secretly.

However, his friends did not think so.



They still came to him for new haircuts.

They still came to him for long talks.

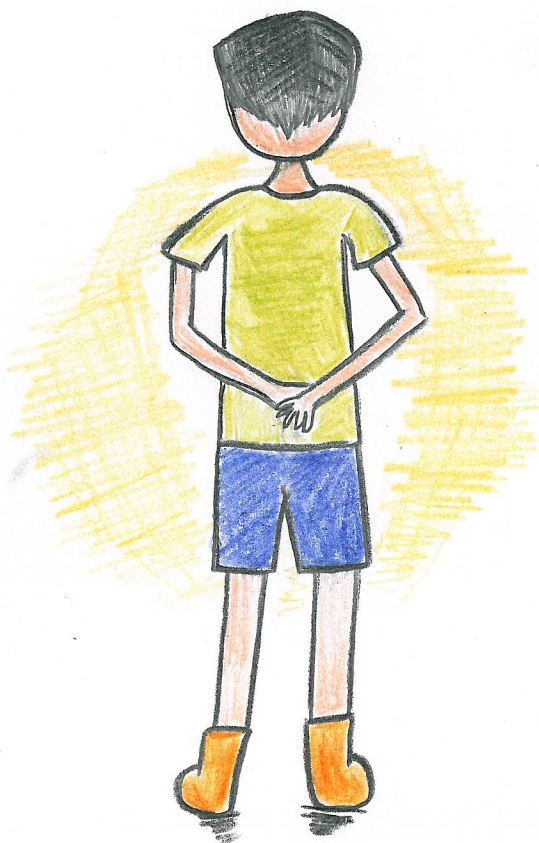
They did so because Timmy was their friend.

Sometimes Timmy would think of the little boy.

He wondered what he had been doing after throwing Timmy away.

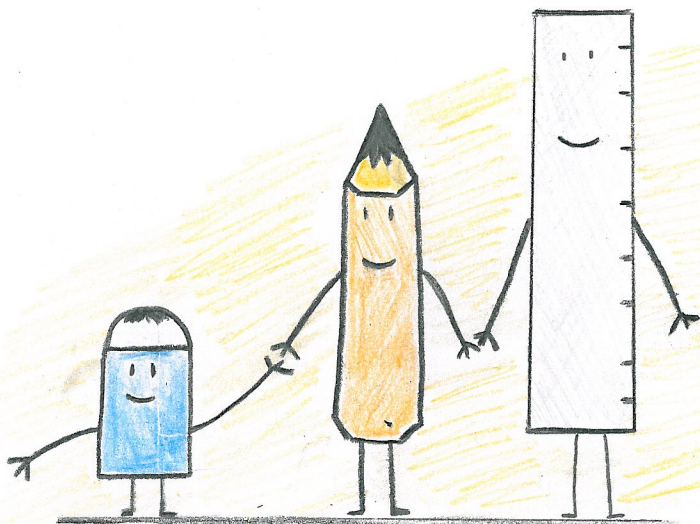
Then he would think of his old friends.

He wondered if they still remembered him after he was gone.



At last, he would think of his new friends.

He didn't have any questions about them
because they were all around, and Timmy knew
they loved him.

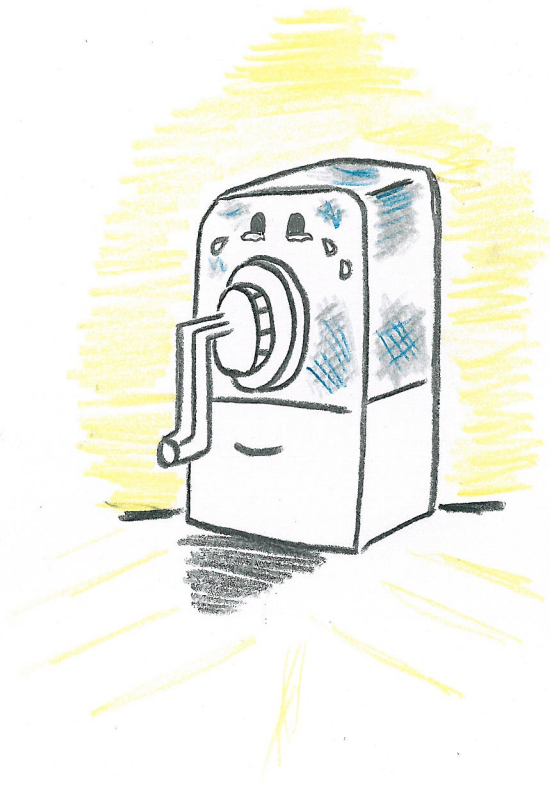


Timmy has become rustier and rustier.

Timmy has become weaker and weaker,

but he is happy.

Really happy.



He will never forget how happy he is
right now!