

**THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF A
TYRE SPINNER**

by
TomSpin

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INTRODUCTION

What do you think of the book's title? Not much? Me neither. That's publishers for you. Don't ask how everything in this book comes to be set down in human terms and in English, and I won't ask how you come to be reading it when you could be doing something far more useful.

But you must know three simple things.

About me. My name is TomSpin and if you were ever able to see me, I might look like a small rubber ball, or a bird's egg, but I might look like five sticks of chewing gum, chewed, stuck together and drawn out as long as a knitting needle, or drawn out even longer like a piece of thread; I might also look like an eraser of whatever shape that is sitting on your desk.

About tyre spinners. Tyre spinners do not eat, drink or breathe. We live by spinning. Our bodies are able to store energy from spinning and that is why we almost always choose to live and make our homes inside vehicle tyres. Coincidentally or not tyres are made from the same material - rubber - as we are. Our senses are not the same as yours. We have the ability to talk, hear, see, feel but in a more complete way, something you might consider similar to telepathy. Some aspects of our lives - the growing business, the dying business, how we dress ourselves in different shapes, our mental and physical games - will all seem a bit strange, so I'll try to explain them as I go along. One other thing - time. It is difficult to tell about my life without reference to time passing here and there. Wherever possible, I have referred to time as you would understand it, though, in truth, our lives are shorter and more compact than yours and we have no directly comparable terms such as hour or day.

About these stories. I am a traveller and an adventurer and I don't know if this is right or wrong but I do know my life would not be half so interesting if I had stayed for ever with my parents, in the front offside tyre of what I am reliably told was a blue Mondeo.