



“Even though the GORBLIMEY was imaginary, Ben could picture him quite clearly – he was a sort of MONSTER: hairy, round and as black as an eclipse, with kind, bright eyes, curved horns and a yellow-orange candle flame forever flickering in the air just above his head. The GORBLIMEY was loyal and kind and could shrink to fit in Ben’s pocket and bounce right over a house and eat almost anything. And most importantly, he was always there when Ben needed him.”

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