

TEN SLIGHTLY ODD QUESTIONS WITH DARRELL PITT

Is chocolate really your favourite food?

No, it's actually Rocky Road ice cream, although chocolate comes a close second.

What's your favourite vegetable?

Couch potato.

If you had a chance to leave the Earth with aliens, but could never return, or stay here on Earth, what would you choose?

I don't need to leave Earth. Aliens out there can't be any stranger than some of the people we've got down here.

Have you ever wanted to be 1. A carpenter, 2. A private investigator or 3. An artist?

What a strange question! Where are you getting these from? And, weirdly, the answer is yes to all three. When I was very young, adults would ask what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told them a carpenter because I couldn't think of anything else, and that seemed to satisfy them.

Later, my favourite childhood book series was called Alfred Hitchcock and the Three Investigators. I loved those books! They were kind of like The Hardy Boys, but with more mystery. At that time, I thought it would be kind of cool to be investigate mysteries. Later, I realised it was even more fun to *write* about investigating mysteries.

In relation to being an artist, I spent two years at art school, mostly because I liked art (and I still do). Just as a matter of interest, my favourite classic kids' book was Tom Sawyer. I read that a dozen times and loved it.

Have you ever lived in an igloo?

No. But there's still time.

Where would you most like to visit?

Mars. It's kind of the 'ultimate getaway'.

Are you a funny guy?

Sure I am. I laugh at my jokes, even if I'm the only one laughing. Come to think of it, though, what do you mean by funny? Like *ha-ha* funny, or funny *strange*. It's probably *yes* to both.

What character would you be in your Teen Superhero novels? Axel? Chad? Or Sally from the Bounty Hunter books?

I'd be the innocent bystander that get hit by a lump of flying concrete during one of those fight scenes. I wouldn't even have a name. The scene would be something like this:

The brown-haired man howled in pain as he was carried away to a waiting ambulance. Blood poured from a dozen wounds. All his limbs had been shattered by the flying debris.

Chad swallowed. 'Do you think he'll make it?'

'I don't think so,' Axel said. 'Not with those injuries.'

'We can't save everyone.'

'I guess not.'

What is your IQ?

What is IQ?

What is better than Rocky Road ice cream?

Nothing, but books come close.