

Sarah Smiley

It was an awesome and beautiful day to be free,
as the sun smiled down on the town of Berzerkeley.
The songbirds would sway in the trees as the breeze
had them bobbing and bouncing and adjusting their knees,
even ducking and dodging the quick busy bees,
while they sang to the public at the greatest of ease.
Policemen and Firemen had nothing to do,
except dunk donuts, play cards and shoot pool.
Ice-cream parlors were packed to the max,
but not as intensely as the new Yogurt Land.
The parks were alive with the children at play,
and people were happy in a wonderful way.
Even old grumpy curmudgeons had something to say,
they said, "My, oh my, what a fantastic day!"



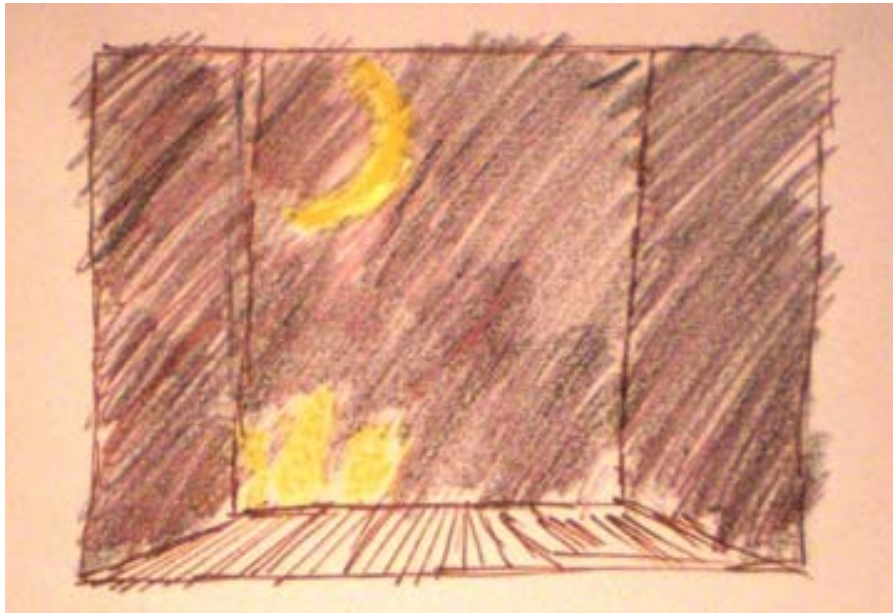
Enjoying this day most, in its infinite glory,
was little Sarah Smiley, the main girl in this story.
Who regardless of size and being called small,
would always be shining the biggest smile of all.
For just the other day her dad had returned from Bengal,
with hugs, love, and kisses, and a magic Indian doll.
Though it was not before long that he returned to his mission,
leaving only her mom and this small Indian magician.



But before he flew on, he left her with this,
“My sweet dear child, before I leave quick,
I must share with you the wonderful power of this
small little doll and how it will grant you a wish
whenever you think of the daddy you miss.
If you ever feel sad, my sweet little dear,
and you wish to be with me and to laugh and to cheer,
whisper your wish into the Indian’s ear,
and now matter how far, I will always hear.

And though I can't guaranty that I'll be home right away,
you can always be sure my mind will drift towards the Bay.
You can be sure that I'll do the best that I can,
to respond to your wishes through the Indian man."
Hugs, love, and a kiss and he was off once again,
doing super secret things for the big government men.

That very night, the night her daddy had flown,
only a slice of the growing moon had shown
in her giant bay window that is usually known
for its daytime displays of a much warmer tone.



This night the window featured far twinkles of light,
and as her mama tucked her in extra tight,
Sarah asked, "Is daddy going to be alright?"
"You know your father and his might.
He'll return soon enough quite alright,"
and she turned out the light and kissed Sarah good night.

Sarah tried and tried but just couldn't fall asleep,
even though the house was quite and the mice made no peeps.
Outside her window, city lights weren't enough to stand against the unknown,
and the dark sky around them that made her feel all alone.
Sarah's thoughts began to drift back towards her dad,
"How is he doing? Does he miss me as bad?
When will he come back to my mommy and me?
Why can't it go back to as simple as can be?"
As these thoughts bombarded like a medieval mace,
and a sad sad tear almost fell from her face,
a mystical happening happened and began to replace,
all the sad thoughts, not even leaving one trace.
For the Indian doll that she held tight in her arms,
was glowing light blue to Sarah Smiley's slight alarm,
but the shock and surprise had quickly faded,
after the Indian's intentions became clear as not jaded.

Using thoughts he quickly persuaded,
"Sarah Smiley if you wish to be aided,
then you must try your best to not be afraid
and I can patch you through to your daddy's crusade."
After a minute of a deep melancholy
Sarah replied to the doll of Bengali,
"Yes, please, how ever you do,
patch me through. Please patch me through."
"As you wish, Sarah. I shall do just that,
and normally this as quick as a striped alley cat,
but it seems some thought-lines are currently down,

so just sit tight for a moment and I'll turn that frown upside down."

Soon enough the thought was sent out,
through the Inter-Thought-Webs on a direct route.

And just as quickly as Sarah's Inter-Thought-Chat requested,
her daddy, from a far off location, accepted.

"Here he is, Sarah," said the Indian doll,
"but please keep it brief. This is a collect call after all."

"Daddy, can you here me? Are you really there?"

"But of course I am, my sweet teddy bear.

Didn't I say my mind would drift towards the Bay,
no matter where I was or how far away,

if you called with this small doll's power?

Now what can I do for you at this late hour?"

"Well, it would just be the bestest if you were here,
so we could dance around and laugh and cheer,
and I wouldn't look out my window and feel a fear,
of this unknown world that remains dark and unclear."

Her dad heard this and he said, "My little dear,"

there are many types and different ways to steer
towards coming to terms with the big big world
and the many ways that it constantly swirled

For me that means that I'm almost always out
trying to bring peace and harmony about
to the rest of the world so that they can see
things really can be as simple as can be.

For you I know that it's hard to cope
when I'm sometimes further than the Cape of Good Hope.

But I also know that your spirit is true
and whatever in life that you choose to do
whether its sailing boats or writing tattoos
in a mystical way I'll always be there for you."

"Thank you, daddy," she replied with a smile
when she began to realize how tired she was all this while

so she let out a yawn and her daddy said,
"You're welcome, Sarah. Now shouldn't you be in bed?"

"But I am in bed, but after counting the sheep
for this or that reason I still couldn't get any sleep."

"Well try it now for its time to go.

I love you Sarah and your mommy so."

"I love you too, daddy. Will we see you home soon?"

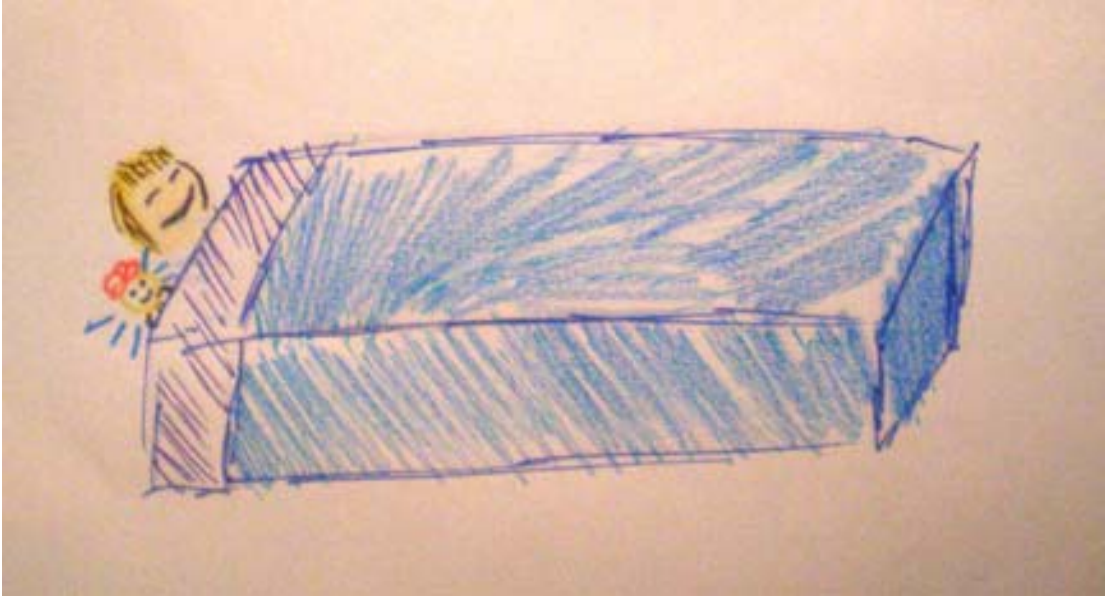
"Why, as quick as the coyote was kicked out of the saloon."

That night Sarah got the bestest of sleep
tucked extra tight in her cozy bed sheets.

In the morning she woke to a wonderful day
you know the one, back on the first page.
And her day was great, she laugh and she cheered,
with her friends all day knowing her daddy was near.

But to Sarah's surprise later that evening
a super surprise that kept her smile gleaming,
her daddy returned on the quickest flight.

And so to her awesome delight,
both parents tucked her in nice n' tight
with her Indian doll just to her right.



And though her window still showed the far city lights,
Sarah Smiley felt just fine and all right.

The End