



"The universe is made up of stories, not of atoms"
--- Muriel Rukeyser

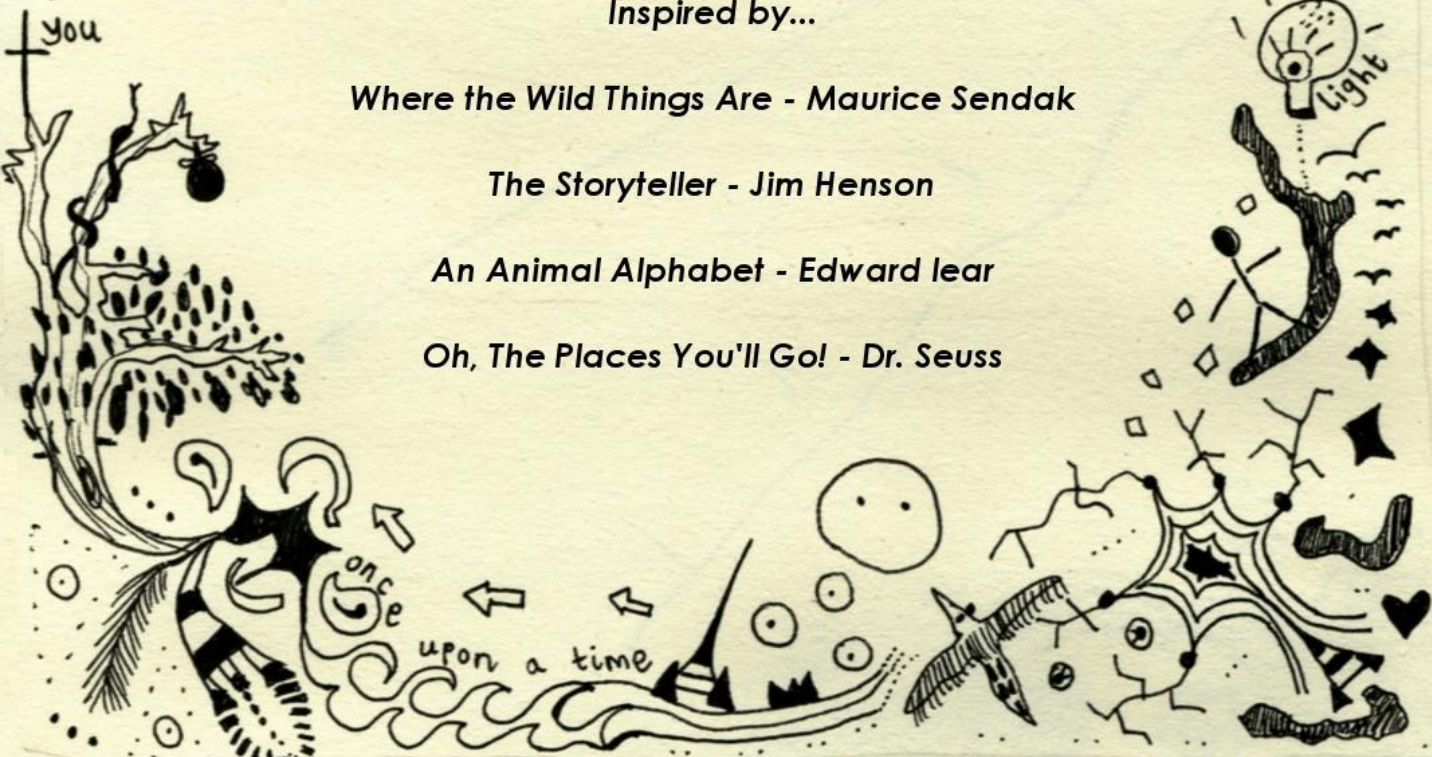
A Story about a Girl who Stayed Awake
Inspired by...

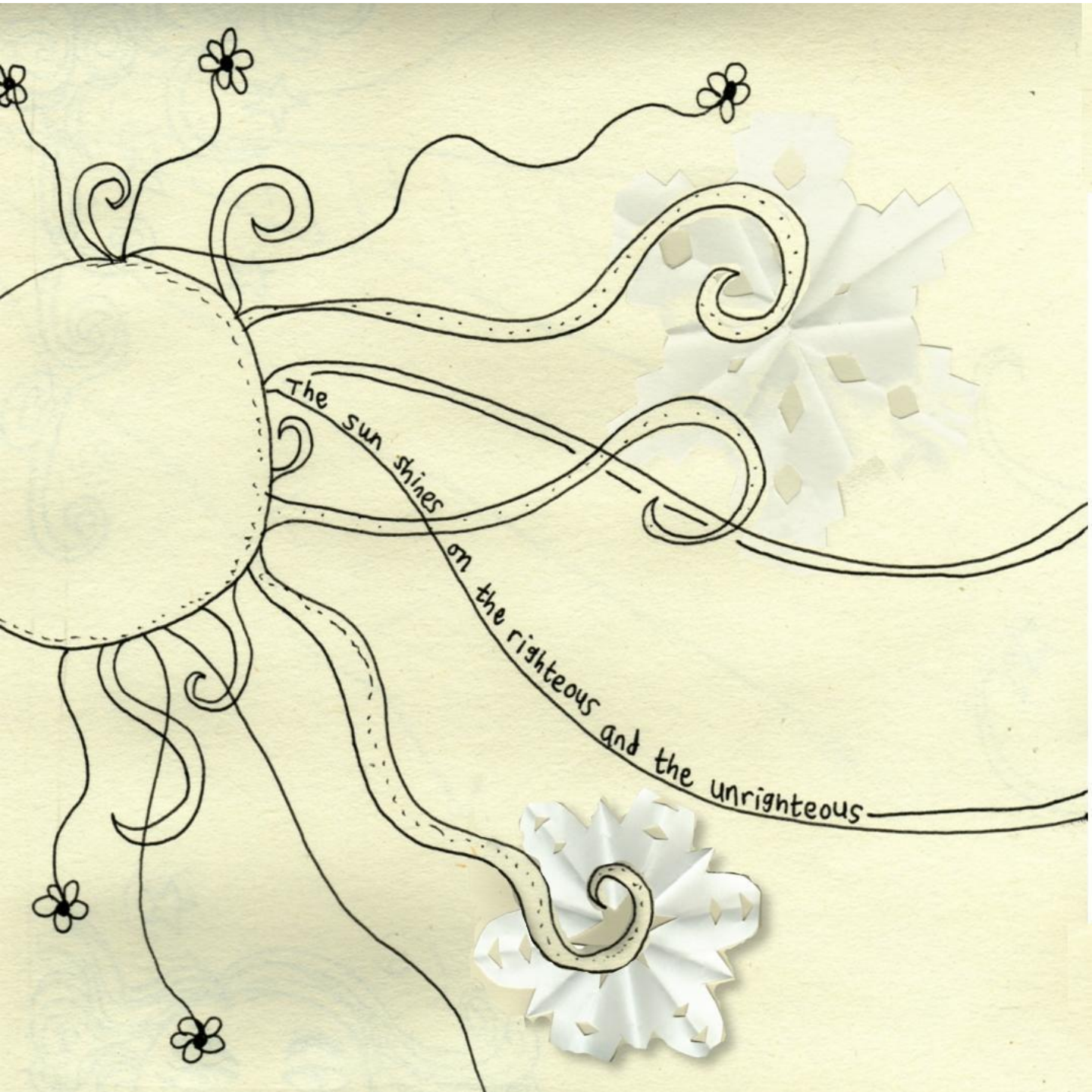
Where the Wild Things Are - Maurice Sendak

The Storyteller - Jim Henson

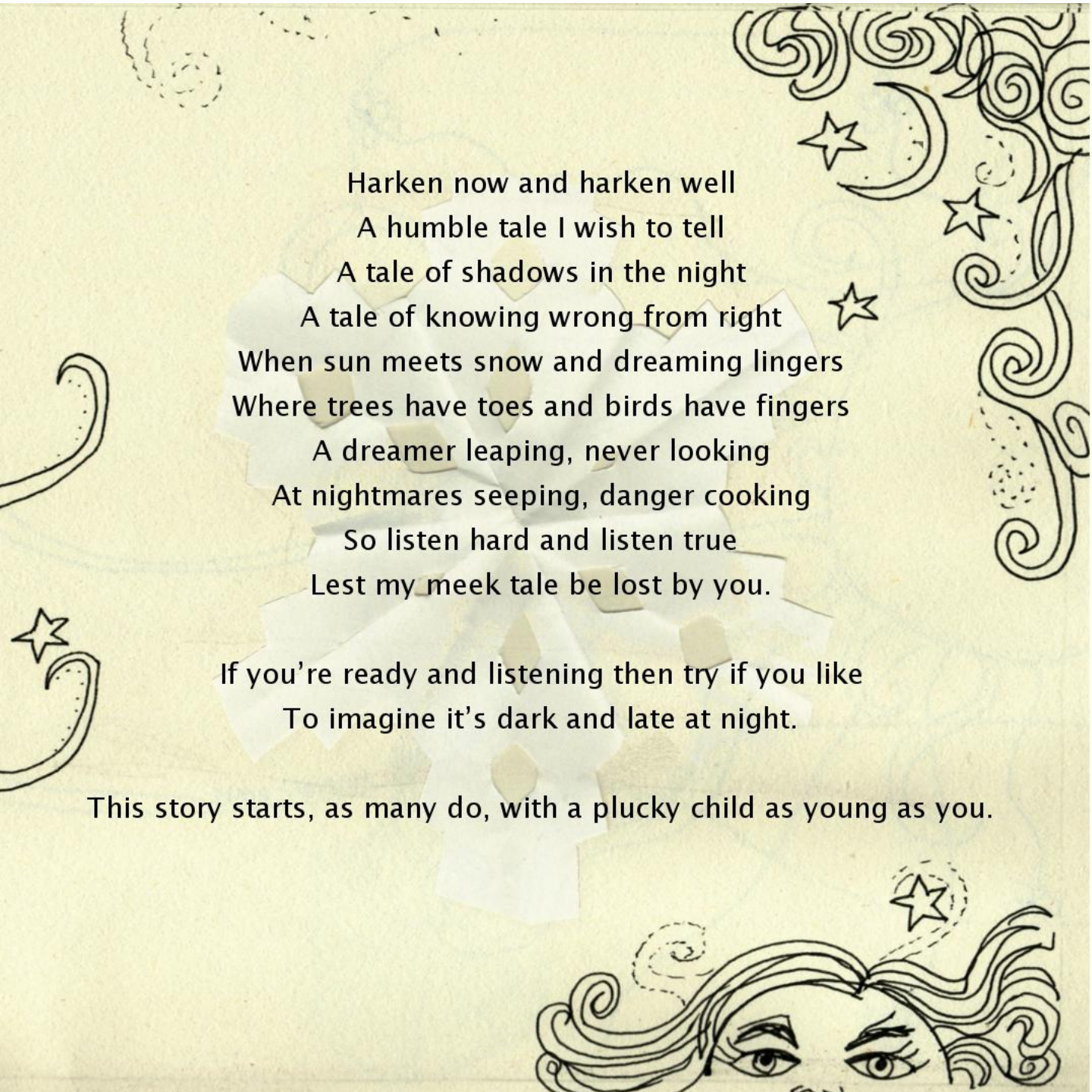
An Animal Alphabet - Edward Lear

Oh, The Places You'll Go! - Dr. Seuss





The sun shines on the righteous and the unrighteous



Harken now and harken well
A humble tale I wish to tell
A tale of shadows in the night
A tale of knowing wrong from right
When sun meets snow and dreaming lingers
Where trees have toes and birds have fingers
A dreamer leaping, never looking
At nightmares seeping, danger cooking
So listen hard and listen true
Lest my meek tale be lost by you.

If you're ready and listening then try if you like
To imagine it's dark and late at night.

This story starts, as many do, with a plucky child as young as you.

"The tale of the Reckless Rabbit, who always carried a red umbrella when it didn't rain and left it at home when it did... The tale of the Fickle Fish, who always walked about on stilts, because he had no legs."

Lucy-Go-Lucky was the name of this child
Her voice was brash as thunder
A flicker of daring when she smiled
And brown eyes
peppered with wonder

Her imagination led her astray
For magical beasts she would look
She made up stories when she played
And wrote them all down in a book.

"The tale of the Sensitive Snake, who always wore a hat on his head, for fear he should bite somebody."





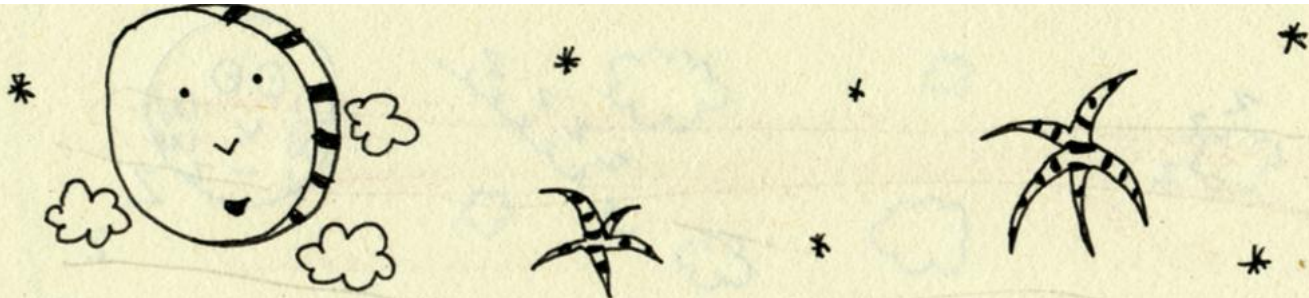
“Lucy-Go-Lucky go back to bed!
It’s almost midnight,” her father said.

*“And everybody knows that
shadows come to life at
midnight!”*



“Lucy-Go-Lucky! Don’t tell silly stories,
you’ll just scare yourself!”

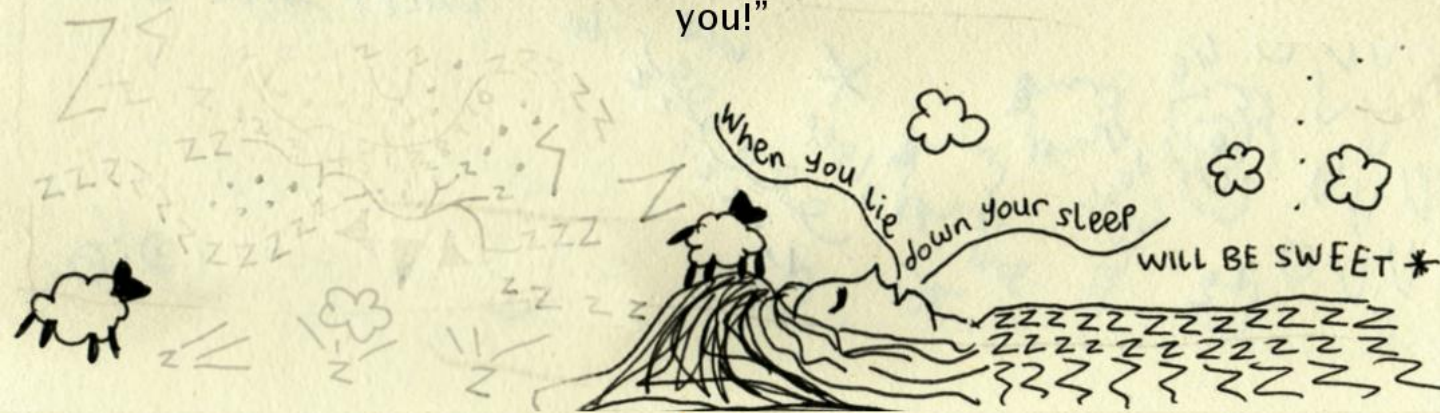




Lucy-Go-Lucky closed her eyes and laid down her heavy head
And as she dozed a sheep appeared and danced upon her bed
And the girl began to soundly drift upon a drowsy slumber
And the sheep gave a bleat and in a blink he'd multiplied in number

And the many sheep with cotton feet they danced upon the floor
And their bleating grew and filled the room until their throats were raw
And they leapt like springs with flighty wings and legs like rubber bands
And then the bed came loose like thread and sailed to distant lands.

And the moon in the night gave a beam of delight and bid the bed adieu:
"Farewell fair sheep, goodbye good bed, and young girl sweet dreams to
you!"





The bed sailed away for a week and a day, across the seas and far away.
And Lucy-Go-Lucky numbered the fish and counted the stars and made

... o o o ☆ a WISH. ☆ o o o o

*"I want to dream of music tonight; of moonlight and violins.
I want to dream of birds tonight; I want to hear them sing.
And let it be sunny and let there be snow..."*

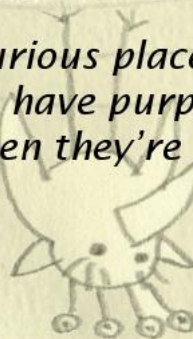
She rubbed her eyes and it was so.

Off the bed she climbed and saw a sign:

'Welcome to Planet Ping.'

She rubbed her eyes in great surprise,

*"What a curious place I've found!
These creatures have purple beaks and eyes
And sing when they're upside down!"*



In Ping there are pumpkins growing in rows
And an eternal snow that lingers
The trees lay down like dominoes
And Pingles dance in the timbers.

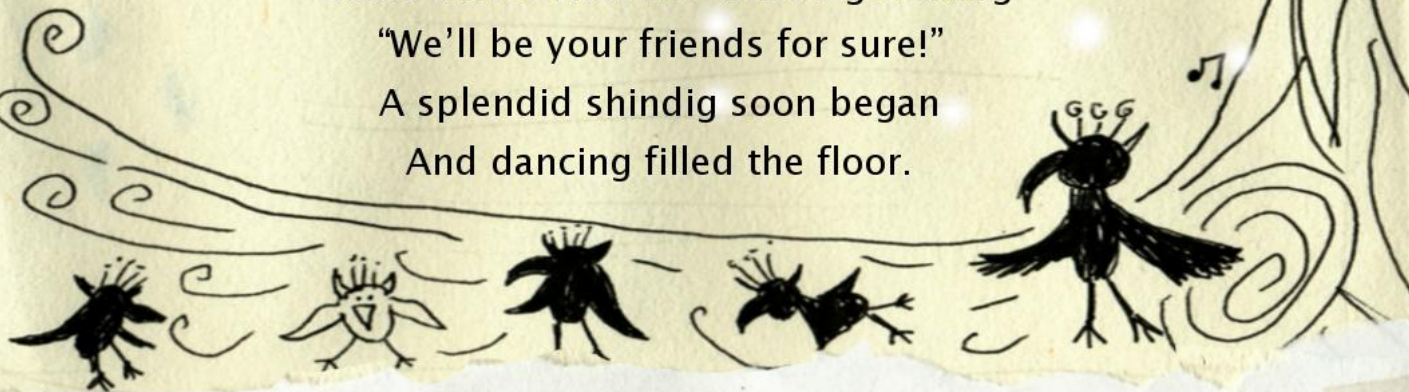
"The Pingles are we and we indeed do
welcome you most meekly."


"Enchanted!"

said she and she did proceed to return the greeting sweetly:


*"I'm Lucy-Go-Lucky and I'm asleep right now
I'm here until the night ends.
I'm Lucy-Go-Lucky and if you'll allow
I'd like to be your friend!"*

"Come dance with us!" the Pingles sang
"We'll be your friends for sure!"
A splendid shindig soon began
And dancing filled the floor.





They danced forever and a day
They nearly danced their feet away
They danced and laughed until they cried
They almost danced until they died



*"And what a
MARVELLOUS
way to die."*

They danced and danced and danced and DANCED.
They danced until they danced a HOLE
into the ground.

Then as the moon began to drift and one and all was weary
Lucy-Go-Lucky went to sit upon the open clearing

"Almost morning, time to go, but how I hate to leave you so!"

Then she opened up her book
And the Pingles crept to have a look
So with a smile she grabbed her pen
And drew a picture of her new-found friends.

*"The tale of the Pretty Pingles, who like flakes
of snow were unique and refined."*

The Pingle King came and bowed his knee

"Accept this parting gift," said he

He handed the girl a tiny thing:

A baby resident of Ping.

"Treat her kindly," the old King smiled

"She's my beloved only child.

Keep her and love her with all your heart

Show her the world and teach her to dance."

Lucy-Go-Lucky took the child with delight

Then bid them all a sad goodnight



And as she climbed aboard the bed
And once again laid down her head
The Pingles gathered in a throng
And broke into delightful song:

“The sun is warmer on the face
The snow is softer too
The pumpkins are now sweet to taste
We owe it all to you.

For it's a certain guarantee
Friends change us for eternity.
If you should pass this way once more
We'll have a merry dance for sure.
But until then, farewell young girl
Sail safely back to waking worlds.”



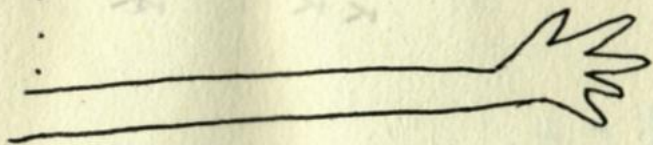
A friend



LOVES at all times

x x x x x x x x x x

The next morning when the young girl stirred
She reached out for the baby bird.



"WHERE IS MY PINGLE?!"

*"My Ping dreams have faded like a cloud of smoke
And I've forgotten the words of their song.
Where did my precious Pingle go?
I had her right here but she's gone!"*



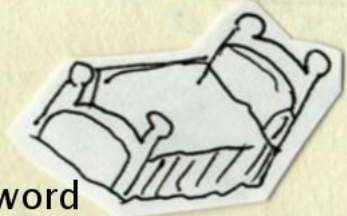
Oh how she cried poor Lucy-Go-Lucky;
to think the Pingle had

VANISHED!



VANISHED!





And all through breakfast she spoke not a word
She kept to herself the pain of losing the bird
And all through school she kept her silence
Though her friends tried to prod her she said, "NO!" in defiance,
"I'm THINKING!"



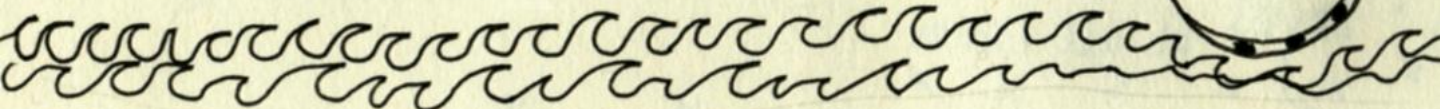
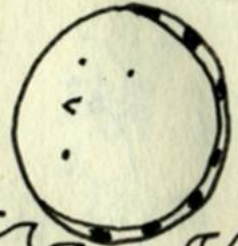
She thought all night till a plan came to mind
Then she gave a smirk and said with pride:

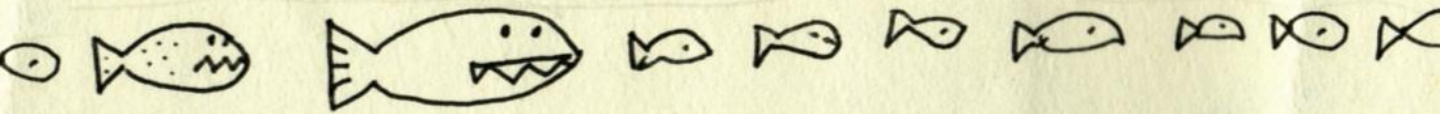
*"This time I'll bring a large cloth sack.
I'm sure that way I'll bring something back!"*



Then she lay down her head and closed her eyes,
Drifted off and left the world behind.

The moon peered down and said, "What ho!
No sheep tonight? You sail alone!
Sweet dreams young girl, goodbye good bed,
the night is dark watch where you tread!"





The bed sailed away for a week and a day, across the seas and far away.
And Lucy-Go-Lucky numbered the fish and counted the stars and made

... a WISH. ...

*"I want to dream of adventure tonight; of dragons and beasts unseen.
I want to dream of castles tonight; I want to be crowned QUEEN.
And let there be knights from a long time ago..."*

She rubbed her eyes and it was so.


Off the bed she climbed and saw a sign:

'welcome to planet pong.'

She rubbed her eyes in disbelief,

*"What an exciting place I'm in!
These creatures have buttons
for eyes and teeth
And rubber tyres for skin!"*





In Pong there are castles made from spoons
And a moat filled with apple crumble
Knights fight dragons and maidens swoon
And Pongles lurk in the jungle.


“The Pongles are we and we indeed do welcome you most proudly.”

“Enthralled,”

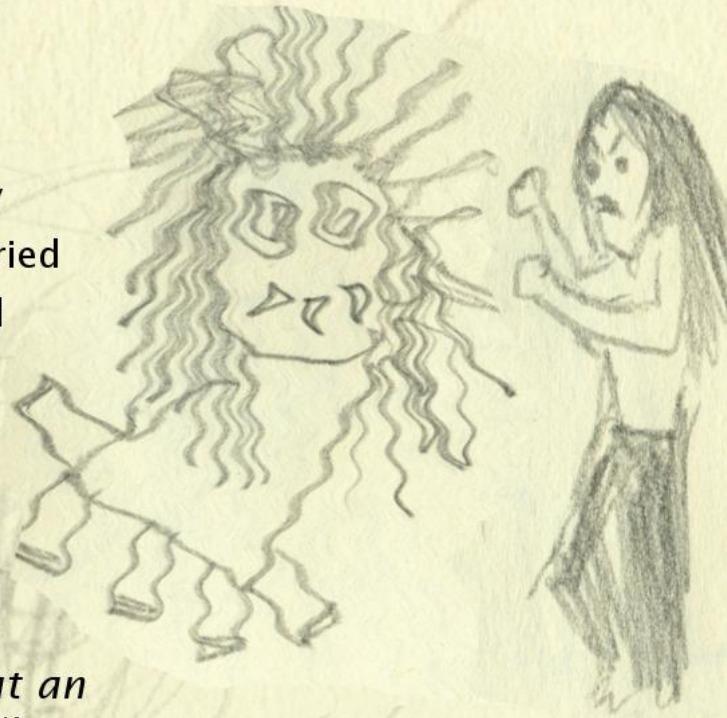
said she and she did proceed to return the greeting loudly:

*“I’m Lucy-Go-Lucky and I’ve made you up
You reside inside my dream.
I’m Lucy-Go-Lucky and listen up
I’m here to be your queen!”*

“Come catch us first!” the Pongles goaded
“You can’t be queen without a fight!”
An untamed rumpus soon exploded
And tempers filled the night.



They fought forever and a day
They nearly fought their fists away
They fought and brawled until they cried
They almost fought until they died



*"And what an
AWFUL
way to die."*

They fought and fought
and fought and FOUGHT.
They fought until they fought a HOLE
into the ground.

every fool is quick to quarrel

Then as the moon began to drift and one and all was weary
Lucy-Go-Lucky went to sit upon the open clearing

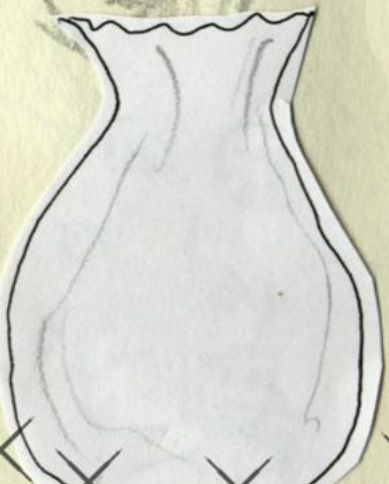
"Almost morning, time to leave, I guess I'll never be your queen!"

Then she opened up her book
And as the Pongles crept to have a look
She grabbed her sack with a wicked grin
And promptly pushed the Pongles in.



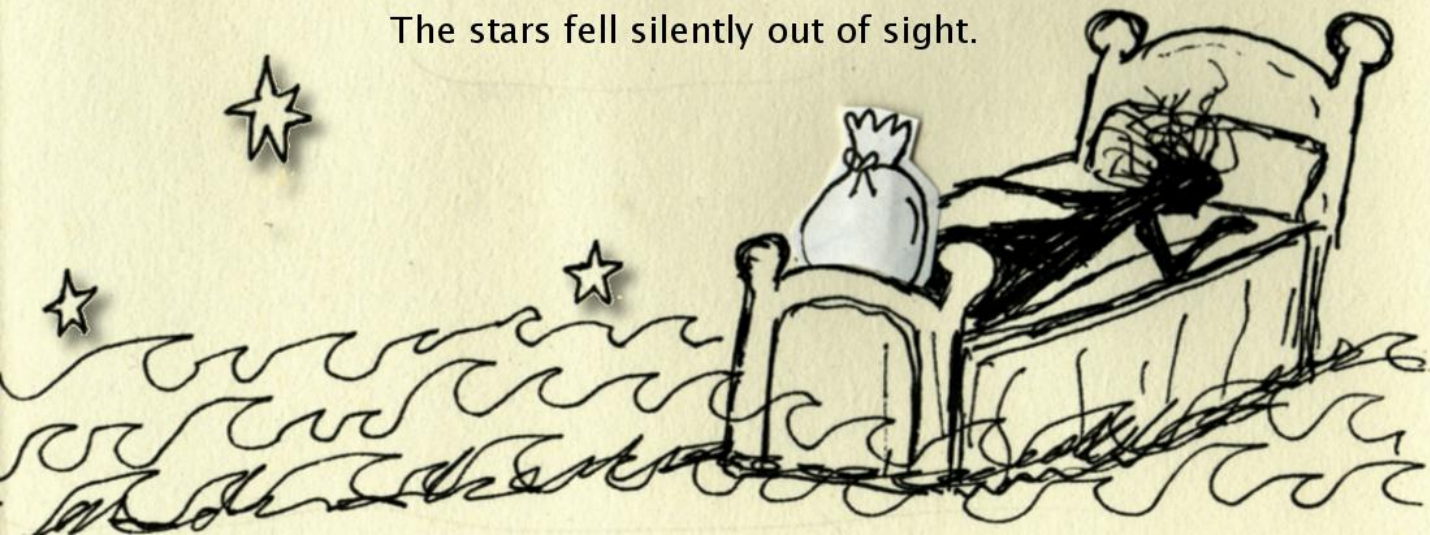
"The tale of the Pesky Pongles, who were as cute as buttons but as fierce as piranhas."


The Pongles struggled against the girl
But into the sack each one was hurled
They kicked her feet and bit her hands
And flames of fury filled the lands
In the fervour the knights and dragons sweltered
The castles crumbled, the maidens melted
But the wilful girl fought with wild aggression
Until every Pongle was in her possession.
Then Lucy-Go-Lucky clutched her sack with DELIGHT
And bid the planet a SMUG goodnight.



And as she climbed aboard the bed
And once again laid down her head
No Pongles gathered by her side
No song to wish a pleasant ride.

Silently she sailed away
Silently the bed did sway
Silently the young girl slept
Silently the Pongles wept
And as the silent skies grew light
The stars fell silently out of sight.





The next morning when Lucy-Go-Lucky awoke
She reached for her sack and gave it a poke.

"WHERE ARE MY PONGLES?!"

*"My Pong dreams have melted into thin air
And I've woken up tired from the trip
I have nothing to show for all I did there
Those wretched Pongles gave me the slip!"*

Oh how she shrieked dear Lucy-Go-Lucky;
to think the Pongles too had VANISHED!

VANISHED!

VANISHED!

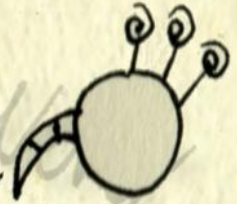


A black and white line drawing of a woman's face with a wide-open mouth in a scream. She is surrounded by a chaotic mass of snakes of various sizes, some with small faces. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.



And all through breakfast she said not a thing
As she thought bitterly of Planets

PONG and PING



And all through school she ignored her spellings
Though her teachers despaired she said, "SHH!" in rebellion,

"I'm THINKING!"

She thought all night till a plan reared its head
Then she narrowed her eyes and boldly said

*"Dreaming is daft, the madness must end
I shall NEVER go to sleep again!"*

Then she glared at the moon and started to sulk
And the stars above twinkled at her

brave

assault.



Never

The moon peered down and said, "Dear me!
A sorrier sight I have never seen!

Beware young girl lest your rage release
the Shadow Grudge—a most FRIGHTFUL beast!"



NEVER

never

But Lucy-Go-Lucky barely winced
And not a wink she slumbered
And so the bed moved not an inch
No wish was whispered; no fish numbered.

And as she sulked a forest bloomed;
Dark shadows laced with rage.
Clouds of gloom filled the room
And lizards crept from caves.

A moan of fury flew in from the east
Still Lucy-Go-Lucky grumbled
From out of the trees emerged a beast
A high horse with teeth that rumbled

And as every single light went out
Her father drifted near
“Lucy-Go-Lucky!” she heard him shout
“What are you doing my dear?”




But Lucy-Go-Lucky ignored the sign
The creature held her enchanted
Upon the high horse the girl did climb
And into the forest they cantered.

For many hours the horse did run
The young girl held on tightly
You'd think a horse-ride would be fun
But this one kept bolting spitefully.

Its teeth were gold and lead and twisted
Its eyes were cold and red and misted
A shadow tail strewn from past regrets
Oozing sorrow and bitterness
Not a horse you've ever seen
In all your worst and WILDEST dreams.






The high horse finally stopped in the mud
And Lucy-Go-Lucky slid down with a thud
Written in grime stood a terrible sign



'WELCOME TO PLANET LOST HOPE.'

She rubbed her eyes with a
CAUTIOUS yawn



*"What a creepy place to be!
These creatures have eyes
like peppercorn
And mouldy bread for feet!"*



In Lost Hope there are sheep that never bleat
And shadows that never budge
And the king of them all, a dreadful beast
The notorious Shadow Grudge

“The Grudge is me and me does indeed welcome you most royally!”

“Ensnared,”

said she and she did proceed to return the greeting coyly.

*“I’m Lucy-Go-Lucky and I do what I like for I am my own
master!”*

“Dear Lucy-Go-Lucky!” the moon above sighed, “You’re in for a disaster!”

The Grudge gave a grin and rubbed his chin

“What a brave young girl you be!
My palace awaits; won’t you come in
And accept a cake from me?”



Enticed by the Grudge, the girl went inside
Lo behold the cake— near ten foot wide!
'The cake of your dreams,' the icing read
"Eat and be merry!" the Shadow Grudge said.
"Your dreams will come true when you eat," said he
"*Just what I always wanted,*" said she.

Baked in malice and soaked in spite
The cake smelt bad and it tasted like tripe
But the greedy girl grinned and ran to the cake
And she ate for hours without a break
The Shadow Grudge whispered in her ear

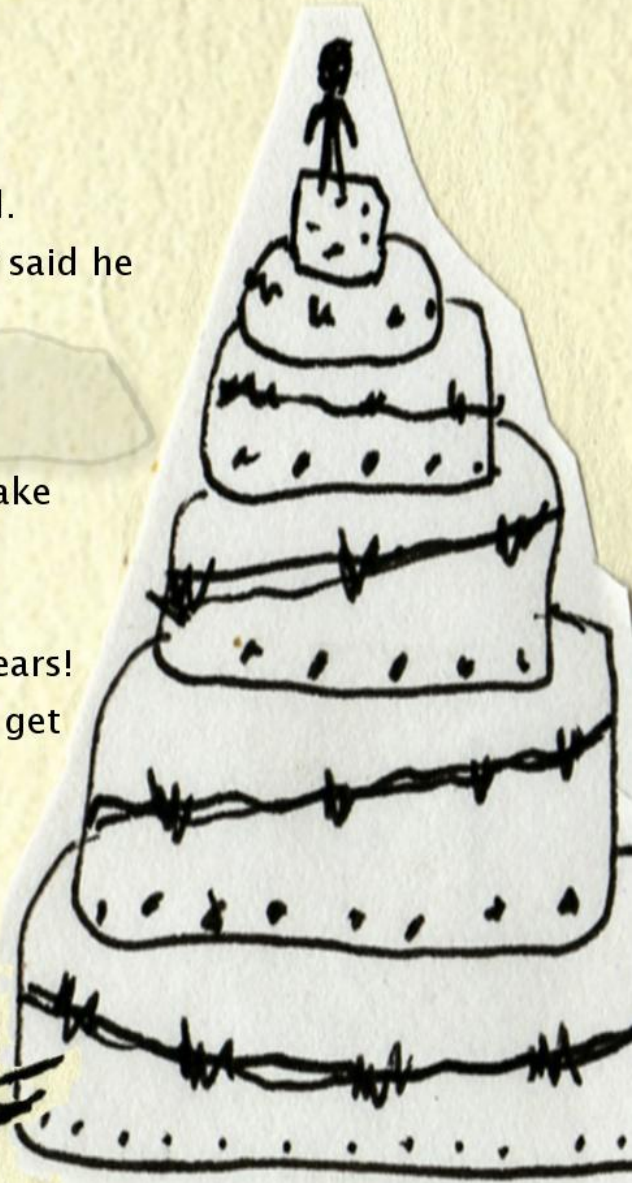
"Keep eating until your rage disappears!
You're right to be angry when you don't get
what you want!

Keep eating the cake,
that'll show them who's boss!"

And shadows of beasts that she could
not see skulked by and giggled merrily

"Eat until you're sick!" they cried,
"Eat until you're ill!

Eat the cake until you die
And then keep eating still!"



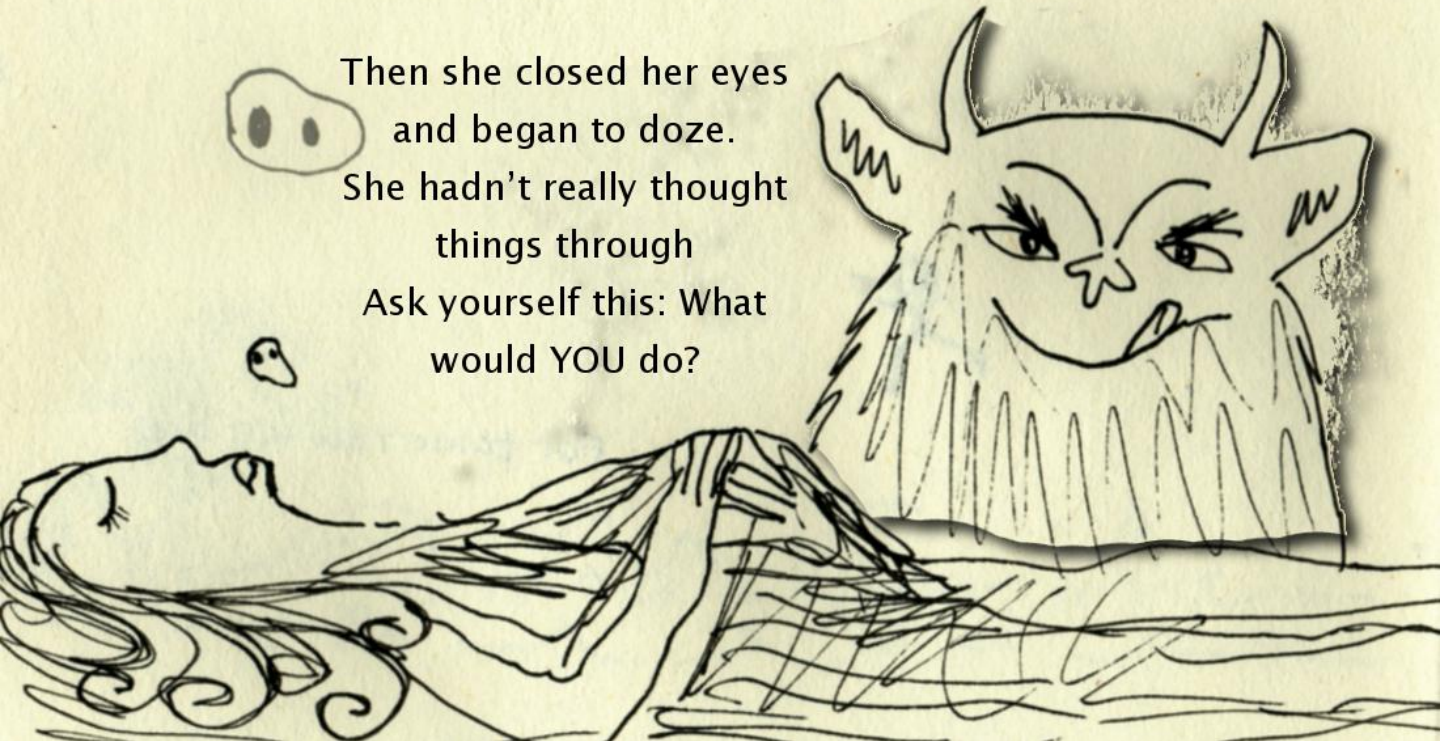
For tomorrow we die

She ate and ate and ate and ate.
She ate till her belly was sore.
She ate and ate and ate and ate.
Till she could eat no more.



The Grudge stood by and watched through the night
He rubbed his hands and smirked with delight
“A perfect Grudge you’d make!” said he
“Say! Would you like to be my queen?”
And the sleepy girl yawned and said, “*I suppose.*”

Then she closed her eyes
and began to doze.
She hadn’t really thought
things through
Ask yourself this: What
would YOU do?



The next morning when Lucy-Go-Lucky arose
She opened her eyes then in shock she froze
For the Shadow Grudge stood by her side
Clear as day and black as night.

“Good morning my queen!” the ghastly Grudge simpered
How gloriously ugly you wake!”

She caught sight of herself in the mirror and whimpered
Her whole face had transformed into cake.

“I made you these slippers,” the Grudge did boast
And on her feet he strapped a mouldy loaf.
“And a peppercorn crown, fit for a queen.
A Queen of Sulking for a Grudge like me!”

Oh how she sobbed unlucky Lucy-Go-Lucky;
to think the Grudge was REAL!

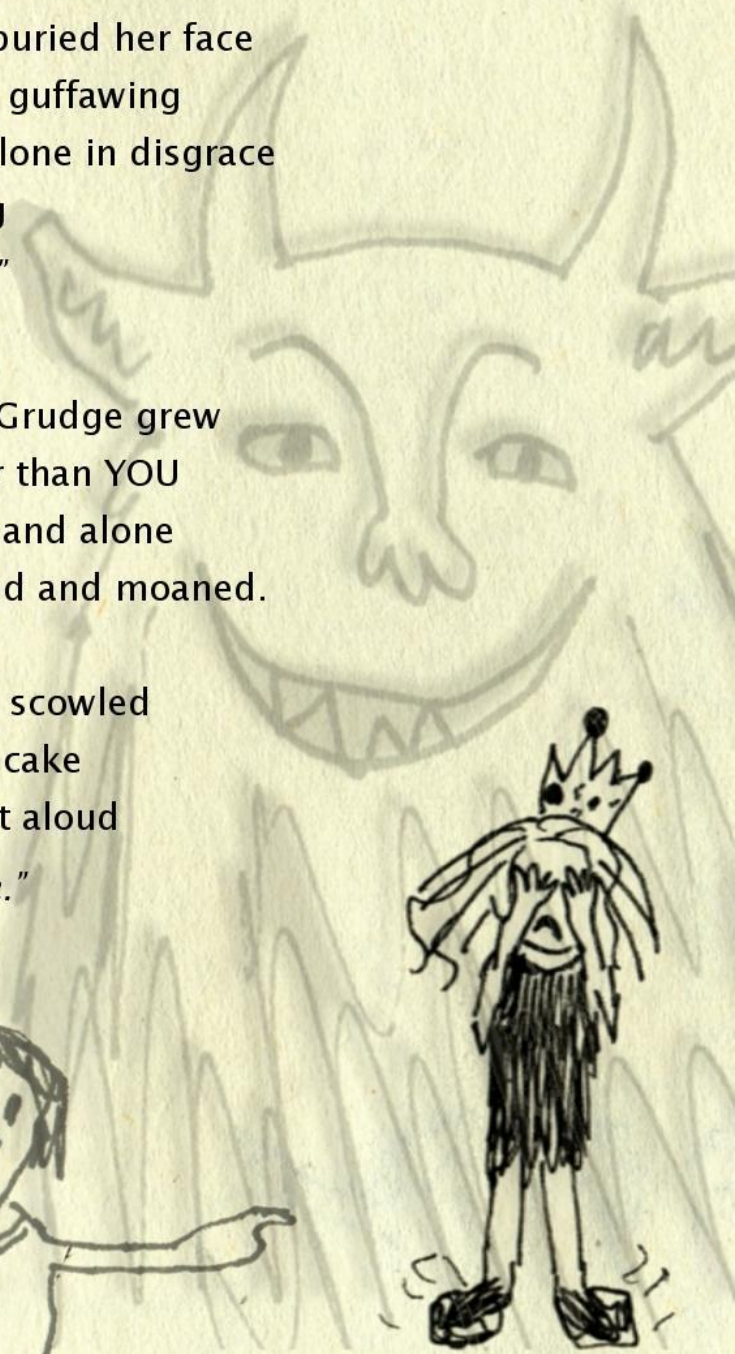
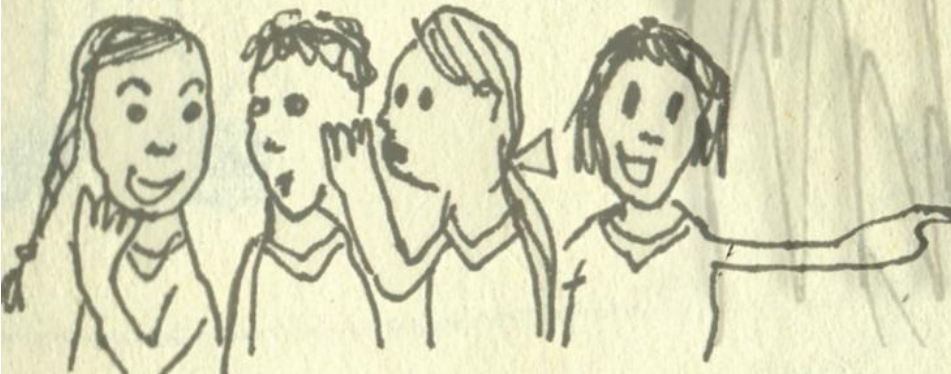


REAL
REAL
REAL

And all through breakfast she buried her face
While the Grudge stood by guffawing
And all through school she sat alone in disgrace
Bitterly imploring
"Leave me ALONE!"

As the day went on the Shadow Grudge grew
Until he were ten times bigger than YOU
And Lucy-Go-Lucky felt tired and alone
As she sulked and cried and yawned and moaned.

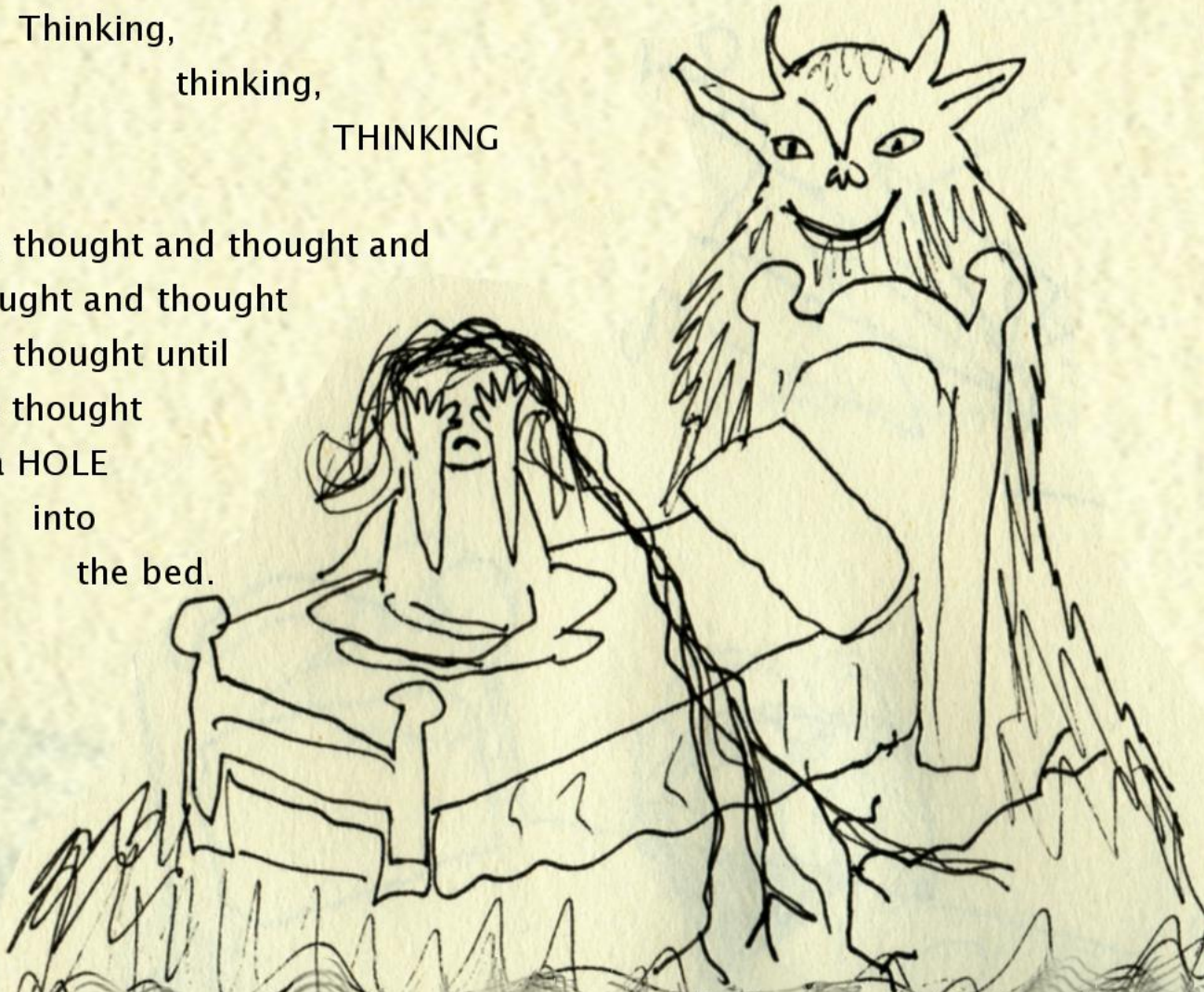
And as night fell the sad girl scowled
And pinched her face of cake
"I need a plan," she thought aloud
"To fix this grim mistake."



And all that night the Grudge stood by
Rubbing his hands and stinking
And the poor girl covered her face and cried

Thinking,
thinking,
THINKING

She thought and thought and
thought and thought
She thought until
she thought
a HOLE
into
the bed.



The price of wisdom is above rubies

Then as the moon began to drift and night time was no more
Lucy-Go-Lucky got down from her bed and sat upon the floor

"Almost morning, Grudge my dear. Time for you to disappear!"



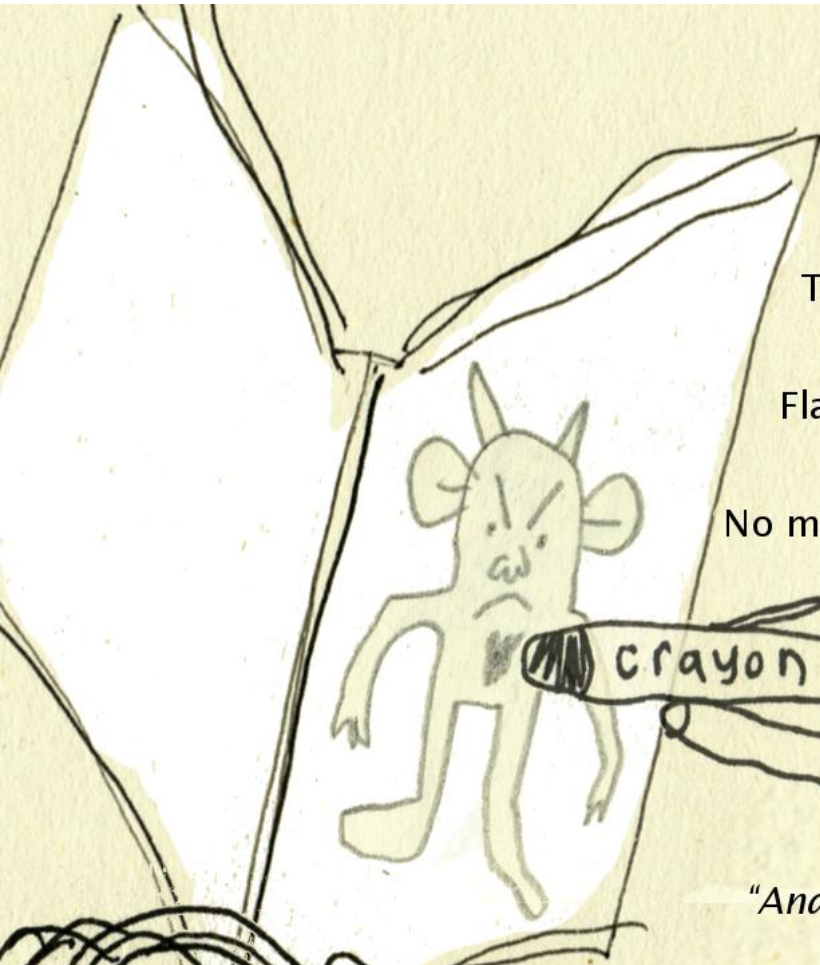
Then she opened up her book
And the Shadow Grudge crept to have a look
She drew a bright white kingdom made of cake
Floating upon a Shadow Lake

*"I've drawn a palace for you my king,
Come out of the dark and enter in!
Come out of the dark and
into the LIGHT
This kingdom is bigger than
the whole of the night!"*

"Bigger than mine that cannot be!
I want it now! Give it to me!"

The Grudge walked in and began to strut
Then she swiftly slammed the big book shut.





CAREFULLY carefully
through the pages she peered
The real Grudge had disappeared
And in its place a drawing stood
Flat as a pancake and dull as wood
Pen and paper, paper and ink
No mind of his own, to speak or think

"He's just a picture,"

said the girl with glee

"And my face is finally cake-free!"



The Grudge stood frozen with pencilled-in fury
His peppercorn eyes drawn ever-so poorly
His sketchy mouth frowning and so with a grin
She took a crayon and coloured him in
And there he still lingers like a worn out drawing
A faded nightmare of a shadow story.



"The tale of the monstrous Grudge
whose shadow vanished in the light
of clear thought."

*"My Pingle was pretty, the Pongles were quaint
But I hope I never meet a Grudge again."*

Suddenly came a loud **KNOCK** at her door

*"No more nightmares please!"
she did implore.*

But it was simply her father and he
stood unimpressed.
"It's time for school!" he scolded, "and
you're not yet dressed!"





The young girl pouted and stuck out her chin
"School?" she said sadly,

"what a ridiculous thing!

*I had Pingles and Pongles that I couldn't keep
And a real Grudge that wouldn't budge.
I'm going back to sleep.*

*There's no point in doing anything and I won't go to school
For everything I dream means NOTHING at all!
Even cakes lose their flavour— believe me I've tried!"*

"Lucy-Go-Lucky look around!" he replied.

"You have a head full of brains and socks full of feet,
There's a whole world out there filled with people to meet.

You have history to make and stories to write,
Lessons to learn and battles to fight.

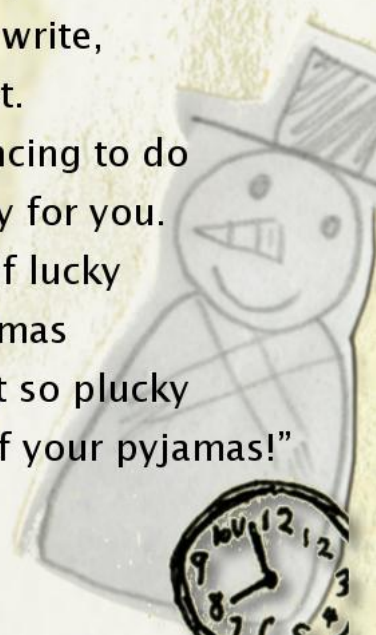
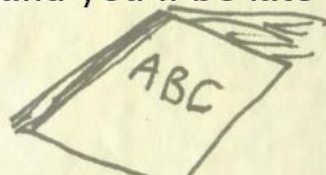
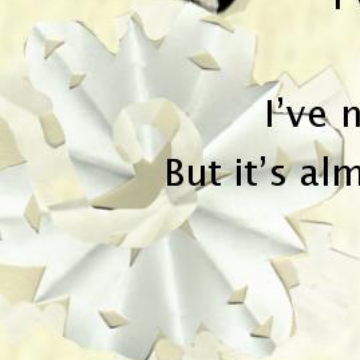
There are snowmen to build and there's dancing to do
There's a place in this world made uniquely for you.


I've never seen a Pingle so count yourself lucky

Not everyone is fortunate of such dramas

I've never caught a Pongle so I guess I'm not so plucky

But it's almost eight and you'll be late— get out of your pyjamas!"

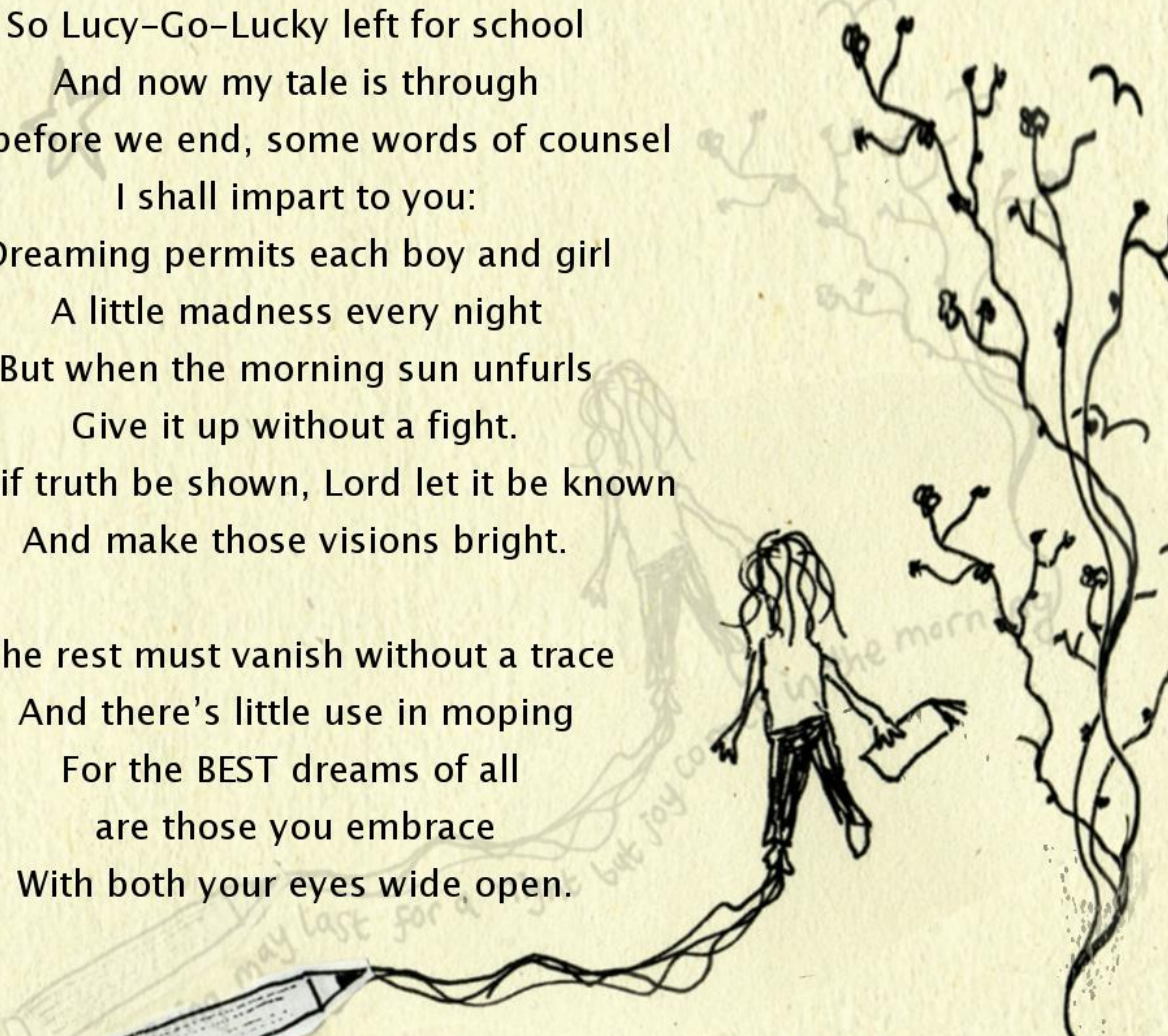




So Lucy-Go-Lucky left for school
And now my tale is through
But before we end, some words of counsel
I shall impart to you:

Dreaming permits each boy and girl
A little madness every night
But when the morning sun unfurls
Give it up without a fight.
Pray if truth be shown, Lord let it be known
And make those visions bright.

The rest must vanish without a trace
And there's little use in moping
For the BEST dreams of all
are those you embrace
With both your eyes wide open.



Weeping may last for a night but joy comes in the morning