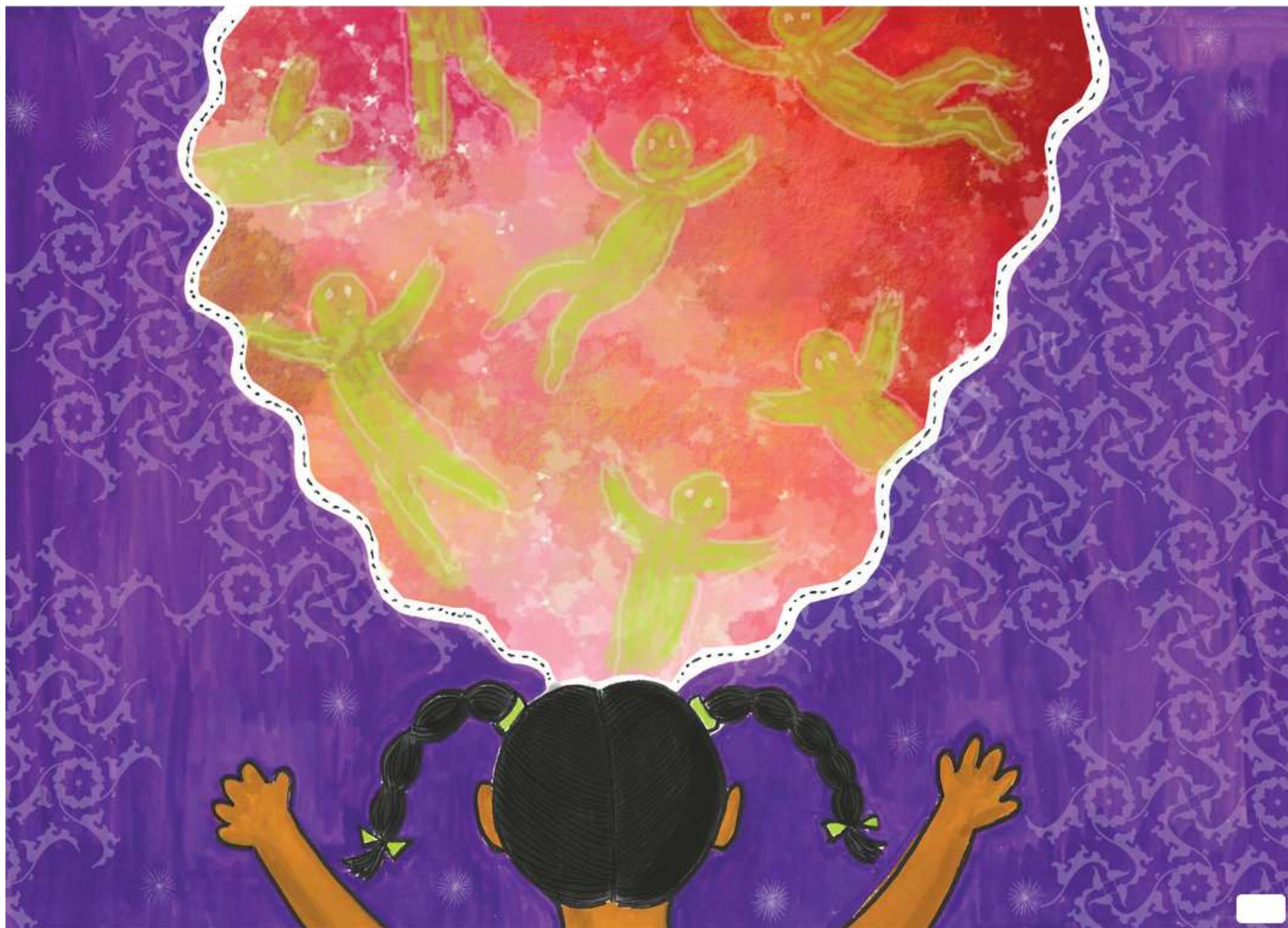


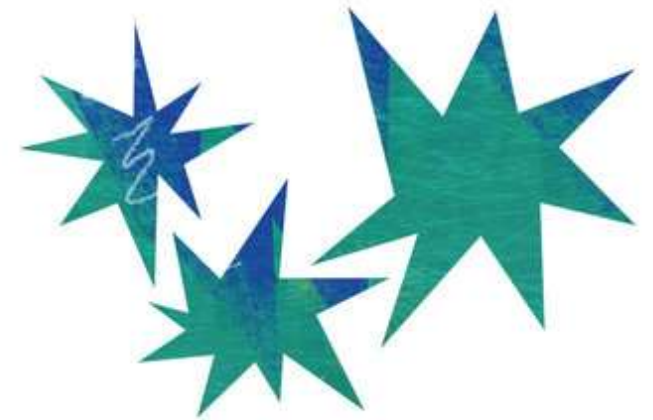


*The Journey of
Thoughts Seeking
Their Haven*





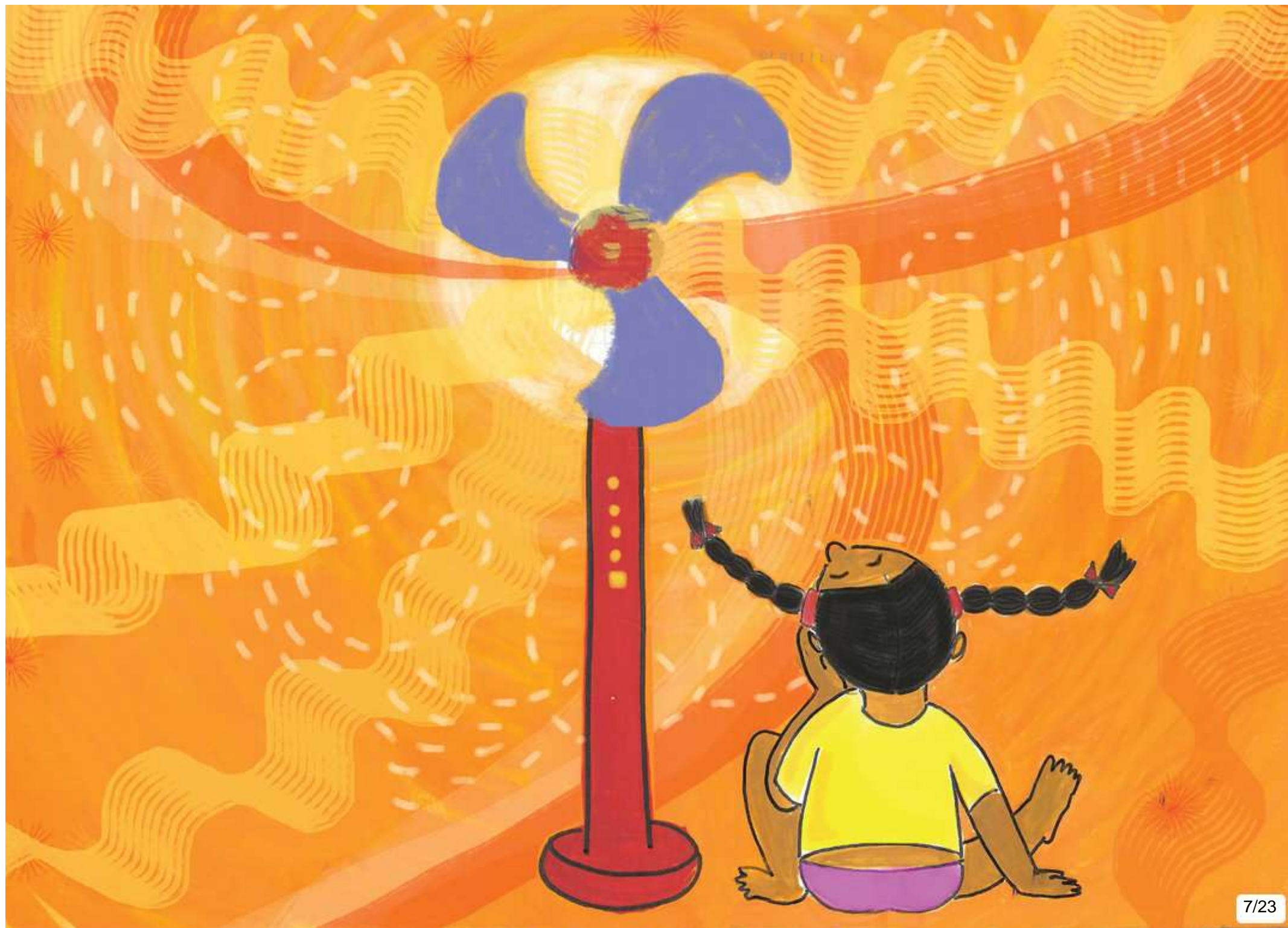
Do they plip-plop or
do they thump-thump when they walk?

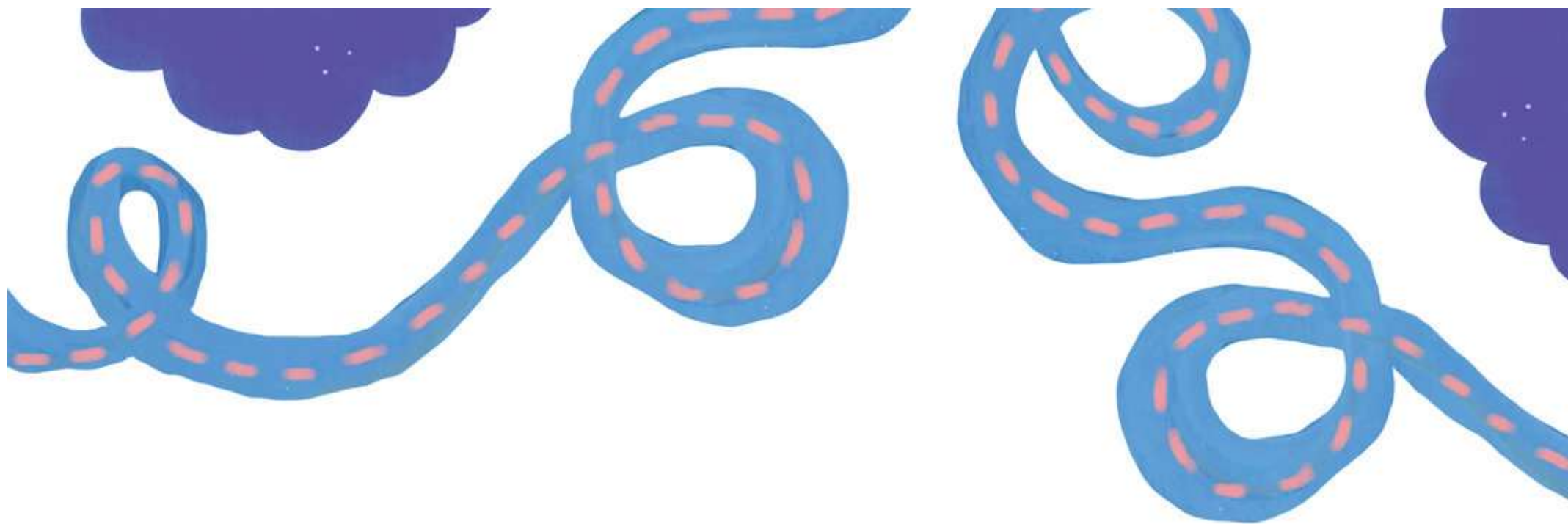




Do they spin and spin and spin
with the fan and get di-diz-dizzy?







Do they ride on a paper plane
to go play with the clouds?



Do they sleep like Raasu all day long
when they eat too much?





Do they hide inside Mumma's bag
and secretly go to work with her?





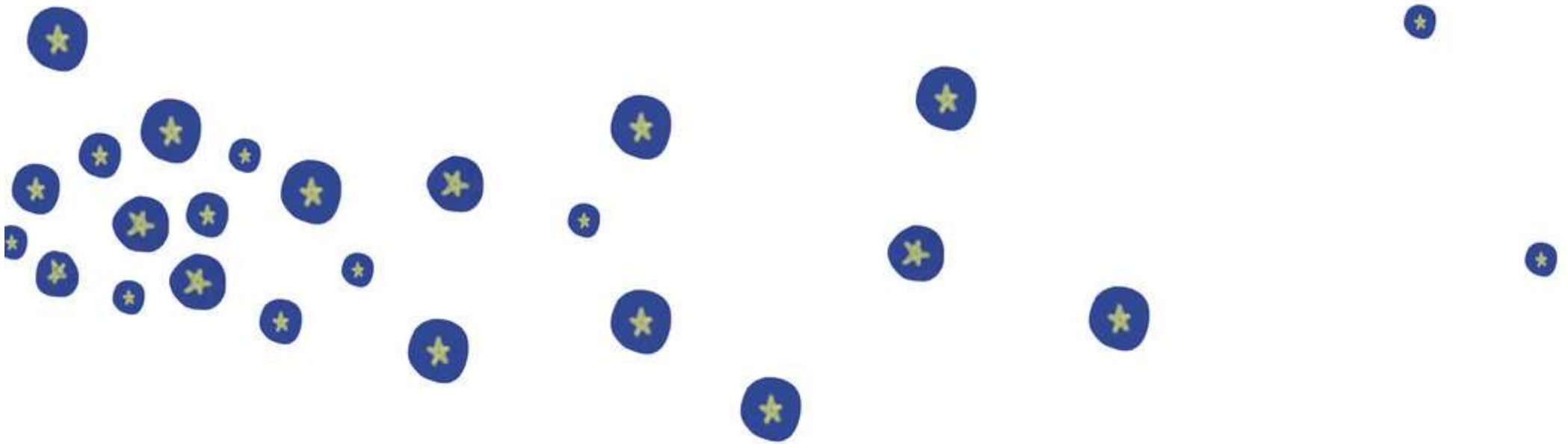
Do they tiptoe around the house
looking for a treat?





Do they grow up to be tomatoes
if Papa plants them in the soil?





Do they glow when the stars come out?



But wait, I can't find my thoughts!

Did they hide under my bed
because they are scared of the dark?





“Be brave!” I think. “It's okay. It's just a little dark.” I go to bed. They come out and curl up in my head.



Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z



My thoughts go zzzzzzzzzz with me.