

Laugh
Like a
Frog



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Sleep
Like a
Bear

*Laugh Like A Frog,
Sleep Like a Bear*

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Chapter One

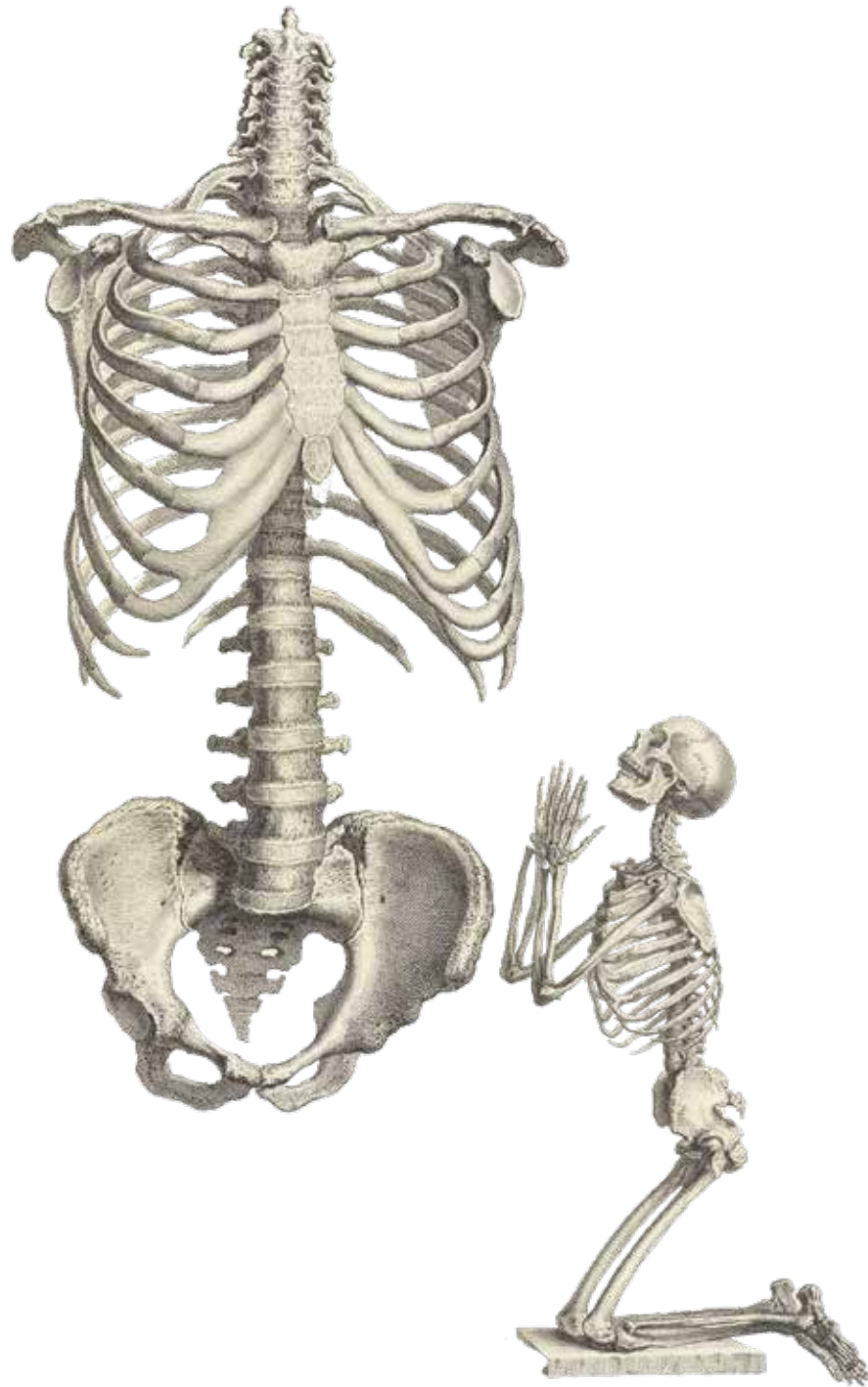
dream like a radish

The sky was warm and the soil was my home. I loved the sun and the rain. I was happy being a radish. It was a peaceful existence, predictable. Being a radish was easy and straightforward. I slept under the sun and I grew under the moon. I knew my purpose and served it well. I was a good radish.



A radish dreams of nothing because a radish knows its fate; it is to always be a radish. There is nothing to dream of, only the sky and the rain and the sun and the soil. But one day as I slept, I had a dream. Which is impossible, because radishes don't dream. radishes only sleep and grow. But it happened. I, who once was a proud and dreamless radish, had a dream. I dreamt of Gods and Giants that ruled over a vast land. Of savage beasts that would grab you by your leaves, tear you from the soil and devour you by your roots. I dreamt that beyond this land of savages lies a garden with warm water and cool earth where gentle angels tend to

Chapter Two



laugh like a frog



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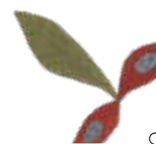
I, who once was a proud and dreamless radish, had a dream. I dreamt of Gods and Giants that ruled over a vast land. Of savage beasts that would grab you by your leaves, tear you from the soil and devour you by your roots. I dreamt that beyond this land of savages lies a garden with warm water and cool earth where gentle angels tend to your every need. A garden where the sun always shines and the sky rains every day.

"Impossible." the other Radishes would say. "Radishes don't dream. There are no such beasts, there are no such angels, and most of all, there is no such garden. There is only the sky and the rain and the soil. Now sleep, for the moon will rise soon, and with it bring us the rain." Foolish Radishes.



Chapter Three

sleep like a bear



But I did dream, I did. Am I then still a mere Radish, if Radishes cannot dream? If I, who once was a proud Radish, can dream, then perhaps the beasts and the angels and the garden can also be real. So what? What can I do about it, trapped in the body of this Radish?

Now that I am more than just a Radish, I can no longer sleep. I can no longer grow. I can only dream. It was much more peaceful just being a Radish. I knew my fate; it was to always be a Radish. Now a sense of purpose has filled me with impending doom. I much preferred being a Radish. I much preferred not dreaming. I much preferred knowing who and what I was, knowing that I would always be a Radish. Now all I know is what lies beyond this soil and this rain and this sky and this sand; a peaceful, impossible garden. A garden I can never reach. Now that I have dreams, what can I do with them, trapped in the body of a Radish?

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