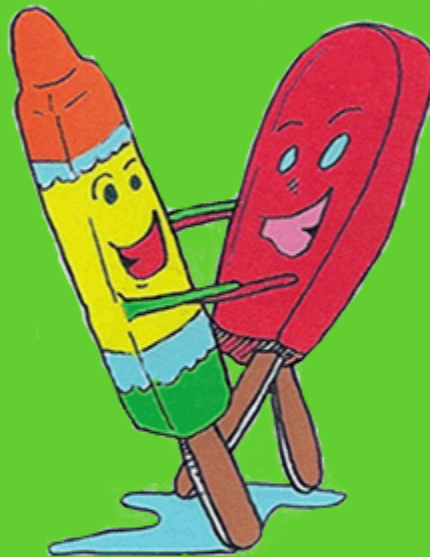


Hugs and Popsicles



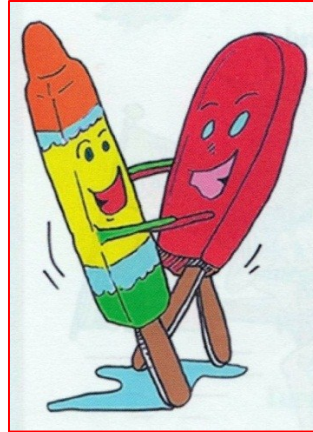
A cure for the imagine-nation

By Jeannie Pitt

Hugs and Popsicles – A Cure for the Imagine-Nation was written by Jeannie Pitt and illustrated by Stephen M. Phillips, II. Its purpose is to inspire the masses, both children and adults, with poetry that opens the heart and spreads laughter and joy.

Colorful drawings are coupled with simple stories that encourage the imagination to reach into the soul and fly. You'll have a little giggle and feel a bit freer after reading these delightful tales.

Fill your days with magic and cure your woes with wonder. Hugs and popsicles are the cure for all that ails you...



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Spots
**A spotted
hippo-potted (mus)
got on the bus
and looked at us.
We said, “Hi,”
but he made a face,
as though *our* spots
were out of place.**

Toothpaste Anthem

**Mom says I have to
brush my teeth,
every day and
every night.
I don't much like
to brush my teeth,
so sometimes I put up
quite a fight.
It doesn't work.
Mom always wins.
So, still I have to
brush them.
So I made up a song,
you can sing along,
it's called the
'Toothpaste Anthem'.**



(sing to the tune of Yankee Doodle)

**If I have to brush my teeth,
I might as well enjoy it.
I put the toothpaste
on the brush and
really, really smear it.
I brush my front teeth,
and the back ones,
sure to get every one.
Up, around and over, down,
keep brushing 'til I'm all done.
I make sure my teeth are clean.
Don't want my dentist to say,
"Goodness, gosh your teeth are black,
and full of rot and decay."**

(say YUCK!, rinse and repeat)

Happy Dreams

**Mom says I'm a sleepyhead.
I guess it's time to go to bed.
She says I'll dream of wheels**

**and whales,
green overcoats and
dragon tails.**

**I see them now,
the kings and queens,
rocking horses,
jellybeans,
bright red armchairs,
golden rings,
happy things
that make me sing.**

I have adventures in my sleep.

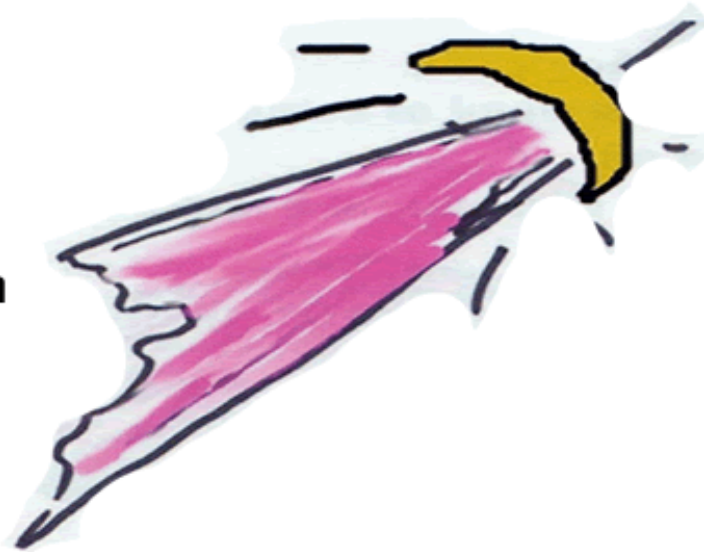
Dreams can be so very fun.

**I can't wait 'til I can share
these magic thoughts with everyone.**



Imagination

**Have you ever seen
a pink moonbeam,
or a purple bean?
What about an
orange log,
or a lime green dog?
Where would you find
a spotted bear,
or a striped hare?
In your
imagination,
that's where!**



Danger?

**A package arrived in the mail today.
It was addressed to my Aunt May.
I wanted to open it really bad,
so I ran upstairs and I said,
'Hey,
Aunt May,
what's in that box?
Is it chocolates or socks,
or new sheets for the bed?'
She looked at me with a
great big grin and
this is what she said.**



**'My dear child, you're so excited.
What else do you think it could be?
Do you think it's for your mother,
your brother,
or do you think it's for me?
Maybe it's for you or Sue,
maybe it's for Jane.'
I wanted to know what was in the box
so bad I had a pain.
I jumped around and begged and fussed.
I couldn't stand the wait.
And after that big guessing game,
I still have to wait 'til 8.**

Reserved

**This page is reserved
for my friend Glenn.**

**He's writing a poem
just as soon as he can.**

**I told him he needs to hurry up,
so I can print my work.**

**He says creative inspiration,
'Comes to him in spurts.'**

**He's taking
way too long**

to finish,

so I guess

you'll have to wait.

I won't be able to

let you read

this book

until it's way too late!



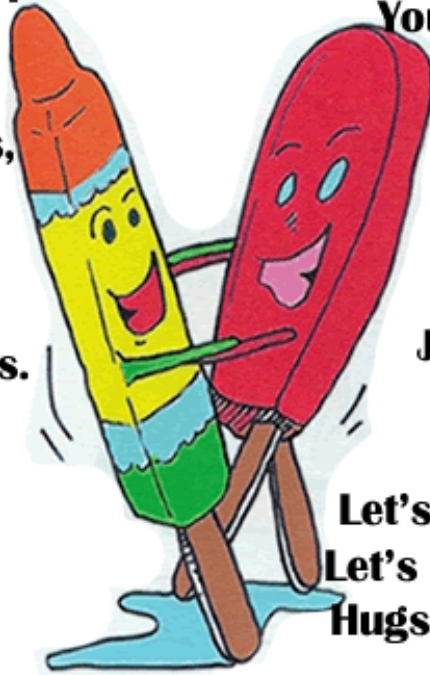
Peekaboo

**I looked up at the moon
and it smiled down at me.
When I looked up again,
it was nowhere to be.
A minute more passed
and it shone once again.
I looked up and asked,
'Where have you been?'
It smiled down once more,
but had nothing to say.
When I looked up again,
it had gone away.
I have no doubt
it'll be back soon.
What a fun game to play
with the Peekaboo Moon.**



Hugs and Popsicles

**I have a cure for
all that may ail you,
for when people fail you,
or when sickness nails you.
Popsicles cure all your
bruises and bumps,
red, itchy lumps
and even the mumps.
Hugs are the best
when life
throws you humps,
if you're down
in the dumps,
or your
temperature jumps.**



**Together hugs and popsicles
can save so many lives.
If you don't believe me,
won't you please give it a try?
You'll see what I mean,
if you give it a whirl.
We could be heroes
all over the world.
All sickness gone,
all sadness passed.
Just happy and joyful
and healthy at last!
Let's go right now!
Let's give doors a knock.
Let's give them out freely;
Hugs and Popsicles rock!**

Boogey

**I knew a guy with hippie hair.
He said his name was Boogey Blair.
He played his tuba at the fair,
in his crazy underwear.
He wasn't part of any band,
or any kind of show.
He just really liked to walk around,
and make music on the go.
I admired his style,
and I told him so.
He invited me
to come along.
Together we walked
all through the streets,
and made up funny,
crazy songs.**





Fright!

**Did you ever get under
the bathroom rug,
and pretend you were a
great big bug?
It's really quite a
sight at night
when your sister comes in
and turns on the light.**

Behave Yourself

My momma was an interesting bird.

'Untie your shoes,' I always heard.

'Don't wash your hands, don't wash your face.

Run through the house, track mud everywhere.

Come in and out and slam the door,

please shout and leave

your toys on the floor.'

She drove me crazy

every day,

so I did the opposite

of what she would say.

I cleaned my room and

brushed my teeth.

My bed stayed very clean

underneath.

I put away clothes.

I swept the floor.

I ate all my broccoli.

I really showed her!





My House
**I live in a house,
with a mouse,
and a louse (ewww).
I'm rather fond
of the louse,
as long as he
stays out
of my hair.**

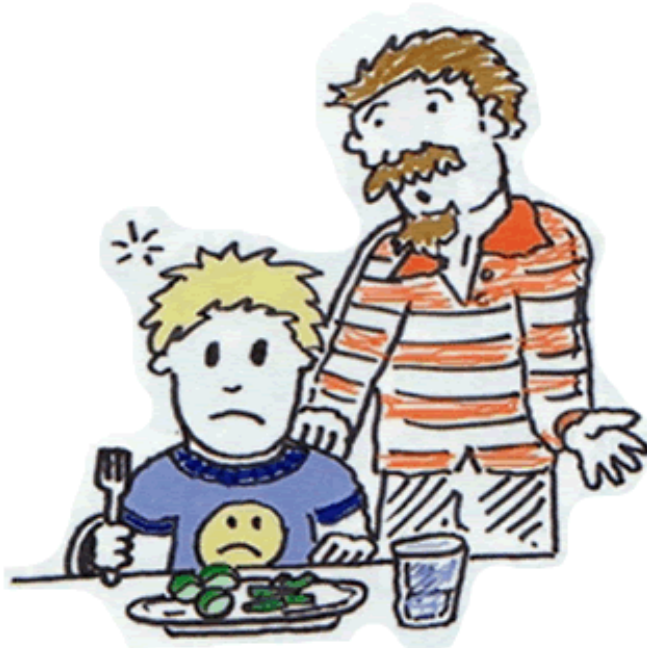
Scary Seed

**I planted a seed
that I found on the bus.
It grew strong and mean
and tried to eat us.
A plant with big arms,
that grabbed at my feet.
I couldn't go by to get
something to eat.
So I sat in a chair
across from its place.
It stared at me hard
with a glare on its face.
I asked to be friends.
I offered some food.
It said with a grin,
'I just want to eat you.'**



Uncle Pete

**Green beans and
brussel sprouts
are things
I hate to eat.
But, I haven't ever
tried them 'cause
I listened to
Uncle Pete.
He said that
they are icky,
and I guess he
must be right.
So if I have to
try them,
could it be
some other night?**



Bored

The people I know are different.

All are quite unique.

**Bobby likes to play
the trumpet.**

For Pam it's hide-n-seek.

**Jamie, John and Lucas
hunt frogs
in our little pond.**

**My sister Tutti Fruitti
likes to play ball on the lawn.**

**I sometimes
sit and watch them,
and think of what I like.**

**My favorite thing
in the whole wide world is to
ride my shiny bike.**

I like that we are different.

There's always something to do.

**And when I'm feeling bored sometimes
my friends show me something new.**





Tonight
Have you ever flown
a kite at night?
Or only when it's
nice and bright?
I think I will try it,
maybe tonight.
Perhaps there will be
just enough moonlight.

The Truth

**Baby blue bats
are singing to cats
while wearing green hats.
Now who believes that?**



Doc

**An apple a day
is what they say,
to keep the doctor
on his way.**

**But what about
if you eat a trout?**

**Every day
without a doubt?**

**Will the doctor
come and stay?**

**I think he may,
but that's okay.**

**I rather like him
anyway.**



Blinky

**Sometimes I stare at Blinky,
my goldfish in a bowl.
I named my goldfish Blinky,
tho' his eyes don't blink at all.
I wonder if he sees me,
if he wonders what *I'm* like.
I don't know if Blinky
even knows *my* name is Mike.**



The Egg

**There once was a mighty egg
who sat upon a wall.
You might have heard of him.
He had a giant fall.
All the King's men and horses
did the best they could.
Sadly they met with failure,
but that ending's just no good.
I needed to know more,
so I decided to investigate.
I telephoned the castle
to discover the egg's fate.
The Queen told me the story,
and much to my delight,
the egg was fixed up,
right as rain,
and restored to all his might.
He can still sit
atop that great wall,
and as sure as I can be,
here's the rest
of that fateful story
as the Queen did tell it to me.**

**All the King's men and horses,
first raced to the cook and did beg
for any sort of recipe
on just how to uncrack an egg.
The cook laughed them
out of the kitchen,
so they went around to the back.
Maybe the hens had the answer,
but chickens needed
cracked eggs to hatch.
Their final attempt was the Queen.
They prayed she'd know what to do.
They approached her ever so carefully,
for they needed the egg good as new.
The Queen said, "Hark, here's the answer.
My sewing guild can make a wrap."
So they all got together with needles,
and sewed a patchwork coat out of scraps.
Now this egg is forever cured
of his nasty, repetitive fate, at least.
He can fall off that wall anytime now,
and his coat keeps him all in one piece.**





Mabel

**I pick up sticks
and chunks of bricks
to try and make a stable.
I have a little mini horse.
I think I'll name her Mabel.
She fits inside my pocket so,
to ride her I'm unable.
I know you may be thinking
this is all just one big fable.
It's really not!
I've really got
a little horse I like a lot.
She kicks and neighs and eats her hay,
and sometimes likes a carrot.
I'm going to have to find a way
to make her a nice spot.
So she'll always stay with me and be
the pet I never got.**

Egg Hunt

**I went on an egg hunt and lost my way.
I roamed around for an entire day.
Finally, a car came and picked me up.
It was Aunt Irene, oh, just my luck.
Freckle-faced Janice was sitting in back.
Right away I saw all the eggs in *her* sack.
She said it was easy just lookin' around.
She smirked, 'You're on the wrong end of town.'
Oh that's just perfect. She can be such a snit.
I don't like that Janice. Not one little bit.
So I took all her eggs and I gave them a fling
right out the window with a zip and a zing.**



Holiday Celebration

**I love the holidays
so much.**

**I miss them
when they're gone.
So sometimes I go
right upstairs,**

**and try
my costumes on.
I pull out all the
decorations,**

**and put them
all over my room.
I even put up the
Christmas tree,**

and pretend Santa's coming soon.

I pretend it's New Year's and make lots of noise.

I hide colored eggs there and here.

**I make sure to eat a candy cane,
and read Valentines from last year.**

One day I made a big mistake.

I lit some firecrackers that I found.

**Don't ever do that in your room,
'cause you'll burn your curtains down.**



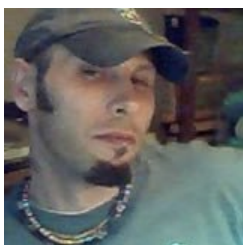
Home Sweet Home

**The rickety, pickety
whitewashed fence
is all I get to see.
My window to
the outside world
is plain
as plain can be.
I hope that
one day
someday soon,
I'll get to
go away.
I might find out
that home sweet home
is where I'll want to stay!**





Jeannie Pitt, the author, was born in Maine and now lives in Oregon. She has traveled to 37 states behind the wheel of a car, not always under pleasant circumstances, but forever with an eye open for inspiration. Throughout her life, she has paid attention to the lessons and takes every opportunity to turn them into a chance for personal growth. She looks for the silver lining and discovers it without fail. Jeannie has always believed that hugs and popsicles are the cure for all that ails you, and now she's sharing her insights and inspiration with you in this delightful book of poems.



Stephen M. Phillips, II, also born in Maine, is the illustrator of these charming images and so many others. He shares his creative talents with the world in many different ways, including through art, writing, sculpture and design. He is whimsical, comical, inspirational and talented, always walking to the beat of his own drummer. His contribution to this work greatly appreciated.

A print version of Hugs and Popsicles is available for purchase here:

<https://www.createspace.com/3481717>

It is also available for sale on Amazon.com and in many retail outlets.

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