Do You Remember What It Was Like Being A Child?

My green hair stands up in spikes on my head and has a tendency to ignite when I am angry. My eyes are yellow, laughing. Smoke billows in great blue puffs from my nose and mouth and words come out my ears. I'm fashionable in my scaly black suit with pink lapels and red and blue-spotted buttons. My wings are purple and detachable for escape into narrow spaces (or to fit into the bathtub). I sleep standing up. To shield me from harm while I sleep, my pjs are woven with threads of gold and lined in crimson flannel for warmth. Before I was born, my parents escaped from an exploding planet one million light years beyond Earth. My mother gave birth to me just as she was entering the Earth's atmosphere and I hurtled through space, landing in a grocery cart in the frozen foods aisle at Safeway. I am being raised by earthlings who are kind but have strange ways. Someday my real parents will find me. They will know me by my ability to see and touch extraordinary worlds that do not exist and by the radiant light that surrounds me.

That Child-like Creative Genius Still Lives Within Us All

Revitalize Your Creativity With Laura Palmer

Tuesday, April 14, 2000

O'Reilly & Associates, Sebastopol, CA

Sponsored by the Sonoma County Ad Club