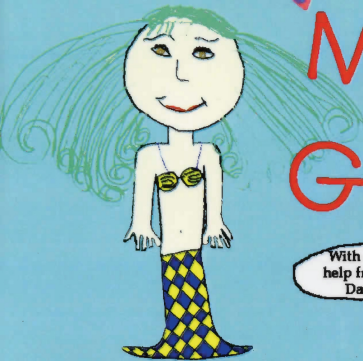




by

Maddy
Gaiman



With a little
help from her
Daddy.



Love, Fishie

Also by Maddy Gaiman

Three Princesses Who Live By the Ocean
*(an illustrated short story, privately published
in a limited edition of one copy)*

Love, Fishie

written and illustrated by
Maddy Gaiman

additional text by
Neil Gaiman

additional illustrations by
Kelli Bickman

introduction by
Lorraine Garland

**Quiche
Books**

Wisconsin

Quiche Books

Wisconsin

Published by Quiche Books of Wisconsin
in association with The Fortress of Words,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Printed by eXpress.Media, Nashville, Tennessee.

All contents © 2002 by their respective creators.

Artwork for the Quiche Books logo was created by Kelli Bickman and
Maddy Gaiman, with additional design by
The Fortress of Words.

The “Princess Maddy” drawing on page 46 was created
by Kelli Bickman.

*for my Daddy,
with love*

Quiche Books would like to thank Gwenda Bond and Christopher Rowe at the Fortress of Words, without whom this book simply would not have been able to happen. I had the vision, and they had the knowledge to turn this from an idea, a dream and a wish for a Really Cool Birthday Present into a wonderful little book. All of the work is theirs. My input was limited to, "It can't look stupid. It needs to look cool. Very, very cool." And it does.

All I knew was that for past birthdays I had already given my boss a letter from James Branch Cabell, some really sharp knives, a feathered Gryphon (since sent to Diana Wynne Jones, whose home it really did belong in) and a telescope none of us can figure out how to use, and this year I needed something new. Oh, and the flamingo, I knew the book needed the flamingo, which was actually drawn by Kelli Bickman and painted by Maddy one rainy day, and has always been a favorite of my boss.

Contents

(everything's by Maddy except for the stuff that's not)

Introduction (by Quiche)	13
Here's a <i>PORY</i>	19
A letter	20
There once was a bat	21
Daddy Cake Recipe	22
M is for a girl (by Neil)	23
I was so very hungry today	24
Yesterday night I got a haircut	25
Crazy Stew	26
We'll have fun at the Dells	27
A kitten? (by Neil)	28
Today Christy and her baby came over	29
You are the musician (by Neil)	30
Another letter	31

Surprise Poem #1	32
As you know we had a snow day	33
You dessert for tonight	34
Your poem it made me so happy (by Neil) ..	35
Happy Halloween.....	36
On Halloween (by Neil)	37
I have some fish.....	38
I wish my fish (by Neil)	39
The Circus (A Play in One Act)	40



introduction by
Lorraine Garland

I live in a world where I work for not one author, but two. (Actually, the second one is both an author and an illustrator, she would want me to mention that.)

The first one does all the normal things: writes novels, short stories, poems and movies, types them himself in various places which have not so far included my lap, and is not afraid to go upstairs at night by himself. In fact, he can tour the world successfully promoting his novels, talk with movie types daily and he eats vegetables on a regular basis, voluntarily. He gives interviews, has publicity shots taken and will do a signing for over six hours at a time without more than the usual amount of grumbling, not to mention dress himself, and brush his teeth with no prompting from me.

Neither of them, of course, pack their own suitcases or make their own tea.

I have worked for the first author for ten years and the second for nearly eight now. Her name is Maddy. (If we need to refer to the first author again—and we shouldn't *too* much as this is not *his* book—we will call him “Daddy,” a name he seems very happy with.)

Maddy has been writing and drawing and reading ever since she realized that was what one did in this house for fun. Her first masterpiece I can recall was a wonder and a work of true art, done long before she could read, or form letters or shapes even. We will gloss over the fact, so to speak, that it was done in lipstick on the living room wall.

Her second great idea involved a crayon and a book and when we, gently, as one must do with artistic types, suggested she not ever do that again, she looked at us with righteous indignation and said, "But Daddy writes in books all the time!" (Small author, do you remember Daddy then told you when you had a book of your own you could write in it all you wanted?)

There is a scrapbook somewhere in her bedroom, which in all fairness I must say she keeps very tidy, filled with her very early work. Ask her, and she is happy to show it off. *This* book, however, concerns her later and recent work and the world I live in now, when she really started to catch her stride and find her voice, when her pen started moving in mysterious ways, and colors leapt onto blank pages like, uh, leapers. It is this we will talk of.

First, you must understand I live in a world where "Wish" rhymes with "Quiche." Sometimes anyway, or not, depending on the whim of the author. I live in a world where the author sits on my lap while I type her words. I live in a world where the author will say to me, "Why don't you think of something, cause I can't?" As if that will magically solve the writer's block.

I tell her that I am the editor and editors only guide, they never write for you. They can, however, tickle, until ideas start to flow once again through her to me and then the computer (Ask any author or editor, that is actually how it is done most times.)

I live in a world where the author laughs and takes great

delight over my typos, and doesn't miss one for a moment, sternly pointing them out and asking, "How do you really want to spell that?" Where the author can make a line scan or a word rhyme simply by adding or leaving out an extra syllable. Or two. A world where the acrostic poem is a brand new art form, and the author is proud, if slightly amazed, that her Daddy also not only knows what an acrostic poem is, but can answer hers with one of his own.

I live in a world where much art gets done while I cook dinner. Where the illustrator decides that vegetables have legs and jump from baskets, where girls nearly always have crowns, and bugs and trees talk, and the sun wears sunglasses, where sharks jump from ponds and chase vegetables, and it is always a little bit Halloween. All of which make a lot more sense than many things in this world.

I live in a world where authors are daddies and little girls and miss each other terribly when one or the other has to travel, as authors often do. I live and work and love in a world where poems are exchanged nightly and the missing gets a little less, where my small author will shake her head and smile and giggle and call my big one "Such a silly" over the things that he writes.

I live in a world where my author, the little one who gets bigger all the time, signs herself "Love, Fishie."

Maddy Gaiman is eight years old, plays the violin nearly as well as I do, and loves to rollerblade. This is her first book. I hope you like it. If you are lucky, Maddy will write in it for you.

Best weeshes, love,

Quiche(es)



Here's a PORY*

There once was a cute little cat
who wrestled away with his mat.
His mother was mad and so was his dad,
so he got a punishment,
guess where he was sent,
to his room to his room.
And there he was presented as groom,
the bride was Raggedy Ann,
the usher was an old frying pan,
the bridesmaids were old leather boots,
and the flower girls were flowery suits.
When his parents told him to come out,
they did it with an ear-piercing shout.
His owners were scared that his parents were dared—
to do something they didn't want to do.
When the owners calmed down
they were really a clown,
and that was the end of the story.

Dear Daddy,

We have tried to call you, my Daddy, but we did not succeed.


Guess what, Daddy? Guess what happened last night? I can't hear you, please speak a little louder... Do you give up? I'll take that as a yes. We got fish, four new fish!

The littlest one is named Lady Moon and she looks like Moonbeam, the biggest one. Then I have one named Liz, who's getting up to Goldie, and then there is Callie who's calico and there is Beth (to go with Liz). And we got them a new castle to swim through.

I learned the Swallowtail jig on violin. I am very good at Bouree now. I learned Somewhere Over the Rainbow. I think you knew that, I am just saying because I can't remember.

We are reading Dancing Shoes, Holly hasn't got to read me the last chapter of Witch Week.

Here is your Good Morning Poem

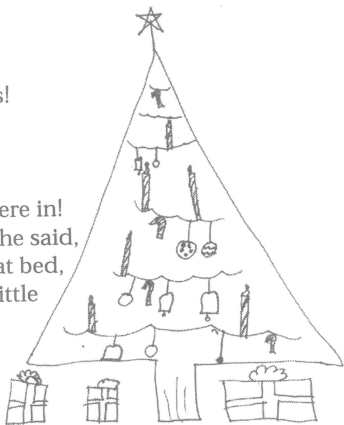


There once was a bat
who was trapped in a hat, all on an Xmas Eve.
He pushed and he squirmed,
and he found a cute worm.

The bat said to him,
“Is your name Kim?”
The worm said, “Good guess!

It certainly is, yes!”
Along came the cat,
who sat on the hat
that the bat and the worm were in!
The cat came right over and he said,
“Oh my, somebody in that cat bed,
what are you doing, oh my little
friends?

Would you like to come out
of there and never end?”
Just then there was a bump
and a rumble and what do
you know?



Someone was on the roof saying, “Ho, Ho, Ho!”
The bat cried, “Ooooooh, there’s Santa Claus!”
(The cat said, “Hmm, I bet I have sharper claws than
him!”)

And they danced and had cookies with the guy who
had Claus (named Santa).

Daddy Cake Recipe

You bake the batter, put it on your dad, put frosting all over the floor and make him roll in it. Put some more icing on top of his head and some candles, too! Light them and blow them out and make a wish!

You could wish for a monkey or seeing Tori,

You could go to the Kalahari, oh! That would be
Glory!

You could wish for a poodle with a pink hair bow,

And enjoy your birthday, what else could you know?

You have to eat the Daddy, yes eat him all up,

And if I ate him I would have to hiccup!

And that is the recipe of the Daddy cake,

I hope you'll like it, for goodness sake!

M is for a girl who sends me poems

A is for All the clever things you do

D is for your Dad who thinks you're lovely

D is for the Day I come back to you

Y is just for You, and now your Daddy

Says put them all together—they spell

Maddy.

(by Neil)



I was so very
hungry today
Oh guess what I ate:
porridge,
muffins,
candy and cake,
spaghetti,

pizza,
and some cupcakes
we baked.

I ate fish and
sea serpent legs,
and also a pirate with
legs of pegs.

I ate computer CDs,
and railroad cars,

I ate the TV,
and drank at some bars.

I have eaten so many
marvelous things today,
and right now I am
eating some hay.

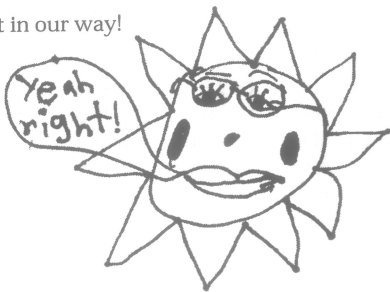


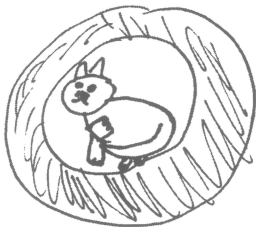
Yesterday night I got a haircut
right before the place shut!
First they washed my hair with armadillo drool,
instead of a sink, it was in a swimming pool!
There wasn't a chair, but a flamingo,
it felt sort of bumpy and very low.
Quiche told the lady, "Don't go to bed,
just dye Maddy's hair red."
"Not red, I want it striped and polka-dotted,"
said Maddy, in a strange sort of plot-ed.
And then guess what? She cut off all my hair!
And finally it was time to get out of there!

Crazy Stew

- 1 is the partridge that I get for you
- 2 is some rats you can put in your stew
- 3 is a chicken, a vegetarian one
- 4 are the cakes that are made wheat-free
- 5 is the onion squirts juice at me
- 6 are the Devils that cook meals for us
- 7 are the carrots that got here by bus
- 8 are the cats that wanted to eat
- 9 are the lions that came and ate meat
- 10 are the strands of witch hair to go in our meal
- 11 's the eggs that we touch and we feel
- 12 now this is the food that I've made for you,
So please enjoy it and come again soon!

We'll have fun at the Dells
(Do you think the water comes from wells?)
I'll slide down the slides
There will be fabulous rides
I'll eat fries every day
But certainly not HAY!
We're not going to bring the cats
But I wonder if there will be any vats?
I wish you were going to be there
Even if you do have crazy hair!
We got a lot of snow today
And it all got in our way!





A kitten? A kitten? A kitten, you say?
But how many kittens? While I am away
I worry I'll travel on home in a week
And when I get home be unable to speak
For my house will be kittenville, squeaking and
mewing,
I'll call through the door "Maddy what are you
doing?"
With kittens in rafters and kittens in walls
Kittens in kitchen and kittens in halls
Kittens in bedrooms—and kittens in beds!—
The house of all kittens, is that what you said?
And Maddy will run round and round all the house,
Refilling their food bowls, their water, their mouse...

...Six cats is okay. It's refreshing and quiet
But SIX HUNDRED KITTENS, who munch kitty diet—
They'll hide in my shoes, they'll attack all my socks,
They'll sleep in my pillow and inside the clocks.
Nope, six hundred kittens won't be any fun,
So I hope
yes I hope
that you'll get only one.

(by Neil)

Today Christy and her baby came over
So me and Anna Rose couldn't play Red Rover
We babysitted till about three
And we had a lot of fun with Little Drea-ee
We fed her crackers, crackers with ease
Actually it wasn't that easy I should say,
but maybe we could try again another day
We played and we laughed and we had lots of fun
But we only had two kids plus one
Anna Rose had to leave and that was the end
Cause Christy and her baby we-en-ent
Then I practiced my violin
And I practiced with Quiche all over again!
And that is the end of my poem to you
Write again back to me wha wha wha hoo!



You are the musician
who does the best
in your position
And I will travel
home one day
just to hear
my Maddy play
lightly row
and twinkles too
then I'll hug
and ruffle you...

(by Neil)

Today it was a boring and a fun gymnastics because it was like game day but we have them on Fridays but it is Monday because there was a thunderstorm warning so we had to sit in the hall and so we had to play games because we did not have enough time to do our gymnastics things.

But the rest of the day was good.

In Magic Schoolbus we read Inside the Hurricane. And now I am just on my way to Sing It Dance It Play It. I don't really feel like a poem in this letter.

Love,

Fishie

Surprise Poem #1

We have flowers in our garden,
I really hope they won't harden.
Quiche says there's not enough bees,
So maybe just maybe there will be more mee's.
I really, really like lady-bugs,
But they always give me big, big tugs.
Hello, hello my name is Maddy,
Now let me see, do I love my Daddy?
Boring ending.
The end.
I mean weird ending.

As you know we had a snow day, when I got up I
shouted Hooray!!!!
We made cookies today, yes today
They are reeeaaalllyyy good.
(If I do say so myself.)
We made chocolate chip and molasses
And we drank milk in glasses.
Guess what happened, just then?
We saw a monster, his name was Ken.
(We knew that because he had a name tag.)
Well, he drank all the milk and ate all the cooks-ies
And looked for more in all our recipe books.
Guess what we made him do?
The dishes and so did you.
He roared and he roared and he roared for more
And Quiche gave him a Ten Point Score.
And then the poor little monster cried
"No more cookies, my stomach is rumbling with
pride!"
He came for Cookies, and that was that
We made him leave, with a dreaded tap
That was the end of my cookie-making
It was very fun, doing the baking!



Your Dessert for Tonight

You can't eat the cupcakes we're baking tonight,
so maybe something else would be just right.
I know what you could have, just for a treat,
a lovely squawking parakeet.
Or maybe, yes, this would do—
some stuffed animals just for you.
I know you won't like cantaloupe (eww),
so maybe some lovely gooey soap.
Guess what you just said, you just said boo!
You must have been eating monster stew!
How about catfood, milk or a mouse,
We have all of them living in our house.
I know what, but it would be dinky,
How about your right hand's cute little pinky?
This is the message I would send. Now end.

TTFN (*ta ta for now*)

Dear Maddy, your poem
it made me so happy
I sang and I danced
round the room

I chuckled and sang
the doorbells I rang
I fired off the guns
with a boom

then I swam in the sea
just the fishes and me
round and round
with a sound and a whirl

your poem was funny.
Please have all my money
I love you a lot
Little girl.



(by Neil)

Happy Halloween

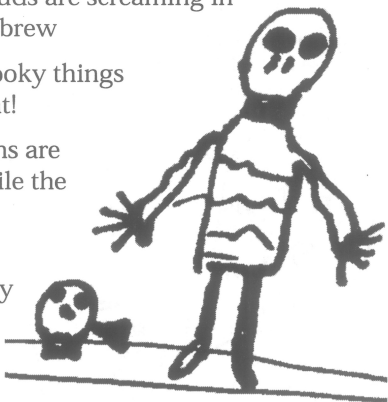
Happy Halloween, Happy Halloween, the
forest is spooky at night

And the clouds are screaming in
the witches brew

And the spooky things
want to fight!

The skeletons are
rattling, while the
ghosts are
tattling

And the only
little light is
very, very
bright!





On Halloween
The witches sing
they dance around
all in a ring
they make their spells
and boil their potions
they fly their brooms
and make commotions
They dance around
Like anything
On Halloween
When the witches sing.

On
Halloween

(by Neil)

I have some fish now in my room
I think I should have a boon,
If you could feed my fish yes every day
I would give you a little hay.

I wish
my fish
that you
were here
then I
would hug
and hold
you near
but since
you are
so far
away
I will
not see
you here
today

(by Neil)

The Circus

A Play in One Act

*Dedicated to
Ashleyjane Kneeland
&
Dominique Sorensen*

[*DRAMATIS PERSONAE*]

Amy, a clever little girl
Dad, a silly man

Ringmaster
Woman at Cake Walk
A Weak Strong Man } circus performers

Other circus performers, audience members, animals,
cake walkers

SCENE: A Circus]

Ringmaster: Hurry, hurry, hurry, the strongest man in the world, performing today! Hurry, hurry, step right up!

Amy: C'mon, Daddy, let's see the strongest man in the world!

Dad: Well, I don't know hon, and we only have eight tickets left. This cost six and you will probably spend the last two on food and drinks. Remember, we didn't bring either of those.

Amy: Oh, Daddy! Come on, let's go in.

Dad: Oh, all right.

Amy: Yes!

Dad: Oh, Amy! I don't know how you talked me into this! And these were our last tickets!

(Amy and her dad were sitting on the floor of a very small tent watching a very skinny guy, with watermelons in his suit to make it look like he had muscles. He was trying his hardest to pick up the tiniest weight and not succeeding.)

Amy: But it's funny! He's so weak! Even I could lift that weight up!

(Suddenly the ringmaster spoke.)

Ringmaster: That's all for now, folks.

Dad: Well, I'm glad that's over! And you still have two tickets left.

Amy: Silly, this is only the intermission.

Dad: How do you know?

Amy: It's simple—

(Suddenly...)

Ringmaster: Oh, silly me I forgot to mention this is only the intermission.

Dad: You mean we're seeing more of this?

Amy: Yeah, Dad that's what I meant.

Dad: Amy, let's go!

Amy: But Dad... plllleeeaaaassseeee... awww come on. Why can't we stay?

Dad: Can't you have figured that out? This is horrible!

Amy: Can I have an ice cream?

Dad: Sure. One ticket left. What do you want to spend it on?

Amy: Ummm... The Ferris Wheel?

Dad: NO!! I get sick on that thing and I'm scared of it! Remember?

Amy: Oh yeah... Ummm... What else costs one ticket?

Dad: Let's see... the penny toss, the cake walk, the tilt-a-whirl, and I think that's all.

Amy: The cake walk, I want to go to the cake walk please!

Dad: Great, then that's settled. Let's go.

Amy: Okay. The cake walk is over there. Want to race?

Dad: Sure.

Amy: On your mark, get set, go!

Dad: Well, I won that race.

Amy: How can you go that fast?

Dad: Not sure. Let's go in.

Woman at cake walk: Okay does everyone know the rules?

Everyone: YES!!!

Woman at cake walk: Then I'll start the music.

(Suddenly, the music stopped and the woman picked a number. Amy was on #5.)

Woman at cake walk: Nuuummmbbbber fffffive.

Amy: Hey, that's me!

Dad: Good job, hon!!

Woman at cake walk: Yes, good job little girl. Go pick out a cake.

Amy: Okay. Hmmmm. I think I'll pick this big, big marble cake.

Dad: Good choice, you have yourself a birthday cake. Remember it's in a few days. Let's see, it's Monday today... Ummm Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday's your birthday. And it's in three days.

Amy: I think I could have figured that out myself, Dad.

Dad: Well, I'm sorry.

Amy: I thought you would, but there's nothing to be sorry about. I won, didn't I?

Dad: Well, yes b—

Amy: Dad, look the petting zoo! Let's go! It doesn't cost anything!

Dad: Wait for me!

(Amy's dad suddenly gave someone the cake. It was the strong man but he didn't know it. The strong man dropped the cake on his foot. It hurt. He tried to run, but he just

tripped over it. When he did that the box ripped and the cake was lying in the hot open sun.)

Dad: You petted everything, Amy. Let's go get the cake. Hey, there's the weak strong man. If I had given him the cake, I bet he would have dropped it on his toe and tripped over it! Hey, why is he lying on the ground?

Amy: Dad, I think that's exactly what happened.

Dad: Oh my gosh, I gave it to him?

Amy: Yes.

Dad: Your cake!

Amy: Dad it's fine.

Dad: Okay, if you say...

Amy: Wait a sec it's ruined! Smushed!

Dad: Yes, it is.

Amy: Can we go home now?

Dad: Sure. Bye-bye birthday cake.

(Amy and her dad, whose name is Curt, went to the gate where they found a pleasant surprise....)

Woman at cake walk: Oh, there you are. I forgot if you win on #5 you get a bonus cake. Here, you got a marble cake. Bye.

Amy: Thanks.

Woman at cake walk: Anytime.

Dad: That was lovely. Let's go home.

Amy: Okay, let's.

FINIS



Maddy Gajman lives outside Minneapolis in a big house of uncertain location. She writes stories, poems and sometimes songs on an old blue clipboard belonging to her Daddy, which was found for her after the stories started appearing on just about anything lying around the office.

She is learning to play the violin, and after a year is nearly to the end of Suzuki Book 3. She has performed at the Minnesota Renaissance Festival and bought her own lunches, sweets and sand bottles from the proceeds. Her favorite bands are Kit and Kaboodle, the Magnetic Fields, the Oysterband and They Might Be Giants (NO!).

Maddy will also read anything she can get her hands on. Some of the authors she likes best are Dianna Wynne Jones, Edward Eager, Daniel Pinkwater, Roald Dahl, C.S. Lewis and E. Nesbit. And the man who finished *Coraline* for her.

She has read all the *Ramonas*, *Junie B. Jones'*, *Bailey School Kids*, *Magic School Busses* and the *Pippis*. At night before bed she listens to either *Anne of Green Gables* or *Journey to the River Sea* by Eva Ibbotson, depending on who is doing the reading that night, her Quiche or her Daddy.

Maddy is in the third grade, which she enjoys. She is in her own spelling group, gets A's in math and is the instigator of much mischief on the playground. If you ask her what she is going to be when she grows up she will tell you an Artist, a Writer, an Actress and a Musician, and maybe a few other things just to make it all interesting.

She is eight years old and tends to need her hair brushed.