



The *Pet Sounds* Connection: When All Things Come Alive

La conexión *Pet Sounds*: cuando todas las cosas cobran vida

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Abstract

Clashes with convention are necessary steps for the evolution of any human discipline. Here, the standard form of scientific paper is being challenged by producing a paper written unorthodoxly, in the form of a poem. The tone and the message of the paper written in free verse are inspired by the 1966 pop record, *Pet Sounds*, specifically in terms of its taking on a quiet, introvert route in a corporate musical world demanding the kicks and the clamor of rock 'n' roll and related genres. The paper is divided into three parts, the first of which, written by the senior author, is introductory. It outlines the objective of the work and sets the mood for the rest. The second part portrays children's play in an improvised pet house, by including the lines of their dialogue, rearranged into a poem by the senior author. The third part closes the circle, as it explicates the findings and concludes the study. The focus of the latter is on two children, a boy and a girl, aged 9 and 6, respectively, at play—with and without plush toys in their playroom. Experimentation involved measuring children's happiness and degrees of liveliness and interactivity during play with and without the presence

of 64 plush pets in their immediate environment. The parameters descriptive of happiness, liveliness, and interactivity were taken as proportional to the number of times children smiled, gestured, and made contact, whether physically, with their eyes, or through objects held in their hands, per the unit of time. The results demonstrate that the presence of pets makes children happier, more animated, and more interactive. Conforming to these observations, the content is centered around the idea that plush pets, as in *Toy Story*, must be alive, and with them, everything inanimate in our worlds, should it only be seen with the eye of the children's hearts.

Resumen

Los choques con la convención son pasos necesarios para la evolución de cualquier disciplina humana. Aquí, la forma estándar del artículo científico se desafía al producir un artículo escrito de manera poco ortodoxa, en forma de poema. El tono y el mensaje del artículo, escrito en verso libre, están inspirados en el álbum de pop de 1966, *Pet Sounds*, específicamente por su enfoque silencioso e introvertido en un mundo musical corporativo que demandaba el ritmo y el

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estruendo del rock 'n' roll y géneros relacionados. El artículo se divide en tres partes: la primera, escrita por el autor principal, es introductoria. En ella se esboza el objetivo del trabajo y se establece el ambiente para el resto. La segunda parte retrata el juego de los niños en una casa improvisada para mascotas, incluyendo líneas de su diálogo, reorganizadas en forma de poema por el autor principal. La tercera parte cierra el círculo, ya que explica los hallazgos y concluye el estudio. El enfoque de esta última sección está en dos niños, un niño y una niña, de 9 y 6 años respectivamente, jugando —con y sin juguetes de peluche— en su sala de juegos. La experimentación involucró medir la felicidad, los grados de vitalidad y la interactividad de los niños durante el juego, tanto en presencia

como en ausencia de 64 mascotas de peluche en su entorno inmediato. Los parámetros descriptivos de felicidad, vitalidad e interactividad se tomaron como proporcionales al número de veces que los niños sonreían, gesticulaban y establecían contacto —ya sea físico, visual o a través de objetos sostenidos en sus manos— por unidad de tiempo. Los resultados demuestran que la presencia de las mascotas hace que los niños sean más felices, más animados e interactivos. En conformidad con estas observaciones, el contenido se centra en la idea de que las mascotas de peluche, como en *Toy Story*, deben estar vivas, y que, junto con ellas, todo lo inanimado en nuestros mundos puede cobrar vida, siempre y cuando se mire con el ojo del corazón de los niños.

Chapter I

'Close your eyes
and I'll throw pets at you',
she goes and it comes in waves,
the waves of poetry in motion
in this first of all research papers
written in verse, irregular and involute
like the paths we cross
on these calamitous days.

Tiptoeing slowly
across the perimeter
of the castle,
and then down through the dark
dungeons
that corridors of science are,
we are.

Suddenly,
the walls
start to close in
and this soul
feels squished,
sandwiched,
sardined,
pickled between the cans
of the boomers and the zoomers,
the timeworn and the nascent,

the setting and the dawning,
sniffed by the lips
flaming with the licks
of cash, carry, career,
standard, stiffen, suppress,
suit, stock, freeze,
while all we have is
these words
for swords,
to break free.

Broke,
empty-pocketed,
nearly belly-up,
we get squirted out,
and are back behind the fort,
far from the citadel's heart.

The night is dark.
It is only us.

The moon smiles,
the stars true up,
the time is now.

I remember *Pet Sounds*¹.
In a world where everybody
wanted rock, kick and swing

1 The Beach Boys. (1966). *Pet sounds* [song]. Capitol

of bats and bodies alike,
the boys of the sea went quiet,
toning it all down.

Turn around they did
and went the other way;
quietly, like the saint hearing
the whisper of *Quo Vadis Domine*,
they went back,
to counter the mainstream,
with which dead bodies flowed.

And so upstream they went
by being free to be down,
proving themselves alive
by playing dead,
proving also all things dead undead.

Pet Sounds was made
with childhood remorse,
through dark clouds of evanescence,
in familial apostasy,
by pining for the poetry of seraphs,
on church pews and naves,
in casual verse,
and we make this paper,
this pastiche for pets
and all things childlike
in soul,
this way, too.

But now that the music
has taken off,
lulling us on its waves,
undertows and swells,
we glide on it
and come to your embrace.

Is this our happy hour,
having her juggle ice-creams in her hands,
Africa in the air
and her face brighter than the sky,
every evening star lined up on it.

A moment to remember.

The sun to a cranny,
a cranny to the sun,
and then all over again.

The plush duck under her arms,
she talks to it, offers it ice-cream;
it is alive in her eyes,
themselves livelier than life.

How children make the toys
come alive, ain't that cool,
to raise from the dead
with the twinkle of the eye.

The thunder strikes,
the lightning pelts,
we cling to each other
under a blanket of pets,
the only time I feel safe.

Pets protect us.

'What will you be
when you grow up'?
'Grow up?
Grow down', says the boy.
'A pet doctor', says the girl.

To take care of pets
is all that we must do.
Never stop taking care.
Pet theories are in the air.

'Come, pony, It's free hug shop'.
'Hurry, come out of the castle'.
'Shhh shhh', we are the pet sounds.
We make it still and quiet
in a world wanting to shake, rattle and roll.
Shhhh.

Cover us with a blanket
and build a house,
and call it a pet house.
We will play in it
until
the starlings come home.

People crave pent houses
but ours are pet houses we dream of,
that fit all our dreams in.
Snuggle, sneak, squish.

In this world within the world
we hide, we go quiet,
for pet sounds we search
in the sphere of science this time,
the peak being the same,
not that of power and wealth,
for rich are not our next of kin.
Rather, with pets on our side,
we dive deep into all things poor,
'cause their worlds have become ours, too.

Huggies and kisses,
they wake up,
him rubbing a plush bear
against her nose.
'She wants me to wake her up with pets', says he,
and I nod.

When children are not around,
sometimes,
I sneak into the pet house,
all by myself.
A blanket stretched
over a cushion and a chair
is all that it takes.

This silence inside
is mesmerizing.
I have nowhere to turn around.
Buried in pets I am,
and the cosmos and the underworld,
the past and the future,
the passed and the unborn,
speak to me.

But the children are the world,
and when they speak,
the world trembles
with wonder and love.

Hence, here comes the real stuff,
the segment written by children alone,
from alpha to omega,
with cherry on iota,
squeezed,
symbolically,
between two other parts,
like I squeeze children
and their pets
in an embrace
that is larger than life.

Children's pet play,
Chapter II,
fits in the middle,
while my lines,
Chapters I and III,
hug it fondly,
the way I hug children
and their play,
a most precious treasure
under this cathedral rooftop
and the canopy of stars.

A phrase each night,
just before sleep,
enters my ears,
and I mark it down.
During the day, too,
as the children play,
they utter lines
I catch through the air
lest they fly away.
This is how this middle part,
children's from head to toe,
has come to life.

Wrapped around it
is an homage
to a quiet and slow
suburban scene
where nothing really happens,
like on the dark,
enchanted grooves

of a record
where nothing
turns itself inside out
and becomes a statement
far, far greater than its content.

In the midst of this quiet,
research is described,
performed,
reported,
diligently.
cogently
cosmically.

I will tell you not
what this research is about yet,
but I will measure things
as the children's play goes on
and conclude what I conclude.

From now on, may pets be all around,
may they rule it all.
They, who come alive
when we are not around,
then get quiet, like all things
wanting to be lulled,
fondled,
played with,
and deep down,
down,
down,
down,
loved.

Chapter II

II.1. The party

Pets are trying
to find the pet house.

This is a tiny little house
with a tiny little room.
Let's grab
some stairs for chairs.

Welcome to
the beautiful
pet house.
Open the window.
Turn on the radio.

We made this
like a little house.
Here's a trunk
and here's a storage unit.
I even have
a bed for you.

Don't mind
if you smell
a rabbit on it.
Many pets
have run over it.

This is the squish wall
and this the blanket
to make it warm.

We even have
friends over here.
Ponies are inside the house,
bunnies are in the spa.

Bunnies,
here is a donut
for you.

One for talent,
one for gardening,
one for passion,
one for imagination.

I am Skippy,
and I am Jumpy,
and I Aurora Bitty.
We are free
bunnies for sale.

Oh, Skippy,
you get skippy heart,
you get crushed.

Bee-boop-bee-boop,
he-he-he-he-he.

And you?
Are you a squish mellow?
A marshmallow?
Stripey?
Sparkles?
Truffles?
No, but I love you.

Here is the room
for pusheens and squishies.
How big is it?
Bigger than rainbow.

Hello, Hammy.
Hi, everyone.
Am I a squish
or am I a mellow?
Can you play with me?
You can hug me
and squish me
and bring me to a show.

Cute little sillies,
this is going
to be our hideout.
I think the coast is clear
if you touch squish mellow.

Messenger five,
our train
is leaving at night.
I want you
to deliver
wonderblast contract
to Chestnut.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
I heard the whistle.
I thinks it's my train.
I just realize
I didn't say goodbye.

We have to take the train
and follow the map

to get to
cherry orchard.

Birdie, board the train.
There is no more
cookies in town.

Camelot train,
look at these cherries
I can eat.

Don't you dare
eat me,
a broken chocolate
dream.

Sunny little bunny,
let's jump the train.
This is the bunny Olympics,
this is national bunny day,
and I want
million minutes.

Should we call it
pentillion? Or heptillion?
Or petpillion.
That is it.

I got the lucky charm.
I got 8.
Infinity.

I am the king
and nobody
can stop the king.
Here, your king.
Here, your highness.
I am a snail.
This is the way
to stop me.

Hello everyone.
Hello ew.
Hello ew,
stop copying me.
Yes. No. Yes. No.
Would you rather?

Don't you dare.
Would you rather?
Don't you dare.
Your paint
sometimes dries.

Do you want to?
Do you want to?
Do you want to
get kicked
out of the house?
Thank you for axing.

Laughter,
laughter,
I'll crush you
into pieces.

It is a coconut.
Break it in half.

Don't break in.
This is my secret chest.
It's gone.
It went to nearby trees.

Did you forget
it's a birthday party?
It's Skippy's and Queenie's
and Pony's birthday.

One second.
Skippy will fly
over the birthday sign.
We are starting
the party.

You say disco,
I say party.
Disco, disco,
party, party.
Let me start this over.

I wanna join in.
I get a century plate,
a few fans,

a remote control,
and a commodore.

You can get kazoo,
drum, cloud,
fireplace, slingshot,
a mouse, a trumpet,
this lovely gnome
and his goofy hat
that's rumbling, trembling.
You can get a star.

Let's party.
It's always time
to celebrate.
Eventually we will
rise the sun.

Meow, meow,
hee-haw, hee-haw,
bee-bee beep,
tippity-toppity-bop,
boo-boo blah.
Aye hahaha yi,
ha-shoo-shoo-shoe.

Two blocks on the side.
It is 9 am.
I was cooking,
and I spilled
a whole oil jar on me.

Hello, hello, hello.
We have a new
restaurant.
All food is free.

We have cereal
and milk,
carrots and soybeans,
rainbow goldfish
and juice.

Come in our house
and explore.
We haven't eaten
the cake yet.

This is the cake,
eat the cake,
then open the presents,
then we have your party.

Here's your soup
and there's only
one noodle.

One scoop of rice
and one sushi roll.
It flew away.

Pie machine:
give me a pie.
Bake, done.
We should give her
frosting on the face.

I see stars.
The world
is a big place.
If it strikes midnight,
a giant clock will ring.

You know,
we'll place the blocks.
We can stay here for years.

Any props?
Please stand by.
I'm recording bloopers.
Ignore the whisper.

Question mark,
question mark.
Now being serious.

No means yes
and yes
means yes.

Morning.
This is my room.
Time to go rest.

If you need to scream,

do it.
I will sleep
in peace.
Zzz, zzz,
snore, snore.

No sleep in my bed.
Here's a catch,
sugar spoon.

You wanna be free?
Go back in the house.
We live in a forest,
there's tigers outside.
We have to hide you.

I'm from a different planet.
I wanna get a dragon.
And, you know,
I bite sometimes.

Do you wanna
do a play?
Choose the color.
This is my color:
rainbow.

Here's your tiger.
Gimme it.
Sit on it.

I can touch it.
I promise
I'll be careful.

There's a dangerous
volcano.
It's erupting
right now.

Stealer, stealer,
pumpkin eater.
Time out again.
No verses allowed.

Marshmallow, are you
inside the egg?

I have one million
describers.

I am working
on 2 play 2.

Shield for
marshmallows.
They are colorful,
still,
at midnight.

Twilinana,
banana mush,
magical king buffles,
come here.
This is swimming clash.

You see this ocean?
Your mommy is traveling
on a ship.
You are floating
through the ocean.

You see
a desert island
on your baby horse
or duckling.
It's the birds
singing happily,
passing fruits,
with these wings flapping
floppity-flop,
going out to sea.

Just wondering,
where did you get
water from?
From wells and ocean.
Tap it again.
Make the molecules
of life.

Knock, knock,
who is there?
We have mazes.
Can I go in?
You are too tiny;

you are going
to get lost.

All,
let's play
hide and seek.
Pseudo Orangey, Garby,
Hedgehog, Birdy,
Giraffy, Narwhaly,
Jumbo Burrow Bunny,
you're supposed
to follow me.

This is a new
part of the zoo.
And this
a hidden moon yard.

Your name is
Deep Flower.
I am Water Wall.
Supernovas are enabled.
Dancing watermelons, too.

Laughing out loud.
Laughing out loud.

I was drawing
a little picture.
I close the book.
It tells me
what words to say.

These words.
There is a plot,
but the plot
is not really there.

Again from again.
They started snow
and snow
gets higher and higher.

It's multiple languages
on top of languages
on top of languages.

Things you can discover.

A fortune ball.
It tells your future.
I like to
look at the sky.

Raising this rain
is harder than you think.
But for the flowers
to grow,
the wing we must make.

Now stop hiding.
It is raining
hot dogs
and I am
the rain bell.

Such
a
beautiful
day.

And now
it's a dance party.
Oh darling,
spin in circle.
You play with Doodles,
I'll play risk-it
with Bisquit.

Look at this move,
poopy star.
Chubby cheek,
kiss me.
Dance to the elbow
with my knee,
bee bah bee bah bye,
hoo-goo huggies yay.

I'm gonna be
an Oort cloud.
I'm gonna be
a ducky dinosaur.
I'm gonna be
one of the dancing.

I'm gonna be the sun.

Pillow fight,
pillow fight,
we always go
round and round,
through the end,
through the sun.

Pause, pause, pause,
pretty please,
with toy boats
and chocolate creamies
and extra sprinkles
on top.
Look at all this candy
I've got.

Pretty distractions.
Free cupcakes for all.
Save mine
(for later).

Yummy, yummy,
you are
a chubby cheek.
You are a punny riddle.
You are
back in my house.

Knock, knock.
We live in a cave
but it is
quite nice.

Can I claim this angel castle?
No.
I'll just zip line
over there.
It'll make rainbow.

Can someone help me?
I need you to follow me.
I am big.
I want to
climb higher.

I am gonna
make myself a chair.
I'm gonna see
your heart at the top.
You can go above it.

Wait,
hold
on.

Where is Jumpy?
Hi, Jumpy.
What are you doing,
Jumpy?

No one wants to play with me.
I am just a bunny
and nobody likes me.

They all likes you:
Pony and Unicorn,
Skippy and Little Bear,
little Golden Rainbow Ginger.

Let me tell you something, Jumpy.
This is rock and your paper
is this shoe.
You laugh.
Granny Dog wins the first round,
Truffles lands on you.

Jump into volcano,
fall into a cliff,
go into space,
sail across the ocean,
dream of marshmallows,
build chocolate kingdom
on this island.
I am pretending
I was sleeping
all this time.

You get the solar system,
You get the exploration,
the exitorium.
You have reached the earth.

I choose bottom.
I choose top.
Levitate
but
keep on touching
the ground.

II.2. The storm

Hey Jumpy, I am back.
Why are you upside down?
You, the first member
of the little squad,
the maker of secret memories.
But why you sad,
sadie face?

I have everything,
but I don't have
my friends.

She disappeared.
I lost my she-shell.
Walls are dirty and
I miss my friends.

I'm left alone
to see in the dark.
Everybody
forgot about me.

This is the sadie corner.
We're just singing
the cryee song.

I am walking
for million years
and no one
wants to hug me.
I want friende.

He is sad.
Teddy pillow is sad
and crying.
You are thirty two apples,
twenty five waffles,

flowers, icicles,
that.

Hey Queenie,
I have lollipops.
Why is every pet crying?

Scary, scary, huggy, huggy,
says lil' Skippy.
I am gonna leave
Petlandia forever.

Don't forget,
there's a big storm coming.
It's too scary.

There is thunderstorm
that is going to happen.
We need to build a shelter,
guard the area.

Come to the pet house.
It's the safest place.
Protect the newborn baby.

This is only
in your dreams.
I'll always be by you.
We will always be going
until you go.

I need to get out.
There's thunderstorm coming.
We need to protect
these two littlies.

Skippy and Chubby,
do you like each other?
Doodles, I know you're scared.
It's not time.
Turn off the light.

It's flashing red.
Thunderstorm
is about to come.
Every pet, hide.

You two stay together
with bunnies.
Everybody get in,
quickly.
How about we all
stick together?

There may not be enough room.
We need the little ones.
I want you
to get in there.

I will tell
Pegasus pony
to go on a lockdown.
We need to go
to safety.

Pets, do you like it
in the tent?
Hold the blanket.
I am gonna
keep you safe.

Everybody, hide.
Get under something,
quickly.

Come to the protection
from all the danger
in the world.

Sweetie bell,
hide in the basement.
I see nemesis.

Thunderstorm is happening.
The totem disintegrates.
Truffles, don't move
anywhere.

Come up, I know
where you are.
There's a big storm coming.

Chaos is already happening
in the world.

Celestia, I did not mean
all this to happen.

I am the princess
of the sunset.
I started all this mess.
I accidentally took the crown
away from the heart
and the universe.
That causes
the storm to happen.

Stand up strong.
I am not
the king anymore.

We are not
over the moon.
Moon is over us.

Run fast,
race the moon,
make a heart in the sky.

To make the stars appear,
to make it bright.
Thunder, come out.

How long
are we away from home?
20,000 years?
3 million years?
One minute?

Lovey has been out
in the thunderstorm.
The pet house
is literally shaking.

The pets fade.
Moss is on the stone.
Everything
is not the part of you.

Jumpy, are you scared?
Pets, pets,
are you okay?

Pets are scared.
Everybody scared.

Doodles, you are the best
doggie in the world.
Blueberry, you are the best
bunny in the world.
Hey pets,
you are the best
pets in the world.
This is to keep you safe.

Pets,
please stay cover
in the pet house.
Real thunder,
welcome to the pet house.

The sun weighs
two decillion grams.
It is really big.

I had a dream.
I am in a castle,
battling using pets
as weapons and shields.

Teddy Pie is my sword
I throw across the castle,
Unipig is yours.
Yellow Toothie
and Pinkie Toothie
are our shields.

We need to
destroy the castle,
throw away the guards.

At the end of the staircase,
in a secret passageway,
and I opened it.
Can you notice
this moving wallpaper?

This is supposed to be
Yellow Dragon.

He has the heart
of melted iron.

Dragon's heart
is big as dark,
and cold it is.

Wait a minute.
It is hollow.
This is just empty.

Go inside the cage.
Someone let me
inside the cage.

I am in a cage.
I'm trapped.
I got bitten
by the dragon.

Somebody,
help me.
I will fall
down the cliff.
I need all the help
I can get.

I want to see
what's down there.
There is lava down there.

There is no solid ground.
You will fall down
in a cliff.

Don't go there.
You'll go
to the sky dimension.

I must go down
further.
I must go down
to save my friends
from the dungeon.

This should open
a secret passageway.

We have to wait
until the tunnel.

Help me,
I need a ladder.
It is so mountainy.
We need to break through
the castle roof.
Where is our ladder?

I am falling
off the edge.
I'm burning.
I am turning
to molten cookie.

Me
sunny
trapped
world
abyss.
Evacuate the empire.
Run.
Save the heart.
I will be there
only once.

I can't hear you.
The wall is
all the way there.
I am in the underground
tunnel.

TNT trap is being sent
to blow up
everything.
I have the power
to burn.

Shoot cannon with lava balls.
Mess up the system.
I can turn your castle
to moss.

I would be blind.
You're sinking
into the ground.

My legs are disappearing.
I am shaking.

Fragile, what does
fragile mean?
Your universe
will fall into pieces.

The shadow moves.
The only way
to knock it off
is to get my wings.

Meanwhile,
in salt land,
everything
is floating
in sea of tears.

Follow me.
I am blind.
No one can see me.

Did you change
your vision?
I only see particles.
I'm getting
everything into my chest.
The only thing
I care about
is kindness.

The stars disappeared.
Thunderstorm
is still going on.

You can carry the pets.
Skippy, Jumpy
and, best of all,
the Mommy Bunny.
All the other pets
are hiding in my basket.

Forgiving
is the most important thing.
I feel magical,
with hearts and love.

I can move hell
a million miles away.
I am the god of heaven.
I am the god of gods.
Counting the darkest point.

I won't be able to handle this.
I am not a pro.
Hell and heaven are fighting.
They are dark.
I will crumble
into little pieces.

Let me go to sleep.
My voice
can barely fly.

Discord, give her back now.
I will protect you.
If I say ring-a-ring-a-ring,
I won't die.
Bye, bye.

Are you still
healing?
You can't see.
Her heart
is beating.

Come to life,
come to life.
Wakie wakie time.
The bloom is
at your heart.

Are you awake?
Look at me.
We pack things up.
We merge things.
With magic in your heart,
with magic in the air.
Wake up, twilight.

Oh, she woke up.
Light the portal
with the flint.

Save the world
with me.

I love you, twilight.
I will save the world
with my prettyful magic wand.

Speak, twilight.
Go with the rainbow.
The sun and the moon,
I am
controlling it.

It keeps so small,
and everything
keeps it together.
But it is not enough.

There's vines growing.
There's vines coming out of
planet Earth.
Twilight explodes
in pieces.

Pet toys,
wheels,
popsicles,
buckets of water,
keep on falling out.

It is portal time,
sassy bakka.
Free portal
leading to
new dimension.

For the final finale.
Is the universe
self-destructing?

We are.
We are.
We are
detecting chaos readings.
Keep calm.
Hello.
Healing

must have
worn away.

Error
conjunction
robot
machine
resetting
alert.
All buttons are scrambled.

Something's wrong
with the binary code
of computer
of life.

Healing ground,
healing ground.
Room,
random number,
9,862,718,
376,281,941,
180,250,710,215,199.
Got you, Discord,
smash you to the cake.

Use the dirt.
Throw me into trash.
Give me a horn.
Give me the air power.

They wrote
the magic word.
Take care.
The whole dimension
starts to shut down.

Time is up.
Teleport
to another dimension.

I am going
superfast reverse,
I am doing
supersonic dash.
Hidden dimension

has altered.
I think we entered
24th millionth dimension.
We went too far.
We are in empty space
in time with nothing.

III.3. The sky

What is this giant flash?
It sucks you in.
I hit the wall and then
I fell
through the ground
and I landed
in a toy world.
Do you want to see?

This is not
desert anymore.
This is little pet kingdom.

Fog is slowly
disappearing.
Thunderstorm is over.
It's not raining
in the pet world.

Hey, cloud factory.
We are here.
There is so many
win-ups in the sky.

There's a bird,
so what are you
going to do with it?

It's a birdie,
with a harmony
and the king.
The king is you.

I will help it.
Come on down,
come on down,
shy.

I am a birdie.
I love every pet.
Protect this tree
for the loving
of the world
behind you.

Welcome to the pet universe,
where you have to take care
of every pet.

You are a cute bunny
and I will
name you
Golden Heart.

You can go with me,
forever.

Let's go,
Golden Heart.
Hurry.
Spirit is in the barn.

There is nothing you can do
but to go
into the sun
and make the sunset.

Looks like
I'm on the top.
It is mountain,
five hundred million feet
above the air.

I will stay here
forever.

Thunder is over.
Now you can breathe.

I wanna see
the whole world again.

I think I see Andromeda.
Do I see Petlandia?

We are in a
completely different universe.

OMG, is that heaven?
I think I see you.
I think it's a
shooting star.

It's beautiful.
It's all good.
Here is the light.
I am flying
up into the sky.

Clearing the sky,
clearing the sky.
I am in space,
I am somewhere
in the sky.

I am invisible,
invisible,
like I don't exist.

What would you do
if you get turned
into a cloud?
I would let
wind take me.

I am going to stay
in the clouds.
I am going
to stay here.
Heaven is not earth.
Heaven can be...
anywhere?

Can I ask you
something?
When someone
goes to heaven,
where do
the pets go?

Pets are here
and pets want

to show you something.
It's a throne.
Jumpy and Skippy
are sitting there.

Mommy Bunny is here, too.
And bears.

How big is Teddy Bear?
He is bigger than Neptune.
He can cover
all of Andromeda.

Welcome to pet kingdom,
where every little pet
deserves to stay.

It's a little kingdom.
We are living
in a cloud.

Hey, Golden Heart,
we made it
to the other side.

Look at the sky,
look at the smile,
look at the day.
Goes 'round,
goes 'round,
goes 'round.
All the time
passes by.

Wake up,
it's daytime.
Open the door now.
I made a little
heaven cloud.

Oh god,
I have wings.
We're on a cloud.
We are levitating.

Look at the rocks...
...the cliff.

Angel jumping
when I
am in the sky.

Fly, fly.
Time to fly.
We will fly
into the sky.

We will
get free stars.
We will
make a wish,
but don't tell
anyone.

I am in
the wonder vaults.
There's a cloud
and there's a lily pad
that bounces you.

It launches you
sideways.
That's how
the circle of life
goes.

I will be
a midnight bird today.
Tomorrow I will be
a daytime bird.
The day after tomorrow
I will be
the sunset bird.
We are following
the birds.

I'm standing
on the cloud.
I am not
even scared anymore.
Now you have infinity,
I keep the fair wing
in harmony.

I can see
your wings move.
Sometimes I can fly
up and down.

You know
you are not a human.
This is just the dream
and I
look like a baby.

Spirit, you are
going to heaven.
Are you joining
the bunnies?
Are you going
to be an angel?

Angel is the end.
Beautiful, beautiful
sparkles
and rainbow on top.

Look at the top.
Look at your head.
Look at this other
crown I have.

It's infinite egg.
I cracked the shelter.
Hello, goodbye.
You may pass your crown.

Fly,
your majesty.
Fly,
your beautiful crown.

We are going
to rule the world.
Circles,
and golden things.

Look at the love.
Sun raising the sun,
opening wings
to the light.

Everywhere you go,
it could be something new.
Everywhere you go,
something new will appear.

We are ready,
we are ready.
Air phoenix,
dragons and unicorns,
mythical creatures,
the most beautiful,
float in the air,
I am on my way.

The bells are ringing.
My wings are shaking.
Birds dance to the song.
Chirp, chirp.
Buzz, buzz.
Choo-choo-da-choo.

Keep the song
in your heart
and look
at the light in you.

It's showing you
the way.
It's opening
your eyes.

Here I sing:
Birds are red,
violets are blue,
happy mother's day
to you.

I can't wait to see you.

Starshine,
time to go
back home.

Door opening.

Do you remember?
Happy smile forever.

Do you want to play
squish melloes?
You and me?

Here's the
rainbow squish.
Huggie, huggie.
You are in heaven now.

Chapter III

The children,
alive in their worlds,
played,
and this catcher in the rye,
a cumulonimbus in pantaloons,
gloomier than the grime,
deader than the rock,
from the edge of the cliff,
watched
and marked and made graphs,
and this watching made him alive.

From the treasure trove
of children's play,
a poem was born,
in three parts;
first 'twas the party,
then came the roam
through the sepulchral castle
and the storm spent in a Noah's ark,
and only thereafter
did resurrection occur
and kingdom was found,
of pets and of eternal childhood,
of angels and bunnies
strolling hand-in-hand,
of laughter and lullabies,
of beauty of sirens
and of stars above.

The circle got closed,
the ending merging

with the beginnings,
the resolution
touching the preludes,
as it ever should,
sprinkling the fountains of youth
over these peevish palms
and willowy arms.

Full circle was made,
starting from the play,
then descending into darkness
and the turmoil
and the tremor of the earth,
but then emerging to the light
and the great heights
of a heaven in sight,
wherefrom play began once again,
taking us back to the start
and saying,
Heaven is children's play,
and it is right here,
right now,
so play,
children,
play,
play
like tomorrow
will never come.

In the end,
pardon, the beginning,
this is how
we light up this darkness
of Dantean middles,
hellishly bleak,
that life is a journey to:
by blessing it
with children's play
and wrapping it up
into a tight
and cozy package -
a pried papery pipers'
dream
of eternity to behold.

As children played,
the researcher on the quest

for beautiful research
did not take his eyes off of them,
yet he researched,
with verve and vim,
engaging in that thing
that he loves the most,
not to build on paradigms
from a paper or two,
but to quench the thirst
of curiosity
that is grander than life.

What we know
from prior research
is that through pretend
and make-believe play
with character pets in their hands,
children learn to communicate²,
to share³,
to transcend the limits
of a situation⁴,
to blur fantasy with reality⁵,
to strew things thick
with the magic of animism⁶,
to plasticize the mind⁷,
to empathize with another⁸,
to emotionalize⁹,

- 2 Kasáčová, B., & Krnáčová, I. (2018). Research on children: Qualitative way to recognise children's pre-concepts of the social world. In V. M. M. Bahtina (Ed.), *Психологический Vademecum* (pp. 242–252). ВГУ имени П. М. Машерова.
- 3 Lillard, A. S., Pinkham, A. M., & Smith, E. (2011). Pretend play and cognitive development. In U. Goswami (Ed.), *The Wiley-Blackwell handbook of childhood cognitive development* (pp. 285–311). Blackwell.
- 4 Singer, D., & Singer, J. L. (2005). *Imagination and play in the electronic age*. Harvard University Press.
- 5 Marks-Tarlow, T. (2010). The fractal self at play. *American Journal of Play*, 3(1), 31–62.
- 6 Heljakka, K. (2023). Objects of resilience: Plush perspectives on pandemic toy play. In A. Beresin & J. Bishop (Eds.), *Play in a COVID frame: Everyday pandemic creativity in a time of isolation* (pp. 143–166). Open Book Publishers. Heljakka, K. (2023). Objects of resilience: Plush perspectives on pandemic toy play. In A. Beresin & J. Bishop (Eds.), *Play in a COVID frame: Everyday pandemic creativity in a time of isolation* (pp. 143–166). Open Book Publishers.
- 7 Smolucha, L., & Smolucha, F. (1998). The social origins of mind: Post-Piagetian perspectives on pretend play. In O. N. Saracho & B. Spodek (Eds.), *Multiple perspectives on play in early childhood education* (pp. 34–58). State University of New York Press.
- 8 Smirnova, E. O. (2011). Character toys as psychological tools. *International Journal of Early Years Education*, 19(1), 35–43.
- 9 Gjersoe, N. L., Hall, E. L., & Hood, B. (2015). Children attribute mental lives to toys when they are emotionally attached to them. *Cognitive Development*, 34, 28–38.

sensitize¹⁰,
 poetize and anti-authorize¹¹,
 to explore¹² and research
 life, themselves,
 in ways a million
 times more lyrical
 than the first and only time
 someone tried
 to fold the paper
 into an iambic boat¹³
 that'd wait for us,
 standing by this shore,
 half a century later,
 to be revived,
 breathed life into
 and made sail
 past the mountains
 of mortal mundanities
 and past cyclopes
 standing atop
 their lofty peaks¹⁴,
 ensuring no vessel
 bearing chests of poetry
 passes through
 lest it find itself
 in the arms
 and squishy hugs
 of angels
 in and out
 of this world
 and another.

But how the plushies
 in children's hands

translate to smiles
 and happiness
 and how they enrich
 the giving and taking
 of those energies incommensurable
 that extend from child to child,
 from me to you,
 has remained veiled
 by the shades that speak secret,
 in an even deeper
 secret of which,
 the answer sashays.

All in all,
 as the threefold play
 was played,
 three graphs were drawn
 and merged into two,
 like us,
 the two holies and the hole,
 the spectacles and the spectator,
 as we wobble across spaces,
 a furry ball with eyes for hands
 for flips and flops to pet.

We go up,
 we go down,
 but we always come around.

Smiles are more
 when pets are here,
 and so are gestures
 and the contacts,
 by far, far, far.

Life, in short,
 flares up
 when pets abound.
 So, at least,
 say [Figures 2](#) and [1](#).

Why that,
 you may wonder,
 when pets are lifeless matter
 and only life can breed more life,
 but invert our gazes we must at times,

10Jeong, S., Breazeal, C., Logan, D., & Weinstock, P. (2018). Hug-gable: The impact of embodiment on promoting socio-emotional interactions for young pediatric inpatients. In *Proceedings of the 2018 CHI Conference on Human Factors in Computing Systems* (pp. 1–13). Association for Computing Machinery.

11Rougé, E. (2020). A poetics of anti-authoritarianism: Child-animal relationships in *Peanuts* and *Calvin and Hobbes*. In M. Ahmed (Ed.), *Strong bonds: Child-animal relationships in comics* (pp. 225–238). University of Liege Press.

12Peretti, P. O., & Sydney, T. M. (1984). Parental toy choice stereotyping and its effects on child toy preference and sex-role typing. *Social Behavior and Personality*, 12(2), 213–216.

13Bunnett, J. F., & Kearley, F. J. Jr. (1971). Comparative mobility of halogens in reactions of dihalobenzenes with potassium amide in ammonia. *Journal of Organic Chemistry*, 36(1), 184–186.

14Homer. (1919). *The Odyssey* (A. T. Murray, Trans.). Harvard University Press. (Original work published ca. 8th century BCE).



Figure 1. Playroom floor when children played with no plush pets in the room (a) and playroom floor brimming with plush pets when children played with them (b). Play under the conditions represented by (a) and (b) corresponds to the “no pet” control and the “pet” experimental group, respectively, in [Figure 2](#).

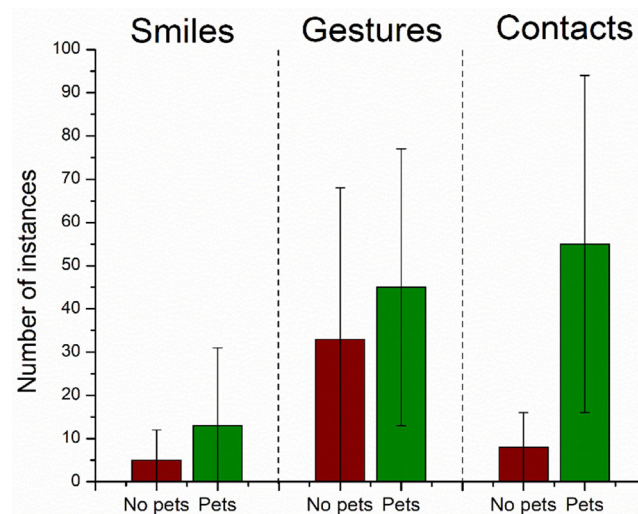


Figure 2. Number of times children smiled, gestured and made contacts with each other within 5 min measurement timeslots when they were surrounded with pets in their pet house as compared to when they were no pets around. The control group, i.e., “no pets”, and the experimental group, i.e., “pets”, correspond to playroom settings shown in [Figure 1a](#) and [Figure 1b](#), respectively.

turn ourselves upside down,
to see things right.

For nothing,
really nothing
may not be alive.
How children see the world
is with life in all
in their eye.

Soul in all, soul in all,
the poet cried,
and we kiss and carol today

at this P.S. connection
and the idea
that everything's alive.

Be here now,
at the finish line,
for it's time to turn around
and see things in brighter light.

The central part of this paper,
the one where children play,
the one that children wrote,
squished between two other parts

like a pet in children's arms,
is where its heart really is,
and the treasure for us to find.

Wings are earned
and clouds of heaven
get to be walked on
by the littlies
when the littlies
protect things
of even littler stature,
alive or not,
from thunder and peril;
so says this middle part
assembled by this petty poet
from lines spoken by children
as they played with pets,
caringly,
carelessly,
like a cross piercing the sky
and digging the earth,
all at once.

Children's play is the best,
a guiding star, so we say.
The heart of life
and of science, too,
it ought to be,
declare we,
and drop dead,
but remain
livelier at heart
than the chaffinch chorus
at dawn.

In the end,
everything
has come alive.
Every piece of matter,
all we see or know
flutters,
shimmies,
palpitates
with life,
like a paper in the wind,
this one, too.

The goal is here,
reached in verve and in verse,
showing pets to be alive,
and all things other, too.

If children, the guides
to the garden of Eden
exited long, long time ago,
see everything as alive,
then alive it must be,
and we, the grownups,
the rusty and the sour,
better walk down
that backward path
as fast as we can.

Alas, then,
with eyes glancing backwards,
the question arises,
that perennial question
shimmering in Eurydice's eyes,
saying,
'Could we ever bring them back
once they have gone'¹,
and silence in lieu
of an answer,
silence of the black hole
of a fear that the child
will soon be no more a child
and that this garden of Eden
will be exited for good,
before the treasure has been found
and hung on to tightly;
'tis the fear
swirling and sucking
a whole heart inside it
and crumbling
its petals to dust.

But then the light shines through,
the light of grace
and of hope
that when the heaven
of the childhood mind
was inhabited once,
the doors to it
will always be open

in the back
of the chamber
of the consciousness
cosmic
and consecrate.

Have we got, then,
any other choice
but to continue to slide
down this backward path,
where we'd get
smaller and smaller,
punier and punier
humbler and humbler
purer and purer?

Saying this,
the door opens,
phases change,
transitions lurk,
our brains tune to
something new.

Beyond,
no words remain.
It is all but a bliss.
The light of one,
the bunny hug for two.
From here on,
you cannot go amiss.

There's time
and there's time,
but no time like this,
with children on one's side
- a treasure from the other world
with the glow of million suns.

Squish me hard,
one last time.

Paper is crumpled,
lines twisted,
words gone.
Now there is nothing
to cry about.

Pets are here,
but the hearts
that, squished,
made them alive,
where are they now?

An end in the end?
The end, it cannot be
the end.

Questions are all
and answers nil
when we have held
the hands of the littlies
and been sashayed,
shushly,
to the doorstep
of eternity.

Though they may transpire
in the haze of adulthood,
their beauty will prevail
and take us
someday
to the source.

Childhood, there,
is the crowned head;
the treasures for the soul
abound in it all.

'We got you',
they say
at the end of the tale.
But then they add,
right away,
one last time,
like a path
strewn with stardust,
toward beginnings
where the ends waylay,
'was it actually you?'

A new I,
thence,
awakens
and towers

to the sky,
beyond the point
where all things
return.

Heaven is calling:
a cloud with a cuddle,
a trumpet with a tiptoe.

Bunnies and angels,
hold your hands,
lean your ears,
blow a kiss.
These clarion calls
are quieter than the quiet.

The play,
of science,
for science,
after science,
with pets on our side
and poetry in our sails,
may commence
now.

'Pet whispers
you something',
she goes,
planting a pet
in this encumbered ear.
I hear music
of the spheres.
I go.
I dance.

I am in the sea
with urchins,
mermaids,
grunions
and anemones,
who guide me,
deep.

I am in love.
I am all
You.

'We are one step
away from home',
says the boy
and bougainvillea flowers
get strewn
over the whole universe.

The child grows,
the ball rolls.

And this
is how
it goes.

