

Buddy's Baah

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Illustrated by _____

In a big city, in a quite fancy-shmancy neighborhood, in an elegant apartment, lived an itsy-bitsy boy named Buddy Bindlestiff.

Buddy's father, Mr. Bisby Bindlestiff owned a bank and his mother, Mrs. Beulah Bindlestiff, was a ballerina in the Big City Ballet.

And because Buddy's parents were always extremely busy with their banking and balleting they had a maid, babysitter, chauffeur, and chef.

Buddy's gigantic room was filled with a multitude of terrific toys from electric trains to tricky board games, but his most beloved possession was the little stuffed lamb, his best uncle, who left for Alaska the day after he was born, had given him as a gift. Buddy named this curly critter, 'Baaah'.

Every night before going to sleep Buddy brushed his teeth, peed in the potty, crawled into bed and cuddled Baah. And every night, his parents, no matter how busy they were, came to tightly tuck him in.

"I love you," his mom would say and give him a peck.

"Goodnight," his dad pressed the blanket edges around his body.

"See you in the morning," Buddy called happily as the door eased shut.

Then by the nightlight's glittering glow Buddy and Baah would play pretend, imagining that they were spies in a faraway kingdom, or up to bat in a tie baseball game.

But sometimes they didn't make believe, they just talked about all the good and bad things that had really happened that day.

When tired, Baah would yawn and remind Buddy that tomorrow was a school day.

"I love you," Buddy would whisper.

"Goodnight," Baah would baah back.

"See you in the morning," Buddy would finish then tumble into a gooey candy dreamed sleep.

In the morning Buddy always placed Baah in a special spot atop his pillow, then got dressed, brushed his teeth, peed in the potty, ate breakfast and was driven to school.

Once Baah ripped his right leg. The maid sewed it up.

Another time when he slept over Ma and Pa Bindlestiff's, Buddy forgot Baah at home. The chauffer drove him over immediately.

When Baah misplaced his left eye the chef plucked a black button from his white coat and made it a new one.

Then on vacation in Paris, Baah vanished. Buddy was very worried because Baah did not speak French, but luckily the babysitter did and found the lamb hiding under the chaise - which is French for chair.

... one miserable morning Baah slipped and fell – and no one - not Buddy, the maid, babysitter, chef, chauffeur or his parents noticed.

But no matter what the adventure, every night for six years, Buddy and Baah were tucked in together, until ...

That night Buddy brushed his teeth, peed in the potty, and crawled into bed.

“I love you,” stated his mom.

“Good night,” declared his dad.

“See you in the morning,” beamed Buddy as the door eased shut.

From the kitchen to the car a terrible holler and howl was heard. Buddy’s parents, maid, babysitter, chef, and chauffeur raced to his room.

BAAH WAS GONE!

His mother searched. His father searched. The maid, babysitter, chef and chauffer searched.

But Buddy's poor little lamb was missing.

Tossing and turning, trying to sleep he had nightmares that Baah was alone in a faraway kingdom, stuck on first base, lost an eye or was wandering Paris.

In the morning Buddy slow dressed, barely brushed his teeth, partially peed in the potty, ate no breakfast and trudged to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Bindlestiff rushed to buy a new Baah.

“We don’t sell that particular lamb anymore,” clucked the clerk, then showed them a huge giraffe, a duck that quacked, a purple –trunked, red elephant, a dog that walked, a cat that sat and about twenty other multicolored, many-sized, super-stuffed animals – none of which looked anything like Buddy’s beloved Baah - but they bought them all.

Buddy politely thanked them, brushed his teeth, peed in the potty and crawled into bed.

“I love you,” assured his mother.

“Goodnight,” guaranteed his father.

But Buddy said nothing.

At school Buddy sat staring out the window. While at home the maid scoured every nook and cranny of his room, the babysitter hunted from top to bottom of his building, the chef searched from the oven to the pantry and the chauffer, engine to trunk– but none found a single trace of Baah.

“I love you,” night after night his mother reminded.

“Goodnight,” his father fretted.

But Buddy, without saying a single, ‘see you in the morning’, would just close his eyes, and toss and turn to sleep.

One afternoon, while Ms. Burgoo, Buddy’s teacher, taught the ABC’s, a wide, green garbage truck clanked to a stop in front of the school. A many-muscled man jumped out and started to dump trash barrels into the monstrous moving mouth.

“What word starts with the letter B?” Ms. Burgoo asked.

“Baah!” Shrieked Buddy.

“Raise your hand,” the teacher warned.

Buddy pointed to the front of the truck where his tattered lamb was tortuously tied.

“IT’S BAAH!”

The truck rumbled away and the children, led by Buddy and followed by Ms. Burgoo, sped after it.

“Excuse me sir, that’s my Baah,” exclaimed Buddy.

“Finders keepers, losers weepers,” growled Mister Moe Trash, the owner of all the towering green trucks.

“Dondi!” Yowled a classmate and leapt to his missing monkey.

“Fluffy!!” Bawled another and dashed to her dangling dog.

“Pingle!” bellowed Mr. Bindlestiff running to a faded pink pig.

Mrs. Bindlestiff, her ballerinas, the bankers, babysitter, maid, chef, chauffer, Ms. Burgoo and her class scurried to free their long lost fuzzy friends, which were gnarly knotted to each truck.

“These are our lucky charms. They keep the ghastly garbage ghosts away,” explained Mister Trash.

“I will give all the money in my bank for your prisoners,” Mr. Bindlestiff offered grandly.

“What will protect us from the stinkin’ garbage ghosts that wander this dump?” Moe Trash asked, shaking his head no.

“We will do a special dance that’ll scare off any garbage ghosts, junk giants or trash trolls,” proclaimed Mrs. Bindlestiff.

“You can’t pirouette down every dirty block in the city. What will protect us from the foul smelling waste witches and grimy litter gremlins, that lurk the barrels?” Asked the muscle-licious Moe, shaking his head no.

All were weeping and wailing, lamenting the garbage-trucked fate of their favorite cuddly toy, when Buddy was bitten on the butt by a light-bulb bright idea.

He climbed the truck and whispered in the grizzled man's waxy ear.

"Hmmm," Moe Trash vibrated, stroking his bristled brown beard, "Waste not want not is our motto, so let's you and me, go and see."

Buddy, his classmates, Ms. Burgoo, Mr. and Mrs. Bindlestiff, the bankers, ballerinas, maid, babysitter, chef and chauffer boarded Mister Trash's mammoth truck and drove back to the Bindelstiff's building.

Buddy and friends ran to his room and grabbed the giraffe, duck, elephant, dog, cat and the twenty other multicolored, many-sized, super-stuffed animals that his parents had purchased.

“These fearsome furrys will keep the evil junk spirits and trash trolls away,” Buddy promised, as he gave one to each driver.

Mighty Moe untied Buddy’s Baah and lassoed the gigantic giraffe in its place.

“These will work and we got work to do,” Mister Trash declared, mounting his metal monster.

All hooped and hurrayed, then happy hugged their once lost loves as the trucks,
with their new lucky charms affixed to their fronts, clunkered away to collect the
day's garbage.

That night Buddy brushed his teeth, peed in the potty, and crawled into bed.

Cuddling under the quilt he squeezed his little lamb close.

"I love you," coo'd his mother.

"Good night," moo'd his father.

"See you in the morning!" Buddy and Baah baahed back.

Too tired to play pretend, Buddy reminded Baah that tomorrow was a school
day. They yawned, closed their eyes and together tumbled into a gooey candy
dreamed sleep.

The End.