

## TOYS FOR ME

by C.D. Crain

On my birthday I asked  
My Mother to buy  
This baby doll that burps  
AND that wooden bird that chirps.

“NO!” was her reply  
With that glint in her eye  
“But you may choose this doll that burps  
Or that wooden bird that chirps.”

“But Mommy!” I did cry  
“It’s unfair to make me choose  
I really NEED them both  
Or I’ll just DIE!”

Mother gave a grin  
She pinched my girlish chin  
She squeezed my crusty nose  
Until I wiped it on my clothes.

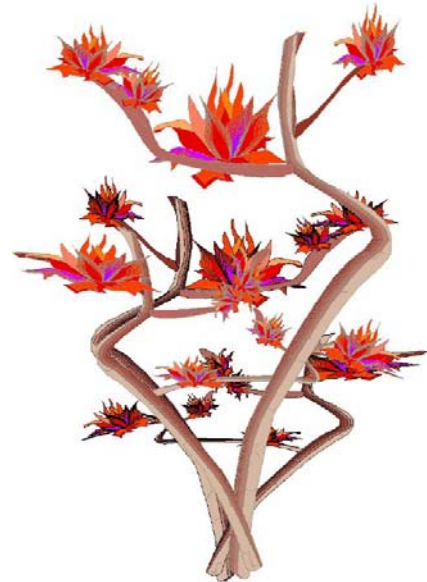
She said, “Time and money  
Will always make you choose  
Remember: this OR that  
It’s a rule you mustn’t lose.”

On Christmas Eve I asked  
My Mother to buy  
This pink and purple bike  
AND that shiny kite I like.

Mother shook her head,  
“Now Scarcity, you know I said  
You may choose between this bike  
OR that shiny kite you like.”

“But Mommy,” I did cry  
I can’t pick and choose.  
I really NEED them both  
Or I’ll just DIE!”

Mother softly said  
“Do you think that toys are free?  
That toys grow like leaves on a MAGIC TREE?”



This AND that -  
The world can never be.  
It's this OR that -  
Can't you see?"

"ENOUGH!" I yelled, "ENOUGH!  
I'm tired of all this STUFF..."

This isn't fair; it isn't right  
I NEED more toys to play and use  
So give me every toy I like...  
It's just not right to MAKE ME CHOOSE!"

Well...

I saw Mother wink at the big black clock  
That was hanging on the wall singing tick-tick tock  
And then, I'm not kidding, the clock began to talk  
It said, "Refuse to choose and you will LOSE!"

Pouting, I was sent to my room for a spell  
I guess to be punished for my childish yell  
But after an hour I was happy to see...  
In my room, growing tall, was a giant magic tree.

The tree pierced the roof. My room was filled with sunny light  
I grabbed a lowly branch and climbed up to the eaves  
What a FEELING! How AMAZING! What an awesome sight!  
Toys began to sprout, just like leaves.

Toys, toys, the tree was filled with toys  
Lots of toys, like big bright bikes  
And other things that make loud noise.

Toys beyond my WILDEST dreams -  
Pretty dolls, lots of balls, and super toy machines.

I squeezed the dolls  
I hugged a ball  
I stroked the trucks  
I loved them all.

Then balanced on my toes with poise  
I quickly started plucking toys.

To reach every limb I used a broom  
I picked my toys by the sun, then the moon  
Not once did I use my time to choose -  
I was busy throwing every toy, on the floor inside my room.



Finally, I reached the tree's tip-top  
And grinning, there on top, was that big black clock  
It made not a sound - not one tick-tick tock  
For time had stopped  
What a tick-tick SHOCK!

The clock smirked and said: "I don't like to fuss  
But Scarcity, dear girl, your time is up  
This OR that - this rule you did abuse  
Because you would not choose, it's time for you to lose."

I grabbed that clock; it was such a brat  
Then I whacked it HARD, with the broom as a bat  
I screamed, "NO MORE RULE  
NO MORE THIS OR THAT!"

Silence, then a sigh - the clock was gone like a snap.

Now that there were no more toys on the tree  
I climbed down, quickly, feeling fine and free  
For there was no more clock to be  
A source of time to punish me.

Besides, I had toys in my room to see.

OH! ... NO! ...  
I rubbed my blurry eyes  
All my toys were smashed and crushed -  
Just a heap of junk and some buzzing flies.

My eyes, so tired, slowly closed to sleep  
I awoke, the tree was gone - no sounds, not one peep  
I sniffed, rubbed my nose, and slept some more  
And dreamed of the toys that were mine before.

LOVE! REJOICE!  
I heard my Mother's voice  
With Christmas cheer, she called my name  
I was relieved; she looked the same.

And that black clock?  
It looked real swell  
And the sound of time made me feel well.

Such a special Christmas  
I hugged Mommy - what a saint  
I got to CHOOSE the perfect gift ...  
It was the bike, without complaint.

