



Once upon a dark time in a land of smiles bad things  
happened. Children were broken into. Things stolen  
Nothing said. Nothing done And so the innocent grew not  
up but small. But this was not to be the end. In the darkness  
little helpers gathered. Spilling rich black ink into soft  
white sheets. Tailoring picture books to fill empty spaces.  
Telling truth that grew much taller than a world too big  
to fit. Until size no longer mattered and little souls  
were reawakened by ~~my~~ rhythms and rhymes of songs  
that carried them all the way home. Ensuring they'd  
never be ~~broken~~ beaten again.

## ONCE UPON A DARK TIME .

*Footnote:* On almost a daily basis we're hearing stories on the news of the most terrible kind – children being harmed and abused. This piece speaks to that very issue and the Army of Ink are empowering friends to have alongside in the process of mending from such potentially self destructive experiences.

'Children broken into' also speaks of the way mass media violates our children's innocence and chance for a healthy sense of self. Her oversize bow may suggest a shield of sorts – and/or a sense of preciousness. A... 'You're worth it. You're valuable. Make sure you give to yourself – despite what's been taken from you'.

Find her in Rock The Boat book (not in 'Bedtime Stories' edition). SEARCH Blog for another poem that captures the spirit of The Black Dog Project and guides its way, 'The Black Dog Story'. Escape in sweet dreaming with Amelia Bloom. Please pass this on because you never know who's had something taken from them....

Posted: 9 March, 2015 / Written & Illustrated J Browne / Handwriting Maggie-May.