

Sam & Sandra

VOL 1



Sam and Sara

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This is the story
of a girl who would dream
worlds of her own
beneath the moon's beam.

A curious, thoughtful,
inquisitive child,
she'd think and imagine
things wondrous and wild.

Page 1
Chapter 1

As she grew older,
her dreams never fading,
she clung to her wonder
and mind for creating.

People would sigh,
"She can't pay attention,"
but really her thoughts
just had more dimension.

Page 2

The city of Phoenix
was where she was born,
in fiery heat,

behind walls dull and worn.

And much like the bird
where the place got its name,
she dreamed she would rise
from the ash and the flame.

She'd rise from the concrete,
the dirt, and the heat.
She'd float far away
from the noise of the street.

Page 3

One day, deep in thought,
she traveled so far.
She traveled and traveled
beyond where we are.

She floated off the ground
and into her own mind,
entering a new world,
leaving ours behind...

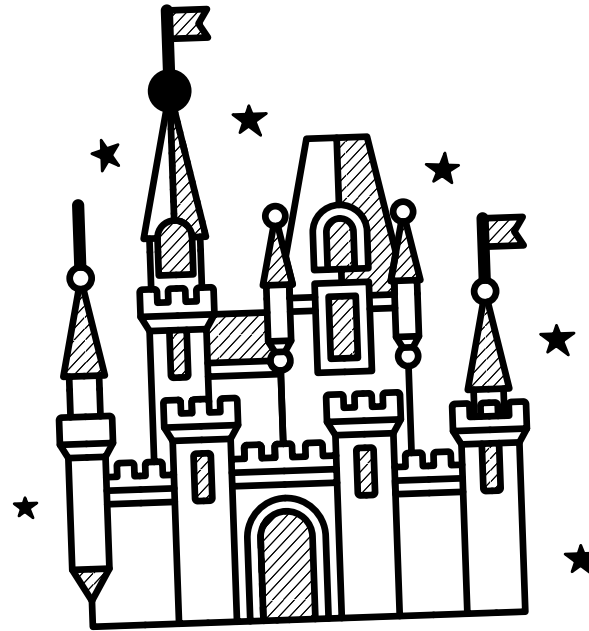


Page 4

She found herself
in a strange new place
staring right into
a strange new face.

“What is this place?”
She loudly explained.
“This is Figment Land!”
the new face explained.

“See, we Figments are things
that exist in your mind.
We Figments exist
free from space, free from time.”



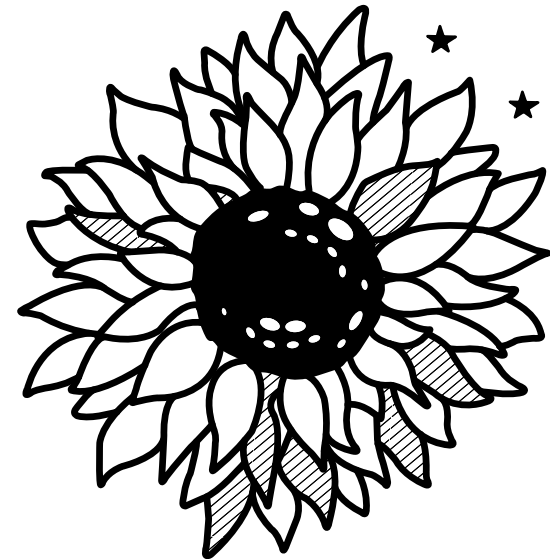
Page 5

They were every emotion
and everything sought,
each burning questions,
every thing ever thought.

It was a perfect universe
of her own conception;
And these murals were portals
between worlds of perception.

Page 6

It felt like home
when she arrived that day,
and she loved it so much,
she decided to stay.



She became a Figment
of her old persona:
a beautiful sunflower
from Arizona.

Just like the ones
that would blossom and grow
in her old house,
outside her window.

Page 7

Hers was the very
first transformation
from our “normal” world
into imagination.

Since she was from
a different place of birth,
she yearned for belonging
and connection to Earth.

She created a daughter
named Sara, it's true.
So much like her mom,
and, perhaps, much like you.

This child of wonder,
this curious girl,
was the bridge and connection
that joined these two worlds.

Page 8

Sara adored her home
like no other,

but questions still filled her
about the land of her mother.

What's it like over there
on my dear mother's side?
So she left for adventure across the
divide.

Sara came to our world
for a story to tell and
longing to learn
of her “real” side as well.

Page 9

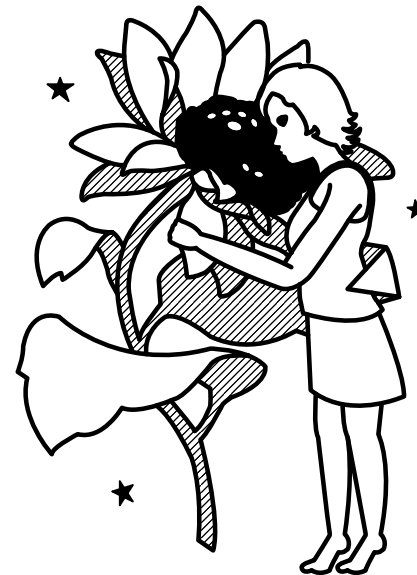
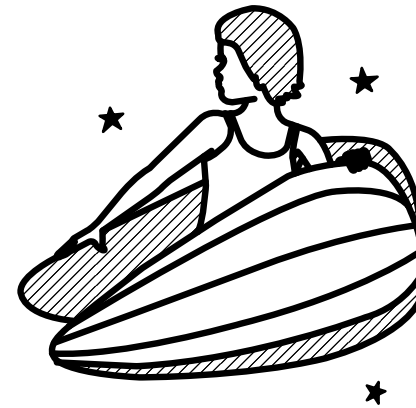
She was curious how
she came to be and
decided to will herself
into reality.

Her Figment companions
bid her goodbye:
“We'll always be there
when you look toward the sky!”

All waved farewell,
her mom hugged her so.
and said, “I'm only a thought
away,” then let go.

Page 10
Chapter 2

Their warm embrace
began to fade.
Sara thrashed about



alone and afraid.

Completely helpless,
in a pitch black sea,
her body drifted
into reality.

Page 11

She couldn't believe
what it was she was seeing.
How sudden, this new
sensation of being.

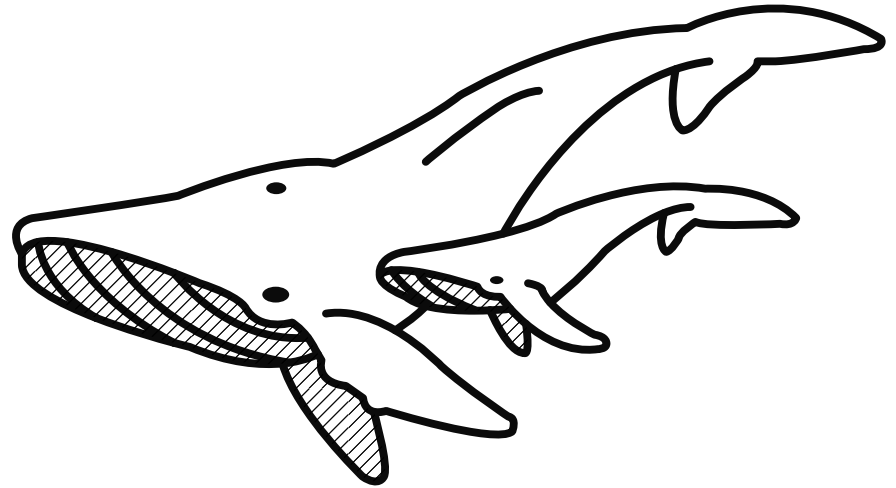
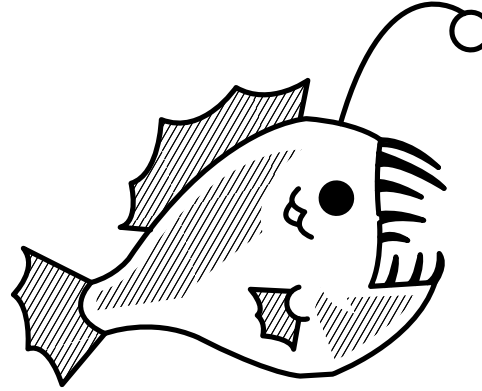
She gazed deep into
the frightening foam
at creatures that lurk
and that creep and that roam.

She felt hopelessly lost
and truly quite numb,
wond'ring how this could be
where her mother was from.

Page 12

Then out of the black
an eye opened wide.
"Hello, the eye said.
"Please help!"
Sara cried.

She could tell that its mind
was old and was wise and,
in moments, she saw
ten more sets of eyes.



“Whales can talk?!”
Sara skeptically cried.
“Of course,” said the whale pod,
beaming with pride.

Page 13

The whale pod said gently,
swimming toward land,
“We’ll get you there safe, girl—
give us your hand.”

Spiraling bravely
through the watery black,
the old ones up front
and the young ones in back

with watchful eyes on
each sister and brother,
making her long for her friends
and her mother.

“Oh won’t you come with me?”
Sara longingly squawked.
“Silly girl, EVERYONE knows
that whales can’t walk!”

Page 14

And so learning the whales
could journey no more, Sara
let go, floating
to the sea floor.

Page 15

The sea floor rose too,
and it turned into land.
Her toes touched down,
wiggling into sand.

Uncertain, though ever
her dear mother’s daughter,
she resolved to explore
beyond the churning water.

A few steps forward—
then she’d float about.
But the current was strong
trying to spit her out.

Page 16

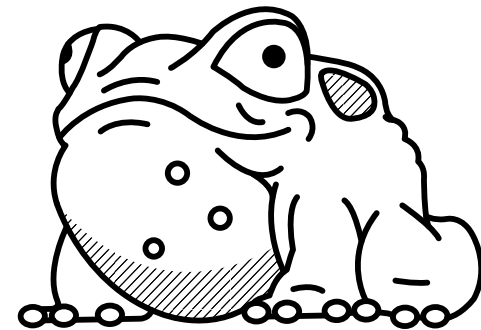
There was more light with
each step she’d take.
The ocean was warmer,
and she felt more awake.

At last she broke free,
confused and frail,
tasting the sweetness
of her first deep inhale.

Page 17

Chapter 3

She sat on the beach
as the red sky turned black,
surprised to see her family
in the stars looking back.



“I miss you all!
I wish you could be
on this adventure
together with me.”

Page 18

They gave her their light,
and she walked with more ease
'til she tripped on a rock
and fell to her knees.

She'd never felt physical
pain in her life, and so
feeling it now, Sara
sat down and cried.

She'd hit her knee hard
on the twinkling road
and saw, looking down
at the ground, sat a toad.

Page 19

Through tears, Sara said,
“Please help, I'm so scared.”
But the toad simply sat there
and silently stared.

Toad's eyes glowed intensely
right in her direction.
Startled, she saw in them
her own reflection.

She also then noticed,



in their bright, glowing light,
she was no longer alone.
Someone braced her upright.

Page 20

“Who are you?”
Sara cried in surprise.
“Sam’s who I am,
may I stay by your side?”

“Where did you come from,
Sam?” Sara said.
“I believe,” said Sam,
“from inside your head!”

And so Sam was a Figment
created to be
a friend on this road
to share the journey.

Page 21

“What scares you the most?”
Sara asked Sam.
“I’m not really sure
who it is that I am.”

“Don’t worry,” said Sara,
“I feel that way too,
but I’m so very thankful
to be here with you.”

And so making a pact
to look after each other,
they drifted to sleep,

new sister, new brother.

Page 22

Chapter 4

Everything glowed
when the sun rose that day.
They walked toward the mountains.
Somehow, Sara knew the way.

Clasping their hands
to not fall and not slip.
Helping each other,
so neither would trip.

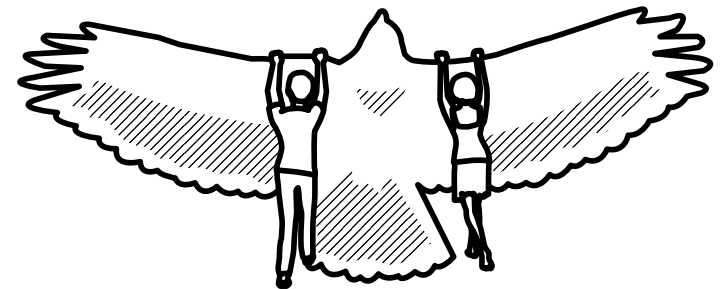
Unbearable heat
and no shade to be found,
the dirt burned their feet,
miraging the ground.

Page 23

Sweating and parched,
skin raw and gritty.
Onward they marched,
for her mother’s city.

Then from up above
came a loud, piercing sound
as an avian shadow
darkened the ground.

The monstrous bird
swooping down was a hawk.
“Oh no, please don’t hurt us!”
Sam cried in shock.



Page 24

The bird was surprised
that these beings could talk.
“Well I can’t eat them now,”
lamented the hawk.

“We’re looking for Phoenix!”
the hawk heard them cry.
Puzzled and perched,
disbelief in her eyes.

Page 25

“It’s too far to walk to,
you’re in quite a jam.”
Worry crept over
Sara and Sam.

They couldn’t turn back
for how hard they’d fought.
It seemed all was lost
until Sara had a thought.

Page 26

“Let us climb on your back!
We could go if we flew!”
The hawk then replied, “Why
should I take you?”

“You see, Hawk” said Sara,
“I’m in search of my self.
I’m not from this world,
I’m from somewhere else.”

“I must learn of my kin
who come from the big city,
from the sprawl and the heat—
O, Hawk, please do take pity!”

Page 27

“I’m hungry,” she said,
“I’ll stay close to my nest.”
Sam said, “You can eat there,
and there you can rest!”

The desert was empty,
but the city alive.
It was there, then she might
find some food to survive.

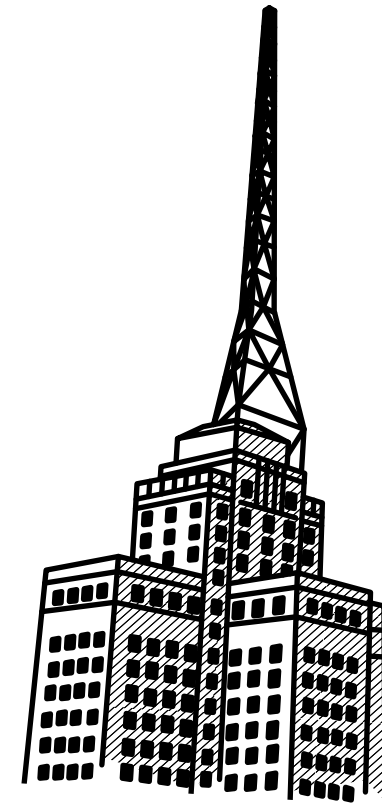
They looked past the mountains
the hawk motioned toward—
“I’ll take you up there.”
Sam & Sara climbed aboard!

Page 28

Soaring above
the harsh desert scene.
Then over the mountains,
through patches of green.

They flew and they flew
from such breathtaking heights
’til they came to the mountain
with red flashing lights.

Page 29 bird cyclorama



Hawk motioned down
to the city below.
Sam asked Hawk how
much further she could go.

“I’m tired and hungry,
but now you’ll be alright.”
And with that, spread her wings
and flew into the night.

Page 30

Sara beamed with excitement
while Same glared in fear.
“We were almost just eaten!”
he yelled in her ear.

Upset by his yelling
and thinking him rude,
Sara was hurt by his
bad attitude.

Page 31

Then feeling compassion
for his sense of fright,
she took hold of his hand,
saying, “Hey, we’re alright.”

Page 32
Chapter 5

Sara could not have
imagined such sights:
Buses and airplanes and

bright traffic lights.

Quilted freeways
around sky-scraping towers
and, surely, small gardens
with yellow sunflowers.

Dashing through trails
as the mountain declined,
they had found the city
Sara’s mother left behind.

Page 33

They saw millions of people
throughout its deep valleys
living in suburbs
or driving through alleys.

Preoccupied people
glued to their phones—
each in their own
little world all alone.

Page 34

Sara and Sam looked
on in dismay,
feeling ashamed that
they’d come all this way.

Then suddenly Sara
pointed and smiled—
There were Figments surrounding
a small happy child!

Page 35

Figments were everywhere
around creative folk and,
with their appearance,
the city awoke.

Figments around
the folks with ambitions!
Figments around
creative musicians!

Page 36

Figments around
the writer and her pen!
Figments emerged
again and again!

Page 37

Figments in beakers!
Figments in sneakers!
Figments ‘round seekers
and Figments ‘round speakers!

Page 38

Figments ‘round artists
and sculptors and bakers!
Figments ‘round actors
and Figments ‘round makers!

Page 39

Such beautiful thoughts!

Sara could see
her mother loved Phoenix
for its creativity.

They played with the Figments
'til dawn the next day,
when something caught Sara's eye
and took her breath away.

Page 40
Sunflowers

Page 40
House

Page 41

They clasped hands again
and walked to the door,
standing on top of
a creaky porch floor.

Sam shook his head
and said in a whisper,
"I cannot go in yet"
to Sara, his sister.

"What's wrong, Sam?"
said Sara, "I'll go in with you."
"It's just," Sam began,
"there is more I must do."

Page 42

"I want to adventure out
on my own,

but though I must leave,
know you're never alone."

"I'm here with you always,
Sara," said Sam.
"No matter how far,
your Sam's who I am."

Page 43

Sara winked slyly
at Sam then and said,
"I know, little brother—
you came from my head."

"I understand why you've
decided to stay. Remember,
dear brother,
I'm a mere thought away."

And so hugging her
dearest brother and friend,
She turned toward the door
and her journey's end.

Page 44

Did anyone live
here anymore?
She crossed the threshold
and began to explore.

The walls were dirty.
The rooms were dark.
A light beam streaked
through the hallway arch

to an open room
with a tiny bed
where someone rested
her dream-soaked head.



Page 45

Her eye twitched
and, with a smile on her face,
Sara returned to a familiar place

to an open room
with a tiny bed
where someone rested
her dream-soaked head.

Page 46

Epilogue

Sara left
this world to go home,
and I journeyed further
all on my own.

My voyage was long,
and quite lonely too,
but I needed to stay here
to tell it to you.

So if you see Sara,
please tell her hello
and tell her I miss her
and still need her so.

Page 47

This book is a plea to
bring us back together,
but I need your help
so please do not ever

stop searching for moments
that bring art to life
because that is how
Sara and I still survive.

So keep your hearts open
to beauty and wonder,
no matter how hard—
come rain, shine, or thunder.’

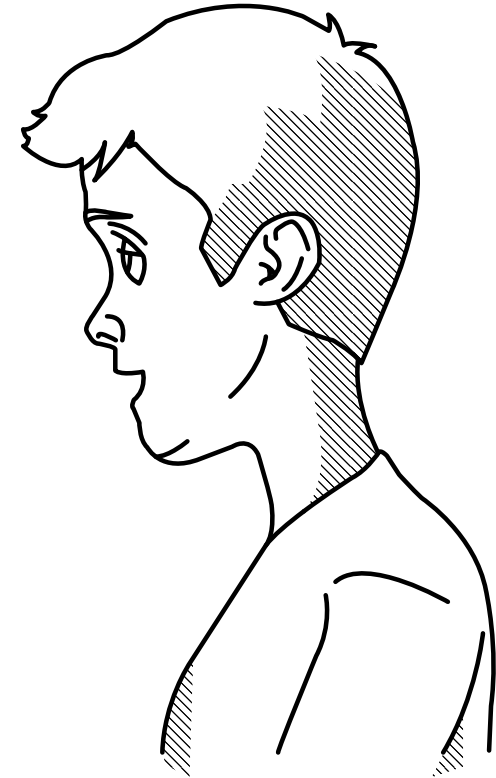
Page 48


I leave you to carry
this from where I am—
this message to everyone.

Love,

Your Friend Sam

Page 49



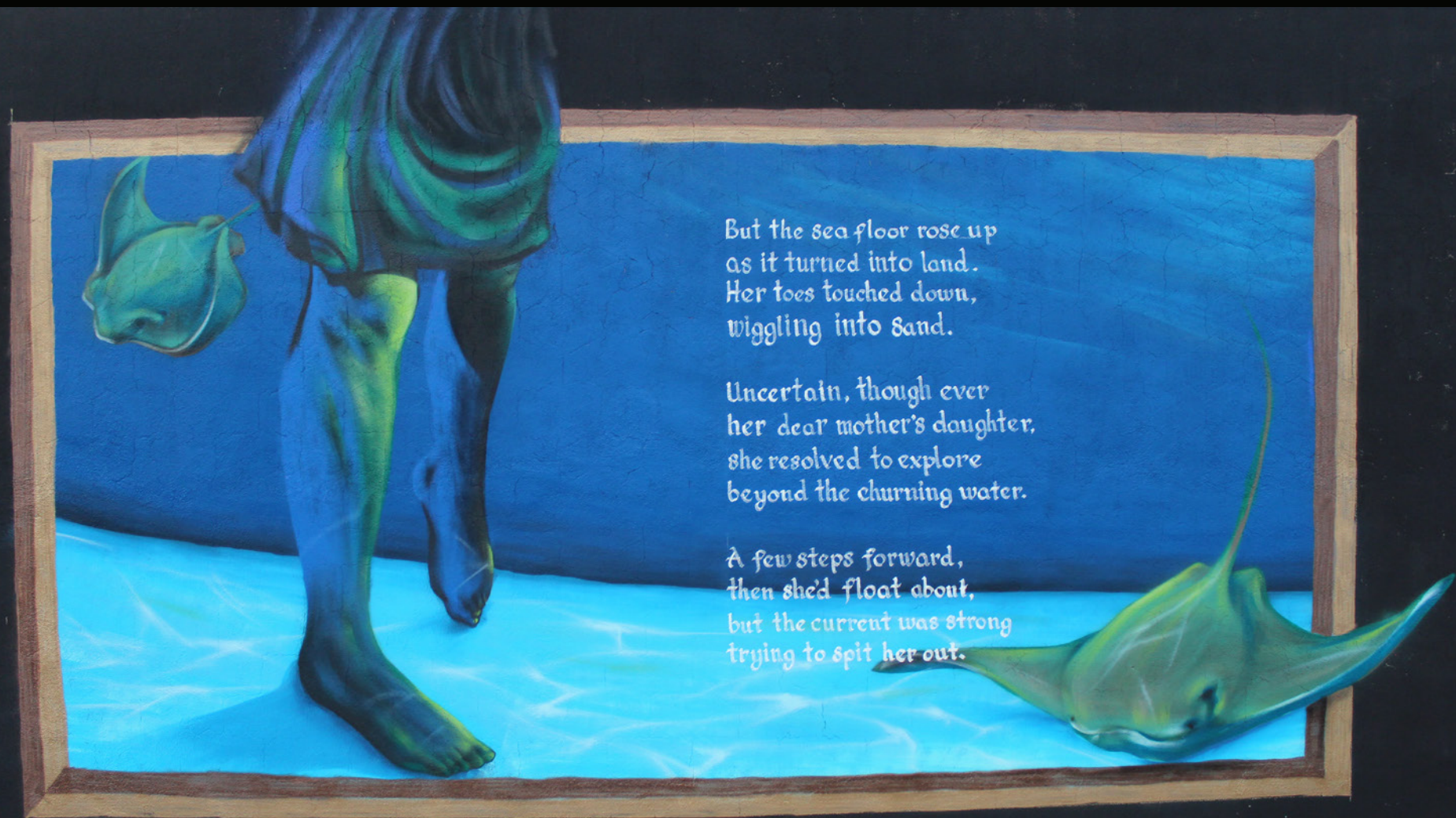


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as it turned into land.
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