

# Самое Слово

VOL 1



# Sam and Sara

Contact Isaac Caruso at [samandsara.org](http://samandsara.org) - [info@samandsara.org](mailto:info@samandsara.org)

This content and its likeness may not be distributed or replicated.

Text and imagery are copyrighted, 2019

Page 1

*Chapter 1*

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 2

*Girl drawing*

Page 3

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 4

The city of Phoenix  
was where she was born,  
in fiery heat,  
behind walls dull and worn.

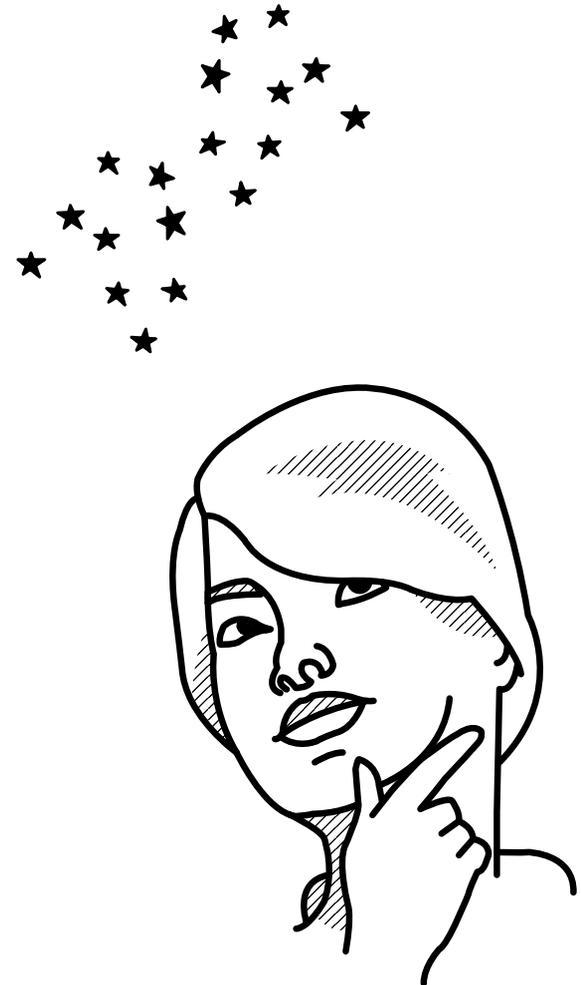
And much like the bird  
where the place got its name,  
she dreamed she would rise  
from the ash and the flame.

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

Page 5

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...

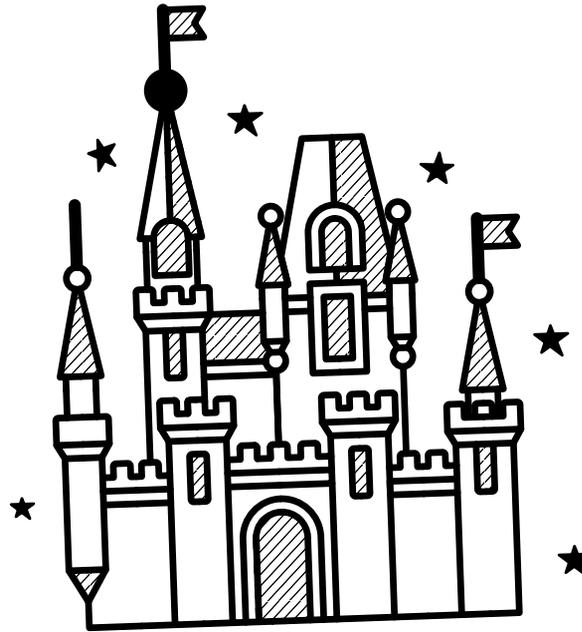


Page 6

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.”



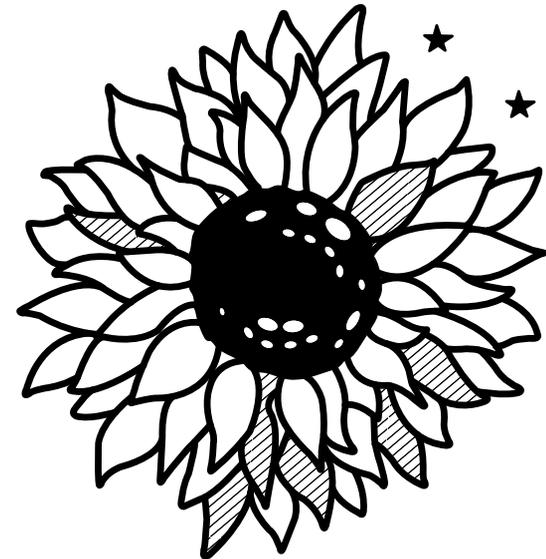
Page 7

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 8

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 9

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 10

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 11

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!”

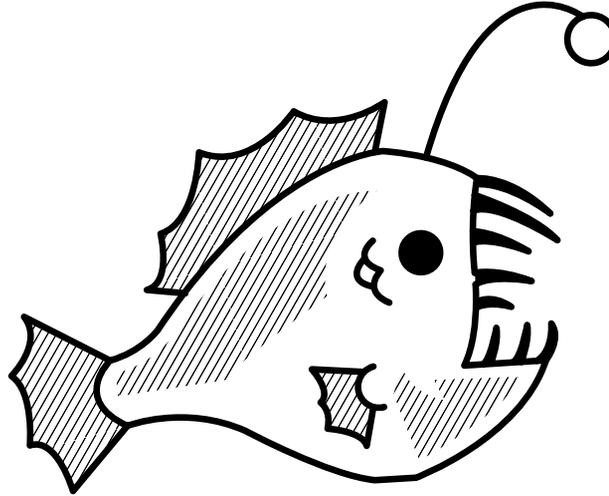
All waved farewell,  
her mom hugged her so.  
and said, “I’m only a thought  
away,” then let go.



Page 12  
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 13

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 14

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 15

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 16

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

Page 17

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

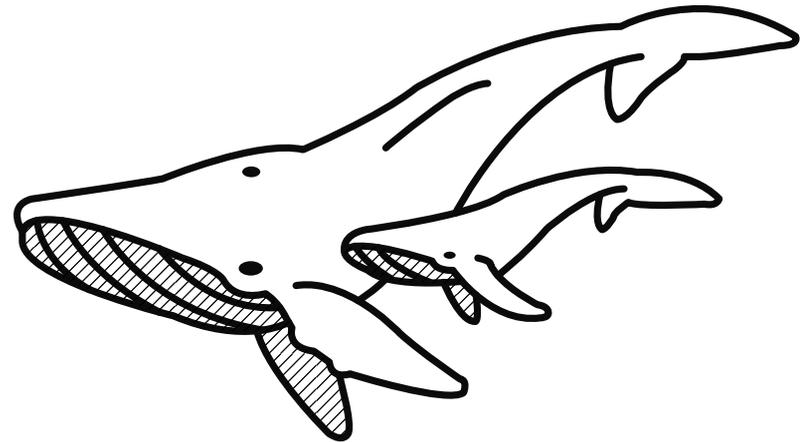
Uncertain, though ever  
her dear mother’s daughter,  
she resolved to explore  
beyond the churning water.

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

Page 18

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.



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

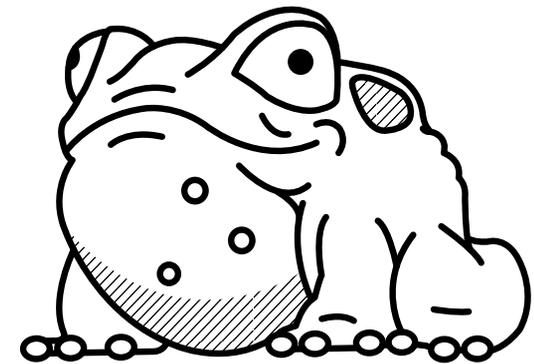
“I miss you all!  
I wish you could be  
on this adventure  
together with me.”

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.

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 22

"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 23

"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 24

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 25

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 26

“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 27

“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.”

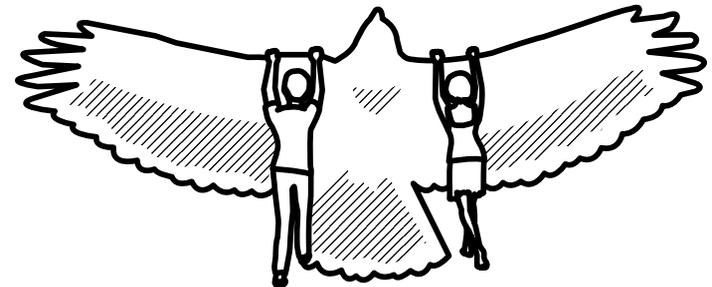
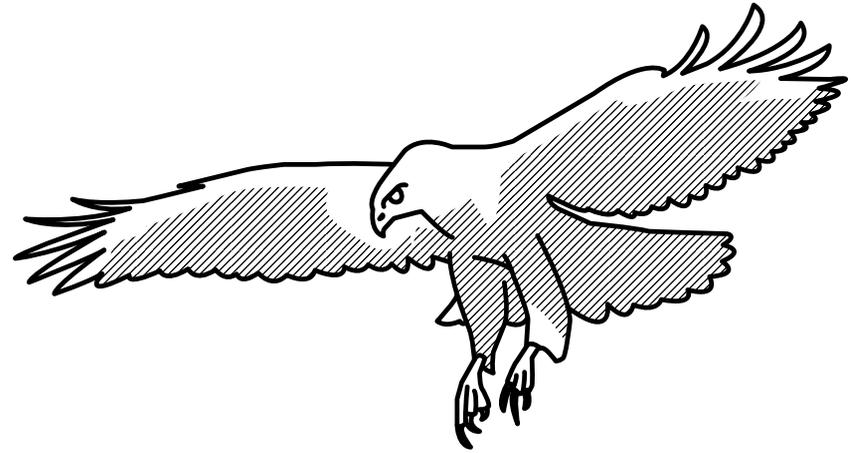
“I must learn of my kin  
who come from the big city,  
from the sprawl and the heat—  
O, Hawk, please do take pity!”

Page 28

“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 29

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 30

*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 31

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 32

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

Page 33

*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 34

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 35

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 36

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

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

Page 37

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

Page 38

Figments in beakers!  
Figments in sneakers!

Figments 'round seekers  
and Figments 'round speakers!

Page 39

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

Page 40

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 41  
*Sunflowers*

Page 42  
*House*

Page 43

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 44

"I want to adventure out  
on my own,  
but though I must leave,  
know you're never alone."

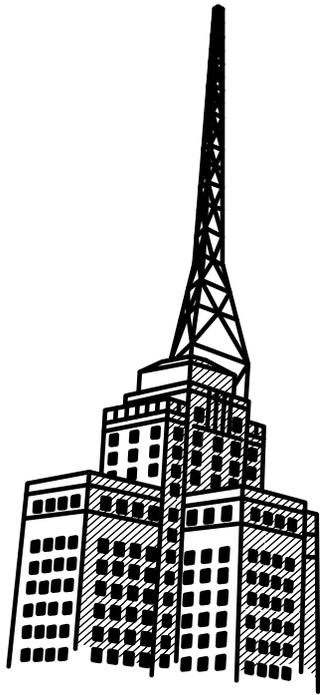
"I'm here with you always,  
Sara," said Sam.  
"No matter how far,  
your Sam's who I am."

Page 45

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 46

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 47

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 48

*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 49

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

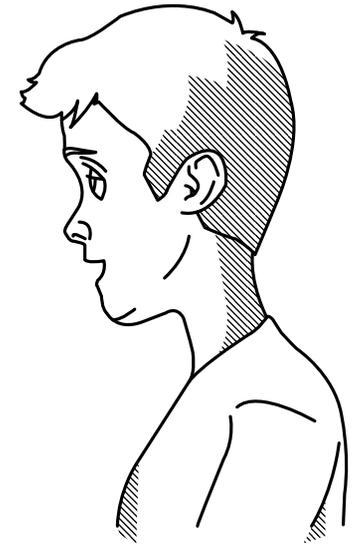
stop searching for moments  
that bring art to life  
because that is how  
Sara and I still survive.

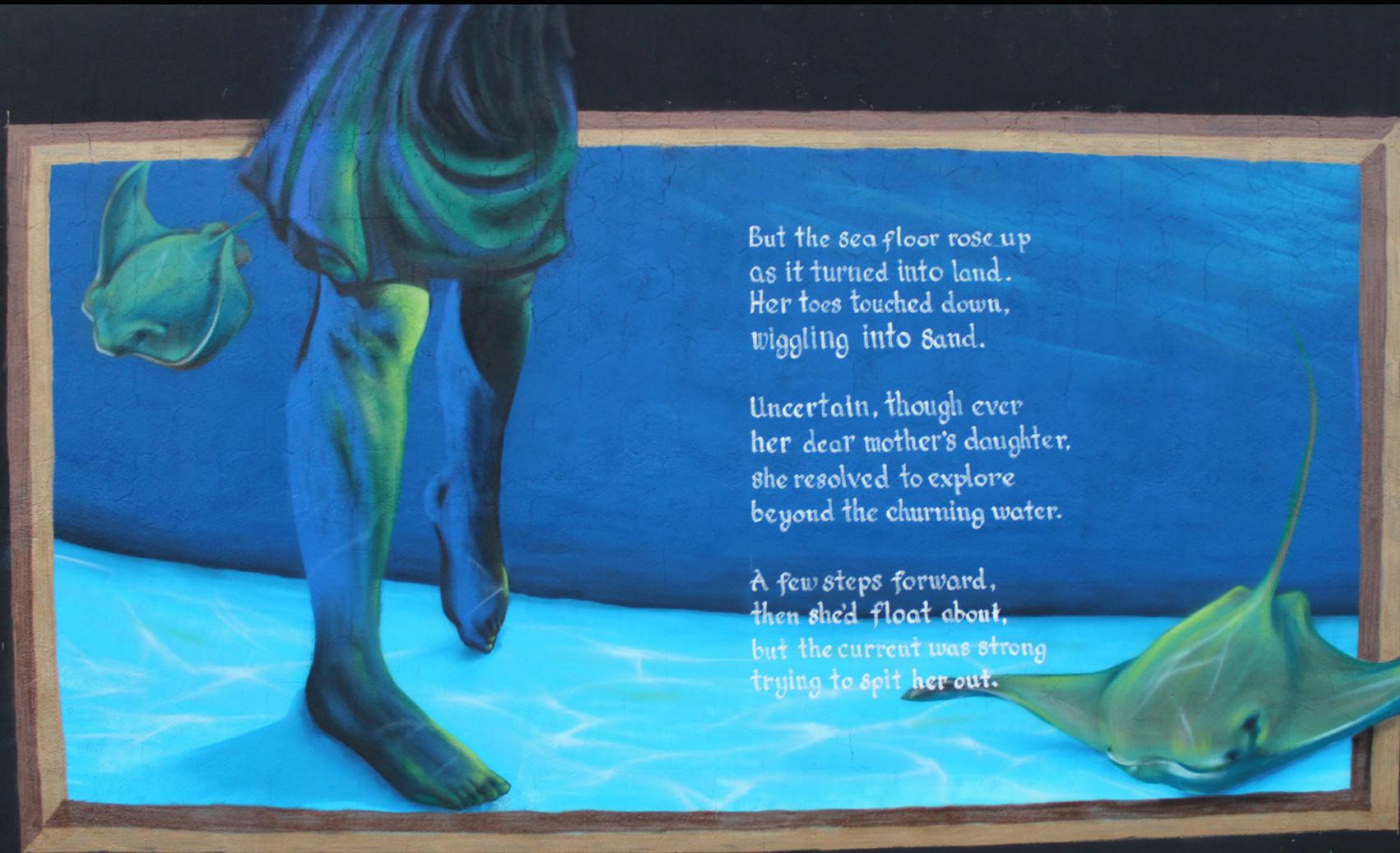
So keep your hearts open  
to beauty and wonder,  
no matter how hard—  
come rain, shine, or thunder.’

Page 50

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

Love,  
Your Friend Sam





But the sea floor rose up  
as 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.

There was more light  
with every 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.





Sitting on the beach,  
the sky turned black.  
Surprised to see her family  
in the stars looking back.