

CABBAGEHEAD

Written and illustrated
by Loris Lesynski

Annick Press

Toronto • New York • Vancouver





For Teresa Toten

(This is when she was little.

Now she's grown up and writes books for big kids.)

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The illustrations in this book were done in ink, colored pencil, watercolor, tomato paste, chopped cabbage, carrot juice, celery, and potato—wait a minute, I think I'm mixing up art supplies and *soup* supplies—maybe I should move my drawing board out of the kitchen...?

The text was typeset in Utopia and Syntax. The fonts that look like handwriting are called Lemonade and Zemke Hand. The title on the cover is in Klunder.

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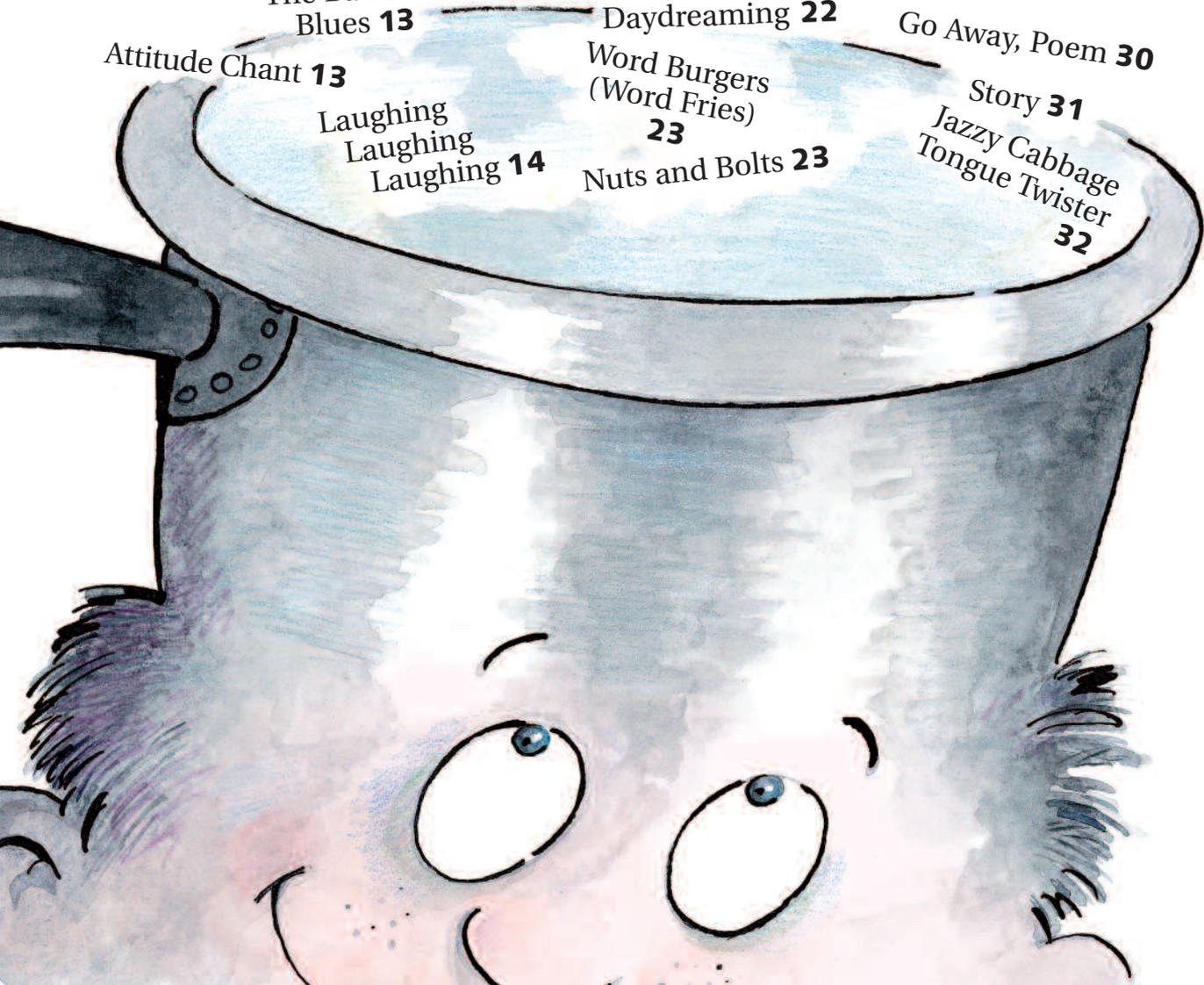
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Did you know that in France, if you call someone
"my little cabbage," it means you especially like them?
Kids are all "my little cabbages."



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Cabbagehead

I need a brain that's brilliant.

I need a head that hums.

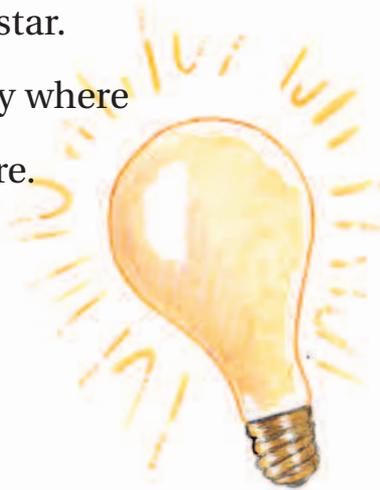
I need a head that's ready when
a good idea comes.

Sometimes I'm a cabbagehead.

Sometimes I'm a star.

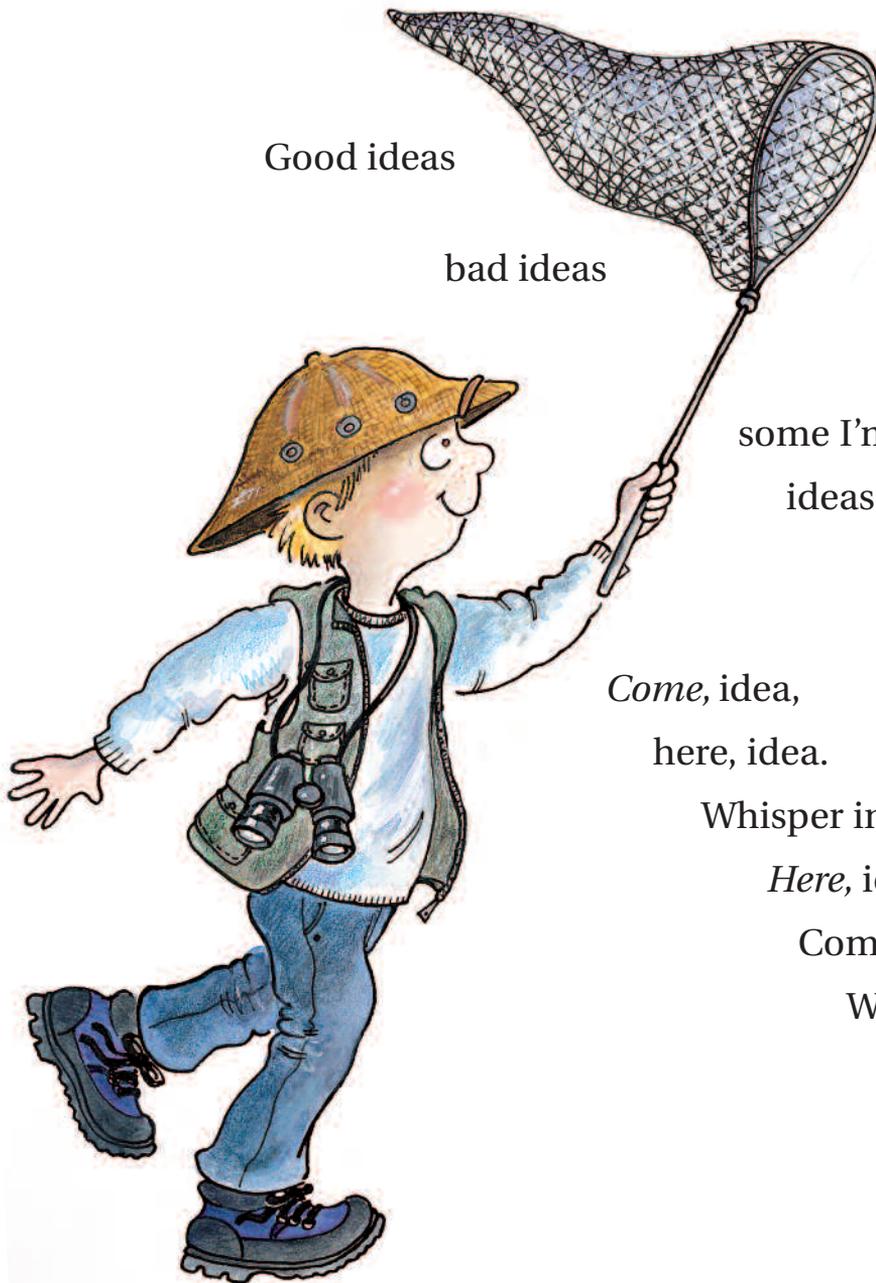
Always I'm amazed by where
my best ideas are.

sometimes i'm a genius
sometimes i'm a whiz
sometimes it's a cabbagehead
but even when i is
dazzling dreams are going on
new ideas rock
my mind is always mine
and knows
i'll listen to it talk



Hi, Ideas! My Ideas!

I got a good idea,
then I had another three.
Forty-seven more'd make a genius out of me.



Good ideas

bad ideas

some I'm-glad-I-had
ideas

*Come, idea,
here, idea.*

Whisper in my ear, idea.

Here, idea.

Come, idea.

What will you become,
idea?



Start one here. Start one there.
Start ideas *anywhere*.

one idea

two ideas

bright ideas

new ideas

fast ideas

slow ideas

yes! ideas

no! ideas

round ideas

sound ideas

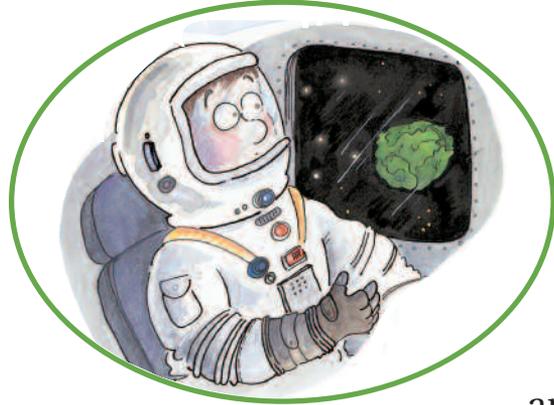


weird ideas



I Need an Idea

I need an idea
 need it fast
 need a good one
 that'll last
 need it here
 need it now
 need it fizzing
 need it wow
 need a
 full-of-buzz idea
 best-there-ever-was
 idea
 here, idea!
 come, idea!
 let me hear you hum,
 idea



found ideas

sports ideas

art ideas

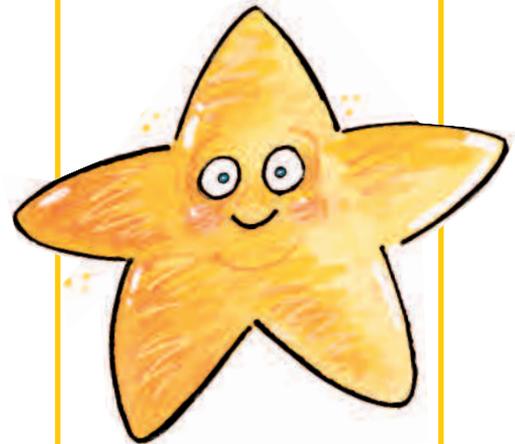
kind ideas

smart ideas

“how?” ideas

“why?” ideas

gotta love them,
MY ideas



Think of **all** the things that other people thought about,
all the good ideas that we couldn't do without...



Who Invented Socks?

Every time there's something new,
ideas are behind it.

Someone took just one of them
and brilliantly combined it
with just one more or maybe four
and then experimented,
rearranging all of it till
something was invented.

All the complicated things that
came from just a thought!
But what about the simple things
that matter quite a lot?



Who invented socks?

Who invented shoes?

Who came up with bicycles?
and all the different glues?

Who invented macaroni?

Who invented cheese?

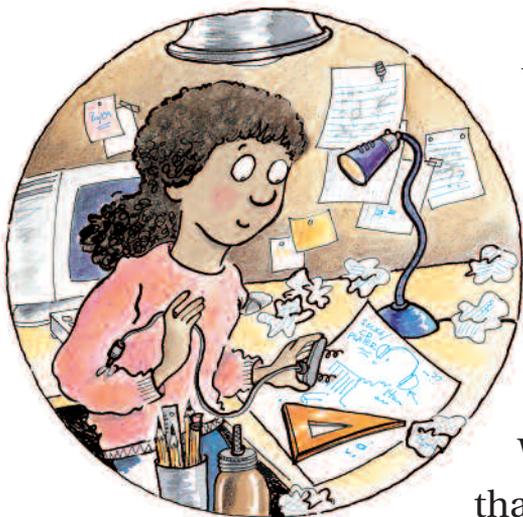
Who invented telephones?

Who invented keys?

Who invented baseball?

Who thought up the bat?

What could I invent today
that's just as good as that?



Curious

Do rubber bands melt

if you cook them on high?

Does my blood taste as good

to mosquitoes as pie?

Do ghosts really happen?

Are dragons pretend?

If you ate much too much,

would your bicycle bend?

Does anyone know

where the universe stops?

Can icicles kill you

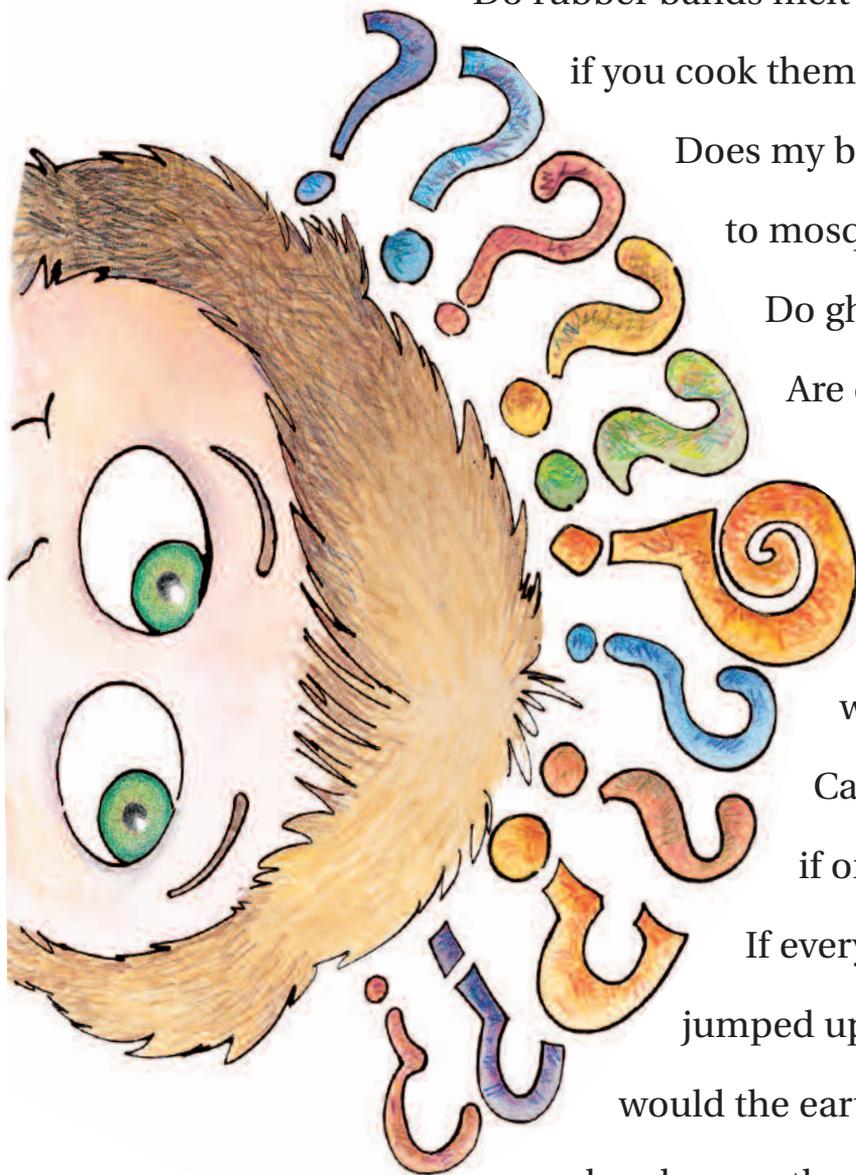
if one of them drops?

If everyone, everywhere,

jumped up at noon,

would the earth take a swerve

and end up on the moon?



Home Sweet Eyebrow

There are creatures
in my eyebrows.

They are very, very small.
They live their lives serenely,
never bother me at all.

I'd never even know
that they were there
unless I'd seen
a scan enlarged and printed in
a science magazine.

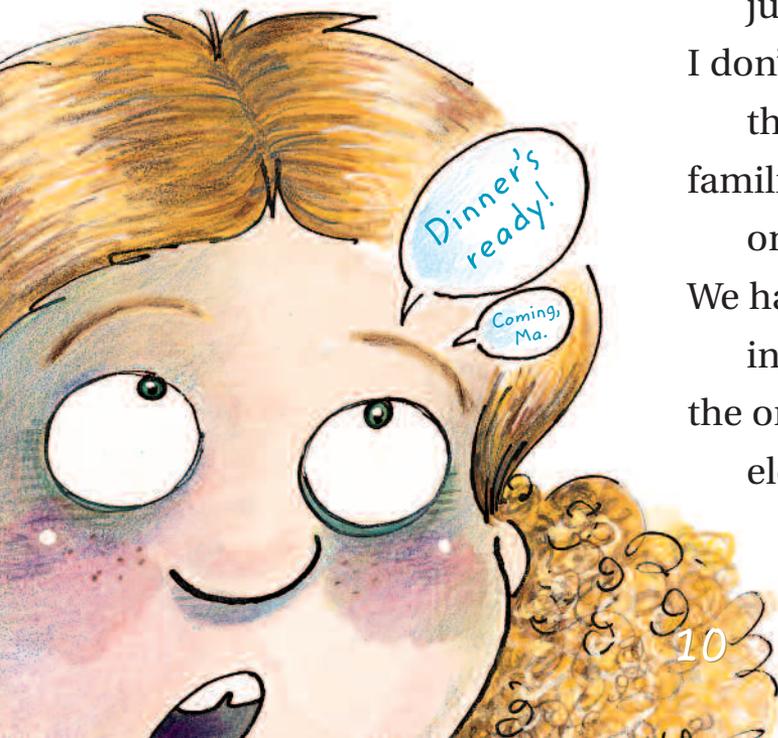
They look like worms in armor,
and they never wander far.

You can't believe from pictures
just how small they really are.

I don't much like to think about
them living way up there,

families of tiny mites
on every eyebrow hair.

We have a lot of gadgets
in the classroom, but I hope
the one we never get is an
electron microscope.





How Do You Fly?

How do you fly when you fly in a dream?

Charging like Superman, slicing the air?

Spread out as flat as a leaf in a stream?

Or wispy, like smoke, that drifts here and there?

How do you fly when you fly in a dream?

Spin over rooftops as fast as a ball?

Or surf on a wave of invisible cream,
sure as you zoom that a dreamer can't fall?

What do you see when you fly in a dream,

so far below as you climb in the sky?

When cities expand and mountaintops gleam,
where do you go when you dream that you fly?

I am
rehearsing
flying
imagining
soaring high
over the city
around the moon
and all across
the sky.

I wonder if by *trying*,
by practicing
in my dreams
soon I might fly in
my everyday life,
impossible
as it seems.



Decisions Decisions Decisions

What do you do

when you wanna be good

but you wanna do something you know

that you shouldn't,

oh **what** do you do, do you do?

What do you choose

when you wanna choose one thing

but all of the others are too good to lose,

what do you do, do you do?

What do you do

when it's all up to you

and it's all so confusing

you don't have a clue—

what do you do, do you do?

*Have to decide
have to decide
want to do both
but I have to decide*

*Have to decide
have to decide
want to do both
but I have to decide*

*Have to decide
have to decide
want to do both
but I have to decide*

