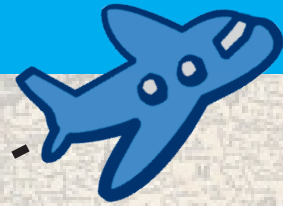


Little Bond

Around the World

by Michael Hartigan

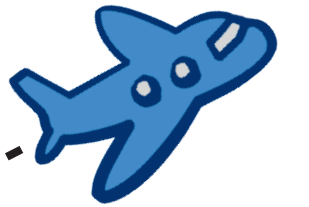


For Cordelia,
my little adventurer,
and her puppy-brother Bond

December, 2013

Little Bond

Around the World



by Michael Hartigan



“Where did Little Bond go last night?” she said, as soon as her head hit the pillowtop bed.

She held her pup close as Dad dimmed down the light, and pulled up the covers to tuck her in right.

“As you know,” said the Dad, “when you close your eyes, your Little Bond here, likes to take to the skies.

“As soon as you’re sleeping, he heads off to a train, or a boat or a car or a jumbo jet plane.”





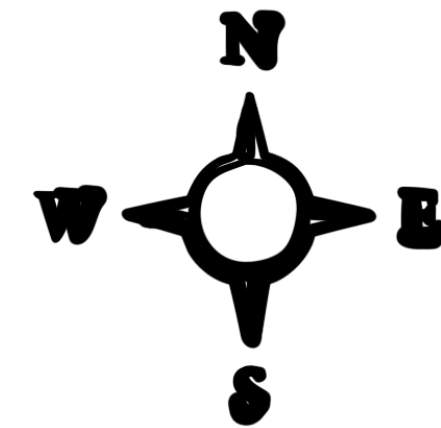
“From one end to the other, he travels the world.
He wants to see it all, every bit, my sweet girl.”

“Last night your furry friend was an adventurous chap.
Little Bond tried to travel the whole, worldwide map.”

“He climbed up cold mountains and swam in warm seas,
explored castles, and canyons and tip-top jungle trees.”

“He toured ancient ruins in lands far afar;
even grabbed a quick lunch at a Turkish bazaar.”

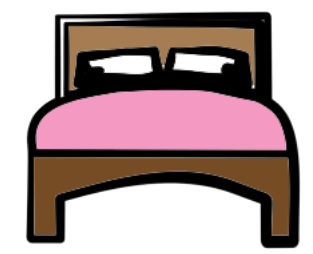




“Where was his first stop?” she said with a yawn, smiled at Dad and hugged Little Bond.

Dad said, “I’ll tell you, if you close your eyes.” And she snapped them shut quick, to no one’s surprise.

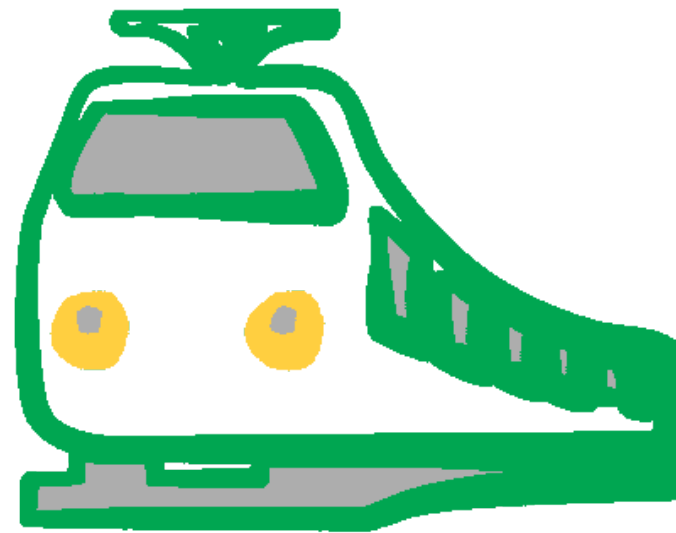
She snuggled in close, a bit sleepy but ready to hear Dad tell the story of Little Bond’s journey.



“Imagine a frozen, snow-covered-up place,
where an icy wind tickles the cheeks on your face.

“Where cowbells and sleigh bells and a big St. Bernard
greet the trains when they stop at the old railway yard.

“Up mountains so tall, way up higher than high,
Little Bond hiked and climbed past the clouds in the sky.”

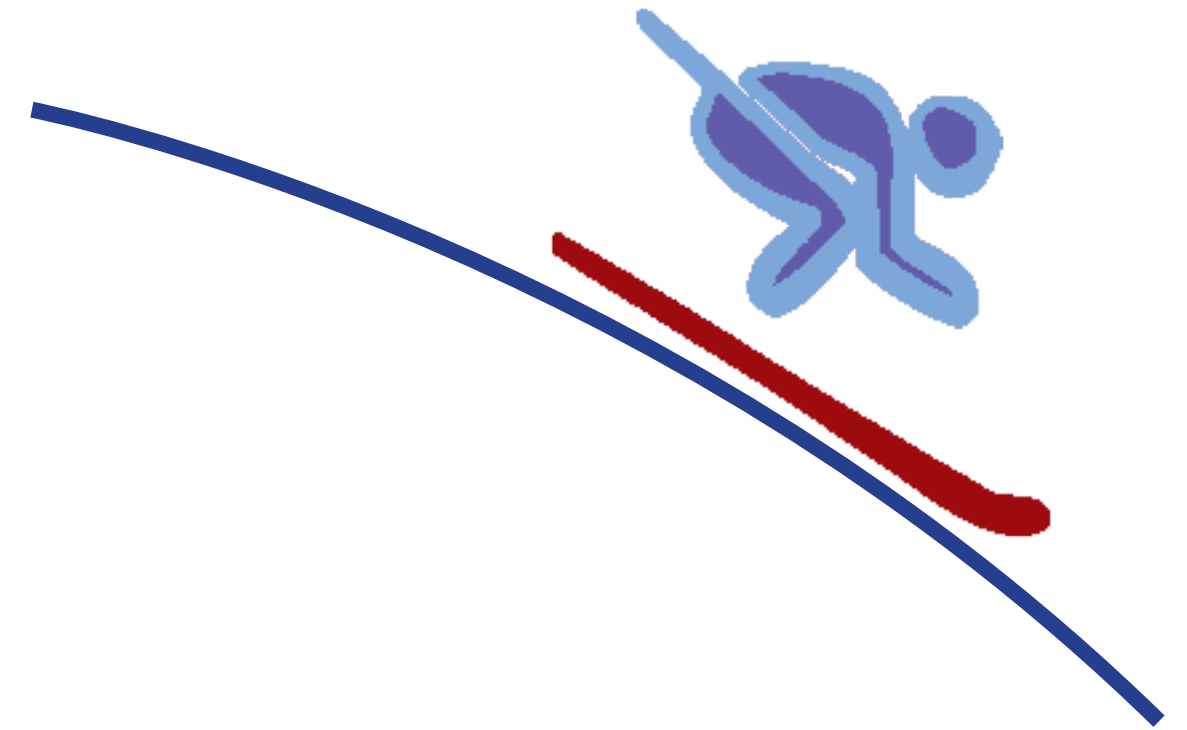




“There on top of the world, a view dazzling and grand stretched as far as could be all across Switzerland.

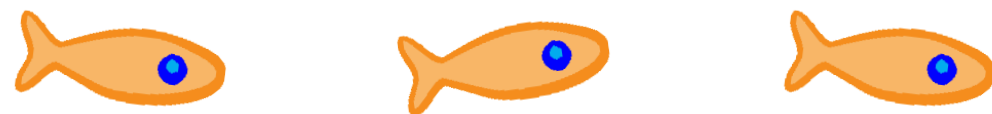
“Then Little Bond strapped on some gloves and some skis and whizzed down the mountain as quick as the breeze.

“He stayed in a fairytale ski chalet hut, warm and toasty inside sipping Swiss hot chocolate.”





"That sounds like fun, Dad," she said, eyes shut tight.
"Where else did he go, Little Bond, just last night?"



"From Switzerland he took a train down to the sea,
then onto a boat to a floating city!

"To an old town called Venice, and she's like no other.
There are no streets there, just canals filled with water.

"No cars and no buses, just boats big and small.
But the shiny, black gondolas are most fun of all."



VENETIA



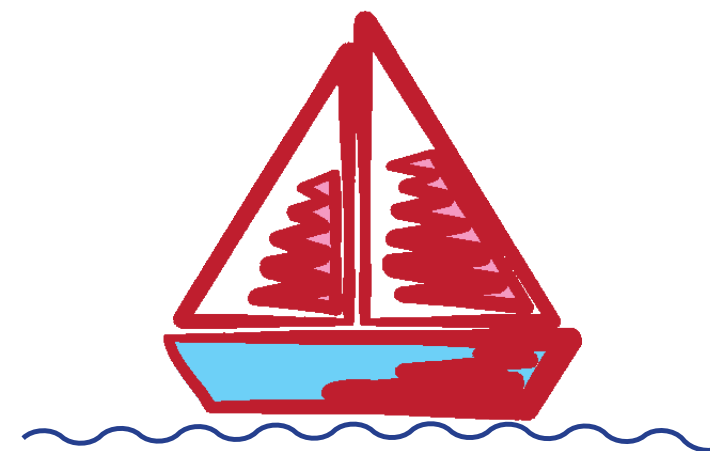
"He wore fancy-fun masks to a party while there, and dodged all the pigeons out in St. Mark's Square!"

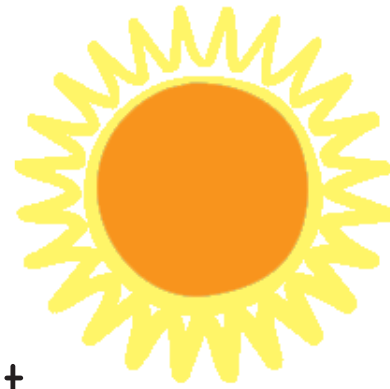
"He crossed over bridges and saw wondrous things like a shiny gold church and a lion with wings."



"The food was so tasty, mouthwatering dishes piled high with fresh pasta, fresh shrimp and fresh fishes."

"He ate so much food, his small belly was burstin' when he hopped on a plane to his next destination."





"Little Bond was excited. He just couldn't wait for his road trip across the United States.

"He began in the West under California sun. At the beach he surfed and had all kinds of fun.

"Then he crossed the dry desert. He drove over the Rockies. In Kentucky he raced with the derby horse jockeys."





“Out on the Great Plains were roaming buffalo and so many big farms where the vegetables grow.



“He saw giant skyscrapers in Chicago, Illinois. And ate barbecue in Texas with real-life cowboys.

“Then on to New York for a big Broadway play. His last stop was Boston. Baseball at Fenway!”



"The whole world is a big place to see in one night.
He tried but could not see it all, no not quite.

"But tonight he'll see more. Pretty soon, off he'll go.
I'll tell you about those adventures tomorrow."





Thinking she fell asleep some few minutes ago,
Dad whispered goodnight and stood up to go.

But he heard a sweet little voice come instead
from the sweet little girl on the pillowtop bed.

“Why doesn’t he write? Why doesn’t he call?
Why doesn’t he send us a postcard at all?”

“Because,” said the Dad, “Little Bond’s greatest gift
is letting me tell you about all his trips.”



"Each night's a new story, saved for just us three.
And there's nowhere in this world that I'd rather be.

"Me too," she said as she drifted to slumber.
"Sweet dreams," said the Dad, "And always remember:

"Wherever it takes him, wherever he roams,
your Little Bond, dear, he always comes home."

