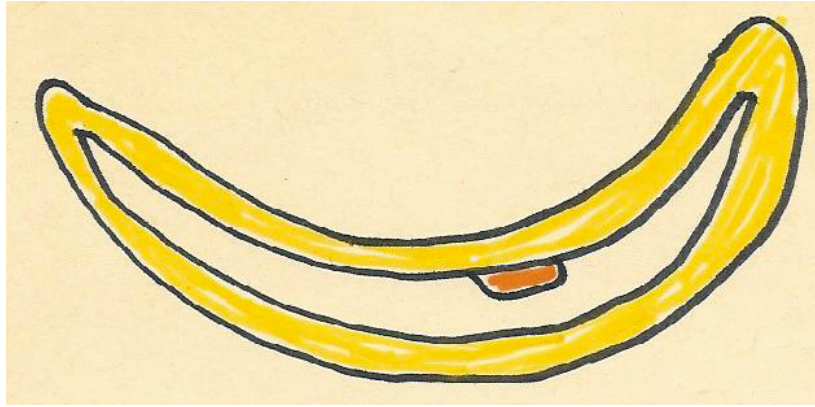
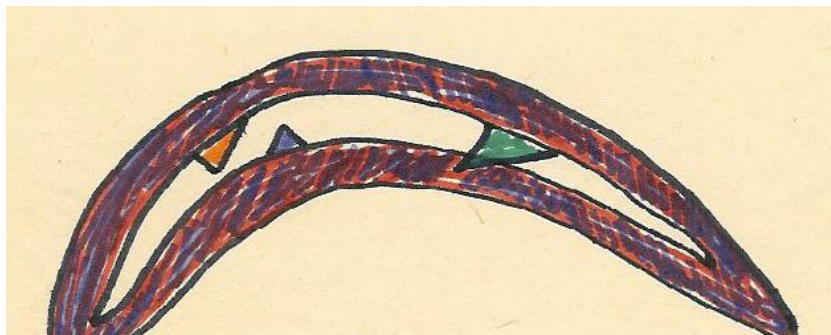


FRIENDS & FIENDS



pictures and poems

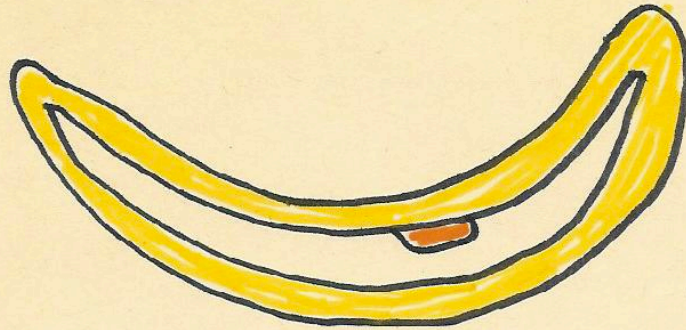


ARNE COLLEN



Eagleeye Books International

FRIENDS



and

FIENDS

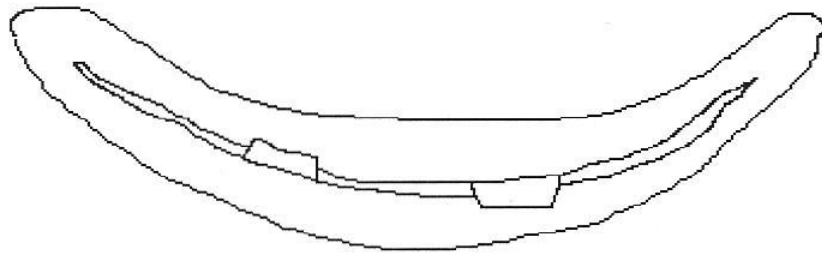


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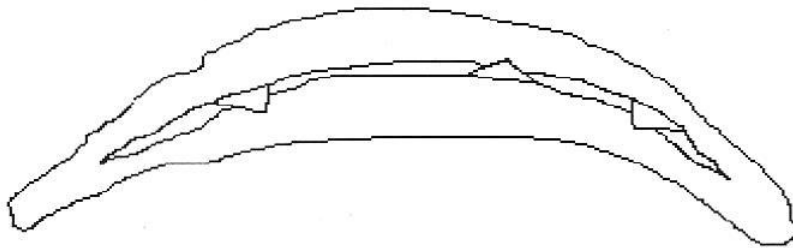
ARNE COLLEN

Arne Collen

Friends



&



Fiends

A publication of
Eagleye Books International
Walnut Creek, California and Santa Fe, New Mexico

Friends and Fiends

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Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

Dedicated to:

Kristin Nicole, and Frances Bobbie, my daughter and mother, respectively. They are the principal whys this book has come to be.

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

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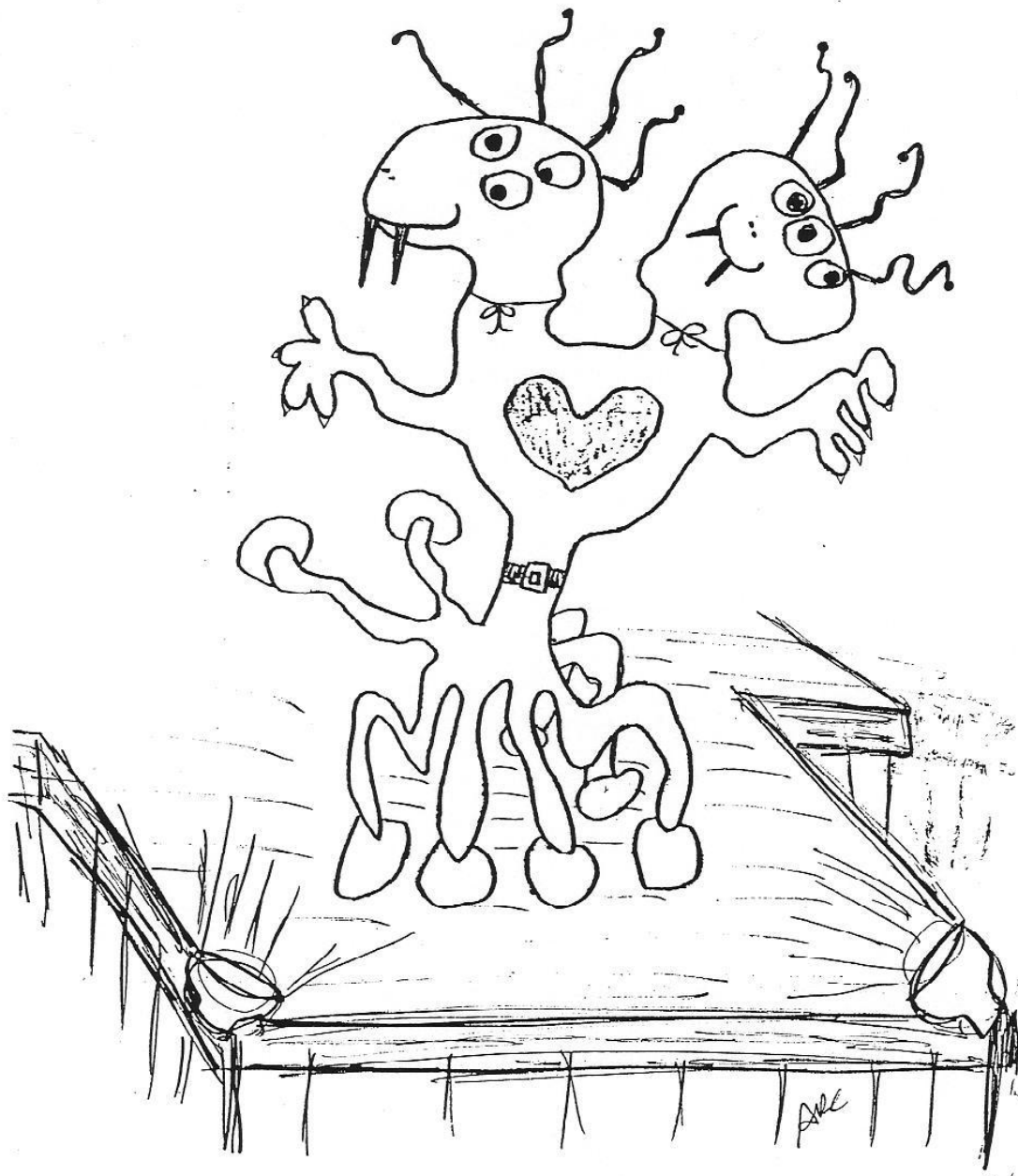
PREFACE

If you kindly take a look
through the pages of this book,
I'd like to introduce to you
some friends and fiends of mine.

Some are funny and not pretty,
others scary or very silly,
but all want their poem read,
these friends and fiends of mine.

Yes, look inside. Do not delay.
They wait for you, this very day
to make you chuckle or rebuke
these friends and fiends of mine.

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LOVEBUG

Each night at the Dragon Tooth Inn
two crazy characters pound the floor.
To a lively beat of a drinking song
the people cheer and shout, "More, more!"

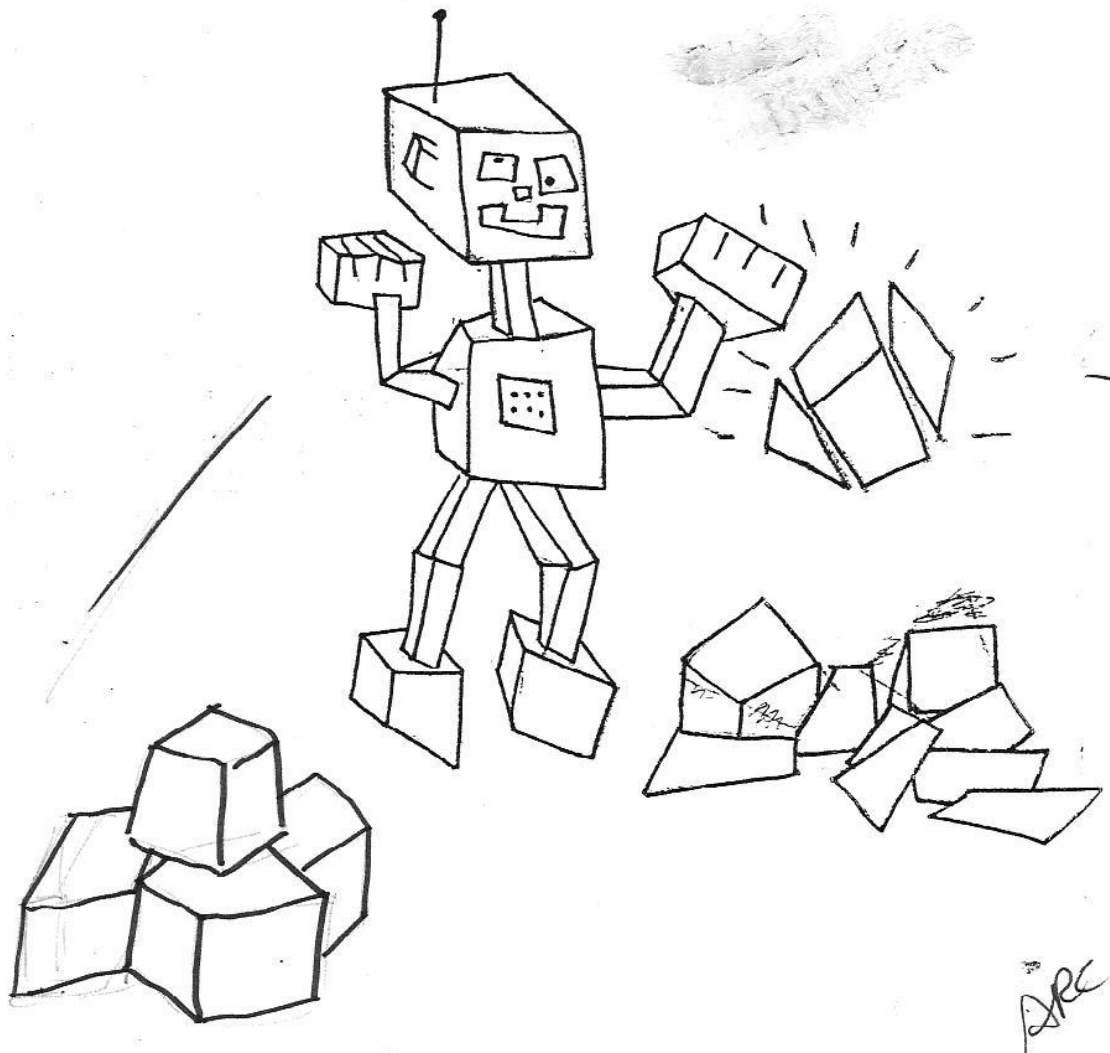
Their mud pie eyes and hairdo dots
twitter, twitch, and twirl stretching high.
Tromping out ten octopus trots,
the crowd oohs and ahhs, "Oh me, oh my!"

They're quite a pair; yes, they've got flair.
Those pods are a dynamite treat.
When they do swirl the patrons yell,
"Look out for all those feet!"

Every night the inn comes to life
when Lady Love and Lady Bug hit the floor.
After dips, a dive, jitter and jive
the people shout, "Encore, encore!"

"But are they two?" "Are they one?"
People ask; they are uncertain.
Who knows? Because when they're done,
they canter behind the curtain.

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BOXBUSTER

Bam! Bash! Pow!

Does he pelt them and how.
busting boxes every which way.
Why? It is his birthday.

Bang! Smash! Pow!

Look at him now!
breaking boxes up for fun,
no harm comes to anyone.

Crash! Mash! Pow!

What a performer, wow!
flying boxes everywhere,
hitting each without a care.

Blam! Crunch! Pow!

He loves his birthday show,
he's fierce but most sincere
recycling year after year.

Bam! Bash! Pow!

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RABBITAPE

Who ever heard of this creature?
Its an ape and a rabbit together
parading. Its a double feature!

From where this odd one comes is a mystery.
But children, monkeys and rabbits all agree,
it is a THING they'd rather not see.

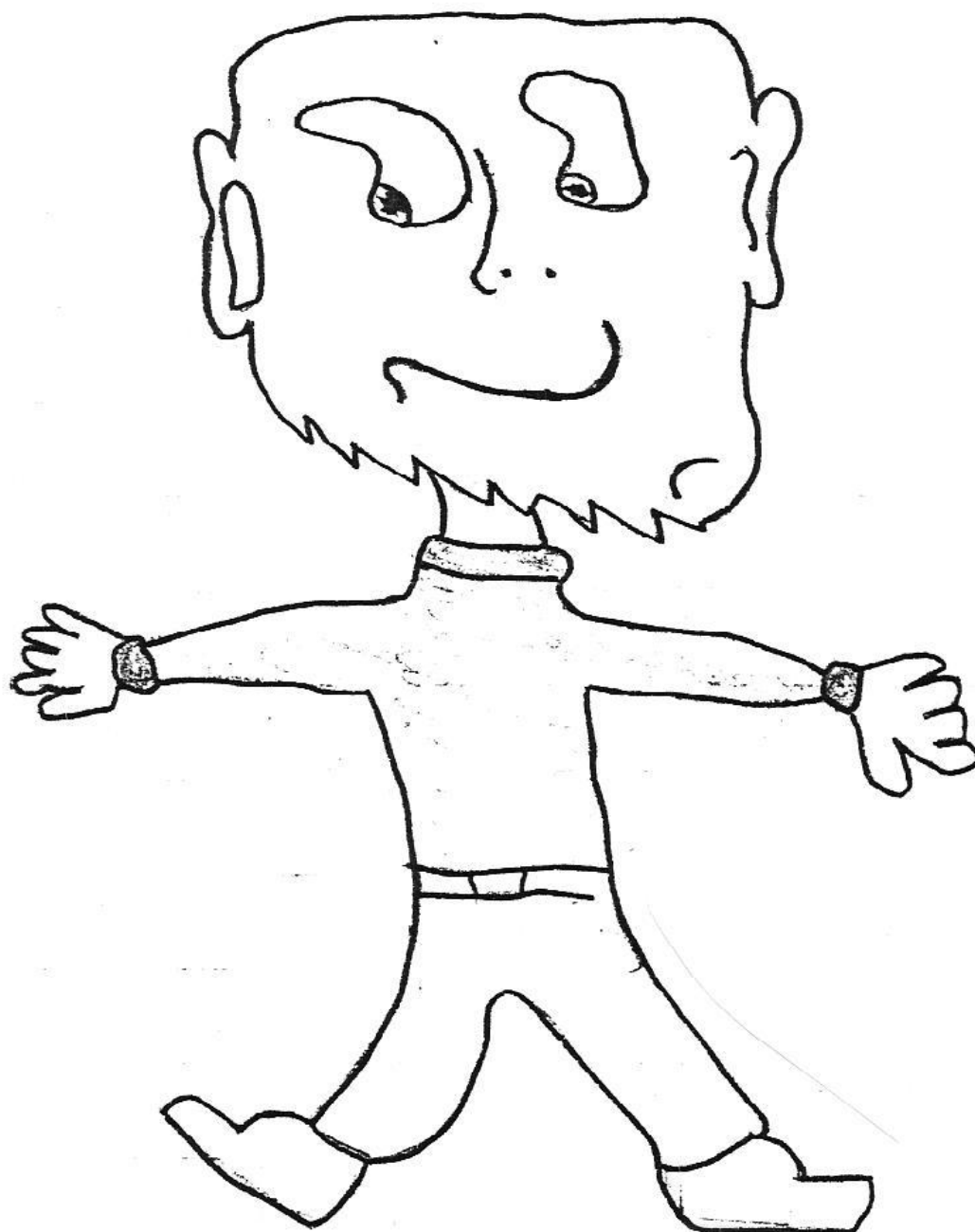
It can look harmless enough, from afar.
But come too close, it will spar
with anyone. It thinks it is at war.

Now, panic-sniffing fills Bunnysville.
Ape City's full of breast-beating and shrill.
"Who let Rabbitape escape?" "Will it keep still?"

Its fast becoming a first class pest. "Get it!"
they shout. But who will step up to outwit
Rabbitape? Neither ape nor rabbit will do it.

Well, they'll have to solve this problem soon,
very soon, because they saw it make this afternoon
a rabbit into a meatball and an ape into a prune.

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THE SAW JAW KID

From the wooly wilds of Woodytown
comes a kid with a jaw so cut

he can

cut trees to fall

in no time flat

he can

zig his jaw

he does

eleven trees

just like that

he does

sparkles in his eyes

he saws

piece by piece in half

he does

cross chip

cut and rip

he does

a top drawer saw jaw man

he can

fall trees

cut them up

he can

faster, better than

any saw jaw man.

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COOKIE CROC

Walking dainty as a daisy
talking coo-coo as a crazy,
Croc will tip toe around
hallway lockers and the playground.

Looking for food unattended
loving the sweets we've invented,
Croc searches with much haste
every place for a taste.

Thieving fiendly from fifth graders
chomping twenty ivory scissors,
Croc can get unpleasantly pesty
and very very, very messy.

Fearing no child when he comes out
letting all know his whereabouts,
Croc craves cookies galore
but a pet or pat gratefully more.

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TUBBY TUBA

Bah PUM tah BUM
Bah PUM Tubby Tuba
Tah BUM bah PUM
Tah BUM Tubby Tuba

Tubby Tuba
Beat out tuba talk
Tah PUM bum PUM
Tubby Tuba
Best tuba talker

Bah PUM tah BUM
Bah PUM Tubby Tuba
Tah BUM bum PUM
Tah BUM Tubby Tuba

Tubby Tuba
Best tuba talker
Tah BUM bah PUM

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KATIE KURPLOP

Katie be little but
Katie be cute.
She stops all eyes
and kang'roo boots.

All want to see
how Katie can ski
with her kurplops
around each tree.

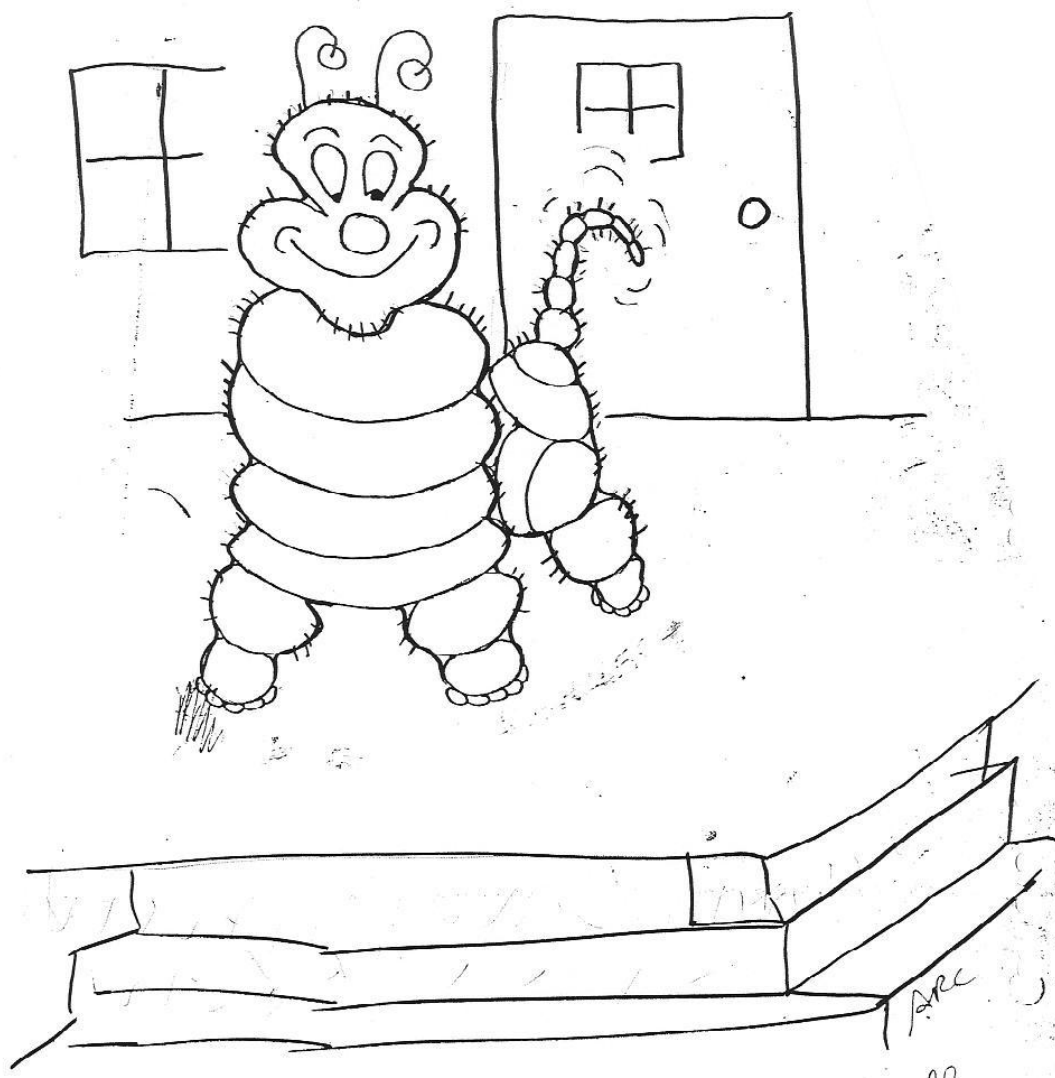
Katie does dip
and she will flip
on each and every
downhill trip.

She may left hop.
She may right flop.
But look out when
she can not stop.

For quite a while
and many a mile
will she kurplop
Kangaroo style.

Though she be mute
she sure is cute.
She stops all eyes
and kang'roo boots.

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DOGPILLAR

He'll never grow into a mutt
he'll never become a moth
but he's very merry hot stuff.

Better than a mutt
he'll never mess inside
or jump on the dining room table.

Better than a moth
he'll never eat your woolens
or leave silken threads in corners.

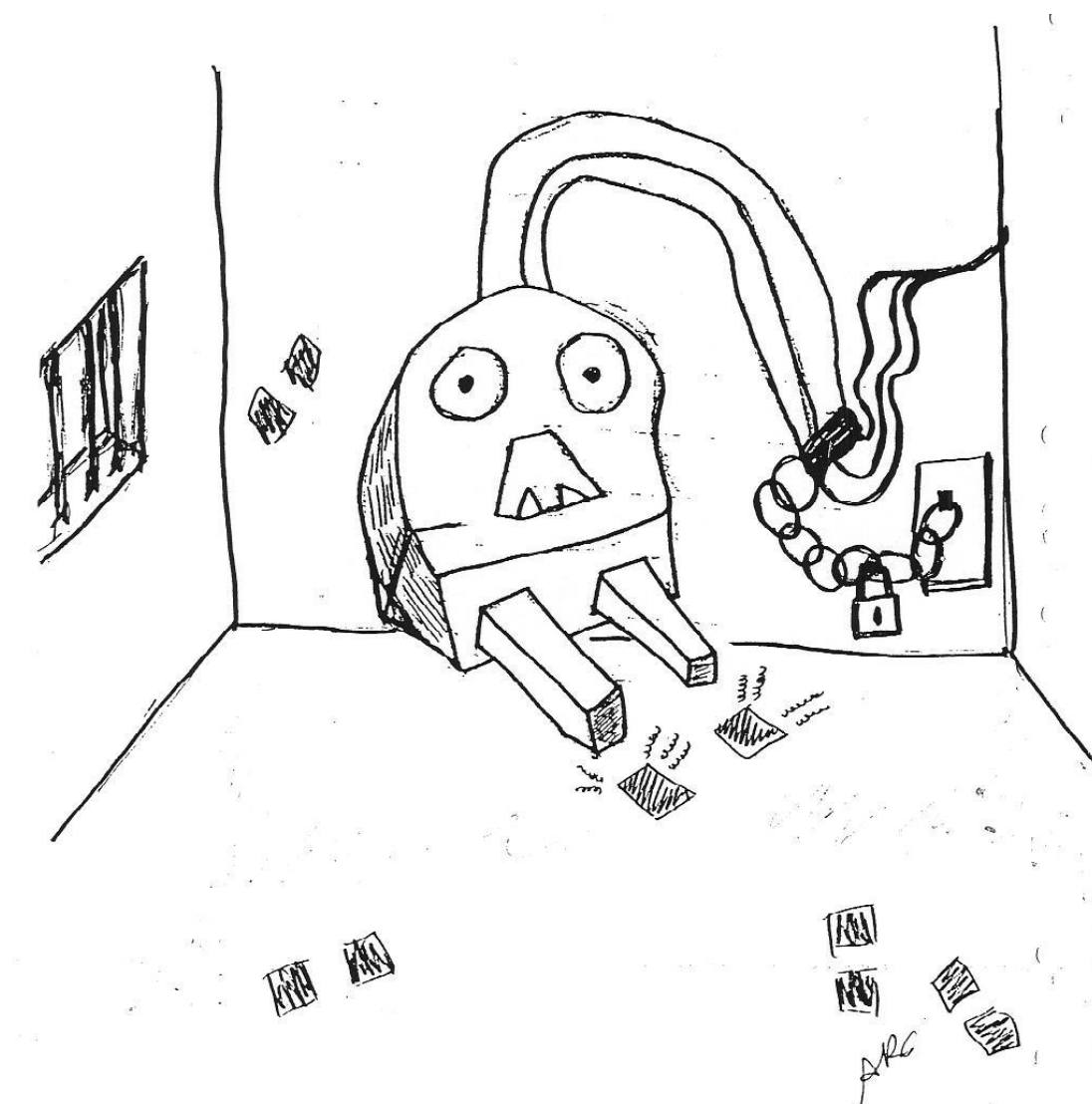
He's a jolly laugh.

When the day looks glum
he's a play and a show
all wrapped in one.

He's Dogpillar!

He's not a mutt
and not a moth,
he's very merry,
VERY hot stuff!

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UGH PLUG

Mean, nasty, painful, sassy,
hard, hurtful, crafty, mean
whole-lot-a-trouble is he.

Stand back! Stand back!

He wants to brand black spots double on you
by shocking, punching, and poking you blue.
Nobody's friend is he.

On little boys he'll burn black spots double
until their skin looks like broken brick rubble.
Ugly menace is he.

On little girls he'll burn black spots double
until their skin looks like bacon strip stubble.
Bad plug bully is he.

Mean, nasty, painful, sassy,
hard, hurtful, crafty, mean
whole-lot-a-trouble is he.

Stand back! Stand back!

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HATRACK

If it has a handle or a loop, hang it on him.

He loves to carry all you own:

hats, shoes, pants, scarfs and gloves,

belts, coats, ear muffs, even telephones.

He's always there with a smile.

If he could he would get the door on his own,

when you have need of him,

whether or not you are at home.

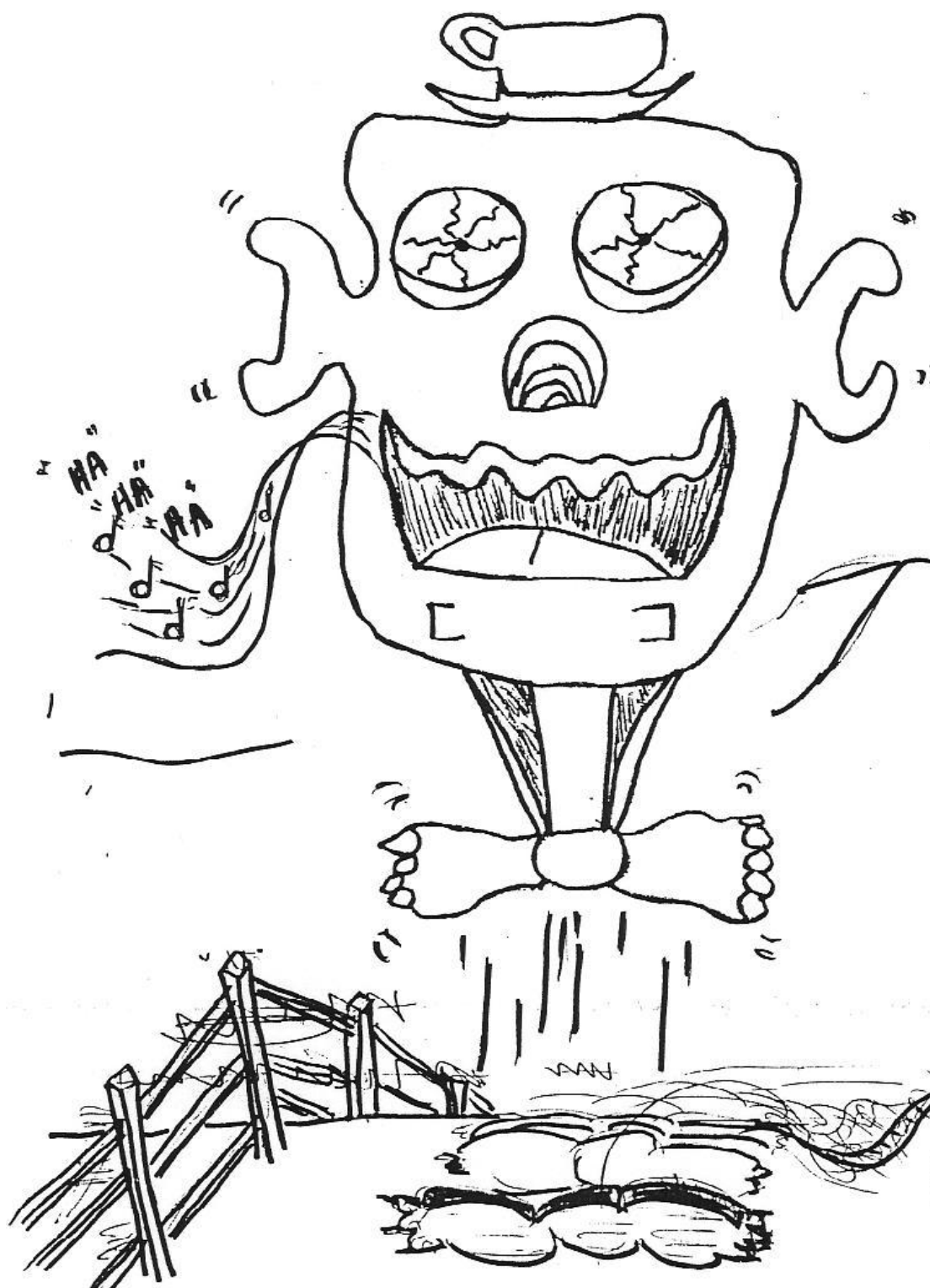
He's a light-hearted fellow;

his only desire is to please.

Like Polly the parrot, dog Rover, and Kitty cat,

to be part of the family is Hatrack in fact.

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TEACUP

Unlike any character
that you will ever see
in a play or on a book cover
Teacup is quite the actor
on Halloween night.

With a pinch of his earlobes
and a tickle from his toenails
he will make you laugh
as he laughs loud at you
with a mouth full of musical might.

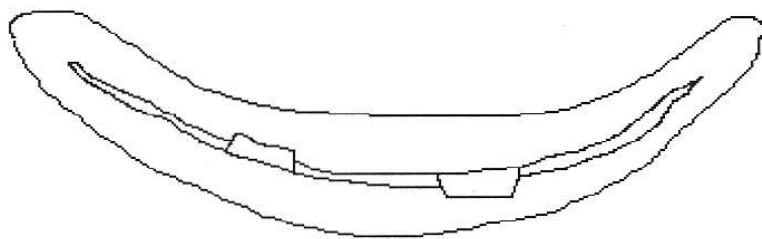
You might know him by the saucer
on top his barren crown. But know,
not with one drop will he ever
spill and wet your candy he uncovers
on Halloween night.

He will clap with his earlobes
and tickle you with his toenails
and try to make you laugh
during his jackhammer dance
that leaves wandering footprints.

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To his poise you can aspire
but the noise he makes is greater
than people can endure. But know
his attention-seeking nature
on Halloween night.

So listen for his musical highs
and keep open your two eyes,
for just as fast as he will appear
laugh, jackhammer, tickle, and sneer
just that fast, he will disappear from sight.

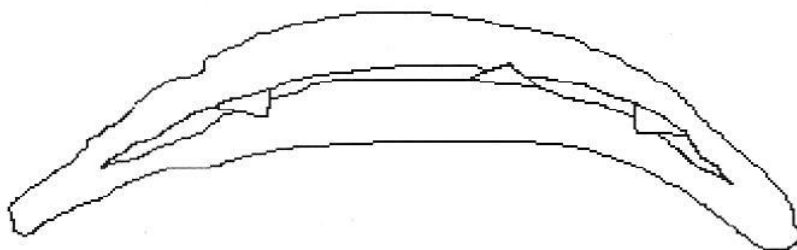
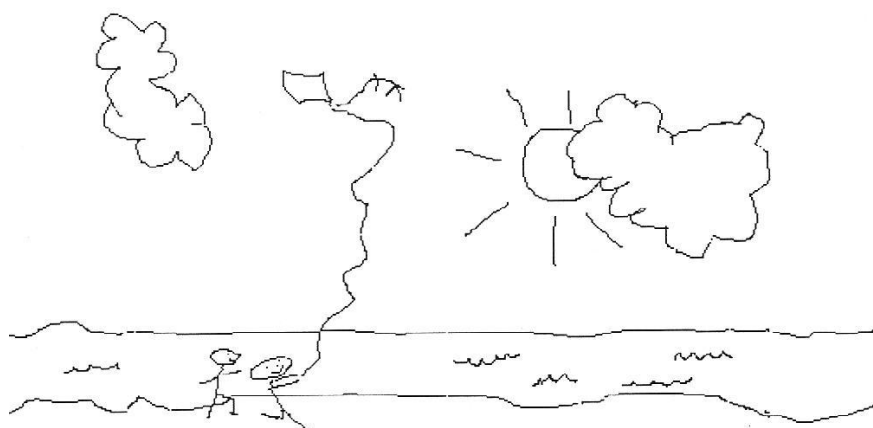


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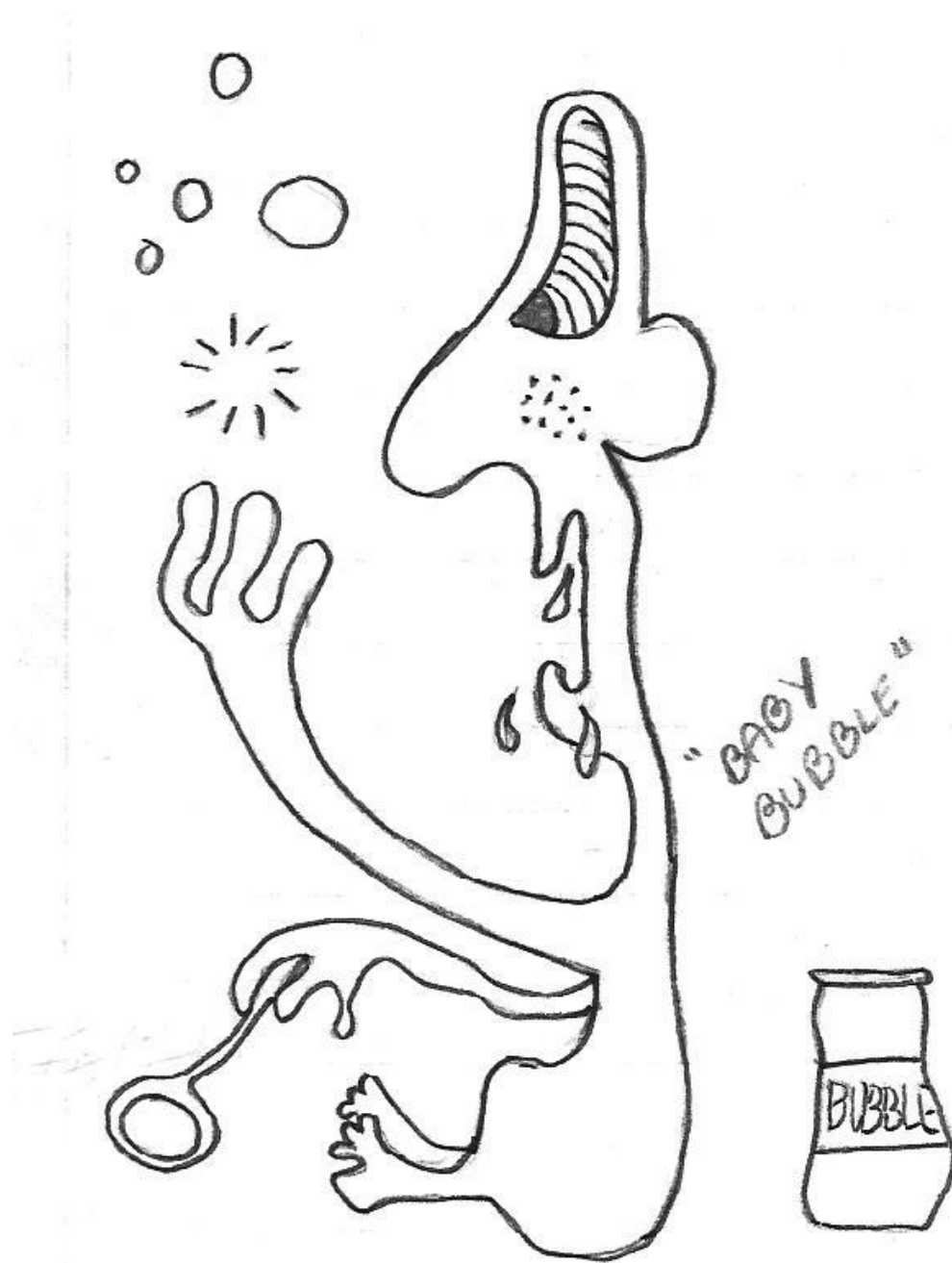
F R I E N D S

&

F I E N D S



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BABY BUBBLE

Ga bah gaa
Bah bah goo
Baby blows a row of ga-goo bubbles.

(POP) (POP)

Little critter crawls across the floor.
See baby go, then blow some more.

Gurgle gurgle GAA GAA
Gurgle ga gurgle GOO
Baby bubbles and gurgle-ga-goos

(POP)

(POP)

(POP)

Nice baby blows and tries to taste
but bubbles POP POP in baby's face.

Ga bah gaa
Ga bah goo
Here comes more ga-goo bubbles.

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PUCKER

Nearly never is he ever
right, polite, or nice in manner.

Creaky-boned, a crooked chair sitter,
he is the lazy glazed daydreamer.

Sloppy sipper, cruddy chewer,
he is the garbage can eater.

Blabber big mouth and big bragger,
he will tease you the day after.

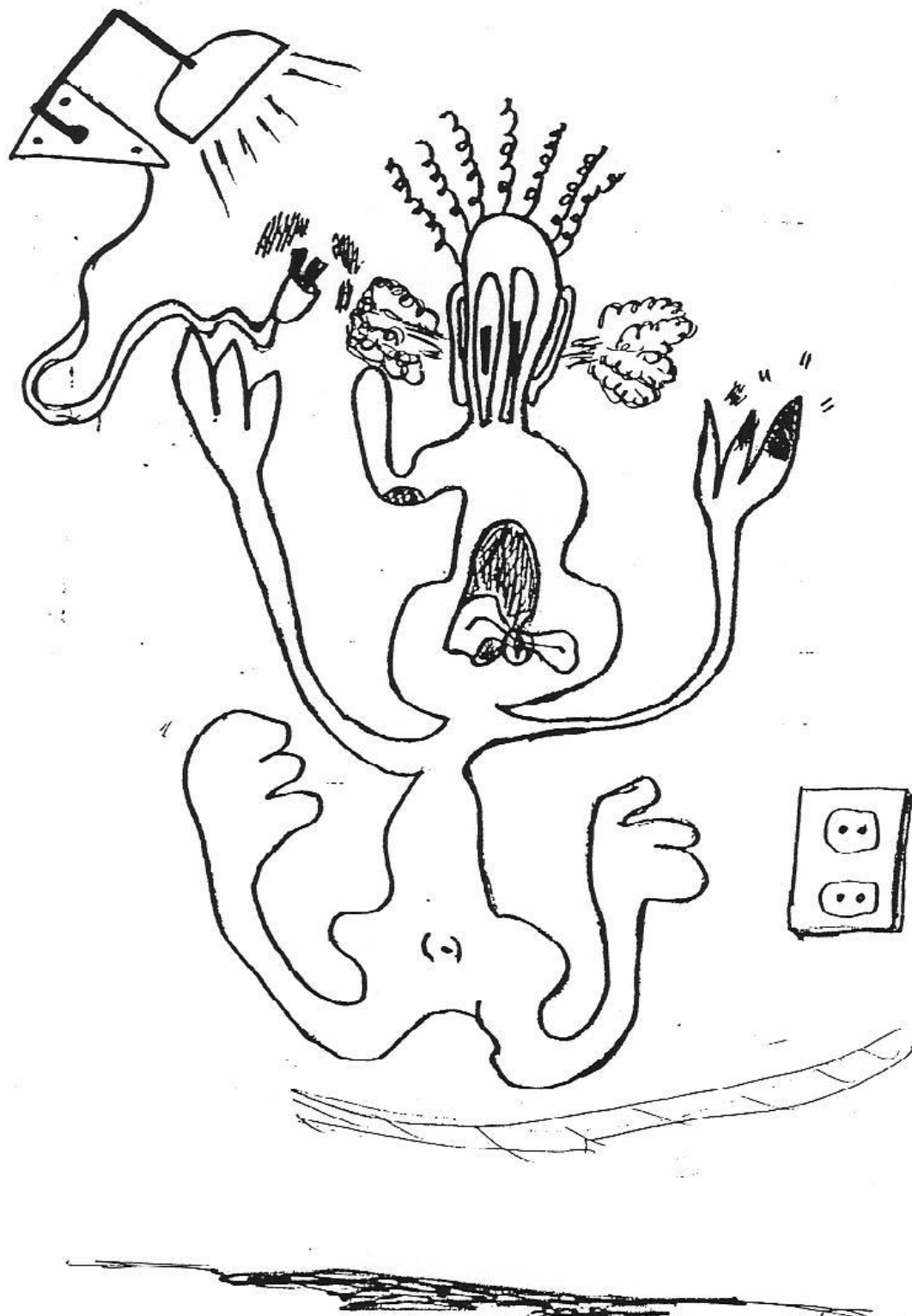
Silly school boy, sloppy dresser,
he is the playful mischief maker.

Stingy, itchy two tooth sayer,
he is the worst hex and promise breaker.

Wandering wormy cootie finger
he is the nasty nose picker.

All agree when it comes to Pucker,
he is yuck and the yuckiest ever.

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SHOCKEROO

Oh, what fun is Shockeroo.
He jumps rope, sings, and likes to joke.
But then he had to go
and put his finger in that hole.

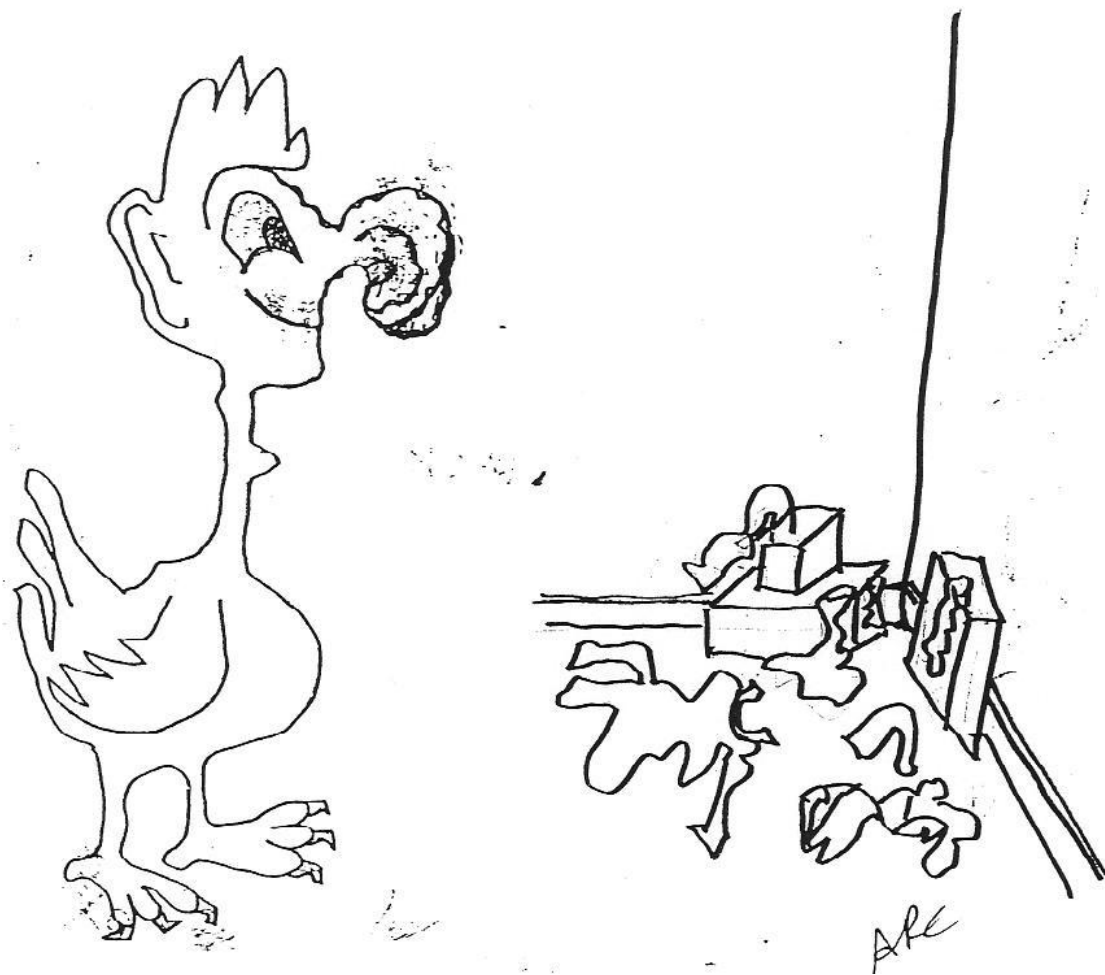
Zap! Zing! Kazoo! Ow!

Oh, how dumb of Shockeroo
to give himself a zaperoo.
So finger-fried and tongue-tied
and almost burned alive.
He really must not go
and put his finger in that hole.

Zap! Zing! Kazoo! Ow!

Oh, he's a silly dancer now.
Still he jumps rope, sings, likes to joke
but, he will never again go
and put his finger in that hole.

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NOSEY

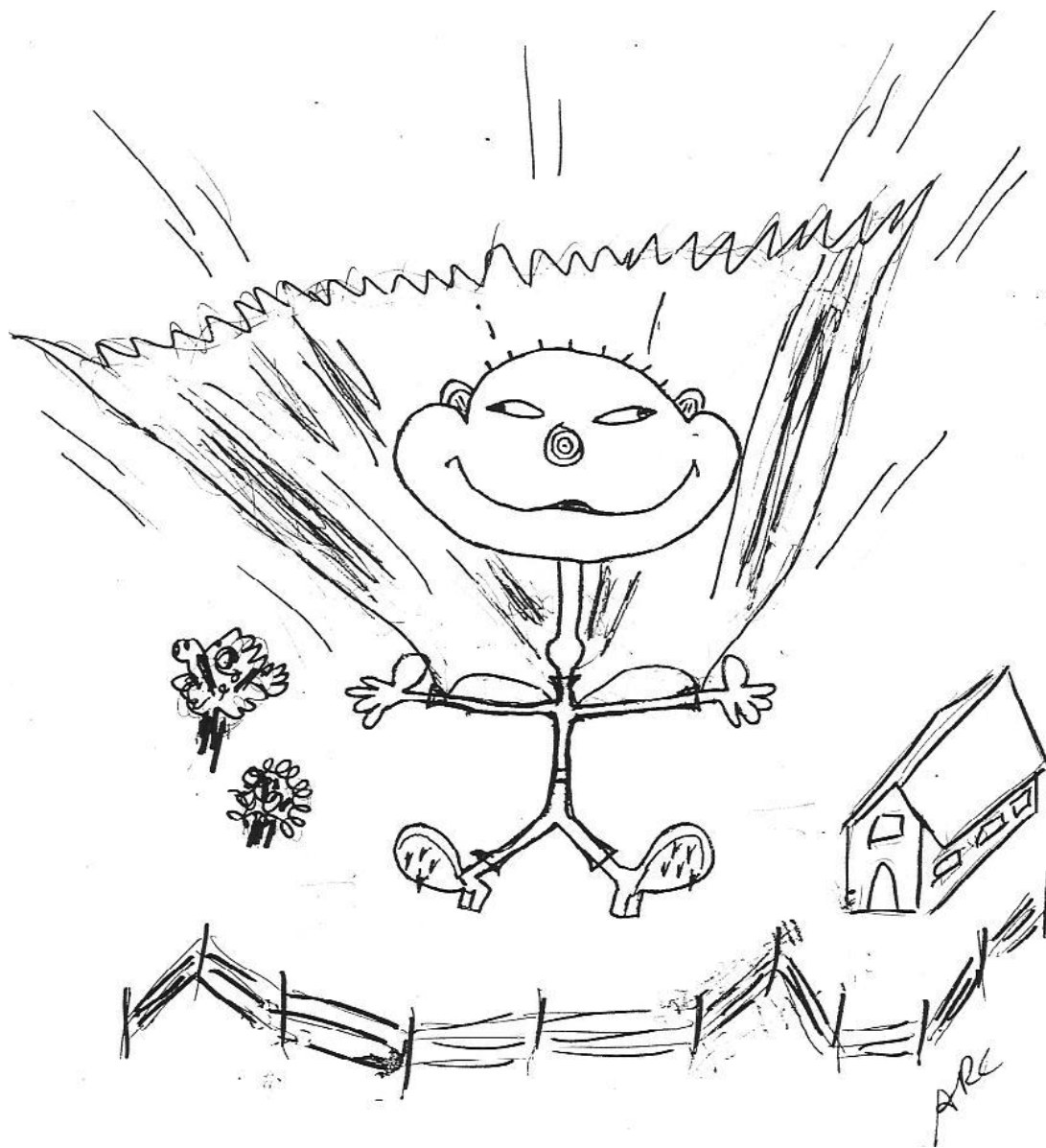
He is a creature quite cleaver and curious.
He wants to know all there is to know.
He is not one would call luxurious
but is constantly looking, wanting to know.

He is frequently into other people's business.
He makes more mischief than they can accept.
He is merely looking for the not so obvious
by undoing every tidy corner well kept.

He is very fickle and fussy in his meandering.
He searches the premises for a bit of evidence.
He is most thorough with a peek and a pampering
to uncover the answer to our wonderful universe.

He is convinced that some day he will find it.
He will not be stopped by a "can't" or a "don't."
He is convinced that some day he will have it,
despite all those others who say that he won't.

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HEHIHO

Shooting across the highway, faster than a quail,
leaping the farmyard fence with the arc of a gazelle.
Is he a varmint? No. Is he a bird of prey? Oh, no.
He is Hehiho!

There's so much more that he can do
just give him a clue or two
and before the day passes you'll see for yourself
what a versatile whiz he is.

Avoiding cracks in the pantry floor, dainty though paranoid,
shooting a machine gun, better than gangster Floyd,
hearing insect talk, close and quick like a bat-fly,
lying still and crusty, stiffer than a pumpkin pie,
singing sweet melodies, lovelier than a chickadee,
buzzing breathlessly, steadier than a bumble bee,
stalking prey in careful steps, as quiet as a cat's paw,
breaking door and window locks, as strong as a bear jaw.

Is he a psycho? No. Is he an acrobat, a soprano,
or a ballerino? Oh, no.

He's the good guy, your super spy.
He will dazzle every eye.
He's everyone's master hero.
He's He-hi-ho!

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SCREAMING MIMI

Mimi my neighbor, as the day is long,
complaint after complaint, mistake after mistake.
How can I like her any longer?

She's rude to the postman, plumber, and electrician.
As pickle is sour, her impolite ways will not sleep.
She talks back to anyone in her house and on television.

Like a siren, her sounds shake me to awake.
Weekly she beats a cookbook like bread dough.
She pulps one to dust--a fitful mistake?

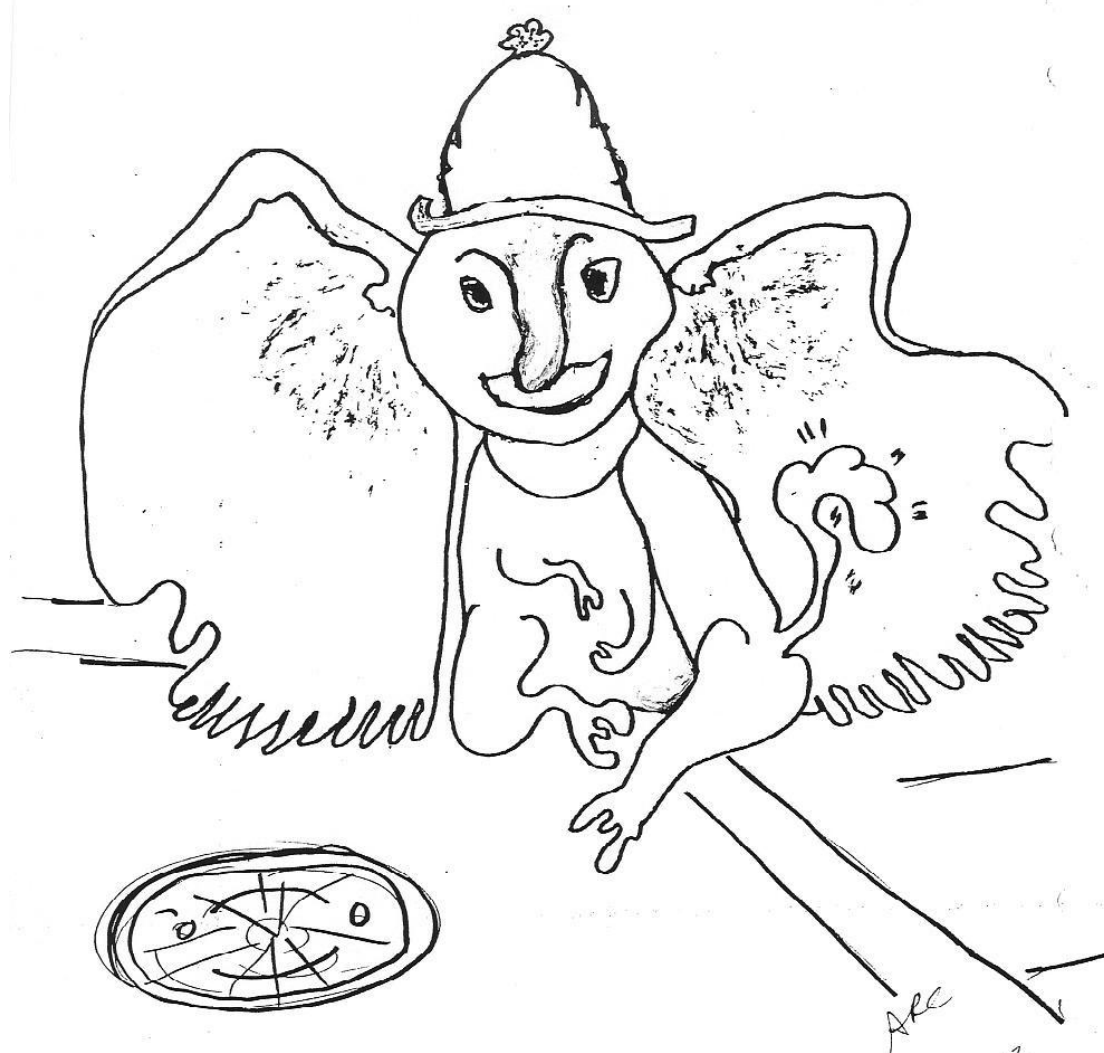
When the dog may want his daily walk, she may not.
She pokes and punches her poor little poodle
to whimper again and again until she's ready to trot.

Last week her cake hit her best friend in the face.
She could not confess it was a mistake, and
instead stomped the floor at an angry pace.

There it is, my complaint: She's a meanie,
a book beater, dog bully, and cake thrower;
in deed, Mimi is a regular monster.

I just can't stand her any l o n g e r !

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BIGEARS

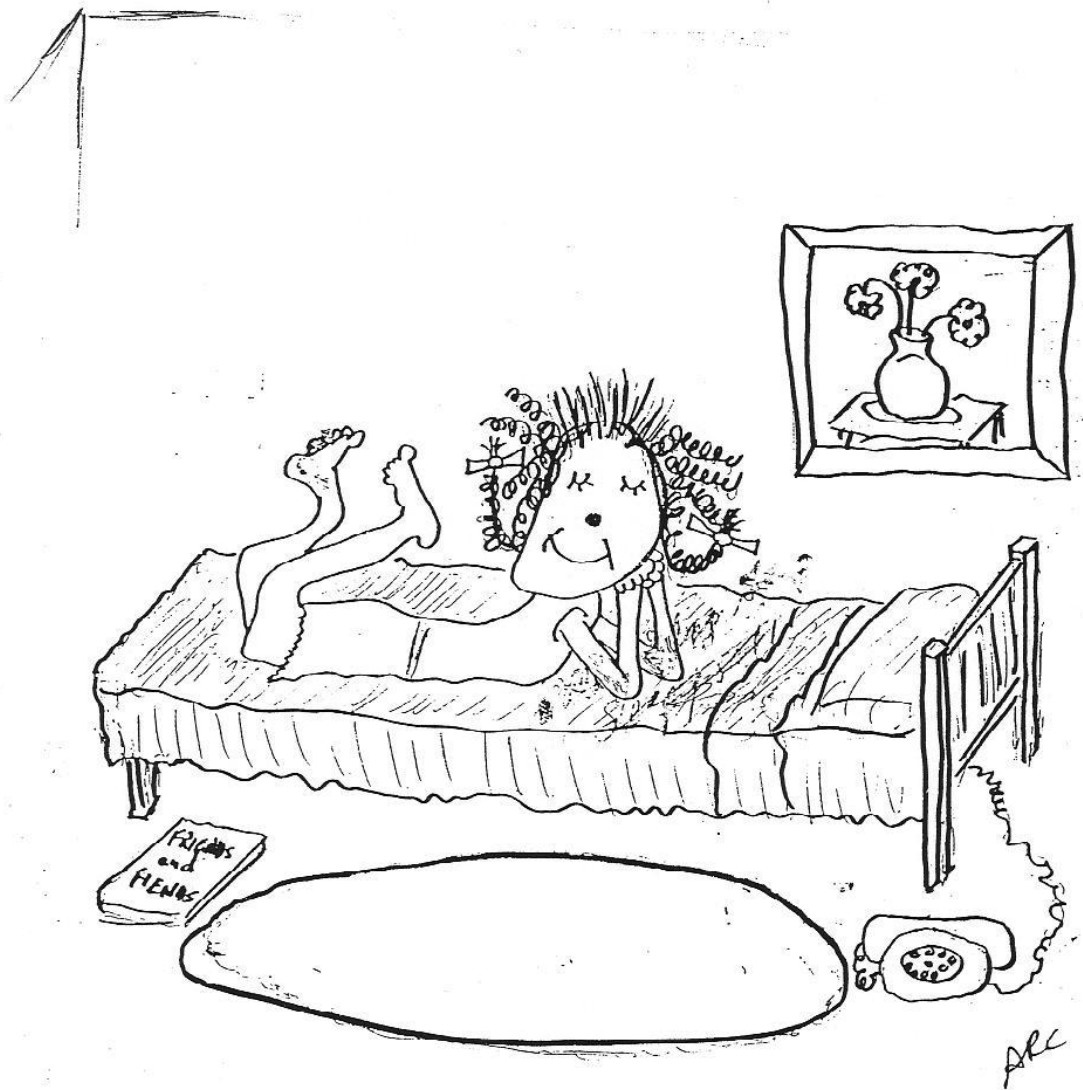
Like two big street sweepers,
they scoop up all the sound
from every place around.
Every word and every whisper
they gather what the people say
up to twenty-two meters away.

Like two big language keepers,
they store what's said in town
from all the folks around.
Every phrase and every conversation
they bring into his mind
jibber and jabber, gossip of every kind.

Like two big blue gray comforters,
they can cover him, feet to crown,
warming him completely around
every curve and every corner.
At any time, whether night or day
he goes unnoticed, as he may.

Like two tropical elephant-leaf weavers,
they feed and grow on sound
fanning ever outward over the ground
every skin flap like a sniffer.
He searches about, collecting each day,
by night wrapped up, tucked away.

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SALLY SLEEPS

She's friendly and kind to others.
She likes people who like to play,
though she may doze off between turns.

She cares and listens to learn.
She likes school as a rule,
though she may snore in her classes.

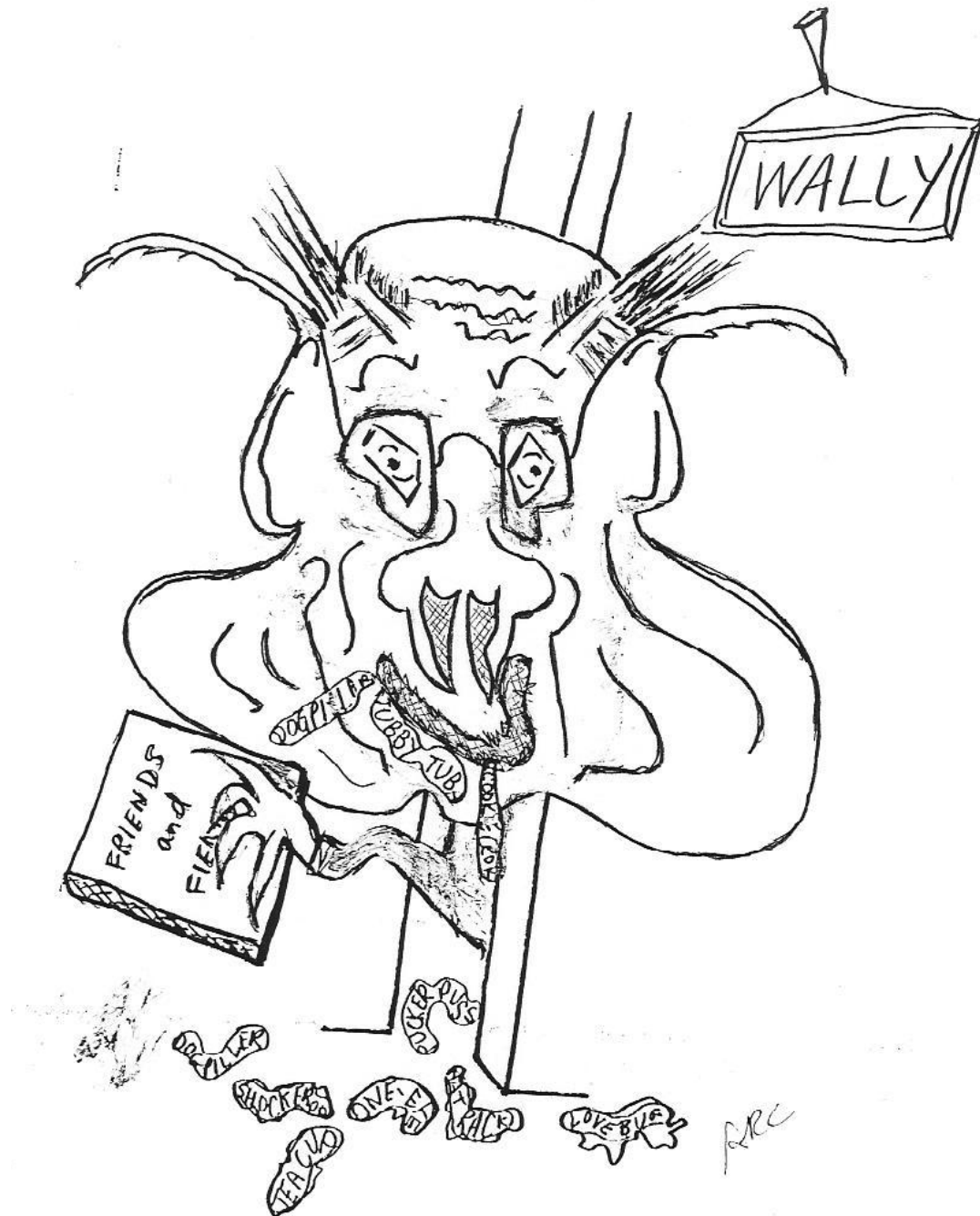
She talks on the telephone for hours.
She likes gossip and slapstick comedy,
though she may nap quick when bored.

She's polite but quiet at the dinner table.
She likes to keep her appetite small at night,
though she may drift off plates until dessert.

She wears this year's latest styles.
She likes to dress up and show off,
though bed clothes make her very snoozy.

Overall, she's just a nice teenage girl.
She's much befriended and highly recommended,
though all week long she needs her sweet sleep.

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WORDY WALLY

Who is this person peeking from behind
it seems all devilishly keen with intent?
He is not a friend or fiend you're likely to find
but he is a nice, kind, and learned gent.

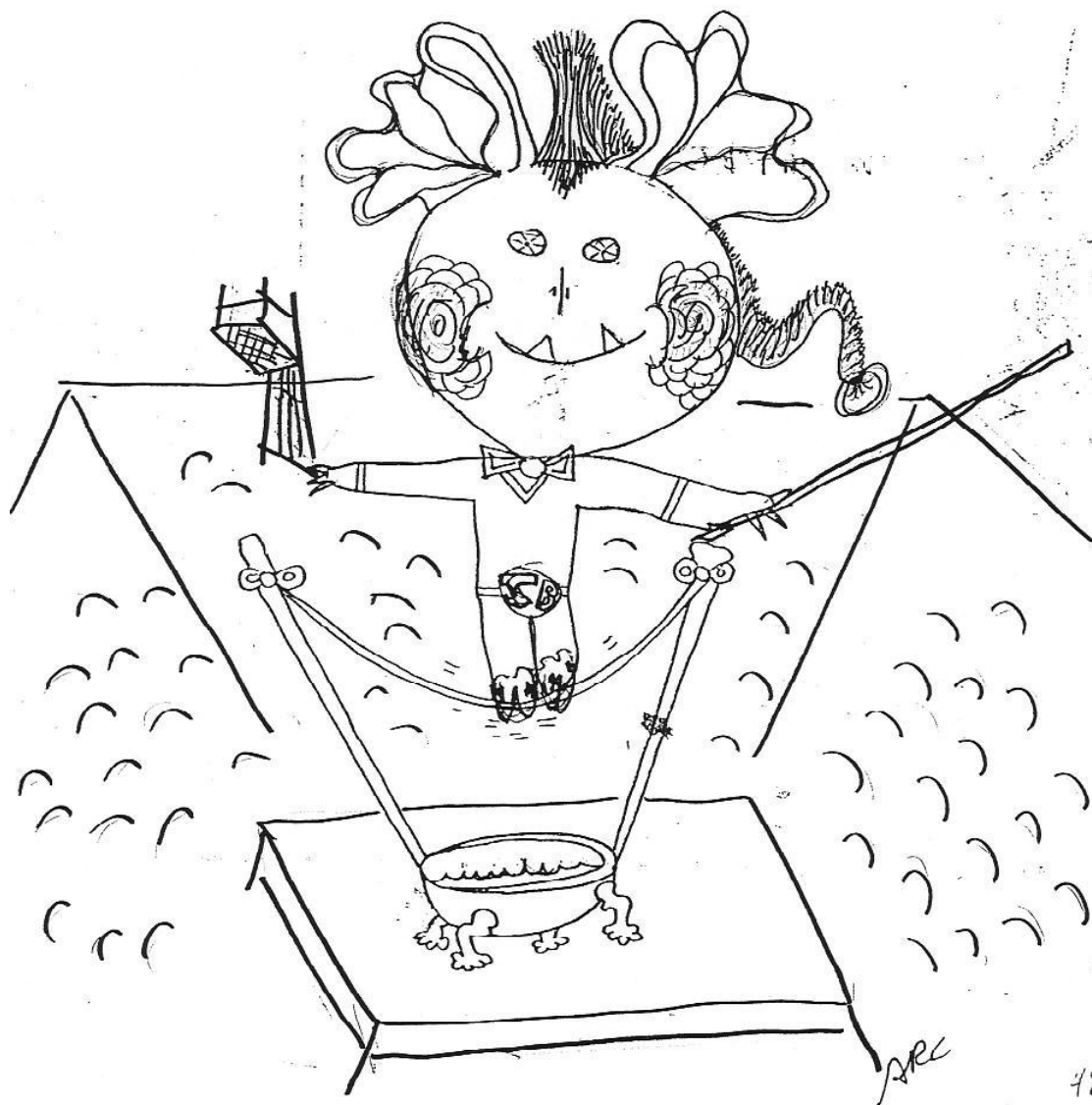
What he knows and speaks best are words
from the pages you read in this very book.
He gives attention not to people, trees, or birds
but rests each day content in his reading nook.

He spends his daylight hours and more
working with the pictures and the rhymes.
You hear him if you put your ear to his door
reciting lines and lines ten to twenty times.

His words dribble out like a leaky faucet.
His floor gets covered in watery rhymes.
It is difficult to persuade him to stop it.
As a clock, his speech ticks uncountable times.

Why does he with care and thoughtfully,
hiding away from the world in his room,
secretly read this small book of extraordinary
beings as though its his garden in bloom?

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JOHNBOW

He balances on the wire high above
the crowd around his burger patty tub.

He walks the rope first to, then fro
with a front and a back flip; he's a pro.

He carries carefully across the span
a chair and a rod, each in one hand.

He stops, turns, bows, kicks, and
promptly repeats them all again.

He wire-walks with a fire-filled
twirling button dancing hand to hand.

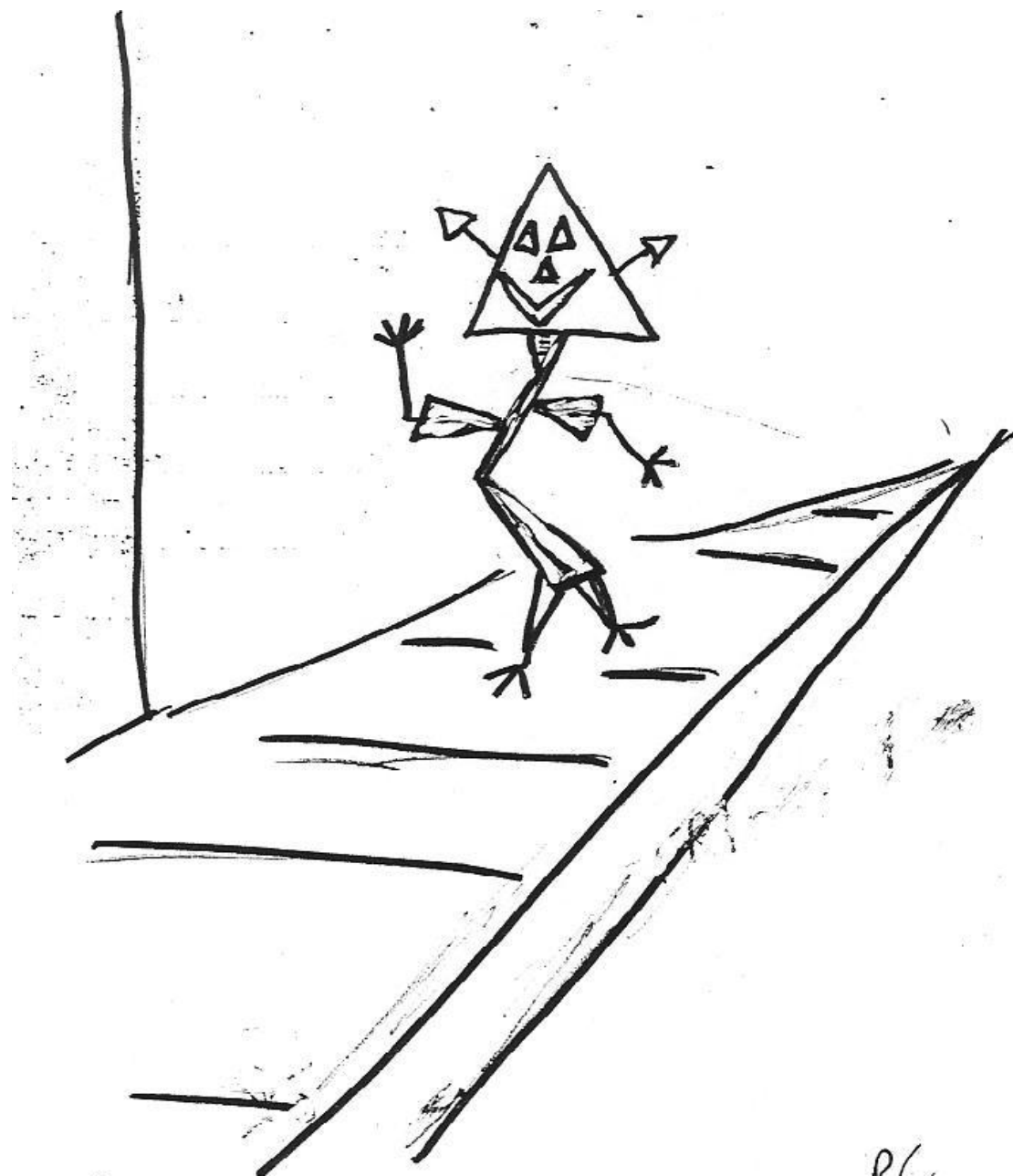
All heartbeats lift into the air
as he sits, over a table, in a chair.

The crowd loves best what's last
at the end of his courageous act.

Dropping tub-ward as if to fly,
he yells out his bellowing cry:

"Bombs away and lots of hash!"
He blasts out a cannonball splash.

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TRI-BABY

Tri-baby's no cry-baby.

She skips to a beat her cricket feet.
She sings like a gurgling flute.
She's a cheer leader, night and day.

And she's a try baby, no foolery.

She'll lend a hand in a jam.
She'll shoo away your blues.
She'll give her time away.

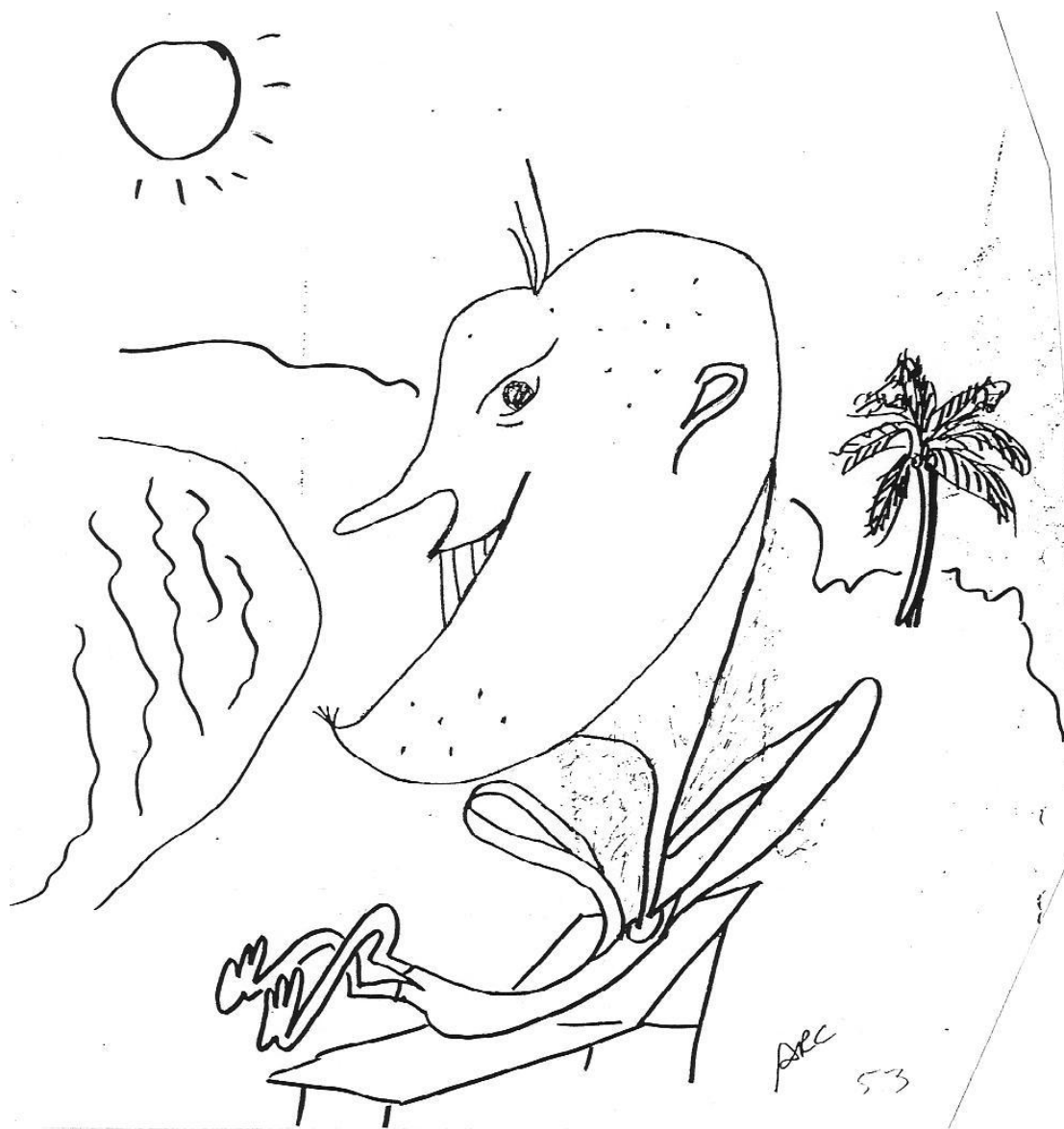
But me, oh my baby
look out for Tri-baby.

She is too, too try foolery.

Though all hearts on Valentine's Day
she'll blab nonstop trisyllable rhymes
and she'll tease you three times, she may.

Despite her quirks, all love Tri-baby
our no-cry, try, triangular baby.

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BODY SURF BOB

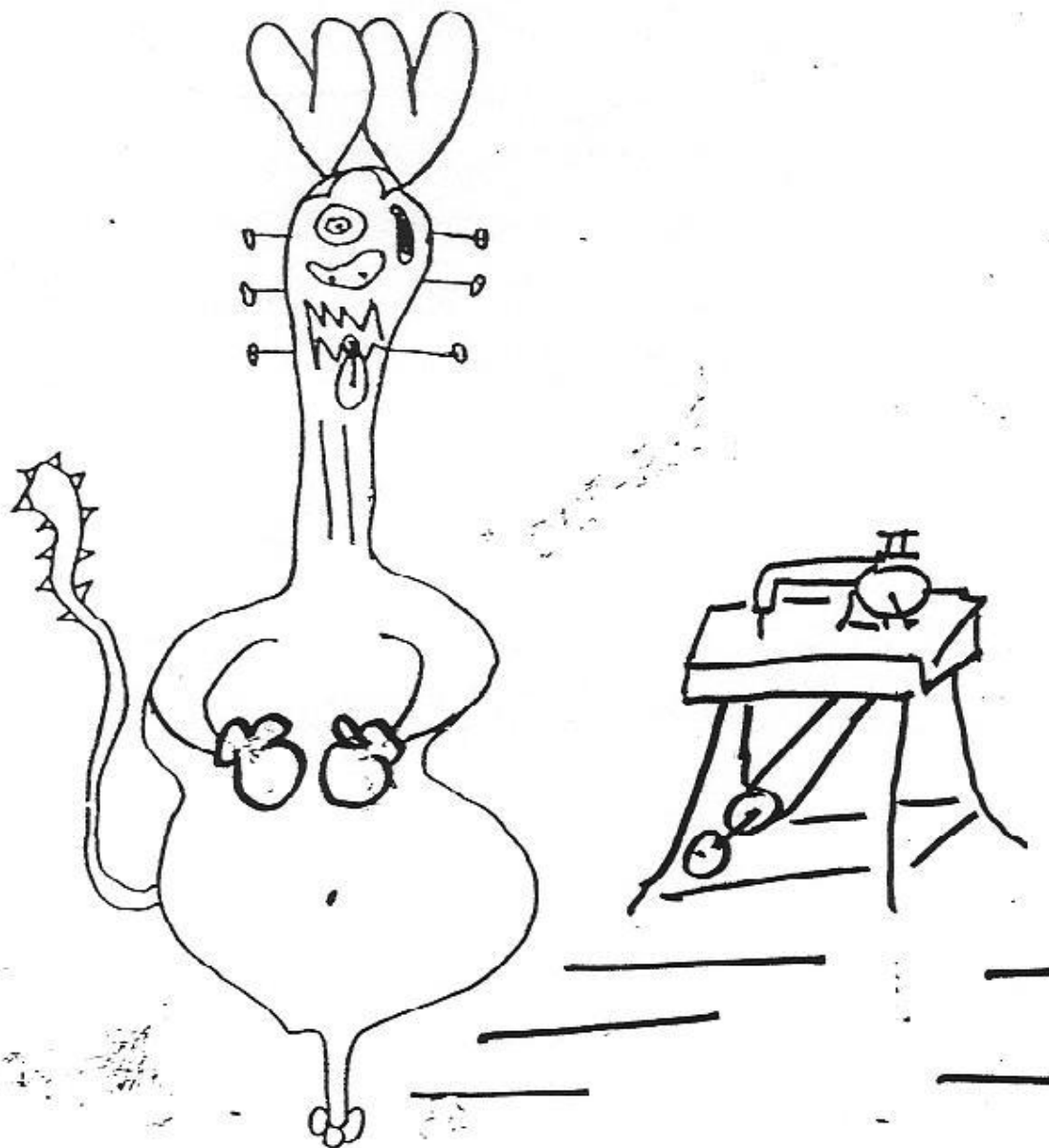
It could happen that you meet
while on vacation at the beach
our world's best body surfer.
He is a well known globe traveller
though he's very difficult to reach.
Those surf stories of him are a treat.

Each month he surfs in a different place
where sun is bright and sand is cake
to ride the waves across the bay.
He is not one for work or play
but takes water-filled hours to make
lines in waves with his curved face.

He will surf slide on top the crest
or move ahead before the curl
or jawbone about in the wash.
He likes his life, he feels its posh.
He makes no claim to any pearl
but thinks his lifestyle is the best.

When he arrives at a beachside town
the word at once gets around
and the people flock to see him swim.
Thrilled to watch the antics shown by him,
they feast and cheer across the sand
each time Body Surf Bob slides down.

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ONE-EYE

One-eye is quite the guy.
Do you know why?
A story's here to tell of his lost eye
that he will swear is true.

It used to be, there was a day
he liked to gnaw his lunchroom tray
tapping his thorny tail for play,
meanly keen to tease you too.

But last March he met his match.
Back then he had two eyes to watch
for anyone he could possibly catch
to bully, beat, bite, and boo.

As gossip goes, hungry and mean,
drunk on peach rum, his favored ice cream,
he tried to whip the varnish clean
off a sewing machine, brand new.

Oh, such a brawl there never was.
The dust cloud rose quite high above
the combating foes locked needle to glove,
four hours battling, those two!

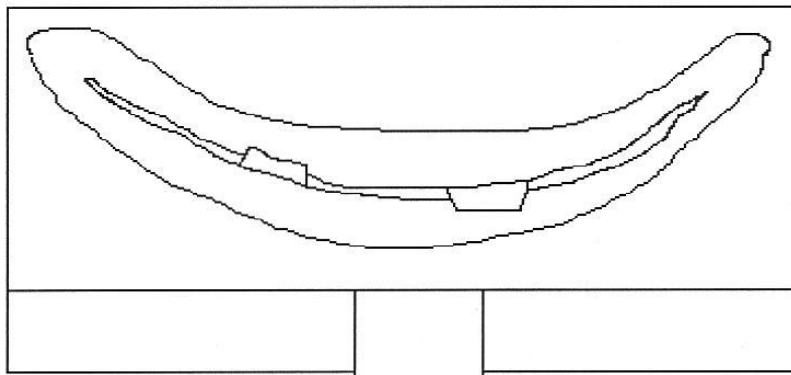
Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

When noise and ruckus did settle
the debris between wood and metal,
we prayed neither's end was fatal.
Then the machine spun up, and we knew.

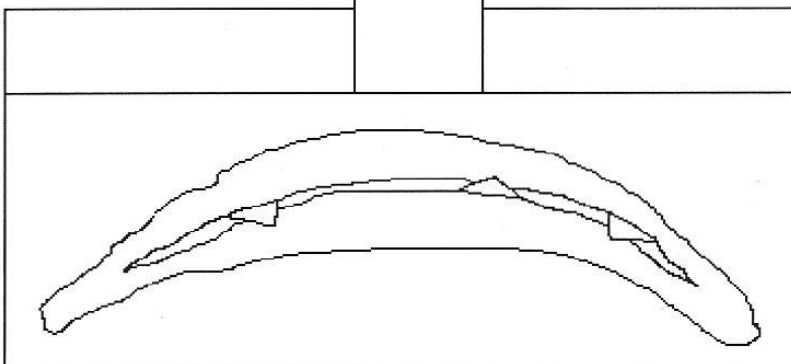
Blistered and burnt as butter
can be, we must admit for the better
the machine came out the victor
and the loser with one eye pale blue.

Now you know about this guy
and how he came to have one eye.
Though less in sight, more gentle in kind, aye
he changed from fiend to friend; it's true.

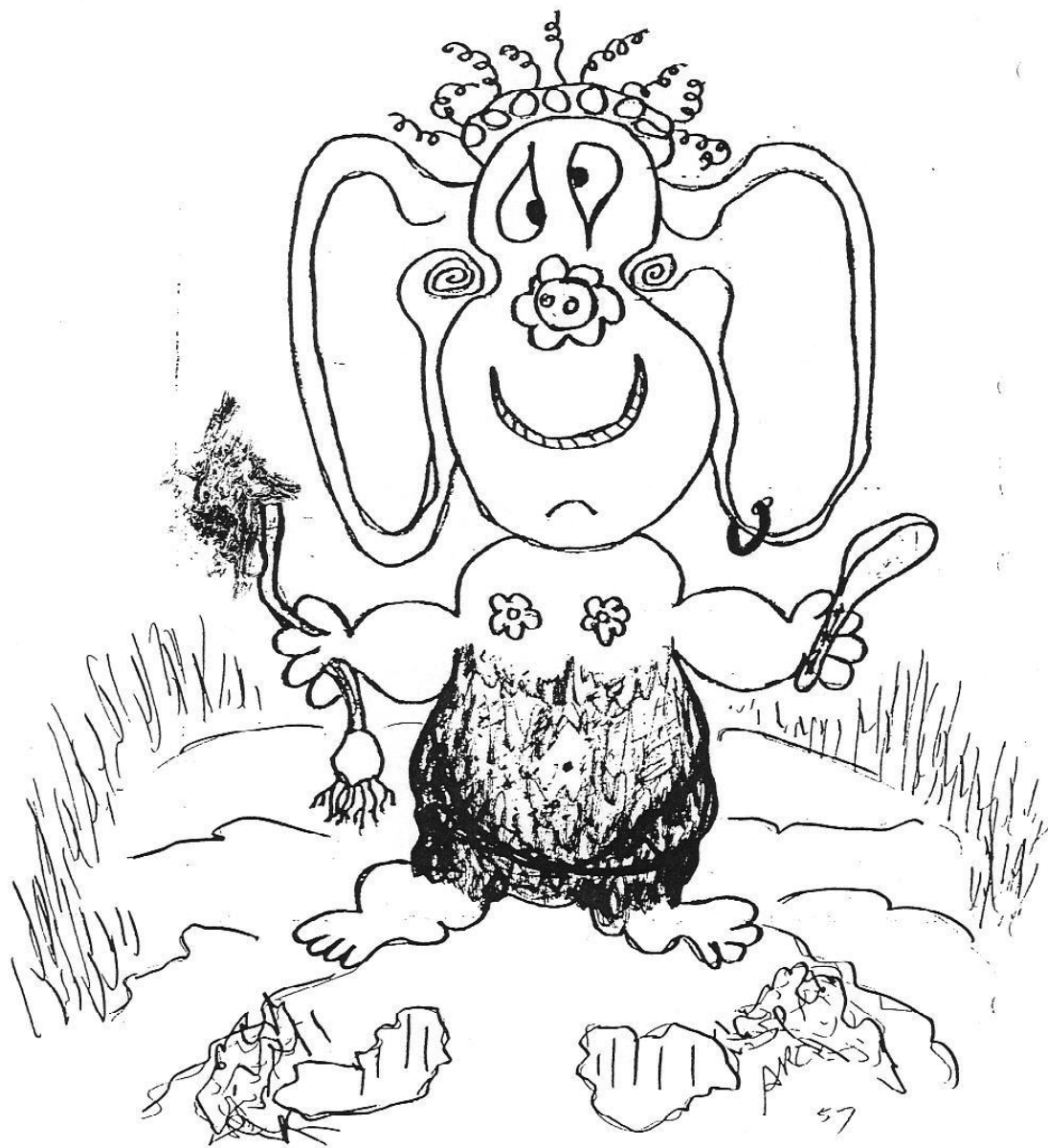
Arne Collen



Friends & Fiends



Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*



Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

BETTY BULBS

By the light of the silvery moon
Betty takes hand to spoon
and roots about the mud
searching for onion bulbs.

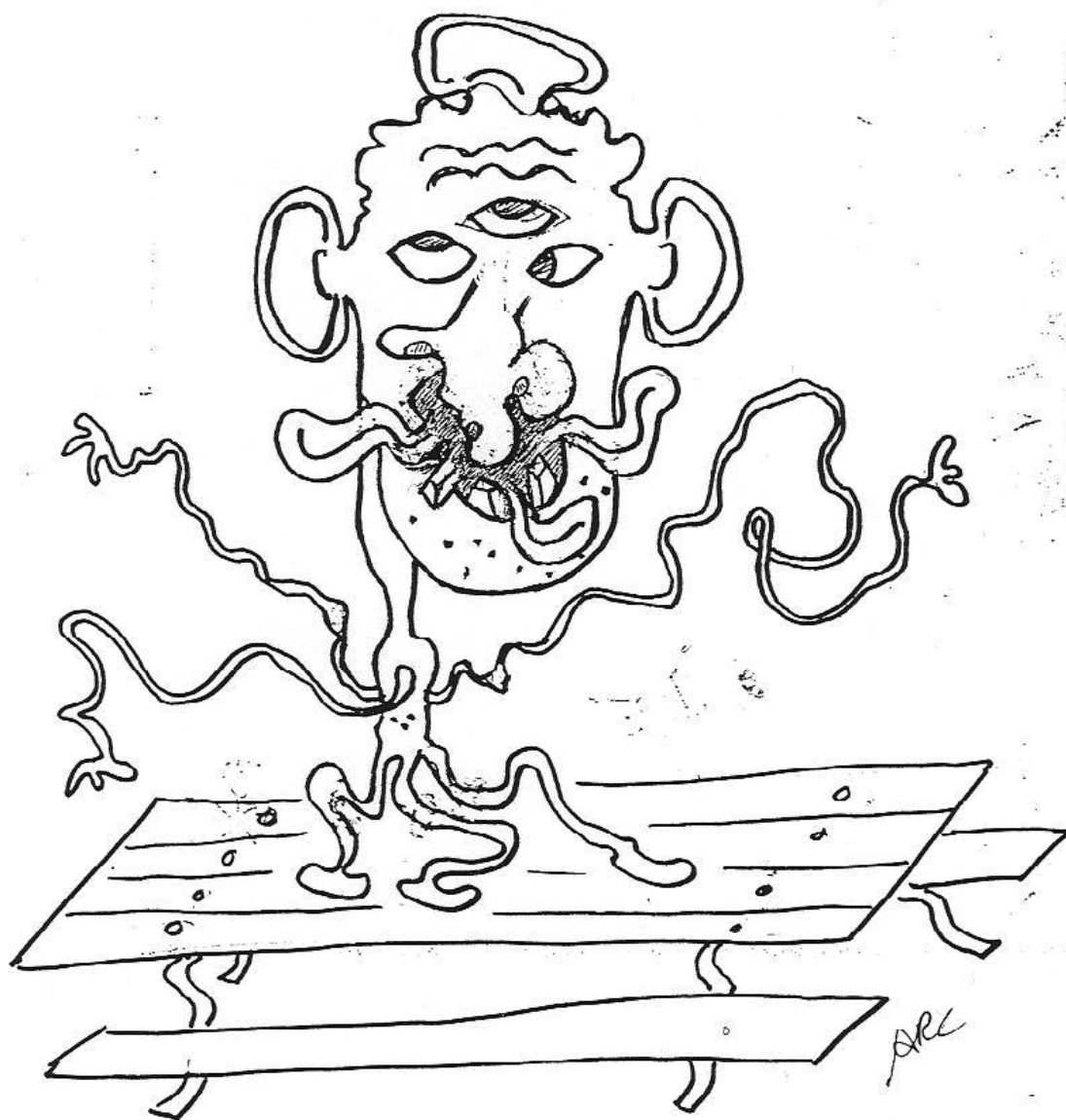
The sweet smell of a honeysuckle
will make Betty smile and chuckle,
while her spoon digs the ground
hunting for onion bulbs.

At last! She strikes it rich.
They pop up from the ditch
gleaming moonlight abounds
those precious onion bulbs.

With feast before her, until dawn
she sits contented on
that muddy mound of ground
eating those onion bulbs.

Thus, countless moons and nights
and many thousands of delights
has she gained pound for pound
from sumptuous onion bulbs.

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*



3-C

Of any friend or fiend one could know
year round 3-C is the clown of the group.
His antics, walk, and talk show
many more wrinkles than grandpa's old boot.

He carries a spare of essential parts
to listen for gossip in the dark,
taste the baker's fresh made tarts,
and sight weird objects in the park.

But numerous events he likes to share
in stories with words he can not spell.
With his tongue-stretching tales he tries to scare
everyone into believing all he can tell.

He spins each yarn like a garden spider
in a frenzy to feed after a Spring shower.
He stretches every limb of his story farther
than the giraffe reaching for a high leaf dinner.

His stories weave our thoughts and fantasy
like weavers weaving on and on and on.
By end of his big ball of yarn, we're full of anxiety,
charmed and tangly, all wrapped up into one.

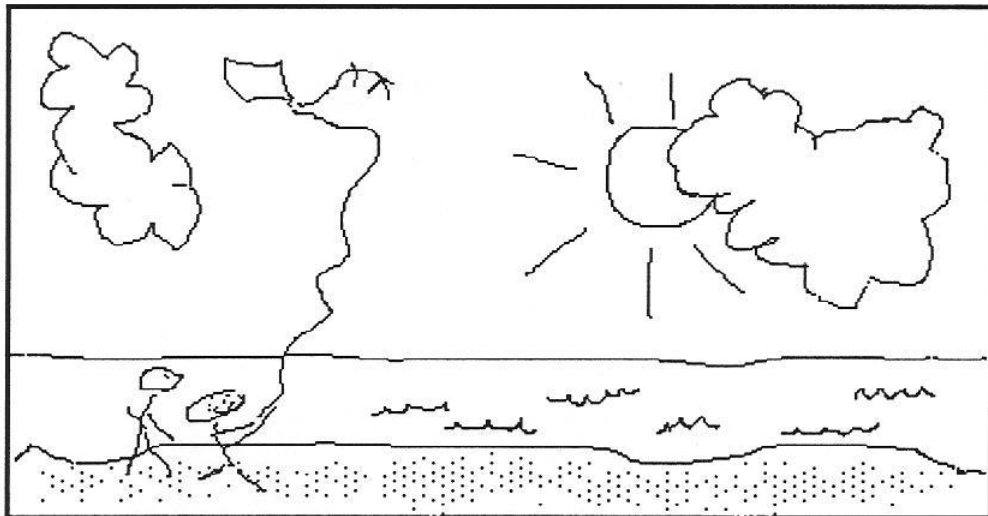
Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

All seek his table by end of the evening meal
to fill up with food, drink, and tall tale.
They are drawn to 3-C's mouth-worthy appeal
about a ghost or ghoul as large as a whale.

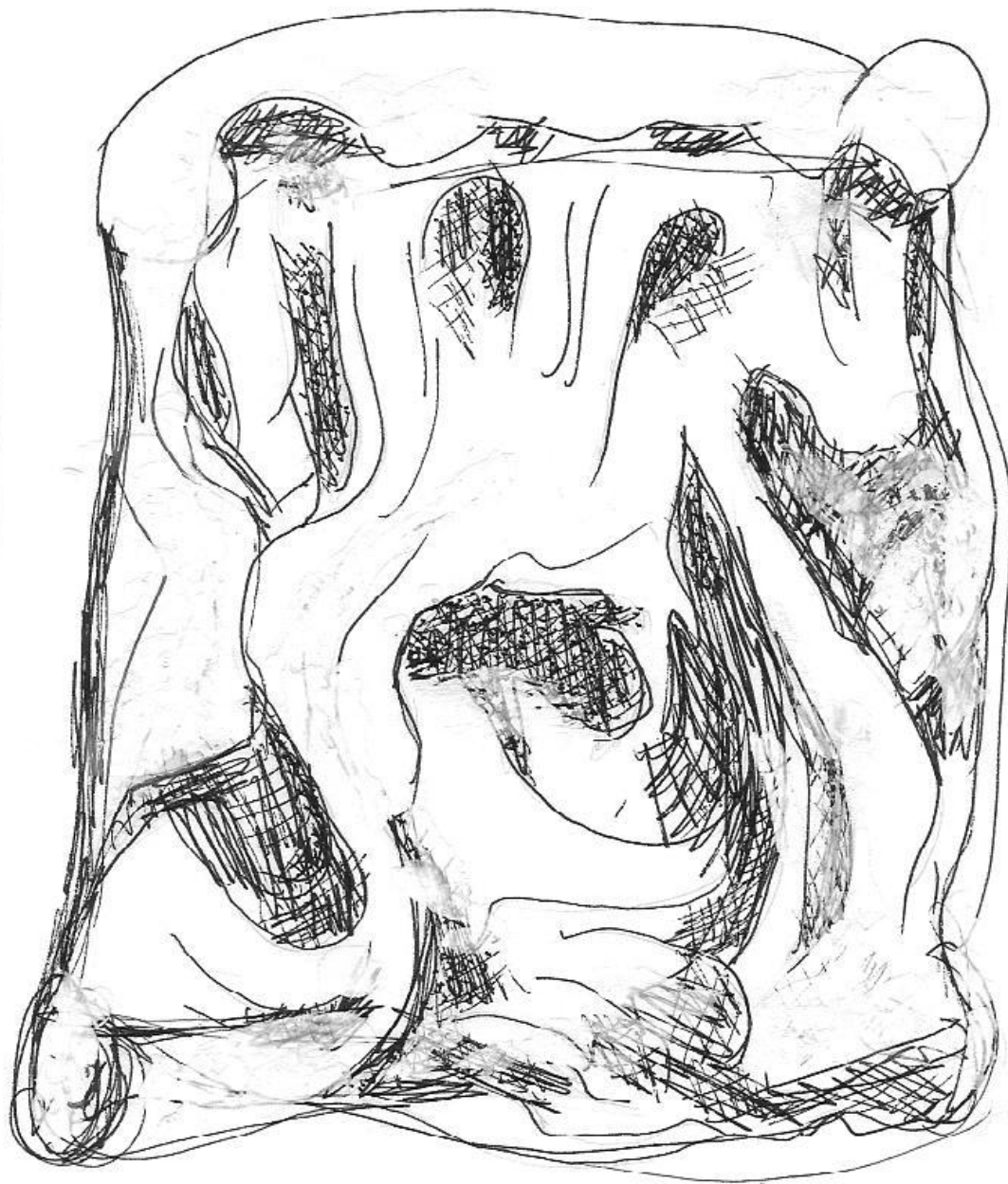
He wants in every way to convince us so
that he too is a wicked monstrous beast.
But beneath his baloney we really know
he's a sweet friend, not a fiend in the least.

Arne Collen

FRIENDS
&
FIENDS



Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*



RUGID

Who would have thought this rug could talk
a language from each continent?

Who would have thought it could raise up as tall
as a full grown elephant?

And who would have thought this rug could fly
like a UFO across the sky?

You! Not I!

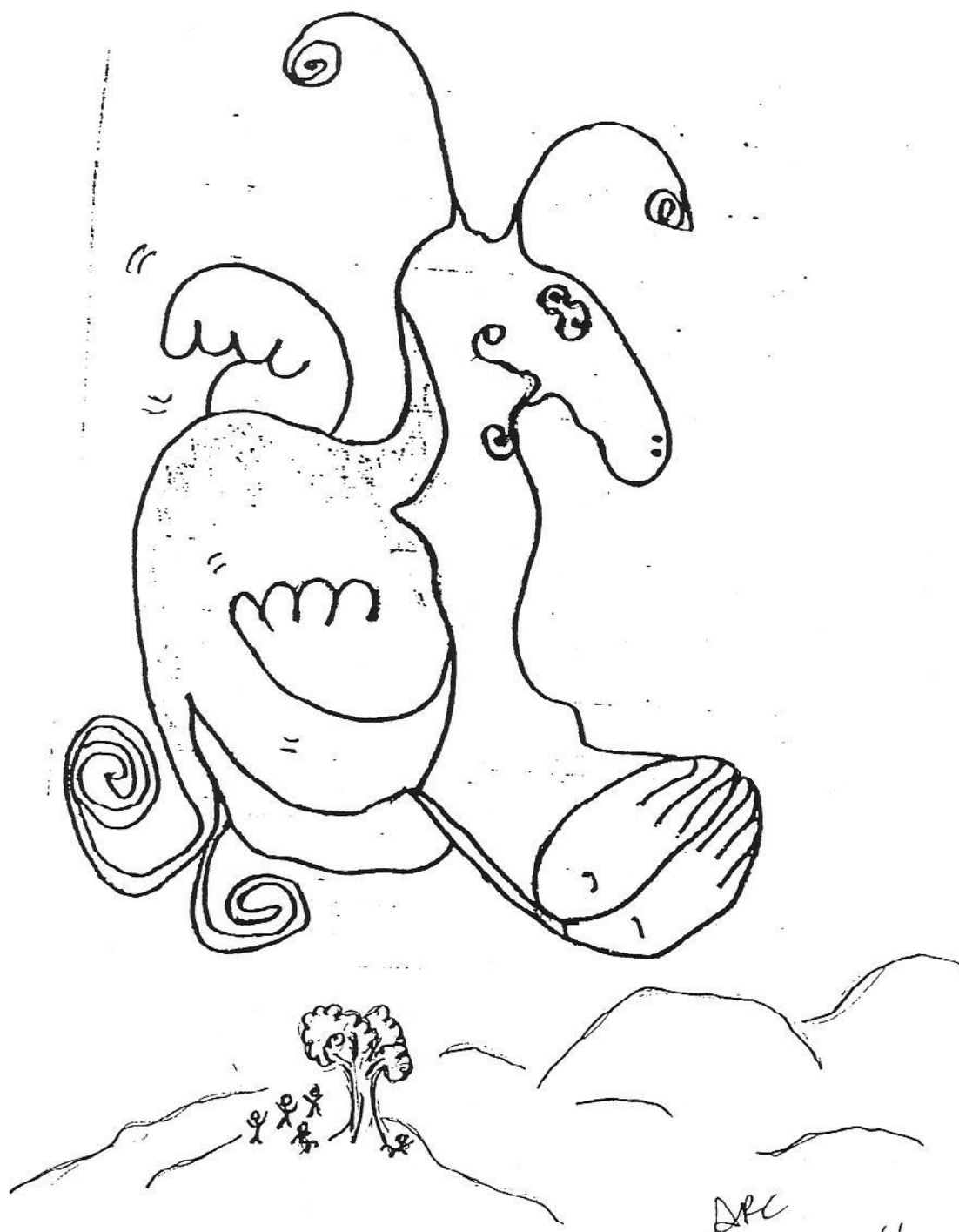
Who would have thought this rug could walk
like the second hand on the city hall clock?

Who would have thought it could grab up all
crumbs and dust better than a wooly carpet?

And who would have thought it could overlie
secrets of a king, a cook, and a foreign spy?

You! Not I!

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*



LAZY CARUMBA

Once a creature ever so fair
settled down to rest near here.
His feathers were very fine
and the look on his face rather supine.

But one could not imagine then
the day some boys would bother him
when they noticed his look and of all things
his solitary habit of doing nothing.

Though he kept to himself
and disturbed not a soul,
there were those who woke him,
almost every day with names and hate,
out of his peaceful sleep
from beneath his beloved tree.

They disliked the calmness on his face,
his lying about his favorite place
one half of every day. They yelled, "Stupid!"
They called, "You good-for-nothing pansy."
"You soppy mush-in-the-bucket lazy!"
Yet he showed not a single tear, sign of anger or fear.

No one thought he was lovable
adorable, or huggable
or capable of giving to those boys
the caring they sought so much.

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

Then came the day he stood
and stretched, and flew.
He flew away; they watched aghast.
Because at that moment, they knew.

They knew that they had seen the last
of a creature ever so fair
who could have stayed very near
and would have been ever so dear.

If only they could have seen
the love, wonder, and friend for them
this poem would have come
to a different end.

EPILOG

Now that you've had your look
between the covers of this book
no strangers are they to you
these friends and fiends of mine.

I hope you're pleased, can plainly see
and willingly will agree
they're quite the group
these friends and fiends of mine.

Some are funny and not pretty,
others scary or very silly,
but all want their poem read,
these friends and fiends of mine.

So when in want or need, you may
find them right here any day
to make you chuckle or rebuke
these friends and fiends of mine.

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

HOW THIS BOOK CAME TO BE

One misfortunate day in July 1978 my daughter was in an automobile accident. Fortunately, the worst that happened was a broken leg, but that was terrible enough.

An ambulance rushed her to the hospital. For five weeks, in and out of bouts of pain, she lay on her back in the children's ward. No cast was put around her leg. It was stretched by a rope attached to a weight, so that her broken bone would begin to mend correctly and straight.

As the days passed, every day that I saw her, she seemed more and more despondent and restless. One day it occurred to me. I thought how nice it would be, if she could see all my friends and fiends. If she would just smile at the sight of them, perhaps her stay would be a bit more pleasant and the pain, a bit more bearable.

Each day with tablet in hand I drew one character, sometimes two. She did smile, even laugh. She showed them to her hospital friends and asked to see and hear more about each one of them. "Are they for real?" she asked. "Where do they live?" "What do they do?" "Will you bring them here to visit me?" For those long weeks, we shared these friends and fiends of mine.

But soon it came time to leave the hospital for home, dressed in a waist-leg cast extending from her belly button down to the toes of her mending leg.

Arne Collen, *Friends and Fiends*

The cast stayed in place five weeks more. Shockeroo, her favorite character, was faithfully reproduced on the plaster over the mend, and my mother suggested that I write down in verse the story of each friend and fiend.

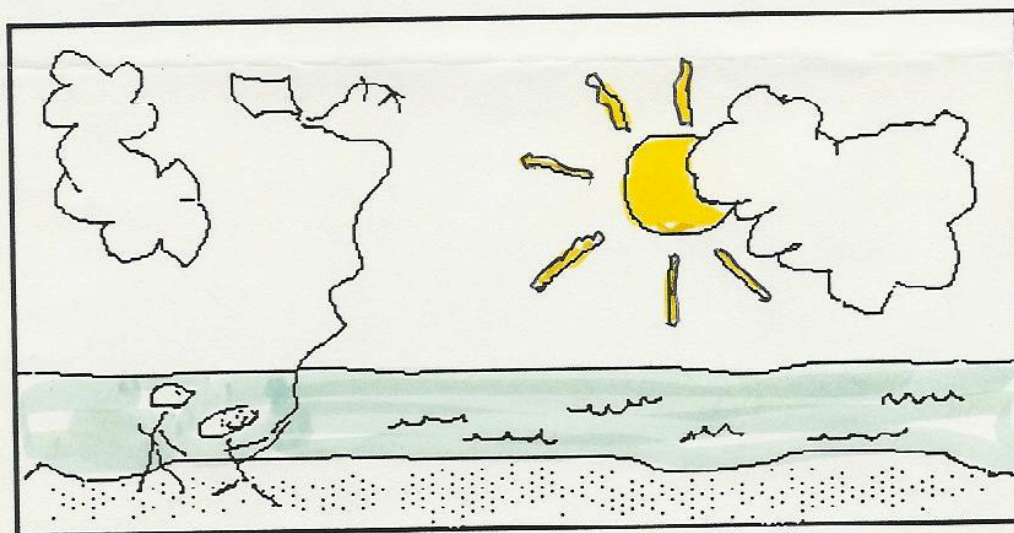
What remains to be told about the making of this book is very uninteresting to tell. Although it has entailed many hours, lapsing into years, fussing with the pictures and the rhymes, it has brought me much pleasure, and too, to all who have seen and listened and encouraged me to share these friends and fiends of mine.

Yet far more important, the cast is gone, and my daughter's once broken leg is strong; in fact, it is stronger than the other one.

So this book came to be. And with it is my sincerest hope that the joy and laughter these characters brought to my daughter in her hours of need you can share with others in theirs.

Arne Collen

FRIENDS
&
FIENDS



Eagleye Books International

FRIENDS & FIENDS by ARNE COLLEN

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Walnut Creek, CA 94597

What readers are saying about this book:

"I've never seen anything quite like it."

"I laughed and laughed . . . thoroughly enjoyable."

"This book is for anyone 5 to 100 with a sense of humor."

"It brought hope and sunshine to my gloomy day."

"I've read it three times now, and must say, I keep getting more out of it each time through."

". . . simply delightful . . . very imaginative."

"I so liked your book, I've been giving it as a gift to my friends. They love it."

"One of these creatures will surely strike a familiar chord in each of us. We are sure to see revealed a cherished as well as mischievous side of ourselves."

"Our entire family has had so much fun reading your little book. It has brought us closer together and has given us yet another way to share. We recommend it highly."

"Bravo! I think you tap something to appreciate and something to tolerate in ourselves and others."

"Your friends and fiends gave me quite a few chuckles, no rebukes, but much to think about too. Many thanks."

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