

Jimmy's Rocket



Johann Joubert

Dedication

To every child, young and old, with big eyes and big dreams.

Jimmy's Rocket

Jimmy was small with very big dreams,

He would wake in the morning and rush through the day,

His tasks too, were tiny,

Small things you might say,

And Jimmy would tumble and fumble away.



He dreamt of the stars, of the moon and of space,
And how someday, perhaps, in a rocket he'll chase to
Beyond where anyone's been,
To feel and to see what no others have seen,
But his shoes were all messy,
His hat never straight,
He brushed his teeth quickly, and
Always was late.
His bed was not made as he walked to the school,
Even though mom said that this was the rule.



Jimmy thought only of rockets and space,
And didn't quite see that these tiny tasks and his
Dream was closely related;
How teeth half clean,
Or hair half brushed,
Might lead to his dream being crushed.
"Why do they matter," he asked to himself,
"They're hardly important,
I do them each day, and
Had I the choice, I would
Wish them away."



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But on weekends when Jimmy tried

Building his rocket,

Nothing would work as he planned,

Things would be missing and

Parts would not fit,

And it made Jimmy sad to the

Point he might quit.

“Ow,” screeched a voice,

Just behind where he sat,

As he threw down a spanner,

To land near his hat, where an

Unsuspecting young squirrel was sitting,

Watched young Jimmy at work.



Squirrels don't generally speak to young boys,
But spanners are hard, and squirrels are small,
And sometimes things happen,
It's life, after all.

"Should I stay, should I talk, should I run, should I hide?"
thought the Squirrel as quick as he could.

"Nice rocket," he said, deciding to stay,
With his throbbing foot, he can't run anyway.

"Thanks," said Jimmy, slightly confused.

"I'm afraid it won't fly, not today," he shrugged, "nothing
seems to be going my way."

"Can I see?" asked the Squirrel.

"Sure," replied Jimmy and handed over a page.

"Oh," said the squirrel, "my name is Samuel. My friends call
me Sammy for short."



Sammy looked hard and long at the page,

Turning it this way and that way and over again,

“Which way is up?” he finally asked.

Jimmy took the page and turned it up and down,

And down and up,

And over and under and ever which way,

“I don’t know,” he replied, “I cannot remember.”

“Well, that is a problem,” Sammy said with a smile.

“How do you know what to build with that pile?”

“It didn’t seem that important to me. I was rushing to get the plans done.”



Jimmy blushed.

Now that he said it out loud,

It seemed quite silly,

Silly indeed, that

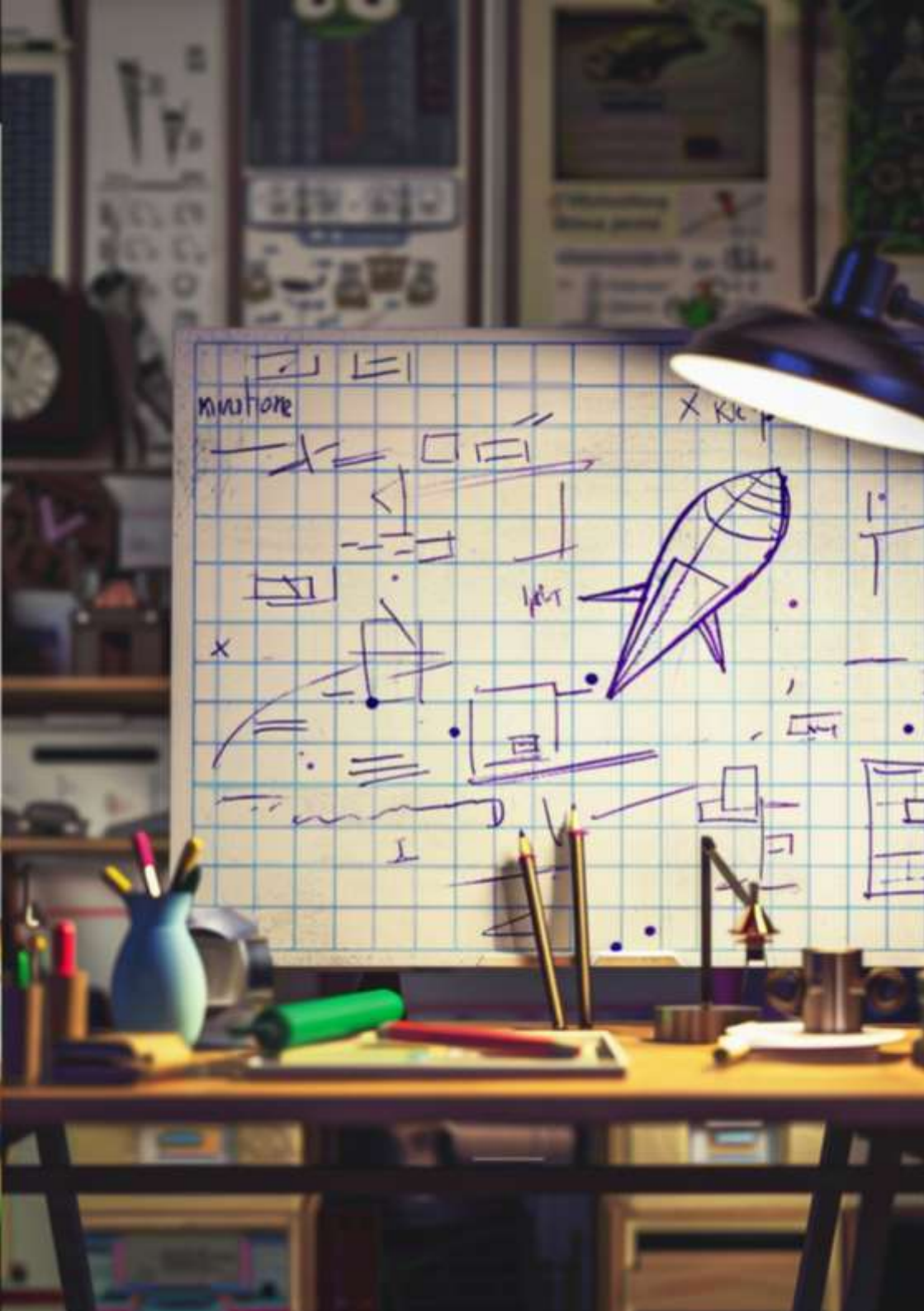
All his plans to get to the moon and the

Stars beyond the milky-way,

Dependent completely on rockets that fly,

And he cannot decide the top from the bottom, no

Matter how hard he would try.



“Let’s start over,” Sammy suggested.

“I’m happy to help,

I’m not at all bad,

I learnt a thing or two from my dad.”

And so, the boys went to Jimmy’s room,

To start a brand-new plan,

But before they could start Sammy gawked and he said,

“What on earth is this?”

He waved his hand about the room,

“My bedroom, of course” Jimmy said.



"It's a mess," said Sammy,

"How can you think or truly get anything done,

When your bed's not made,

Your shoes are dirty,

Your clothes are all over the floor?"

Annoyed, Jimmy said, "Why does that matter?

Those are just silly old things."

**“Why,
everything matters!”**

Sammy replied.

“How we do *anything*,”

Sammy suggested,

“even these silly old tasks,

is how we do *everything*,

sooner or later.

Every task, big or small, will lift you up or
make you fall.”

“How you brush your teeth or comb your hair,
How you make your bed or push in your chair,
How you fold your clothes or clean your shoes, will
Affect how you tighten your rocket’s screws.
How you sweep your floor or close your door,
How you hang your coat or wash your hands,
Why, all these things affect your plans;
If you do the small things well,
The larger things will work much better,
And only then, and not before,
Will those rocket’s engines roar!”



Jimmy looked around his room,

“Well, he said, best start right now,” and then he grabbed
the broom.

As they cleaned the room,

They spoke and planned,

And slowly things got clear,

By the time the room was organized,

So too, was their plan.



The page was now much clearer,
Everything seemed just right,
Before he went to bed that night,
His hair was brushed,
His teeth were clean,
And Jimmy felt alive,
He was ready to take on the world,
With shining eyes and starry dreams, at the
Wonderful age of five.