

*That's the Ticket,*

*Cricket!*

*Written and  
Illustrated by  
Shauna*





# *That's the Ticket, Cricket*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
THE SHAWNO

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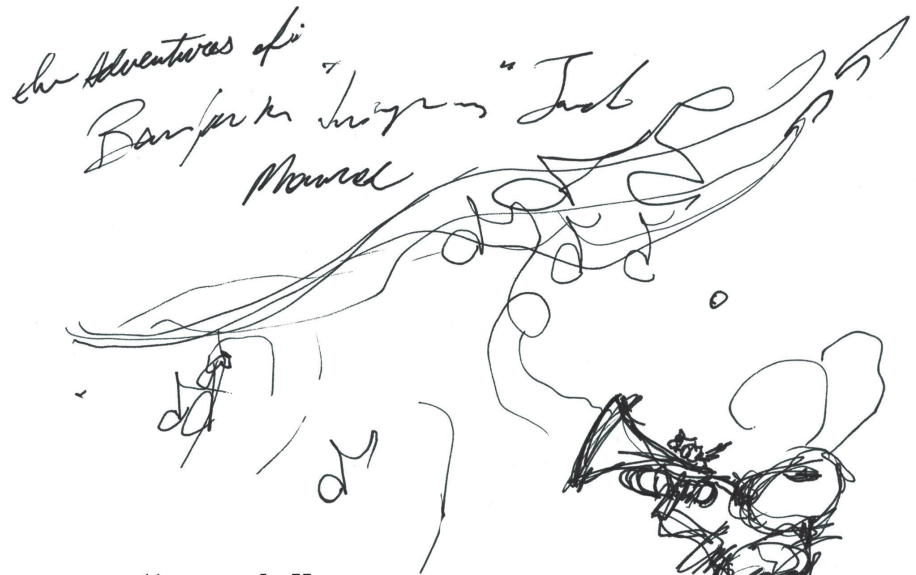
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[theShawno.com](http://theShawno.com)



For Benjamin "Jack" Monroe,  
for always moving to your own beat.

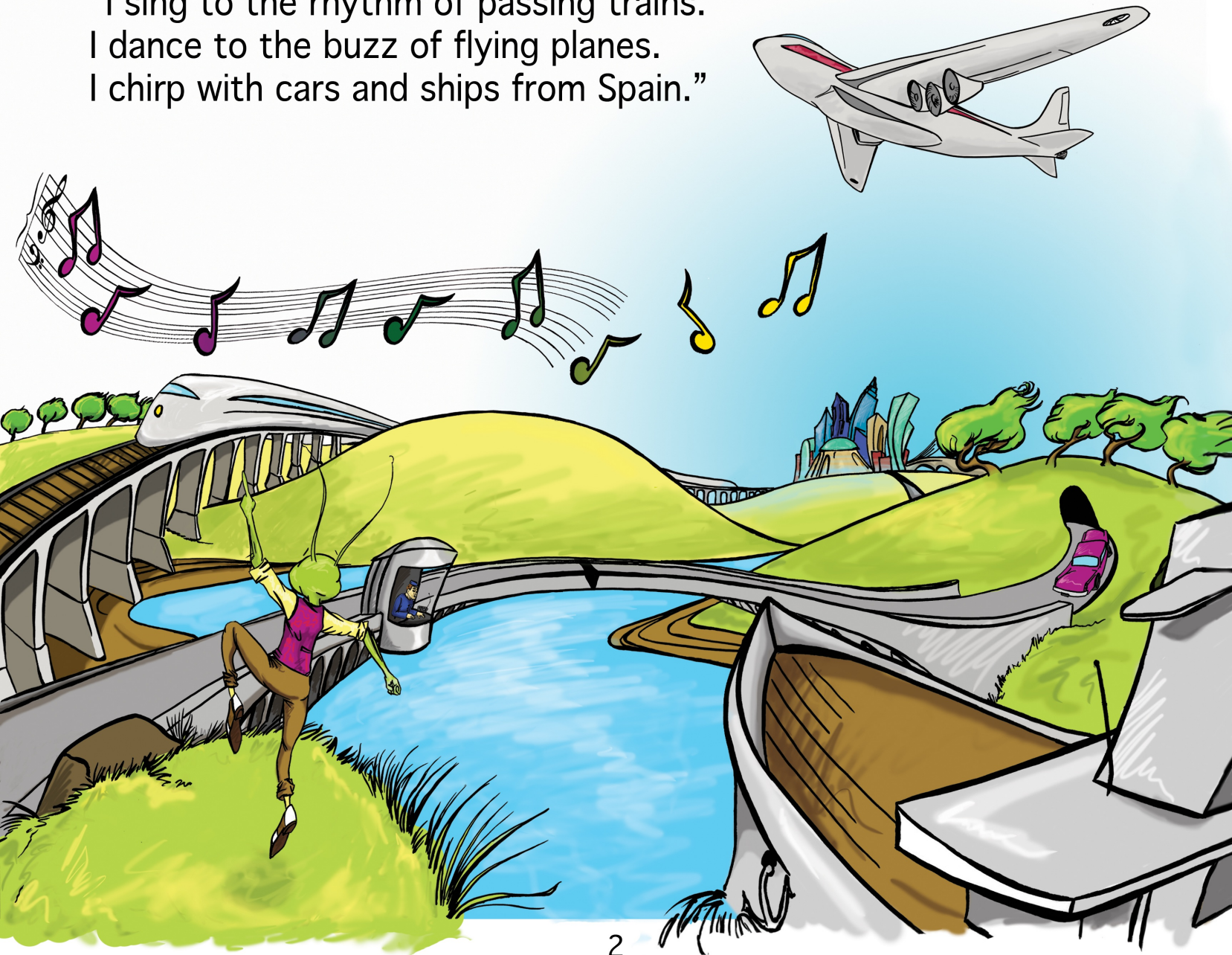


“Jumping” Jack Monroe was a cricket.



And like all crickets, he loved to hop and chirp and dance and sing.

“I sing to the rhythm of passing trains.  
I dance to the buzz of flying planes.  
I chirp with cars and ships from Spain.”

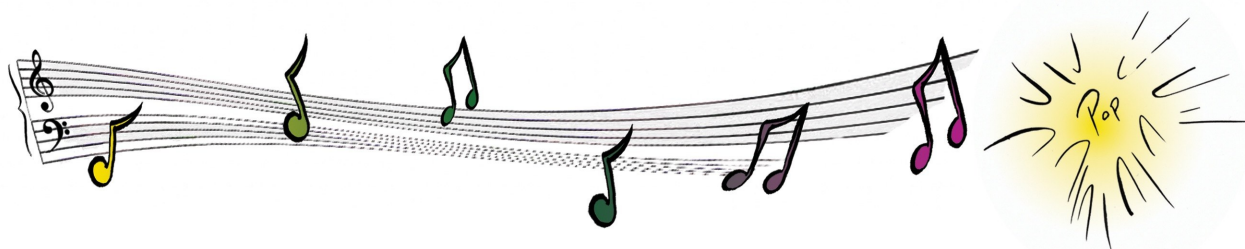


Jack loved the rhythms of the world so much,  
he even clapped with the thunder and skipped in the rain.

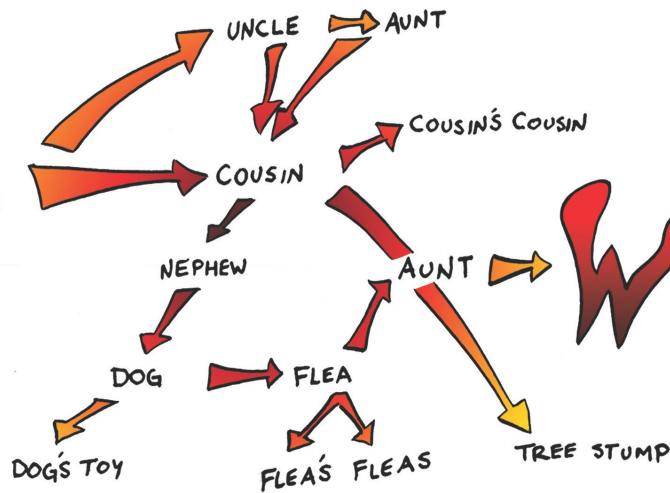


There was only one problem:

Jack had never heard real music.

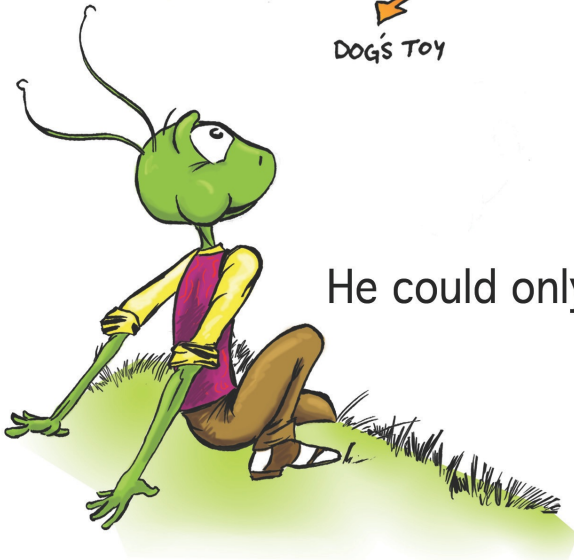


Sure, he'd heard *about* music from his cousin's nephew's dog's flea's aunt.  
But she lived in an old opera house.  
Jack lived in the middle of nowhere.  
He'd never heard an orchestra, rock band, or hip-hop artist.



**WHAT?!**

He could only sit and imagine how real music must sound.

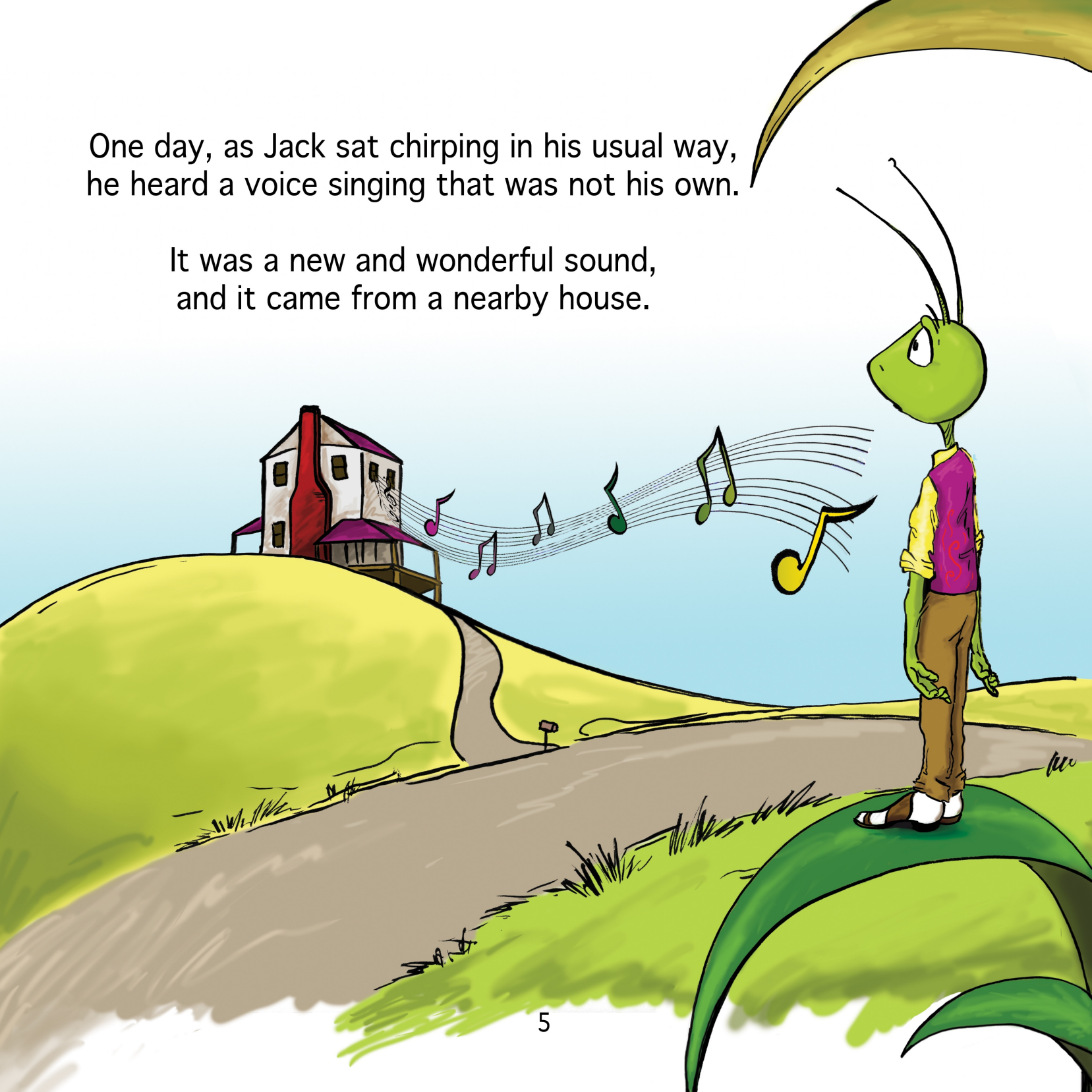


That is, until one day...



One day, as Jack sat chirping in his usual way, he heard a voice singing that was not his own.

It was a new and wonderful sound, and it came from a nearby house.



Jack knew the old man who lived in the house didn't like crickets, so Jack tried to be very quiet as he snuck through the door.



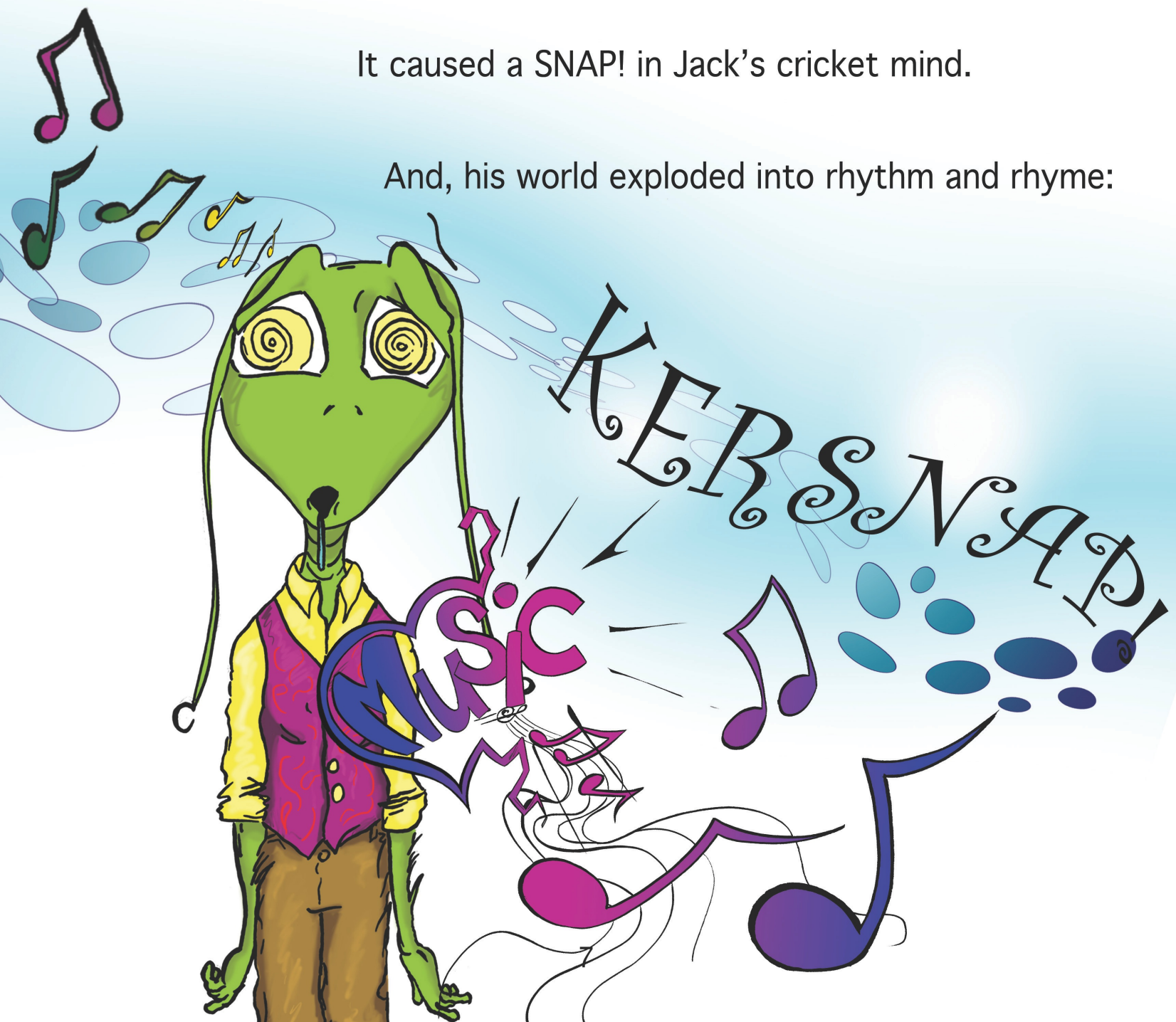
But inside,  
a radio played the most beautiful music.



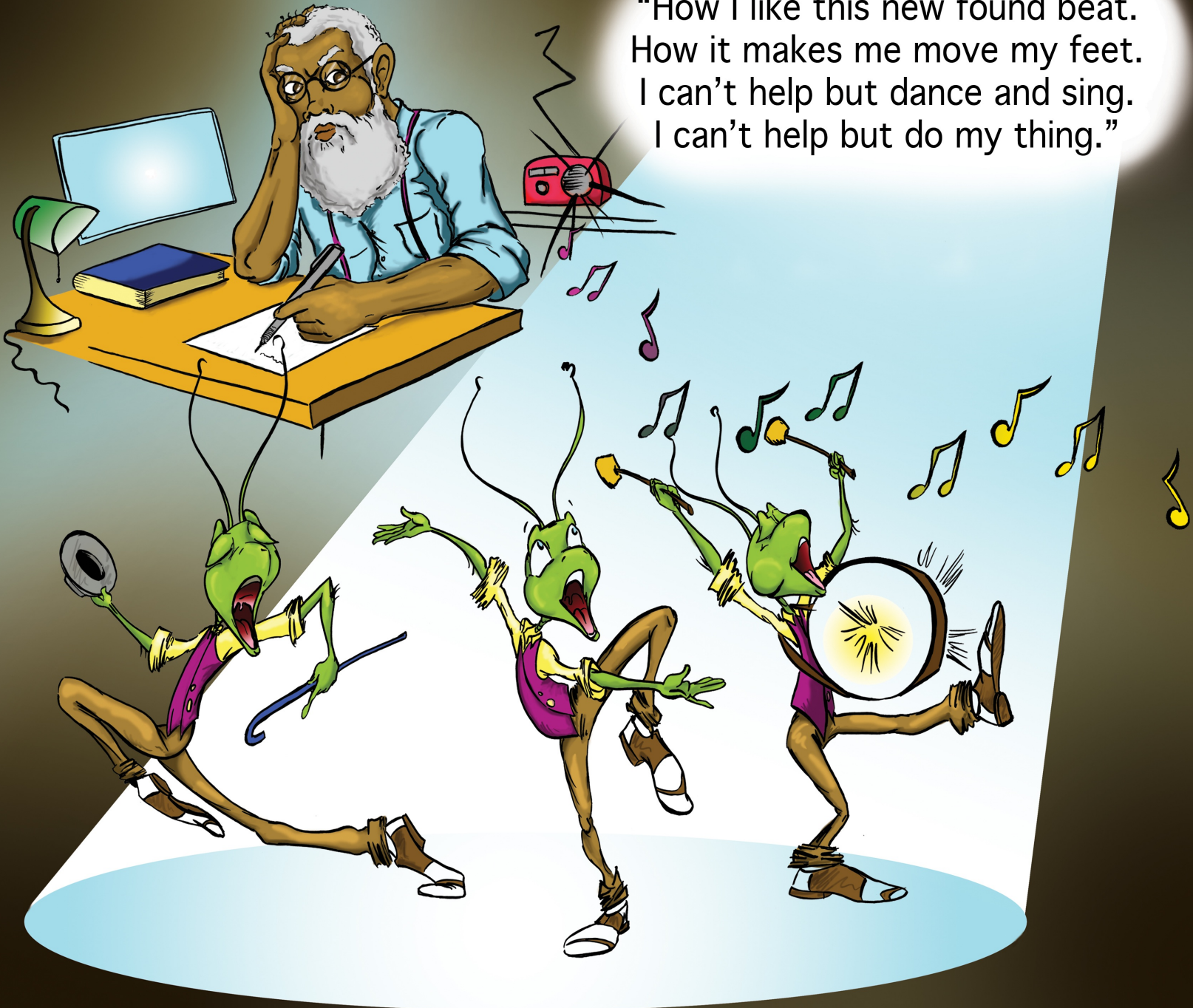
It was the melody Jack had longed for all this time.

It caused a SNAP! in Jack's cricket mind.

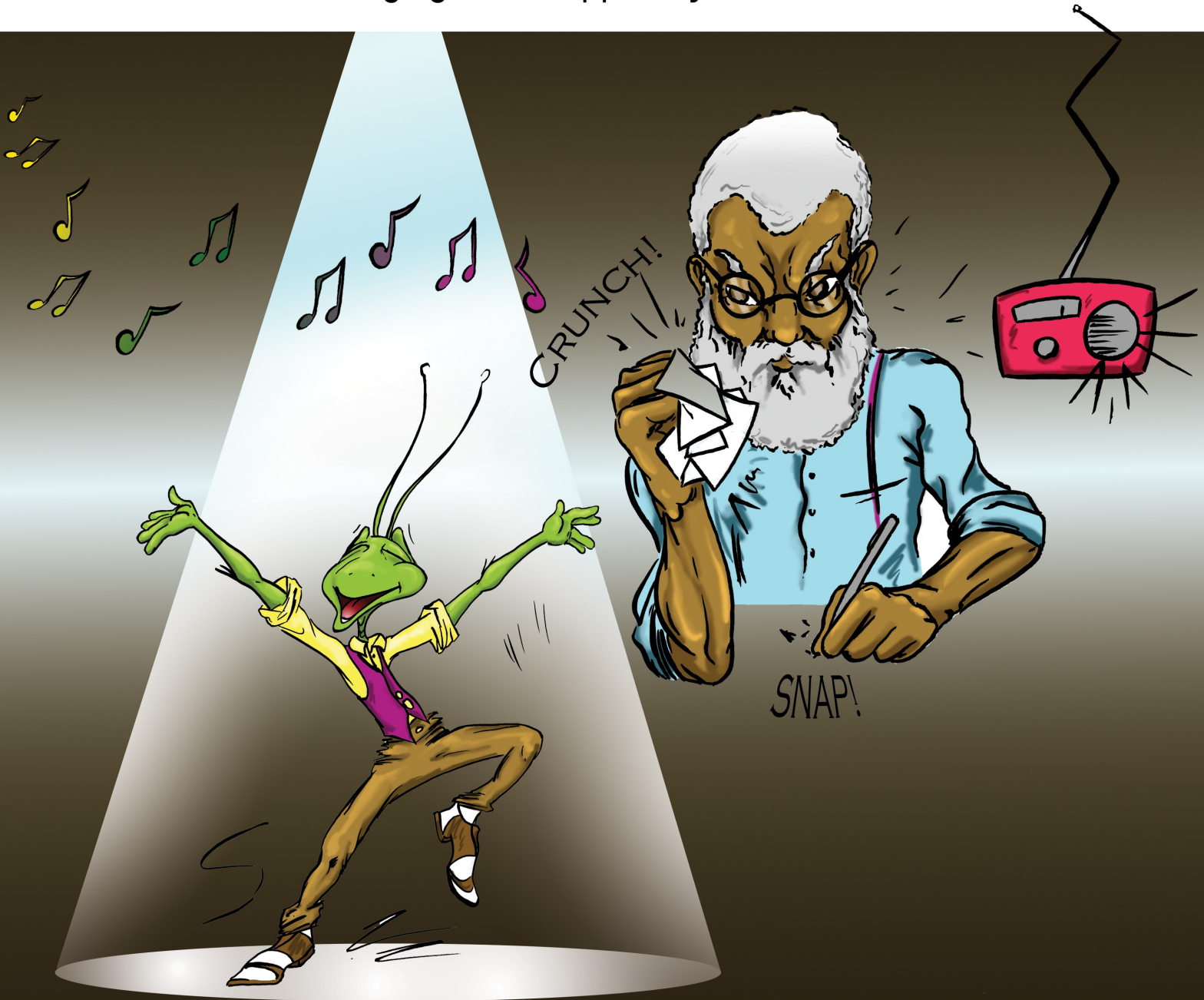
And, his world exploded into rhythm and rhyme:



“How I like this new found beat.  
How it makes me move my feet.  
I can't help but dance and sing.  
I can't help but do my thing.”



Jack jumped up and Jack jumped down. Jack kicked his legs all around.  
But Jack's singing was stopped by a furious sound:



“Get out, get out with your chirping about.  
Get out, right out, or I’ll scream and shout!”

The old man threw pencils and he threw a pen.



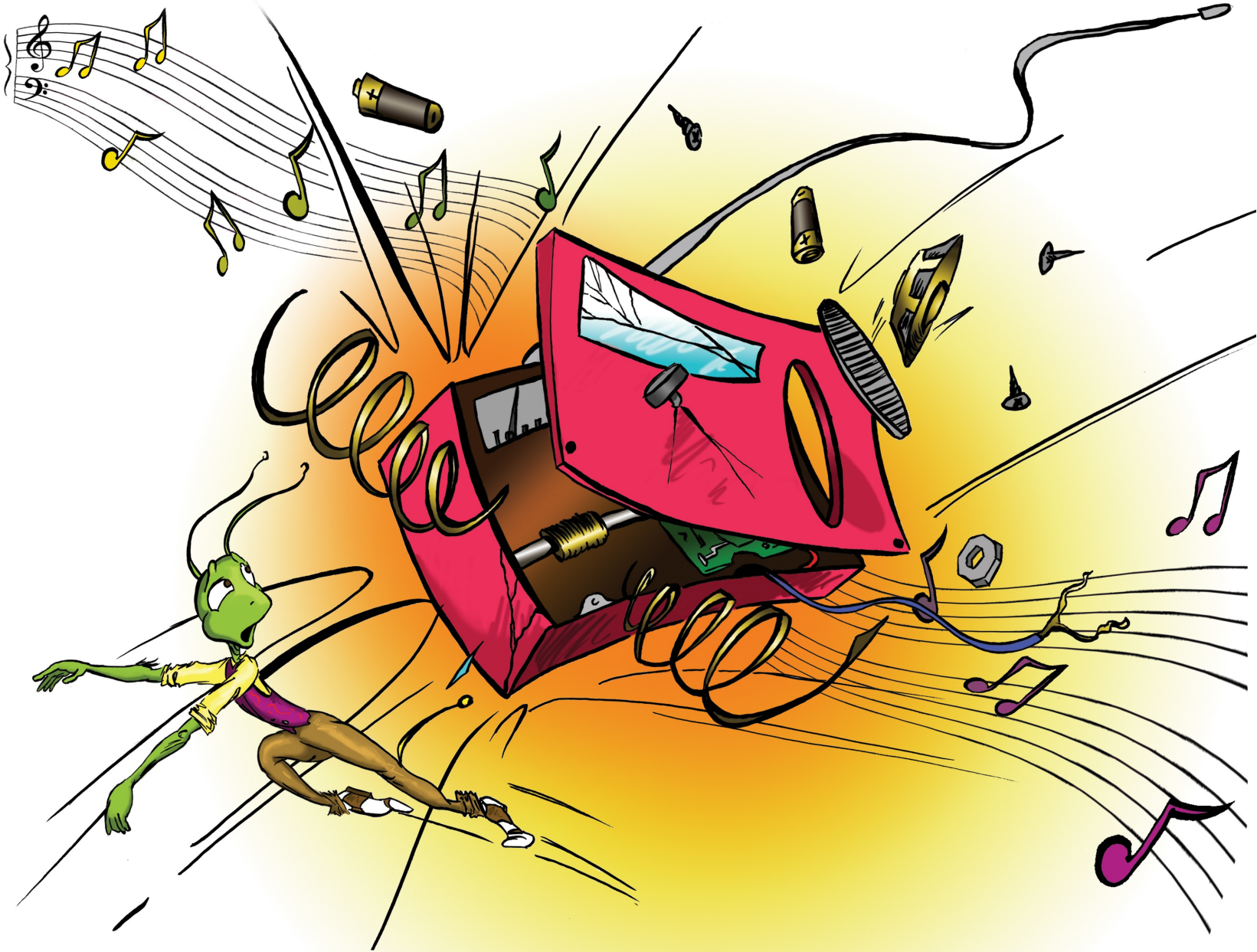
He threw some books, both fat and thin.

But in the end, wouldn't you know,  
there was just one thing left to throw.

*“Oh, no!” Jack cried,  
“Not the radio!”*



It barely missed Jack with a thunderous crash.  
One million six hundred pieces landed **Smash! Bash! Trash!**





Then there was silence throughout the house.



Jack snuck out as he'd snuck in, quiet as a mouse.

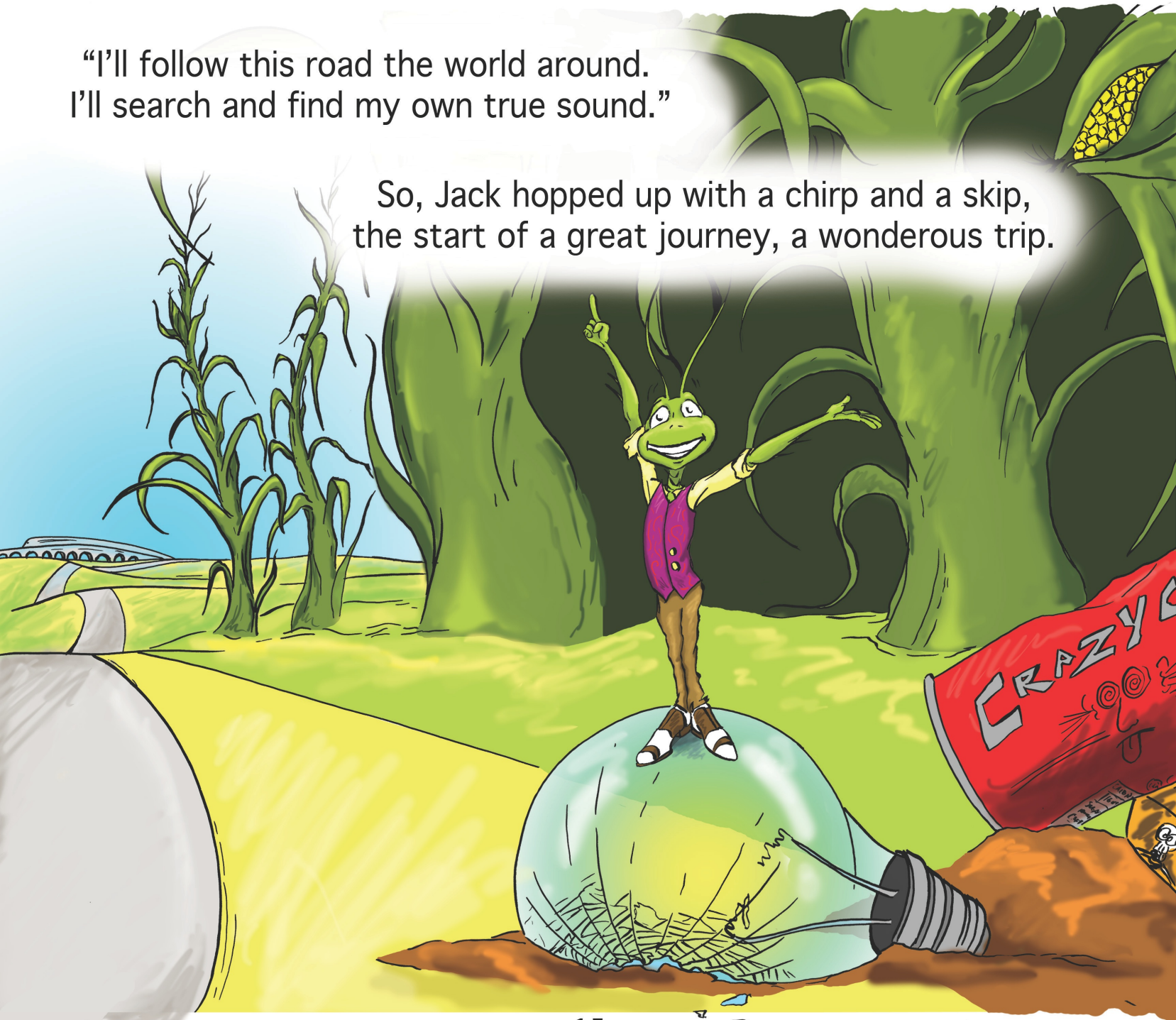


“I wish my sound wasn’t so bad,”  
Jack said, feeling horribly sad.  
“I wish my music didn’t make people mad.”  
I’d rather my music made people glad.

Then, in a flash, Jack knew just what to do.  
His plan was brilliant and sure to work, too.

“I’ll follow this road the world around.  
I’ll search and find my own true sound.”

So, Jack hopped up with a chirp and a skip,  
the start of a great journey, a wonderous trip.



At first, Jack thought he'd made a huge mistake.  
He thought finding music would be a piece of cake.



Then out of the breeze a song did play.  
Jack hopped faster. He was headed that way.

It was a thrashing sound with a metallic beat.  
It shook the ground beneath Jack's feet.

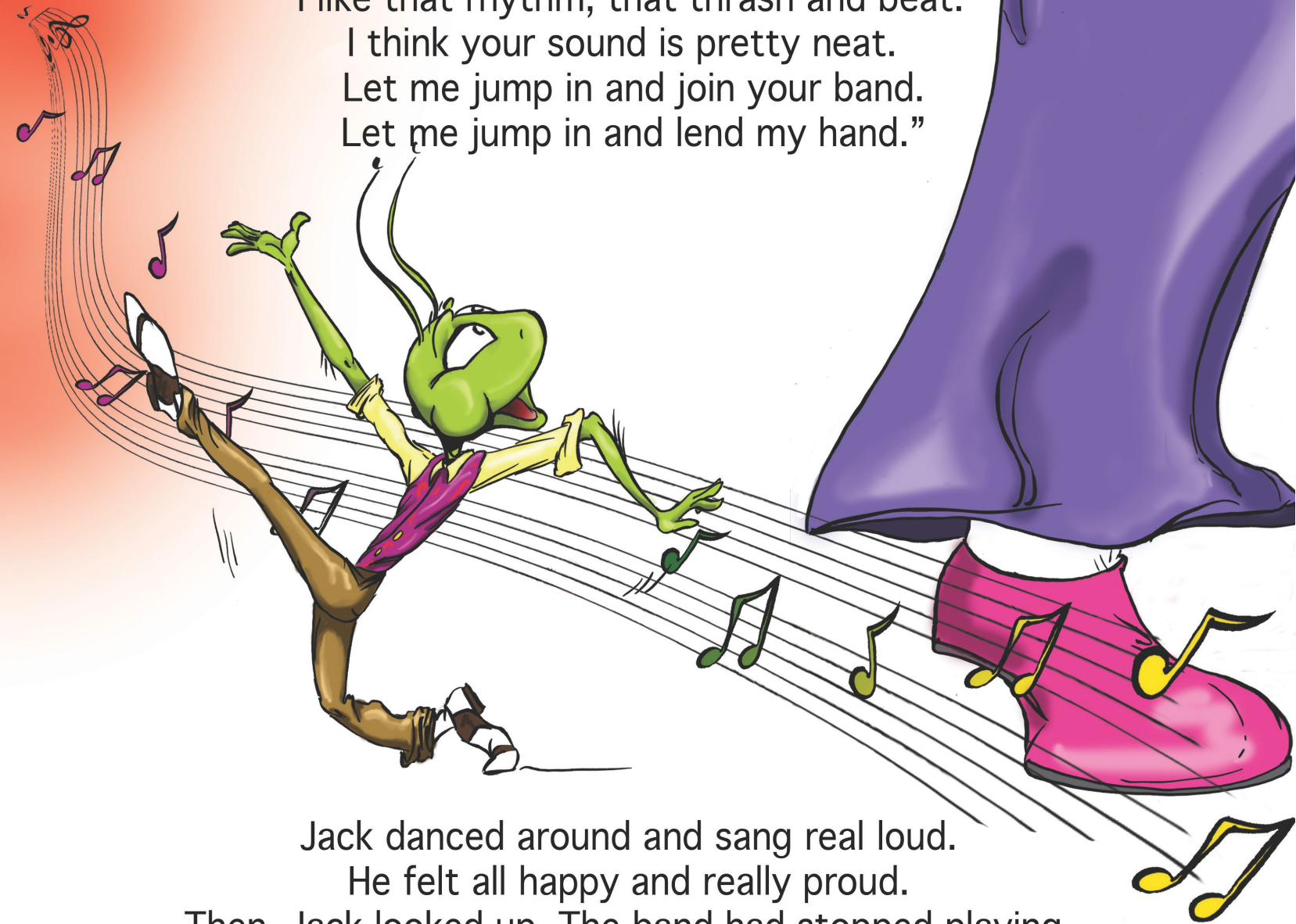
“We play heavy music that comes from the soul.  
We love to rock our rock and roll.”

“Super fast rhythms to bob your head.  
Rock then roll right out of bed.”



Jack got so excited that he jumped right out.  
He started to dance and started to shout,

“I like that rhythm, that thrash and beat.  
I think your sound is pretty neat.  
Let me jump in and join your band.  
Let me jump in and lend my hand.”



Jack danced around and sang real loud.  
He felt all happy and really proud.  
Then, Jack looked up. The band had stopped playing.

In fact they stood laughing, hissing, and saying,



“You call that music? You call that rock?  
I can’t believe it. I’m in shock.  
‘Screech,’ ‘Scratch,’ ‘Chirp’ is all I hear.  
Get that cricket out of here.”

They kicked Jack out and slammed the door,



and rocked their music louder than before.



“Aw, here we go again,” Jack thought in tears.  
Jack cried until a new sound tickled his ears...



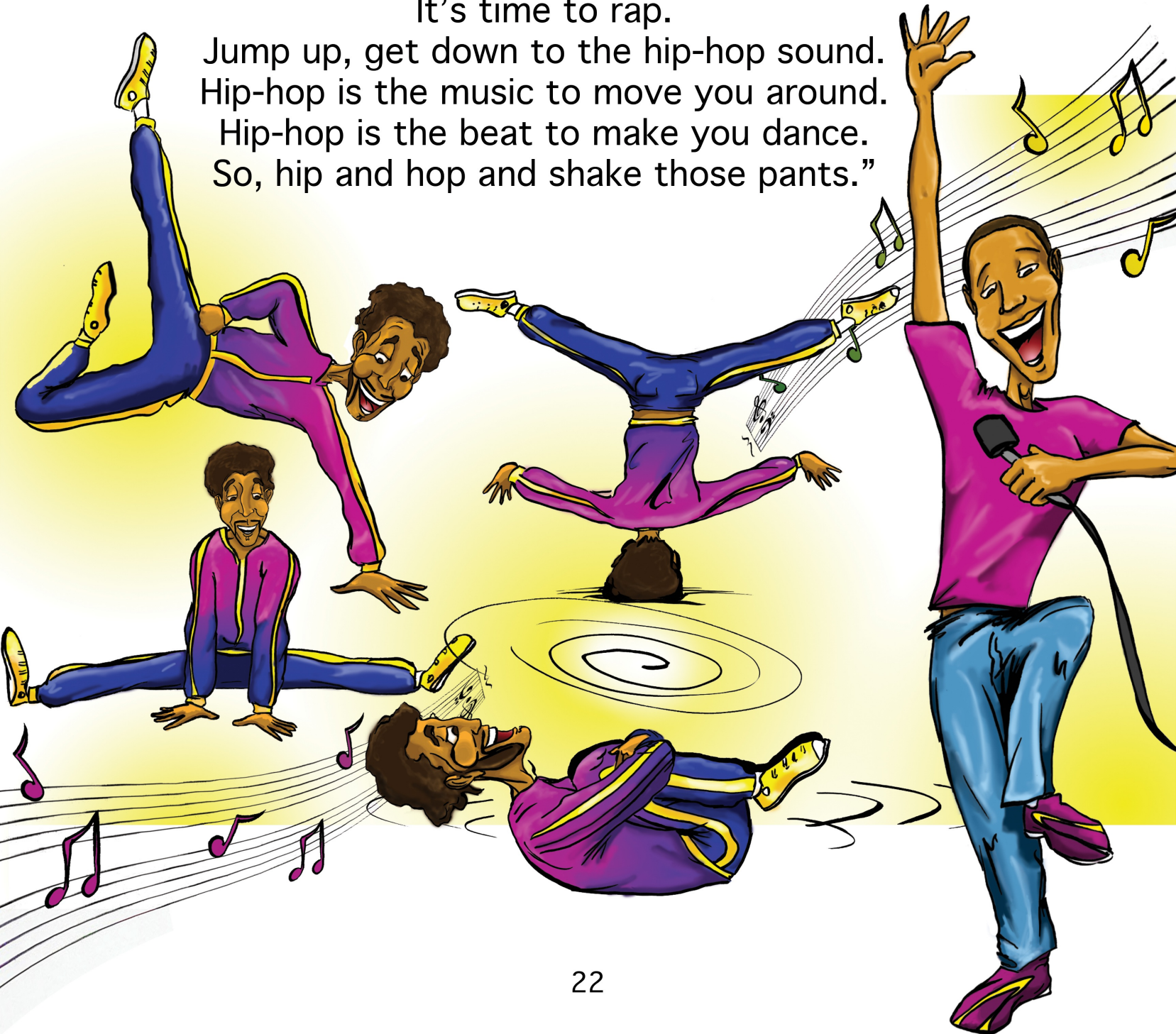
“Spin Spin Clap,”



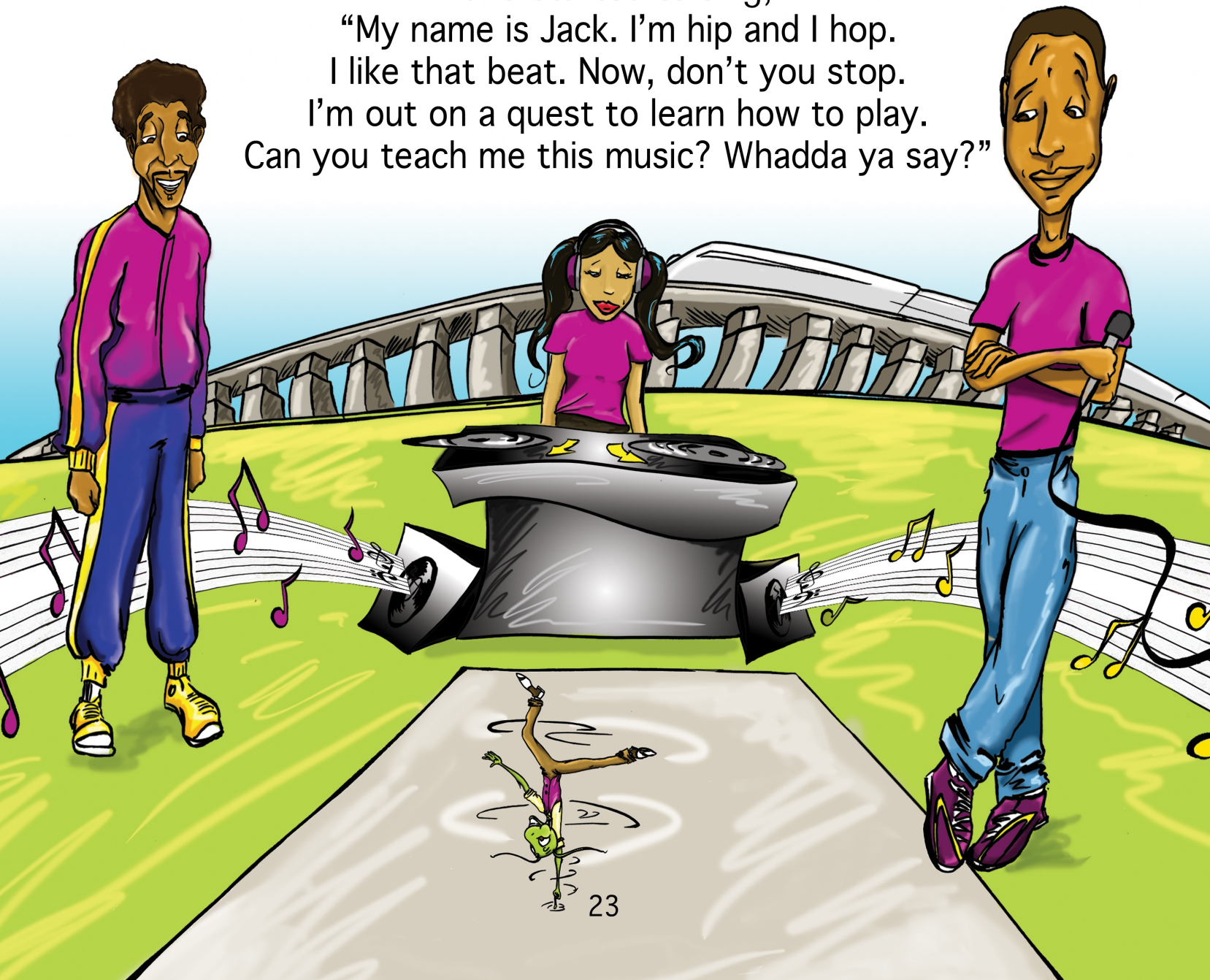
“Spin Spin Clap,”

“Spin, Spin, Clap,  
It’s time to rap.

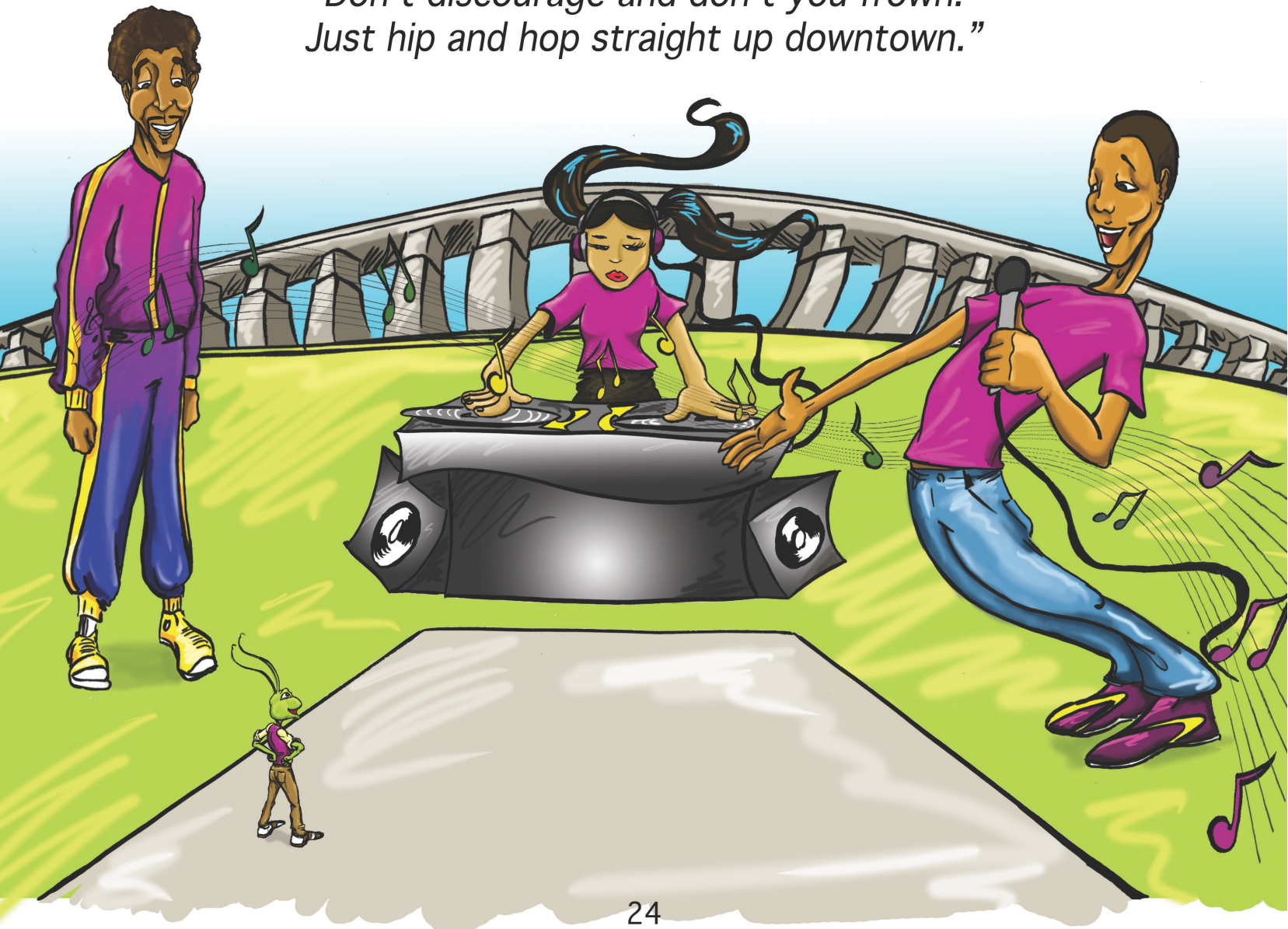
Jump up, get down to the hip-hop sound.  
Hip-hop is the music to move you around.  
Hip-hop is the beat to make you dance.  
So, hip and hop and shake those pants.”



Jack took their advice.  
He didn't think twice.  
He started to swing  
and started to sing,  
“My name is Jack. I'm hip and I hop.  
I like that beat. Now, don't you stop.  
I'm out on a quest to learn how to play.  
Can you teach me this music? Whadda ya say?”



*“Spin Spin Clap.  
Did a cricket just rap?  
You got a lot of courage, Lil Cricket Man.  
You’ll find your sound. I believe you can.  
Don’t discourage and don’t you frown.  
Just hip and hop straight up downtown.”*



The group pointed the way to Music City,  
where Jack would hear sounds both ugly and pretty,  
the music of the world, sounds of delight.  
They didn't know if Jack could make it, but he might.  
He just might.

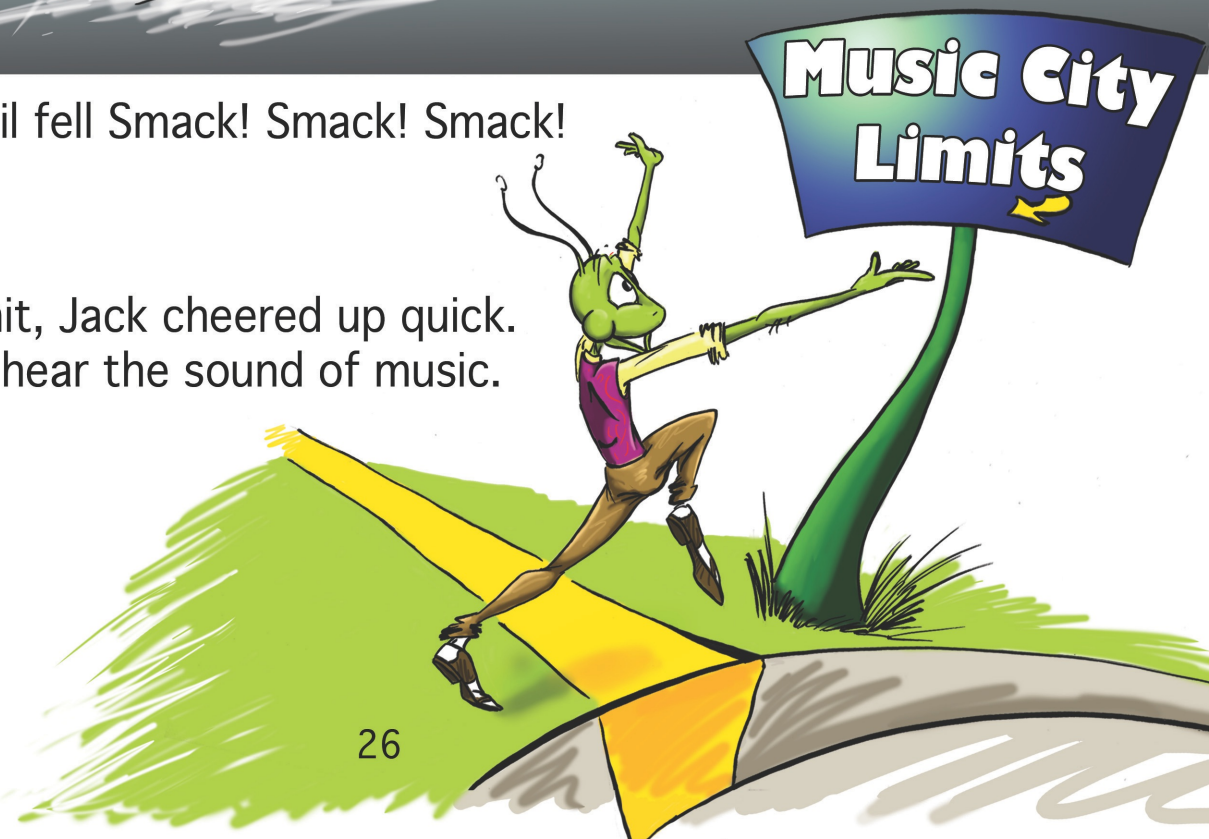


It was a long and difficult journey for poor ol Jack.



Sleet, rain, and hail fell Smack! Smack! Smack!

But at the city limit, Jack cheered up quick.  
He could already hear the sound of music.



Musicians played horns out in the streets  
While tap dancers tapped amazing beats.



Music poured from passing cars,  
some from hotels, and some from bars.  
Jack saw theaters, stages, and opera houses.  
Heard singing and laughter from passing spouses.  
Jack heard so many a magical tune.  
He just had to sing, and Soon! Soon!

Jack jumped up to join the fun.  
He started to skip and started to run.

He started to chirp and started to sing.  
Someone shouted, "Stop that racket you noisy thing."

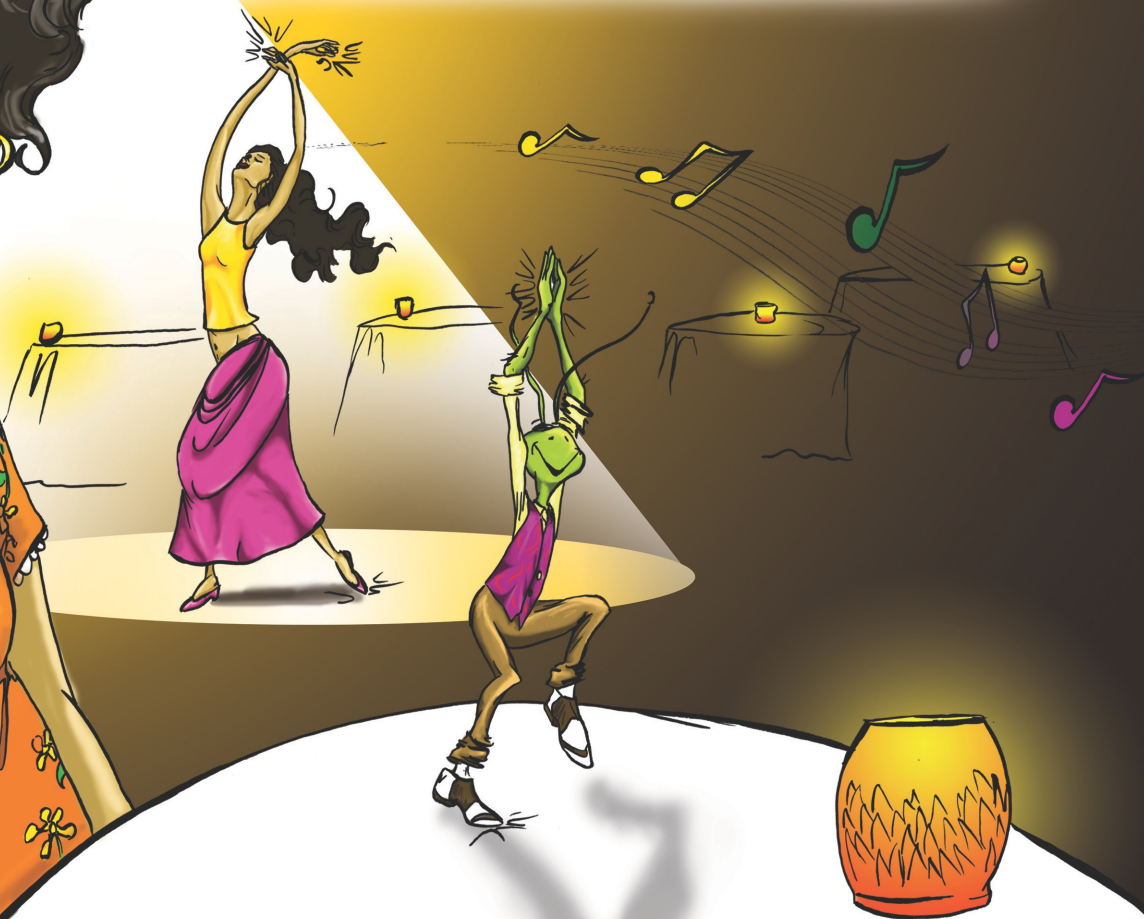




But that didn't break Jack's spirits. It didn't ruin his cheer.  
He found a place with flamenco music, very near.

He walked right in with a "Clappity, Clap Clap."  
But a woman said,  
"Por favor, please shut your trap."

Then, Jack was thrown out for his terrible noise,  
a little disheveled, he kept his poise.



Jack leapt into a steakhouse with Honky Tonk.

He screamed,

*“Yippee! Yeehaw! Yee Yonkayonk!”*



Then, Jack played a sound close to blue grass.  
But they didn't like it, so they kicked his...



keester right down yonder.



Jack's feelings were hurt but filled with glee when he heard the sound of a symphony. The orchestra had everything: horns and strings, Sweet melodic tunes and thunderous rings. "Now, here is a group where I can be a part. So many instruments, where do I start?"

Jack sang happily up on the stage,  
when he heard a voice screaming, filled with rage:

“STOP! STOP! What is this slop?  
What’s that noise, that gurgle and pop?”



Jack wandered the city with no place to go.  
He had nothing without music, nothing to show.  
Jack missed the melodies, symphonies, and jams.  
All he heard now was the sound of door slams.



Through honking horns, car alarms, and people in feud,  
Jack searched until he found a sound that fit his mood.



Jack walked inside. He didn't dance or sing.

He just sat and listened to the Blues King.

"I got the blues.

I got the blues I just can't lose.

Feels like forever since I was last home

Feels like forever since I started to roam.

I got the blues. I got the blues that I just can't lose."



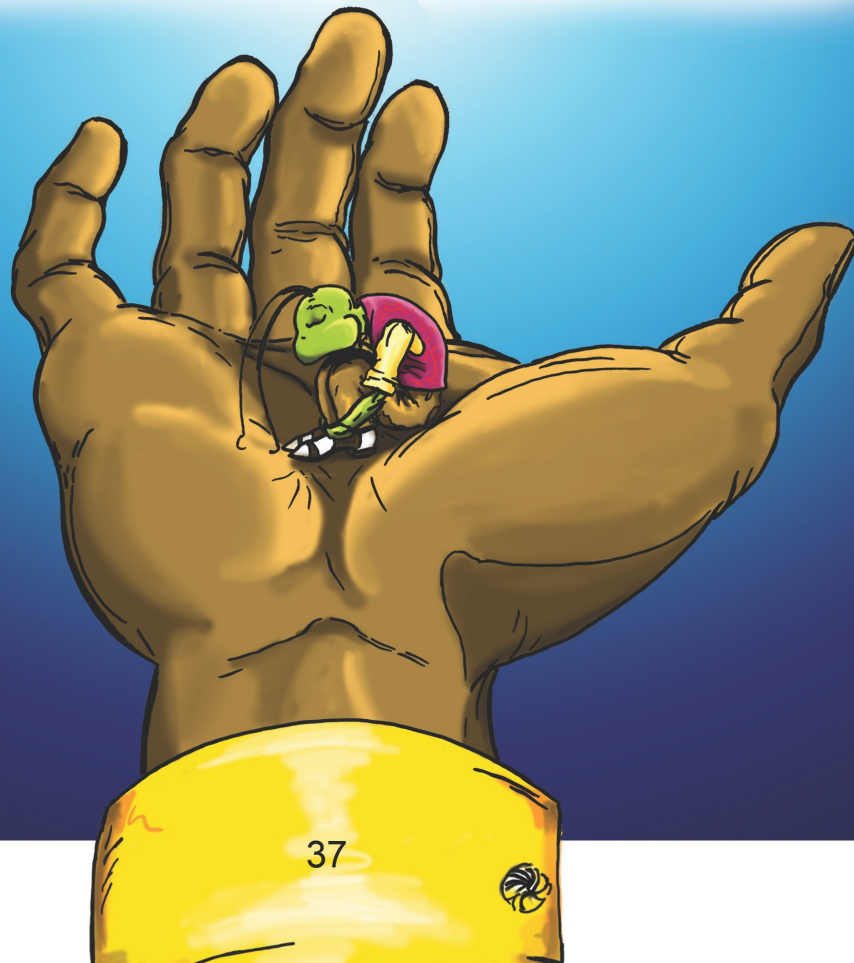
Jack knew this story. He knew it well.  
He thought of the stories he could tell.  
He thought about the music he used to make.  
No one said then, "You make my head ache."





Before Jack knew it, the king had stopped playing.  
He scooped Jack up, smiling and saying,

“Hey little friend, why you so down?  
Why, you might be the saddest man in town.”  
At first, Jack didn’t answer. He bowed his head.  
Then, he looked up and quietly said,  
“I’ve got the blues. Man, have I got the blues.  
I’ve got the blues that I just can’t lose.”



“Well, come on up and tell us all about it.  
Might do you some good to stand up and shout it.”

“I’m afraid you may not like my song,”  
But, the Blues King said,  
“Don’t worry. We’ll help you along.”



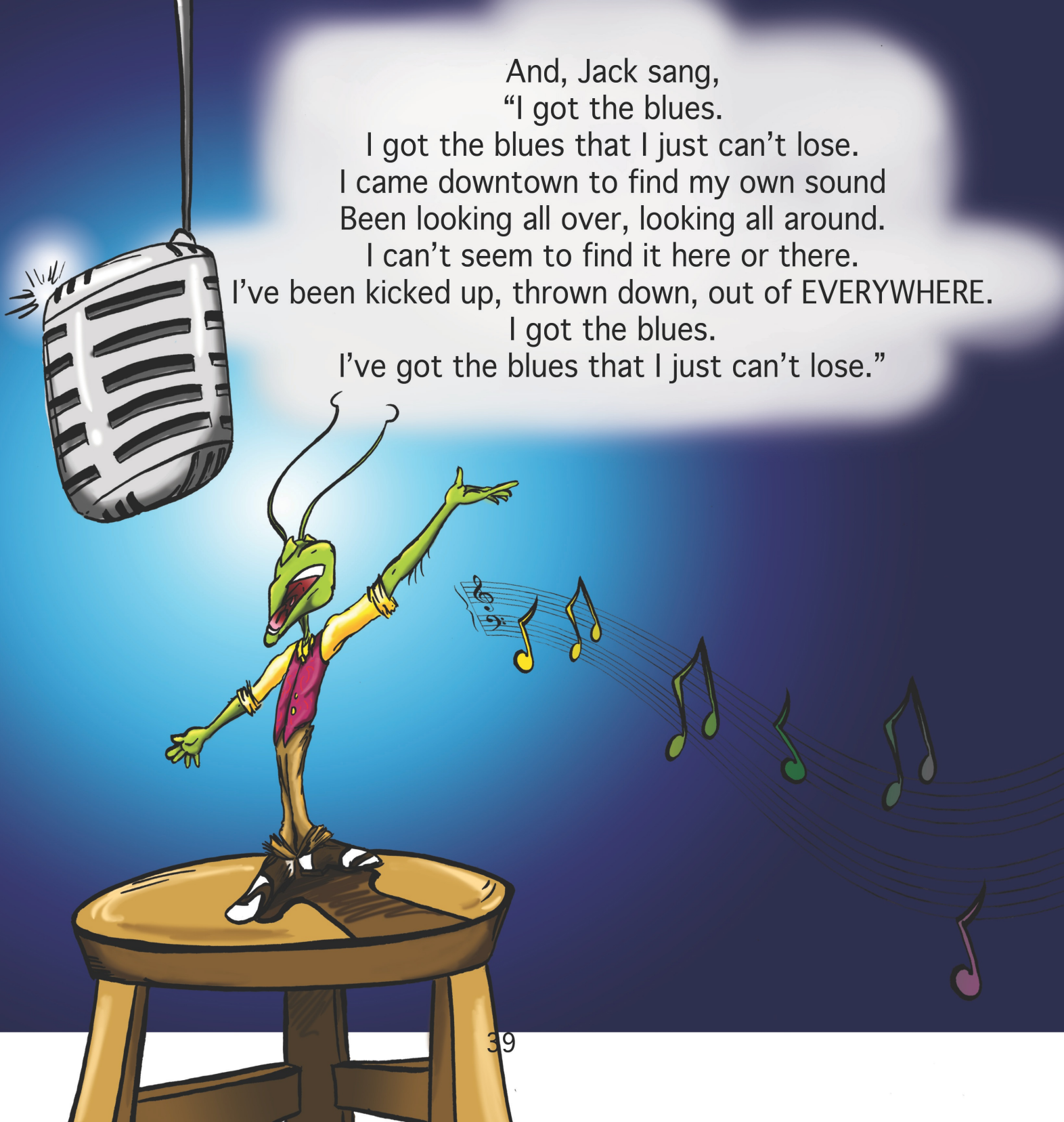
And, Jack sang,  
"I got the blues.

I got the blues that I just can't lose.  
I came downtown to find my own sound  
Been looking all over, looking all around.  
I can't seem to find it here or there.

I've been kicked up, thrown down, out of EVERYWHERE.

I got the blues.

I've got the blues that I just can't lose."



When Jack finished, no one said a word.

“I guess I sound awful,  
but then... I guess you heard.”



Jack started to leave, but the King said,  
“Stop! Hey wait, where you going, small fry?  
Come back on this stage. Now, don’t you cry.  
You need a little practice, but you play from the heart  
And that, my friend, is the hardest part.  
You have style and rhythm and lots of pizazz.  
You know, I think your sound might just be jazz.  
So get back up here, let’s all jam.  
Let’s teach young Jack, ‘Zibbie Doo Bop Bam.’”



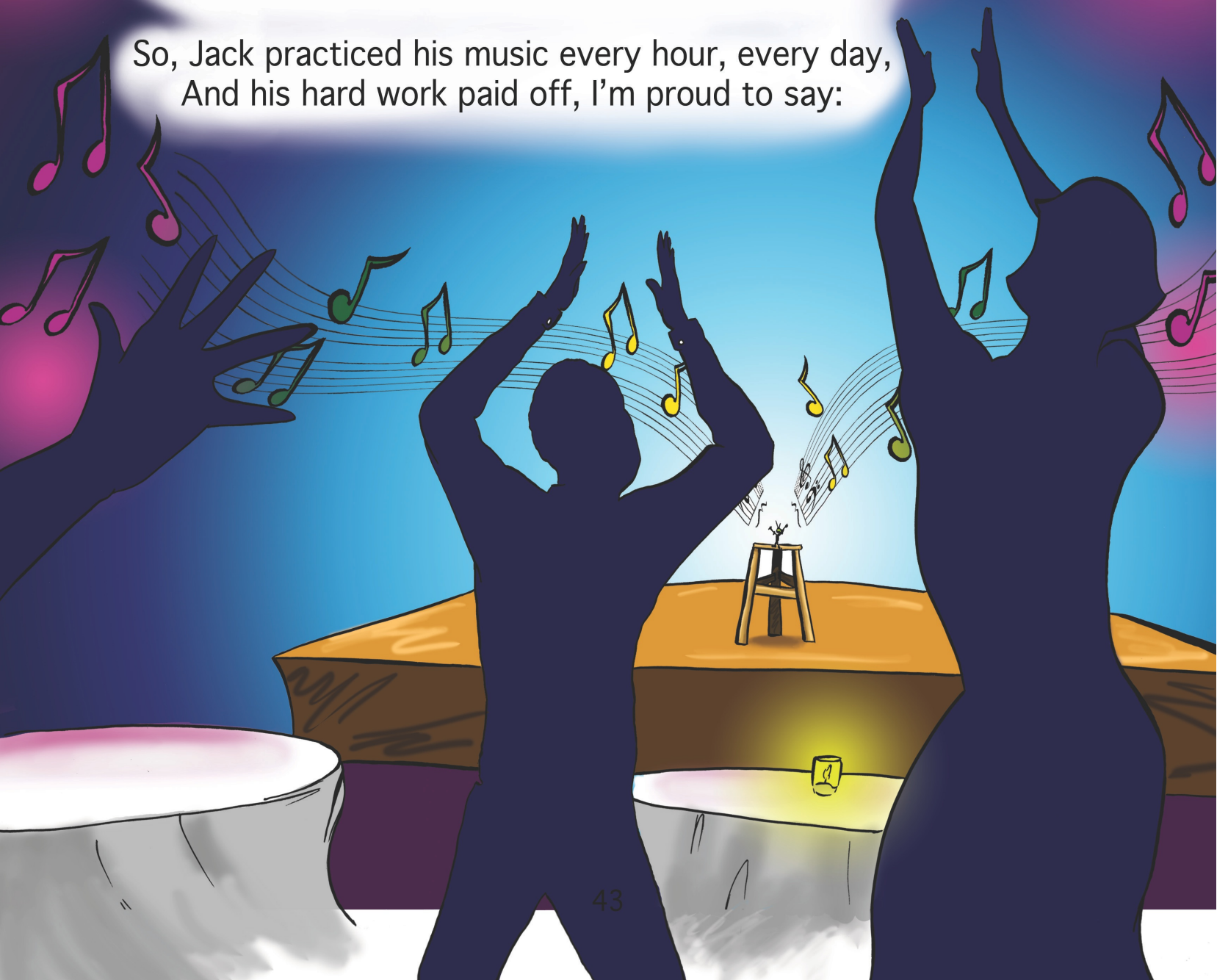
And they played their music the rest of the day,  
Jack would laugh and dance and say,

“I had the blues.  
I had the blues that I just couldn’t lose.  
But I made some new friends who helped me out  
Now I’m getting better and there is no doubt.  
I had the blues.  
I had the blues that I just couldn’t lose.”



The musicians agreed that Jack had improved.  
They liked him a lot and the audience approved.  
But they felt Jack should know one very last thing:  
“Talent is good, but practice gives you swing.”

So, Jack practiced his music every hour, every day,  
And his hard work paid off, I’m proud to say:



He played all the way to

# BROADWAY

BLUES  
AND  
JAZZ  
Celebration





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