

When Larry Met Sadie

by Michael Foster



A Note from the Author

“When Larry Met Sally,” follows an artist’s (Sadie) search inspiration. She finds it through a new friend (Larry), an alien that runs a coffee shop. Sadie accepts the differences in another individual and grows personally. The story promotes diversity and highlights the benefits of understanding and accepting differences.

“When Larry Met Sadie” appeals to parents wanting to teach their children about diversity and individualism. During such times where these lessons are badly needed, it only seemed right to post this book on-line for all to have access to. I hope you enjoy reading it.

-Michael Foster, 2008

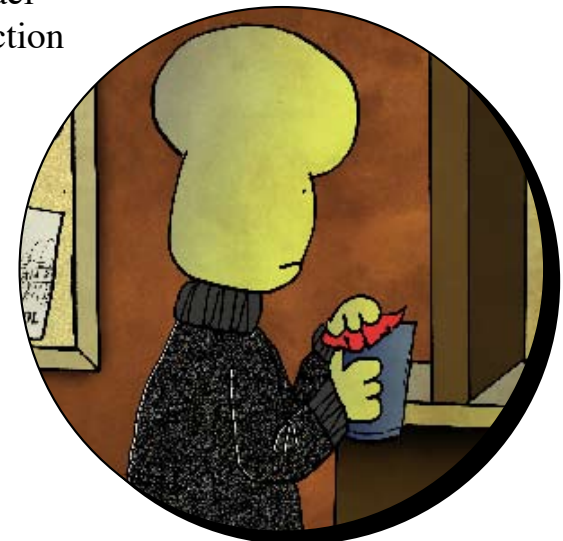
When **Larry** Met Sadie

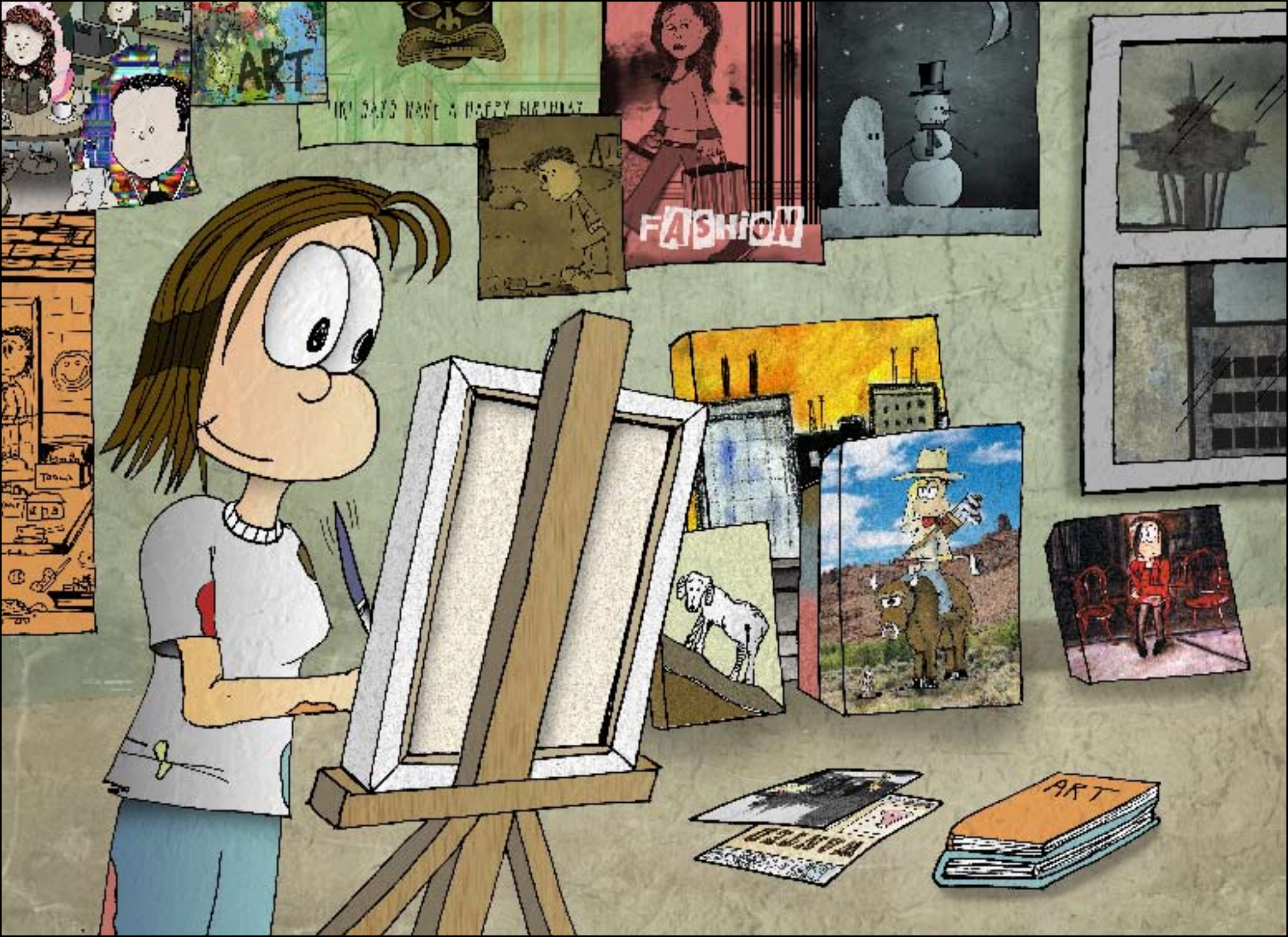


written & illustrated by Michael Foster

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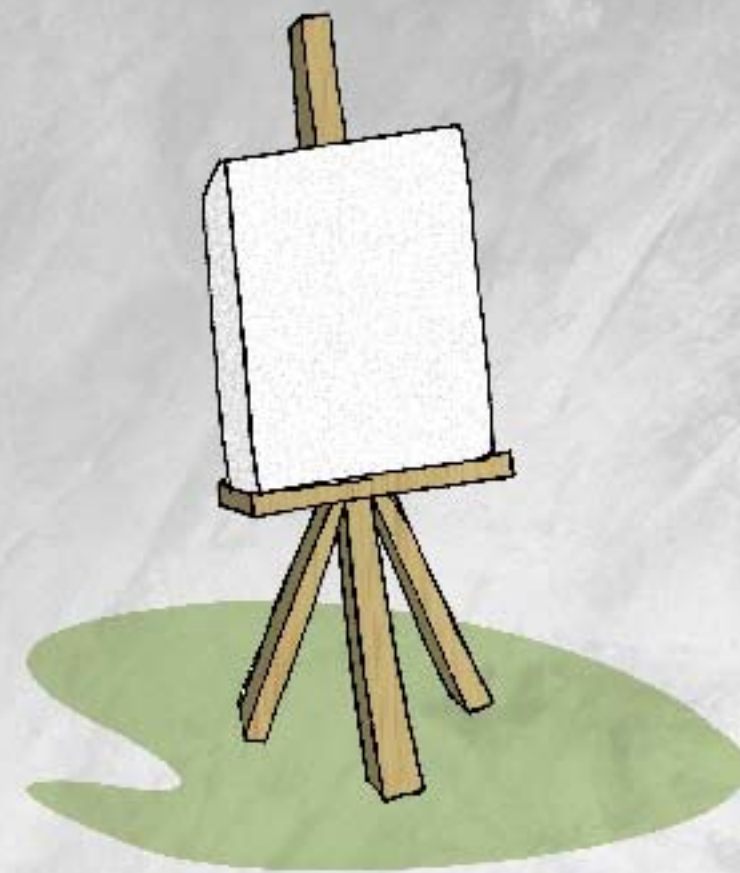
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Sadie Bakersfield loved to paint, and was the greatest artist in her entire school. Nothing gave Sadie more delight than when she finished a new masterpiece for the world to see. During summer vacation, she could whistfully compose numberless paintings without interruption. It didn't take long before her room was overcrowded with her very own artwork.

One morning, Sadie realized she could not imagine anything else to paint. For an artist, this could only mean one thing, her inspiration had vanished. Her stomach grew queasy with the idea of never being able to paint again. Frustrated, Sadie sat the floor and tried to think of ways to rekindle her creativity.





Over the next few days, Sadie and her mother visited all the art museums in the city, hoping to ignite Sadie's imagination. Gallery after gallery, they discovered a whole new series of fascinating paintings to see. But no matter how many modern masterpieces she studied, she still could not regain her inspiration.

Weeks flew by, and Sadie was utterly discouraged with her lack of creativity. During a quiet evening, Sadie asked her mother if there was anything left that could possibly revive her creative spirit. Her mother replied, "You should pay our favorite coffee shop a visit. A young man your age started working there last week. He is also an artist. You should meet him."





Sadie took five dollars and left for the coffee shop. It was nice to be enjoying the scenery, even if it was a little rainy. With a sigh, she continued her journey toward the cafe. The entire time she wondered what this new artist in town would be like.

Within minutes, she walked down the street and saw her favorite coffee shop. Instantly, she knew something had changed. The cafe was much different than it used to be. Someone even replaced the sign on the front door. Disappointed, Sadie began to dread what other unpleasant surprises might be inside the cafe waiting for her.





As she opened the door, Sadie saw a young person behind the counter washing a glass. This was no ordinary person. In fact, he wasn't a person at all. His skin was a pale yellow, his eyes were as large as footballs, and his head resembled an upside down pear. Without a doubt this was an alien, and not from any planet she knew of. Of course, the only planet she knew of was her own.

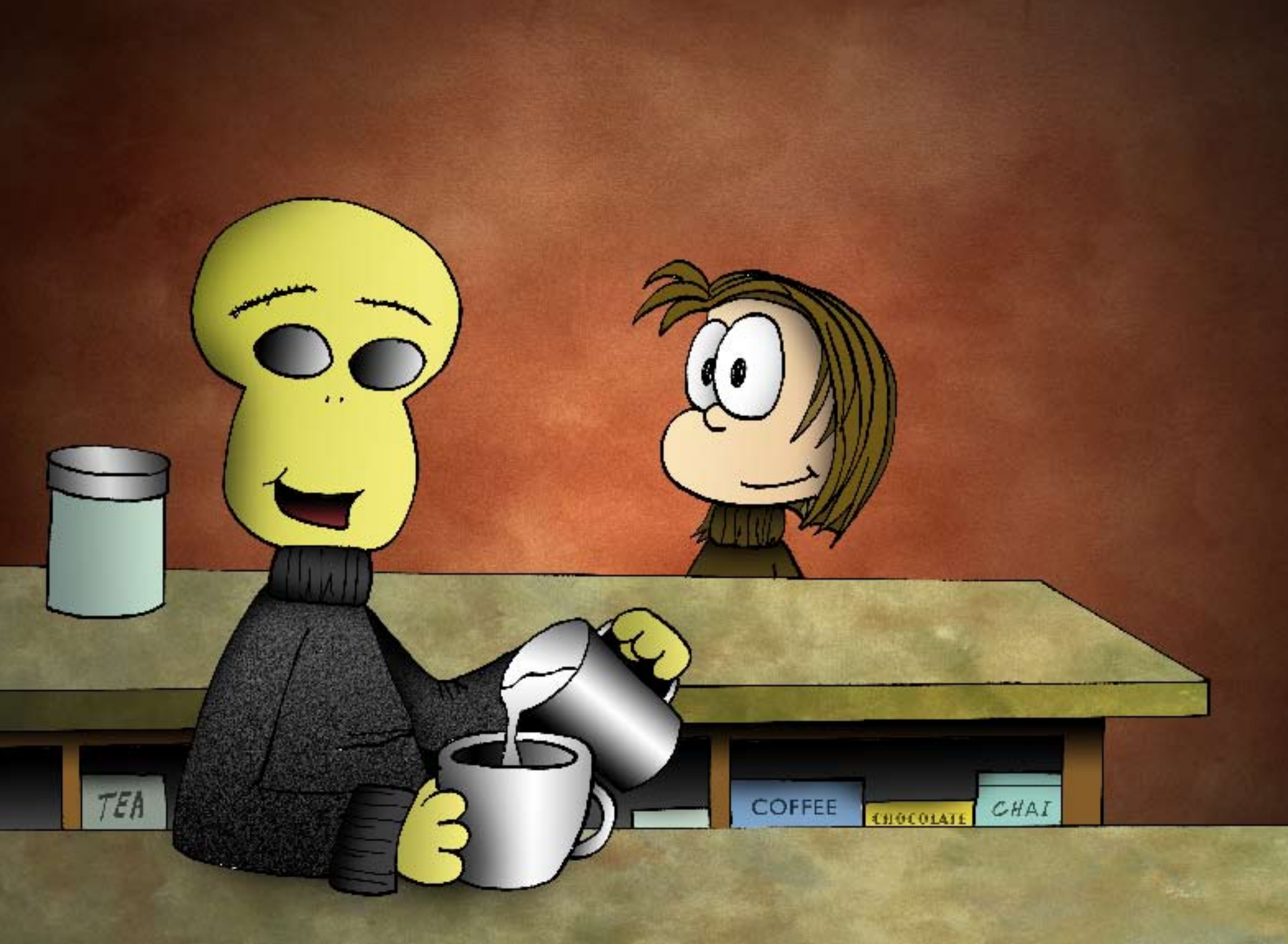
Sadie was afraid to approach the counter. Aliens in movies were always ill-tempered and destructive, and this frightened her. Suddenly, the alien noticed Sadie at the register. He slowly turned his oversized head her way and asked kindly, "Can I help you?"

"Uh, I'll have a hot chocolate please." She barely whispered.

"Coming right up!" He exclaimed and quickly grabbed several items from the cabinet.

As the mysterious alien prepared her drink, Sadie felt the words stumble out of her mouth, "You're not from around here are you?"






The alien laughed. "You wouldn't believe how many times I hear that a day." As he frothed milk in a steel pitcher, the alien told Sadie that his parents purchased this coffee shop last week, and he works there to help pay for his art school expenses. Sadie smiled for the first time in a long while. "You're the artist?" She asked.

Swirling a dash of whip cream in her chocolate, he replied, "I sure am! My name is Larry. What's yours?"


"Sadie. Sadie Bakersfield." She said.

Larry smiled warmly. "I met you mother the other day. She said you might be stopping by."



Over hot chocolates, Larry and Sadie talked about their favorites artists like Pablo Picasso, Edward Hopper, and Leonardo Da Vicni. Larry mentioned several other artists she had never heard of, with names that were barely pronounceable. They were probably from another planet.

Once she gathered the courage, Sadie asked Larry if most aliens were troublemakers. He laughed and said, "No, most aliens are good natured. We want to live long and peaceful lives without causing problems for everyone else."





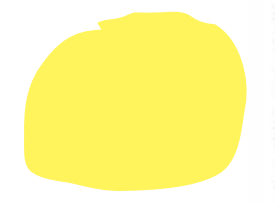
Larry then told Sadie stories about his home. On Larry's planet, rainbows tied themselves into knots, trees danced like ballerinas, and giant skyscrapers floated in the water like sail boats. Even stranger, his old music teacher was a blob with twelve eyes. Much of this did not make sense to Sadie, but that didn't bother her. She was fascinated with Larry's stories, and listened to them carefully.

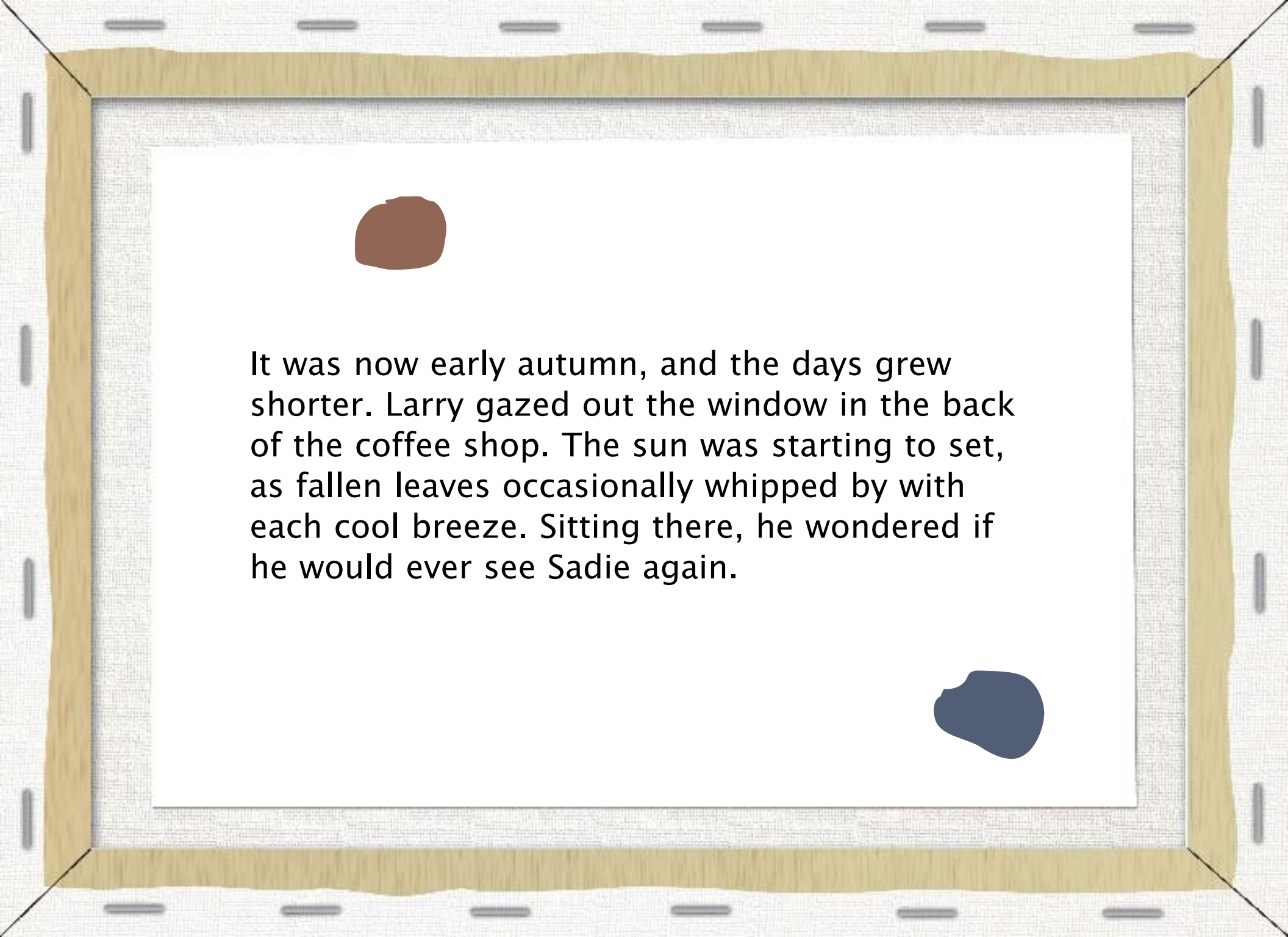
Larry waved goodbye as Sadie left for home. She had found inspiration once again, and wanted to begin her latest masterpiece. During their short time together, Larry had grown very fond of her, and he knew finding a friend was something to be treasured.





Now completely re-inspired, Sadie grabbed her brushes and painted for the rest of the summer. She painted all of the interesting places Larry told her about. She had to see for herself all of the wondrous worlds that her new friend described in such exquisite detail.





It was now early autumn, and the days grew shorter. Larry gazed out the window in the back of the coffee shop. The sun was starting to set, as fallen leaves occasionally whipped by with each cool breeze. Sitting there, he wondered if he would ever see Sadie again.





Larry went to fix himself a green tea when the bell over the front door jingled. Sadie had returned, this time with a new painting in her hands, a portrait of him holding a cup of coffee. "I thought you were so interesting, I had never met a real alien before I met you." Larry was very flattered that Sadie chose him as a subject for a painting.



Larry and Sadie became the best of friends. Together, they would paint wondrous works of art, mutually inspired from each other's creativity. In her search for inspiration, she found an artist very different than her, and different was a wonderful source of inspiration, not necessarily something to be afraid of.

Sadie looked forward to the adventures that lie ahead for the both of them. And Larry, being so far from home, loved to have a close friend to paint with again.





The End