

# JAZZIE'S DREAM

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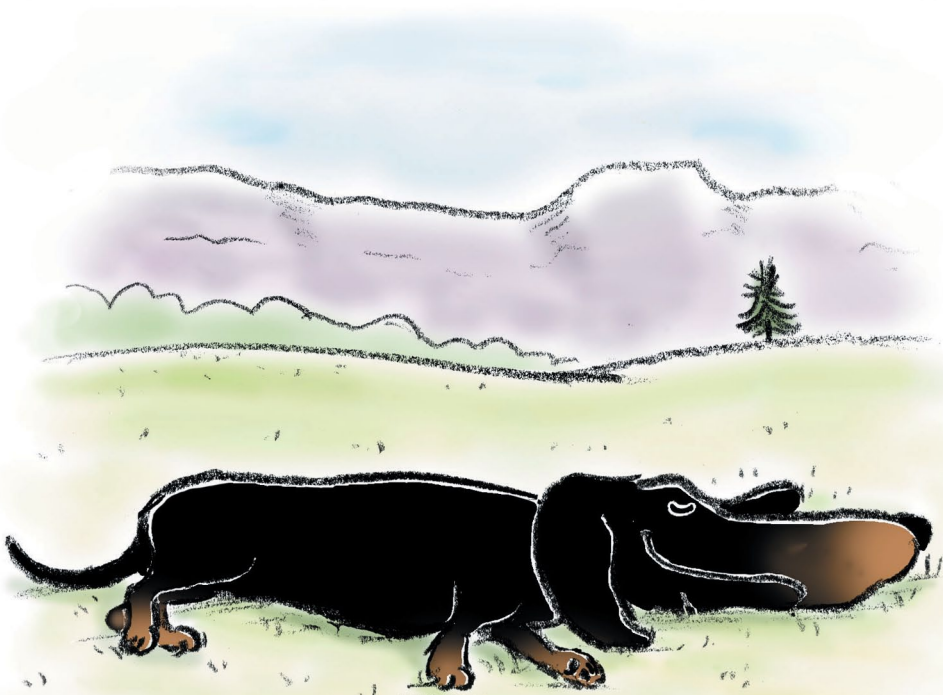
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*Kindness rocks!*

*May all earthlings know respect and kindness.*

*Special thanks to*

*Joel Anne and JAZZIE Jessen*

Hi, friend! I'm Jazzie, a fine dachshund doggie. I live with my Aunt Joel Anne. She loves me a lot and treats me well. I love her right back.



I grew up in Seattle, Washington, the city that gave the world airplanes, coffee, computers, the Space Needle and me!





Aunt Joel Anne has told me stories of the times when she was a kid.

In grade school she and a friend would play baseball against the boys and win. I saw photos in which she had the brightest smile in the world. There were giggles and whispers when a boy from fourth-grade class gave her a bracelet for Valentine's Day. Aunt Joel Anne dressed in brightly colored pink, yellow, turquoise, green, and blue fluffy sweaters from Best's Department Store. Her mother made skirts to match. I think the seeds of Aunt Joel Anne becoming an artist were planted in that choice of wardrobe. And, of course, her early budding talent. In seventh grade she won a Gold Key Art Award in the National Scholastic Art Awards Contest. She must have traded in the baseball bat for the paint brush.

I came into her life long after all that. And am I lucky! I wagged my tail really fast and wiggled really hard to be noticed by her. I knew she was the one. She's my heart and the long legs I'll never have. And I'm her "little sweet potato."



Aunt Joel Anne is rather a serious person. I offer comic relief. If my long body and short legs aren't enough for a chuckle or two, she likes to dress me up in fun costumes for special events and holidays. In the picture I'm shown all dressed up for a birthday party.

She gives me the best care a dog could wish for. I was taken on walks around the neighborhood in Seattle and to play dates with other doggies. And I get many hugs and kisses.



We lived in Aunt Joel Anne's childhood home on Magnolia Bluff. It was a wonderful place for me to grow up in. Our family home looked formal on the outside and was cozy on the inside.

There were squirrels that lived in the trees on our property and a crow that visited every day. We named the crow Bizzy Buddy. Bizzy would give deafening lectures while perched on the rooftops and trees across the street.

Bizzy Buddy had been part of a science project run by the university in town. Bizzy and the other crows were found to be very smart. Since the university's stamp of approval, we never heard the end of Bizzy and his opinions.



Among other things, my Aunt Joel Anne worked as an artist.

You can see here that she's doing a painting of me with my favorite frisbee.

When I was about five years old, Aunt Joel Anne felt it was time to move us to the country. She wanted more space and quiet to do her paintings. Her main passion is painting about her beloved teacher's work called *The Science of Being*. I figure it's about the magic of life.





While Aunt Joel Anne is painting, I'm exploring the magic of life out in nature. Here on our land in Snohomish there's tall grass and trees as far as I can see.

The air is fresh and clean. And I love my new wildlife friends. I've learned that the fuzzy hopping stones are rabbits; every morning we play hide and seek together.



Nearby we have a grove of trees that the mule deer and the white-tailed deer visit to eat the sweet apples. The deer move gracefully and are always hungry.

We also have wildlife neighbors. A coyote has come around at dusk. And I've seen one or two bobcats at night. Something tells me they'd turn fierce if I introduced myself.

The hawks circle in the sky and cry, "Kee! Kee! Kee!"

There are eagles here too and they have such majesty about them.

Large trumpeter swans swim in nearby Shadow Lake.

I'm happy being out in nature. Nature massages one's soul. But even though I have it good, my Aunt Joel Anne is my treasure. I could face anything in life as long as we stay together. I think she feels the same. We're very close.

At bedtime I fall into dreamland all worn out from the fresh air and exercise. Except for one night a couple of weeks ago that changed my life forever.

That fateful night, I couldn't sleep I tossed and turned and finally decided for fun I'd have a peek at Aunt Joel Anne's studio. I wondered if she had finished the painting she was doing of me with the Frisbee.



I tippy-pawed to the doorway. I could see by the moonlight that a painting was on her easel. I moved closer. Oh, jumping lima beans! She was painting Bizzy Buddy!

She's given him a red hat and a green walking stick. Bizzy Buddy, our friend from Seattle! Outside our house he'd be caw, caw, cawing away. We don't know crow talk so we didn't understand him. He kept at it, though, never stopping for a breath.

"Well, maybe you can understand me now, Shorty."

"Who said that?" I said.

"It's me! Your old friend, Bizzy Buddy the crow."

"Bizzy? Is that really you?" I said.

"It's not Santa Claus."

"Bizzy!" I'm so happy to see you! And I can understand you." I couldn't believe it.

"Well, I had to come down to your level and talk in your language. Your Aunt Joel Anne believes that we're all one. I'm going along with it."

"Yes, I guess that's right," I said.

"Anyhoo," said Bizzy, "whaddya say I move in, Shorty? I'm a fascinating guy."

"Well, I don't know. . . ."

"Naw, it wouldn't work out. Too cushy. I'm used to

the rough and tumble. You probably don't have any idea what the life of a wild bird is like. Have you ever gone hungry like I have? Have you ever fought for crumbs? Or had to seek shelter in the snow, the rain, the sleet, the icy cold?"

I hadn't, but I had sympathy. I asked, "How do you deal with all the trials and troubles?"



Bizzy replied, “The important thing to me and any crow is family and community, the loyalty we have to one another. It helps us survive, but it also makes life more pleasant. A lot of friendships are formed because of that survival instinct.”

I was a pet animal. Bizzy was a wild bird. Maybe we pet animals did have it better. The odds were in our favor because humans take care of pet animals. And for the most part, humans are kind.

Bizzy stood and did a couple of dance steps while whistling.

“Very nice,” I said.

“I told you, I’m a fascinating guy.”

“Well, Bizzy it’s late, and we should turn in. I gotta—”

“Wait a minute.”

“Okay . . . did you have something in mind, Bizzy? I may be dreaming. I don’t see how I can be here talking with you when you live in Seattle and have somehow come out of the canvas that Aunt Joel Anne painted you on. Maybe it was that new kind of dog food I ate tonight. It tasted a bit funny.”

“Dear Shorty, this may be the most awake you’ve ever been,” said Bizzy.

“How do you mean?”



“You don’t have a clue how other animals live,” said Bizzy.

“That’s not fair.”



“You live in a beautiful home.

Your every whim is met with love and care. You’re entertained by swimming lessons, playdates, and trips. You have friends of your own kind, wildlife friends, and neighbors. You’ve never gone hungry or cold.”

“I don’t have to suffer to imagine how hard it must be.”

“You do have to know the facts. You didn’t know about my life until I told you just now. And I have it good compared to others.”

“What others?” I asked.

“Farm animals.”

“Farm animals don’t have it bad,” I argued. “You can see how happy they are pictured on milk cartons, on store packages, in television ads. They are free range, grass fed, humanely raised.”

“You really are gullible, aren’t you?” Bizzy snickered.

“I beg your pardon?”

“All that gibberish is pretend truth. Come on, Shorty, hop on. I’m going to show you real truth.”

“Hop on? Hop on what? I’m three times bigger than you,” I protested.

“As long as I have this magic green stick, I can take an

elephant for a ride. Hop on! Okay here we go . . . up,  
up and . . . Shorty, hold your feet up.”

“I’m not sure about this.”

“Trust me.”

“Okay, they’re up.”

“Hooray!” Bizzy cried.



Bizzy tapped the window with the green stick. We flew out and up into the sky, my long ears flapping in the wind.

Soon, I could see the Space Needle and my old neighborhood and Elliott Bay.

“Oh, Bizzy! this is fun!”

“Hold on! We’re approaching Backward Land.”

As we plunged into darkness, suddenly it wasn’t fun anymore.

We couldn’t even see the moon.

“Where did all the light go?” I asked.

“What happens here is all about darkness,” Bizzy said.

“I think we should go home.” I began to feel kind of sick to my stomach.

Bizzy said the green walking stick that Aunt Joel Anne gave him was full of good magic, so we were safe. I wondered why she never gave me a green walking stick. Maybe my legs are too short. But if the green stick is magic . . .



“We’re here,” said Bizzy. “Slide off my back, please.”

The ground was rough under my feet and felt like gravel. I began wishing I had stayed in bed that night.

Bizzy tapped something with the green walking stick. Two very large doors slowly and silently opened.



Bright, harsh light flooded our eyes. Cages filled with chickens squished up against one another were stacked up high. The factory itself must have been miles long. It was deathly quiet. We could faintly hear delicate “pings” as eggs slid into trays at the edge of the cages. The trays held gleaming white eggs as if they were large pearls mined from the depths of an ocean of despair.

“Oh please, let’s go, Bizzy.”

“Okey dokey!”

Bizzy gave the doors a tap and they quickly closed.

“Let’s walk a bit,” Bizzy said.

I had gotten used to the dark. Soon there appeared little huts as far as my eyes could see.





There must have been thousands. We had reached a dairy factory farm.

Bizzy told me baby calves were put in these little huts right after they were born and lived there in all kinds of weather. They were taken away from their mothers who would never see them again. The mother's milk that was rightfully theirs was sold to grocery stores.

“Babies are supposed to be with their mothers!” I cried.

“You're right,” agreed Bizzy.

“I really think we should go home, Bizzy.”

Bizzy said he wanted to show me one more factory farm, and then we would go home. Otherwise we might start accepting the way the farm animals were living. That's what happens in Backward Land. Dark deeds become accepted as normal ways. Even the smell of cruelty that we noticed in the air, Bizzy said would become ordinary.



Bizzy twirled the green walking stick, and we were in a huge warehouse. It looked like there were thousands of pigs.

I've heard that pigs are smarter than dogs. I wondered aloud if they were smarter than crows, too.

"Maybe, but not as fascinating," joked Bizzy.

"They seem kind of lazy."

"Step closer and have a look, Shorty."

When I went closer, I saw that they were mother pigs nursing their young. The mothers were encased in crates made of metal bars.

"At least they're with their babies," I said, trying to make the best of it.

"The mothers can't move," said Bizzy.

"Oh, Bizzy!" I cried. "Why?" It was becoming hard for me to breathe.

Bizzy paused for a long while. "They're getting ready to be made into bacon," he whispered.

What we had seen in Backward Land all became too much. Bizzy began cawing out of control. He was so upset.

"Bizzy, shhhhh! You'll frighten everybody. Jazzie's here. It's all right. Calm down, Bizzy." But I couldn't stop him.

He kept cawing as if he were calling for help, like his little life depended on it.

My instincts went into action. I jumped and grabbed the magic green stick from Bizzy with my teeth. I'm very good at snatching as Aunt Joel Anne and I play frisbee a lot.



Once I had the green stick, Bizzy stopped cawing. “Hey! Give me back my magic green walking stick! Aunt Joel Anne gave that to me,” Bizzy said, as he grabbed it from my mouth. “Sorry for the melt-down, Shorty. Sometimes the misery just gets to me.”

“I understand,” I said softly.

“Well, now,” said Bizzy. He ruffled his feathers as if shaking off the heartbreak we saw. “I’m going to take you to Forward Land.”

I told Bizzy that I had seen enough.

“No, no, just wait, Shorty. This is going to be good.

We’ll go together, side by side. Take three steps forward and two steps back. Three steps forward and two steps back. Three steps . . .” “Oh, Bizzy! This is hopeless! We’ll never get there at this rate.”

Bizzy assured me we would. We just had to have faith.

Getting to Forward Land was slow but sure.

“Can’t we fly there, Bizzy?”

“The future has its own pace,” said Bizzy. “We can’t rush it.”

We kept walking for what seemed like hours. Finally, I sat down. “I’ve had it, Bizzy. I’m not going any farther.”

“You don’t have to,” said Bizzy. “We’re here.”

“Where?”

“Look!” Bizzy pointed his green magic stick straight ahead.



Slowly the darkness pulled aside like a curtain and revealed rows and rows of luscious-looking green plants.

The sky was clear with not a cloud in sight. Everything seemed to glow.

Bizzy told me that the green farming we were looking at had replaced factory farms. The crops are rotated every other year so that the soil was nourished as well. The water and air were no longer poisoned from the manure of billions and billions of animals. The dark energy from the cruelty and killing of animals had changed into a lighter, delicate, and subtle energy. Our earth was healthy again.

“Now, look to your right, Shorty.” I saw mother cows with their calves, happy chickens with their chicks enjoying dust baths and pecking at the ground, pigs lolling about while little piglets ran with joy around a barnyard. Lambs and goats all happy and free.





“I’m so glad the mothers get to be with their babies,” I said. I was beginning to feel better.

And then I saw Aunt Joel Anne! I barked, “Hello!” so she would know I was there.

“She can’t hear you, Shorty. She’s in there painting these pictures for us.

“Why aren’t I with her?” I cried.

What you’ve seen in Forward Land are paintings by Aunt Joel Anne of her beloved teacher’s writings, *The Science of Being*,” said Bizzy.

“This is the magic of life?”

“Yes,” said Bizzy, “and Forward Land is where life in all its mystery can blossom.”

“But I want to be in there blossoming too!” I cried again.

Slowly the dark curtain began sliding back over the scene.

“It’s time to go back,” Bizzy said.

“Wait a minute! Aunt Joel Anne!” I was frantic. “It’s me, Jazzie—your hunky punky! Aunt Joel Anne...”

And then it all turned blank like a new canvas ready for a new picture. . . .



I found myself in Aunt Joel Anne's studio again. Everything in the room seemed like it always did. I could see by moonlight that Bizzy was back in the painting on the easel in his red cap and green walking stick. I was panting hard and felt scared. Was Aunt Joel Anne still in Forward Land?

Then the overhead light in the room went on. It was Aunt Joel Anne! She had heard me barking and was worried.

I was overjoyed to see her. She hadn't left me after all! I jumped up and down and wagged my tail and gave her slurpy kisses filled with happiness and relief.

Aunt Joel Anne wondered if the new dog food she fed me earlier that night agreed with me. She had given me a whole half can. She was going on a new kindness diet and wanted me to join her on it, too. After what I saw tonight, I wouldn't eat anything else. Cruelty to animals was one very good reason not to eat them, but to let them roam free. You start seeing things differently when you have a kindness diet. You begin to understand more about fairness and health, too.



Bizzy's portrait was a big hit.

Aunt Joel Anne showed the painting in a gallery in Seattle. Many people wanted to buy it. Each person bid higher than the last. We could have taken a couple of cruises around the world with all that money! But for some reason, at the last minute, Aunt Joel Anne decided to keep it.

Bizzy, with his red cap and magic green walking stick, is hanging in our family room. He's with Aunt Joel Anne and me at mealtime and can see the great field and grove of trees from the big windows. He has the best of both worlds: Aunt Joel Anne, me and a view of nature. He said he wanted to move in . . . well, here he is!



I'm glad Aunt Joel Anne kept the painting. Bizzy is a winner. I like living with him. His spirit showed me the real truth about the lives of our farm animal friends. Before Bizzy I thought food came trouble-free in neat packages or cans.

Farm animal friends are living beings like us. They deserve to be treated well. We're all in this magic of life together.

In the meantime, Aunt Joel Anne is planning a luncheon. It's a gathering for the alumni of her very special high-school class the "Grizzlies."





The menu for the event will follow our new diet. The Joel and Jazzie Kindness Diet: (The J&J Diet for short) - plant-based food with no animal products. And a delicious and healthy salad from Aunt Joel Anne's own garden, among other yummy veggie and fruit choices.

Aunt Joel Anne has a way of making everything taste good because she puts love in all her cooking. The house will be bright and sparkling clean bursting with Aunt Joel Anne's artwork. Despite being in our beautiful home, everyone will be thinking of their old high school cafeteria. Memories of youthful days will be fun and bittersweet for all.

I can't wait to see Aunt Joel Anne's classmates. And I hope the ones who slipped me a few tasty tidbits under the table last time come again.

We live near a place that gives hot air balloon rides to people. Maybe while the class is here, a balloon ride will go past our home.

Then everybody can make a wish.

Aunt Joel Anne and I always make a wish when one floats by. I know she wishes for peace in the world. And I wish that she'll give me more yummy treats or take me swimming more often. They are magical, those balloons. If we watch long enough it's as if we're

up high in the air with them and we can see our beautiful earth far and wide. For those moments everything is perfect and still and loving.

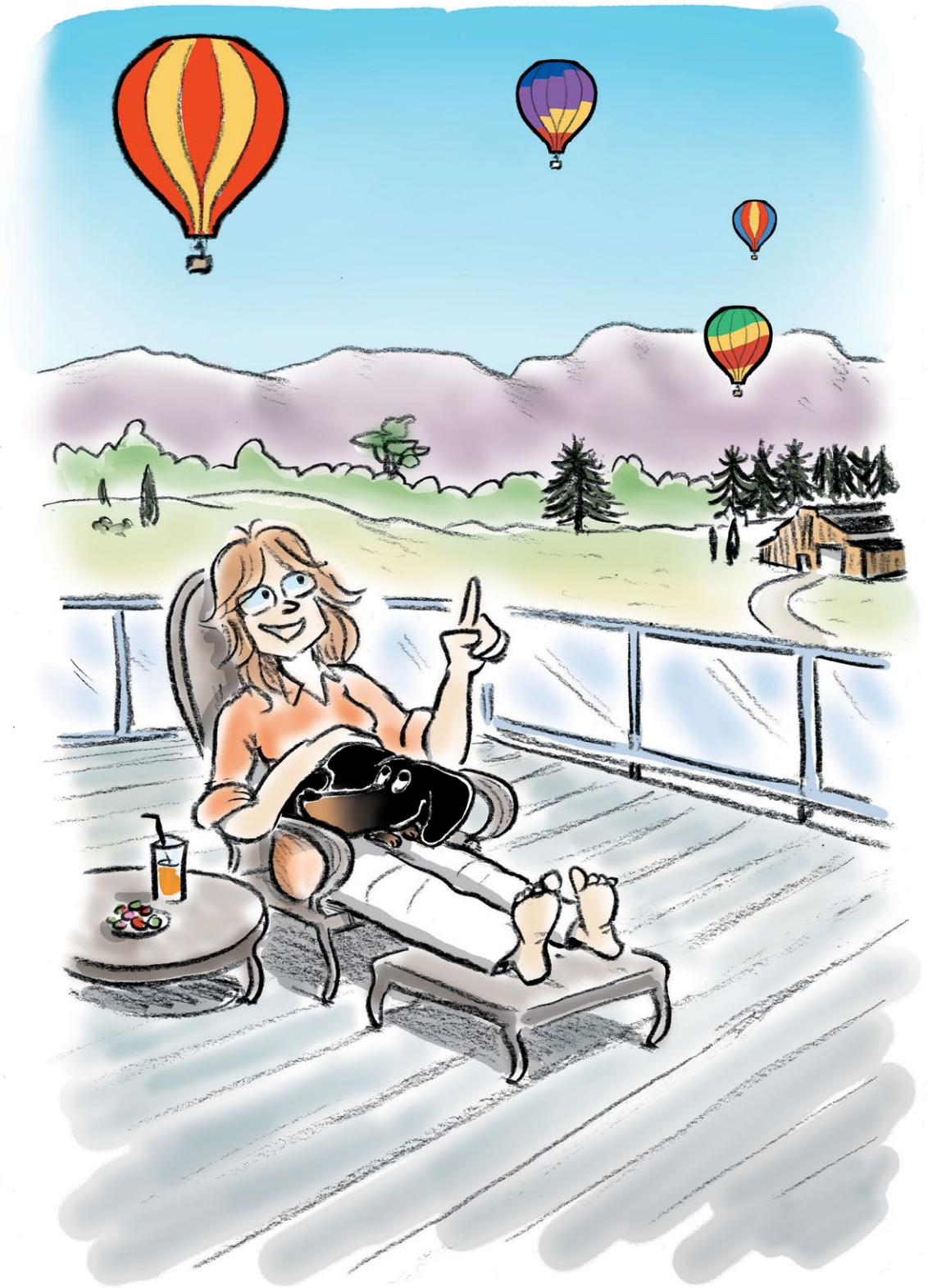


Aunt Joel Anne is still a “looker.”

Her hair is in waves and gentle curls softly frame her face. Her designer eyeglasses are tinted, looking much as if a European film star is behind them. She’s kept that bright happy smile. Her choice of wardrobe is always a stunner, but in earth colors now, with touches of red to brighten things up.

I wonder what Aunt Joel Anne’s high-school class will say about Bizzy Buddy’s painting. I never thought about it before, but Bizzy might be lonely up there in the painting all by himself. He said that family and community were very important to him. I hope he thinks of Aunt Joel Anne and myself as family.

Bizzy gave me hope that one day soon our world would become Forward Land.



Oh, jumping jack rabbits! Bizzy just winked at me!



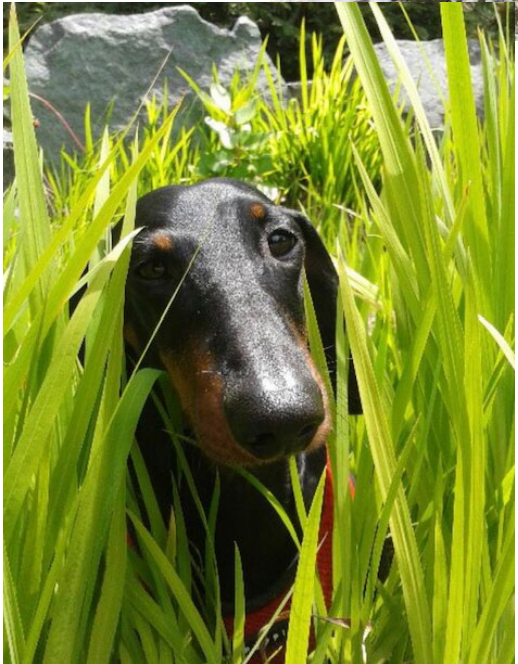
I'd bet my yellow frisbee on it!

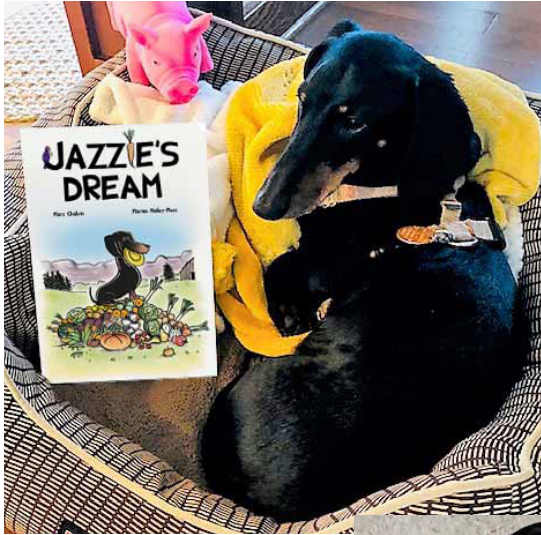


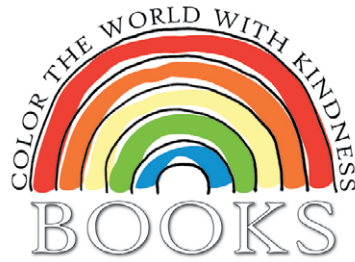




## JAZZIE'S Photo Gallery







Marian Hailey-Moss

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Marian lives and writes in New York City. She advocates a plant-based diet and compassion for animals.

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Marc Chalvin

– Illustrator –

Marc is a Parisian artist who fills his drawings and animations with life, wit and whimsy.

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## **Books for Kids by Marian and Marc**

Available at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

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NALA the Little Elephant

FREDDIE the Runaway Cow

CHA CHA Chicken

**JAZZIE'S DREAM** is about a dachshund named **JAZZIE** who lives a life of love, comfort, and fun with his beloved Aunt Joel Anne. One fateful night, Bizzy Buddy the Crow comes to him in a dream and reveals the difference between pretend truth and real truth about their farm animal friends. The dream changes his life forever. A story for all ages, set in beautiful Snohomish, Washington.

