Sunday Naval Attack
by Linda LeRoy

On Sundays,
never failing,
forty chubby toes,
along with four pudgy bodies
in footy pajamas,
would romp out of their beds and unite.
As they continued their journey,
four watermelon colored lips giggled
while they planned their sneak attack
for the "room of the two sleeping giants."

Meanwhile,
the morning sunlight peeked through the sides
of the white shades.
Its rays were warming the sleeping atmosphere
of the giants' palace.
Each beam disquieted the peaceful room
displaying the particles of playful dust in the air.
At this moment,
the four tired eyes were closed tightly
for the purpose of sleep.
Unaware of the war ahead of them,
their enormous backs faced the enemy.

Suddenly,
they're hit from both sides;
a surprise attack!
Eight knees bend on the cushiony battleground.
The four eyes are open, and
the giants are awakened by laughter descending like bombs.
A battle begins.
Decisively, the low voiced giant outstretches ten thick fingers, and the four warriors feel as if they are surrounded by a squish of octopi. Giggles escape, but the struggle seems endless to the four warriors.

There is only one hope now. The four warriors strategically devise a plan of action. One of the pudgy fingers must break through the combat line. Their mission: press the magic button on Daddy's stomach.