



# OAKEE DOAKEE

(Adventure One)

Titles available in the Oakee Doakee series  
(in reading order):

*Oakee Doakee and the Hate Wave*

*Oakee Doakee and the Ego Bomb*

(available through *physical* and *cyber* bookstores everywhere!)

# OAKEE DOAKEE

*and the Hate Wave*

Written and illustrated

by

Sir Ed Word



*CheckPoint  
Press*

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This book is dedicated to  
the little  
***Oakee Doakee***  
in you.



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This is the beginning of an amazing story about a little boy and his many adventures. His name is *Oakee Doakee* but his friends just call him Oakee. (When he's very naughty his teacher calls him Mr. Doakee.) Some people forget his name and call him Smokey or Pokey, but we'll remember it by writing it once in big letters like this:

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The Adventures of  
**OAKEE DOAKEE**

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## The Heavens Beckon

One morning, Oakee woke up, washed his face, and sat down by the window to watch the sun peep over the horizon. As he sat there, his mind became silent and meditative and a lovely cool breeze filled the room. At the same time, he felt his heart fill up with joy. Then he started to hear beautiful music. He thought, *This must be the heavenly music of the angels*. It was so sweet, he prayed to the Heavenly Mother Empress, who he often dreamed of and felt in his heart, that he could go visit the angels to hear more of it. After breakfast, Oakee went outside to play because it was Sunday and there was no school. The sun was very warm this sunny Sunday, and the air smelled like sweet flowers and green grass.

As he was swinging on the swing, he looked up and noticed that there were no birds singing in the trees. As he sat there wondering where all the birds could be, a tiny rainbow colored hummingbird hummed by, just over his

head.

"Wait!" he called. "Wait, little bird. Where are all the other birds today?"

The hummingbird stopped, flew in front of Oakee's nose and, hovering there, said in a tiny hummingbird voice, "Did you talk to me, little boy?"

"Yes I did. I thought maybe you know where all the birds have gone."

"All the birds? All the birds? All the birds have gone for their sun day singing lessons in the sun clouds," the hummingbird hummed.

"The birds have singing lessons?" asked Oakee surprised. "But who's their teacher?"

"We learn music from the gandharvas, of course," said the hummingbird a little impatiently.

Oakee happened to know that *gandharva* meant a special kind of angel that made music, because his father was a great scholar of history and mythology and other big amazing things, and Oakee had often eavesdropped on him and his colleagues as they discussed mysterious creatures and worlds. He also knew that gandharvas probably lived in the kingdom of the great king, Indra, beyond the sky.

"Now if you'll kindly excuse me, I'm late for the lesson,"

she added hastily, and as she buzzed away Oakee shouted after her:

"Oh, the gandharva angels? Please stop! Take me with you!"

"Sorry, that's not allowed," she called back. "But if you give me your name, I will see that King Indra is told of your request."

"I'm Oakee!" he shouted.

The hummingbird turned and disappeared into the big, blue sky. Oakee watched her go and, leaning back a little on his swing, wondered if King Indra would really let him visit his kingdom in the sun clouds.

