



MIKANMAN

and the Doors of Orangeness



*High on a hill where the mandarin grew,
a single bright fruit caught the morning dew.
It trembled, it glowed, it leapt to the ground —
and Mikanman rose with a citrusy bound!*



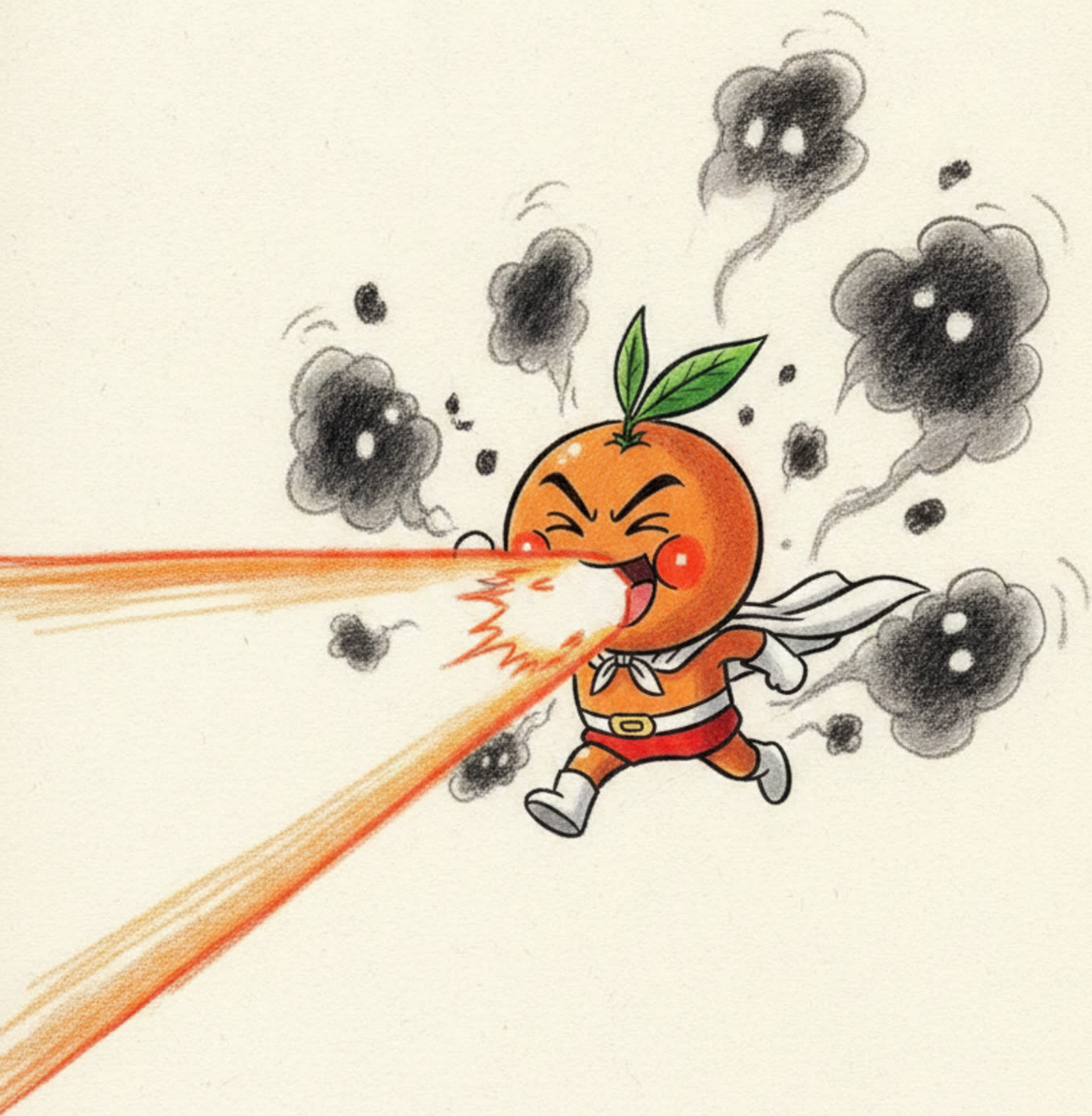
*From pip to peel he grew strong and bright,
a cape on his back and a fist full of light.
With a heart full of juice and a smile so wide,
a hero was born with the sun as his guide.*



"Mikanman, help!" came a faraway shout,
"The bad guys are here — please throw them out!"
He blew shining bubbles, round, sticky and bold,
and trapped every villain in spheres of gold.



*He flew to a castle, enchanted and old,
where rivers of feeling ran warm then ran cold —
a current of laughter, a sorrowful tide,
and Mikanman sailed on the in-between ride.*



*Then Babu-chan came, just a seed of a thing,
the tiniest Mikan with the mightiest zing.
He beamed at the darkness, so fierce and so small,
and the evil that gathered? He scattered it all!*

That's your peek at Mikanman.

The full twenty-page rhyming adventure — door after door, all the way to the Tower of Power — is on its way to print and digital.

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