

The Red Bearon

Writer

Paul Day

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The Red Bearon

Red Bear is on a very secret mission,
To find the beginning of the world.
The wise old Owl Oswald had sent him,
Because Red had asked a very simple question.

“Where does the world begin?”
The Owl didn’t answer right away,
But took all the time he needed.
“In a way off far away place,
Called the edge of the World.”

“Wow,” said Red Bear.
“How do I get there?”
Again Oswald didn’t answer right away.
Instead he took Red Bear to a green field
And showed him the most magnificent
Flying machine Red had ever seen.

It gleamed, oh how it shined.
It glowed, oh how it glistened
In the late afternoon sun.

“It surely is a fantastic machine,”
said Red Bear.
“But I can’t fly an airplane,
I simply don’t know how.”

“Did you know how to dance,
When you met the Alley Cats?”
Said Oswald, stretching out his wings.
“Did you know how to rescue the
Fairies and the fairy Queen from
The Polar Bear King?”

“Well, know, but.” Stammered Red.
“But what? Said Oswald impatiently.
“Oh, well, I guess if I can do those things,
I can do anything?”

Oswald rolled his big, wide eyes.
“Well of course you can.”

So, Red Bear, trusting the wise old owl,
Climbed up into the big shiny airplane
And started the engine.

And Just as easy as that, Red was off.

Well, not quite that easy.
You see, he took off alright.

He took off a great big pair of undies
From the clothes line.
He took off the top of a very tall tree.
He even took off the rooster from the roof
Of the old barn.

But it wasn't long before Red got the hang of it
And pretty soon he was flying like the Red Baron.

"Look at me Oswald, look at me, I'm flying like
the Red Baron." He said

"The Red Baron?" Thought Oswald.
And then he had an idea.
When Red had landed rather roughly,
Oswald painted a sign on the side of
The airplane.

THE RED BEARON

Then Oswald the Owl and Red Bear,
Stood there and marvelled at the name.
Then Red Bear checked the engine
And filled up the fuel tank.

With a wave from the cockpit,
He pulled on his goggles,
Started up the engine
And sped off down the runway.

Red Bear couldn't see the look on Oswald's face,
Because planes don't have rear vision mirrors.
But if he had, he would have seen the proud
Look on Oswald's face as he watched Red Bear,
Disappear into the clouds.

From way up in the sky, The Red Bearon
Could see the whole world.
He saw the rivers winding their way across the plains.
He saw the lakes and dams dotting the country.
He saw the vast forests of pines far below.

"Follow the sun," Oswald had told him,
So that's exactly what Red Bear did.

He aimed the nose of his airplane towards the West,
Kept his wings level and true
And more importantly, kept his eyes in front.

He flew across farmland.
He flew across deserts.
He flew high above the mountains.
And when he made it to the edge of the country,
He flew over an endless blue ocean.

He chased the sun for a while,
but he could not catch it,
For as fast as his airplane was,
It could not outrun the sun.

So Red Bear had to fly,
By the light of the full moon.
He flew all night above the cotton clouds,
Until with the sunrise warm on his back,
At last he could see the edge of the world.

Well, he thought it was the edge of the world.
As far as Red could see,
From his left, all the way to his right
And way out ahead of him,
The ocean stretched wide and long.

The Red Bearon kept right on flying,
All day and into the next night.
Then, with the break of morning,
The very next day,
Red Bear saw land again.

He was glad, because he was running out of fuel.
But as he approached the land,
There was something strangely familiar,
About the countryside below.

And as he flew down lower to get a closer look,
He realize he had seen it all before.
And there, standing next to a barn,
In the middle of the green field,
Was his old friend Oswald.

Red Bear took his plane down and
Landed with only a slight bump.
He turned off the engine and hopped out,

Stretching his tired body as he stood next to the craft.

“I flew all day and all night
and all day and all night again.
But I didn’t find the edge of the world.
I only found you, standing right there
Where I left you three days before.
I must have been going in circles.”

Oswald only grinned and shrugged his wings.

“You did go in circles,” he said to Red.

“You circled the whole world.”

“I did?” answered Red Bear.

“Wow. So there is no edge of the world?”

“No!” said Oswald bluntly.

“Then why did you send me to look for it?”

Asked Red Bear a little annoyed.

“Would you have believed me if you hadn’t
looked for yourself?”

Red Bear thought hard. “I guess not.”

“But you learnt how to fly
and you got to see what no other bear
in the history of the world has seen.
You got to see the world from the sky.”

“I did, didn’t I,” Red Bear said proudly.
Then he stood next to Oswald and they both
Looked at the amazing flying machine.

“Next time, will you come with me?”
Said Red Bear after a while.
Oswald only smiled, for he had already seen
The world from the sky.
But he didn’t have the heart to remind
Red Bear he could already fly.

“Sure, why not,” he answered after a while.
Trying not to make Red Bear feel silly.

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