

DARE TO BEAR

From the house of Dunroy
There once lived a small boy
Who had ruddy red cheeks and red hair.
Augustus his name
Shared by none of the same
Yet whose manners were wretchedly bare.

Used to getting his way
He'd scarce get through the day
Without howling a fit 'bout his toy.
A scruffy brown Bear
From his sisters' school fair
Was the innocent source of his joy.

He loved Bear so much
He would sulk if one touched
Bear's paws or the tip of his ear.
The sad thing was mauled
It was practically bald
And unworthy of many a jeer.

"Now how you would feel
To be chewed like a meal?"
Simmered Bear to a mute, painted doll.
"I'm a beast not a feast.
I demand my release
And a passport to Costa del Sol."

The decision was made.
All the toys were then bade
A shaggy farewell then he left.
Shambled out just like that
There was no turning back
Bear was gone, quite forlorn and bereft.

He was honestly missed
He was secretly kissed
His sad parting no longer a game.
The others they shuddered

Afraid when discovered
Which of them Augustus would blame.

It wasn't too late
Around quarter to eight
When Augustus ran upstairs to play,
With his favourite Bear
Who was no longer there
In his place an old cushion of grey.

Oh, the screams and the shouts
Toys were flung all about
As he readied his terrible pout.
Wizard wind is that rare
But it flew in right there
Giving 'Gustie' a hideous snout!

"Oh dear Goodness" moped Milly
Who felt awfully silly
That her son had now started to honk.
"We must lock him inside!"
Up the villagers cried
Supper madness from too much good plonk.

"But what about Bear?"
Sobbed his ma in despair.
"He loved that stuffed toy more than me!"
Quick silence descended
On heads hot and frenzied.
"To the hunt" they shrieked. "Seek out his lair!"

And exchanging their corks
For blunt knives and pitchforks
They hurriedly gathered outside.
Their faces determined
To track down the vermin
And haul him back down like a prize.

But a small fuzzy shape
Not content with his fate
On the hills appeared wearing his mack.
He had heard the commotion

And feeling quite lonesome
Had returned unperturbed for a snack.

Now the whole house seemed empty.
Thought Bear “Must be plenty
Of goodies and treats for my tum.”
Imagine his shock
When he heard a faint knock
From the cupboard of sweetmeats and rum.

There His Master sat strapped
To a stool, on his lap
Lay a book and a bell and a clue.
No time for recourse
Bear was filled with remorse
And instinctively knew what to do.

Re-united the two
By the powers that blew
Faith and love back in step, hand in hand.
“I’ll always be tatty”
Snuggled Bear feeling happy
“And at peace with the law of the land.”