

Standish Loses Everything

In a tiny land known as Spangle. Lived a little man who loved his little minivan. This van was the small mans most prized possession. It had been a gift from his father. His father had given it to him just the day before. As he was being carried away in the claws of a giant seagull. Standish remembers it as clear as day.

His father was down by the stream at the edge of the meadow the day before last. His father was washing his dirty socks in the stream. He scrubbed them on the rough rocks then rung the water out. Shook them a few times then laid them out over a branch to dry. As he shakes the last sock out a big ruckus of chatter erupts from the birds in the woods. Standish father looks up from his work to see what all the noise is about.

He squints as he looks into the blue sky above. He can't see a thing on this bright summer day. Before he knows what is happening a huge white bird swoops down and picks him up in its giant yellow claws. As the bird flies away with his father Standish hears his father scream.

"Take good care of my Miss Ruby Red for me son."

That was the last Standish saw of his father. So, you see that is why this red minivan is so important to Standish. This van is all he has left to remember his father by.

Standish sits on a small round log outside his little red van. He picks at the green fuzzy moss that grows out of the crack in the rough bark of the log. He watches a blue bird flutter through the green meadow that his van sits at the edge of. He stares on in awe as the bird lands on the ground. The blue bird stabs his sharp stubby beak down into the moist hot earth. A few moments later the bird yanks a big fat red earthworm up out of the dirt. The worm writhes and twist trying the escape the grasp of the bird's beak.

Standish is distraught because this scene in front of him reminds him of his father being carried off. As he sits and watches the bird devour the worm he begins to sing a little tune.

"For the truth will set you free

Free no matter where you be

Up or down

*Round and round
No stopping till your
Down down down
I see I see
I really do see
How the truth
Should set you free
But why
Why do I not feel?
So Free
To be
The person
I wish to be"*

Big wet tears stream down Standishes cheeks. The little bird has finished his worm. It stares at Standish for a moment before it flies away. Standish gets up to follow the bird.

On this fateful day of June 15th in the little land of Spangle Standish's life will change forever. Standish had somehow managed to lose track of his most prized possession. All Standish can think to do at the moment is to sit down in the middle of the forest and cry.

"How could I have let this happen? How am I ever going to find my tiny red van? My life will never be the same," Standish says. He plops over in the middle of the forest path defeated.

It all started when he decided to follow the blue bird. He wanted so badly to catch it and smash its little head in. Standish had chased the bird through the meadow and under the bridge through the log and way into the forest before he was able to catch up with it.

The only problem was that he went way further into the forest than he had ever been before. So now he was lost. He could not find his way back to the little red van.

"How will I ever find my way home," he says to himself.

As he sits in the middle of the woods and blubbers to himself Standish thinks he hears a soft sweet voice whisper something. He can't tell where the sound came from.

So, he stops his blubbering so he can hear better. He tries really hard to listen closely to the sounds of the forest. He can hear it now.

"Hey you, silly man up here."

"Yoo hoo look up doofuss."

"Look where?" says Standish as he peers up into the massive pine trees that surround him.

"Straight ahead up in the juniper silly," says a small blue bird that sits atop a giant juniper tree right in front of where Standish sits.

"Oh, I see you know," says Standish.

"Now that you have stopped your blubbering let me explain something to you, young fellow," says the blue bird as he flutters close to Standish.

"All I care about right now is getting back to my van. I do not care what a silly bird has to say to me," says Standish.

"Your carelessness is what got you in this mess in the first place."

Standish picks up a pebble from the ground beside him and throws it at the bird. The rock misses the bird by a mile. He picks another rock up and throws again. This time it comes a lot closer. The bird alights in a flash moments before the rock hits.

"You dang fool, I am only trying to help."

"How is it you think you can help me? You are just a small little bird."

Standish stands up, brushes the dust of his brown corduroy pants and begins to walk away from the bird. He kicks the patches of pink daisies that grow along the path.

"That tune you were singing earlier was quite catchy."

"I bet the whole forest would love to know what you sing about when you pout."

"Why do I not feel?"

So Free

To be

The person

I wish to be," says the bird as he darts around Standish's head taunting him with the song.

"I am going to catch you and smash your head in stupid bird," says Standish as he snatches at the air around him.

"Catch me if you can silly boy."

Standish stomps his feet in frustration. His small face begins to turn beet red. It looks as if white puffs of steam might even come out of his ears. A huge scream erupts from his twisted mouth.

"You will die now stupid bird," says Standish as he leaps into the air. Snatches the bird in a tight grasp. He yanks it out of the air. Slams the small bird onto the ground.

He holds the small bird with both hands firm against the ground. With both hands squeezed tight around the bird's neck Standish begins to squeeze the precious life out of the small bird. A big wide smile appears on his face. He has not been this happy in a long time. He feels exhilarated to squeeze the life out of this stupid little creature.

The small bird looks up at Standish with its small black eyes. You can see the panic in its eyes. The bird knows it is going to die now.

"Told you I would get you."

Standish gives the bird one last squeeze. THUNK. Standish body slumps over onto the dirt path. His hands slip away from the bird.

"Stupid boy," says a small slender man.

The man picks the bird up in his withered hands. He begins to stroke the bird as he hums a soft tune. The bird lays lifeless in his hands. The more he hums the more the bird glows with a soft white light.

"Come on little one you can do it. Come back to us."

The blue bird opens one small eye to peer up at the old man. It knows it is safe now. It's small body quivers. All its small feathers make a soft rustling sound as it begins to move around.

The man sets the bird down on the ground. As soon as he does it takes off into the blue sky above. The old man waves goodbye to the bird. Then looks down in disgust at his son laying knocked out in the dirt. "You're a fool," says the old man as he picks his son up and slings him over his shoulder.

"We best be getting home before it gets dark."

The old man heads down the path out of the forest, under the bridge, through the meadow and up the path that leads to his sweet Miss Ruby Red.

"Oh, dear Ruby I thought I'd never lay eyes on you again," says the old man as he drops Standish on the ground by Ruby.

"Wake up boy, you got work to do."

Standish eyes pop open wide. He peers up into the angry withered face of his dad.

