

# From North to South

An Artica Burr short story

Draft Copy



## *In the Beginning*

### Chapter One

Lynda the Explorer liked to cruise out on the sea.  
This in fact, the way she met, good Captain Rune and me.  
One thing we shared in common, was the mighty ship the Fram  
That took us to Antarctica, and back to where I am.

I will share my travel tale, but you must understand.  
I was young and curious, and things got out of hand.  
Better judgment now is mine, in case you need to know.  
Then I yearned to venture on, to see the four winds blow.

But how it all began, now is this chapter of my tale.  
So vivid are the details that my memory doesn't fail.  
It started with exception, to our General Polar Rule.  
Word of mouth tradition, for we sure don't go to school.

Out there on the icy plains, that stretch around the north  
Survival is a pendulum that's swinging back and forth.  
Custom is the General Polar Rule, you're not to break.  
Survival is affected by each errant step you take.

I came to my beginning down deep within a den  
Far from all the peering eyes of humans they call men.  
First cub my Mama ever had and born so wild and free.  
She shared the secret on that night and whispered it to me:

"If northern lights are dancing, and they decorate the sky  
And a golden star suspended, with a twinkle to the eye  
Then falls first night of winter, on November twenty-one  
Before that night is over, then some magic will be done."

"Whoever's born upon those nights, in polar frost and cold  
Has proved to be a gifted one", or so I have been told.  
"The few of us so lucky, underneath that shining star  
Know, but keep the secret, of exactly who we are."

Mom and I were gifted ones, so both of us could speak.  
We had to be so careful not to let our secret leak.  
Many would be jealous, if they find out that we can  
Have a conversation with the creature they call man.

Special ones are far between, and not a common thing.  
The fact that mom and I could talk, sure set my heart to sing.  
With man conversing was reserved for dire emergency  
But I was quite precocious then, and oh, so young and free.

I wished that I could try it out and liven up the pace.  
After all, men came and stayed, then left without a trace.  
Who would believe that one of them, had sat and talked with me.  
My dreams were always full with thoughts of opportunity.

I pushed my Mama's patience with all the things I'd try.  
She was wise to keep me close beneath her watchful eye.  
I was taught The General Polar Rule. Don't get me wrong.  
But I lacked the common sense to follow it for long.



# *The MS Fram Arrives*

## **Chapter Two**

We traveled down to Greenland in the summer of that year.  
I was two, and still my mama, kept me very near.  
We were fishing on the ice, the day not clear and bright .  
The fog was heavy rolling in, and thick before the night.

We saw a shape then pierce the mist. It was the MS Fram.  
I started waving wildly, yelling, "Hello, here I am."  
Mama quickly shushed me up, as the ship passed through.  
In that defining moment, I knew what I would do.

I saw that on the mighty ship, men traveled in a hoard.  
I wanted to find one of them, who'd let me come aboard.  
Mama hurried me along. We settled for the night.  
Snug in the den I waited for the timing to be right.

Mama loved the likes of me, despite the things I'd do.  
She needed to be firm with me, to get her message through.  
Mama was my comfort no matter what I'd try  
Even when I'd break a rule or think a little lie.

Please don't blame or fault my Mom. She simply didn't know  
How far away I'd travel. She'd not have let me go!  
I only meant to slip away for just a bit you see.  
I never yearned to separate my Mama's love from me.

It seemed to take forever, but then Mama seemed to snore.  
From the den so quietly, I snuck right out the door.  
Just a little patch of ice, could hold the likes of me.  
I floated near the MS Fram, to see what I could see.

Thoughts of great adventure, had made me take a chance.  
Listening to the tales they told, my heart began to dance.  
I kept beside until there was, just one man on the deck.  
All the while the world I knew, was turning to a speck.



## *Boarding The MS Fram*

### **Chapter Three**

“Help me come aboard !” I called out, loudly I could.  
I hoped that he could hear me from the deck on which he stood.  
Leaning , then astonished, he could see me on the ice.  
He shook his head, then looked again. I had to call him twice.

The Captain smiled with humor, “Oh, this is just a dream!”  
Pasted all together from his travels it would seem.  
He lowered me a Zodiac, and brought me up on ship.  
I was pretty nervous that the little boat might flip.

He said, “My name is Captain Rune. You’re on the MS Fram.”  
I said, “My name is Artie”, and, “Oh yes, indeed I am!  
Tell me of the seven seas, and where you’re going to go.  
Can I see inside your ship? And what is down below?”

Captain Rune was wondering how things would move along  
So positive it was a dream, so sure he wasn’t wrong.  
We went up to his cabin, and he shared his travel tales  
Of all the ports and places, of Antarctica and whales.

Enjoying conversation, well, the time just ticked away.  
I wanted to see all the ship before the light of day.  
He dressed me in his overcoat. I wore a Captain’s hat.  
Then adding on some rubber boots, I just looked sort of fat.

I did not look unlikely then, or cause a soul a care.  
Still dark so no one noticed, that I was a polar bear.  
Oh the ship was mighty grand! Through the decks I passed.  
I started to get sleepy when we finally reached the last.

The cabin seemed so cozy, that I had to try a bed.  
As I touched the pillow, then nothing more was said.  
Laying still and quiet was two hundred pounds of bear.  
Removal of the rubber boots the Captain did with care.

Coat and boots and Captain's hat piled neatly on the floor.  
A little sign, "Do Not Disturb", he posted on the door.  
The Captain went to quarters, with some laughter and a smile.  
Outrageous was this dream of his, which lasted quite a while.

Seas grew restless and a storm had reared its ugly head  
But fast asleep on level two I was safe in bed.  
Fast asleep so comfortable not bothered by a wave.  
Dreaming of adventure but fate held me a slave.

I dreamt I heard my Mama call so worried over me  
That I had chose to take a chance and join the men at sea.  
No Mama there to guide me I felt so all alone.  
Fear crept in to warn me I was in a danger zone.



*In the Morning*

**Chapter Four**

