

# GEORGE

*A Children's Tale*  
by M.L. Crider



**Ribbit  
Ribbit  
Pshhhhhhhh,  
Caw Caw**

**George was alone on the land tonight  
the crow was all he saw  
This night was deep and quiet and purple  
the trees reached their branches up all the way to the sky  
They tried to touch the stars that sparkled and dimpled their canopy up high**

**Ribbit  
Ribbit, said George.  
He snarkled and snuckled and burped and ribbeted a little bit more,  
Then, some more.**

**'Pssssshhhhhh', swayed the tall reaching trees.  
'Caw Caw' sang the lonesome crow.  
That crow glided his swift way through the warm summer breeze.  
George had wondered that day about that crow who came to see him.  
The air was all the crow needed  
It let him be. It let him be ... free.**

**George never needed the air, you see.  
George could swim when he was wee.**

**The memory of him swimming in the water was a good one.  
The day he grew to crawl up to clutch the beach of the land  
was a good day indeed as his friends assured him, 'Yes, you can.'**

**The crow's water seemed to be like the air to George.  
Where he could twirl and flap and roam ... and do it all again some more.  
The soft water was once George's air, you see.  
He knew this and it made him see.**

**Yes,  
It made him feel quite at home.  
It was the only home he had known, you see.**

**In the field there was a fire burning distantly in the cold  
George tilted his big head and pushed his feet more firmly down into the mud.  
He squished his tiny fingers; he blinked, he gulped and relaxed his big wide mouth.  
He was full of the yummy flies that the afternoon had brought about.**

**It was safe under the trees tonight; the brown and green ones he matched so well.  
George felt quite at home in the mud tonight, so all was very well.  
A tiny moth flew past just above him, he seemed confused as he drew toward the fire that pulled him there.  
The burning glow and warm crackling sound made the moth feel quite at home.**

**Ribbit  
Ribbit  
Pshhhhhh  
Caw Caw**

**The moth made no sound.  
He flurried in a parallel fast funnel straight into that gentle fire above the ground  
They had no eyes like George did that blinked open and shut inside his head  
The moths felt pulled straight into that fire  
when feeling its warmth instead.**

**The air, the fire, the earth, the water  
Every creature would call at least one his own.  
The crow, the moth, and George felt right.  
They all felt quite at home.**

**The End**