

TEN WORD TALES No. 9

The Voyage of the Polar Bear

by The Story Spinner

CHAPTER 1



The great ship, The Polar Bear, came into town on a snowy afternoon when all sensible people had wisely decided to snuggle down at home with cups of cocoa, books and board games. Zac was the first person to catch sight of her as she rounded the harbour wall. He had just volunteered to go down and fetch more biscuits from the

kitchen. This was particularly kind of him as Zac lived with his family in the lighthouse and going downstairs meant *a lot* of stairs, fourteen flights of seven to be precise. He looked out of the window half-way down, seeing first only the falling snowflakes and the lights, like warm bright eyes, flickering in windows of the houses in the town, and then there she was, a great white boat, turning out of the wild ocean into the safe harbour, her flags and sails flapping wildly in the gusty wind.

He called upstairs. “It’s a ship! It might be the Bear!”

His mum, Pen, and his granddad, Jim, ran to the higher windows. “It *is* the Bear,” said Pen. “I’m going down.”

“Me too,” said Zac.

“Wrap up warm and be careful because it’s very slippery,” warned Jim. Zac and Pen were soon walking through snow as heavy as sand. It was higher than the top of Zac’s boots and kept tumbling in until his toes became so cold he could not feel them but he felt tinglingly warm with excitement because The Polar Bear was home.

Read Chapter 2 tomorrow!