

Tiny Polar Bear, Huge Adventure

Surrounded by my family and friends in a polar lantern display you'd say my life is pretty cool, it's chill. But I wanted to see the outside world, despite my Mum's wishes ... "Xue, it's not safe!"

I left ...

Please don't tell her this but she was right. Again!

The bustling Auckland streets are no place for a baby polar bear lantern. I was scared, petrified! The peoples legs were like tree trunks surrounded by tall cliffs of buildings on either side. It wasn't a walk in the park. Only a walk in Car parks!

Abruptly I found myself in an indoor skating rink similar to the one at the winter Olympics. A kind-looking girl caught my eye. She was learning how to skate, and I could see she needed help.

"Daddy, I'll never be able to!" the little girl exclaimed, beaten.

I slid over. "Relax," I said, "look up!" and she did. Soon she was gliding gracefully over the ice.

"Thanks mate!" she said.

Good friends we became that day, gliding over the ice together. We spent the rest of the day together, skating together, laughing together, she even invited me to have dumplings with her and her whanau! We exchanged some corny jokes:

"What is a cow's favourite breakfast?"

"What?"

"Moosley! ! !"

Call me weird, but I started to feel home sick, spending time with her whanau reminded me of my own Mum and how lonely she must be. I went outside, out of the blue (it actually wasn't blue because of the red lanterns for Chinese New Year and all that) anyway out of the blue there came a dazzling light from the moon. The graceful figure of a Chinese dragon (2E Long) came out of the moon. Astride the dragon was another figure. They both came down to meet me at eye level. I wish the brightness was at eye level! OUCH! The figure on the dragon turned out to be Chang'e the Chinese moon goddess.

"Xue, little polar bear, you need to head home, your mother is worried sick about you! She told me:'

I really doubt that my Mum is, you know, we're lanterns, we can't feel sick! But she was right, somehow even I felt homesick in my non-existent stomach. I said goodbye to my new friend and departed on my journey, like the bear in the childhood story who went to the other side of the mountain, in my case the other side of town, to head back to my Mum.

Instead of being able to find my way back to the gallery where my Mum and friends were, I found myself in an endless labyrinth of streets that all looked the same! I was about to give up hope, when in the corner of my eye I saw Orewa police station. I sat in the doorway hoping someone would find me there. I was right! In the morning an officer found me on the doorstep and returned me to my display with my relieved mum and friends. My new friend I spent the day with comes and visits me every day!

Home sweet home (gallery sweet gallery,)