



Old Uncle Beary (part 1)

Old Uncle Beary used his cane to make his way to the new little train station. This would be his first time to ride the Berry Beary Town Train. He had on his best shirt and slacks, and put on a bow-tie just for fun.

Maybe he'd get to see things he never knew about, as he hadn't been around the whole town in quite a while. It was hard for him to get around, since walking was slow and he didn't own his own vehicle.

He had all that he needed right where he lived. Town's folks make sure that all elderly folks were well cared for. The old and the real young were given top care in this place, Berry Beary Kind ensured that.

A little girl skipped up over to Old Uncle Beary and handed him a flower.

"Old Uncle Beary, are you going for a ride on the train?" she asked.

Old Uncle Beary stopped and held the flower and smiled, "Yes, I'm going to see the town! Have you been for a ride on it yet?"

“Not yet,” the girl said, as her father and older brother caught up with her.

“But maybe soon. Today is my big brother’s birthday and we are going to a concert at the hall. Beary Merry Song is doing a special show there. After that we are going to Mama’s Might Meal’s restaurant—that’s where my Mama works.

She has something special to feed us all on this special day.” The girl’s friendly voice trailed off as she went off walking with her Daddy and brother.

“You have fun then!” Old Uncle Beary said to them all, then kept on walking towards the train.

“There’s no sign of a train here. I did hear the chug-chug as I was coming. But the sound only seems to get quieter. I hope I didn’t miss the train...” he said with a concerned look.

But sure enough it was so. The train had come and then left before Old Uncle Beary had arrived.

“My watch must have slowed down, I’ve got to get that corrected,” he said bravely, discovering the cause of the missed train. He sat himself down on the bench where people normally awaited boarding the train, wondering what to do.

Just then a taxi neared him on the road beside the station. He got a sudden thought;

“Maybe he can take me around. I’m all set for a day out. Why not carry on with the plan. Perhaps the fun of the train can wait until another day. Maybe this is better. I can stop and get out and look around whenever I want to, and then get back in and keep on driving.”

Waving his cane and calling out loudly, “Taxi, taxi” Old Uncle Beary was able to attract the attention of the taxi driver, who indeed was himself wondering what to do and who might be needing him.

The distinguished, elderly taxi driver parked over beside the train station bench and got out. He came over and walked with Old Uncle Beary over to the taxi.

“So, where do you want to go? I’m ready and willing to drive you all over town, if that’s what you are wishing,” the driver said, half joking.

“As a matter of fact, all over town—around the edge of the whole town—is just what I was wanting. See I was to take the train, but missed it. I’m glad to have your help,” Old Uncle Beary said.

“Well, that’s fine, just fine. Have a seat and we’ll be off. But say, what is your name? Indeed you are vaguely familiar? Do I know you from somewhere? I’m actually new here in town. I used to live quite a ways away, but have settled here,” the grey haired taxi driver was curious.

“Really? I too didn’t always call this place my home. I grew up, until about twenty years ago, in a place that was at that time called, Falls and Fields. I’m sure you have never heard of the place.

“It’s now a construction village of sorts, I hear. Nothing at all what it used to be. I remember going fishing with a friend back then, off this little bridge we put together, made of logs and rocks and bits of rope. We had a grand time.

“I miss those days and those places—and I certainly miss my good friend. Times haven’t been easy here all the time. But thanks to Berry Beary Kind this town is now getting back to what it used to be, a town one can grow up or grow old in, and be well cared for.”

Old Uncle Beary finished his answer and thoughts.

The old taxi driver stood there, with hardly a comment in return. Then blurted out, “Alberson? Is it really you? I’m Stevenson! Your friend! Your old fishing pal!”

Old Uncle Beary could hardly believe it! What a wonderful surprise to at last meet up with his friend of times gone by. Now it seemed like hardly a day had gone by. They had much to talk about, like they always did, and they were fast friends again just as always.

That day was the best day that Old Uncle Beary had enjoyed in a long time. He had friends in this town, those here were indeed very nice to him. But to meet again a friend he knew when he was young made him feel young again, somehow.

Stevenson, who was called, Berry Best Driver, took his old friend all over town. They explored all kinds of areas, they stopped to get snacks here and there. They even took a few hours fishing at the end of the day, like the good old times, at a place they could borrow a rod for an hour.

When the sun was setting, Berry Best Driver brought Old Uncle Beary to his house and promised to see him next weekend for a bit more fishing and time to chat.

It had been a surprise that Old Uncle Beary hadn't expected to greet him, when he realised he'd missed the train.

"You really never know just what great things will happen here in Berry Beary Town. It pays to stick around, do our best, and be as friendly as we can. Then good things seem to pop out at you when you least expect it," he mused happily as he made his way to his favourite armchair.

He'd watch the sun setting from there and remember the good times.

Berry Beary Kind Series:
www.nurture-inspire-teach.com

