

# Teddy Bear Tales 12

*Where will we go? What shall we see?  
Who will we meet? How shall we be?*

**Christine Muir  
& Keith Hunt**



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# For Emily, Rob & Charlotte

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Keith Hunt

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**Where will we go? What shall we see?**

**Who will we meet? How shall we be?**



Emily, Rob and Charlotte  
each had a teddy bear.  
When they left home the bears remained,  
in their Daddy's care.  
Jerra-Mary wore a red bow tie  
and checks in every hue.  
She dreamed of going to sea one day –  
and now her dream came true.

**Where will we go? What shall we see?**

Kes is Rob's bear –he wears stripes  
and a black bow tie.  
He too dreamed of sailing ships –  
white sails against the sky.  
Charlotte's teddy, the smallest,  
is known as Little Bear.  
Shorts of stripes and top bright blue,  
is her summery gear.



*Who will we meet? How shall we be?*

The children's daddy owned a yacht  
*Poco Andante* was its name.  
The three little teddies joined the crew  
adventure was the aim.

*Poco* is a Spanish word –  
it translates to 'little' or 'small',  
*Andante* from Italian 'to walk' –  
together they read 'to crawl'!



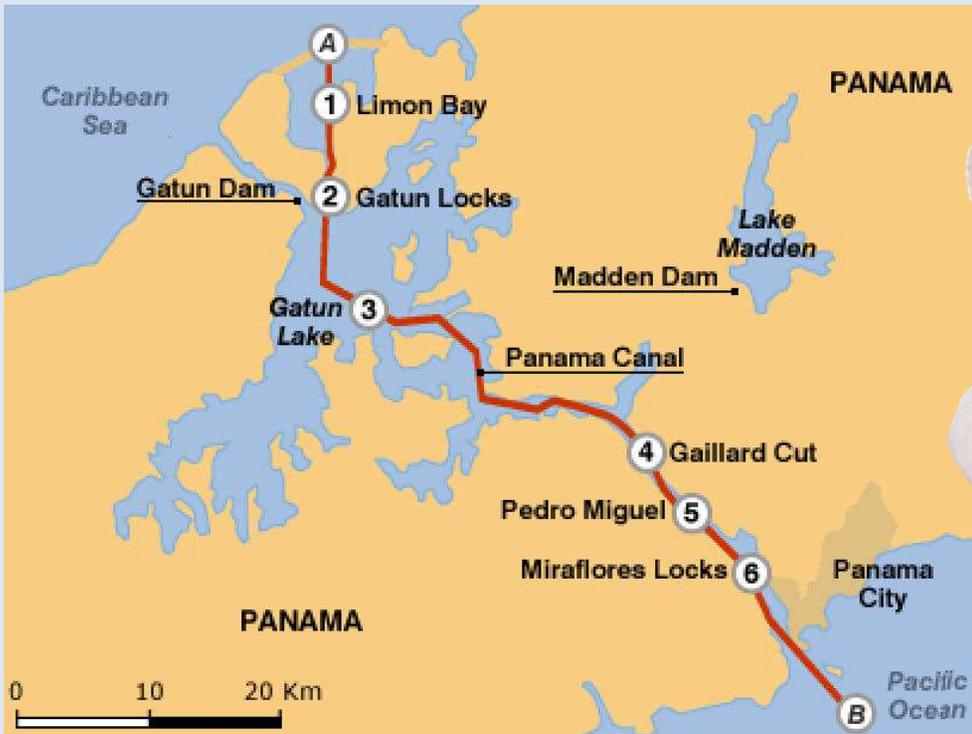
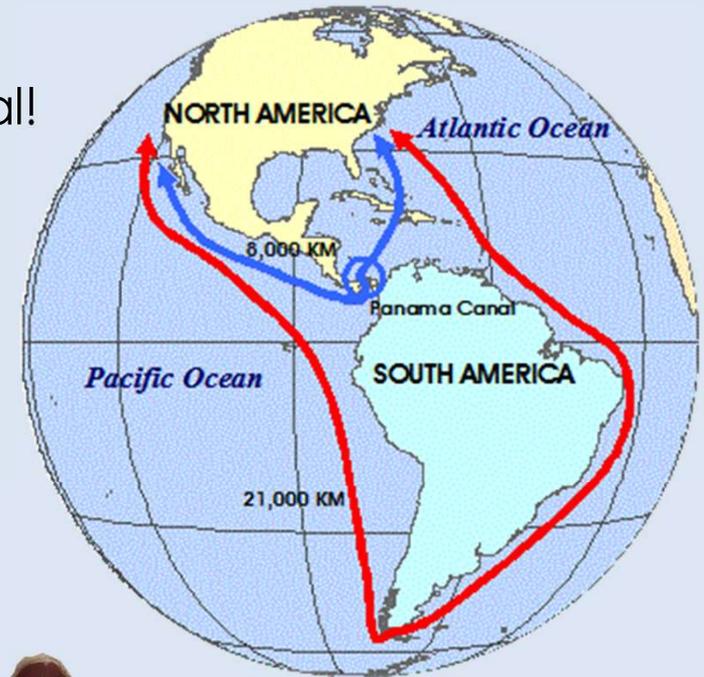
*poco andante*



The bears had been joined by S'bastian, who,  
Became the fourth member of the teddy bear crew.  
A barbary ape from Gibraltar he came.  
He always looks sad – oh, what a shame!

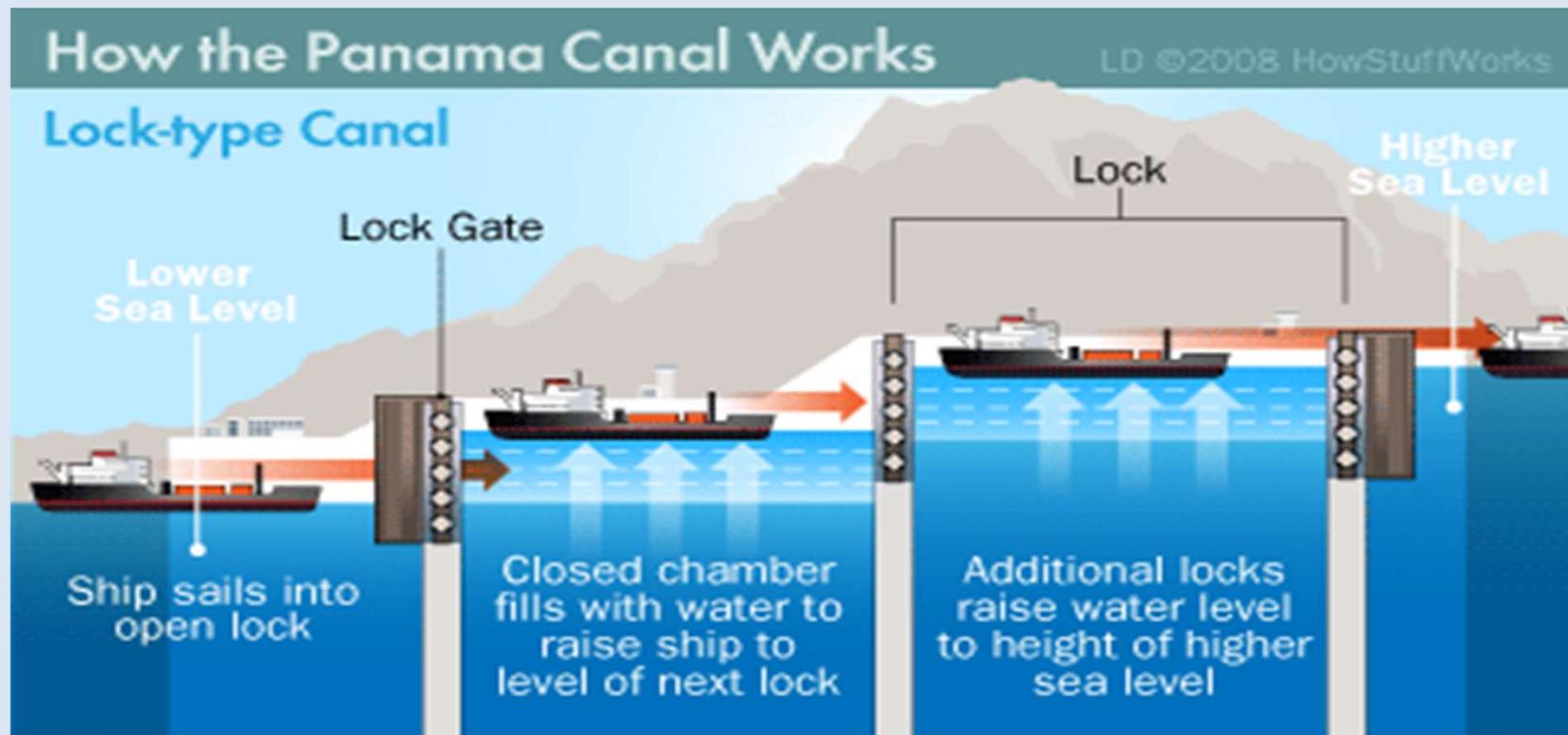
Where will we go? What shall we see?

“How exciting” Kes exclaimed “the Panama Canal!  
Built at great cost in men and material.  
From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific it’s cut,  
Across the skinniest part of Central America.”



Who will we meet? How shall we be?

From one lock to the next, the ships move up or down,  
All powered by water, it's enough to astound.  
The Canal cuts its path from Ocean to Ocean -  
Who ever dreamed up such a good notion?



*Where will we go? What shall we see?*

So clever is the Canal, that no water is wasted;  
Like pouring water from one glass to another beside it,  
The ships float on the water in the locks side by side.  
While one ship goes up, the other goes down like the tide.



*Who will we meet? How shall we be?*

The fee for the transit  
is calculated by length -  
This fairness to all  
is part of its strength.  
So *Poco Andante*  
was measured in metres -  
The Canal authorities  
don't want any cheaters!



Tyres for fenders protect *Poco* from harm;  
The rough walls of the locks cause yachties alarm.  
Finally one night, they reached the front of the queue,  
Pilot Carlos came aboard to guide the crew through.

*Where will we go? What shall we see?*

“Yachts are so small compared to a ship,  
We’ll tie three together for part of this trip.”  
*Minaret* tied to the left and *Checkmate* on the right,  
*Poco Andante* in the middle powering the flight.



Who will we meet? How shall we be?

Slowly they motored  
toward the first lock;  
A bright arrow pointing  
to where they should dock.  
It's a tight fit for ships  
and they're guided by 'mules' -  
Huge railway engines that  
tow the ships to the pools.



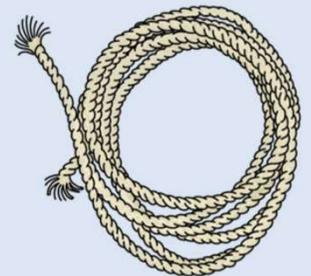
*Where will we go? What shall we see?*

The three yachts were dwarfed  
by the ship up ahead -  
Her decks were higher  
than *Poco's* masthead!  
"It makes you realise  
just how small is our yacht -  
To a ship of that size  
*Poco Andante's* a dot..."



The walls of the lock towered over the yachts,  
The Panama men were very good shots –  
They threw down long ropes to be tied fore and aft,  
Keeping the yachts in the centre of the lock - as a raft.

**Who will we meet? How shall we be?**



The lock gates swung closed  
behind the ship and the yachts,  
And water gushed in from the side –  
there was lots!

The force of the water swirled  
dangerous and black.  
As the water level rose  
the ropes became slack...

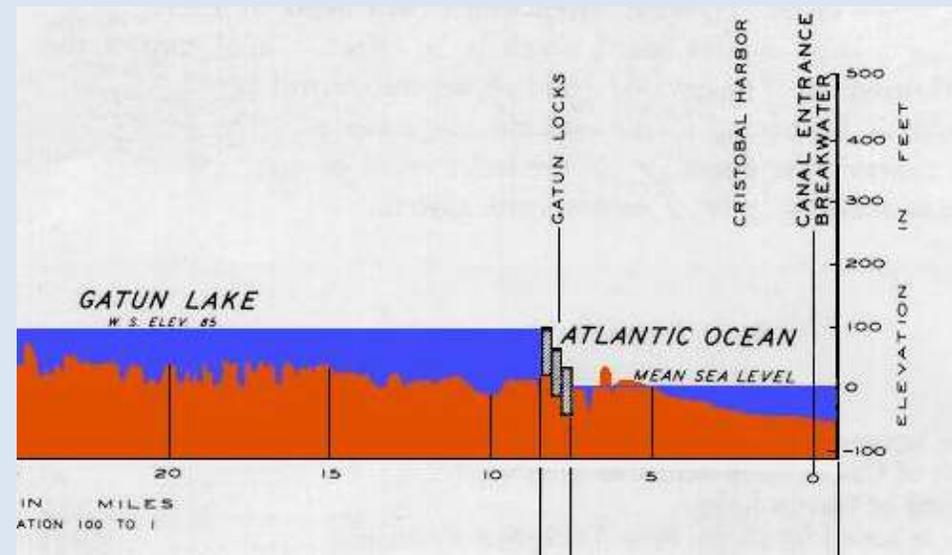


The raft of three yachts drifted  
off to one side...  
“Right, crew, haul on those ropes!”  
Carlos cried.  
S’bastian heaved on the lines,  
joined by the bears.  
“If these yachts hit those walls,  
we’ll all be in tears!”

**Where will we go? What shall we see?**

The engineer who designed the Canal was so skilled,  
Just ten minutes later, the lock had been filled.  
“That was hard work,” Jerra-Mary declared.  
Carlos laughed “Two more tonight before you’ll be spared!”

By midnight they’d risen  
twenty six metres in height,  
To Gatun Lake where  
the bears spent the night.  
The yachts untied  
from each other at last,  
And Carlos the pilot  
went home till breakfast.



*Who will we meet? How shall we be?*



Next morning S'bastian  
awoke with a scare.  
"Did you hear that?"  
he asked Little Bear.  
"What? What?" Little Bear replied,  
half asleep.  
"Howling - and growling.  
It gives me the creeps!"



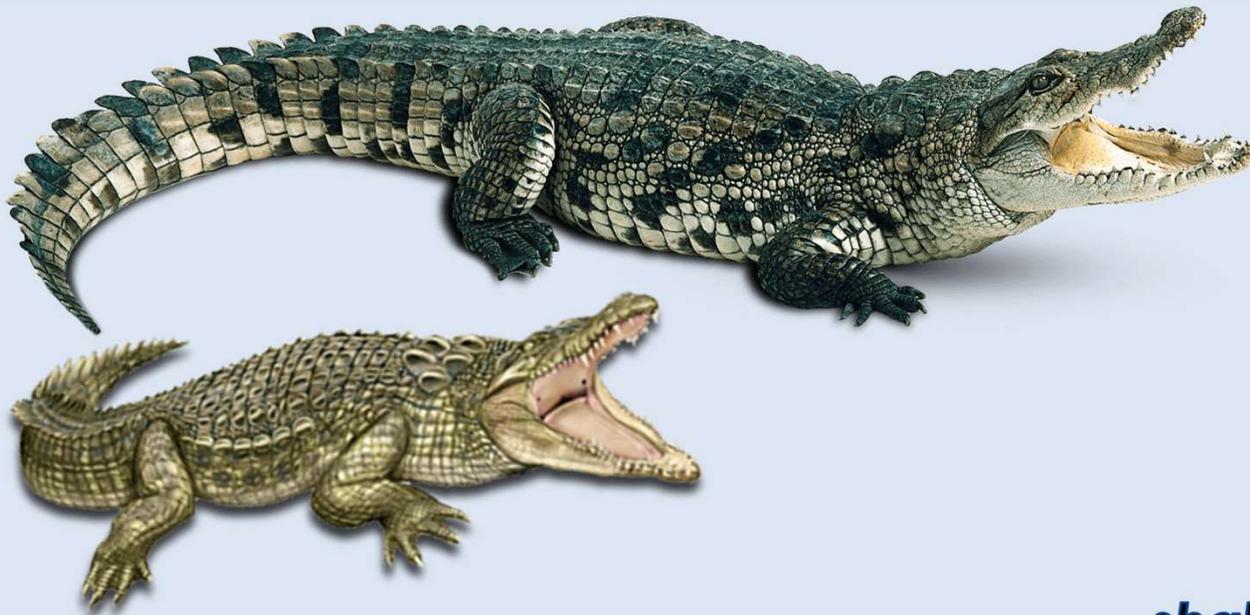
Then out of the silence  
a loud howl they could hear,  
S'bastian's fur stood on end –  
and he clasped Little Bear.  
The noise got louder –  
"What can it be?"  
"I know," exclaimed Little Bear,  
"it's a Howler Monkey!"



*Where will we go? What shall we see?*

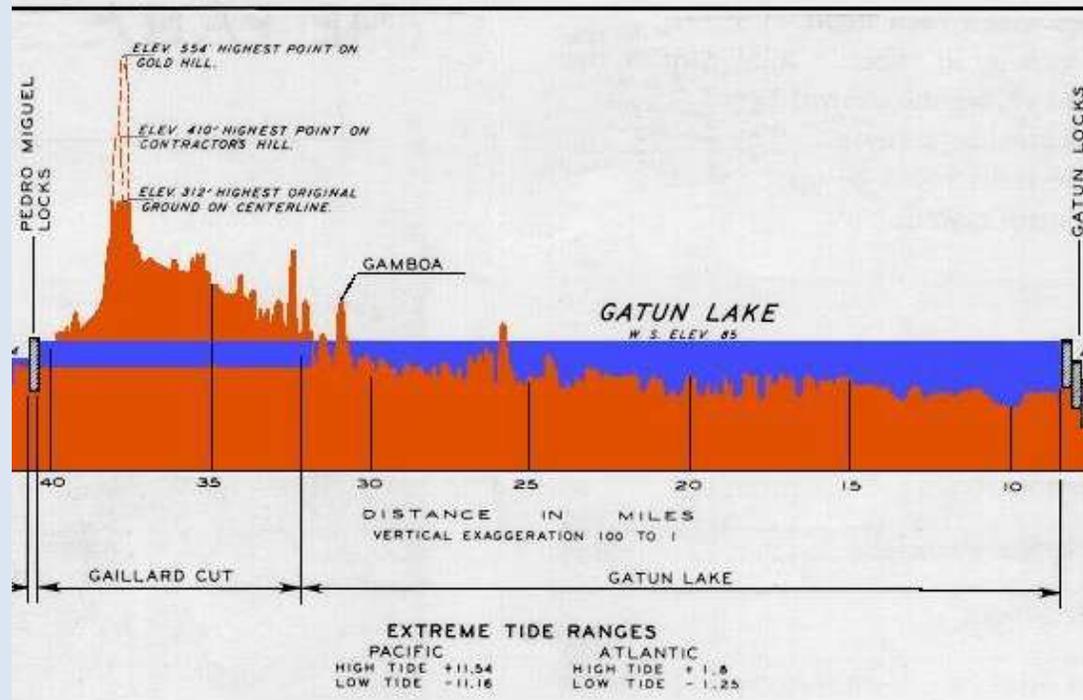
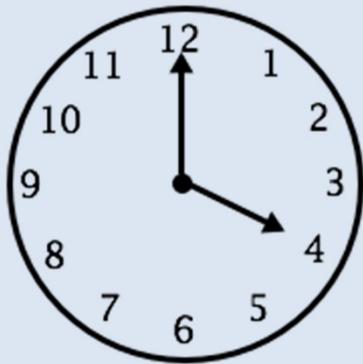
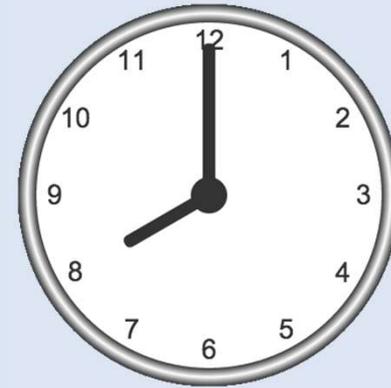


“In this part of the world  
they live in large troops,  
And call through the rain forest  
with these loud whoops.  
Between them the sounds  
can travel for miles.  
Those low growls that we hear  
are from big crocodiles!”



**Who will we meet? How shall we be?**

Carlos returned just as the clock struck eight.  
“Right – are you ready? We mustn’t be late.  
From here to the next lock is forty four K.  
You need to be there by four o’clock today!”



Where will we go? What shall we see?

“Let’s perch on the boom” S’bastian suggested.  
“We’ll get the best view and we’ll be rested.”  
Through Gatun Lake, fed by rivers and rain;  
The water used by the locks its only drain.



Who will we meet? How shall we be?

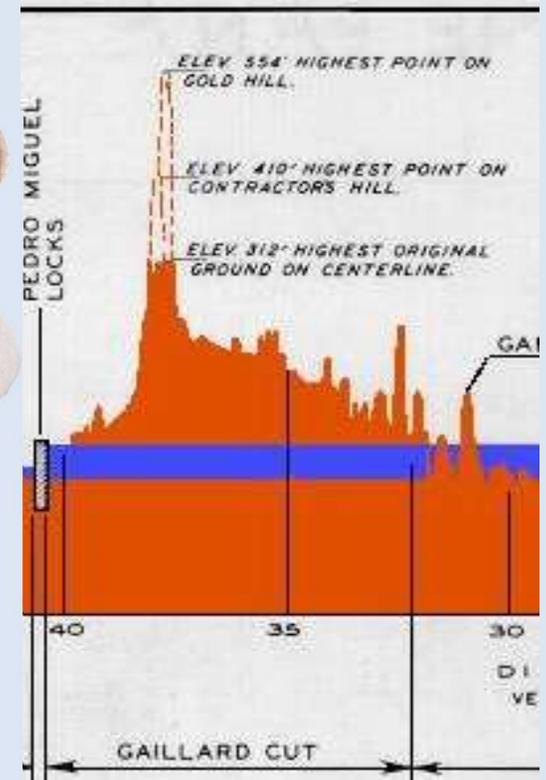
Huge ships in the channel,  
going both to and fro,  
Freighters and cruise ships –  
they put on a show.  
Now from the Lake  
to Chagres River they pass,  
And see crocodiles  
basking ashore in the grass.



*Where will we go?*

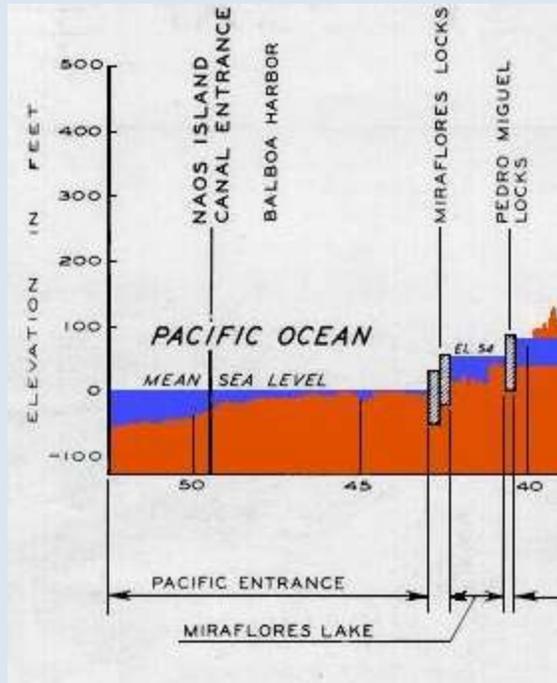
*What shall we see?*

The Gaillard Cut scours  
a trench through the hills,  
A feat of engineering  
that still gives one thrills.  
Twelve kilometres long  
but thirty two years in the making,  
The bears agreed  
“It really is breath-taking!”



Who will we meet? How shall we be?

Jerra-Mary said "Going down is much easier, I hope. As the water level goes down, we just let out the rope, To keep the raft in the middle – not hanging in air. What a disaster that would be! Carlos would swear!"



Where will we go? What shall we see?

By the end of a the day they finally arrived,  
At the Pedro Miguel lock for which they had strived.  
Then the double Miraflores locks took *Poco* down,  
Under the Bridge of the Americas to Bilboa town.



Going down ...



Going down ...



Down and out!

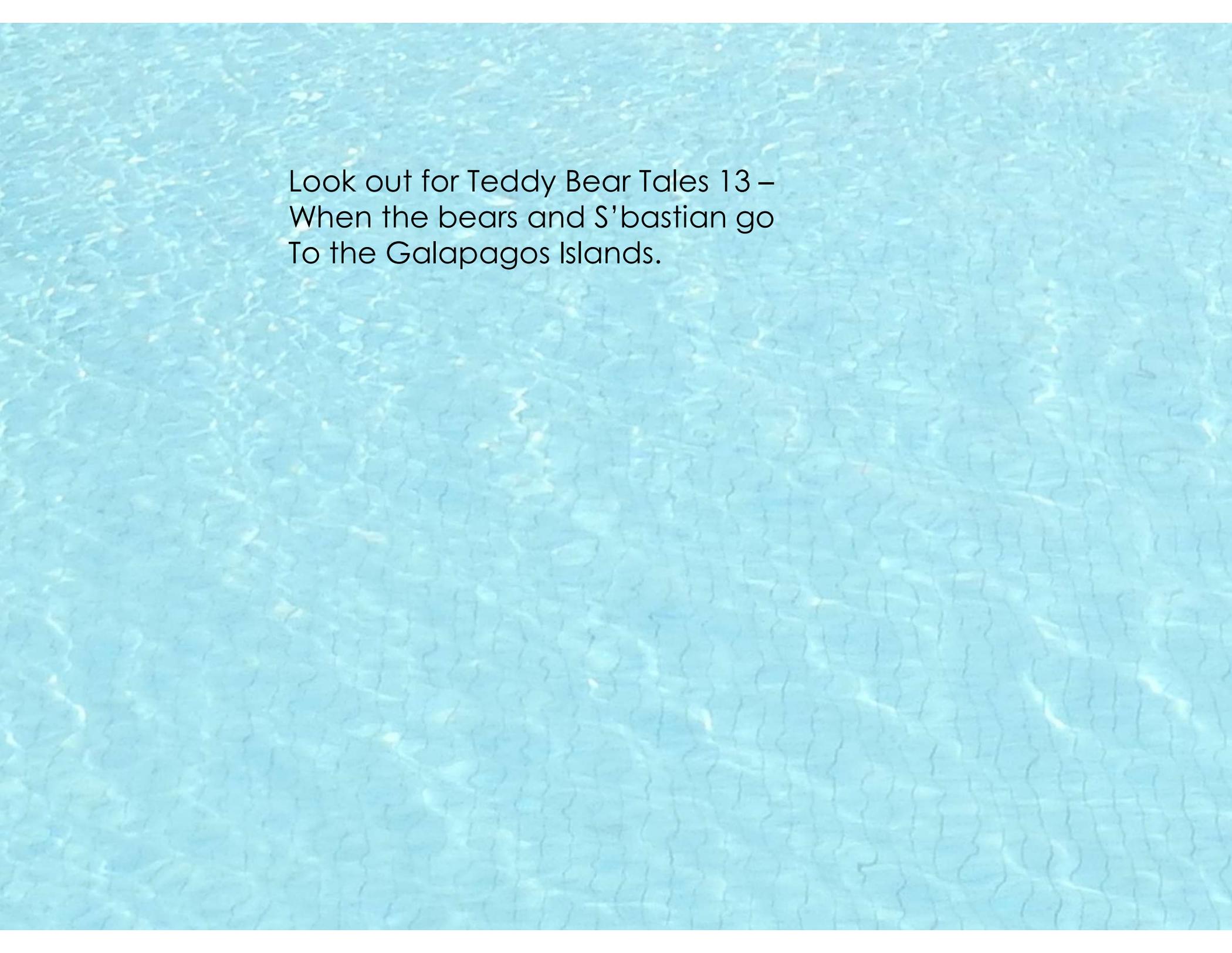


**Who will we meet? How shall we be?**

“The Panama Canal  
sure was great,” Kes said.  
“And the vast Pacific Ocean  
lies just ahead.”  
Jerra-Mary replied  
“That’s tomorrow’s adventure,  
Today is the present –  
and that’s in the future.”



*Where will we go? What shall we see?  
Who will we meet? How shall we be?  
Where will we go when next we set forth?  
Will we go South? Or will we go North?*

The background of the slide is a close-up photograph of water with a textured, rippling surface. The water is a clear, light blue color, and the ripples create a complex, organic pattern of light and dark blue tones across the entire frame.

Look out for Teddy Bear Tales 13 –  
When the bears and S'bastian go  
To the Galapagos Islands.

## *Back Cover*

Three teddy bears and their friend go on a big adventure – this is the twelfth of their tales.



Jerra-Mary



Kes



Little Bear



S'bastian