

“Ere George!”

“Come an’ have a look at this!”

The great white bear was stood on the eastern edge of the Glittering Flow, his fur ruffled in the wind.

“What is it, Milton?”

George was in a foul mood. When he had taken to his bed the day before his favourite fishing hole was just a short swim away, this morning it’d take him half the day to get there.

That was the problem with living on the Glittering Flow, you never knew where you’d be from one day to the next. Still, the neighbours were nice. Milton was a bit overly chatty and dramatic for his liking but they got on well enough.



“What’s going on now? If it’s another one o’ them pen gwins you keep going on about I’m pushing you in the water! No such thing as birds that wear tuxedos.”

“No, no. This is sumick different, Not seen anything like this before.”

George made his way up the ice to where his friend stood.

“**Look!** There on the edge of the sea, George. A big triangle! And it’s wearing a hat, and smoking!!”

George strained his eyes to see what Milton was looking at.



“Don’t be daft, Milton! That’s one of them giant fish... whadda ya call ‘em again? Whanes? Whates? Whales? That’s just him havin’ a blow of the water, not smoking. How’d you smoke in the water like that anyway? There ain’t no way to light a fire in the sea. That’s why it’s so blooming cold here!”

“That ain’t no whale, George. When’d you ever see a whale wearing a hat like that?”

“I ain’t never seen a whale wearing a hat, Milton. No one has. How would a whale keep a hat on under water?”

“Elastic! Obviously.”

“What on ice is elastic, Milton?”

“Like stretchy string, George. Anyway that things swimming too fast to be a whale. Look at it, it’s halfway here now!”

“Crikey, Milton. You’re right. What’re those things at the front? Is that some kinda bird?”

“I dunno George, I think it might be some of them human beans.”

“What kinda beans?”

“Human ones, George. They grow on plants in summit called a Lotmint. They can get quite big though not just normal bean size. Some of them can get almost as big as one of our cubs.”

“Why have they got their paws stretched out like that? Do you reckon they’re tryin’ to fly? Is that one behind gonna push the other one off to launch it?”

"I dunno, George. I don't think they can fly. I mean look, them's definitely fore legs, they ain't wings."

"Aye you're right, Milton. Never thought I'd see the day but I have to admit this is an odd thing. Beans riding on whales."

"Notta whale."

"Whatever. By 'eck though, it's getting pretty darn close. Do you reckon it's gonna dive in time to go under?"

"Dunno, George. I mean them beans don't look like they're very good swimmers. It mightn't even dive at all."

"Aye, you're right, lookit that one on the front it'll never swim with all that odd stuff hanging off it."

"Dress, George."

"You what?"

"It's a dress, George. All the fashion in Lone Done."

"What's Lone Done then, Milton?"

"It's a really big one o' them Lot Mints, George. They grow lot's of Human Beans there in big boxes made o' sea ment."

"I reckon you're making stuff up again, Milton. You need to stop listening to them Pod Casts. Dunno why you bother with them anyway, you ain't no dolphin."

"They ain't just for dolphins, George. Anyone can listen to them and you can learn a lot."

"I ain't got time to be listening to no fish what aren't fish, Milton. Bad enough I've to deal with them Orcas let alone their chatty cousins."

"Milton?"

"Yes, George."

"That thing's getting very close I reckon it's going too fast to get out of it's own way."

"You're right, George. Look you can see the hairs on that ones head now. Mebbes we should move back a bit?"

"Look! There's more of them beans moving chairs about. Do you think maybe they're going to have a party? They all look excited."

"They must be, George. I can hear music. I really do think we should think about moving back now though."

Errr, George.

We should definitely head off, look you could hit it with a snowball now.”

“Yeah, Oh my it’s gonna...”

HEY! LOOK-OUT YOU'RE GONNA...

The shock of the impact sent George and Milton rolling off down the slope toward the snow gardens.

“Oooph... Owya...Get ya foot outta my face Milton...”

“Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, isn’t this great, George..? Oo sorry about that! Hey look out we’re gonna hit the...”

They slid through the gardens and toward the cubs skating ramp. Sending them high into the air. George had a grimace on his face. He didn’t like heights and heights when there was nothing below you at all but water was just, the absolute worse.

“This is going to be really bad for my perm, Milton! Do you know how long it takes to get this right?”

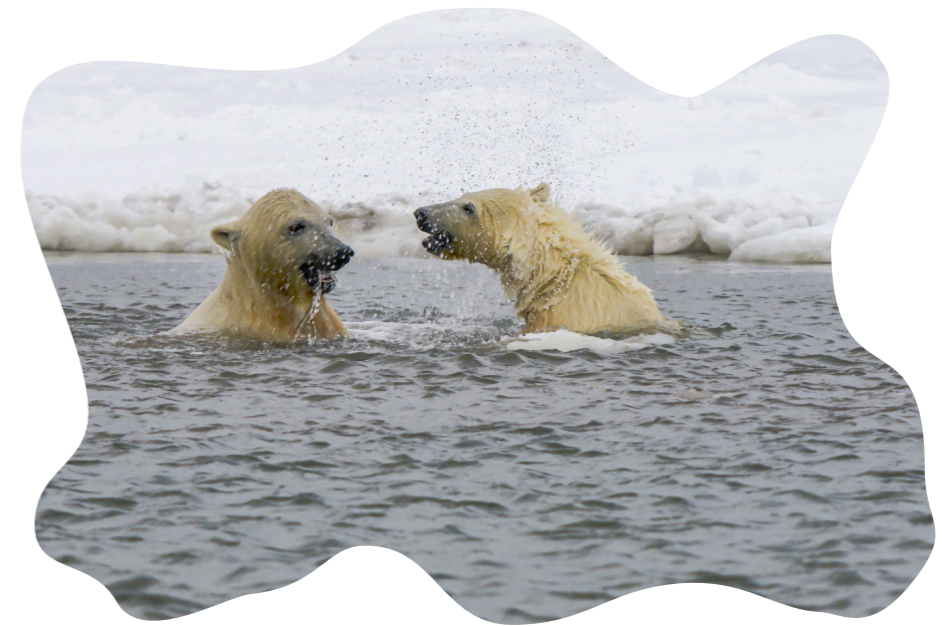
The bears flew through the air, their paws dangling helplessly.

“Hey look, George. It is diving!”

“Oh, Aye! And look them beans can swim, a bit anyway.”

“Nice that they’re still playing music too, looks a fun party.”

“Yeah, might take a swim over there.”



The bears landed in the ocean with a large splash.

“Hey, George?”

“Yes, Milton?”

“What’s a perm?”