

What A Trip!

Written & Illustrated by
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Up Past the Sky!

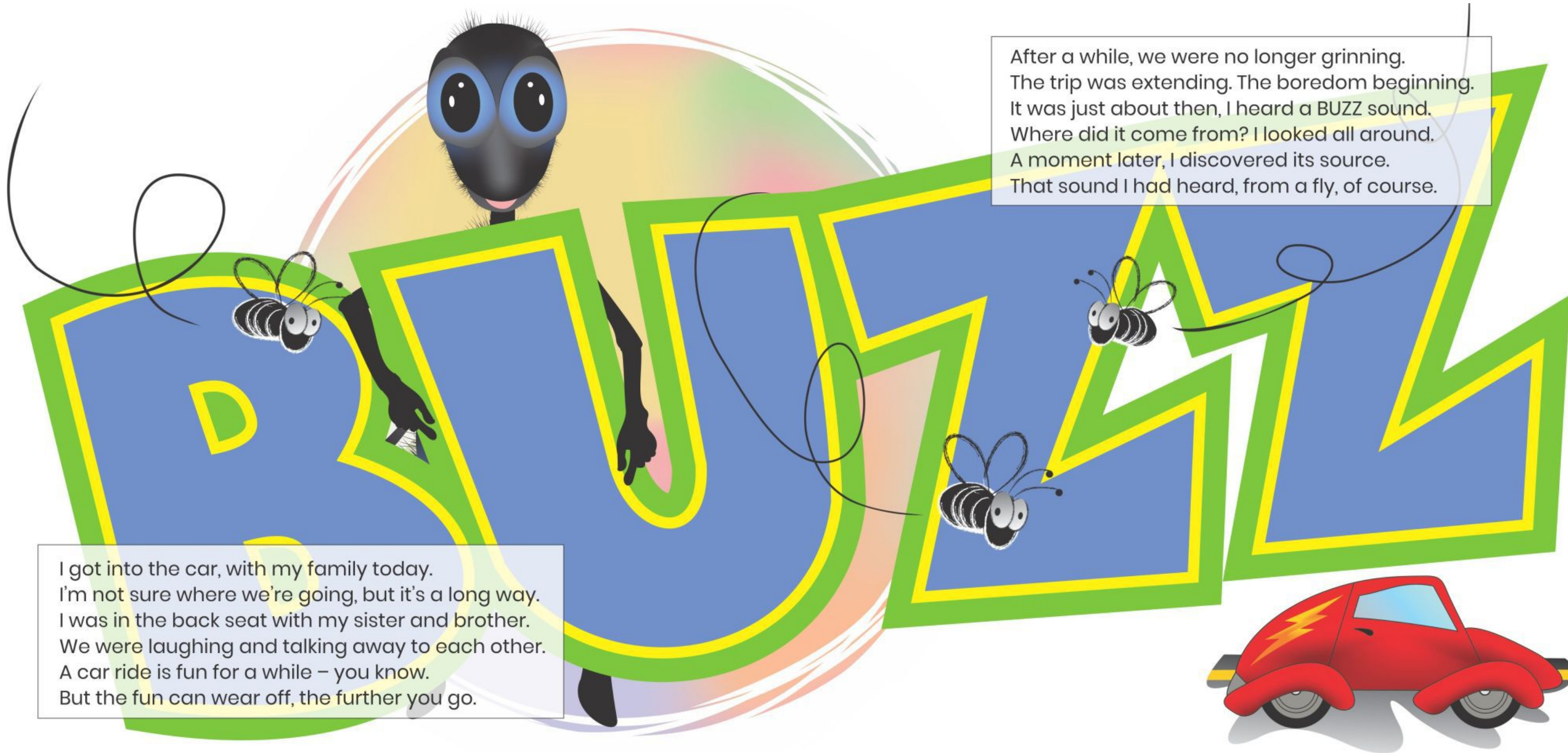
Coming Soon
Did You Ever?
I'm Sure
Today is my Day!
Under the Christmas Sky



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After a while, we were no longer grinning.
The trip was extending. The boredom beginning.
It was just about then, I heard a BUZZ sound.
Where did it come from? I looked all around.
A moment later, I discovered its source.
That sound I had heard, from a fly, of course.

I got into the car, with my family today.
I'm not sure where we're going, but it's a long way.
I was in the back seat with my sister and brother.
We were laughing and talking away to each other.
A car ride is fun for a while – you know.
But the fun can wear off, the further you go.

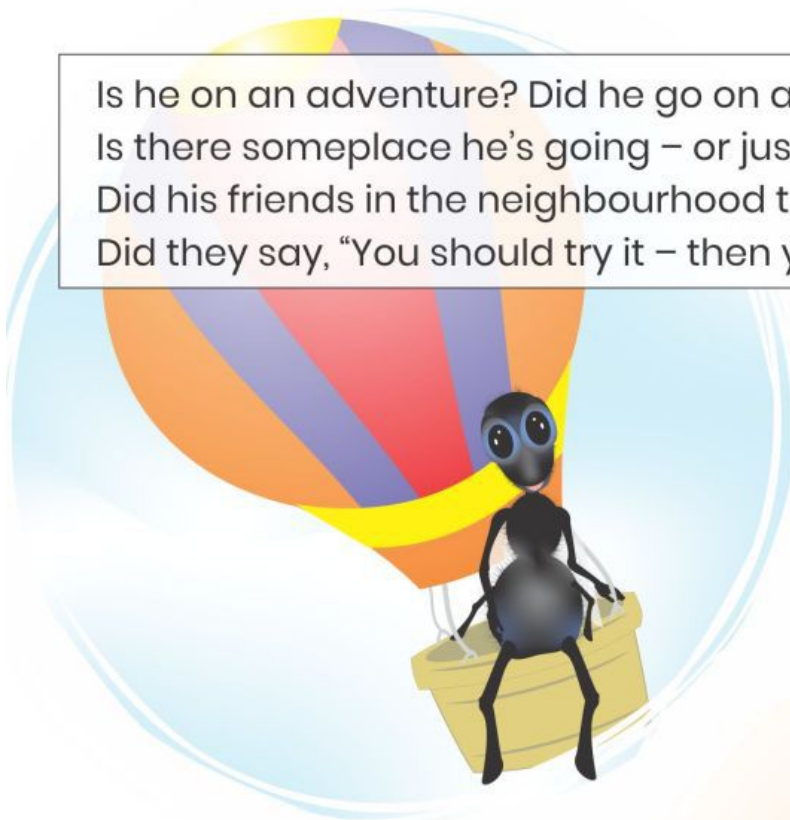


I just looked at that fly. Does he know where he's going?
Does he understand why? His feelings aren't showing.
What does he think as he looks out the window?
Has he seen this before? Is it all a new show?



Just imagine the places that he might have been.
When you think of it, where did his journey begin?

Is he on an adventure? Did he go on a dare?
Is there someplace he's going – or just anywhere?
Did his friends in the neighbourhood tell him to go?
Did they say, "You should try it – then you will know."



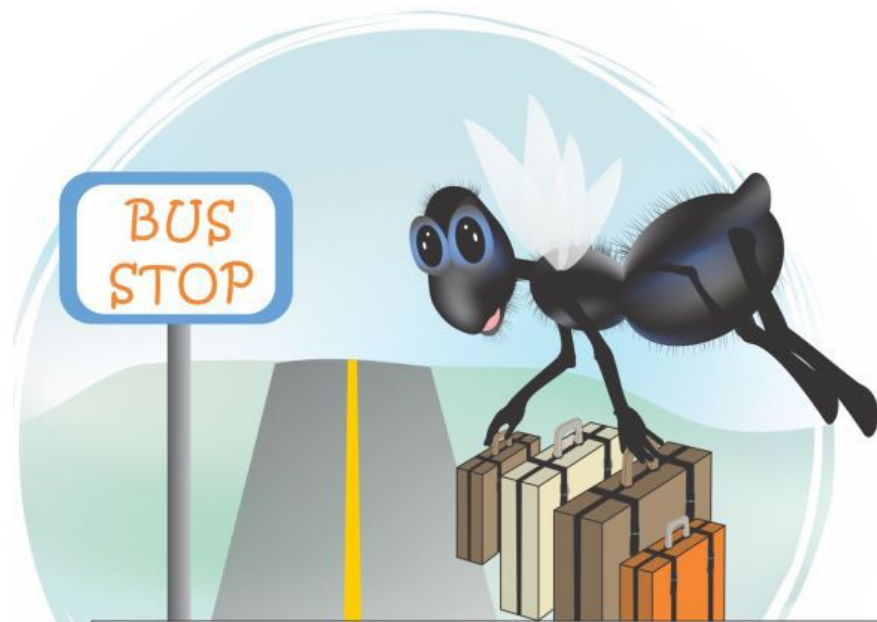
And the further we go, is he wishing he'd stayed?
Does he still feel excited? Or is he afraid?





That little hitchhiker! Did he just want a ride?
Is he running from something? Is he looking to hide?
Did he rob a fly bank? Did he steal lots of money?
That little thief! Does he think this is funny?





Is he on his way home, from a long business trip?
I don't see a suitcase hanging down by his hip.
If he's on his way home – was he gone a long while?
Is he tired from travelling, mile after mile?





How does he know just which way he should go?
We just might be going to a place he would know.
But what if we're not, and we go the wrong way?
He'll be lost when we get there. I hope he's okay!



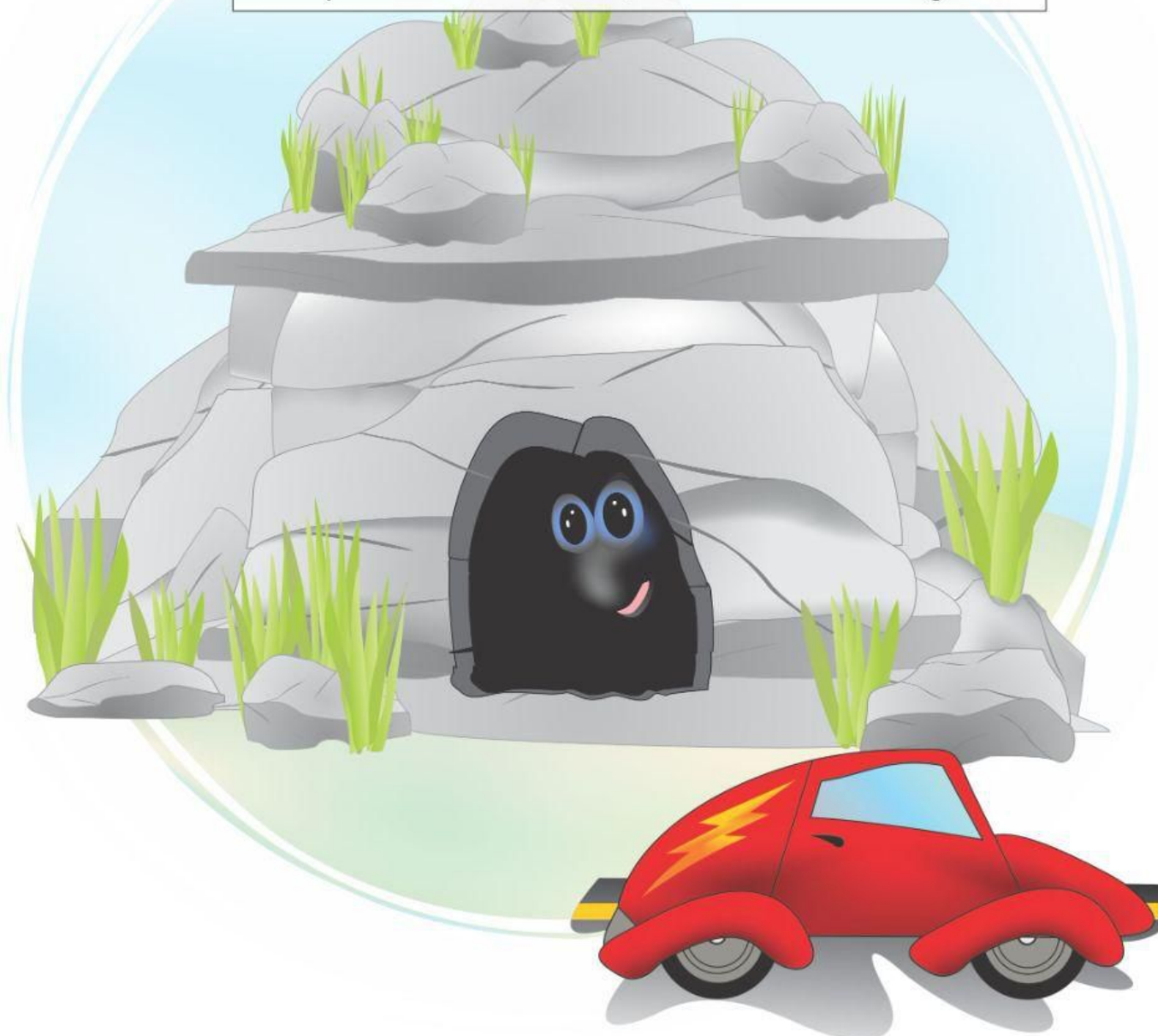
Will he ever be able to find his way home?
I don't think a small fly could use a big phone.

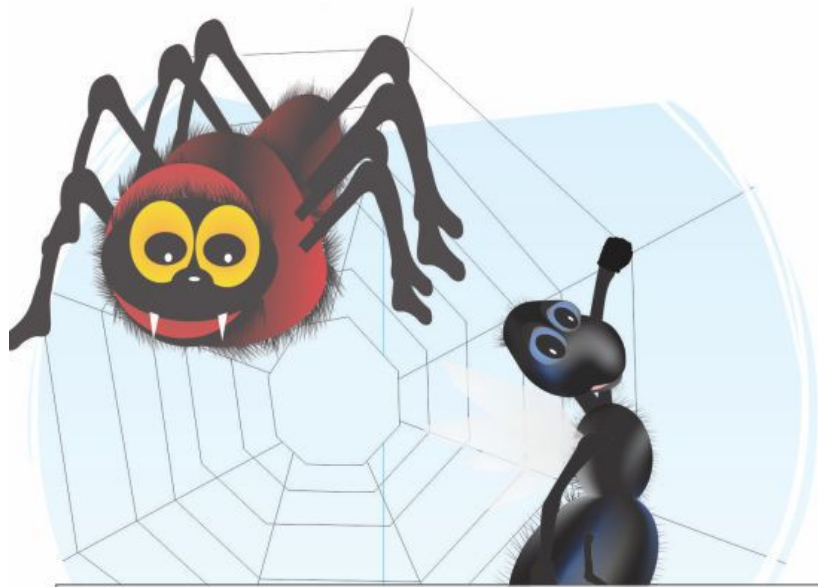




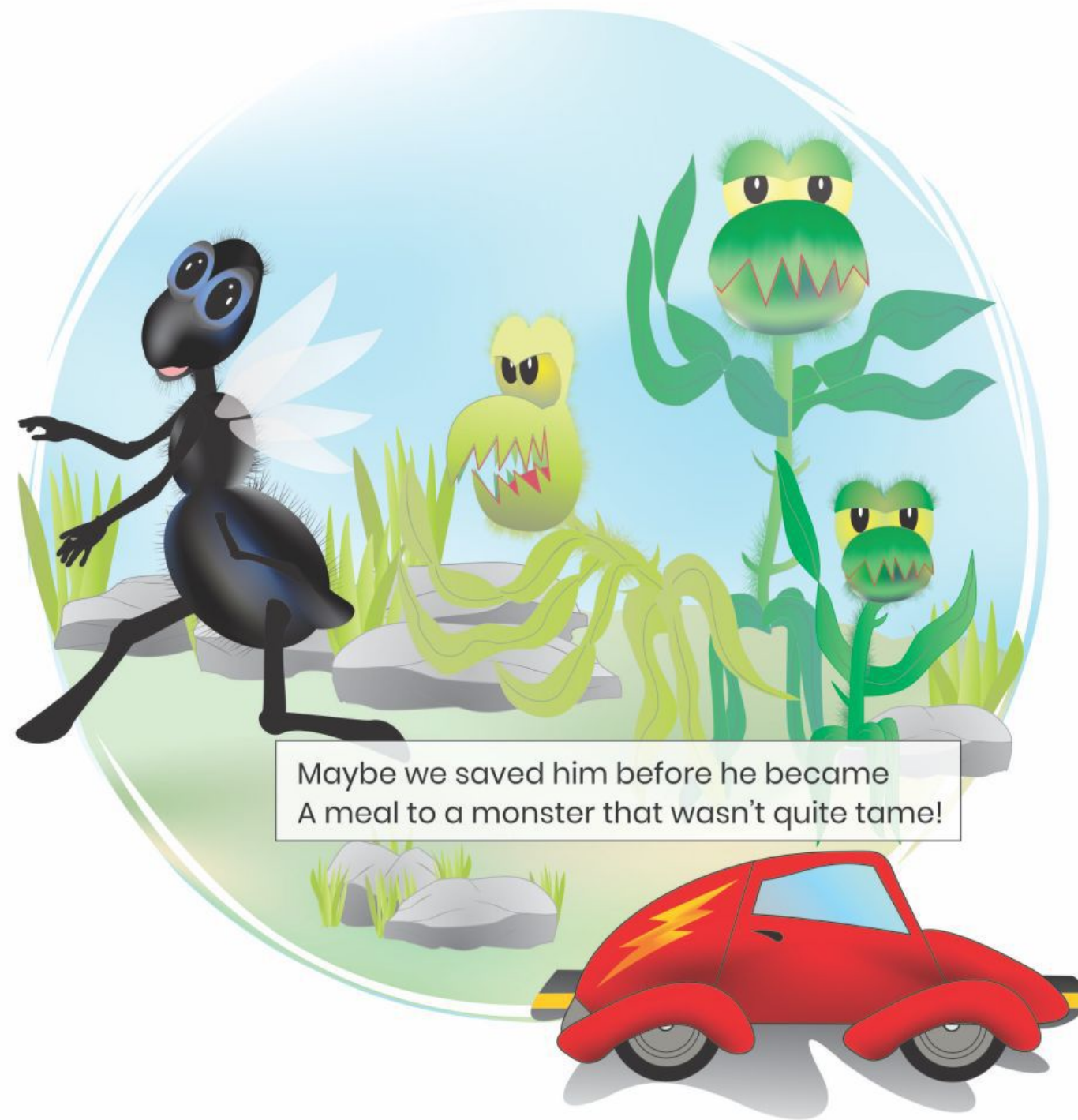
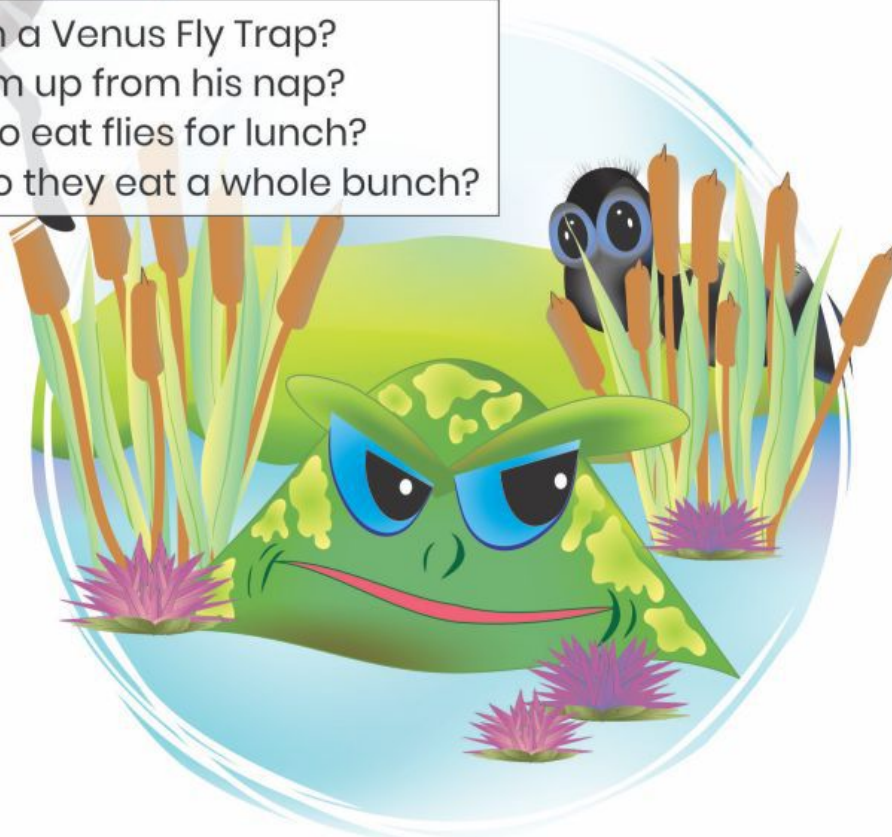
Has he been on his own, on the streets all along?
Is he hoping to find a nice place to belong?
Did he just get so tired of flying alone?
Is he searching around for a place to call home?

I hope that he gets there, before it's too late.
I hope when he finds it, his new life will be great.

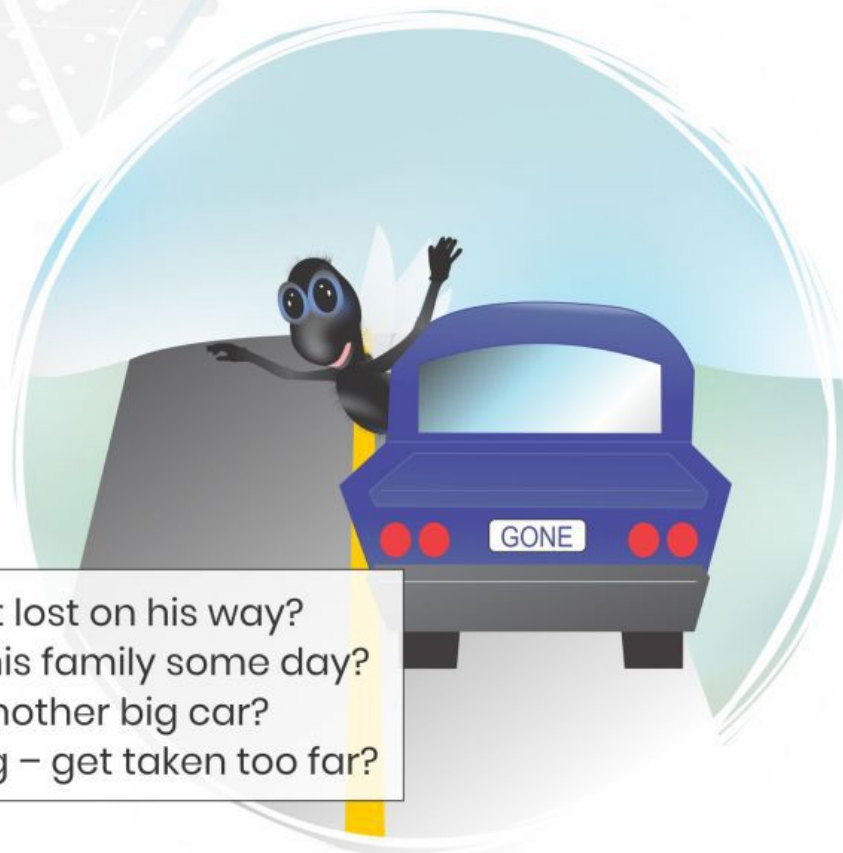




Or could he be running from a Venus Fly Trap?
Did a spider or frog wake him up from his nap?
Was one of them planning to eat flies for lunch?
Are they happy with one? Do they eat a whole bunch?



Maybe we saved him before he became
A meal to a monster that wasn't quite tame!

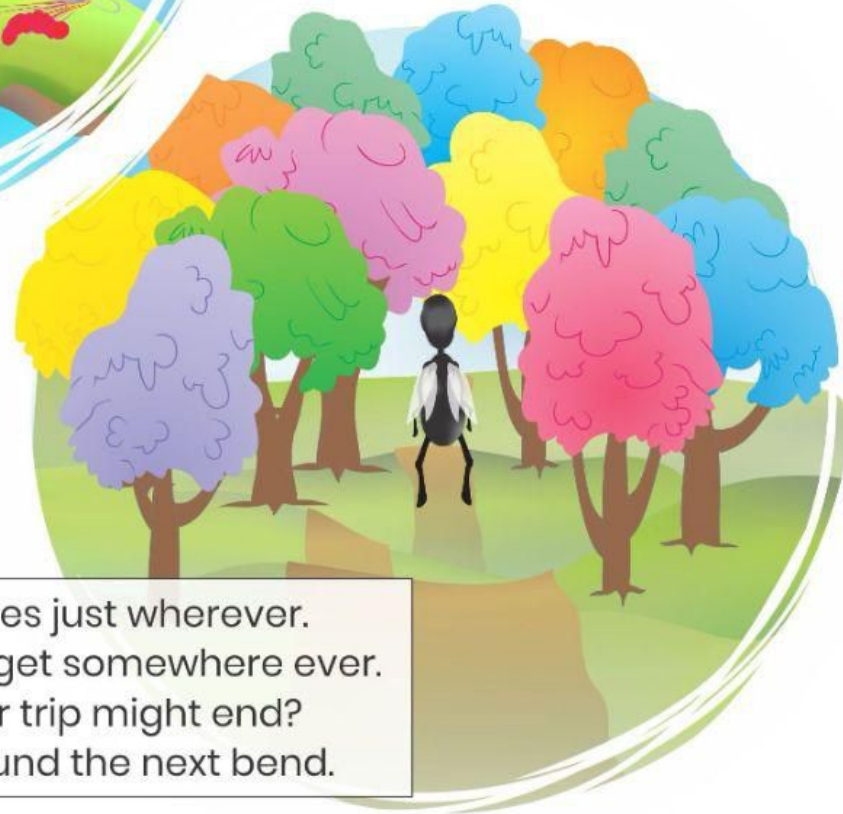


A long time ago, did he get lost on his way?
Is he dreaming of finding his family some day?
Did it somehow begin in another big car?
Did he jump in not knowing – get taken too far?



Did he make a wrong turn and get thrown off track?
Is he wandering lost, trying to find his way back?

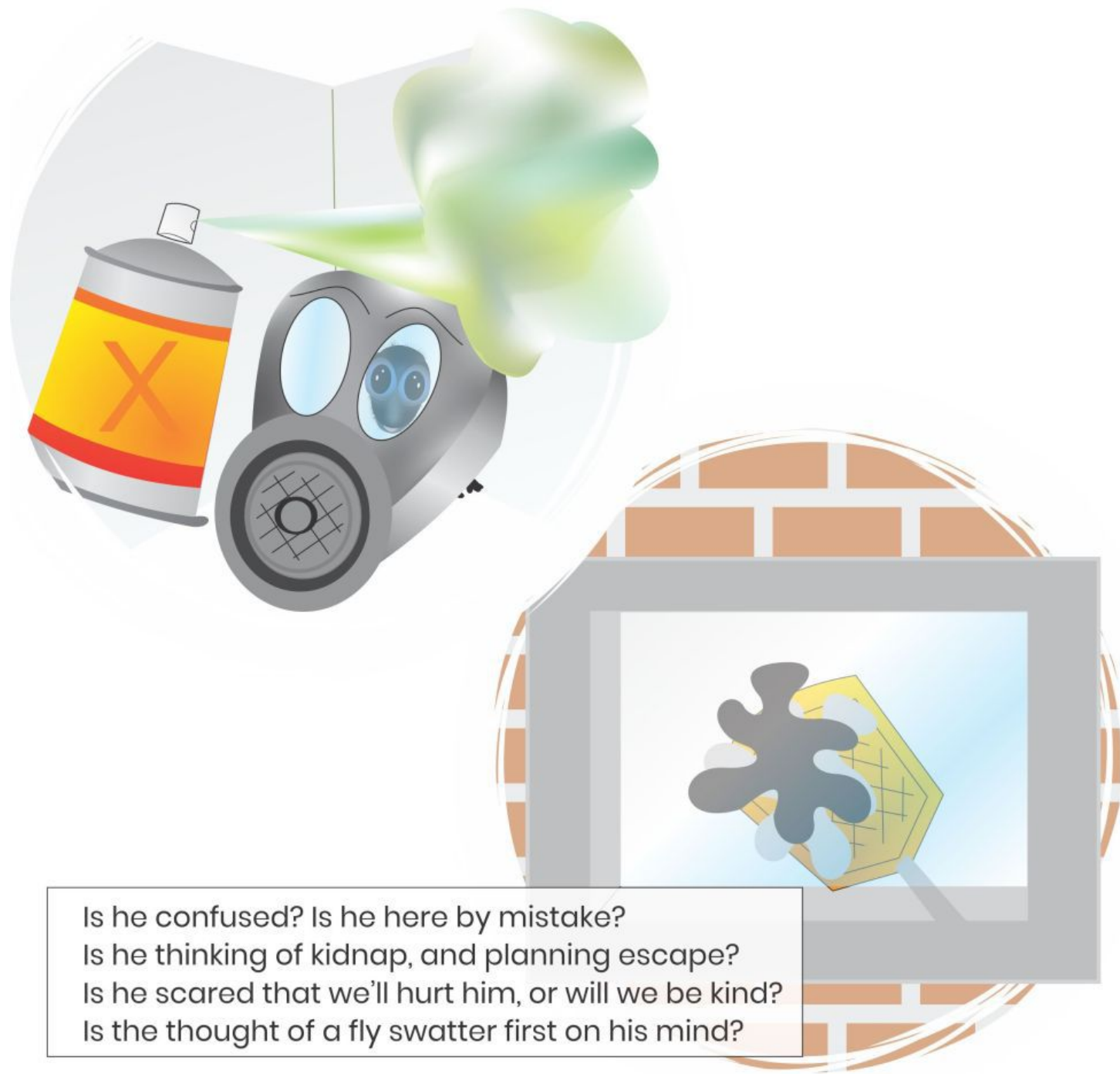


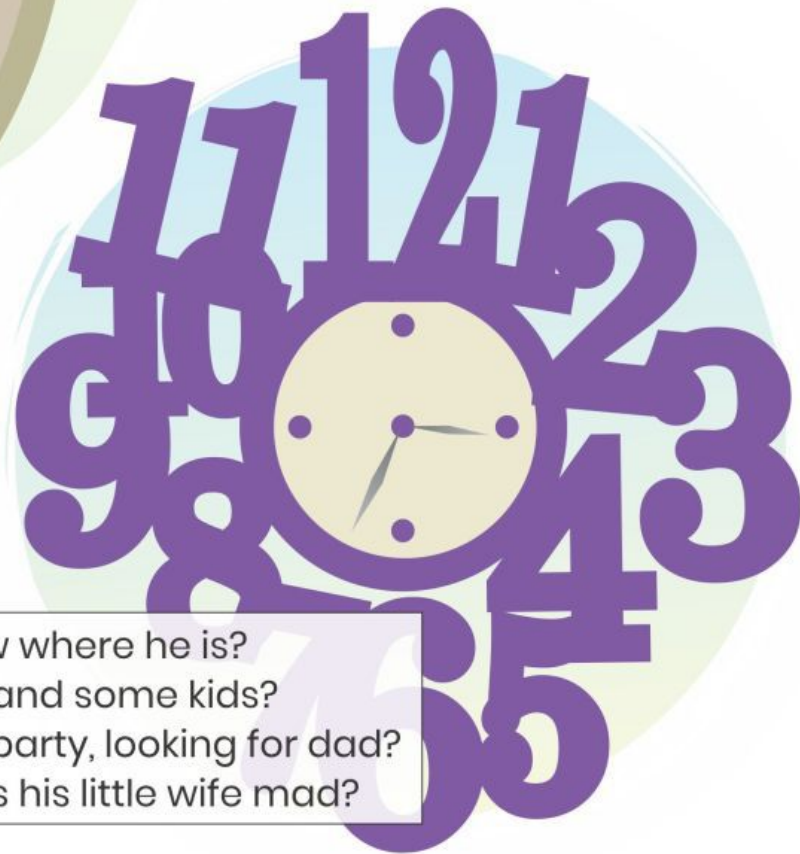


He could be a fly guy, that lives just wherever.
And couldn't care less, if we get somewhere ever.
Does it not matter, where our trip might end?
For all that he knows, it's around the next bend.

I wonder if he'll find it – and know it's the place.
Or does he just like the wide open space?







When he gets out, will he know where he is?
Is a family back there? A wife and some kids?
Did they send out the search party, looking for dad?
Thinking where could he be? Is his little wife mad?





And before I could think it, our trip was all done. I'd missed all the time, since our trip had begun. That little fly helped, with his how, when and why. Just imagining things made the time just fly by. I couldn't help thinking 'bout where he would go. But I guess it's just something I won't ever know.



I opened the door and he flew right on out. Just like he knew what this trip was about. I watched as he flew right out of my sight. I still had to wonder. "Will he be all right?" I hope that he will. What a trip it must be, For that little fly taking a long trip with me.

We see them each day, without even knowing.
Not thinking at all, about where they are going.
What would you think that he's going to do?
As he flies right on by without giving a clue.
If you ever find out, would you please let me know.
I'd just love to know where your fly plans to go.





*With Love
Gramma Zanna*

