

In a strange place where blue wakiberries grow,
on bushes with branches that never felt snow,

in an old cave not far from the sea
- lives a family of bears with the last name of Bea.

Should you count all their noses from Pop down to small,
you would count nineteen if you counted them all.

Every morning they would awake from their slumbering slumber
and line-up for breakfast in alphabet number.

At the end of the line, which started with Pop,
was the smallest of bears - that's where the line stopped.

Frederic T. Bea was the one that was last.
He dreamed and he hoped as the platter was passed.

On each pile of berries was drizzled a spot
of sweet golden honey from great granny's pot.

When Frederic T. Bea was given the platter,
he opened his eyes to discover the matter.

A single small wakiberry rolled on to his plate.
It was still green. It ripened too late.

He picked up the pot and gave it a tip,
waited for honey to pour out and drip.

He waited and waited til everyone quit
biting his tongue - just a bit.

He looked in the pot, nothing, nada and zip.
Not even a drop. Not even a drip.

A tear did form in the corner of his eye.
He began to sob, he began to cry.

Sticking in his tongue for just one tiny taste
that pot did stick to his now stuck face.

Shaking his head he pulled with his claws.
He rolled on the floor and pushed with his paws.

Rolling, he rolled right out of that cave
and kept on rolling into a very wet wave.

Frederick T. Bea began sneezing a lot.
With a big sneeze he sneezed off that stuck pot!

It flew through the air like a great flying yak
hitting the ground with an awful loud smack.

His nose was now free because of his sneezes.
The pot that flew off was broken to pieces!

A now broken pot just would not do.
So he sat in the sand to give it a think or two.

On his big toe he felt a great pinch.
That toe was trapped in a crab claw clinch.

The one that attached wore a big hat
A big hat that was made, made out of old thatch

From under the hat he did peek
As he explained his explaining with a very loud squeak

My dear brother bear,
Your brothers and sisters are all over there

He lifted his claw and let go of the toe
He lifted it up, pointing it slow

Frederick T. Bea looked out in that direction
The little old crab now adding correction

Hurry up! Get on your own feet
You have places to go and berries to eat!

That bear did scamper, that bear did run
Picking those berries and eating each one

He ate those berries until he did stop
And there was his family all lined up with Pop

They picked waki berries - lots and lots of
They picked them with care

They picked them with love