

LITTLE BLUE TURN'S RED

Mark Stewart

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Little Blue Turns Red is directed at four-year-olds. The story is about a blue blood cell and his first adventure after he was created. He's an inquisitive cell and though he was told to line up he wants to explore. His journey gets going when he meets Miss White, a white corpuscle. Together their journey takes them to the heart then to the brain then back to the lungs for air.

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Little Blue Turns Red

"Our son is born."

Little Blue opened his eyes and smiled at the faces of his proud parents, but his smile quickly fell as he watched them walk towards the blue wall.

"Where are you going?" he called.

"Come and follow us," said his mother. "We have a long journey ahead."

Little Blue looked around and watched as lots of round blue creatures that looked exactly like him floated past the doorway. He was amazed they all were facing and moving in the same direction.

"Mum, what am I?" asked Little Blue.

"You're a blue blood cell that's why your name is Blue. If we follow the rest of the blue cells you will turn red. It's a great feeling turning red."

"In what way?"

"You get a warm fuzzy feeling inside."

"Then what happens?"

"You join in one of the many long queues and then you follow the red cell in front of you. Each line is another adventure."

"To where?"

"To all parts of the human body. We're in a young boy who isn't feeling very well. If you pick the right queue you might travel through the heart and back here again or you might visit the brain. When you have unloaded the oxygen inside you then you'll notice you change back to blue. Then you go back to the lungs and your journey continues."

"Blue turn's red?" said Little Blue

“That’s right. Are you ready?”

“I guess.”

Where exactly are we?” asked Little Blue, following his mum out of the door. He smiled at the next blue blood cell and lined up.

“Right here is the bone marrow or as we call it ‘the nursery.’ This is where mums wait for their children to be born. We all make up a small, but very important part of a child’s body.”

Little Blue and his mum started their journey, but Little Blue wasn’t happy. As they walked he saw lots of junctions that led away from the main line. Little Blue wanted to be different. He didn’t want to go to the lungs to turn red. He wanted to explore. When his mum wasn’t looking he snuck into one of the junctions and hid.

In seconds she was gone.

Little Blue was excited and scared at the same time. He could hear a faint boom coming from somewhere ahead and started to walk towards it.

Little Blue stopped at another junction in time to witness a white blood cell being born.

“Hello there,” she said.

“Hello,” said Little Blue.

“I’m a white blood cell.”

“My name is Little Blue; I’m suppose to change into a red blood cell, but I’m not sure how.”

The young girl pouted her lips and looked sad. “I don’t have a name and I don’t have a mum to make up a name.”

Little Blue spoke in a deep voice. “How about I name you Miss White?”

“I like that name. Will you help me find my mum?”

“Sure,” said Little Blue. “When we find her then you’ll have a real name.”

Miss White and Little Blue traveled along the almost deserted vein together. As each second past the booming got louder.

Then they saw it. Big and round and pumping

“Hello,” boomed the creature. “My name is Mr. Heart.”

“I’m Little Blue and this is Miss. White.”

“I don’t feel well,” said Mr. Heart “I’m suppose to boom a lot harder and faster, but I have a hole in my side. I think the humans are planning to give the child we are living in an operation. I sure hope they can fix me up.”

“I hope they do too,” said Little Blue.

“Have you seen my mum and dad?” asked Miss White.

Mr. Heart shook from side to side. “No I haven’t. Maybe they went to the lungs or the Brain.”

“I don’t want to go to the lungs,” said Little Blue. “Which way to the Brain?”

MR. Heart pointed straight ahead and Little Blue and Miss White ran off.”

By the time they had reached the brain they were both feeling tired. Little Blue peered in the door and was amazed at all the bright sparking that was going on between what looked like long cob webs that were all joined in a maze of patterns.

“Can’t you read the sign,” said a big angry guard.

“What sign?” asked Miss White.

“The one above your head.”

Little Blue looked up. “No blue cells to enter the brain.”

The guard pointed a short finger and growled. “That means you.”

“Why do I have to turn red?” said Little Blue.

“Blue cells might damage the brain.

“Let the children enter,” boomed a voice.

The guard stepped to the side. Little Blue and Miss White stepped through the door. Their eyes sparkled at the sight.

“Hello,” said a voice.

“Hello,” said Little Blue. “Who and where are you?”

“I’m called the Brain and you’re looking at me. I can tell you don’t look too good.”

“I don’t. Miss White says she feels fine.”

“Then I suggest you have Miss White get you to the lungs quickly.”

“Why?” asked Little Blue.

“The lungs will help to build your strength so you won’t feel tired.”

“Is that why I’m the colour of blue?”

“Yes. You need to turn red.”

“What happens if I don’t turn red?” said Little Blue.

“You’ll become more and more tired then you won’t be able to move.”

“Do you know where my mum is?” asked Miss White.

The brain was quiet for a few seconds then said cheerfully. “Both your parents are at the lungs.”

“Thank you,” called Miss White. She placed her arm around Little Blue to comfort him and led the way out of the great room and onwards.

They hadn’t gone too far when they came to a sign that read. ‘Not feeling well. Take the vein on your left. It is a short cut to the lungs.’

Miss White looked at Little Blue and smiled. “Hang on.”

“I don’t think I can. All of a sudden I feel very, very tired. All I can think of is sleeping.”

Miss White sat Little Blue down. “Stay here for a moment I’ll go take a look. Whatever you do don’t fall asleep.”

She walked to a small doorway not far where she had left Little Blue. She looked back over her shoulder and grinned. Little Blue was trying so hard to stay awake, but he was slowly losing and his eyelids were closing.

“I have to hurry,” whispered Miss White and peered through the door. The ends of long hair were picked up by the current and she had to hold on for fear of being sucked into the fast flowing current. The vein went down and down and down in a slow circle. She smiled and raced back to Little Blue.

“Come on. This way is perfect. It looks like a long slide.”

Miss White bent down and helped Little Blue to his feet. Both staggered slowly to the door. Little Blue gulped when he saw how fast the current was moving. He looked at Miss White through scared eyes.

“Everything will be okay,” she said.

“I hope so. I think exploring on our own isn’t a good thing.”

Miss White nodded and took Little Blue by the hand. Both took a deep breath and jumped feet first into the fast flowing current.

Little Blue was growing more tired as the seconds ticked by. He shut his eyes hoping the trip wouldn’t last much longer. It seemed endless. His strength was going and he was losing his grip on Miss White’s hand.”

Then at long last the current seemed to slow and then was gone. Little Blue slowly opened his eyes and looked about. He could feel the wind as it whistled past his ears. Where they were standing the water was so smooth and clear Little Blue was able to watch his feet as they walked out of the water. He managed a smile as Miss White pointed to a sign that read.

Lungs and life saving air are through this door.

Little Blue was half carried and half dragged through the narrow door. On the other side four large red blood cells peered down on the two young ones.

“It’s about time you both turned up,” said one. The voice was deep, but sounded concerned.

“Mum, Dad,” said Little Blue and Miss White at the same time. They looked at each other and giggled.

“Little Blue you look very tired,” said his mum. “Follow me and I’ll show you where the best air sack is.”

Little Blue leaned over a large pit and breathed in as deep as he could. It was a wonderful feeling. The air warmed him from his feet to the top of the head. The colour of his body changed from dark Blue to bright red in a matter of seconds.

“I feel wonderful,” he said, jumping into the air. He did three cartwheels and then took another mouthful of air from the lungs.”

“Come on,” said Little Blue’s mum. “We have to start our journey to lots of organs in the body.”

“Will we be back here again?” asked Little Blue.

“We sure will be,” said his dad. “It’s time to join the queue. I think our first journey as a family should be to visit the kidneys then back here and then off to the stomach.”

“What about going to the brain?” Little Blue asked.

“All in good time,” said mum.

“Can Miss White come too?”

“I like that name,” said her mum and dad.

“I think there’s room for all of us on the journey. There is a lot to see and do,” said Mum.

“Then we should start,” said Little Blue.

He took one more mouthful of air and led the way out of the door.

To the reader of Little Blue Turns Red.

Thank you for reading my children’s book. I hope your child enjoyed the book as much as I loved writing it.

Other books I have written.

Malcolm’s Cubby House. Grandma’s Magical Elephant. Luke’s cubbyhouse. Dylan’s cubbyhouse

Vampire Romance. Blood Red Rose. Tainted Rose. Black Rose.

Crime novels. The Kendal chronicles. Fire Games. Heart of a spider. I know Your Secret.

Romance adventure The Perfect Gift.

About the author.

Mark R Stewart has lived in Melbourne all his life and lives near the beach with his wife and family. His novels are based on the Australian culture.

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