

## LITTLE BLUE TURNS RED

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 with all the other blue blood cells, 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 and back to the lungs for air.

"OUR SON is born."

Little Blue opened his eyes to the smiling faces of his proud parents. His smile quickly faded when he saw them walk towards the blue wall.

"Where are you going?" he called.

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

Little Blue looked around at lots of round blue creatures who looked exactly like him floating past the doorway in the same direction.

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

"You're a blue blood cell. Your name is Blue. If we follow the other blue cells you will turn red. It's a great feeling turning red."

"In what way?" he asked.

"You get a warm fuzzy feeling inside."

"Then what happens?"

"You join in on one of the many long queues, following the red cell in front of you. Each line is another adventure."

"To where?" he asked.

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

"Blue turn's red!" exclaimed Little Blue.

"Exactly," said his mum. "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 as he 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 leading 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 to hide.

In seconds, his mum vanished.

Little Blue felt excited and scared at the same time. Hearing a faint boom coming from somewhere ahead, he 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," replied Little Blue.

"I'm a white blood cell."

"My name is Little Blue; I'm supposed to change into a red blood cell, but I'm not sure how?"

The white blood cell pouted, looking sad. "I don't have a name or a mum."

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 see her, you'll be able to find out your real name."

Miss White and Little Blue traveled along the crowded vein. The booming got louder the further they went.

Then they saw the big, round and pumping object.

“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 supposed 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.”

“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,” cried Little Blue. “Can you show us the way to the Brain?”

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

By the time they reached the brain, they were both feeling tired. Little Blue looked through the doorway. Inside the massive room, he saw amazing bright sparkling lights which travelled back and forth between what looked like long cobwebs. They were joined in a maze of patterns.

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

“What sign?” asked Miss White.

“The one above your head,” yelled the guard.

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

The guard pointed a short finger. He growled. “The sign means you.”

“Why do I have to turn red?” asked 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 doorway, their eyes sparkling with the lights.

“Hello,” said a voice.

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

“I’m called the Brain. 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,” said the Brain.

“Why?” asked Little Blue.

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

“Is that why I’m a blue color?”

“Yes. You need to turn red.”

“What happens if I don’t turn red?” asked 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 remained quiet for a few seconds. “Both your parents are in 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, towards the lungs.

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

Miss White looked at Little Blue. She smiled to show she cared. “Hang on.”

“I don’t think I can. All of a sudden, I feel very, very tired. The only thing 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 from where she left Little Blue. She looked back over her shoulder. Little Blue appeared to be trying so hard to stay awake, but his eyelids were closing.

“I have to hurry,” whispered Miss White, looking through the doorway. The ends of her long hair were picked up by the current. She had to hold on for fear of being sucked in. The vein went down and down and down in a slow cone shaped spiral. She sprinted back to Little Blue.

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

Miss White bent down, helping 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 grew more tired as the seconds ticked by. He shut his eyes hoping the trip wouldn't last much longer. He could feel his strength going. His grip on Miss White's hand felt weaker.

Finally, the long fast current seemed to be slowing then it was gone. Little Blue slowly opened his eyes. He could hear the wind whistling past his ears. Where they were standing the water looked so smooth and clear, Little Blue was able to watch his feet as they walked out of the water. He managed to smile. Miss White pointed to a sign.

'Lungs and life-saving air are through this door'

Miss White half dragged and half carried Little Blue through the narrow doorway. On the other side, four large red blood cells stared down on the two young ones.

"It's about time you both turned up," said one.

"Mum, Dad," said Little Blue and Miss White at the same time. They looked at each other, giggling.

"Little Blue you look very tired," said his mum. "Follow me. I'll show you where the best air sack is kept."

Little Blue leaned over a large pit, breathing in the best he could. It felt wonderful. The air warmed him from his feet to the top of his head. The color of his body changed from dark Blue to bright red in a matter of seconds.

"I feel wonderful," he yelled, jumping into the air. He did three cartwheels before taking 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 before traveling 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 the name," said her mum and dad.

"There's room for everyone 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 to the closest door.

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Again, thank you for your support, for without you, the reader, I wouldn't have anyone to read my work.

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