

I AM RED

I loved my family. They
were the Allen clan. Kevin was
my father.



My mother was Mary also
Bain was my brother. They

were my life. My family called me “Irish.” That name eventually was shortened to “Red” because I had a red-colored coat. My life was perfect. We lived in a place called Michigan. It was beautiful. My family loved the summers.

They complained about how cold it was in the winter. I never thought it was cold because I wore a thick, red coat

One winter, they decided to visit a place called “Beach.” We loaded the car with all of our stuff. I carried my frisbee so I could play with Bain on the shore. I saw a dog and his brother playing on the beach while I was watching television once. It looked cool to me. Bain and I were very excited. We hardly slept the night before leaving home. Kevin said that we must start early to avoid so much traffic.

Kevin was the smartest man in the world. Bain and I always listened to him.

We left Michigan early Thursday morning. Mary said it would take two days of driving. Kevin and Mary split the driving. They did not ask Bain or me to drive. It didn't matter to us. I had no idea how to drive or how a beach looked. My family said it was fun; that was enough for me.

Bain kept asking, “If we were there yet.”

It seemed as if we drove forever. We tired of not being able to stretch our legs. Kevin and Mary tried to make it fun for us. They could not. It was very boring. Finally, Bain began to tell me a story. We loved stories. Bain was a great story teller. I listened in fascination to his tale of the beach. He said that the beach looked like a giant sandcastle.

There lived a wizard in a green beach cottage. In front of her house was a sunshine yellow beach chair. It was huge. He told me that we would sit together and watch the waves crash onto the shore. All of this sounded scary to me. I refused to be afraid because I would have my family to protect me.

That first night, we still were not at the beach. Tiredness prevented us from doing anything more

than having a pizza brought to our room. Bain poured food in my bowl with plenty of fresh water. The family all took a shower. I went to sleep on top of Bain's bed.

The next morning, Kevin shook me gently awake. Again, we drove. I began to bark. They must stop this driving. No one paid me any attention. Instead, Bain finished the story about the beach. He said there was a Cookie Lady who lived

there. Each day, she would leave a different biscuit. They were always delicious.

Miss Catherine walked the shore. She was called a “Beach-comber.” I could not understand how she combed the beach. If only we could arrive at this strange place.

Bain said that the president of the Beach was called the “Wizard.” Everyone listened to him. There also lived a beautiful queen at the beach

place. “Queen Ester” would
help

