

These are the days

By Sly_and_ally_forever

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A contest Entry for TheWriters writing contest! Eh, just read and comment people!

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Chapter 1 - These are the days

2

1 - These are the days

(This is for a contest being run by theWriter, in which we have to write a story based off song lyrics. Hope you don't mind if I included the lyrics in the song, Writer! They will be written in *Italics*)

These are the Days

Ty the Tasmanian tiger was practically dying from all work he had been doing that day. Small jobs, but they could have been done by somebody else. But we all know Ty; he can sometimes be a bit of a workaholic. As he rushed by Grandma Bilby's house with a quick "G'day" Grandma Bilby called him over to the porch

"Ty, do you ever take a brake?" Grandma Bilby chuckled, taking a sip of Lemonade

"Well, I would love to, but I always have jobs to do. Oi, it's all apart of the job I guess." Ty replied, wiping sweat from his brow.

My Grandmama was a wise old soul,

Took me by the hand not long ago

"Ty, just relax. Let time slide by as you admire the long Australian days." Grandma Bilby said to Ty. As much as Ty protested that 'he really needed to go,' the old Bilby got Ty to stay with her

Said "Son what's your hurray, boy slow it down

Taste the wild honey, listen to the sound

Of the wind that's blowing through the trees

River's flowing to the sea.

As the Bilby adjusted her glasses, she spoke again “One day, you'll have a family and regret not being able to take this time to relax. Let your mind take you home.”

” What do ya mean by that?” Ty asked, scratching his head. The Bilby just chuckled and smiled “Home is where the heart is.”

Yeah there all heading home just like you and me

Life's for livin' child, can't you see?”

“One day you'll look back on these days and all you'll remember is work, work, work.” Grandma Bilby said, shaking her head “I feel bad for you.” Ty was starting to feel bad for himself as well. Why hadn't he taking the day off? Just once in his fifteen years of living?

*These are the days we will remember
these are the times that won't come again
the highest of flames become an ember
And you gotta live 'em while you can*

The Bilby closed her eyes, leaning back into her rocking chair repeating the sentence “These are the days that we'll remember.” Quietly, picking up a small tune. Ty watched the Bilby with a smile.

*These are the days we will remember.
These are the days we will remember.
These are the days we will remember.
These are the days we will remember.*

The old grandmother Bilby took Ty by the hand “Promise me that'll you'll take the week off next week, Ty. I don't want you growing up without a memory that doesn't involve work.” Ty looked at the bilby in the eyes, his bright green eyes reflecting in her eyes “No worries, I will.”

*So take 'em by the hand, they're yours and mine
Take 'em by the hand and live your life
Take 'em by the hand don't let 'em all fly by*

C'mon, C'mon now

The next week Ty smiled as he walked into Dennis' office "Dennis mate, I'm taking the week off." The green tree frog couldn't believe his ears.

"Ty! But what will we do if Mrs. Crackers' cat gets caught up a tree again? What if Faerie Dinkum needs you to hand out flyers in Dusty Burrows?"

Ty just smiled at Dennis and said "One day you'll look back on these days and all you'll remember is work, work, work. I feel bad for you."

Ooo days go by

Yeah, just like a hand out the window wavin' in the wind as the cars go by

Days go by