

Ron Berry

THE RESCUE TEAM

By Ron Berry

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Dedication Page

This is the fourth Christmas story and I dedicate it to all my fans of offbeat humor.

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The Rescue Team

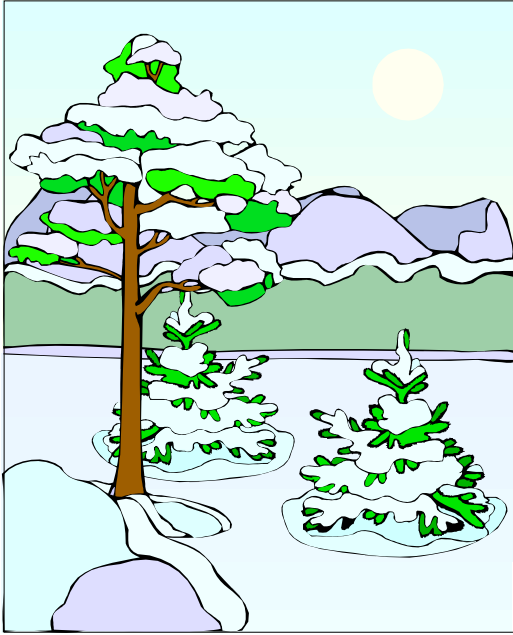
Dawn beckoned bright and early. Ok, it was noon, but what is time to an out of work beaver?



Carson (*he's the beaver we're talking about*), realized his bank account was running a bit low.

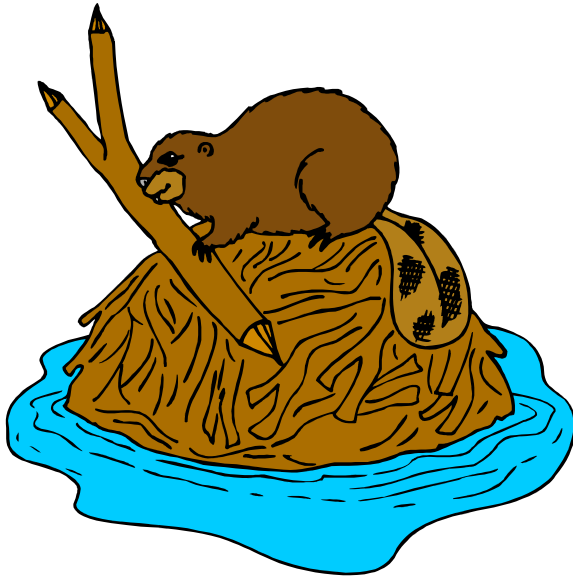
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He still had a few sales from his stockpile but most of the animals in his neck of the woods weren't doing much construction due to the inclement weather.



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He staggered out of bed. He didn't dare hop out because he could go through the floor and this was not a good time to get wet because all of his towels were still in the dryer.



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After a hearty breakfast, he wandered into the den.

Time to check email, I guess.



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There were the usual ‘enlarge your tail’ and ‘for sharper teeth’ types of junk mail. After cleaning those out, he checked to see if Maxine, his girlfriend had written yet. As he scrolled down he noticed one that looked interesting.

Probably more spam, but might as well find out.

“Help desperately needed” was all the subject said. To make it seem more like spam, the sender was “elves unlimited”. He opened it and hoped it wasn’t some virus carrier.



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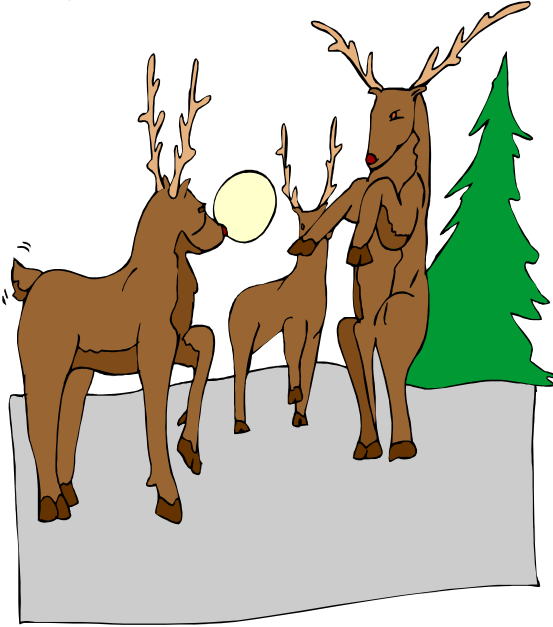
Wow! This seems like the real thing!

He replied by asking for more details. As he hit the reply button he realized it had come from his aha group (animals helping animals). It must have just come through since there were no other replies to it yet. His answer was quick in coming. Santa Claus was in trouble!!



Ron Berry

Usually getting supplies wasn't a problem. One of the elves would just hitch up the team and fly to wherever the needed materials happened to be. But this year, Santa had tried a new brand of ice creator.



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Ok, for those of you that are not aware of this, Santa's sleigh needs a good run of ice to take off properly. Most everyone is familiar with ice melt, used to get rid of the stuff, but this is an exception. Santa's usual supplier had reformulated his ice maker crystals. They tested it and it made the ice super slick. But what they didn't realize was that it also did a number to the runners on the sleigh. In other words, Santa had a flat tire! Actually he had five flat tires! Both runners on the sleigh were bad and the spares were also since they had been sitting on the surface and not hung up like they should



be!

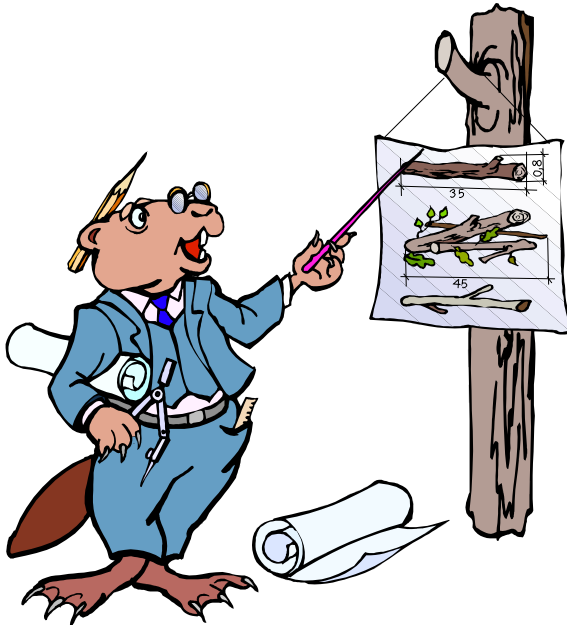
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It sounds like a simple problem, except for a couple of minor details. First, UPS can't deliver packages of this size. Second, no human other than a select and limited number of UPS drivers even know where the workshop is! Adding insult to injury, only a special type of wood can be used, and no human outside of the North Pole knows what it is.

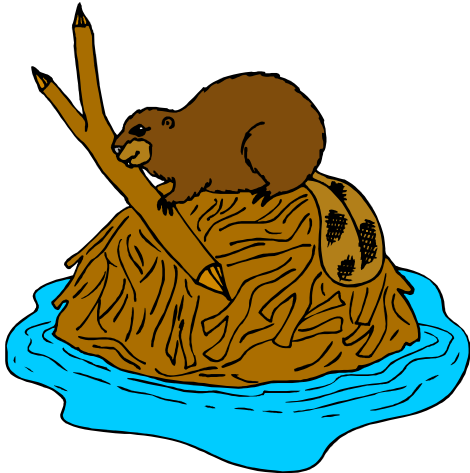


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There is, however, some good news. All the world's animals know how to get to the North Pole. Many of the forest animals knew what wood was needed. Carson offered his help. Then he checked his stockpile to see if he had any of the proper material. He didn't! He knew that his vacation cabin was made out of the correct wood, but the pieces were too small. He decided to put out a call to all the beavers.



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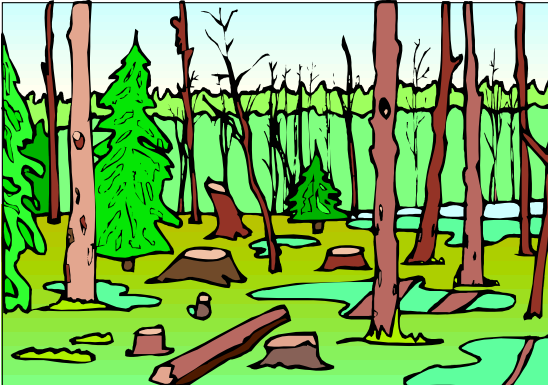


Carson headed to the top of his house where the call log was located. To make sure he made a good clean call, he brushed his tail, then situated the log into just the right position.

Slap, Slap, Slap.

Ron Berry

What sounds like noise to us is in reality, a beaver's SOS call. Each beaver has his own call sign and when the other beavers hear it, they know to contact Carson to see what the problem is. Back in his den, the phone lights up. It only takes three calls because they have a special network arrangement. Within fifteen minutes, every beaver in the forest knows what the problem is and how to solve it.



While the beaver clan was gathering wood, Carson got back on the net. (they use wireless connections. Not good to have a lot of high tech stuff sitting in the middle of a lake. As for the electrical power, beavers conceal solar powered generators on top of their homes.) He sent word to the elves that supplies were being piled up as this was being written.

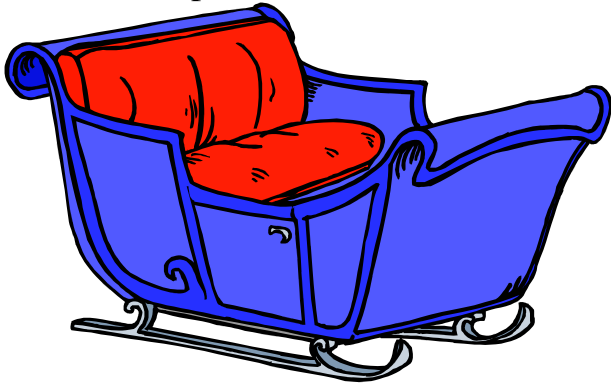
“We’ll send a couple of workers down with Rudolph and Donner. They can bundle it up and fly it back here. Thank you for your help.”



In the time it took to make a cup of coffee, the elves were at the door. Carson invited them in for some hot chocolate and his special homemade cookies. Being a forest animal, Carson knew where to get all the best ingredients. *Let me let you readers in on a small secret. There are mice in most company warehouses. Every one knows that. But what most folks don't know is that they stock up on products and deliver them to the grocery stores hidden in the forests. That way the animals can get the groceries they need.*

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It didn't take long for the beavers to gather up the wood. Nor did it take long for the elves to get it bundled up and ready to go. They said their good-byes and headed off to Santa's workshop. They didn't have much time before the big man had to make his famous trip. So in an elvian flash, the maintenance crew fashioned new runners and made several spares. These were hung up this time. While they were waiting for the beavers, most of the crew in the garage as well as every other available elf, cleaned up the bad ice and replaced it with new. The ice maker supplier had sent the last of the old mixture and promised to make more.



Santa instructed the elves to create something special for the beavers. They deserved it for all their extra work this year.