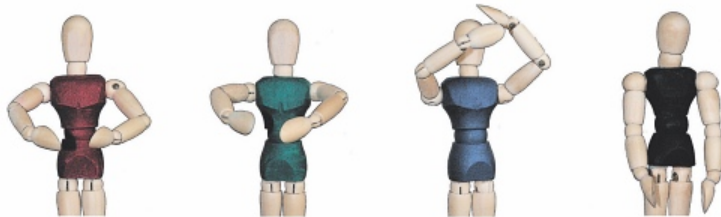




Kid Karries

Your Comprehensive Guide

Chris Shinnars



Kid Karries is an illustrated guide for carrying children to bed. This wonderful book provides amusing backgrounds to each Carry, with feedback from kids who have experienced the Carries. There are interesting facts and some fiction too.

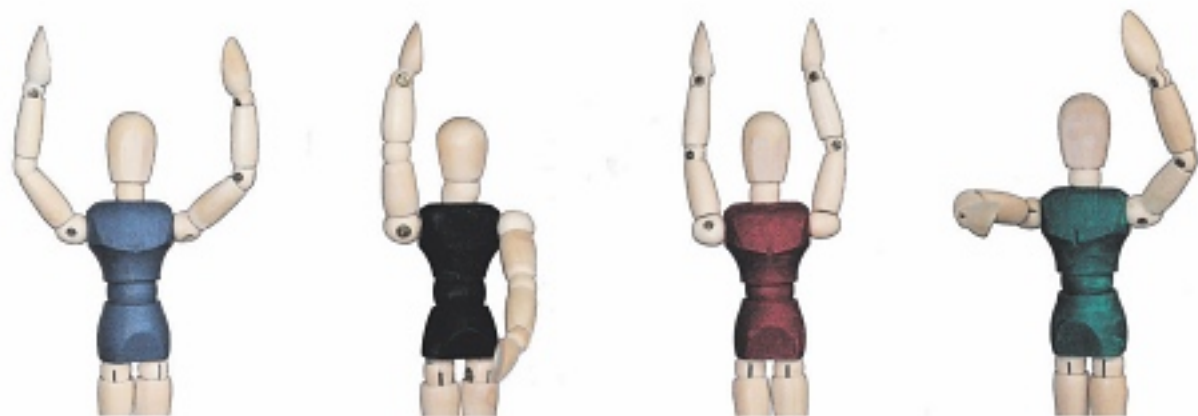
Kid Karries

By Chris Shinnars

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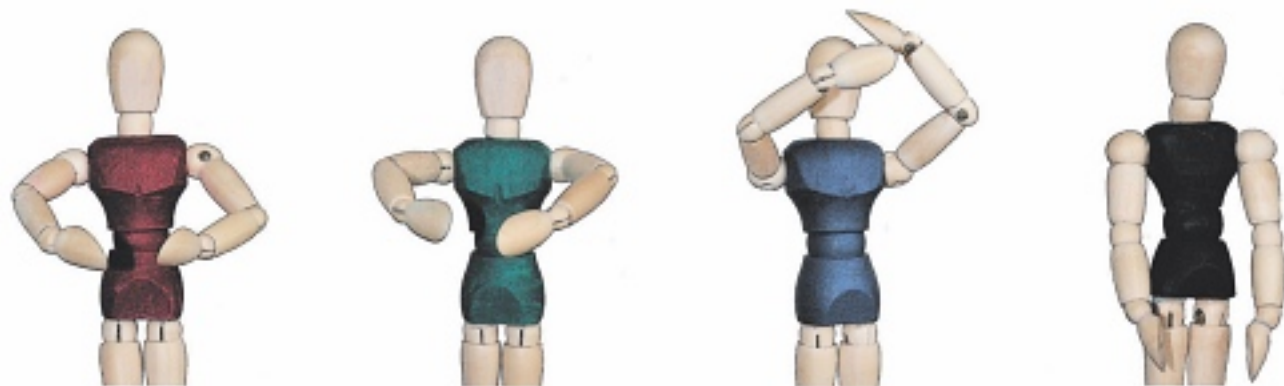
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Chris Shinnners



More than two million years ago, homo sapiens began
their epic spread across the globe.

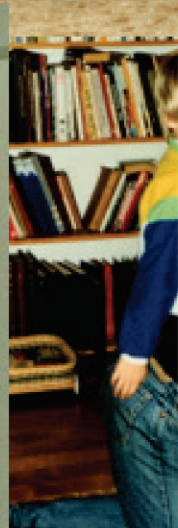
Whilst tempted otherwise, the emigrants lovingly took
their kids with them.

Leaving from Africa, they traversed arid deserts, cut
through dense jungles and transited rugged mountains.

Vast expanses of water were crossed at great peril.

How the young kids were Carried remains an unsolved
anthropological mystery.

With confidence though, I surmise that Carries of those
very early times would have been no match to our own
KID KARRIES.



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2021

First Edition

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22a Orange Grove

1. Before Carries

A typical Aussie family. Yes, that was us, though not dull by any measure. We lived quietly in a weatherboard house in a bent street in a leafy suburb of Melbourne.

Typically, all was peaceful in our neighbourhood, apart from the occasional woof from our dear Girlsie¹, or bleat from our dear Woolly². Sometimes it was so quiet you could hear the local snakes³ when they hissed.

It was never quiet at bedtime though.

1. A desexed Labrador-Retriever cross. 2. An imaginary merino ewe; Grandpa Shinnars kept sheep in the backyard when I was a nipper. 3. Commonly tiger or eastern brown.

BEFORE CARRIES

Mami and I faced the typical family challenge of getting the kids to go to bed. Once in bed they generally stayed there, which was both a blessing and a relief, however to get them into bed demanded a huge effort and generated much angst.

At the kids' bedtime, Mami would declare loudly, cheerfully and hopefully: "Time to go to bed kids!"

Typically, none of our kids would stir.

Occasionally Girlsie would stretch, or Woolly emit a short baa, but that would be it. Magpie⁴ had left home.

So, I would then provide my support, proclaiming somewhat louder and somewhat less cheerfully, though still with unwarranted hope: "Mami is right, it's time for bed kids!"

Then, on a good night,

From our oldest kid: "What do you mean?"

From our second to oldest kid: "Just wait!"

From our third to oldest kid: "I need to go (elsewhere)."

4. A black and white guinea pig.

BEFORE CARRIES

Our youngest kid had not fully mastered talking at that stage, though her sentiments on the matter were clearly sympathetic to those of the older brothers.

By our bedtime, we would often become desperate.

By then, there would be recognition by the four younger family members of impending danger and possible harm, however movement on their part would still remain relatively imperceptible.

After many such stressful nights a mega-bolt of lightning struck me – I had the solution at last, along with third degree burns. Rigorous fitness training commenced the very next morning. Mami and I gave ourselves six months to be ready to take control of that evil hour.

With the determination of cockroaches trying to check out of a roach hotel, in exactly six months we were extremely fit and full of optimism.

Now as it turned out, we paid for our approach, mostly physiologically, but also in house repairs.

Nonetheless, we agreed it was worth it, most of the time.

BEFORE CARRIES



Author's Notes

All of the Carries were actually delivered.

The rankings and comments are unedited.



You called?

2. Fireman

Mami and I were excited and the kids had no idea that bedtime was about to become bedtime.

After a dinner of ham rolls had been consumed and the dishes loaded into the dishwasher, Mami poured two red wongos¹ for additional confidence.

It was Monday, so the kids were still slightly attentive from the “I’ve got the conch!”² session; a one-way performance review (masquerading as two way of course) and the follow-up “what is coming up this week” discussion.

1. **Wongo** n. Glass of wine. (Keith dialect.)

2. Adapted from William Golding’s “Lord of the Flies”, Faber and Faber, 1954

FIREMAN

A wink to Mami and her cry went out: "Time to go to bed kids!"

I also went out, to check on something very important.

Inside, there was the anticipated flurry of in-action.

Suddenly, there was pounding on the front door.

With a little imagination, a wailing siren could be heard from outside, above the loud buzzing of the cicadas.

Mami opened the door to a tall fireman wearing a big hat and sporting a rather smart moustache like mine.

A red light flashing in the street reflected off the hall mirror and lit the kids' excited faces.

Woolly munched harder on the front lawn. Girlsie crept into a corner, her tail stationary for the first time that day.

The handsome fireman stormed inside.

"I need your attention kids, now! There is a monstrous fire approaching the house. I must carry you immediately to the safety of your beds. Who is to be saved first from this impending peril?"

FIREMAN

Kids quickly fell into line, largest through to smallest. Fortunately, clean pj's were on, teeth and gums were sparkling and that other pre-bed thingy had been well attended to.

With all the bravado of Red Adair³, one at a time the strong fireman slung a kid over his right shoulder in the traditional fireman's way, marched into their bedroom and slung the kid into bed.

There was an uncanny knowledge on the part of the intelligent fireman to know which kid belonged in which bed.

Covers were drawn up to the four chins and very soon bedrooms were a cacophony of fake snoring.

"You'll all be safe now kids!" the caring fireman called over his shoulder as he bolted from the house and to his waiting fire engine.

Woolly looked up, smiled and then went back to munching and fertilising the front lawn. Girlsie yawned.

The wailing siren could be imagined fading into the distance.

Mami was saved later by her own fireman.

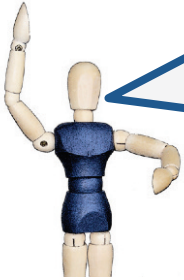
3. Red Adair was famous for extinguishing dangerous oilwell fires

FIREMAN



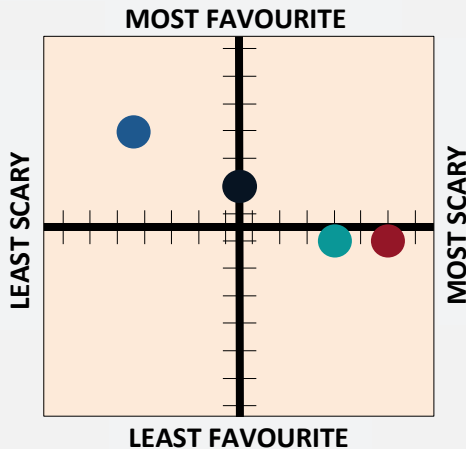
FIREMAN

The Kids said...

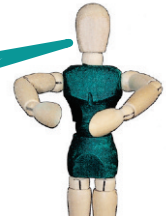


The simplest of the carries for the carrier. Can alternate shoulders to avoid curvature of the spine. Also achievable by carrying two kiddies at a time, along with the added bonus of doubling your efficiency. The sling off the shoulder at the end of the carry added plenty to the enjoyment of the ride. Obviously, this dismount should only be attempted if you have a reasonable grasp of mechanics and can calculate the arc of a head when pivoting around a shoulder. Add a wailing siren or your vocal equivalent for an authentic experience.

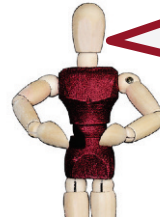
Rankings....



Until you get kids you can practise with a slab of beer.



If the carrier gets on a run, screaming is both welcome and a natural accompaniment to this cracking carry!



As headache inducing as the upside-down carry but without the added benefit and freedom of being able to swing the arms. Not the best, but certainly not the worst. Nothing better than a strong shoulder jolting into a full stomach post dessert!





A serious confrontation

3. Horsey

Not long after the big fire and the visit from the red-hatted fireman, there was an “escape” from Luna Park in St Kilda.

Local police saddled with staffing an information caravan parked in nearby Acland Street weren’t sure if it was actually an escape or a case of horsenapping. The outcome was clear though, all the horses from the Merry-Go-Round had disappeared.¹ Gone.

Horses were there when Park Security did their midnight round, however the following morning only the vertical poles and slightly warm manure remained.

1. See Chris Shinner, “Stories for Kids”, Orange Books, 2009.

HORSEY

That evening Woolly heard a munching sound on the front lawn which was not *her* munching sound. Lifting her woolly head, she came nose to nose with a long, though happy, horsey face, which had also been tucking into the sweet dewy grass.

Woolly put two and two together and got four.

“I saw the news on the telly this morning and if I’m not mistaken, you’re a Luna Park escapee,” baa’d a stern looking Woolly.

“Please don’t raise the alarm,” whinnied the horse. “We just want to return to our Gippsland hills and be real horses again, to frolic and gambol across the fields of fragrant waving grass.”

There was a sadness, but detectable modicum of hope, in Horsey’s eyes.

“OK then, here is the deal.” Nobody could pull the wool over our Woolly’s eyes.

A good horse hoof thump on the front door was all that was needed for the front door to be opened. (Fortunately, damage to the door was minimal.)

HORSEY

“Just in the nick of time!” cried an exasperated Mami.

Looking past Mami, Horsey could see four immovable objects and sensed the frustration they were generating.

I pounced immediately, throwing the nearest kid on Horsey’s back, then pointing him in the direction of blankets and sleep. A smack on the rump and the job was done.

“Sorry, gotta gallop!” Outside it sounded like a brumby stampede as the rest of the Luna Park Merry-Go-Round thundered past. With a flick of her long tail, and a wink to Woolly, Horsey was gone with her pack.

“Well Paps, what ya gunna do now?”

“Yeah, OK, climb on.” (I had been training remember.)

And so, with the initial help of the real thing, another four deliveries to the land of the nod were successfully accomplished.

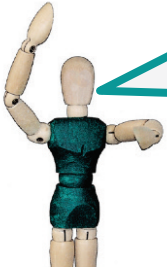
Having said that, one of the older riders did whisper in my ear as I cantered down the hall, “Nice one the other night Paps. You know of course we knew all along it was you.”

HORSEY



HORSEY

The Kids said...



Neighing and whinnying sounds vital to the success of this.

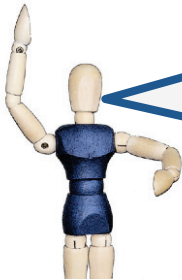
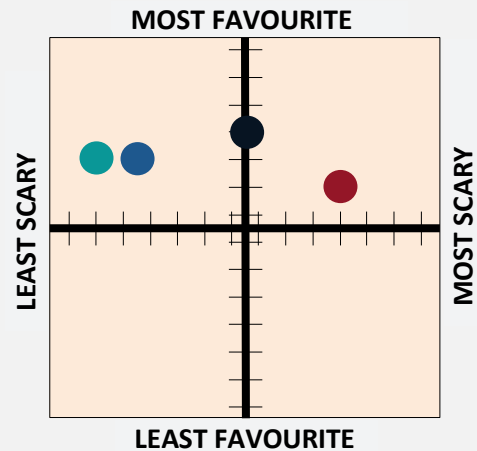


A great one! Always more enjoyable with one of the brothers on the back too.

A cracking short route travel choice. Possibly hard on the carrier's back, and you gotta hold on tight, but by golly one of the best ways to get around!!



Rankings....



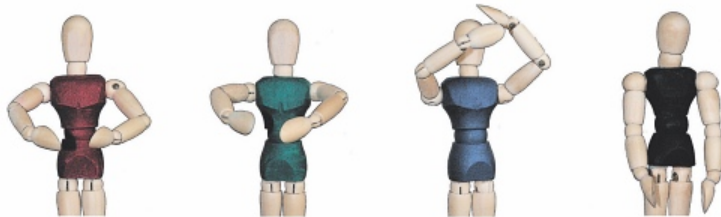
Did enjoy this one as you felt you were in charge and could yell "giddyup", dig in the spurs, and give the horsey a whip with the free hand without too much fear of repercussions. The other parent can even join in by performing the coconut sound effects and feeding the horsey carrots when it gets tired. Create a rodeo experience and add some bucking to the ride.



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