

The following piece was written as an entry for a contest to travel to the North Pole on a nuclear ice-breaker ship with Quark Expeditions, a polar travel outfitter.

There once was a girl from the East,
Who's tiny apartment was leased,
She decided her goal,
Was to visit a pole,
But since Peary, the price has increased!

So she entered this contest instead,
And dreamed every night in her bed,
Of icebergs and whales,
And all of those tales
She could write down and then have them read.

"I wonder just how it might be,
I guess I'll just go there and see.
Of the places I've been,
The North Pole would win.
Though the others have helped make me, me!

Israel's about sunsets and hiking,
And New Zealand was quite to my liking.
In Australia got ill,
But after a pill,
Was rarin' for surfing and biking.

In Alaska I learned how to fish,
And in Thailand I ate every dish.
Namibia was sandy,
And Fiji was dandy,
But the pole is my number one wish!"

...

So allow me to represent you,
And record all the things that I do.
I'll blog the details,
About icebergs and whales,
And pass on a photo or two.

Writing's a favorite of mine,
and when travelling I do more than fine.
Combining the two,
Is the BEST I could do,
So pick me to drop you a line!

(And I promise to end the rhyme here,
I can write without rhyming, don't fear!
I'll write you some prose,
That will tingle your toes,
From my polar adventure next year).