

## Roscoe and the Red Kangaroo

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"How dare you read my comic books, Susannah?" Roscoe screamed in fury at his sister.

"Those are mine too!" Susannah screamed back. "Grandma gave them to both of us. You broke my dolly Roscoe. I hate you, I hate you, I hate you." And her door SLAMMED in anger at her brother.

"OH YEAH, WELL I WISH I NEVER HAD A SISTER!" Roscoe yelled through the closed door and then he stormed into his room and SLAMMED his door and flopped on his bed sobbing in anger and confusion.

Roscoe and Susannah were twins and they just hated to fight. As he lay there, he knew what he said was terrible but he was just so angry with his sister. "I am never going to forgive her." He mumbled and he found his mumbles taking him off to sleep and to dreamland. "Never, never, never, never, never...." He drifted away until he "woke" with a start.

"Where am I?" Roscoe said not recognizing the room. There was a TV on nearby and a Bugs Bunny cartoon was one.

"You are in a dream, Roscoe," Bugs turned to him from the screen and said. "Doc, you have big problems with your sister. You better seek help. But don't look at me, Doc. I am trying not to get shot by Elmer Fudd."

"What?" Roscoe gasped with confusion. Could this be a dream? It seemed so real but the colors were much brighter and in real life, Bugs Bunny never spoke to him. Roscoe walked out of the room and wandered down the hall which emptied into a colorful field full of huge flowers that hummed Christmas Carols as the bees buzzed the harmony. Everything was like a fairy tale here until he sniffed a flower and it bit his nose. He backed up with an OW! Then just like that, he toppled over backwards over a big fat squirrel that he had tripped over.

"Hey watch it Roscoe." The squirrel complained. "This may be a dream but fantasy characters have feelings, too, you know."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Squirrel. I don't know a lot about how to walk around in a dream world. You speak very well for a squirrel with bad teeth," Roscoe observed.

"Hey this is how our teeth are supposed to look, Buster." The squirrel teased Roscoe with a happy smile on his furry face. "My name is Felix. Let me lead you to the Red Kangaroo, he can explain your mission to you." And with that Felix the Squirrel took Roscoe by the hand and they walked by the most amazing and wonderful things the imagination could ever invent. Just as they passed under the splashy pink and orange Jell-O waterfall, Felix said, "Stop, we are here."

"Are we going to meet the Red Kangaroo now?" Roscoe asked.

"Yes, look over there." And as Roscoe strained his eyes against the dim shadows under the forest with chocolate flavored leaves, a burst of red shot out like a comet and the huge kangaroo landed right on Roscoe's chest smiling a big goofy smile.

"Hello Roscoe, I am Randolph. I know what you need to do to complete your adventure," the kangaroo said in his deep bass voice.

"Tell me, Randolph, begged Roscoe, "and could you not step on my pocket. My sister's glasses are there and I can't let them be hurt or she won't be able to go to school."

"She is who I want to talk to you about Roscoe," said Randolph. "You are mad at her and you have to know the magic words to make the anger go away forever. It can only be done with magic. Seek the magic." And just like that, Randolph and Felix bounded away and Roscoe was left by the banks of the Jell-O lake, confused and alone.

"But I don't know any magic to help me make anger go away forever," he cried out loud.

"I do," came a voice. It wasn't a squirrel voice or a kangaroo voice but one Roscoe knew very well. Roscoe turned to see who it was and his heart leapt with happiness. "Granddad!" he exclaimed and he ran to his favorite grandparent and they hugged a hug that was more wonderful than any of the candy or talking animals he had met so far.

"What is it, Granddad? What magic word makes anger and the fight Susannah and I had go away forever."

"It's a magic word that Jesus taught me Roscoe. And guess what, he taught it to you too," Granddad said with a warm smile. "That word is forgiveness."

"Oh Granddad," Roscoe said crossing his arms. "She did a bad thing. Jesus never told me to let people do bad things to me and run over me."

"Yes he did little boy," granddad said and Roscoe knew he should listen because when Granddad said "little boy", you had to listen. "Remember what he said about turning the other cheek? Do you know what that means?"

"No Granddad, that was confusing. Does it mean invite someone to hit you again?"

"No, no, no, little boy," he said lifting Roscoe to his lap. "It means that you love the one who offends you and you give back love and joy and generosity to anyone who offends you. I know, I know, that seems impossible doesn't it?"

"Yes, Granddad," Roscoe admitted.

"Well one person did it perfectly and he can go inside you and make you able to do everything he ever did."

"Is it magic Granddad? Does this wizard do magic?"

"No, Roscoe. That person is Jesus. He forgave everybody didn't he? But do you know the most important person he ever forgave?" Granddad asked and Roscoe just shook his head. "It was you. And then he died on that terrible cross so you would never have to pay for all the bad things you have done. And do you know the special magic that forgiveness brings?"

"Please tell me granddad."

"When you forgive Susannah, you won't carry around all that anger and be all closed off to yourself so you are both free to love each other and play and make up games and she will love you a hundred times more than ever because you loved her with Jesus' love and forgave her just like He forgave you."

"I want this magic Granddad, when do I get it?"

"Just ask Jesus into our heart and ask him to release his love and forgiveness as soon as you wake up and he will pour the magic out and set you free of anger and resentment and free to forgive and be forgiven by Susannah."

And sure enough. Before Roscoe could say "Randolph the Red Kangaroo", he woke up and he asked Jesus to help him. He felt his heart full of happiness and he couldn't wait to run to Susanna. "Susannah, a big red kangaroo and Granddad taught me to forgive you and I want you to forgive me because forgiveness is magic." And they hugged and started playing and running just like always. As they made big messes with their toys, Susannah said.

"I am so glad you learned about the magic of forgiveness. I knew all about it, too, and couldn't wait to tell you, Roscoe."

"Wait, how did you know? I had a magical dream but who told you about the magic of forgiveness."

"Why silly," Susannah said with a toss of her long blond hair, "Felix did."