



Tracy Spring is a performing songwriter based in the US's Pacific Northwest who has visited and shared her music in Australia for many years.

On her first trip to Australia in 1980/1981, she explored, via backroads, via pushbike, the east coast from Canberra to Melbourne and then around Tasmania. She's returned several times since, including an extensive music tour in QLD, VIC and NSW in the mid 1990s.

Several years later, she penned a song, adapted from a short story written by her sister Jacqueline, a true account that took place in the 1920s' Australian Outback.

Tracy is currently searching for an Australian landscape/portrait artist to illustrate *The Red Bull*, one of her upcoming "Grandmother Tales" series of children's picture books.

"Grandmother Tales" are based on lyrics of songs she's written over the last 25 plus years: stories of kindness, courage and caring for each other and our beautiful planet.



The Red Bull book format will be 215.9x215.9mm (8.5"x8.5") illustrated with between 10 and 22 double paged spreads. Compensation will be offered.

To listen to *The Red Bull* song, and for updates about "Grandmother Tales" or other projects, please visit her web site: TracySpring.com.

If you have suggestions about an illustrator who might be a good fit for this project, please contact her at TracyASpring@aol.com!

The Red Bull © 1999 Tracy Spring

**Long red shadows fell beneath a swollen prairie moon
She paced the porch uneasily amid the murky gloom
She can feel him coming, all the signs are there
The drying wind has shifted and his stench is in the air**

**Pulsing in the distance a growing ember glows
Warning curls of dusky smoke around a bloody rose
The sheep are wheeling nervously around the paddock gate
For they know what is coming and the wind will seal their fate**

**He comes, he comes, the Red Bull comes
with blackened breath and greedy tongue
Faster than a horse can run across the blazing day
Never cares what he destroys, it only leaves him wanting more
Wake the children, say a prayer and run...the Red Bull comes...**

**She rides her battered rocking chair 'til she can bide no more
Thinking, rocking, thinking, wearing grooves into the floor
The enemy they can't outrun and neither can they hide
Nor cry and plead for mercy against its fiery tide**

**Now she wakes her sleeping children with little time to lose
Finds their thickest clothing and their sturdiest of shoes
And ties a wet bandanna 'round each and every head
The smoke is getting thicker and their eyes are burning red...**

**Now they walk the sheep before them, hand in hand & round & round
One hundred twenty trembling hooves wear grooves into the ground
She sings when they grow weary 'til the songs within her choke
And the Red Bull rages 'round them in the ash and dust and smoke...**

**...Faster than a horse can run across the blazing day
Never cares what he destroys, it only leaves him wanting more
Wake the children, say a prayer and run...the Red Bull comes...**

**At last the wayward morning steals across the ruined ground
On a stark and smoldering wasteland where no living thing is found
Except within a dusty circle worn by hooves and feet
Where a woman rocks her children to the murmuring of sheep**

**And counts her many blessings from woolly head to toe
For they have given her a gift beyond what they can know
The shepherdess, the flock, the lamb, the meek, the weak, the frail
Withstood the Red Bull's rampage and survived to tell the tale...**

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