

Little Bear Goes to the Bookshop

John Herbert Marr

Exile
Hundon
CO10 8HD

©2013

Little Bear Goes to the Bookshop

In a little house in a wood on the side of a hill lived a little bear called Edwin. He enjoyed romping round the garden pushing his wheeled ladybird, and chasing the dogs with his toy engine, until his mummy called to him to leave the poor dogs alone. “Come in now, Little Bear,” she called. “It’s time to get your coat on. We’re going out.”

“Are we going to Tesco?” asked Little Bear, who only knew a few places. Mummy shook her head. “Where are we going?” he asked excitedly. Little Bear loved going out, and he loved new places.

“Sissy Bear needs a book for her course,” Mummy explained. Sissy Bear was much older than Little Bear, and she seemed to read a lot of books. “We’re going to the bookshop.”

Little Bear was very excited. He had never been to a bookshop before. They got into the car and drove to the big town, then they walked from the carpark towards the High Street. A small carousel had been set up on the pavement and, as a special treat, Little Bear was allowed to have a ride. “But only one,” Mummy cautioned. He chose the bus because he could climb the stairs and sit on the open top deck at the front, ringing the bell cheerfully as he swung round passed them. Little Bear enjoyed his ride, and wanted another, but Mummy was firm. He climbed down, and they continued their walk.

They went on to the bookstore, and started to wander between the shelves. Sissy Bear was doing a course on Sociology and Politics, and Little Bear had never seen so many books stretching high on their shelves, right up to the ceiling. Sissy and Mummy Bear began looking carefully for the book Sissy needed, but they all looked very boring. They were all thick books, with dull covers and long titles. Sissy and Mummy kept looking, and the more they looked the more Little Bear wandered off. First he went to the bookshelf on the other side, but that looked boring. Then he went to the end of the aisle, and the bookshelves seemed to go on and on. Then he noticed that the ceiling had a big square hole in it, and through the hole he could see other bookshelves on the floor above, and the more he looked the more exciting the bookshelves looked. They were big, coloured covers with bright, interesting pictures of trains and dragons and woods. He crept closer, then noticed a stairway going up through the hole in the ceiling. He wanted to see closer, so he crept up to the bottom of the stairway, and stared up as hard as he could. He wanted to see a bit more, so he put one foot on the stairway, and before he could say “wiggle my whiskers”, the stairway was carrying him up through the hole in the ceiling and onto the next floor. He called out, but Mummy and Sissy Bear were still looking at their books and didn’t hear him. Suddenly, the stairs seemed to disappear into the floor, and Little Bear was very frightened that *he* was going to disappear into the floor as well, but somehow the stairs slipped away from under his feet and he was suddenly standing on the hard floor among the colourful books. He looked back down, and Sissy and Mummy looked a long way away. He tried to go back down, but everytime he stood on the stair, it carried him straight back up again.

He almost ran round the room, looking for another stairway that went down, but he couldn't find one, and he was very frightened. He started to cry when he suddenly ran into an assistant, who picked him up and tried to comfort him, but Little Bear was so frightened he just cried all the louder.

Downstairs, Sissy Bear pricked up her ears and said to Mummy, "That sounds like Little Bear." They looked around, but Little Bear wasn't there. Sissy moved towards the stairway, and the crying grew louder. She looked up, and could hear him crying and she stepped on the stairway and ran up as fast as she could. As she reached the top, she saw Little Bear and cried out to him as she raced over. Little Bear wriggled and leapt from the arms of the assistant as soon as he saw Sissy Bear, and she just managed to catch him in time. She wiped his eyes, and Mummy joined them and they were so relieved to see Little Bear again safe and well they didn't tell him off, but they let him choose a book all of his own from the many beautiful ones on display. He chose a lovely book called "Little Bear Goes to the Bookshop". Then they all went to the little restaurant in the bookstore for drinks and biscuits.

They went downstairs again, and found Sissy's book, and this time Little Bear was very careful not to let go of Mummy's hand. Well, for a minute at least. Then they went back, and as an extra treat they all had icecream, and Mummy allowed Baby just one more ride on the carousel.

That evening, after they got home, Mummy started to read Little Bear's new book to him, and began, "In a little house in a wood on the side of a hill lived a little bear called Edwin..."