

# *Little Bear and the Windy Day*

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# Little Bear and the Windy Day

The wind had been shaking the Bears' house all night, with heavy rain splashing against the windows and wetting the floors where it leaked through the cracks in the doors. Morning was slow in coming, for the clouds lay thick as blankets across the sky, smothering nature in the heavy cloth of winter. Little Bear played with his garages, and watched his videos, and ate some dinner, but was getting more and more restless at being confined to the house. Finally, Daddy Bear agreed to take him out in the car, and Mummy Bear was persuaded to come too.

They drove down little lanes, carefully skirting broken branches while daddy kept an anxious eye for falling trees. Rain lashed the windows, and the rivers were high. They came to a small town called Wye, and found a little cafe still open where they were able to get drinks and a buttered toasted teacake for Little Bear. They left across a narrow bridge by the mill, with the river making wide tracks round the wear and flooding the fields because it was so high.

It was too wet to walk, and they were glad to return home for tea. They left the town, but had not got far before they came to a big police sign saying "Road Closed", and ahead they could see a fallen tree that had knocked down a wall as it lay across the road.

Daddy turned round and tried another way, but this lay across a ford, and the river had risen so high, daddy did not want to risk taking their car through, so they had to turn round again and try another way. This time, they came up to fields so flooded, it looked as though the road dipped into a great lake, and water was running across from one ditch to the other like a stream. Daddy looked very worried then, but slowly he began to cross the great lake that had once been the road. They stopped on the far side, and got out to look at the big floods. Another car came up to them, and the driver stopped and would down his window to speak to them. "Did you get through alright?" he asked.

"Yes," said Daddy Bear. "It's not too bad if you go slowly".

The other driver wound his window back up, hunched down and clamped his teeth together, and gripped his steering wheel very tightly. Then he revved up his engine and the car shot forward through the waters with a great spray of waves. Half way through, it suddenly stopped. The driver opened his window again, and shouted back to daddy, "you said I could get through!"

"Yes," said Daddy Bear, "but not at that speed. You made a great bow wave and you've swamped the engine." The man looked very angry, as though it was Daddy Bear's fault, but daddy said he'd call the rescue service, and they would be along soon to tow him out, and the man seemed quieter after that. Then they all got back into their own car, and were glad to be moving again heading back for home.

Little Bear played garages again, before going up for his bath. He sat on the stairs halfway up and looked up at Daddy Bear. "What makes you love?" he asked.

Daddy thought for a moment. "Being makes you love," he answered slowly. "Being a son, being a daddy, being a brother, being a mother. Being makes you love. I am your daddy, therefore I love you."

"What makes you not love?" wondered Little Bear.

"When people hurt us, that makes us not love."

"What else makes you not love?"

"Sometimes we do things that make us not love. Greed and jealousy, they make us not love."

Little Bear thought for a moment. "And angry makes you not love. I love you, daddy."

"I know you do," daddy smiled, "and I love you, Little Bear. Now, let's get ready for bed."

Little Bear took one of his cars into the bath with him, and played at floods. Then he snuggled down as Daddy read him his story. And though the wind still howled and the rain beat hard against the windows, he was happy and at peace, for he knew he was loved. "Goodnight, daddy," he whispered so quietly, it was almost a sigh. But daddy heard, and was glad of it.