

Janet Hissey



Old Bear



Five-Minute Stories



Five classic books in one

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Old Bear

Little Bear's Trousers

Little Bear Lost

Jolly Tall

Jolly Snow

Old Bear



BRAMWELL Brown was sitting with Duck, Rabbit and Little Bear, when he suddenly remembered someone who wasn't there.

"I do miss Old Bear," he said, "I wish he could be here with us."



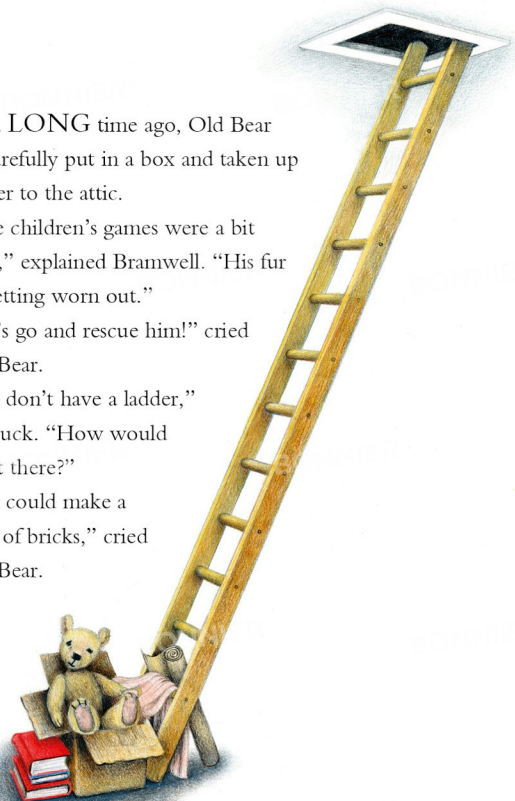
A LONG time ago, Old Bear was carefully put in a box and taken up a ladder to the attic.

"The children's games were a bit rough," explained Bramwell. "His fur was getting worn out."

"Let's go and rescue him!" cried Little Bear.

"We don't have a ladder," said Duck. "How would we get there?"

"We could make a tower of bricks," cried Little Bear.





THE toys collected wooden blocks and piled them one on top of another.

The tower grew taller and taller.

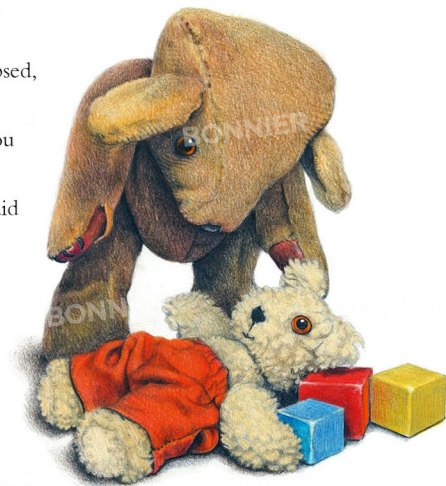
Little Bear was right at the top when the tower began to wobble.

"Look out!" he cried, "I'm coming down!"

CRASH!

The tower collapsed, all over the floor.

"I don't think you meant to come down that fast!" said Bramwell Brown.





“LET’S make ourselves into a tower,” suggested Duck.

“We won’t be as wobbly as bricks.”

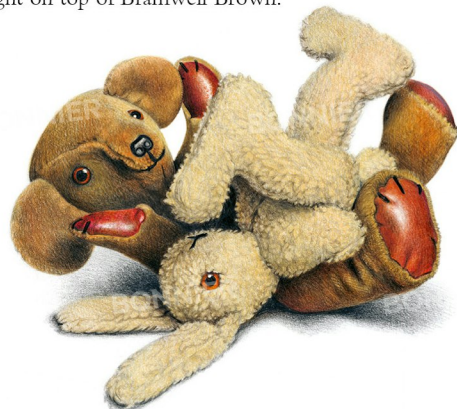
Little Bear held on to Rabbit’s ears and Rabbit hopped onto Duck’s head. Duck stood on tiptoes and stretched up as far as he could.

Then he wobbled . . .

And Rabbit toppled . . .

And they all tumbled . . .

Right on top of Bramwell Brown.



“Sorry,” said Duck, “perhaps that wasn’t such a good idea.”

“Not one of your best,” replied Bramwell.

“I KNOW!” cried Rabbit. “We’ll bounce on the bed to get there.”

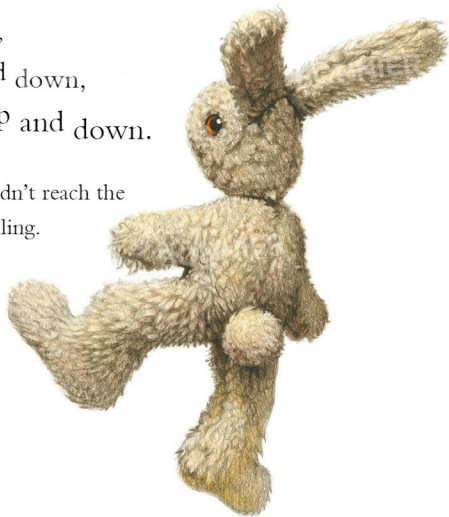
They began to jump;

up and down,

up and down,

up and down.

But still they couldn’t reach the
trap door in the ceiling.



DUCK looked very sad.

“We’ll never rescue Old Bear,” he sighed. “He’ll be so lonely up there on his own.”

But Little Bear had an idea. . .



“I know how to get to the attic,”
he said to Bramwell Brown.





HE pointed to a very tall plant.

"I'll climb this," he explained, "then jump into the attic and rescue Old Bear."

Little Bear scrambled up the plant. "Nearly there," he cried as he swung from the very top leaf.

"Be careful!" called Bramwell, but it was too late. . .

SNAP!

The leaf broke and down came Little Bear, right into Bramwell's paws.

"I think you'll have to learn how to fly," said Duck.





“FLYING!” said Bramwell. “That’s a good idea. We’ll use the little plane to get to the attic.”

“I’ll be pilot!” cried Rabbit, jumping onto the plane.

“And me!” called Little Bear. “I’ll push open the trap door.”

“Old Bear won’t fit on the plane,” said Duck. “How will he get down?”

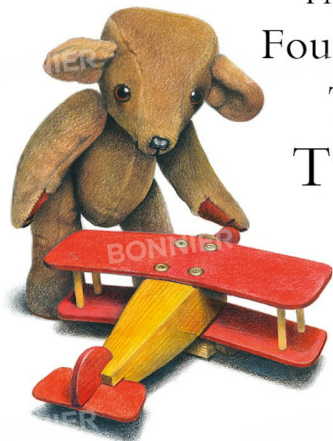
“By parachute!” said Bramwell Brown.

“These handkerchiefs will do.”



LITTLE Bear packed the parachutes and a torch in his bag. Bramwell wound up the propeller of the little plane.

“Five,
Four,
Three,
Two,
One,
GO!”



They whizzed along the carpet and up into the air. As they passed the trap door Little Bear pushed it open with a paintbrush.





“FLY past again!” he called to Rabbit. “I’ll jump in!”

Bramwell gasped as Little Bear grabbed the edge of the trap door and pulled himself inside.

It was very dark in the attic.

“Any bears in here?” he whispered.

Then he heard a little ‘Grrrrr’. He turned on his torch and there, sitting by a box and covered in dust, was Old Bear.







“OLD Bear! Old Bear!” squeaked Little Bear. “We have missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too,” said Old Bear. “It’s been quite lonely up here.”

“Well,” said Little Bear kindly, “would you like to come back to the playroom now?”

“I’d like that,” said Old Bear. “But how do we get down? We can’t fly!”

“We can!” cried Little Bear. “Bramwell’s made us parachutes!”





LITTLE Bear helped Old Bear put on his parachute and they stood by the hole in the ceiling.

“Ready,” shouted Rabbit.

“Steady,” shouted Duck.

“GO!” shouted Bramwell Brown.

The two bears leaped bravely from the trap door.

Their parachutes opened and they floated gently down.



“WELCOME home, Old Bear,” said Bramwell Brown, giving his friend a big hug. “It’s lovely to have you back.”

“It’s good to be home,” said Old Bear. “Thank you for such an exciting rescue.”



AND that night, when they were all tucked up in bed, Bramwell thought about the day's adventures.

"I love having all my friends with me," he said to himself.

"I knew it was going to be a special day."



Little Bear's Trousers



THE sun shone through the window and woke Little Bear. “What a lovely morning,” he said to himself. “I’ll do something different today.”



HE took off his pyjamas and looked for his trousers. He looked on the chair where he'd left them. Then he looked under the bed. He even looked through the chest of drawers in case they were there. But they weren't. They were nowhere.

"Trousers can't disappear," cried Little Bear. "I'll see if Old Bear has seen them."



OLD Bear was enjoying the sun in his deckchair when Little Bear found him.

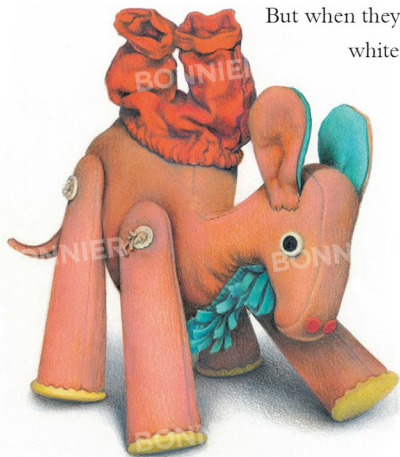
“Hmm. . . trousers,” he said. “I haven’t seen them, I’m afraid, but Camel was here just now. Perhaps she knows where they are.”



LITTLE Bear soon found Camel. “I did find them,” she said. “I was feeling cold and I thought they were a pair of hump warmers. These are better, though,” she added, showing Little Bear two bobble hats: one for each hump.

“Can I have my trousers back, then?” asked Little Bear. “Oh, sorry Little Bear, I didn’t know they were yours. I gave them to Sailor to use as sails for his boat. Come on, I’ll take you there.”

But when they found Sailor he had white sails on his boat.





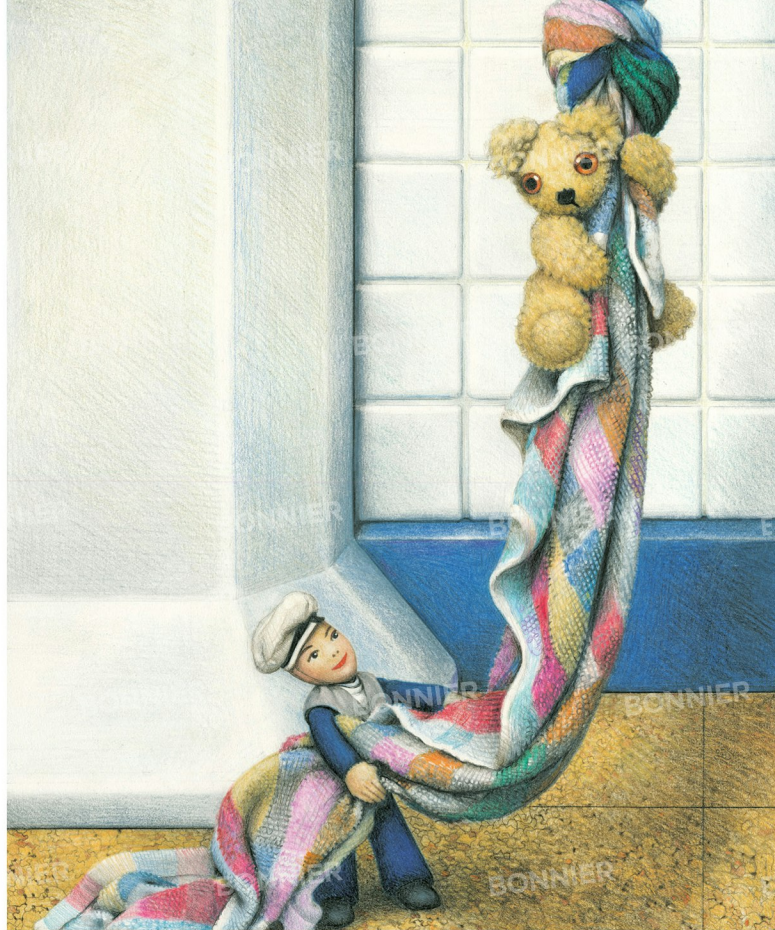
“THE sails Camel gave me looked too much like trousers,” he explained.

“That’s because they are trousers,” said Little Bear.

“Where are they now?”

“I gave them to Dog to keep his bones in,” said Sailor.

“Sorry, Little Bear. You’d better hurry and find him.”





DOG was burying his bones in flowerpots when Little Bear found him.

"They kept falling through the two-bone bone-holder," he explained.

"TWO-BONE BONE-HOLDER!" cried Little Bear.

"Those were my trousers!"

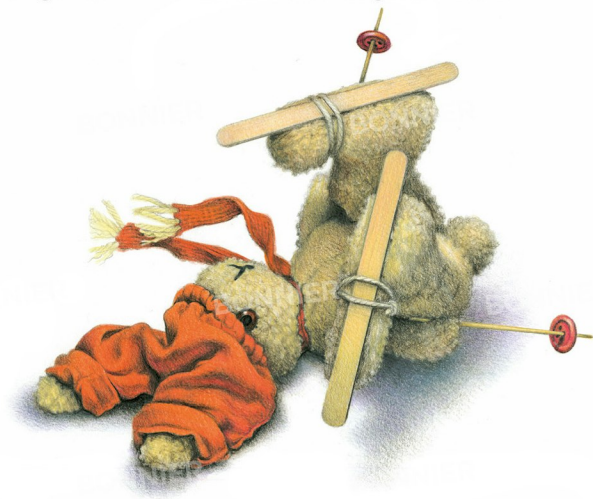
"Oh, dear," said Dog. "I gave them to Rabbit to use as a skiing hat. I am sorry, Little Bear."





“WHEEE!” cried Rabbit, as he shot past Little Bear, skiing down the bannister on two lolly-stick skis. But there were no trousers on his head.

“I did have them,” he explained when Little Bear caught up with him. “They made a lovely hat with lots of room for my ears. Then they slipped over my eyes and I crashed so I gave them to Zebra. She was building herself a house.”





ZEBRA had finished her house when Little Bear arrived. But his trousers were nowhere to be seen.

“I did use them,” she said. “I put them on my back and carried all these bricks in them.”

“What happened to them then?” asked Little Bear.

“I gave them to Duck to use as a flag for his sandcastle. Sorry, Little Bear. I didn’t know you’d lost them.”





DUCK was in the sand tray making sandcastles. He had a paper flag to put on the top.

“Zebra gave me a lovely flag,” he sighed. “But Bramwell borrowed it to use in the kitchen.”

“Was it red?” asked Little Bear.

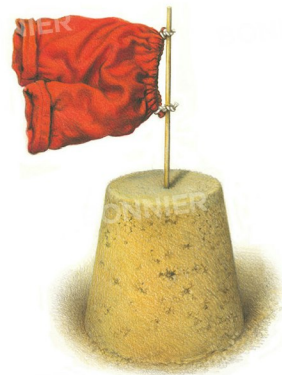
“Bright red,” said Duck.

“And did it look like trousers?”

“Hmm,” said Duck,

“I suppose it did.”

“Those were my trousers,” said Little Bear, “and I really need them back.”



They hurried to the kitchen where they found bowls and spoons and eggs and flour, and in the middle of it all sat Bramwell Brown.



HE had Little Bear's trousers, but, oh no: he had filled them with pink icing and was decorating a huge cake.

"Hello," he called. "Look, I can do two stripes at once with these icing bags!"

"But they're not icing bags; they're my trousers!" cried Little Bear.

"Oh dear," said Bramwell Brown. "I thought I'd seen them before."





“DON’T worry,” said Old Bear. “The icing will wash out and they’ll be as good as new.”

“I hope so,” said Little Bear. “I don’t want them all sticky. Who is the cake for?”

“It’s for all of you,” said Bramwell Brown.

“A Trousers Day cake!” laughed Old Bear. And that’s what Bramwell wrote on the cake.

It said ‘Happy Trousers Day’ in the middle and there was a trousers pattern round the edge.



DUCK washed Little Bear's trousers and dried them next to the cooker. Then all the toys sat down to enjoy a piece of cake and to celebrate the day Little Bear lost, and found, his trousers.



AND ever since Trousers Day, Little Bear has slept
with his trousers under his pillow.

“Nobody will find them there!” he says.

Little Bear Lost



OLD Bear had been very busy all morning. He'd packed an enormous picnic for all the toys. He was just closing the lid of the basket when Little Bear dashed past and dived into a heap of books.

"Do you think anyone will find me?" he called from underneath the heap.





BEFORE Old Bear could answer, Bramwell Brown, Duck and Rabbit ran into the room. Soon they were hiding too.

“We’re playing hide and seek,” explained Bramwell from under a cushion. “Did anyone see us hide?”

“Only me,” said Old Bear. “Who’s looking for you?”





“OH dear,” said Bramwell miserably, “we’ve done it again: we’ve forgotten to get anyone to look for us.”

“That’s a pity,” said Duck. “It could have been a good game.”

“Old Bear,” said Little Bear thoughtfully, “if we hide again, will you try and find us?”

“Of course,” said Old Bear. “Are you ready?”



HE covered his eyes and started to count.

“One,

Two,

Three,” he began as Rabbit jumped into a vase.

“Four,

Five,

Six,” he continued, as Duck climbed into a box.

“Seven,

Eight,

Nine,” he

counted as Bramwell
hid behind the curtain.

“TEN!” he called,

“I’m READY!”

And by then Little
Bear had vanished too.



OLD Bear began to search for the others. First he found a sock that he had lost weeks ago. And then he found ten marbles that had rolled underneath things. He even found Cat, who wasn't really lost or hiding!

But he couldn't find the other toys.

"It's no good," he sighed. "I can't see any of you. Can we tidy up a bit and start again?"

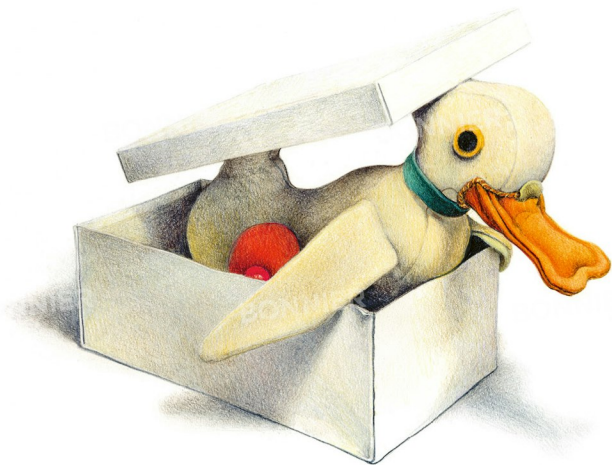


THE other toys came out of their secret hiding places, one by one. All of them, that is, except Little Bear.

“Where is he?” asked Bramwell.

“He can’t be far away,” said Old Bear. “Let’s call him.”

They climbed on a chair and shouted “LITTLE BEAR!” so loudly that they nearly fell off!





BRAMWELL peered under the bed. “He could be here,” he said.

“I’m not going in there,” said Duck. “It’s all dark and dusty.”

“I’ll go!” cried Rabbit. “It’s just like a tunnel; I love tunnels.” He was about to dash under the bed when Bramwell caught him by the tail.

“Take this string,” he said, “then you can’t get lost. We’ll all hold the other end!”

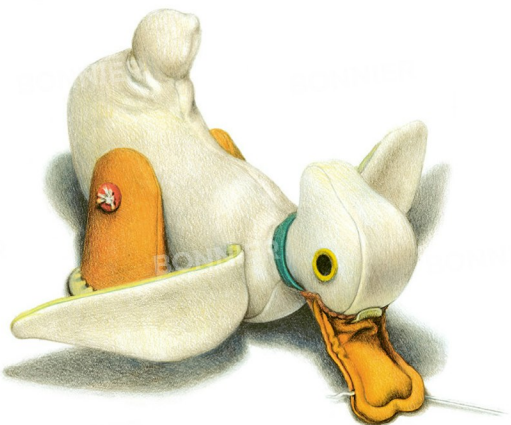


WITH the string tied round his middle, Rabbit disappeared under the bed. The others watched and waited.

Suddenly the string gave such a jerk that Duck fell on his beak.

"He's here!" called Rabbit. "I'm holding on to him. Can you pull us out?"

They all pulled hard on the string and out popped Rabbit clutching, not Little Bear, but. . .





... a fluffy slipper!

"Oh," said Duck, "I don't think that's Little Bear."

"It felt like him," said Rabbit sadly.

"Never mind, Rabbit," said Old Bear, "you did your best. I'm sure Little Bear will turn up soon."



“LET’S make a poster,” suggested Old Bear, “with a picture of Little Bear on it. Then everyone will know who we are looking for.”

Bramwell did a painting of Little Bear in his red trousers and made him look a bit sad.

“He does look lost,” said Duck. “I hope we find him soon.”





BRAMWELL showed his poster to all the toys.

"We need everyone to look for Little Bear," he said.

They all wanted to help and, within minutes, everyone was searching. They rolled up rugs and climbed up curtains. They peered behind plants and jumped into drawers. But still there was no sign of Little Bear.



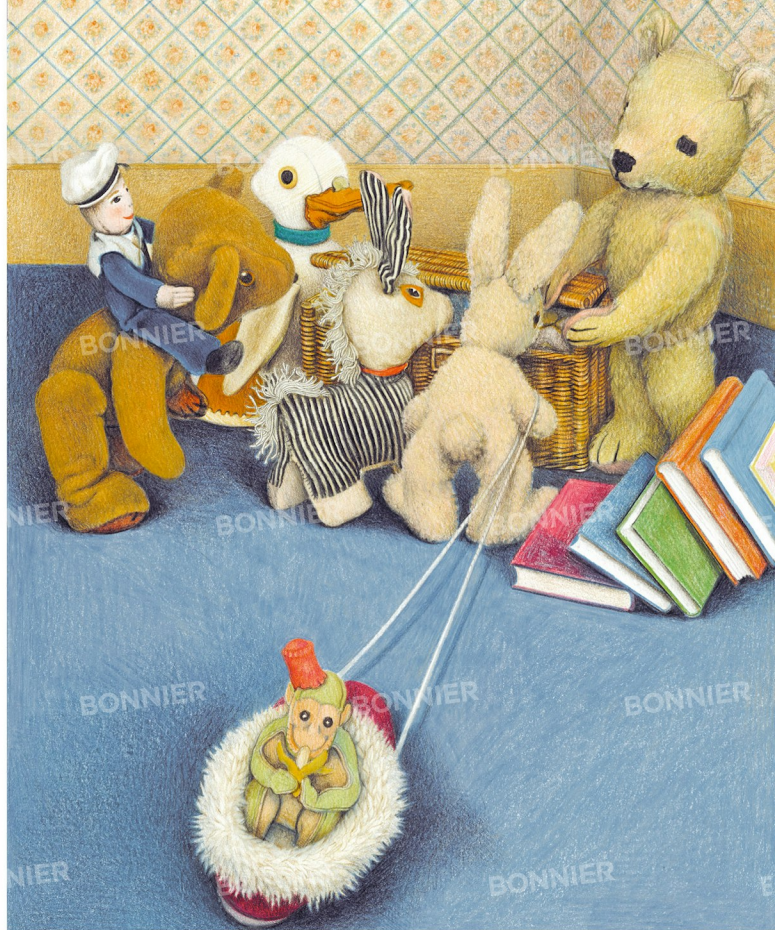


BRAMWELL sat down on the floor. "I'm tired," he sighed.

"And I'm hungry," said Duck.

"Well," said Old Bear, "perhaps we need a little break. We'll have the picnic I packed this morning, then we'll carry on looking."

He led the way to the basket of food and lifted the lid. 'There,' he said proudly, 'what do you think of that?'





THEY all peered into the basket. . .

“Well, that IS a surprise!” gasped Bramwell.

There, tucked under a teacloth and looking very full, was Little Bear.

Bramwell lifted him out of the basket and gave him a big hug.

“Hmm,” said Duck, staring at the crumbs that covered Little Bear, “we seem to have found a bear and lost a picnic!”

“Don’t worry,” said Old Bear.

“There’s plenty left for us! It’s picnic time!”



THEY dragged the basket, bumpety bump, down the stairs and out into the garden.

What a wonderful feast; they finished every crumb!

“Now,” said Old Bear, “it’s time for a rest. It’s been a very busy day.”

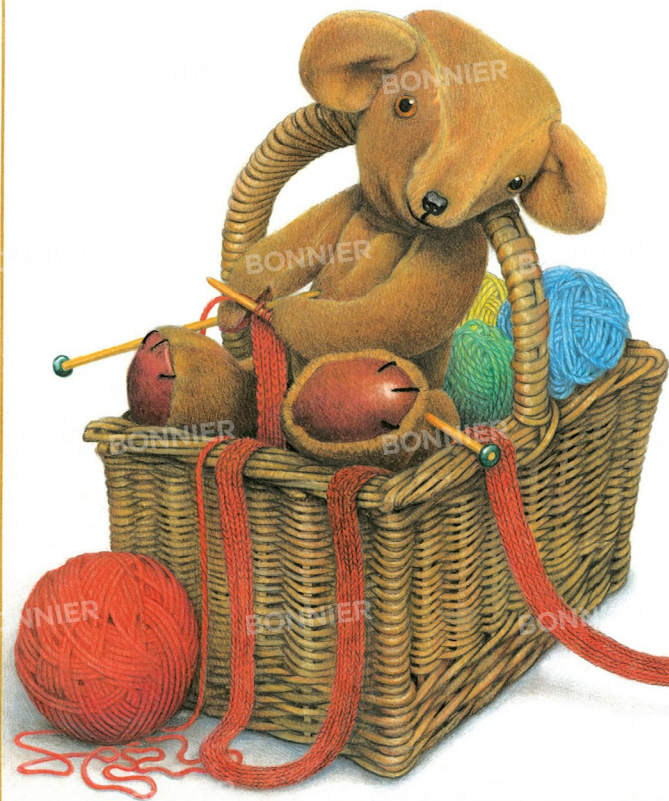
“No!” cried Little Bear, “let’s have another game of hide and seek!”

But there was no reply. Leaning against the tree and full of food, all the other toys were fast asleep.



Jolly Tall





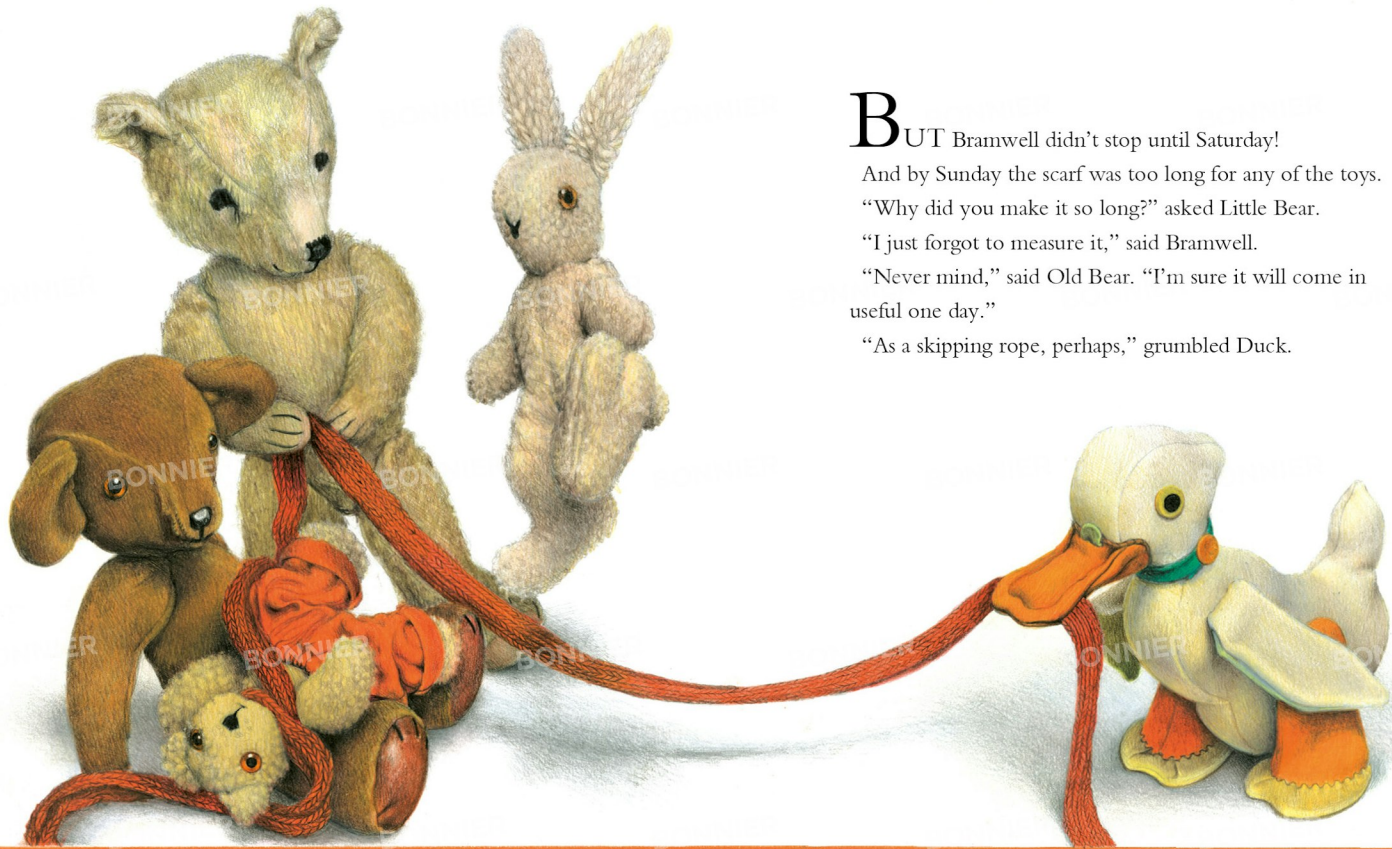
BRAMWELL Brown was knitting a long, red scarf. He started on Monday, knitted all Tuesday and by Wednesday it was long enough for Little Bear.

But Bramwell kept knitting.

On Thursday it fitted Little Bear and Rabbit. But still Bramwell kept knitting. By Friday it fitted Little Bear, Rabbit and Duck.

“Stop knitting!” cried Little Bear.





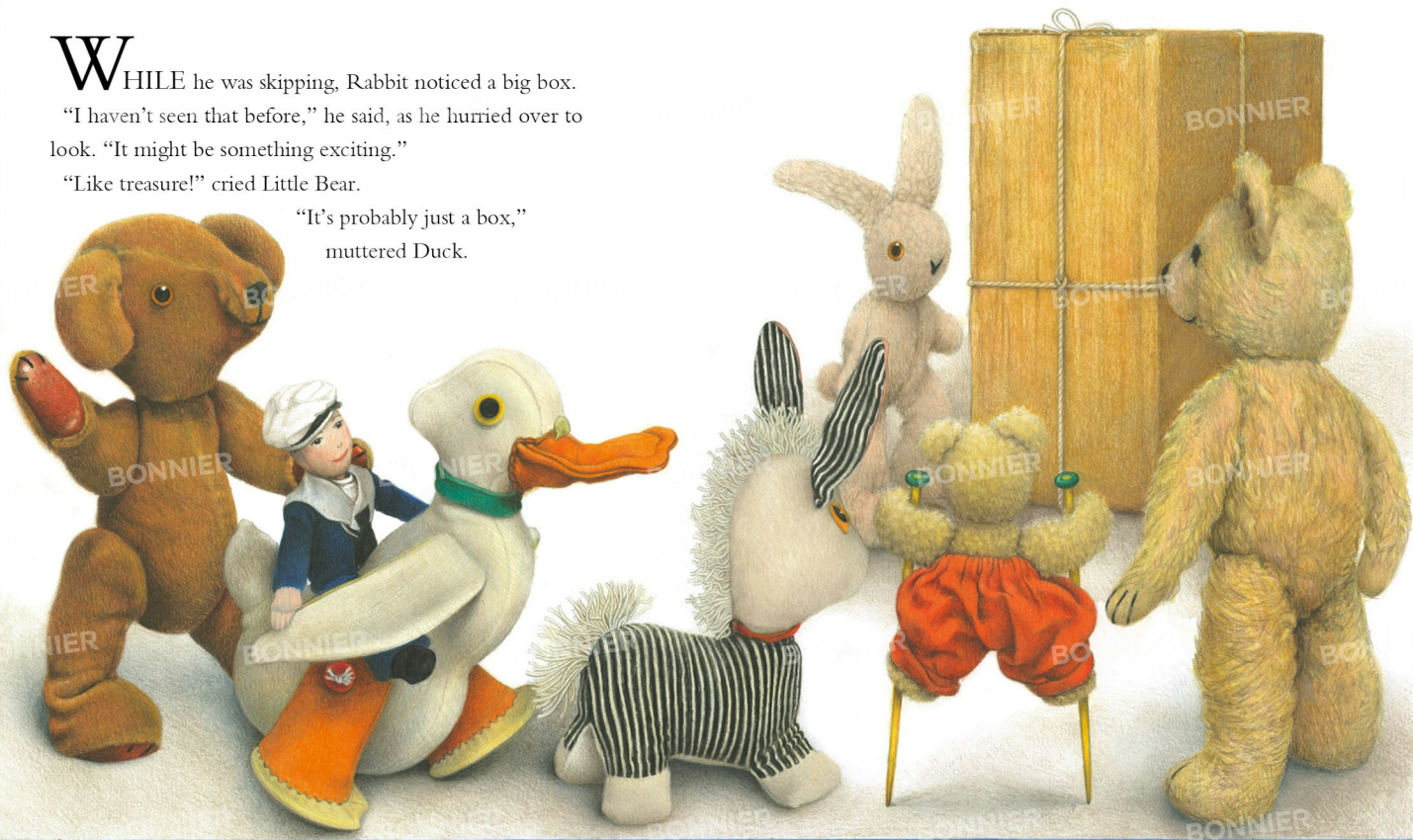
BUT Bramwell didn't stop until Saturday!
And by Sunday the scarf was too long for any of the toys.
"Why did you make it so long?" asked Little Bear.
"I just forgot to measure it," said Bramwell.
"Never mind," said Old Bear. "I'm sure it will come in
useful one day."
"As a skipping rope, perhaps," grumbled Duck.

W HILE he was skipping, Rabbit noticed a big box.

"I haven't seen that before," he said, as he hurried over to look. "It might be something exciting."

"Like treasure!" cried Little Bear.

"It's probably just a box,"
muttered Duck.



“I’ll look inside,” said Bramwell, poking a little hole with his knitting needle.

“Ouch!” said the box.

“That box just talked!” said Little Bear.

“It wasn’t the box,” said Old Bear. “It was the something inside.”

“Not treasure, then?” said Little Bear.

“Perhaps something guarding the treasure,” said Rabbit, hopefully. “Let’s open the box!”



“W E ought to talk to it first,” said Bramwell. He crept over to the little hole.

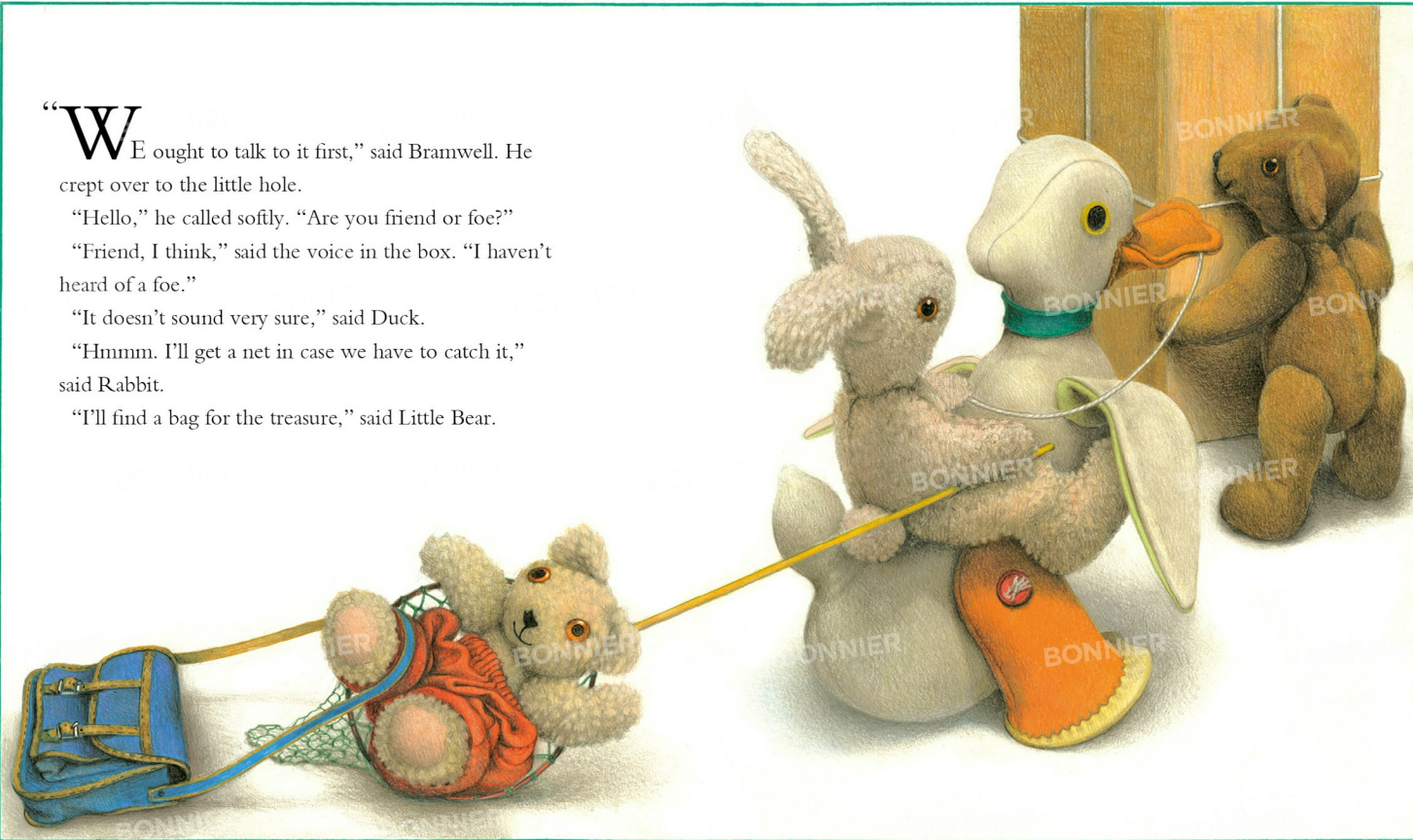
“Hello,” he called softly. “Are you friend or foe?”

“Friend, I think,” said the voice in the box. “I haven’t heard of a foe.”

“It doesn’t sound very sure,” said Duck.

“Hmmm. I’ll get a net in case we have to catch it,” said Rabbit.

“I’ll find a bag for the treasure,” said Little Bear.



VERY carefully, Bramwell and Old Bear
untied the string and opened the box.

Two little furry horns appeared first.

Then two big furry ears.

Then a friendly furry face.

“Hello everyone,” it said.



“HELLO,” said Little Bear, “are you standing on some treasure?”

“Sorry,” said their visitor. “There’s no treasure in here.”

“What are you standing on, then?” asked Rabbit.

“Just the bottom of the box,” said the smiley face.

“You must be jolly tall!” gasped Little Bear.

“That’s right,” said the visitor. “That’s my name. But do call me Jolly. Do you like my house?”

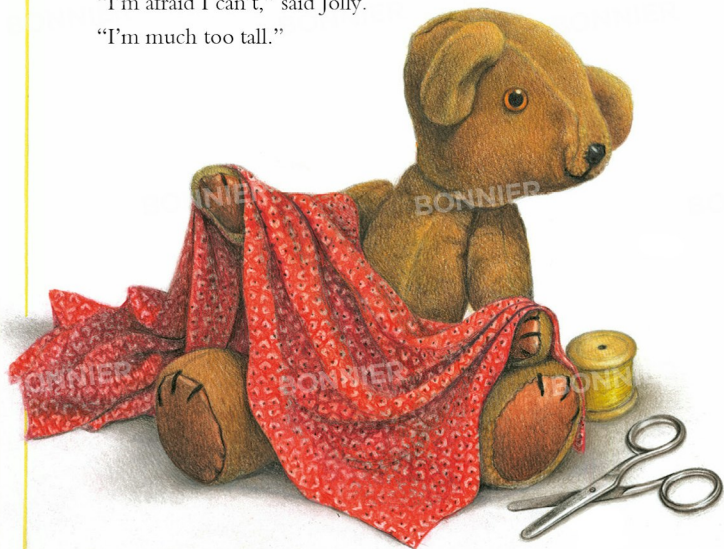
“We thought it was just a box,” said Little Bear. “It would look better with a door and some windows.”



JOLLY agreed, so they carefully cut out windows and a big front door. Bramwell made curtains to hang inside. "You can come out now," said Little Bear, opening the door.

"I'm afraid I can't," said Jolly.

"I'm much too tall."





“OH dear,” said Rabbit, “you’ll have to jump out.”

Little Bear ran out of the box. “Look out!” he cried, as Jolly started jumping:

thump,
thump,
thump.

“It’s no good,” said Jolly, “I just can’t get high enough.”

“Don’t worry,” said Old Bear. “We’ll lift you out with the crane.”

They pulled the little crane onto a pile of books.

“We’ll soon have you up in the air!” called Bramwell.



“I DON’T like being high up,” said Jolly, “I’ll just stay here.”

“It’s alright,” said Little Bear, “I’ll cover your eyes with my paws so you can’t see how high you are.”

Jolly liked this idea so, when they were ready, Bramwell turned the handle of the crane. With Little Bear covering Jolly’s eyes, they rose up out of the box.

“We’re out!” cried Little Bear, taking one paw off to wave to the others.



THEN it happened. . .

Jolly saw how high he was. "Get me down!" he cried.

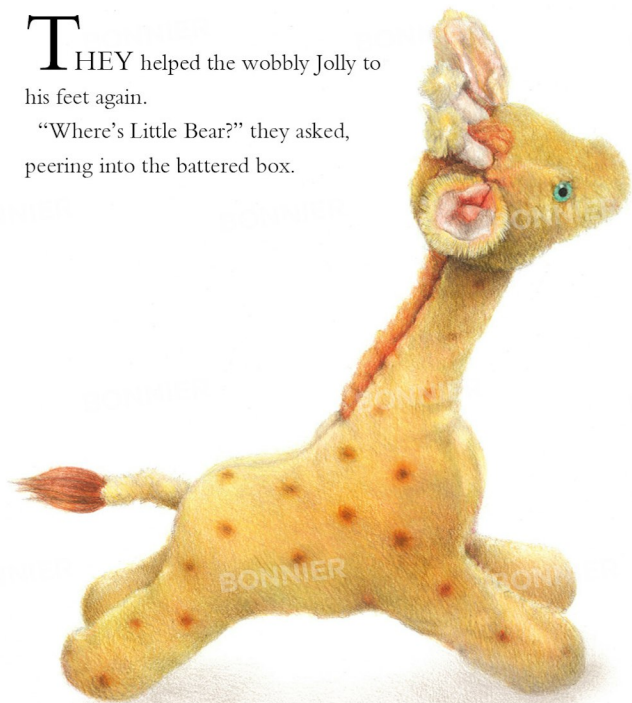
The box wobbled, Jolly wobbled and both went crashing to the floor.

LITTLE Bear flew through the air and disappeared. But nobody noticed; they were too busy pulling Jolly out of his box.



THEY helped the wobbly Jolly to his feet again.

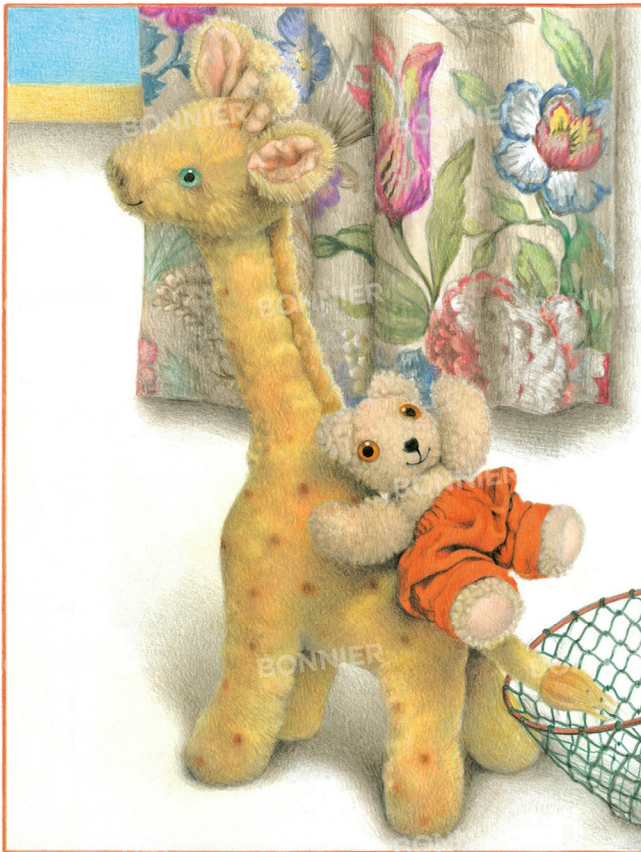
“Where’s Little Bear?” they asked, peering into the battered box.



“I’M here,” came a little voice. “I flew!”

And there was Little Bear clinging to the curtain by the tips of his paws.

“Hold on,” cried Jolly, galloping to the rescue. “I’ll get you down. Just slide down my neck.”



LITTLE Bear let go of the curtain, slid down Jolly's long neck and landed, plop, in Bramwell's net.

"That was fun," said Little Bear. "I want another go."

"No more flying," said Old Bear. "It's time for bed."

"But where will Jolly sleep?"

asked Rabbit.

"It's alright," said Jolly, "giraffes sleep standing up. Just a blanket will do for me."





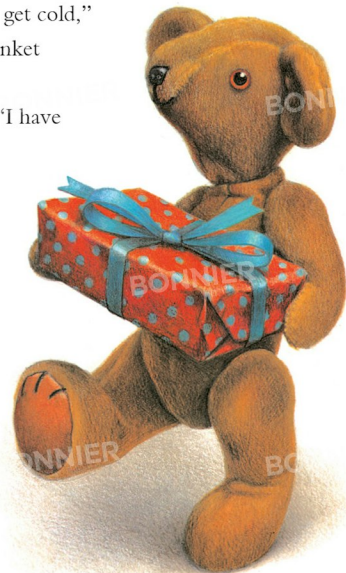
LITTLE Bear and Rabbit found a cosy blanket for their new friend.

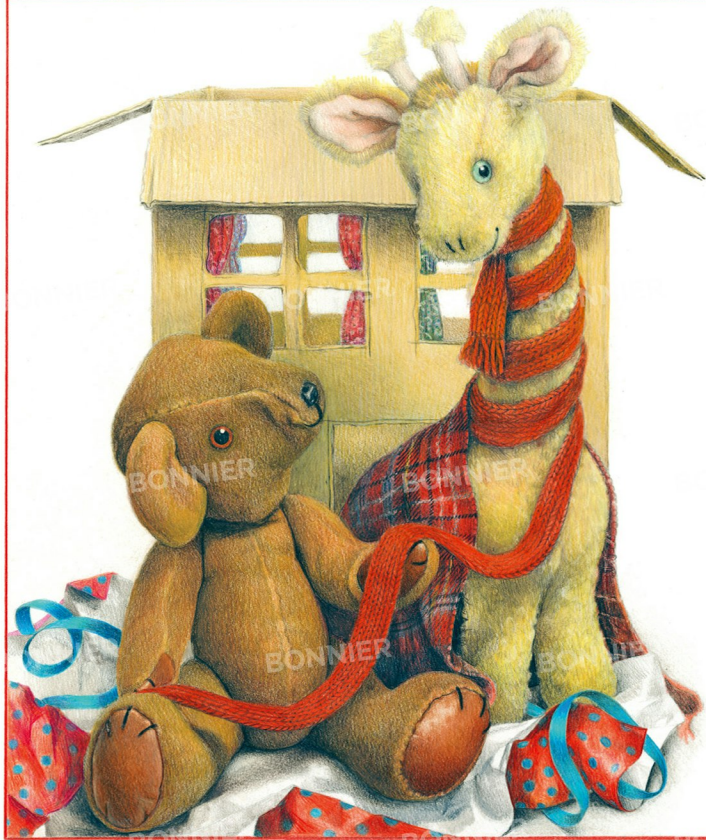
“Your neck’s going to get cold,” said Little Bear, “the blanket won’t cover it.”

“Ah!” said Bramwell, “I have something for Jolly.”

He hurried away and returned with a parcel.

“It’s a present for you,” he said. “A welcome present!”





JOLLY unwrapped the parcel. Inside was the very, very long red scarf.

"It's the best present ever," said Jolly. "How did you know it would fit?"

"I guessed it would," laughed Bramwell, as he wound it round and round Jolly's long neck.

"We thought you might be some treasure this morning," said Rabbit.

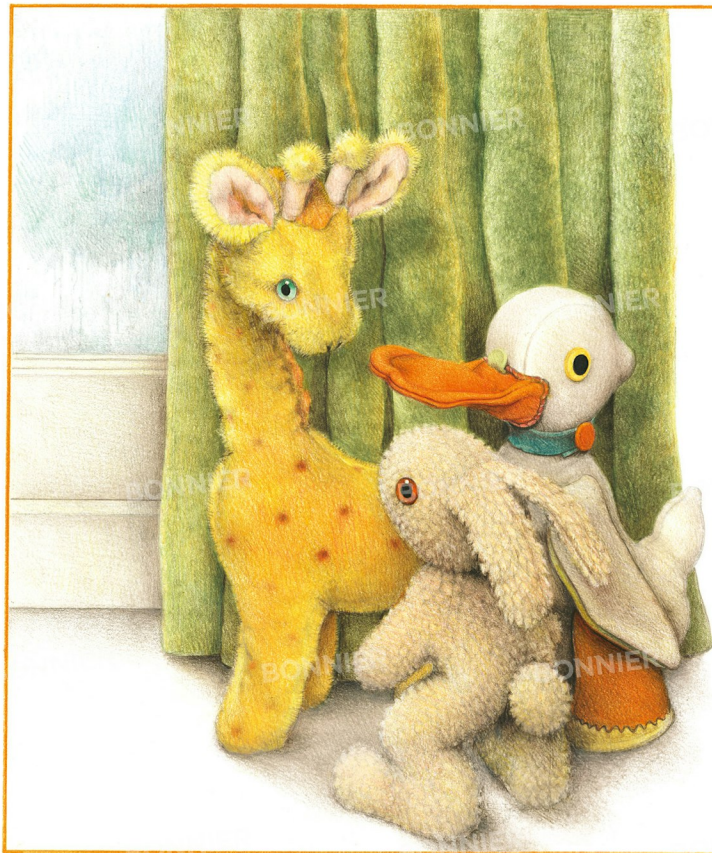
"Or just an empty box," said Duck.

"But we're glad you weren't," said Little Bear. "A new friend is better than a whole boxful of treasure!"



Jolly Snow





IT was cold and grey outside. Jolly Tall, the giraffe, was gazing out of the window.

“Are you waiting for something?” asked Rabbit.

“I’m waiting for it to snow,” said Jolly. “I’ve never seen snow.”

“I know where there’s some,” said Little Bear.



HE hurried away and returned with a large glass bubble. Inside, a little house and a tree were covered in tiny snowflakes. Jolly stared at the snow.

"It's very pretty," he said. "What can you do with it?"

"You can make snowballs," said Little Bear.

"And slide on it," said Zebra.

"Or jump in it," said Rabbit, "and make footprints."

"There doesn't look enough of it for that," said Jolly.





HOLDING the glass bubble tightly, Little Bear jumped up and down. The snowflakes rushed around inside the glass.

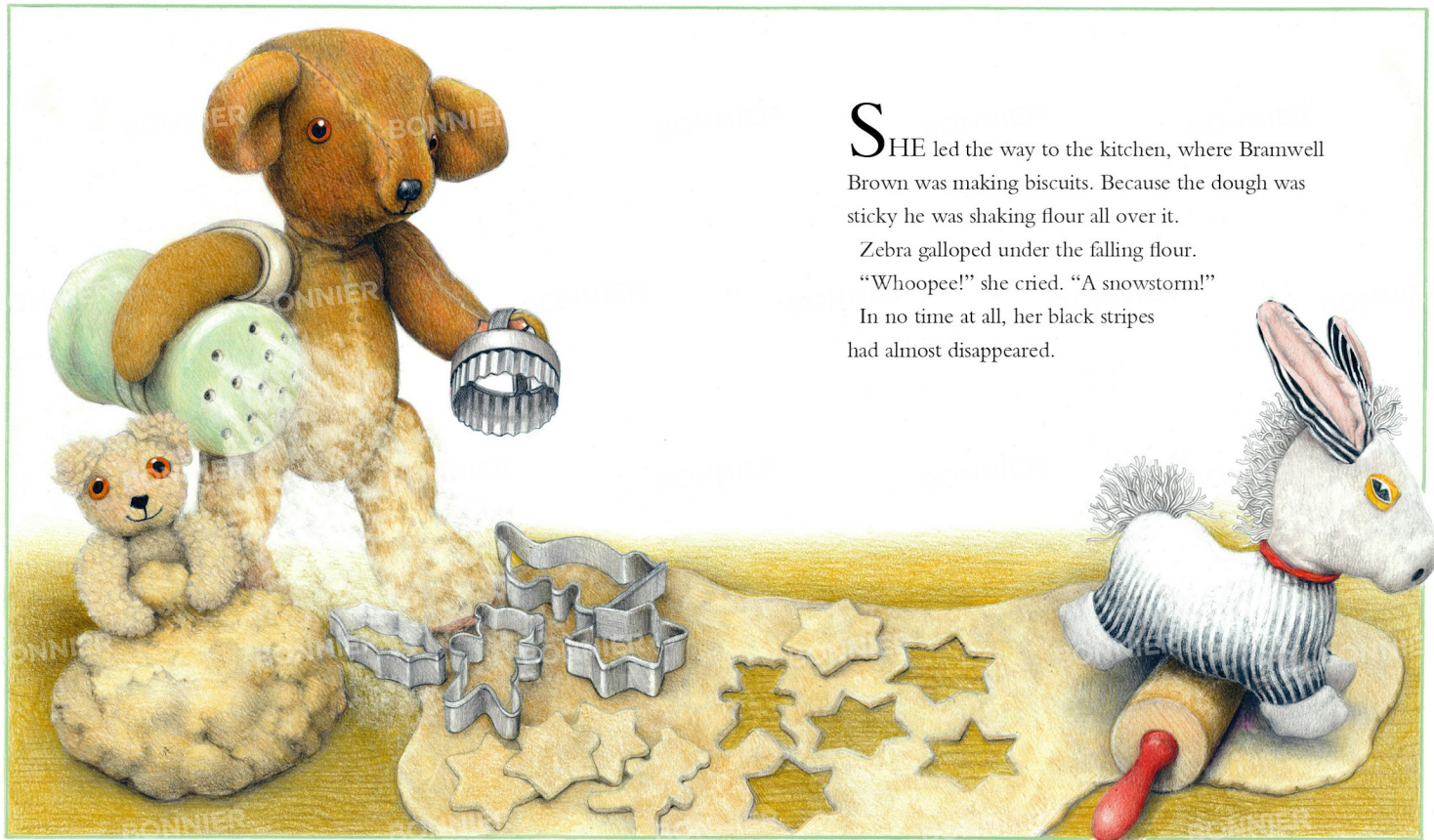
“Look at it now!” he cried.

“There’s not enough to make a snowball,” said Jolly.

“And you can’t get it out,” grumbled Duck.

“I know where there’s lots of snow,”
said Zebra.





SHE led the way to the kitchen, where Bramwell Brown was making biscuits. Because the dough was sticky he was shaking flour all over it.

Zebra galloped under the falling flour.

“Whoopee!” she cried. “A snowstorm!”

In no time at all, her black stripes had almost disappeared.

RABBIT tried to pick up a pawful of flour.

"It doesn't stick together," he said. "You can't make snowballs."

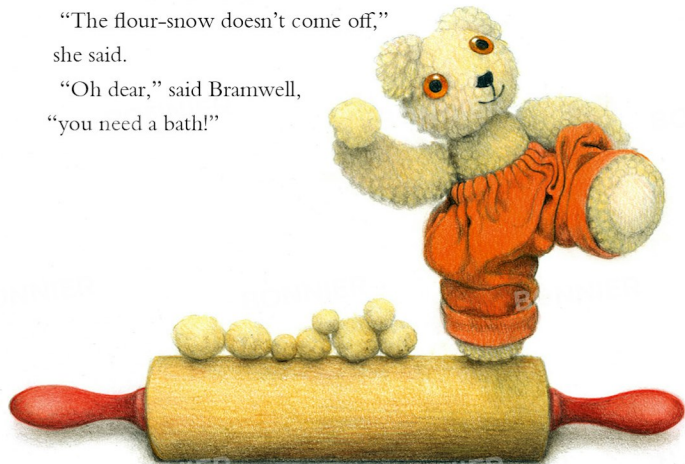
"The dough balls are fun, though," said Little Bear. He threw one at Rabbit and it stuck to his bottom.

"Now you have two tails," laughed Little Bear.

Zebra was jumping up and down.

"The flour-snow doesn't come off," she said.

"Oh dear," said Bramwell, "you need a bath!"



THEY filled a bowl with soapy water and the snowy Zebra climbed in. She splashed and splashed and bubbles went everywhere.

“Snow-bubbles!” cried Little Bear, popping them with his paws. “Your bath is full of them.”



THEY rubbed and scrubbed until Zebra was stripy again. Then they wrapped her in a warm towel.

“Now we can play with the snow-bubbles,” said Little Bear.



HE rushed over to Zebra's bath and stared.

“Where have all the bubbles gone?” he cried. “I wanted them for Jolly.”

“Bubbles never last,” said Duck, “and they make very sloppy snow. Let's ask Old Bear how we can make snow.”

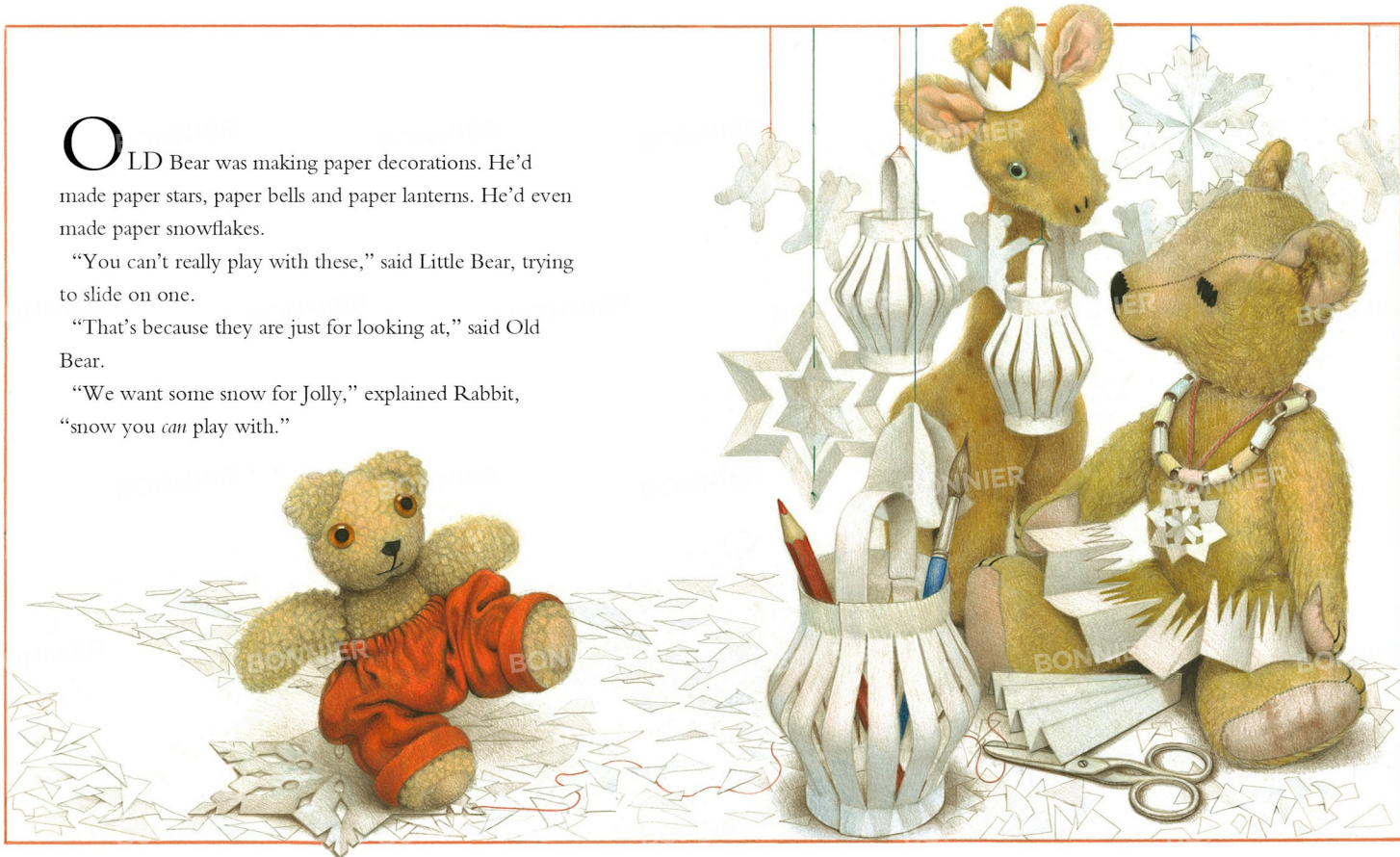


OLD Bear was making paper decorations. He'd made paper stars, paper bells and paper lanterns. He'd even made paper snowflakes.

"You can't really play with these," said Little Bear, trying to slide on one.

"That's because they are just for looking at," said Old Bear.

"We want some snow for Jolly," explained Rabbit, "snow you *can* play with."

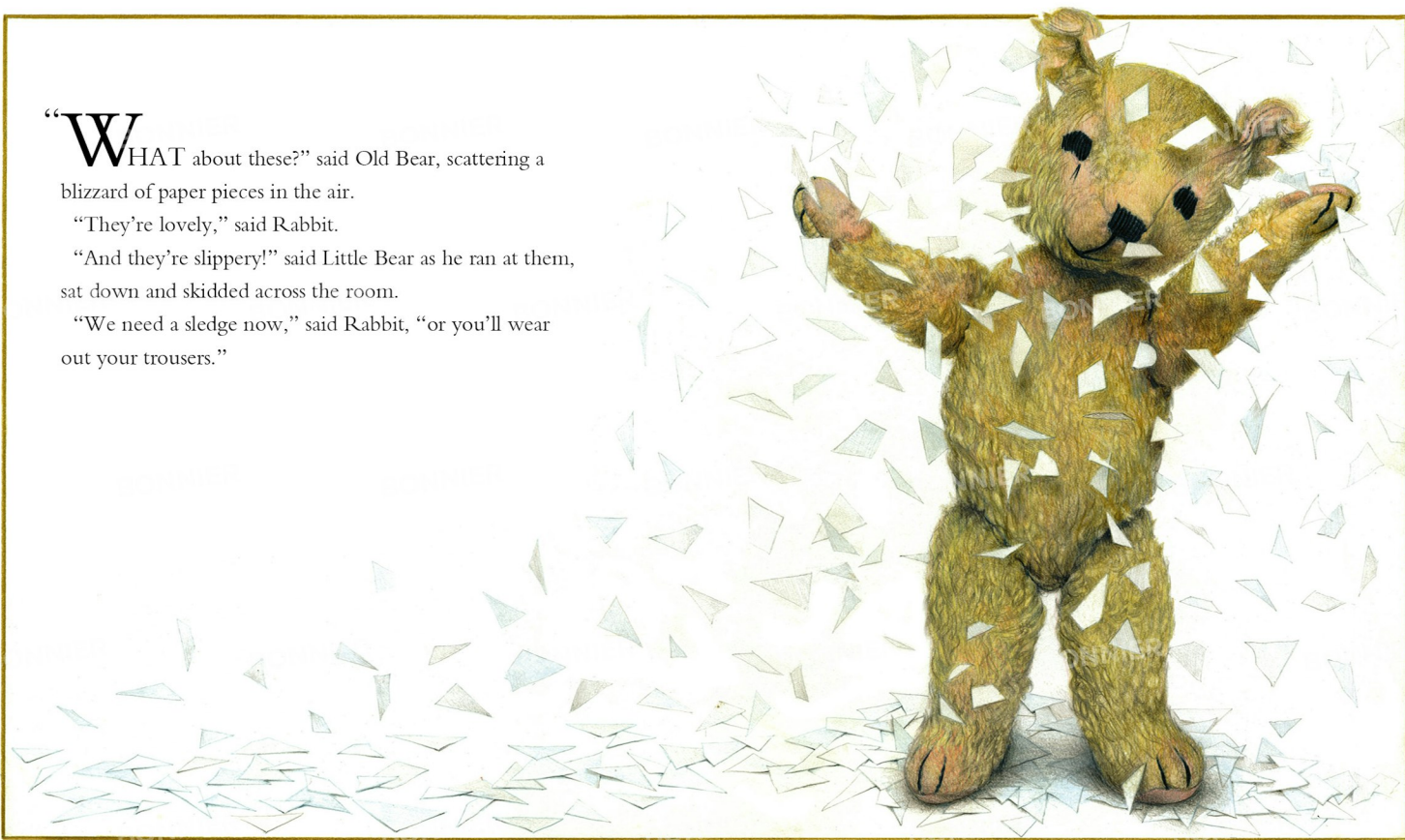


“WHAT about these?” said Old Bear, scattering a blizzard of paper pieces in the air.

“They’re lovely,” said Rabbit.

“And they’re slippery!” said Little Bear as he ran at them, sat down and skidded across the room.

“We need a sledge now,” said Rabbit, “or you’ll wear out your trousers.”



THEY found a cardboard box and cut away the sides. Rabbit tied a string to the front to pull it along.

"It works," cried Little Bear.

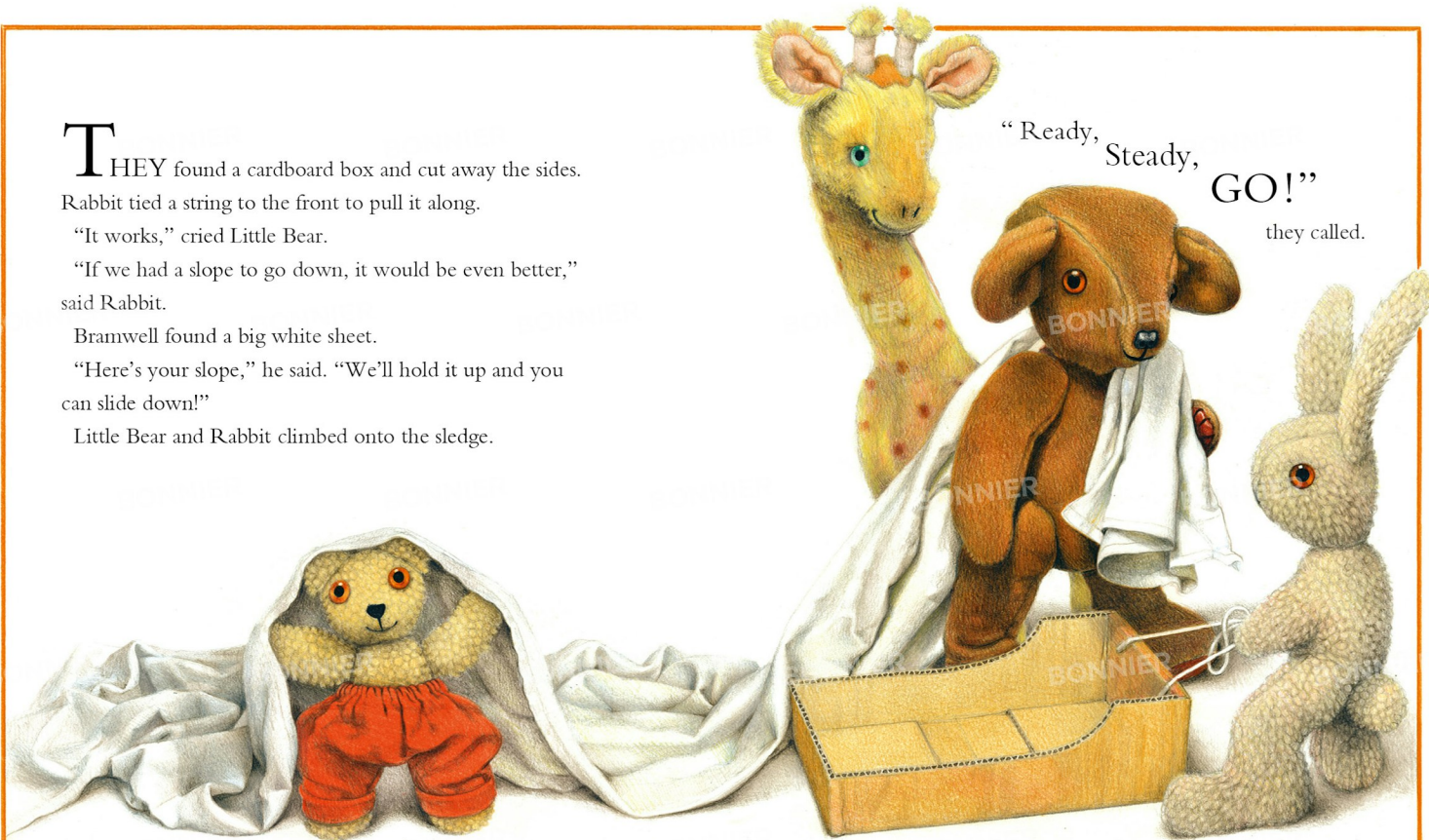
"If we had a slope to go down, it would be even better," said Rabbit.

Bramwell found a big white sheet.

"Here's your slope," he said. "We'll hold it up and you can slide down!"

Little Bear and Rabbit climbed onto the sledge.

"Ready, Steady, GO!"
they called.



BRAMWELL and Jolly lifted the sheet.

The sledge whizzed down the slope, across the room and into the wall on the other side.



“W E need a softer landing,” said Rabbit,
fluffing up his flattened fur.

They piled cushions against the wall and
pulled the sledge back on the sheet.

Then they called to Jolly

“One,
Two,
Three,
GO!”

U P went the sheet, down
went the toys, straight into the heap of
cushions.

As they landed, clouds of feathers puffed
out of a little hole in a cushion.





“F EATHER-SNOW!” cried Little Bear, jumping on the cushion to make more feathers come out.

Soon all the toys were playing with the feathers. They rolled in them and jumped in them and piled them in heaps.

“Is this like real snow?” asked Jolly.

“It’s better,” laughed Little Bear. “It doesn’t melt or make you cold. Let’s put some round the windows.”



HE began to pile feathers in each corner of the window.

"Someone's already done this one," he called.

The window was all white but it was on the outside!

“It isn’t feathers,” cried Little Bear. “Look, Jolly, it’s real snow!”

The toys stared out of the window.

"Now we can play outside," said Zebra.

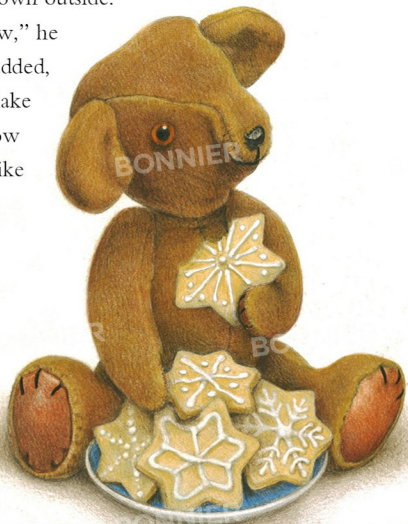


BUT just then Bramwell arrived with a plate of his special snowflake biscuits.

“I think you all need some of my snow first,” he laughed.

Jolly thought about the flour-snow and the paper-snow, the feather-snow and the bubble-snow. Then he looked at the real snow floating down outside.

“I like all kinds of snow,” he announced. “But,” he added, as he munched a snowflake biscuit, “Bramwell’s snow is probably the snow I like best!”



For Rye



A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 1995 by Hutchinson Children's Books

This edition published in the UK in 2024 by Templar Books

an imprint of Bonnier Books UK

4th Floor, Victoria House,

Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA

Owned by Bonnier Books

Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden

www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

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ISBN 978-1-83587-070-9

Printed in China

