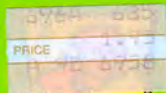


The Berenstain Bears
and the

**MISSING
HONEY**

Stan & Jan
Berenstain



The Berenstain Bears
and the

**MISSING
HONEY**

There's no case too hard,
no case too tough,
for the Bear Detectives
and their hound dog, Snuff!





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Random House  New York

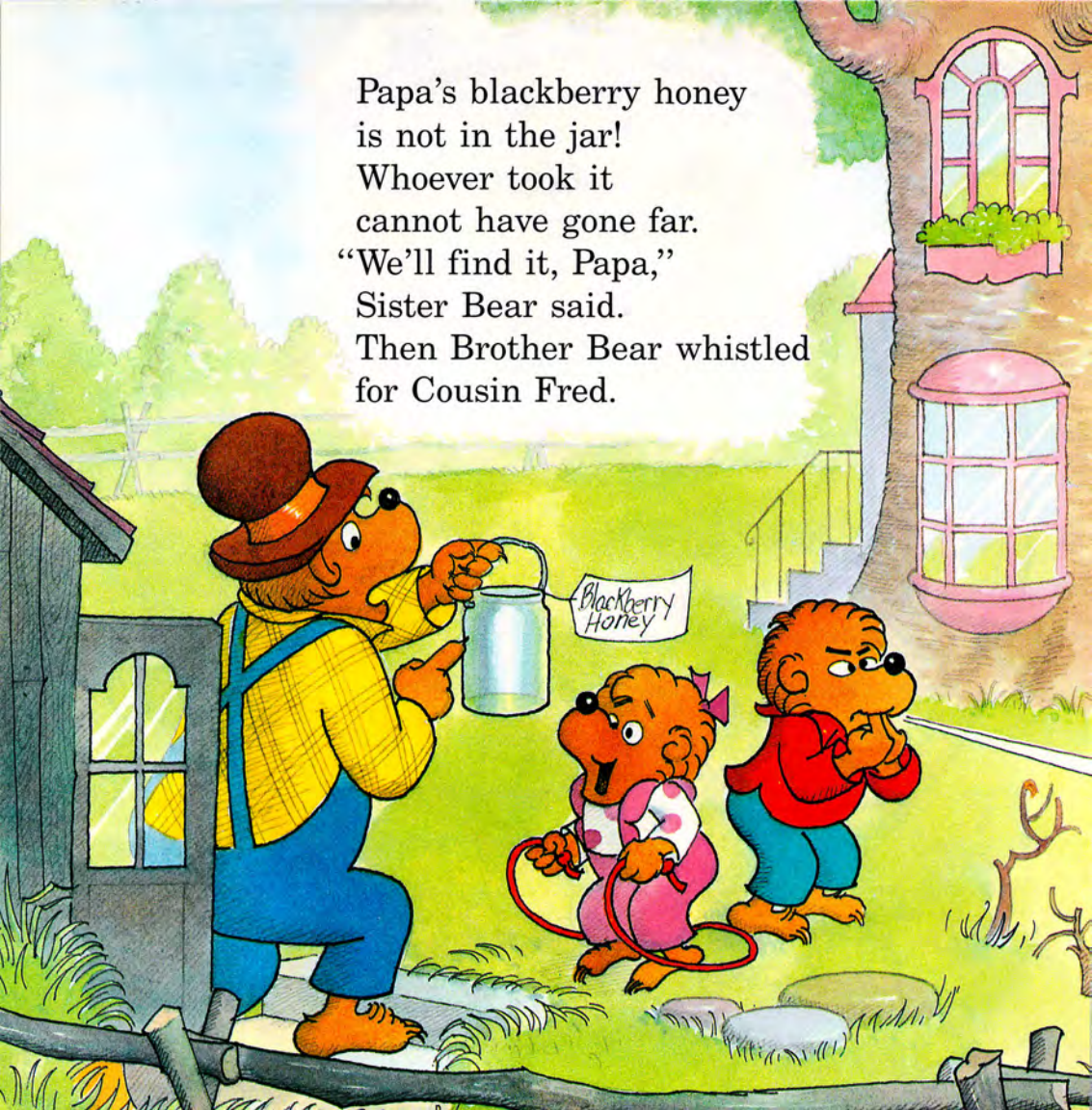
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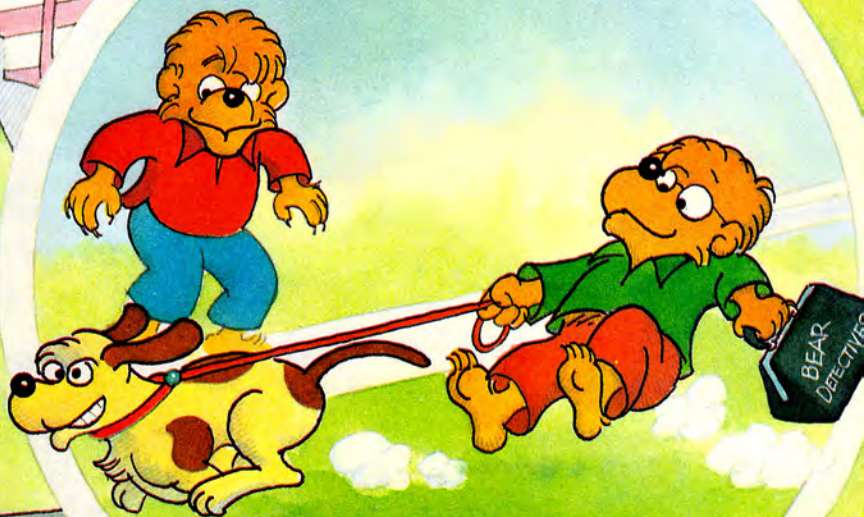
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Papa's blackberry honey
is not in the jar!
Whoever took it
cannot have gone far.
"We'll find it, Papa,"
Sister Bear said.
Then Brother Bear whistled
for Cousin Fred.

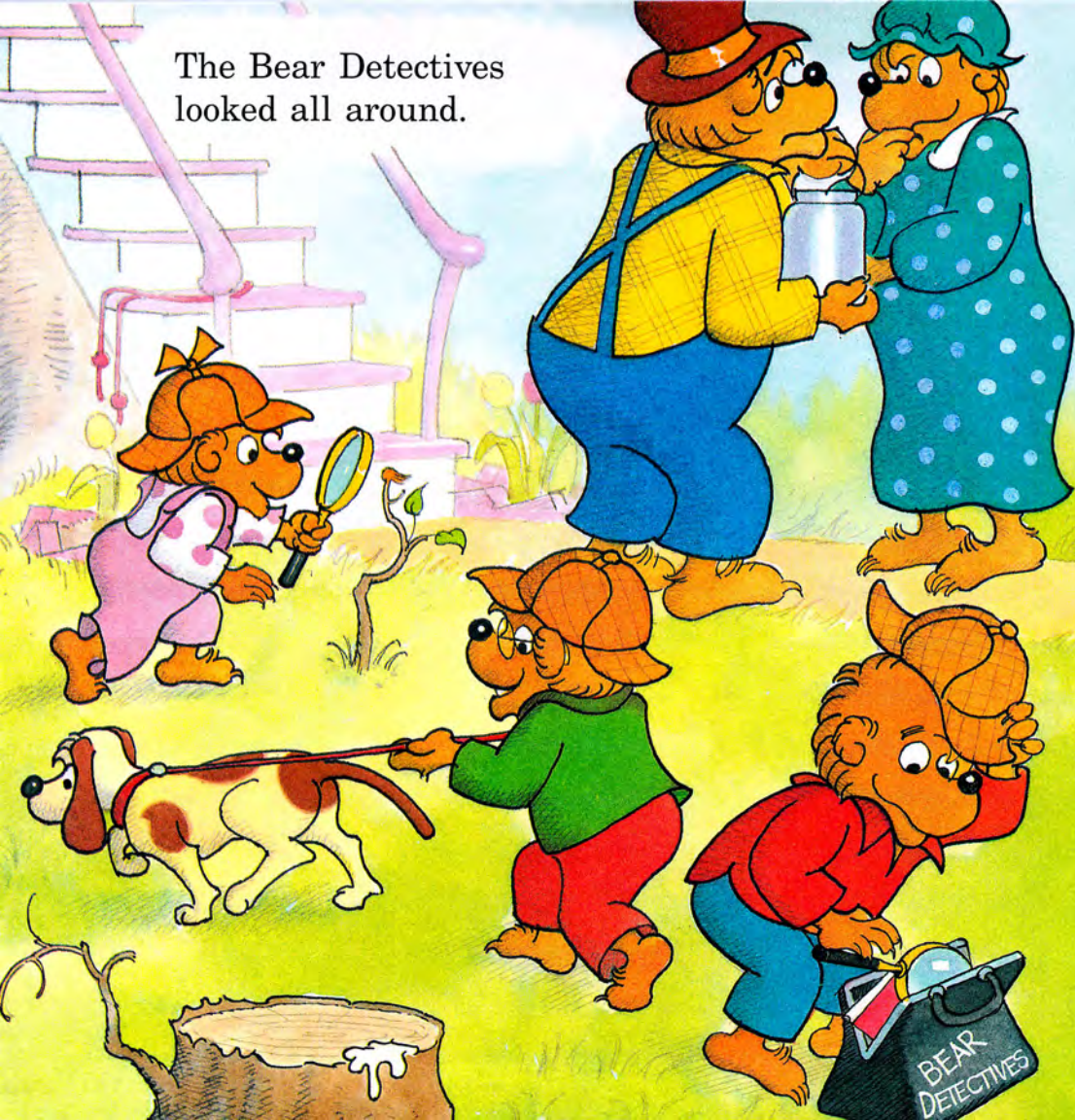




Cousin Fred came
with his sniffer hound, Snuff.
He also had
their detective stuff.



The Bear Detectives
looked all around.



Here are some of the clues
they found:

some fur,



some wax...



and a bit of cloth
that was red and yellow.



"Great!" said Papa.

"These clues will help us
find the fellow!"



“Ask Owl,” said Mama.

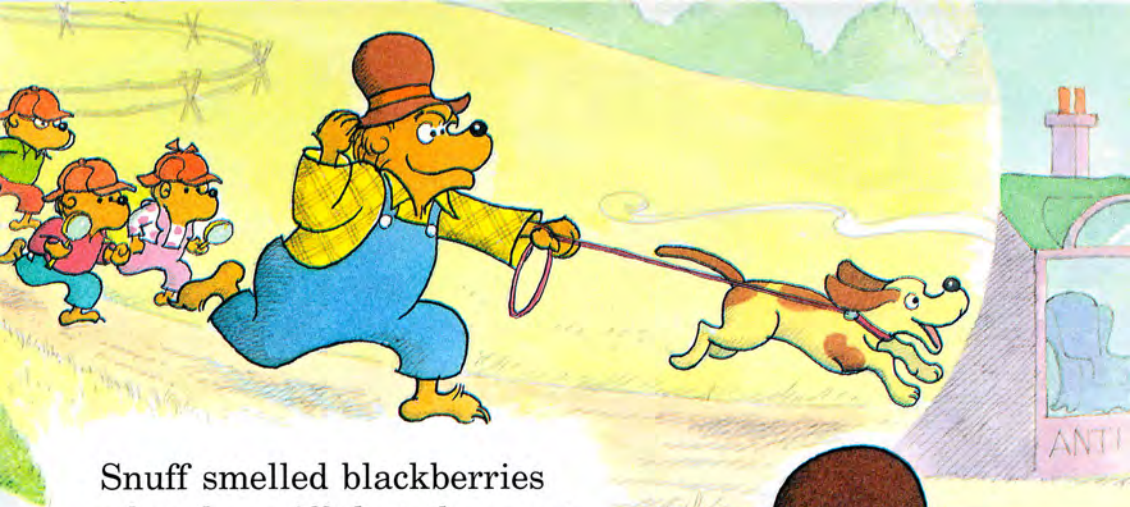
“It’s my belief
he might very well
have seen the thief.”

“Tut, tut!” said Papa.

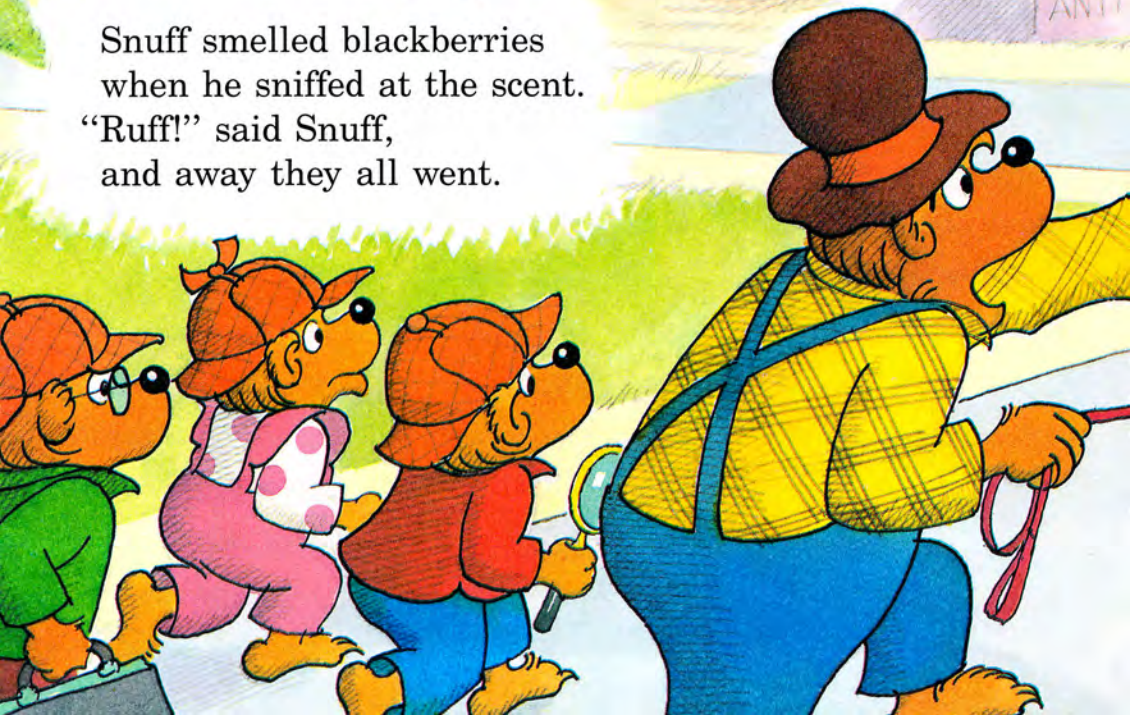
“What can he say?
Why, that sleepy old owl
sleeps all day!”



That's when Snuff
started sniffing the air.
"He's onto the scent!"
shouted Papa Q. Bear.



Snuff smelled blackberries
when he sniffed at the scent.
“Ruff!” said Snuff,
and away they all went.



"Be careful, now,"
said Papa Bear.
"That honey thief
could be anywhere!
Ah! The scent
is coming from
right over there!"



“Oh, no!” said Sister.
“Wait, Papa! Stop!
That is Beartown’s
fanciest shop!”



But Papa and Snuff
burst into a room
where the fancy shop sold
BLACKBERRY PERFUME—

and many other kinds as well....
What a mess! What a smell!



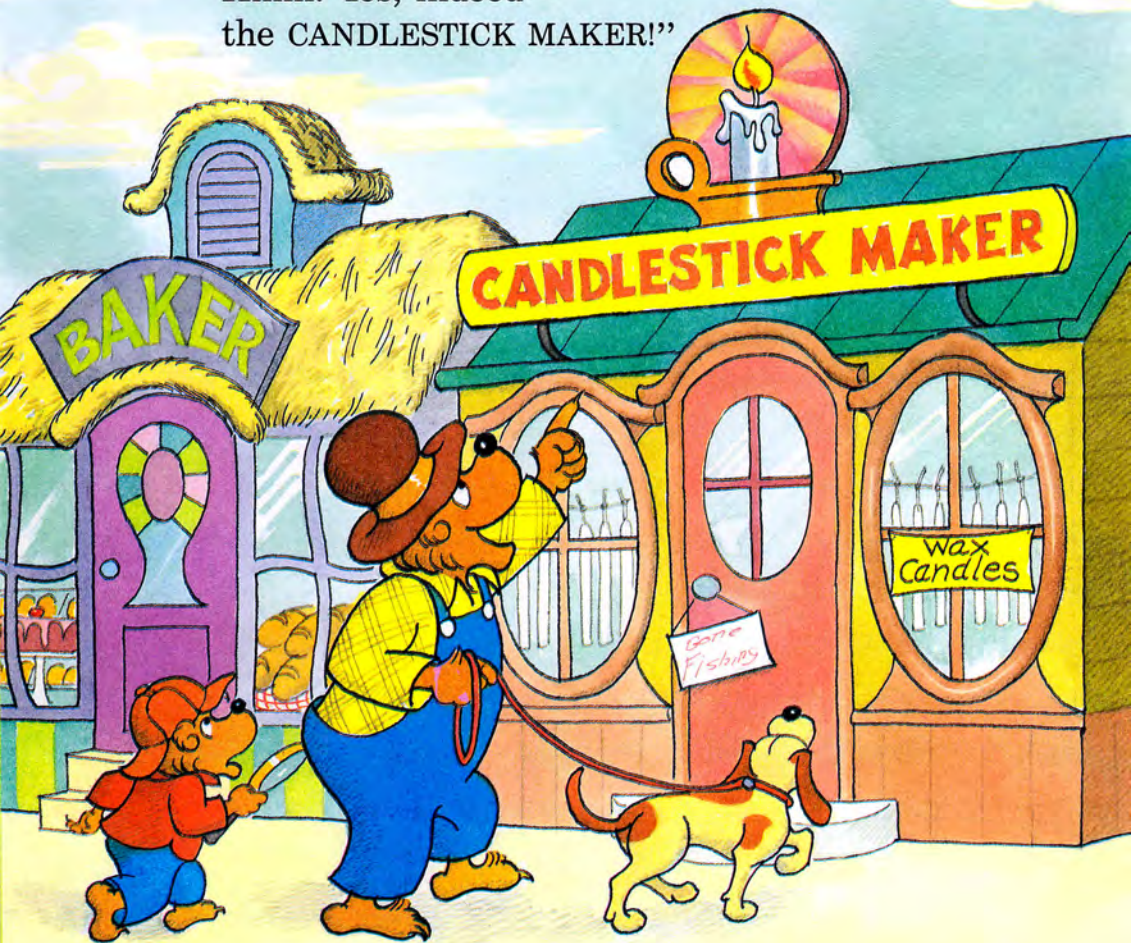


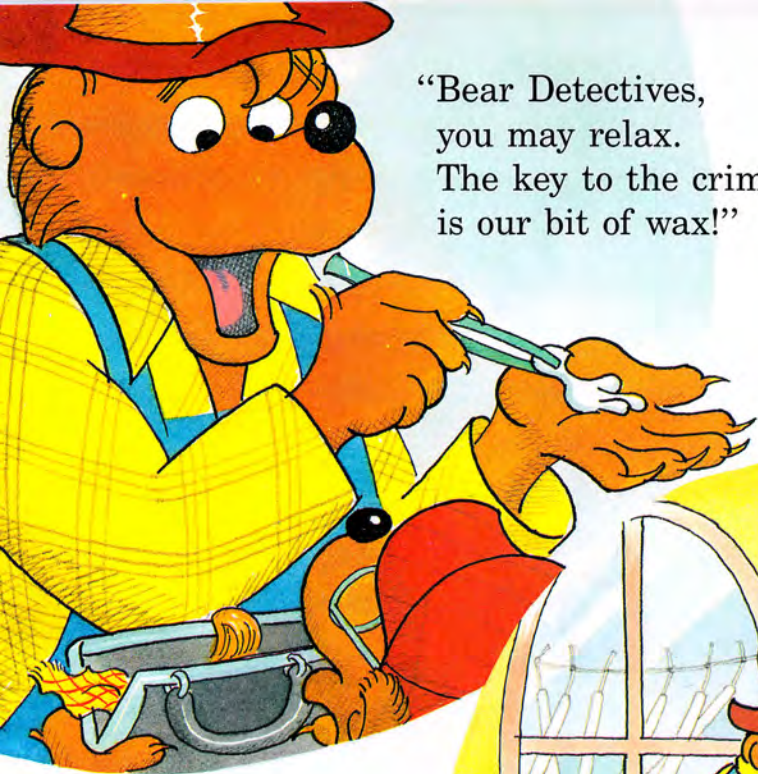
“Excuse me, madam.
Sorry about that—
Come, cubs!” said Papa
as he tipped his hat.

“Our search for the thief
has just begun.
The honey thief
could be anyone.



“The butcher, the baker,
the candlestick maker.
Hmm! Yes, indeed—
the CANDLESTICK MAKER!”





“Bear Detectives,
you may relax.
The key to the crime
is our bit of wax!”

Then Papa and Snuff
dashed into that store—
right past a GONE FISHING
sign on the door.

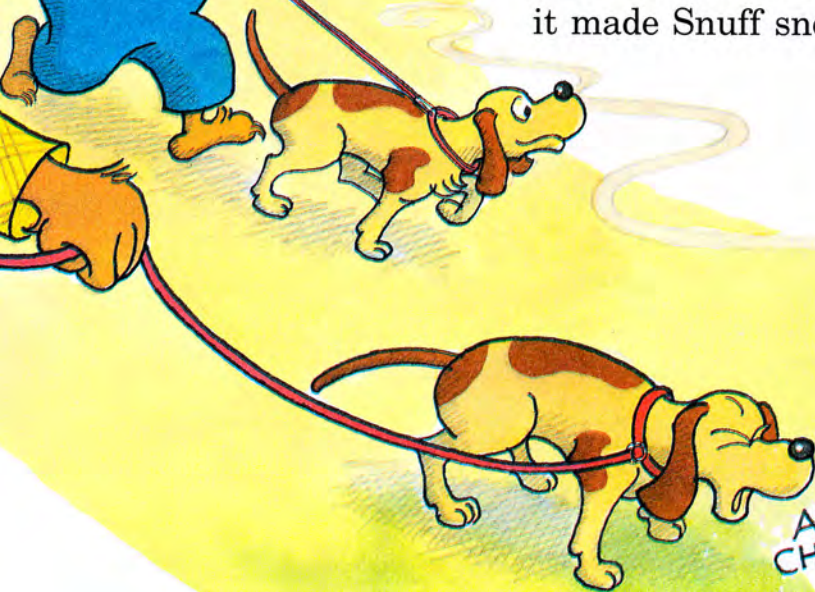


“There’s nobody here!”
said Cousin Fred.
“Just another big mess
to clean up, instead.”





The detectives were stumped.
But then on the breeze
came a scent so strong,
it made Snuff sneeze.



AH
CHOO!



"Look at that shirt!
It's red and yellow!
Just like the clue
from the robber fellow!"

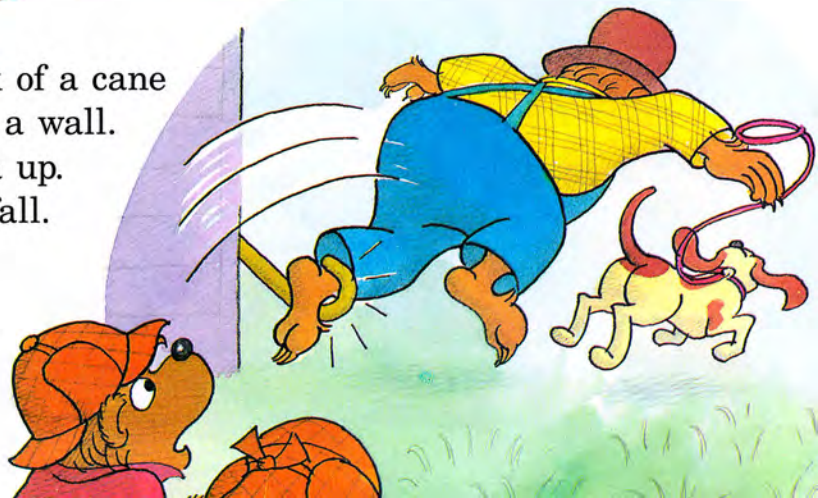
"But, Papa," said Brother,
"that's not the shirt of a HE.
The clothes on that line
are the clothes of a SHE!"



“Son, it wouldn’t matter
if it were my own mother.
A thief’s a thief!”
said Papa to Brother.

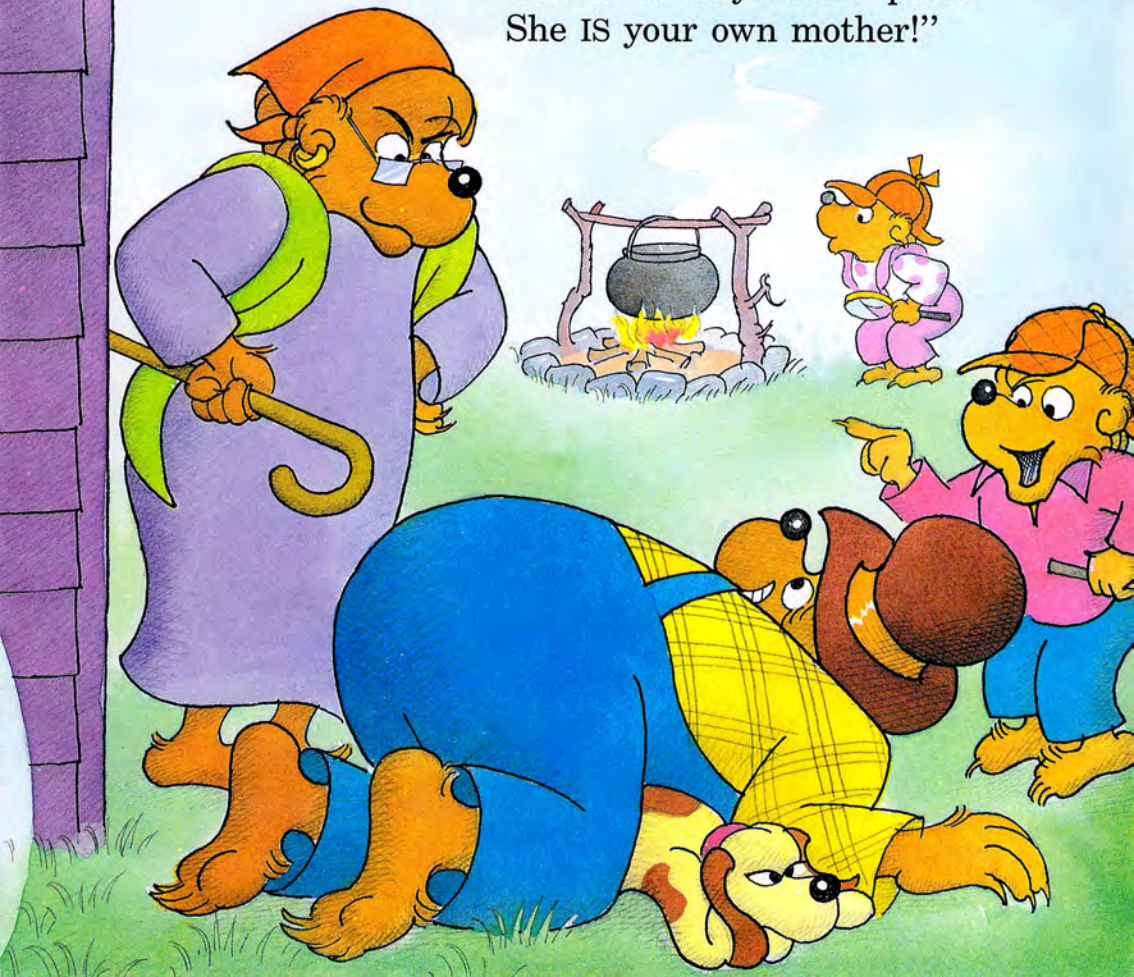


Then the crook of a cane
came out from a wall.
It tripped Papa up.
It made Papa fall.

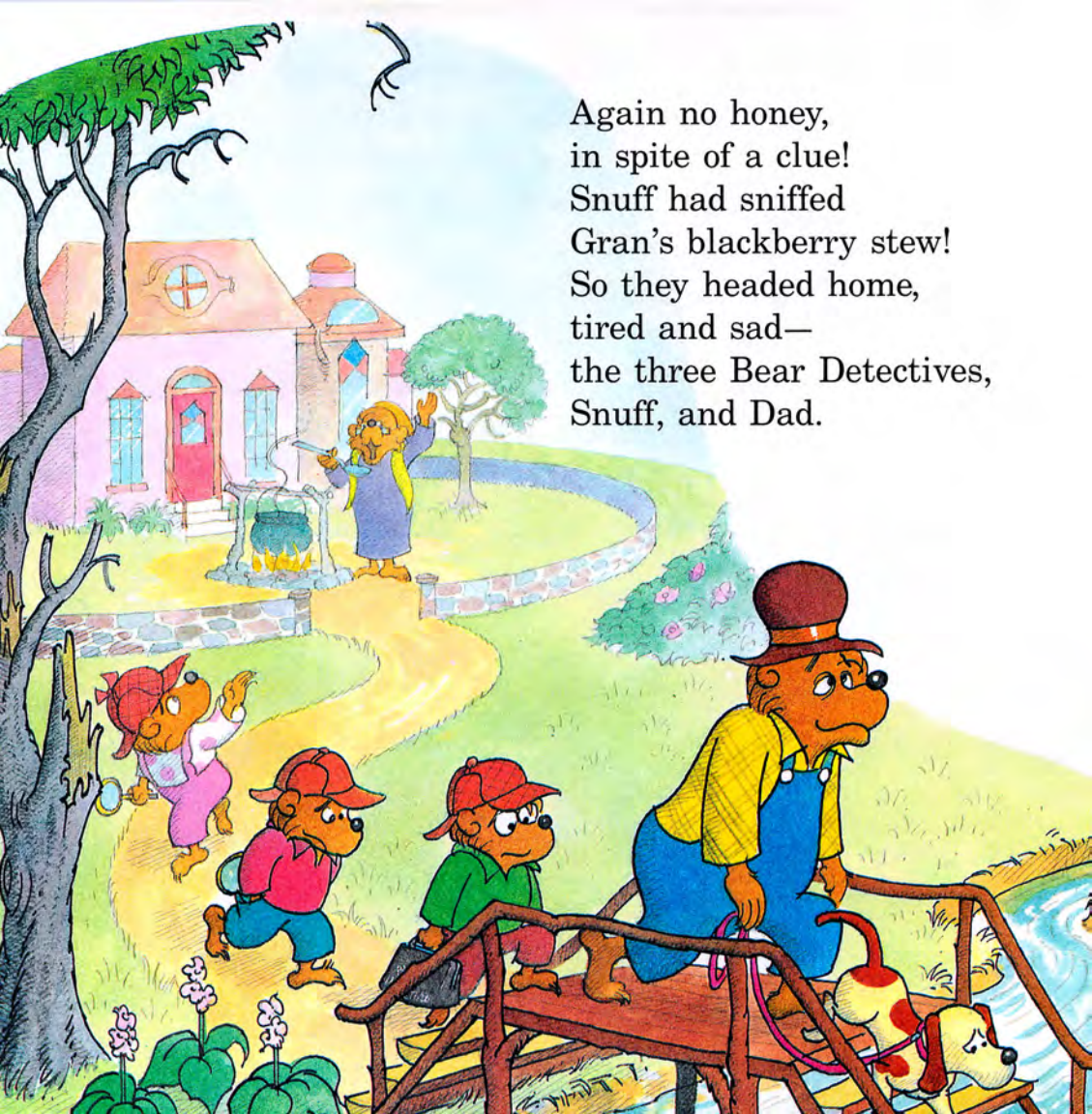


"I've something to tell you,
Papa," said Brother.

"This is Grizzly Gran's place!
She IS your own mother!"



Again no honey,
in spite of a clue!
Snuff had sniffed
Gran's blackberry stew!
So they headed home,
tired and sad—
the three Bear Detectives,
Snuff, and Dad.



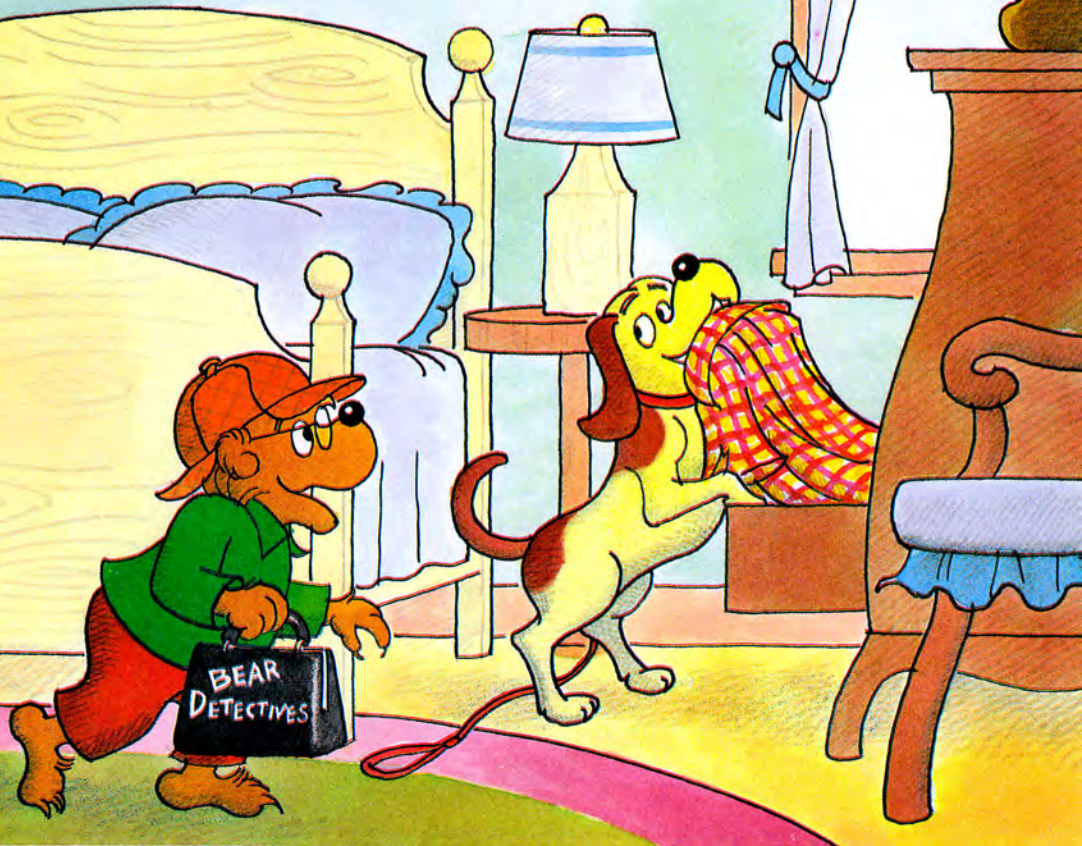
But wait! Has Snuff once more
picked up a scent?
Up the front steps
of the tree house he went!



Up to the bedroom
where Ma and Pa slept.
Into the drawer
where Pa's things were kept.



“What is it?” cried Fred.
“What is it, old fellow?”
Snuff held up something
that was red and yellow!



“Hmm,” said Fred.
“How strange. How funny.
This pajama top smells
like blackberry honey!”



“Here,” said Brother,
“let me have a look—
the bit of cloth matches!”
Was Papa the crook?



"Clues do not lie,"
Sister Bear said.

"Look! The fur matches too!"
whispered Cousin Fred.



"Me, the thief? That's crazy!"
cried Pa with a howl.
That's when they heard
from sleepy old Owl.

"I saw the whole thing.
I can put everything right.
I saw Papa walk
in his sleep last night.





"He carried a candle
down to the shed,
drank up the honey,
and went back to bed!"

"I didn't dare wake him.
His sleep was so deep!"



“Then I wasn’t the thief!
I walked in my sleep!”





“The case is solved!
No case is too tough
for the Bear Detectives
and our good sniffer, Snuff!”



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LOOK, MA!
I'M
READING!



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