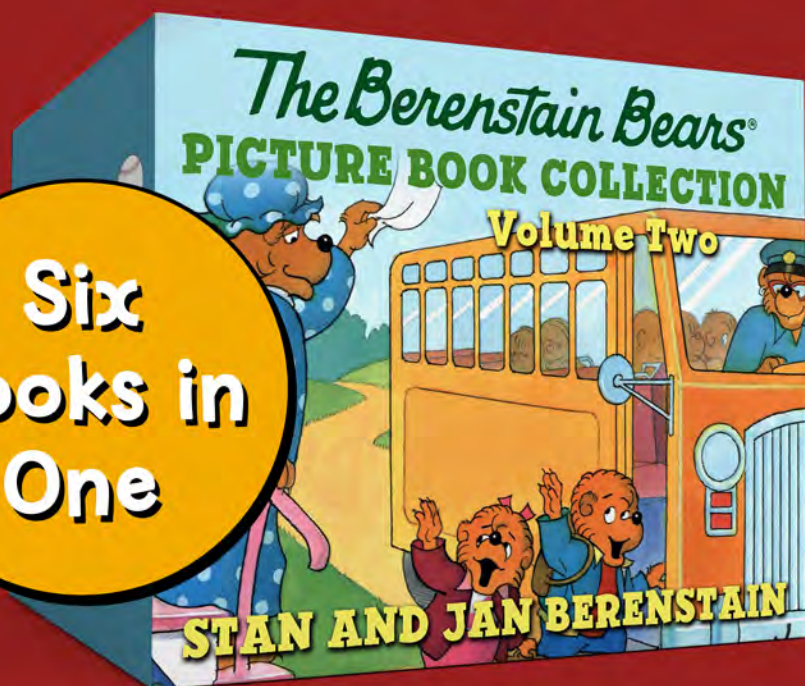


The Berenstain Bears[®] **PICTURE BOOK COLLECTION**

Volume Two

**Six
Books in
One**



**STAN AND JAN
BERENSTAIN**

The Berenstain Bears®

BACK TO SCHOOL



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears
BACK TO SCHOOL



Stan & Jan Berenstain

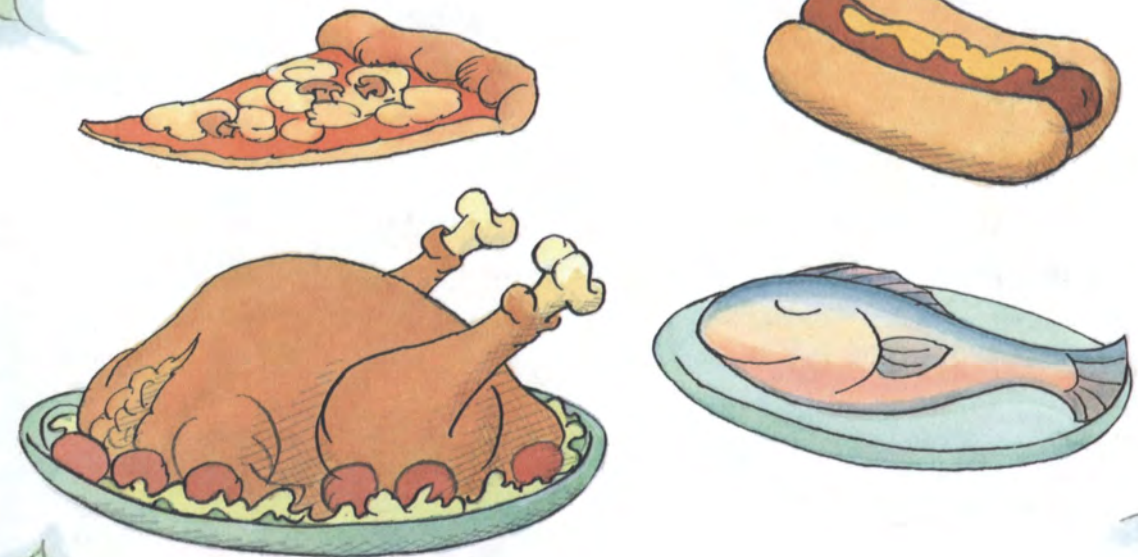
OPEN  ROAD
INTEGRATED MEDIA
NEW YORK

The members of the Bear family were sitting around talking about their favorite things —

their favorite colors,



their favorite foods,



their favorite movies and TV shows.



After a while they got to their favorite seasons.
“What’s your favorite season, Papa?” asked
Brother.

“Winter,” said Papa. “Winter is my
favorite season because it’s rugged.

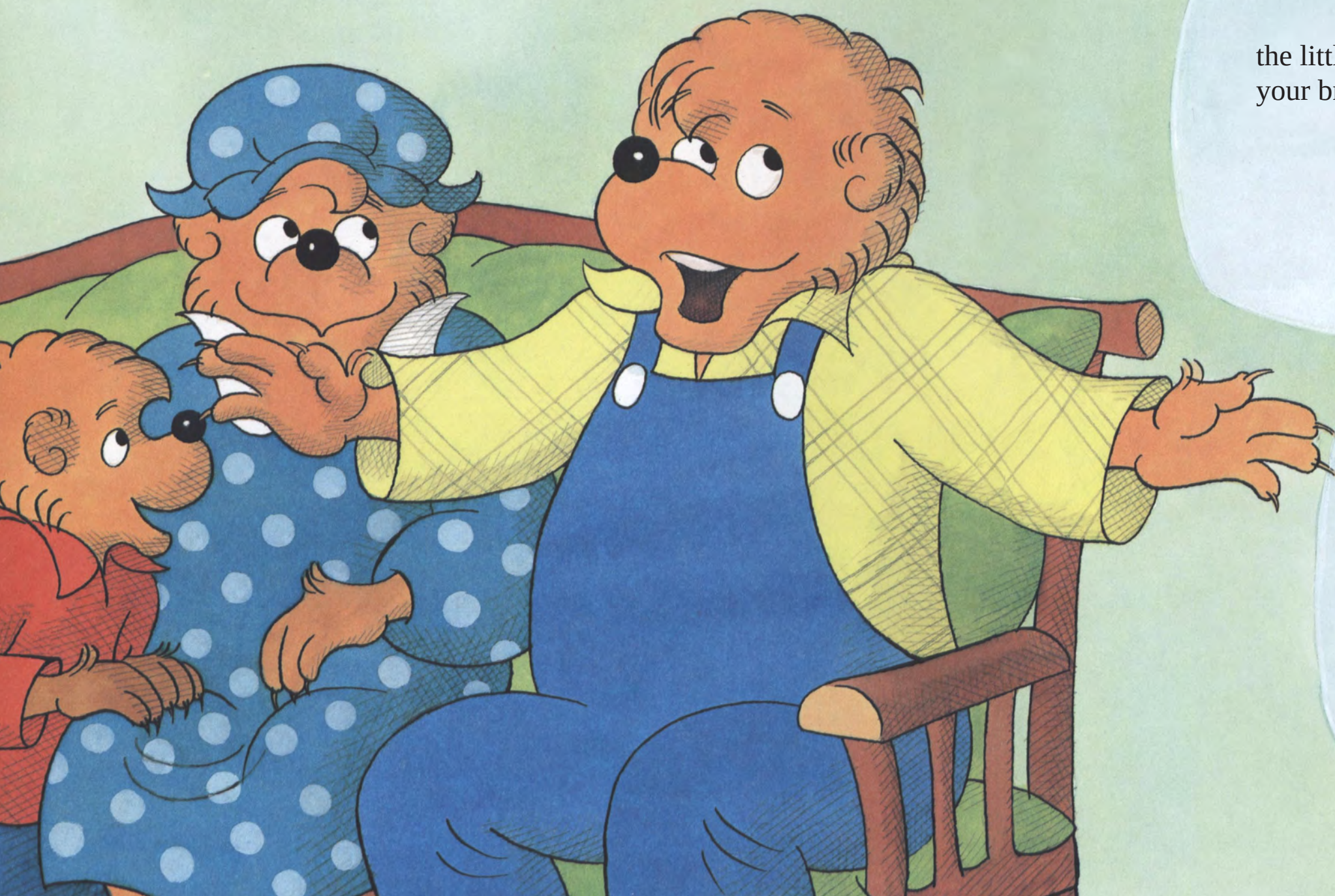
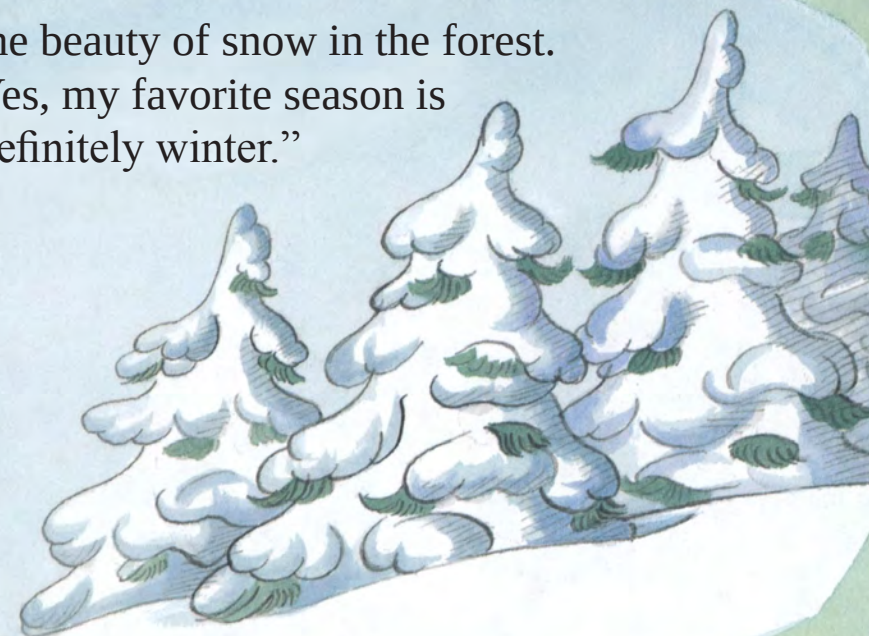
I like the crunch of snow
beneath my feet,



the little clouds
your breath makes,



the beauty of snow in the forest.
Yes, my favorite season is
definitely winter.”



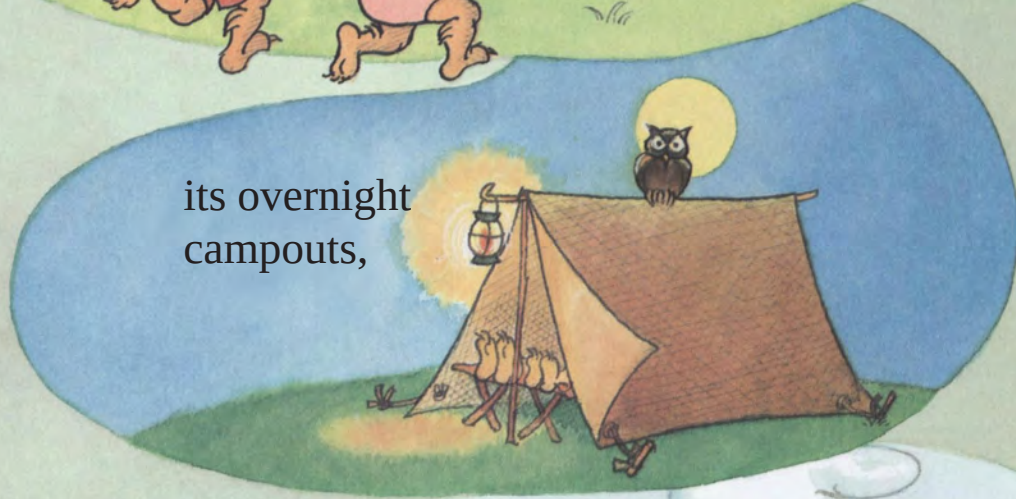
"Tell me, cubs," said Papa. "What's your favorite season?"

"Summer!" shouted the cubs. It wasn't exactly a big surprise that summer was the cubs' favorite season.

Summer with its trips to the old swimming hole,



its overnight campouts,

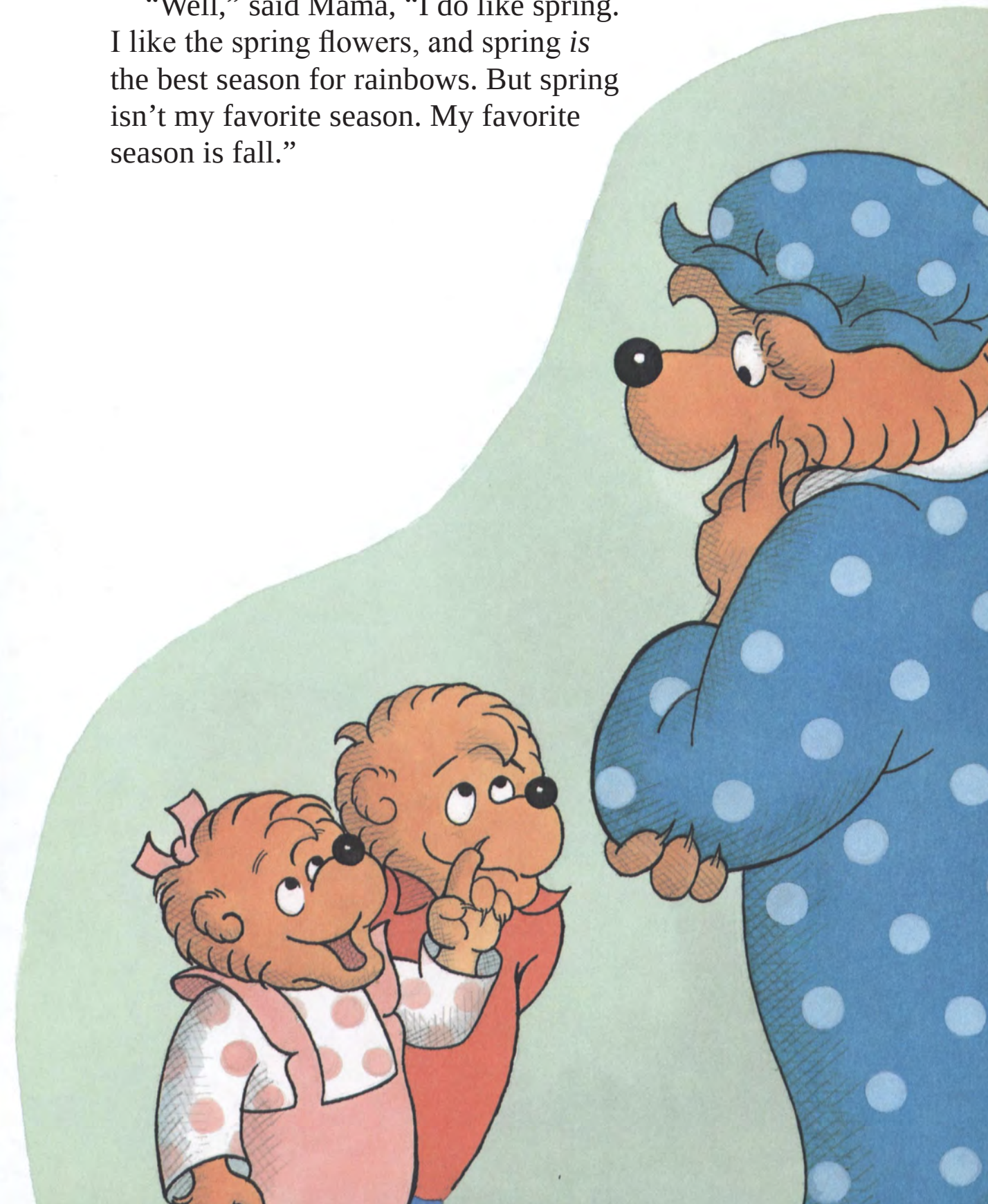


and just lying around watching the sky.



"I bet I know your favorite season, Mama," said Sister. "Spring!"

"Well," said Mama, "I do like spring. I like the spring flowers, and spring is the best season for rainbows. But spring isn't my favorite season. My favorite season is fall."



“Why is that, Mama?” asked Brother.

“Is it because the leaves turn beautiful colors?”
asked Sister.

“Is it because of October’s bright blue weather?”
asked Brother.

“No,” said Mama. “Fall is my favorite season
because in the fall, it’s BACK TO SCHOOL!”



School! thought the cubs. They had all but forgotten about school.

Their minds flashed back to the last day of school, many weeks ago, when they and their friends cheered and shouted, "No more pencils! No more books! No more teacher's dirty looks!"



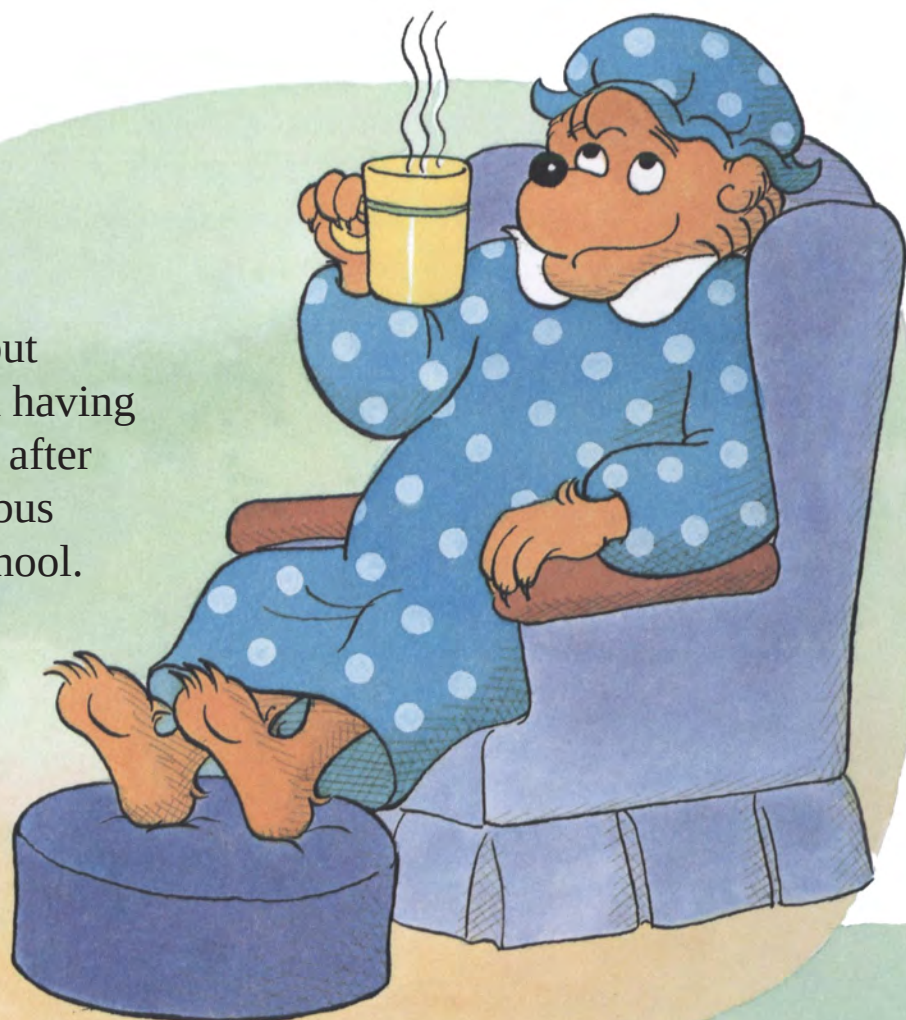
But soon they would be going back to school and it would be, "Lots more pencils! Lots more books! Lots more teacher's dirty looks!"



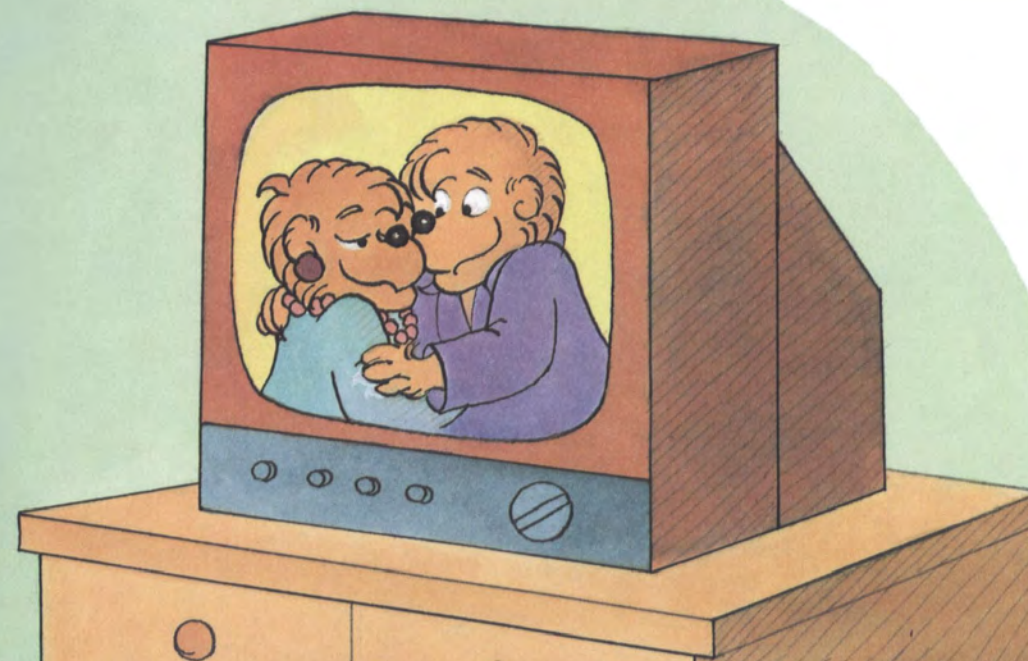


Mama went to the calendar and circled the day they would be going back to school. Her thoughts were different.

Her thoughts were about putting her feet up and having a second cup of coffee after the big yellow school bus took the cubs off to school.



Perhaps she would catch up on her soap operas.

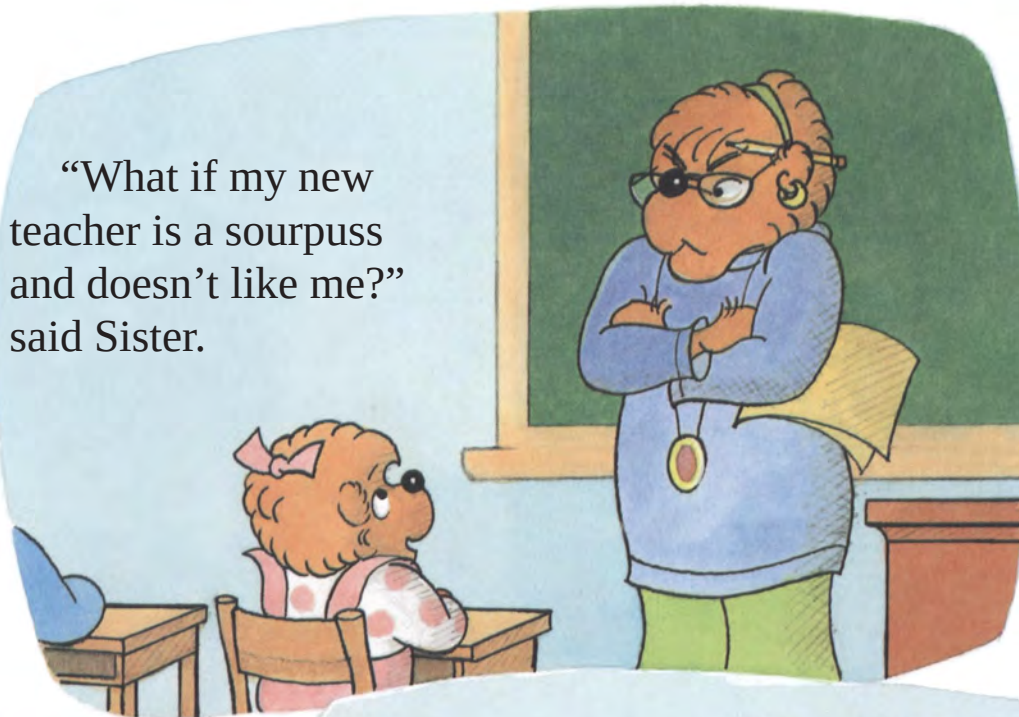


Maybe she would do some shopping at the mall.

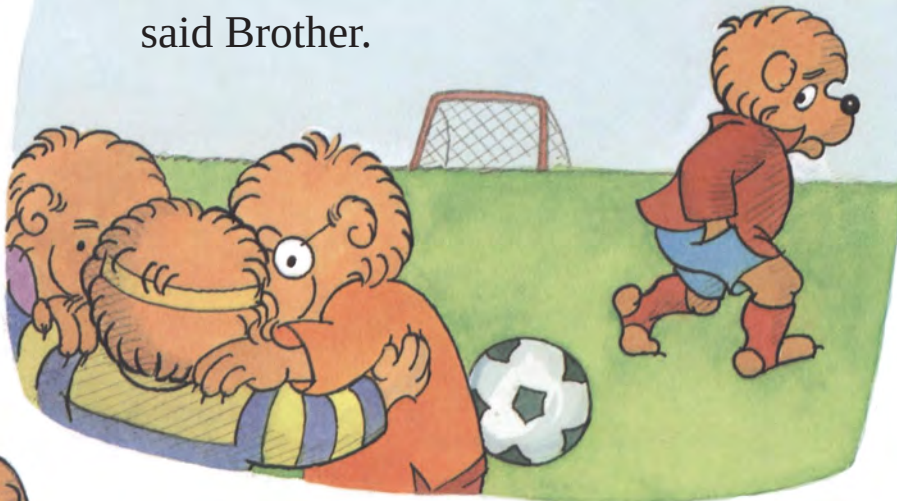


As back-to-school day came closer,
the cubs began to worry.

“What if my new
teacher is a sourpuss
and doesn’t like me?”
said Sister.



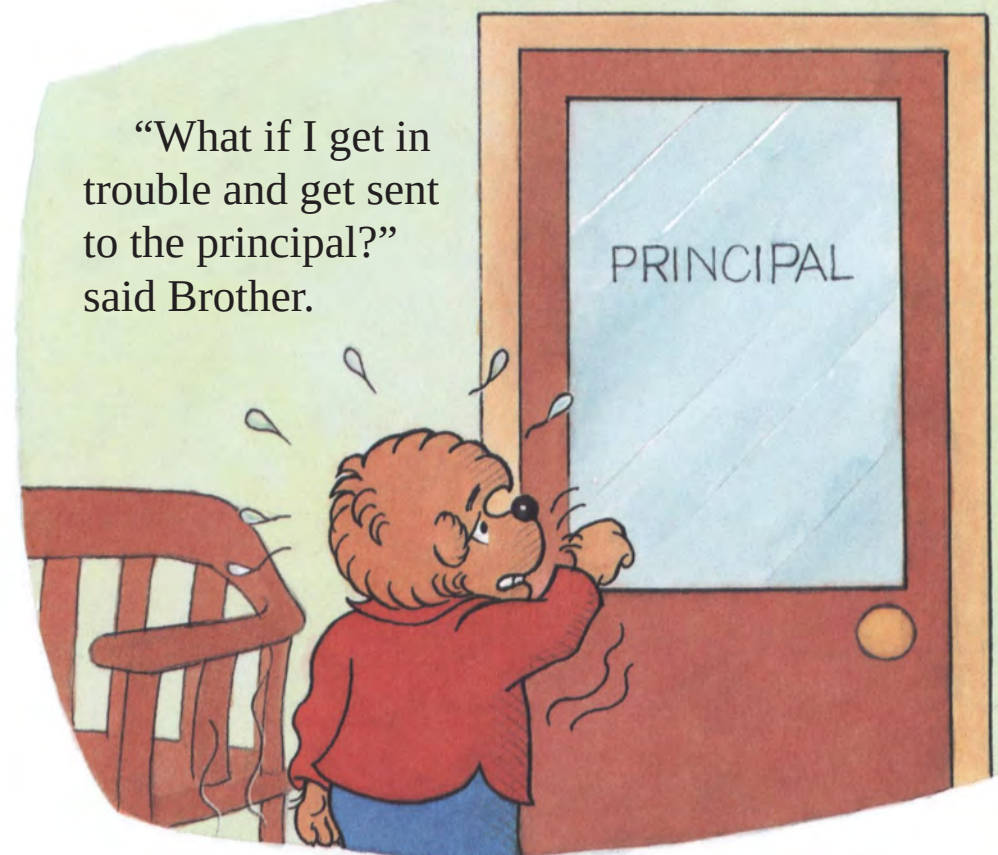
“What if I go out for soccer
and don’t make the team?”
said Brother.



“What if the work is too hard,
and I can’t do it?” said Sister.



“What if I get in
trouble and get sent
to the principal?”
said Brother.



“Now, now,” said Mama.
“None of those things is
going to happen. You’re
going to do fine.”

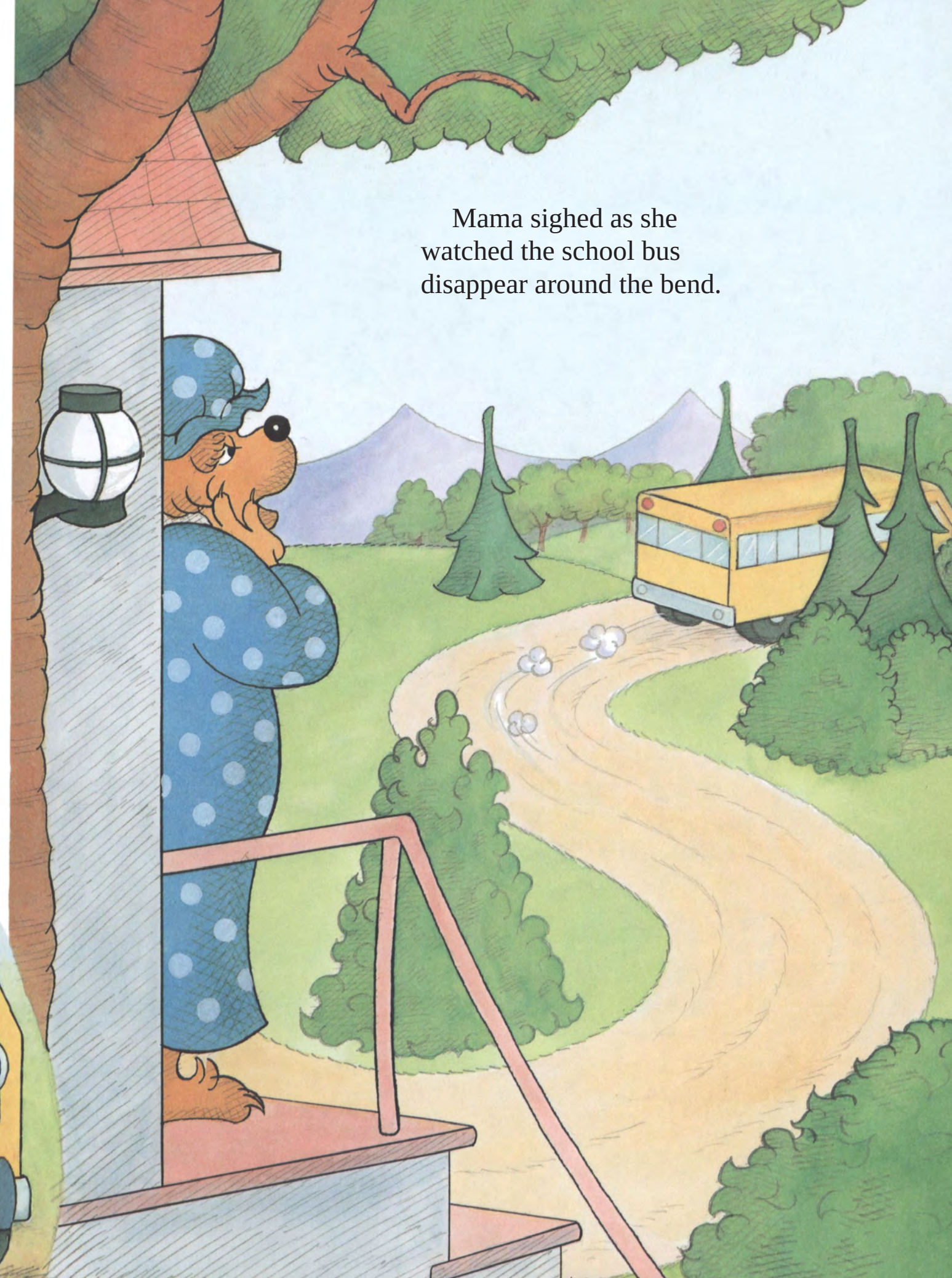
“Your mama’s right,”
said Papa. “There’s
absolutely nothing
to worry about.”



But the cubs couldn’t help
worrying. They were still
worrying when the bus
came and took them
off to school.



Mama sighed as she
watched the school bus
disappear around the bend.



Woodsbear Papa had already left for his work in the forest.

Alone at last, thought Mama as she looked around the house.



She put on one of her soap operas. But it seemed stupid and boring, and she had lost track of the story.



She poured herself a second cup of coffee and looked at the morning paper. The headline said: "School Starts Today!" She already knew that.

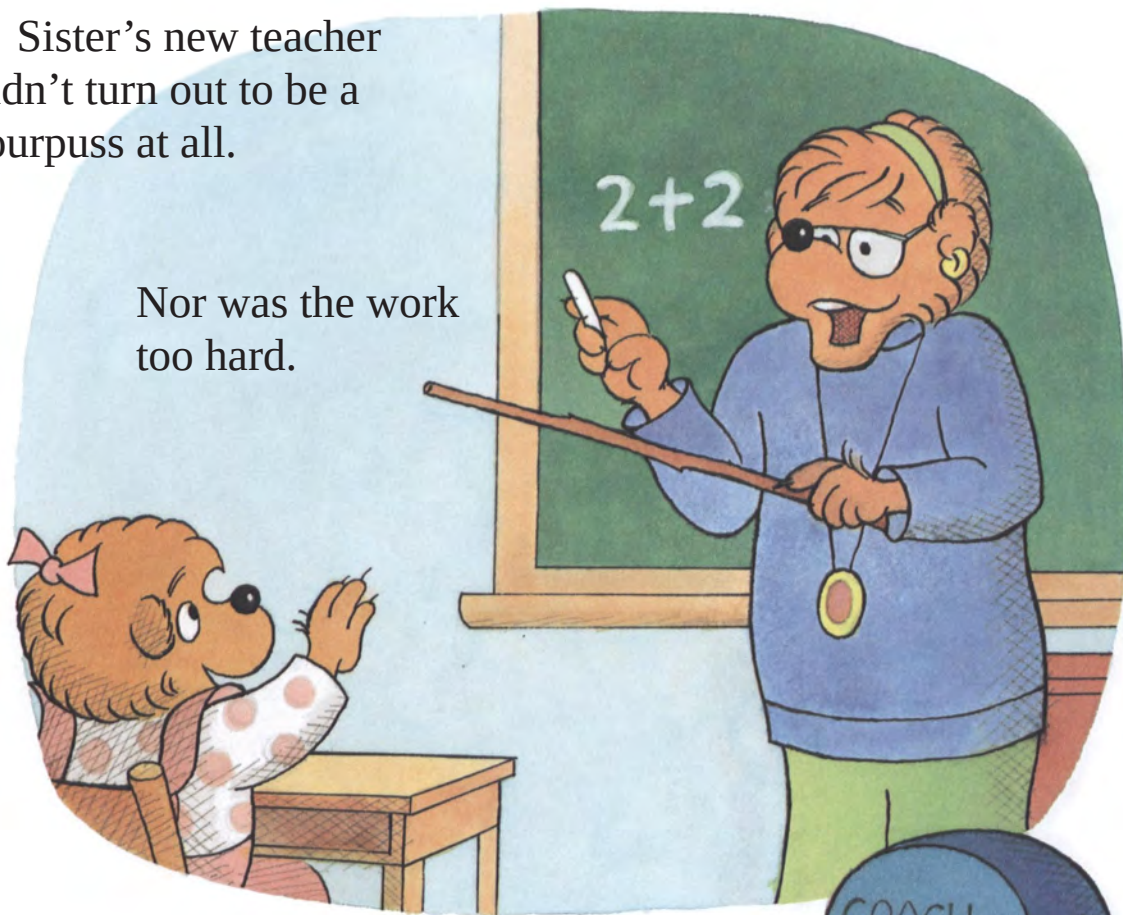


She decided to go shopping at the mall. But by the time she got ready, she had changed her mind. She just wasn't in the mood for shopping.



Sister's new teacher
didn't turn out to be a
sourpuss at all.

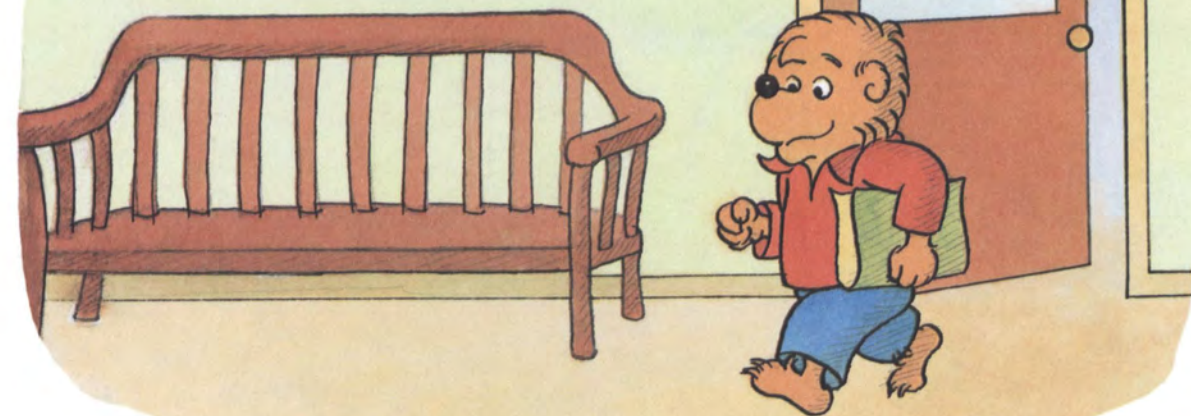
Nor was the work
too hard.



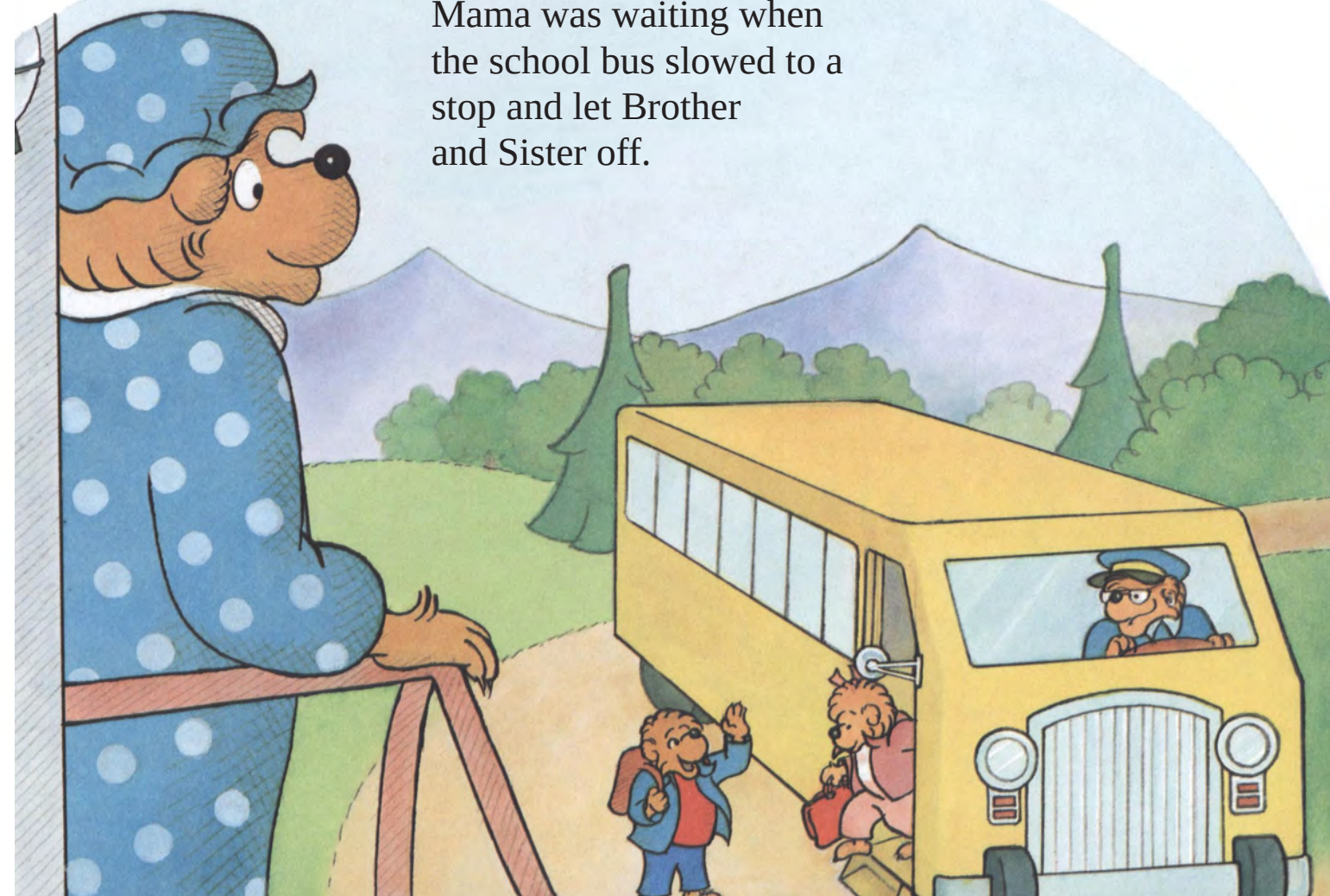
The coach told Brother
he was a sure starter
on the soccer team.



And he did get sent to
the principal — but it wasn't
because he was in trouble.
It was because he was
chosen to be the principal's
special messenger.



Mama was waiting when
the school bus slowed to a
stop and let Brother
and Sister off.



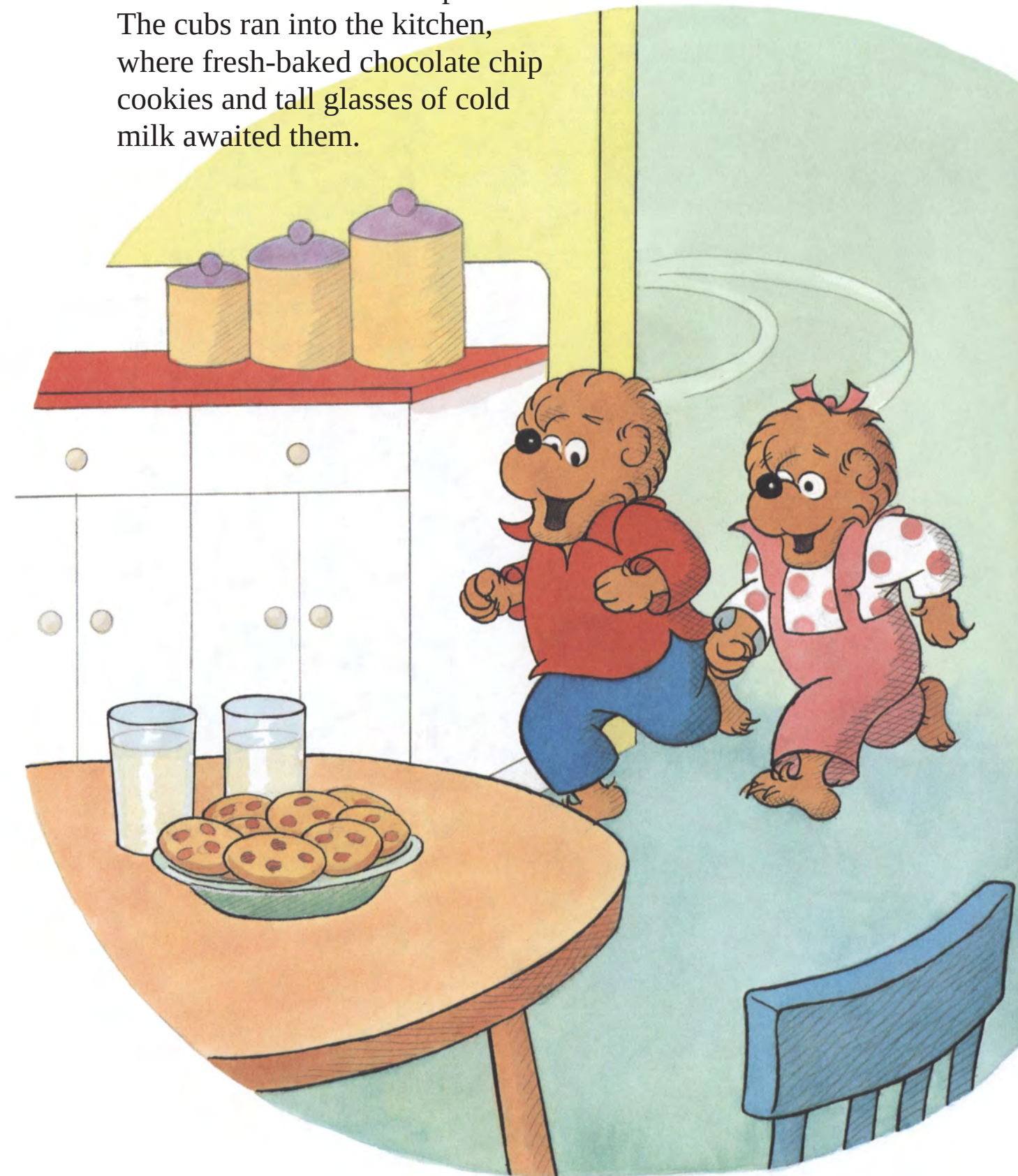
“What was school like?” asked Mama.
“It was like ... school,” said Sister.
“What was the work like?” asked
Mama.

“It was like ... work,” said Brother.
“Hey!” he said as Mama picked up the
cubs and gave them a really big hug.

“Hey!” said Sister. “We’re just
getting home from school is all, Mama!”



“Mmm!” said Brother. “I smell
fresh-baked chocolate chip cookies!”
The cubs ran into the kitchen,
where fresh-baked chocolate chip
cookies and tall glasses of cold
milk awaited them.



“Mmm!” said Sister. “These cookies are good!”

“Glad you like them,” said Mama.



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The Berenstain Bears

PLAY BALL



Stan & Jan Berenstain



The Berenstain Bears
PLAY BALL



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OPEN  ROAD

INTEGRATED MEDIA
NEW YORK



It's spring fever time in Bear Country, friends—a slow, easy time that the Bear family spends doing nothing more taxing than gently relaxing.

Look! There's Mama Bear taking her ease, quietly shelling early green peas.

That lump beside her, Papa Bear, if you please, needs to excuse to catch a few Z's.



But, hey! What's this—
a whirling hubbub,
roughly the size
of a smallish she-cub?



It's Sister Bear!
Just look at her go!
What a performance!
What a show!



But, did Papa Bear notice
Sister Bear's caper?
Humph. Not a chance.
He hardly noticed
the afternoon paper.



But then Papa stretched,
woke with a yawn,
and checked the headline to see
what was going on.



It cured his spring fever
right then and there.
It got the full attention
of Papa Q. Bear.



**LITTLE LEAGUE
SEASON OPENS**

Then as Brother came along
and took a lazy little swing,



Pa didn't see his son.
He saw a future home run king.

"Did you see it?" he cried.
"A classic home run swing!
A future hall of famer!
An absolute sure thing!"



A quick look at the paper
confirmed Mama's worst fears.
The disease that strikes terror
whenever it appears.

Spring fever had given way
to something much more serious
Papa was, by now,
practically delirious
with the dreaded disease—



He'll be a golden
glove first baseman,
a superstar reliever!

known as . . .
Little League fever!

He'll be a .400 hitter!
A thirty game winner!
The most valuable player!
Give speeches after dinner!



Mama knew she had to stop him.
It was like a fever in the blood.
She really had no choice.
She had to nip it in the bud.



"I'm sure you'll agree," said Mama to Papa,
in her most reasonable tone.
"That it's wrong to pressure children.
They must do things on their own.
It's very wrong for dads
to relive their hopes and dreams
by making little children
play on baseball teams."



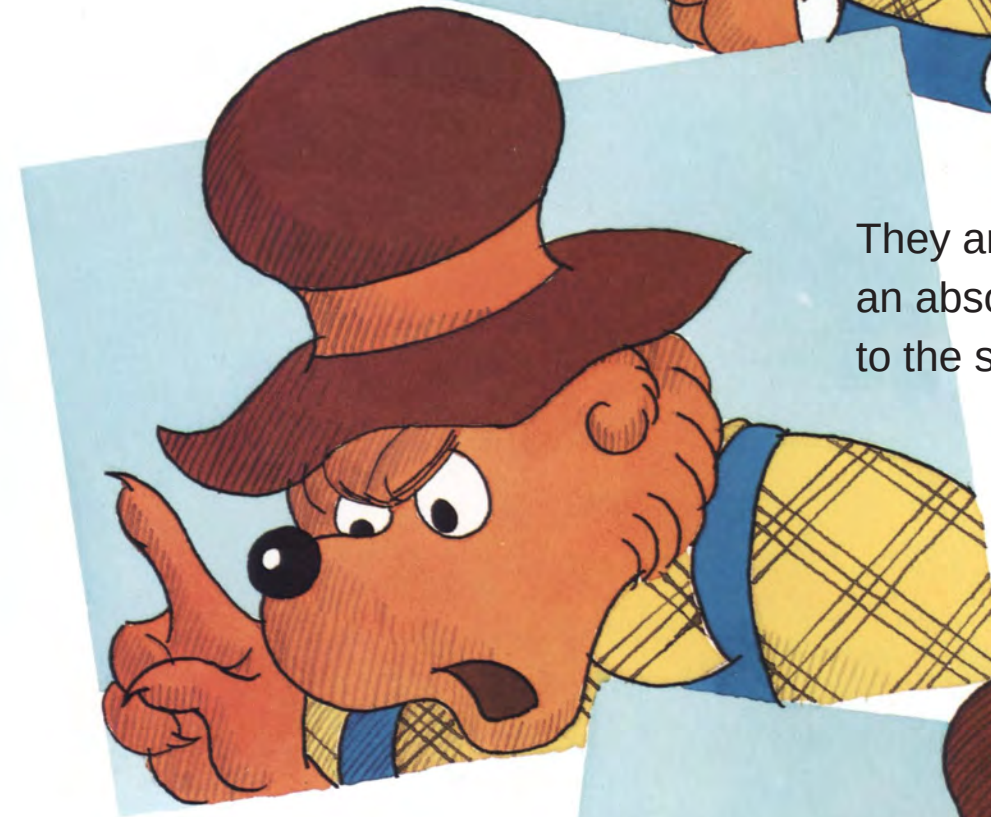
Said Papa Bear to Mama,
"I couldn't agree with you more.
I have nothing but contempt
for the sort of windy bore . . .



"who makes defenseless children
do things they'd rather not.
They are selfish and unfeeling,
a thoroughly bad lot.



They are pitiful and sad,
an absolute disgrace . . .
to the sacred name of DAD!

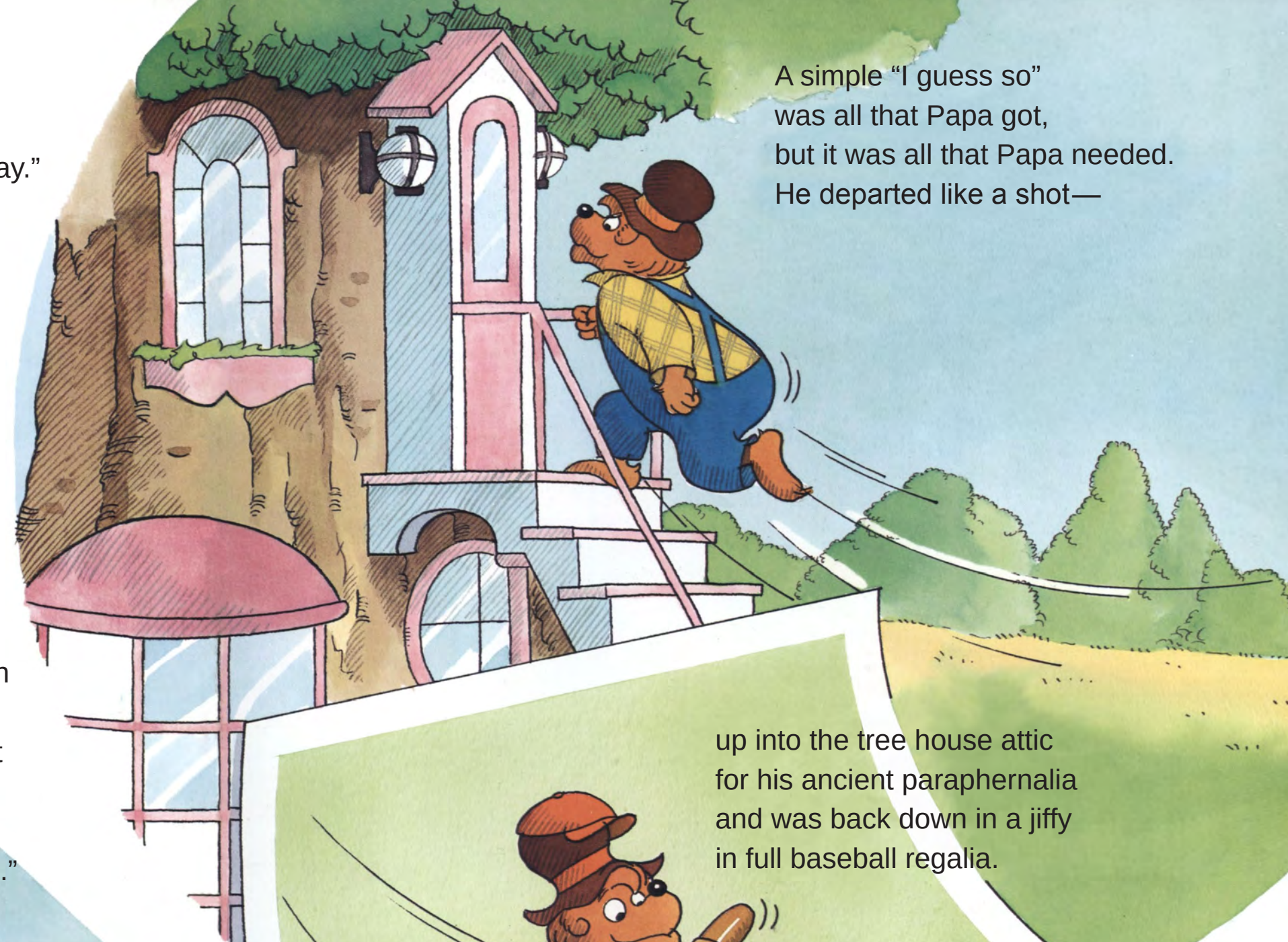


On the other hand, however,
if a lad should want to play,





"it wouldn't do at all
to stand in the youngster's way."



A simple "I guess so"
was all that Papa got,
but it was all that Papa needed.
He departed like a shot—



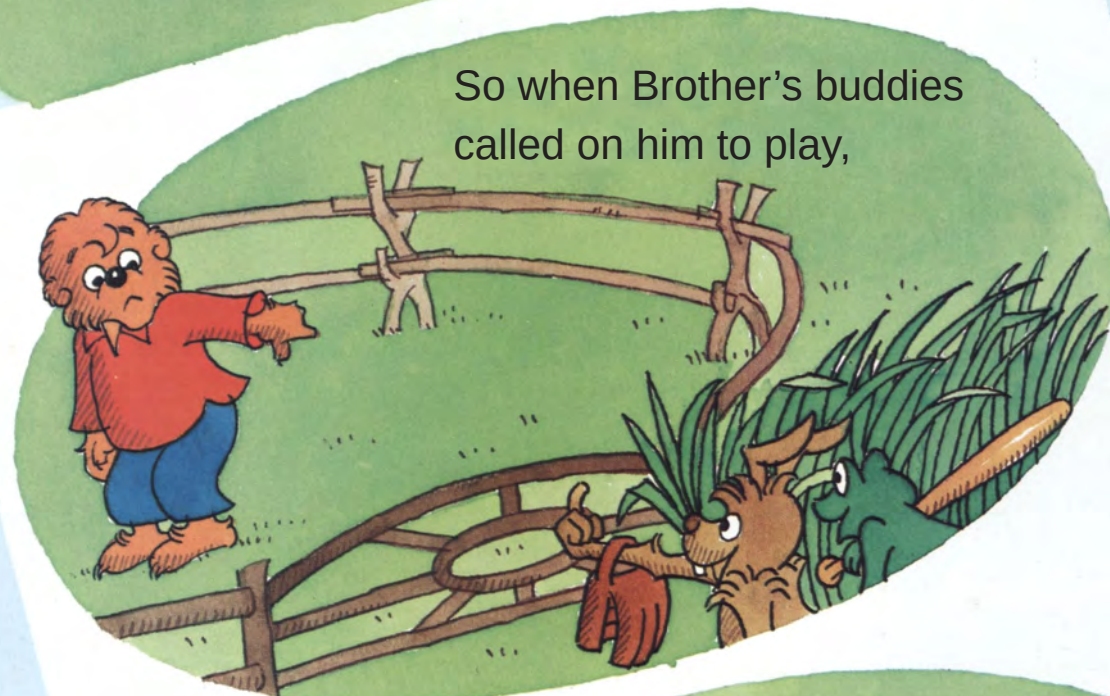
So Papa put the question
as Brother sauntered by.
"Would you like to go out
for baseball, son?
It's up to you, of course,
but it might be lots of fun."



up into the tree house attic
for his ancient paraphernalia
and was back down in a jiffy
in full baseball regalia.



Now, Brother liked baseball.
He often played it
with his buddies.
But they didn't need advice
from a lot of fuddy-duddies
because when all
was said and done,
grown-ups forgot that baseball
was intended to be fun.



So when Brother's buddies
called on him to play,



out of feeling for his dad,
he sent them on their way.



"There's no stopping him now,"
said Mama with a sigh.
"I see that wild and crazy
look in Papa's eye."

"How fortunate
you are, my lad,
how cleverly
you chose your dad."



When it comes to baseball,
I have expert knowledge,
having starred in sandlot,
school, and college.



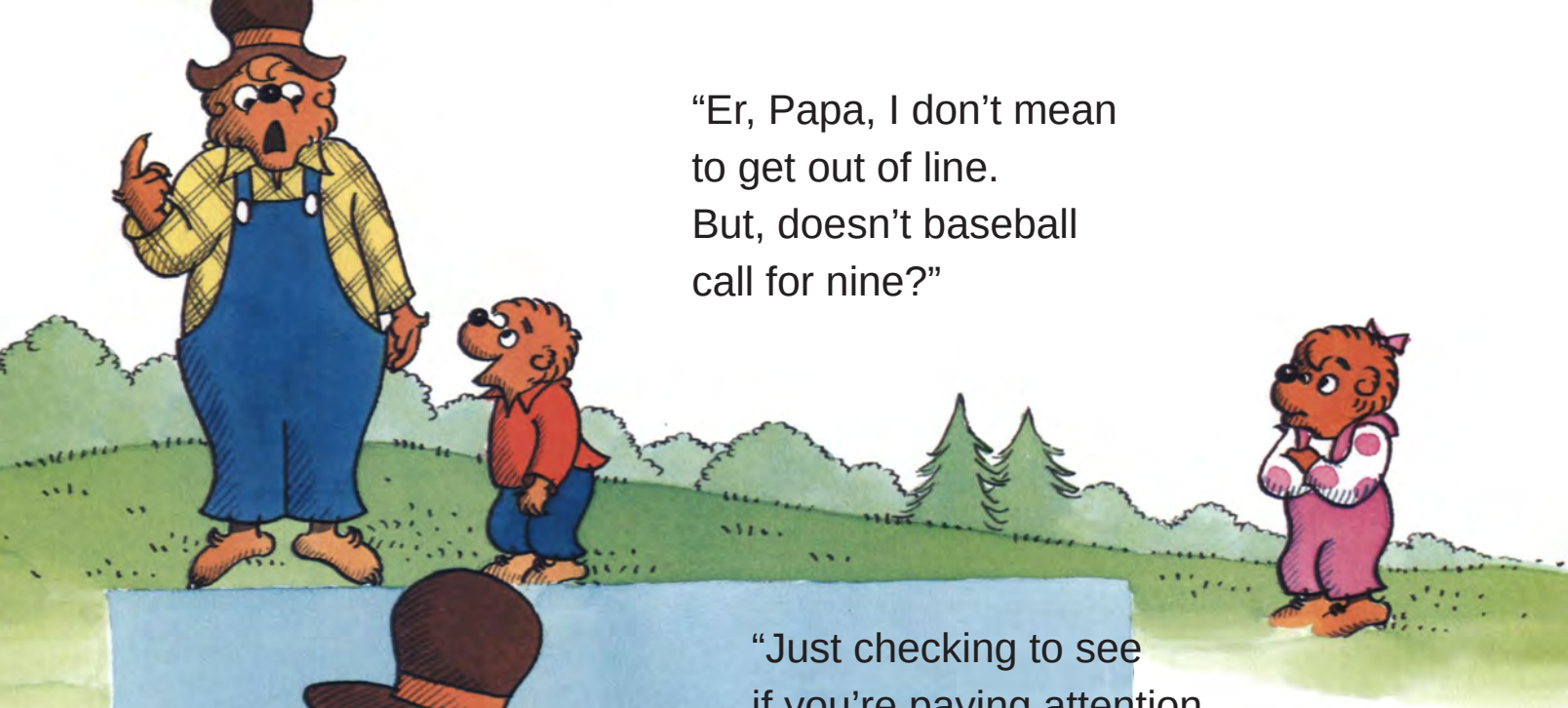
I'm a student of its lore,
statistics, and traditions."



I'm a master of all
eleven positions.



ELEVEN?



"Er, Papa, I don't mean to get out of line. But, doesn't baseball call for nine?"



"Just checking to see if you're paying attention. Now, some baseball basics worthy of mention.

Observe closely—

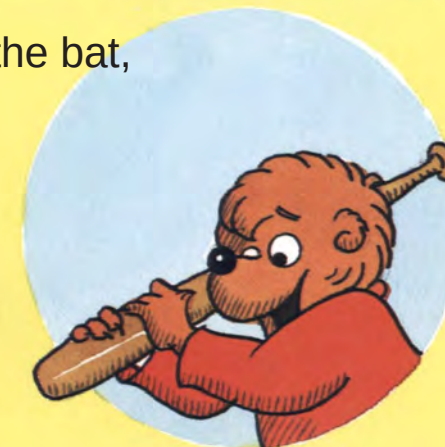
"Here, you try it, son."



"The ball,



the bat,



the glove,



the hat."



the ball,



the bat,



the glove,



the hat.



"Not bad. Not bad. Just continue to watch your dad."

Hmm, thought Sister. Why can't I try? Those tricks for me would be easy as pie.





So under **Mama's**
watchful eye,
small Sister Bear
did give it a try.

She caught the ball.



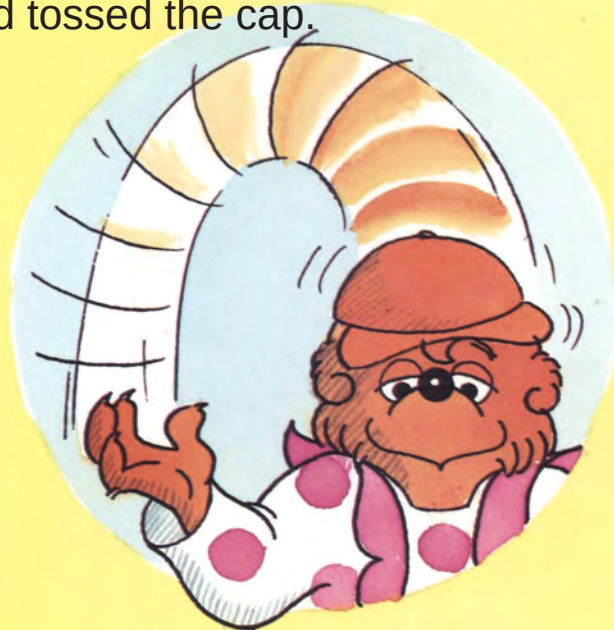
She twirled the bat.



She pounded the glove



and tossed the cap.



But, did Papa take note
of Sister Bear's skills?
No way! Girls were creatures
of ruffles and frills,
having nothing to do
with baseball skills.

It was crystal clear,
at least to mother,
that Sister's skills
were clearly better
than those of Brother.



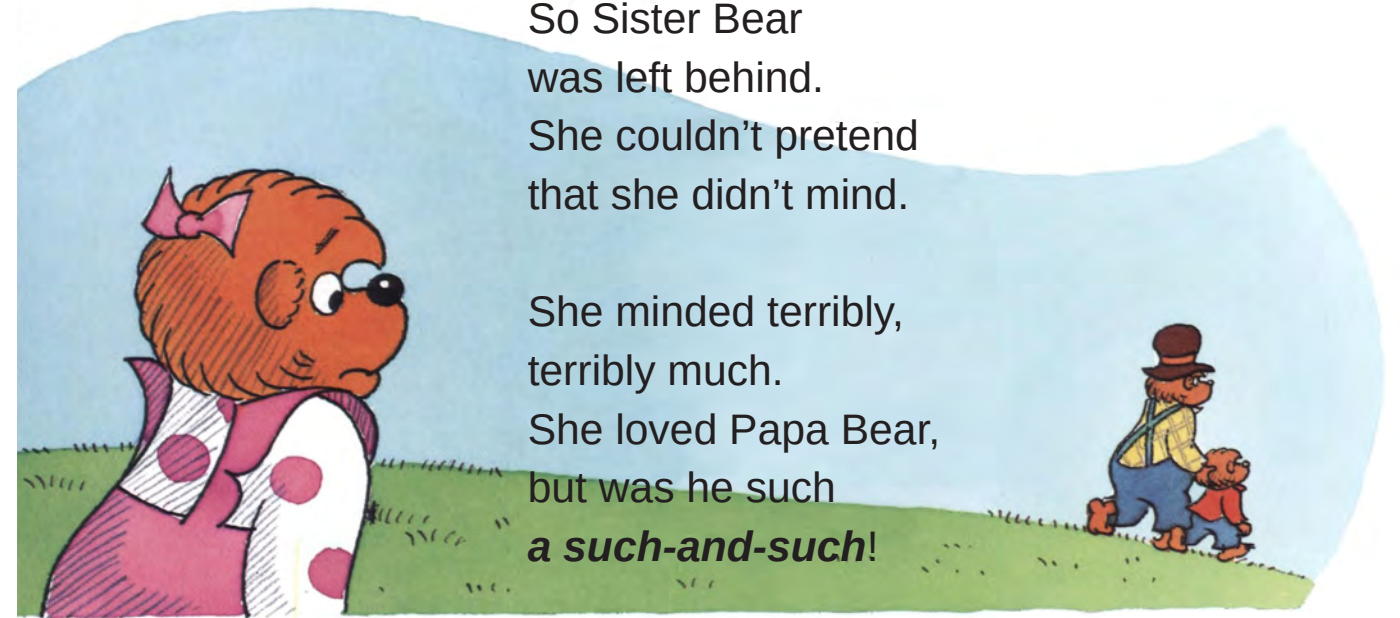
Now Papa
loved Sister Bear.
But, for baseball,
it was as though
she wasn't there!

"Now, now, my dear.
Let us not interfere
with Brother's budding
baseball career.



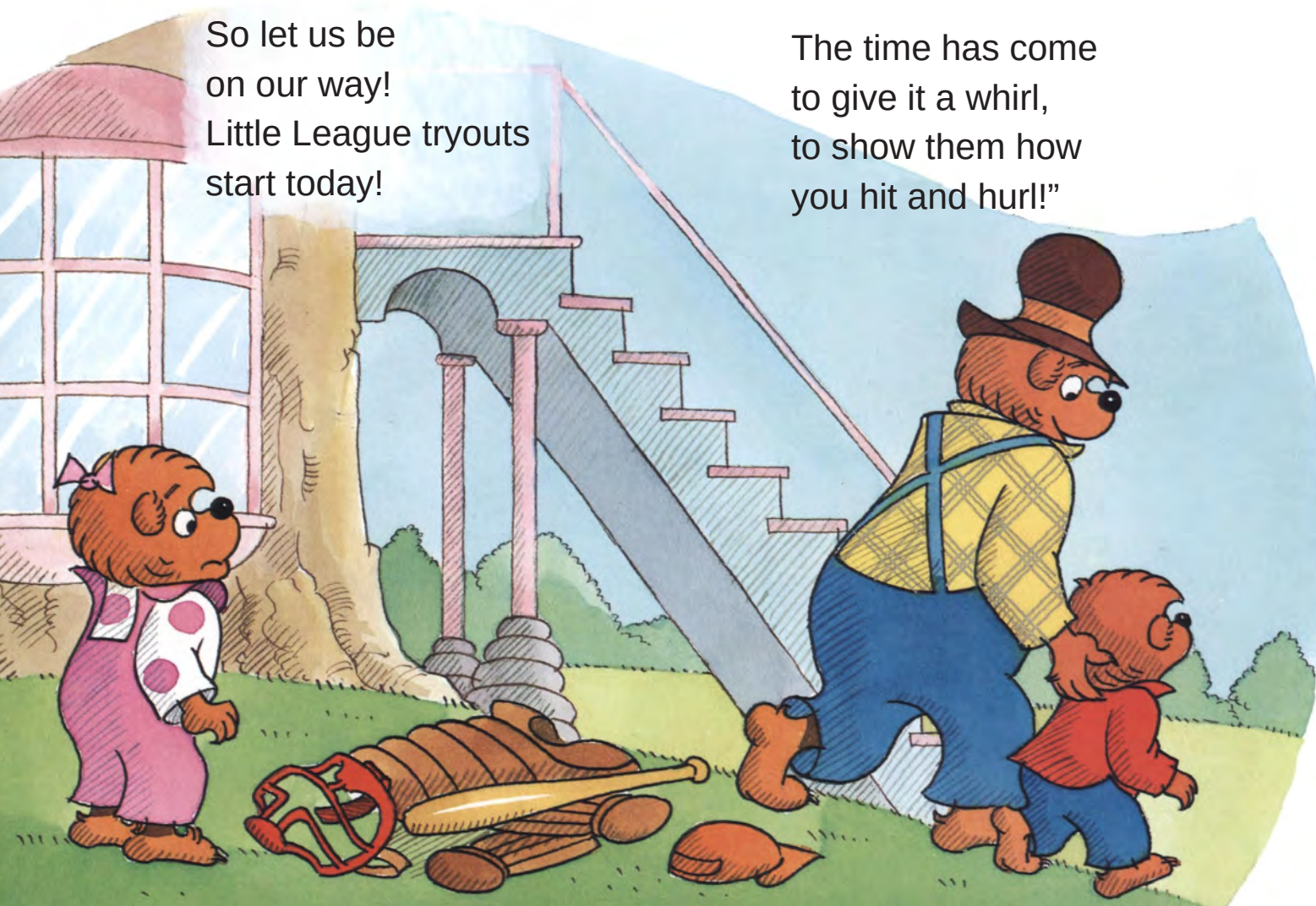
So Sister Bear
was left behind.
She couldn't pretend
that she didn't mind.

She minded terribly,
terribly much.
She loved Papa Bear,
but was he such
a such-and-such!



So let us be
on our way!
Little League tryouts
start today!

The time has come
to give it a whirl,
to show them how
you hit and hurl!"



She went to Mama,
and her early green peas,
"Would you tell me something,
Mama, please?
Why doesn't Papa
give *me* a whirl?
Is it," she sobbed,
"because I'm a girl?"



But, alas, Mama had no salve or ointment to ease her daughter's disappointment.

Brother Bear was betwixt and between, as he observed the Little League scene, where dozens of noisy Little League dads were busily signing up Little League lads. But as he took the pen and signed, a question formed in Brother Bear's mind. Who was Little League for? Father or son? It's **cubs** who are supposed to be having the fun.



It was a wonderful field, with a real home plate, and painted white lines. Oh, it would have been great to play on a field so brand spanking new. There was just one problem: too many grown-ups spoiled the view.





There was a constant buzz
among the dads,
all bragging about
their Little League lads.
Said Pa, "My lad's best.
He's really super.
And after I teach him
my secret pitch,
the super-de-looper . . ."



It was more than
Papa could stand.
"Son, nature *is* wonderful.
But on the other hand,
if you're going to achieve
glory and fame,

Brother liked baseball.
But, truth to tell,
he had other
interests as well.

So, when a beautiful
butterfly lit,
Brother Bear set about
studying it.



you're going to have to
KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE GAME!

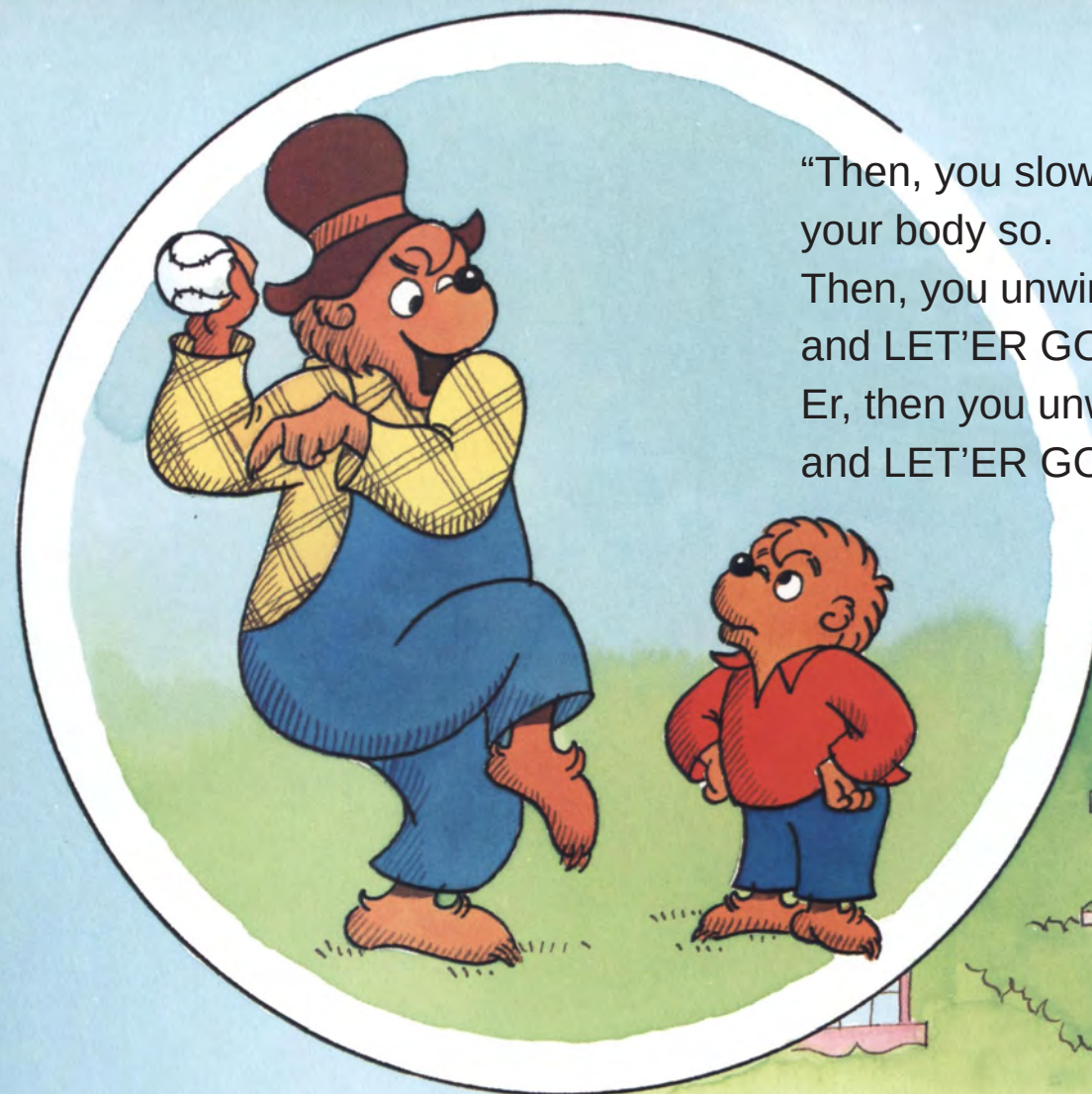
"Son, you don't see
the major league guys
like Babe Bruin and Ken Grizzly, Jr.
hanging around with **butterflies**!



Now, here's how to throw
my pitch of pitches.
You place your fingers
along the stitches.



"Then, you slowly twist
your body so.
Then, you unwind
and LET'ER GO!
Er, then you unwind
and LET'ER GO!



Er, I seem to have developed
some sort of hitch
in my super-de-looper,
secret pitch."





"Dad, if it's all
the same to you,
I've sort of got
some things to do.

And since you're
tied-up, anyway,
I'll see you
later on, today."

"Come back!" cried Pa.
"There's more to be done!
You must learn to bunt
and how to perform
the hit-and-run!"



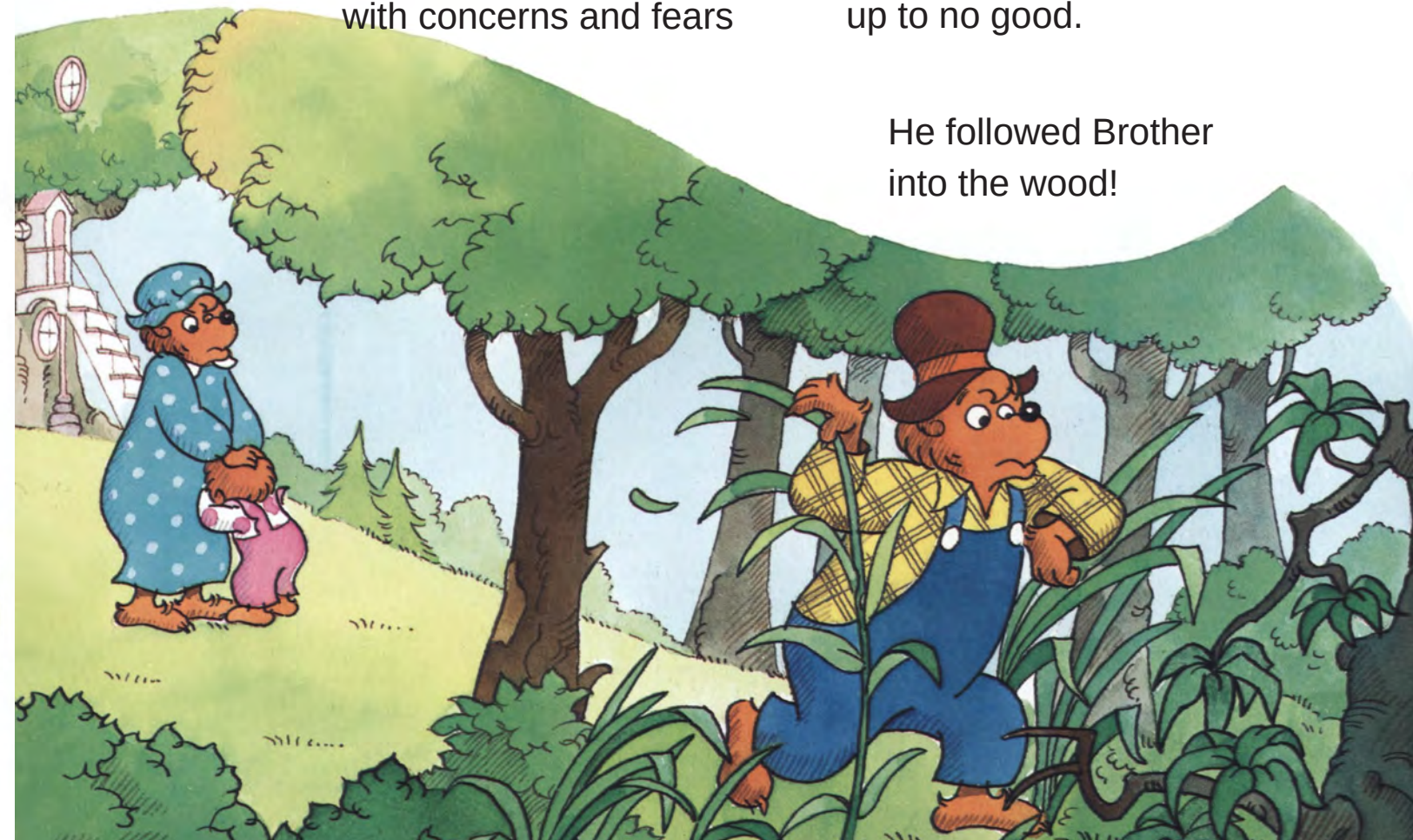
But Brother had enough
of baseball studies.
He needed some fun time
with his buddies.



"Please," said Mama,
as she helped Papa unwind,
"I don't wish to seem unkind.
But it really
isn't fair,
the way you're treating
Sister Bear."

But her protest fell
upon deaf ears.
For Papa, his mind aboil
with concerns and fears

that Brother, pressured
by his peers,
was headed for trouble,
up to no good.



He followed Brother
into the wood!

What was it with Brother?
Why had he fled
What was going on
in that boy's head?

Pesky bugs
tickled Pa's nose.
Grasping twigs
tore at his clothes.

The woods got thicker
and thicker still,
with thorns as sharp
as a porcupine's quill.

"Uh-oh!" said Papa.
"It's worse than I thought!
You do things in caves
so as not to get caught!"

Papa Bear knew
what he had to do—
learn the secret
of Brother Bear's rendezvous.





He pressed into the cave.
It was quite a squeeze.
But within the darkness,
he felt a breeze.

Then Papa saw,
as he rounded a bend,
that the cave was open
at the other end.



At first Pa was blinded
by the sudden light.
But, when, in a moment
he recovered his sight,
he was astonished
by what he observed.
He was truly amazed,
completely unnerved.
For what was going on—
was BASEBALL!

That's right—
to Papa Bear's great surprise,
it was a baseball field
that greeted his eyes.



Not much of one,
but he had to confess,
a baseball field,
nevertheless.

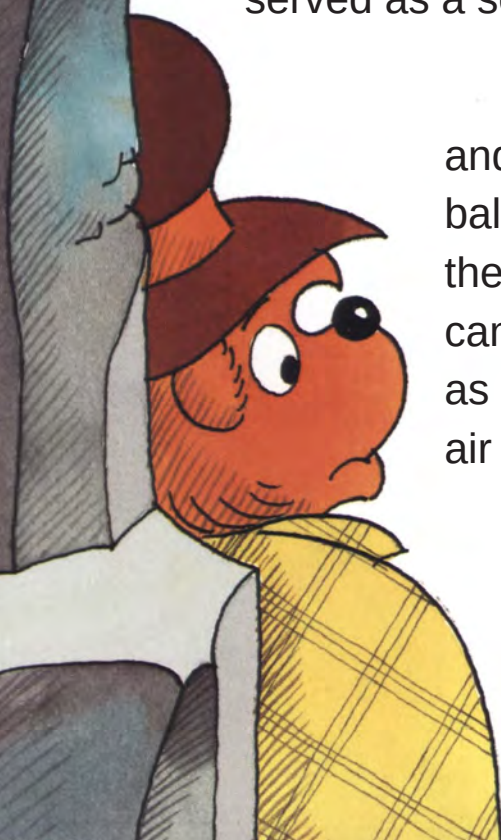
As he watched the game get under way, Pa thought back to another day, where rain or shine, sun or shade, on this very backwoods field he'd played.



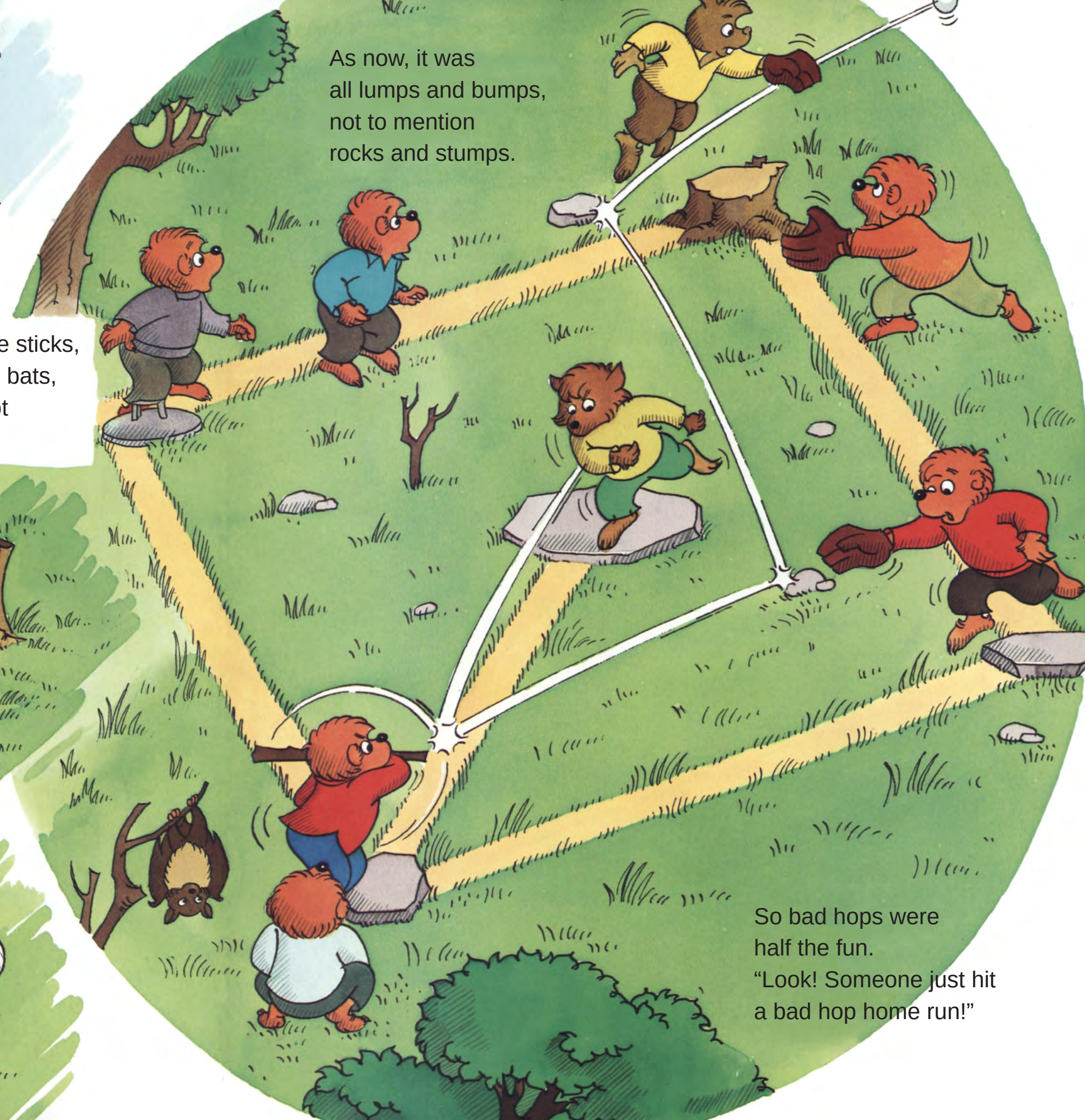
When bats were sticks, and umps were bats, and no one kept scores or stats.

When a tree stump served as a second base,

and they had an extra ball in case their baseball came unraveled as through the country air it traveled.



As now, it was all lumps and bumps, not to mention rocks and stumps.



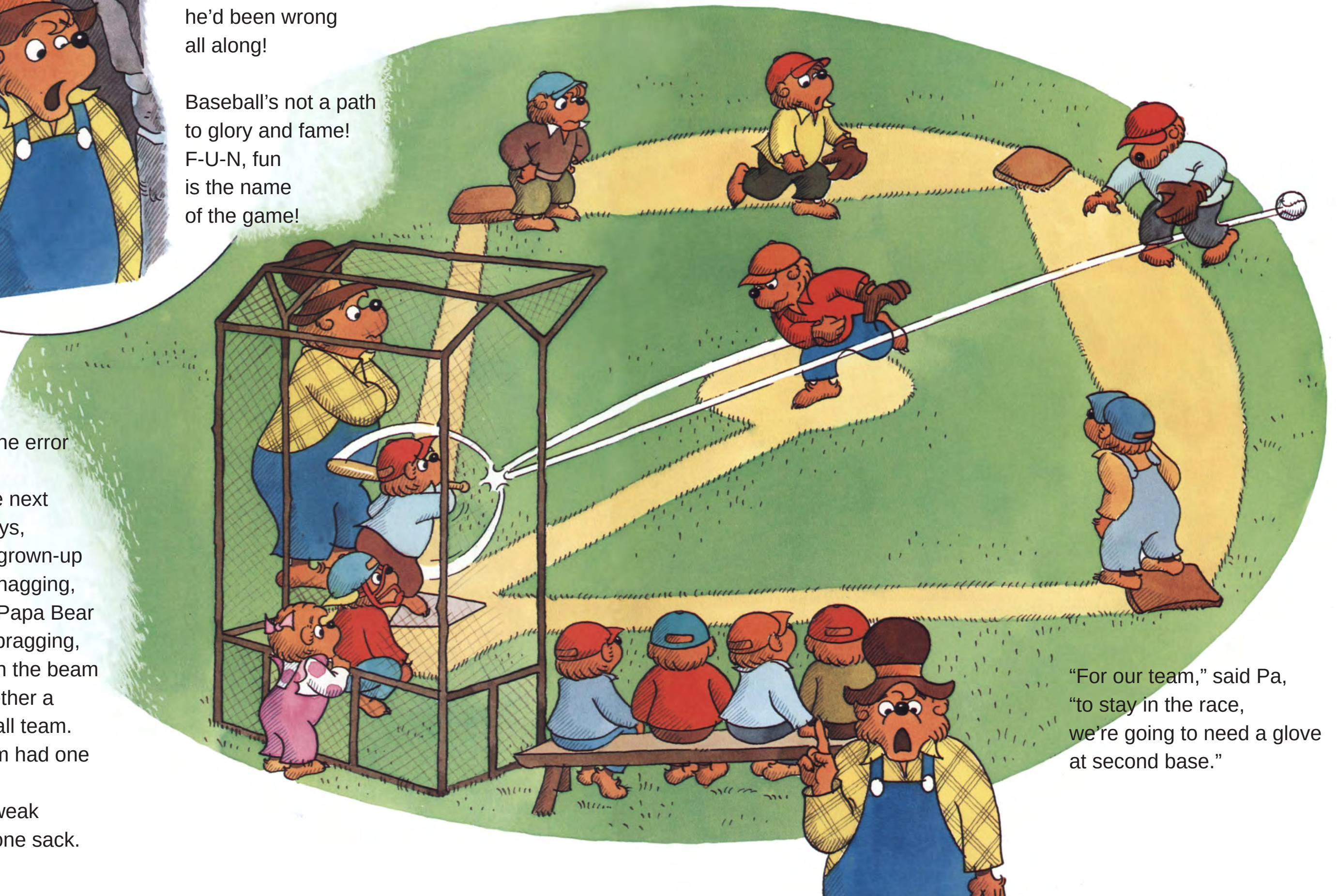
So bad hops were half the fun.
"Look! Someone just hit a bad hop home run!"



As he watched, a thought
came on strong:
he'd been wrong
all along!

Baseball's not a path
to glory and fame!
F-U-N, fun
is the name
of the game!

So Pa saw the error
of his ways.
And over the next
couple of days,
without any grown-up
pressure or nagging,
without any Papa Bear
boasting or bragging,
Pa stayed on the beam
and put together a
good baseball team.
But, the team had one
serious lack.
It was very weak
at the keystone sack.



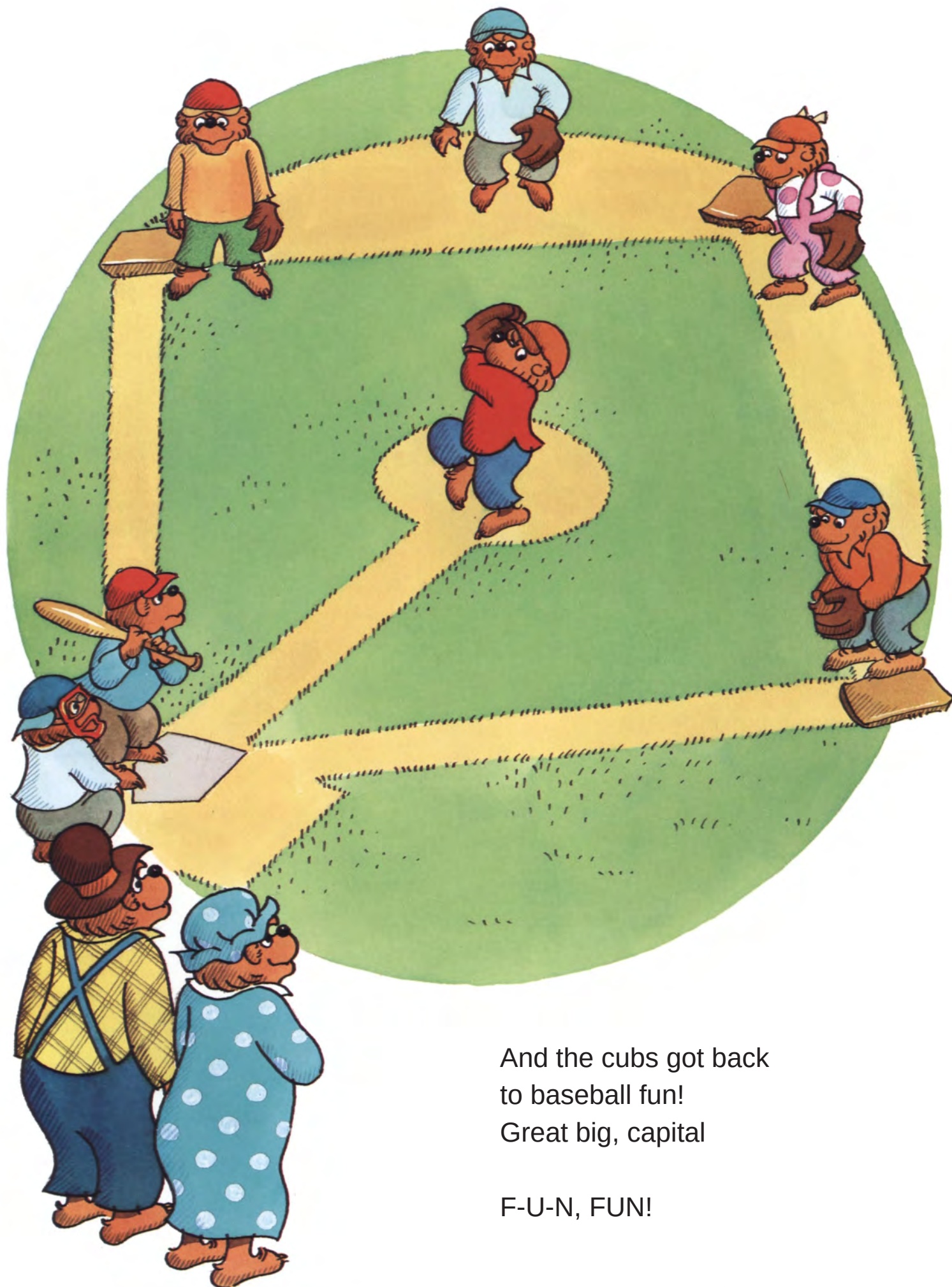
"For our team," said Pa,
"to stay in the race,
we're going to need a glove
at second base."



“Tremendous!” cried Pa,
quite carried away,
“Hooray for Sister!
Hip, hip, hooray!”

She'll be the first
female superstar!
Revolutionize the game!
Go down in baseball history!
Make the Hall of Fame!"





And the cubs got back
to baseball fun!
Great big, capital

F-U-N, FUN!



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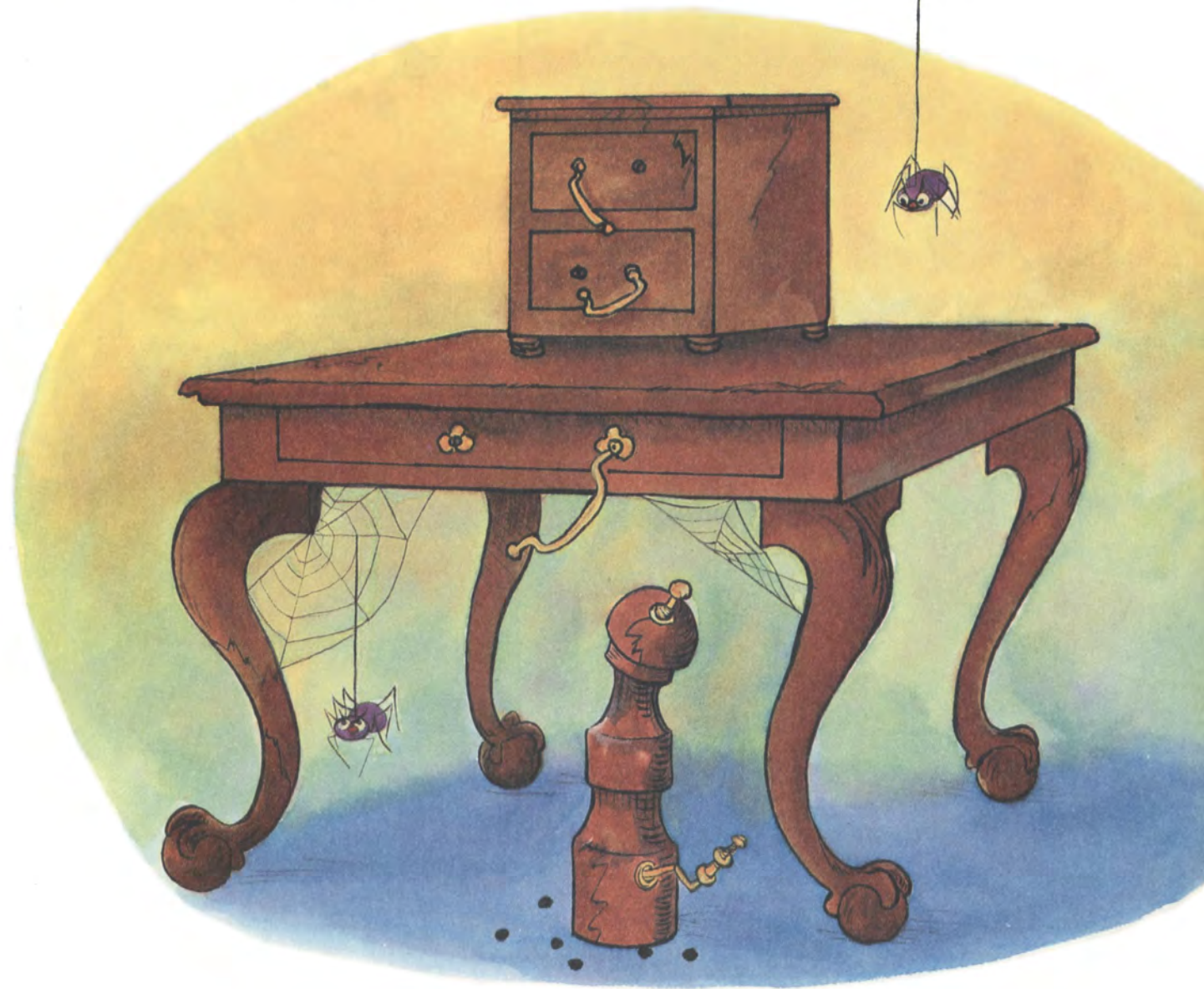


The Berenstain Bears
and the
MANSION MYSTERY



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears
and the
MANSION MYSTERY
Stan & Jan Berenstain





"May we come along, Unc?" asked Cousin Freddy, who was visiting.

"I hear Squire Grizzly has some great stuff in that mansion of his!" added Brother Bear.

"Please, Papa!" begged Sister Bear.

"Why not," said Papa.

One day Papa Bear, who made and repaired furniture, got a call from Squire Grizzly.

"The squire wants me to come over and talk about some business," said Papa. He was very pleased because Squire Grizzly was the richest bear in Bear Country and would make a very good customer.



"Wow!" said Freddy when the mansion came into view. "That's some place!"

"Yes," agreed Sister, "and look at the beautiful grounds!"

"Hey! Where are you going, Unc?" shouted Freddy as Papa steered around to the back. "There's the front door!"

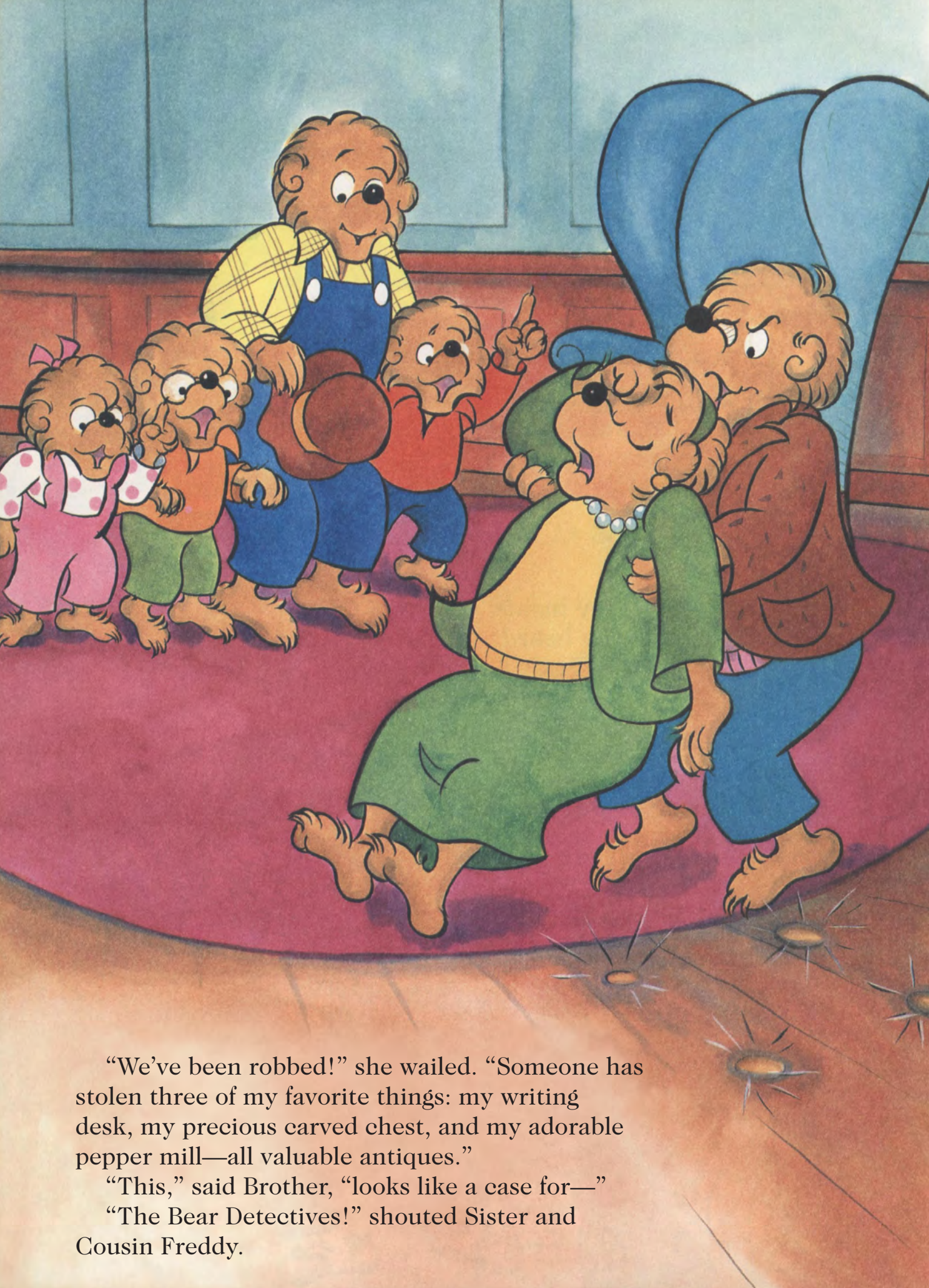
"Lady Grizzly doesn't let *anybody* come in the front door," explained Papa, "not even Squire Grizzly."

"We're here to see Squire Grizzly," said Papa when Grizzby, the butler, answered their knock.

"I shall tell the master you are here," he said.

No sooner were they inside the mansion than they heard a scream. It was from Lady Grizzly.

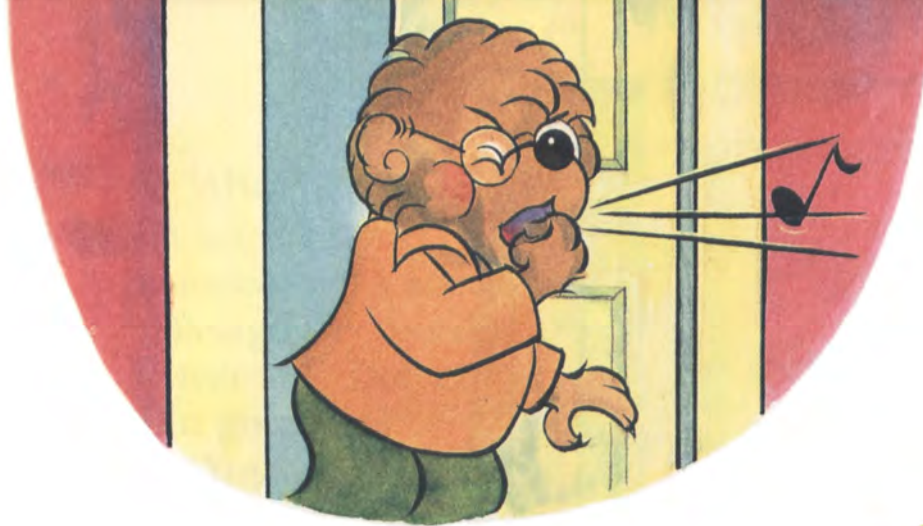




"We've been robbed!" she wailed. "Someone has stolen three of my favorite things: my writing desk, my precious carved chest, and my adorable pepper mill—all valuable antiques."

"This," said Brother, "looks like a case for—"

"The Bear Detectives!" shouted Sister and Cousin Freddy.

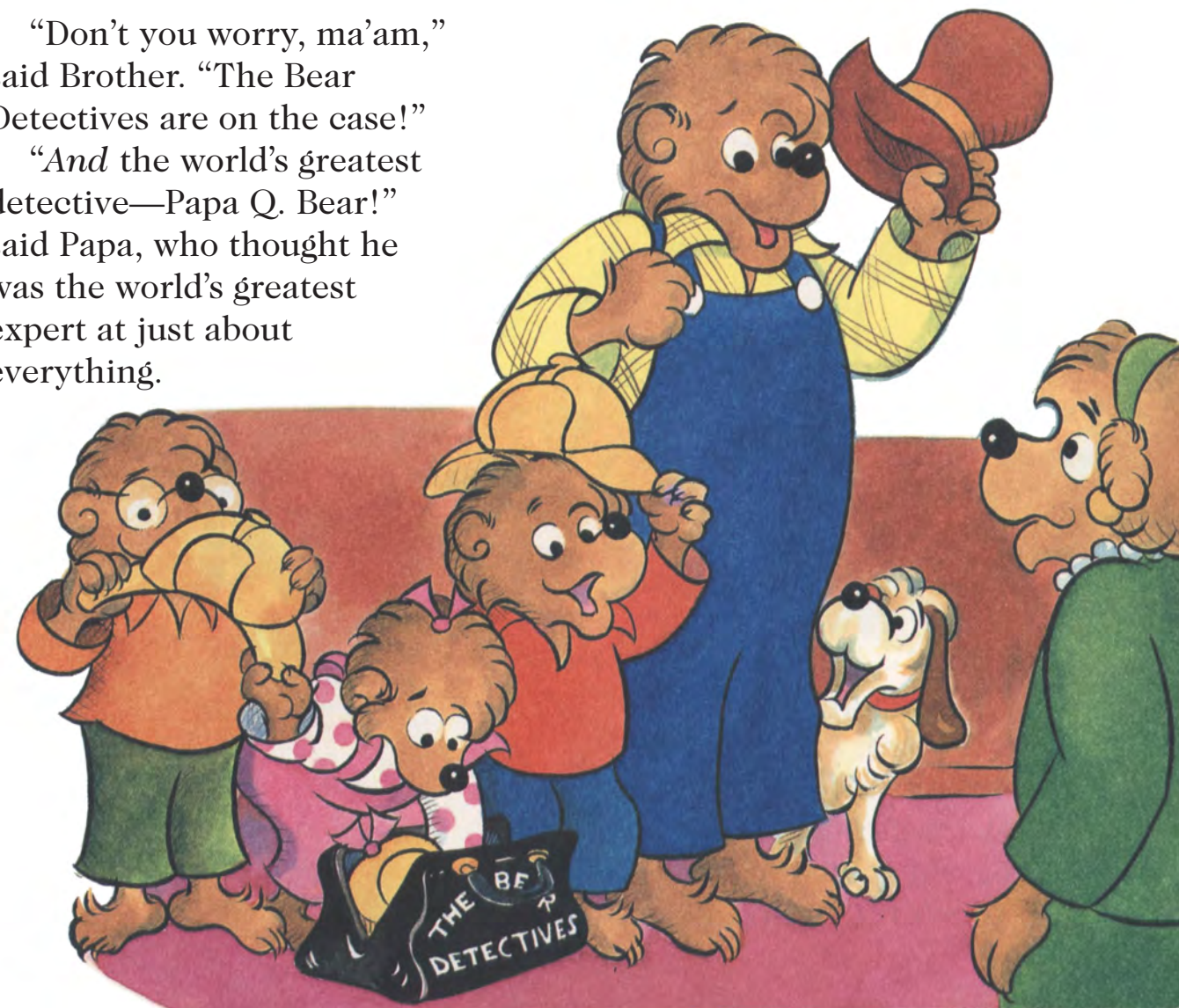


Freddy went to the back door and did his special whistle. Quick as a wink his sniffer hound, Snuff, appeared carrying the Bears' detective kit in his mouth.



"Don't you worry, ma'am," said Brother. "The Bear Detectives are on the case!"

"*And the world's greatest detective—Papa Q. Bear!*" said Papa, who thought he was the world's greatest expert at just about everything.





"But, my good fellow ..."
said the squire, taking
Papa aside.

"That reminds me, Squire.
What was it you wanted to
see me about?" asked Papa.

"That can wait. First,
I must—"

"You're right, Squire,"
agreed Papa. "Everything
must wait until we find the
thief! I believe he's still here.
These old mansions are tricky—
full of secret hiding places!"

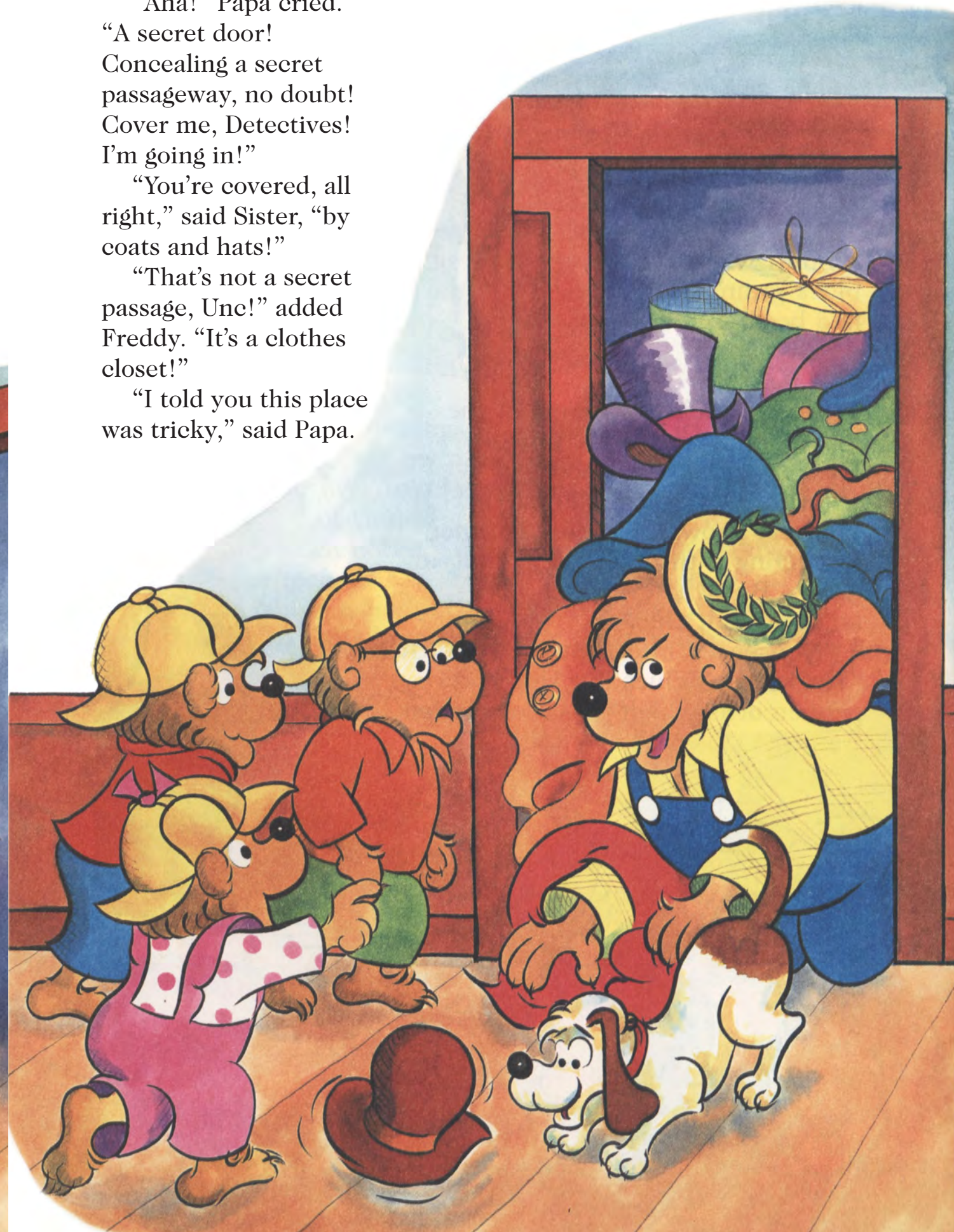


"Aha!" Papa cried.
"A secret door!
Concealing a secret
passageway, no doubt!
Cover me, Detectives!
I'm going in!"

"You're covered, all
right," said Sister, "by
coats and hats!"

"That's not a secret
passage, Unc!" added
Freddy. "It's a clothes
closet!"

"I told you this place
was tricky," said Papa.





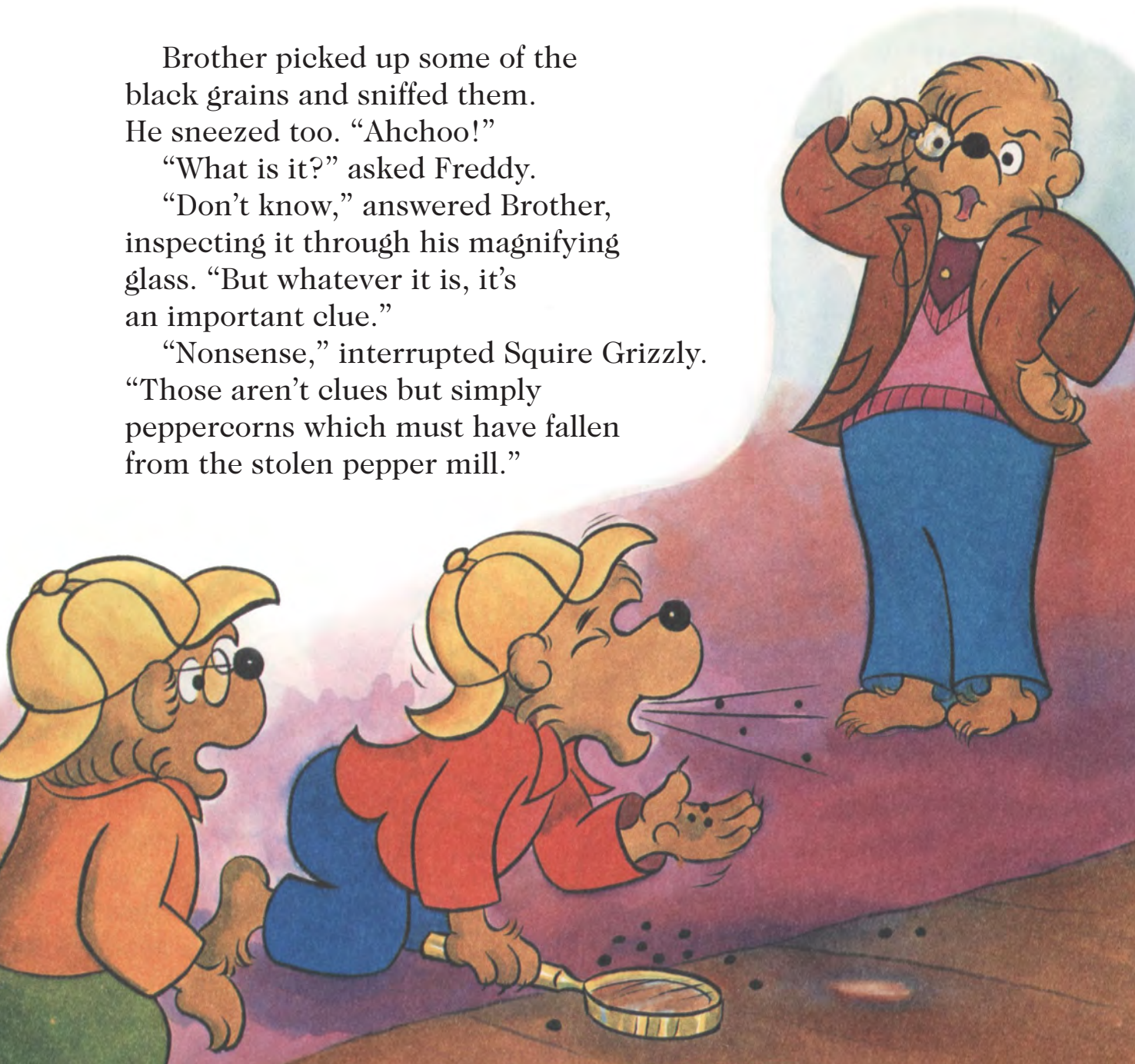
Snuff was already busy sniffing some little black grains in the area where the stolen things had been. Suddenly he sneezed.

Brother picked up some of the black grains and sniffed them. He sneezed too. "Ahchoo!"

"What is it?" asked Freddy.

"Don't know," answered Brother, inspecting it through his magnifying glass. "But whatever it is, it's an important clue."

"Nonsense," interrupted Squire Grizzly. "Those aren't clues but simply peppercorns which must have fallen from the stolen pepper mill."



"Oh, my lovely things!" wailed Lady Grizzly.

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the squire, helping her over to a large chair. "Sit here. I'll get you a glass of water."

Then, when nobody was looking, a very strange thing happened. The chair and wall began to move! It was a trick chair. Before Lady Grizzly knew what was happening, she disappeared into the wall.



“Ruff!” said Snuff, sniffing the floor.

“He’s picked up the scent!” shouted Brother.

“Sister, tell Lady Grizzly we’re on the trail!”

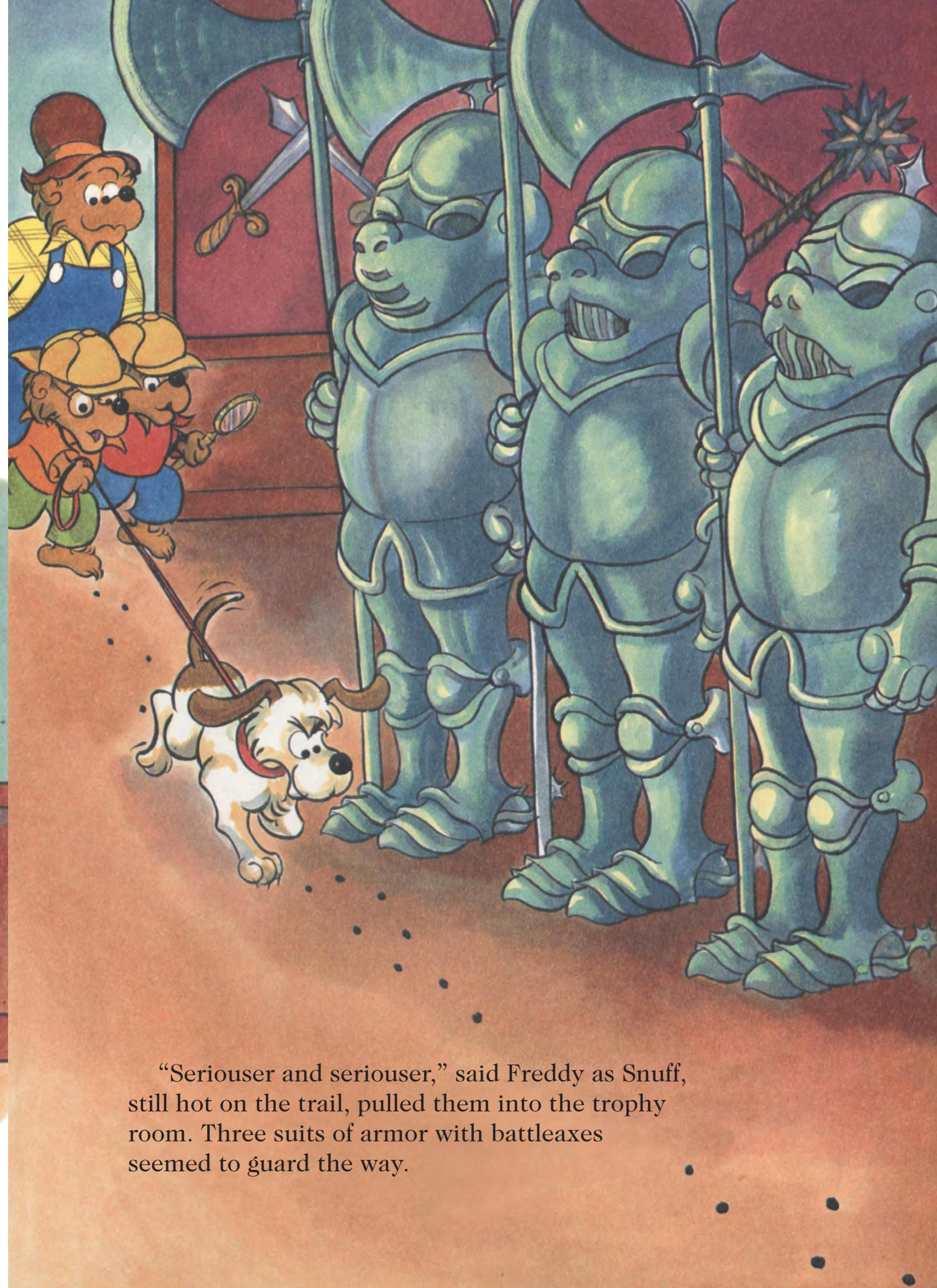
Snuff pulled Brother to the door of a dark, spooky-looking room.

“This looks like the squire’s trophy room,” said Papa.

“Hold everything!” cried Sister. “Lady Grizzly has disappeared!”

“This is getting serious,” said Freddy.

“I can’t find Squire Grizzly or the butler, either,” said Sister.



“Seriouser and seriouser,” said Freddy as Snuff, still hot on the trail, pulled them into the trophy room. Three suits of armor with battleaxes seemed to guard the way.



“Ruff!” said Snuff, sniffing the trail. Then, once again, he sneezed. “Ahchoo!”

“I think Snuff may be catching a cold,” said Freddy. “This old mansion is pretty drafty.”

“Hmm,” said Sister. “I don’t think so.”

Snuff was working up another sneeze—a really big one. “Ah-ah-ah-CHOO!” It shook the whole room. It shook the battleaxes loose. Whomp! ... Whomp! ... Whomp! They fell, one right after the other.





"Yipe!" yelled Papa as he and the cubs raced out of the way. Then Snuff, still sneezing, led them outside to a dark, overgrown path leading to a shed.



"Look!" said Papa, peering through the window. "The missing antiques!" And sure enough, there they were—the desk, the chest, and the pepper mill. "Hmm," he said. "They're fine pieces, all right, but they're not in very good shape."

“Precisely why I sent for you, my friend.”
The startled bears turned and saw Squire Grizzly stepping out of the shadows.

“Just as I thought!” said Sister. “It was a trail of pepper that made Snuff sneeze—a trail left by Squire Grizzly himself—probably through a hole in his pocket.”

“By Jove!” said the squire. “I *do* have a hole in my pocket—and the pepper’s all gone!”

“The pepper you removed from the pepper mill before you stole it!” accused Sister.

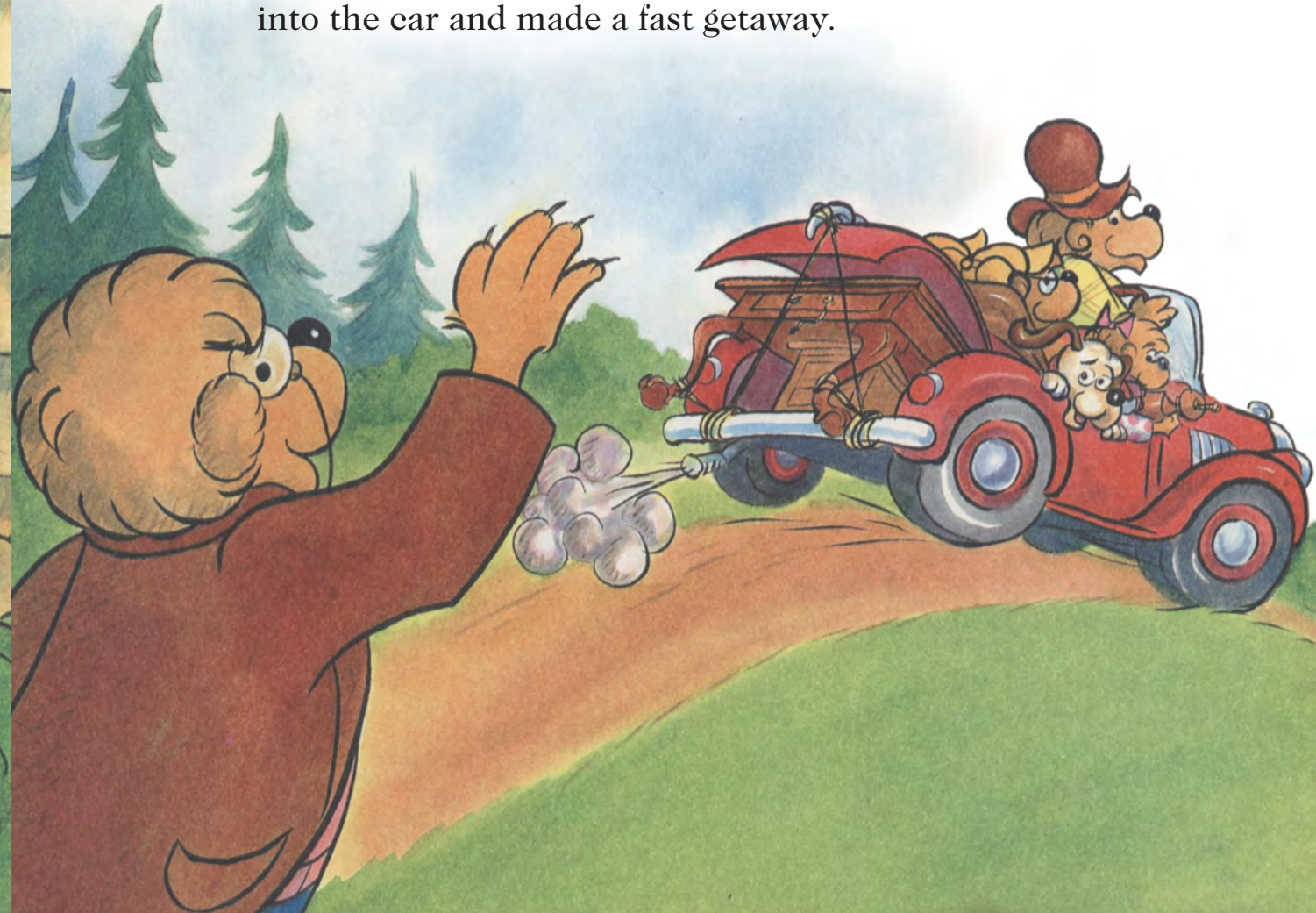
“Squire Grizzly,” said Papa, “you’re under arrest for stealing your own antiques!”



“Stuff and nonsense, dear chap!” Squire Grizzly protested. “I called you to repair Lady Grizzly’s favorite things as a special birthday surprise. But she returned unexpectedly from a trip and upset my plans.”

“Now, quickly! Load the things into your car and be off with you. Grizzby is fetching her from our secret passageway even now.”

Papa and the cubs loaded the “stolen” antiques into the car and made a fast getaway.



“Happy birthday, my dear!” said the squire as he presented the beautifully repaired antiques to Lady Grizzly a few days later.

“What a lovely surprise!” Lady Grizzly said. “My precious things weren’t stolen after all, merely spirited away for repairs. And thank you, Papa Bear—your repair work is excellent!”

“And the Bear Detectives’ work is pretty good too,” said the squire, chuckling. “A little *too* good!”

“Ruff!” said Snuff.



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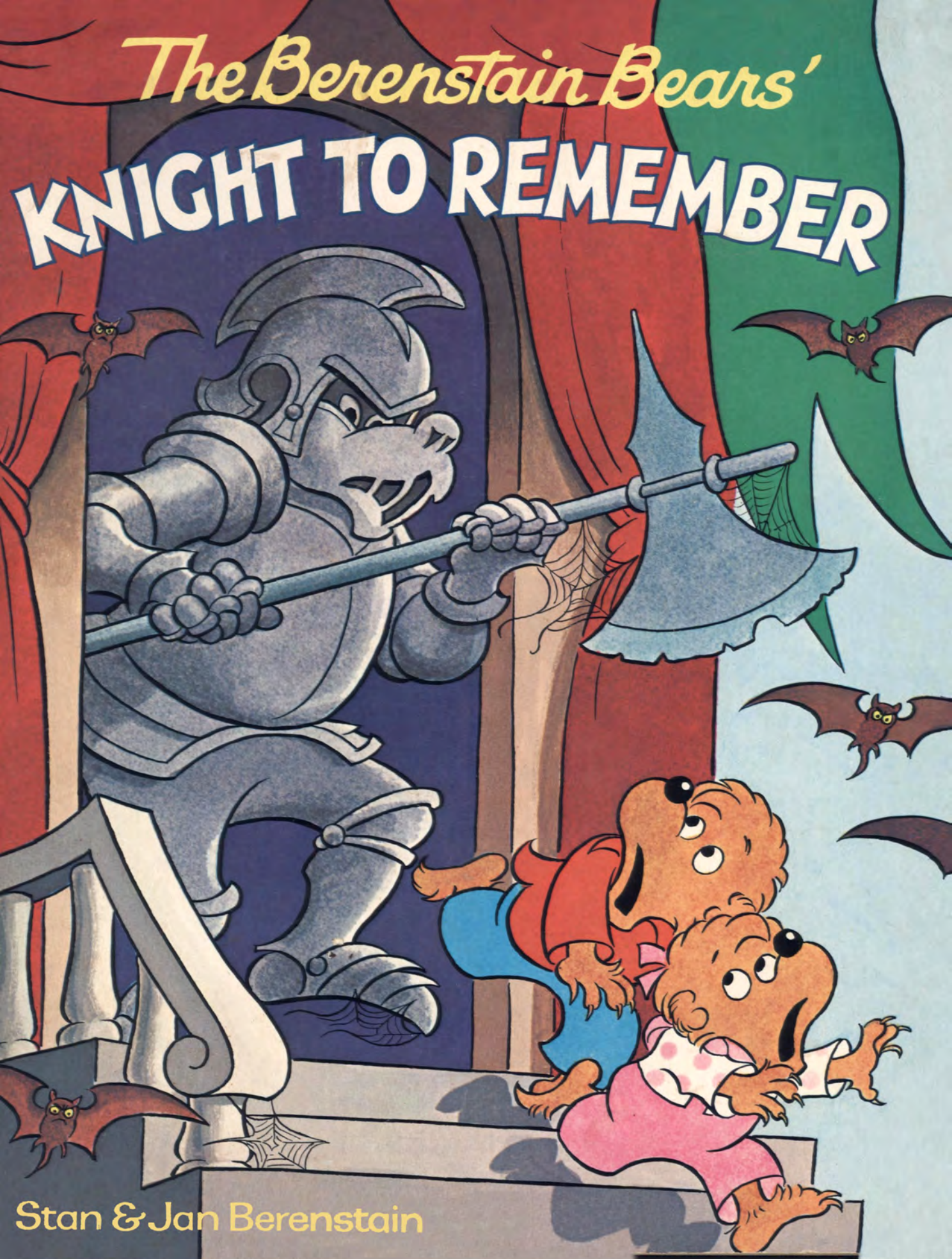
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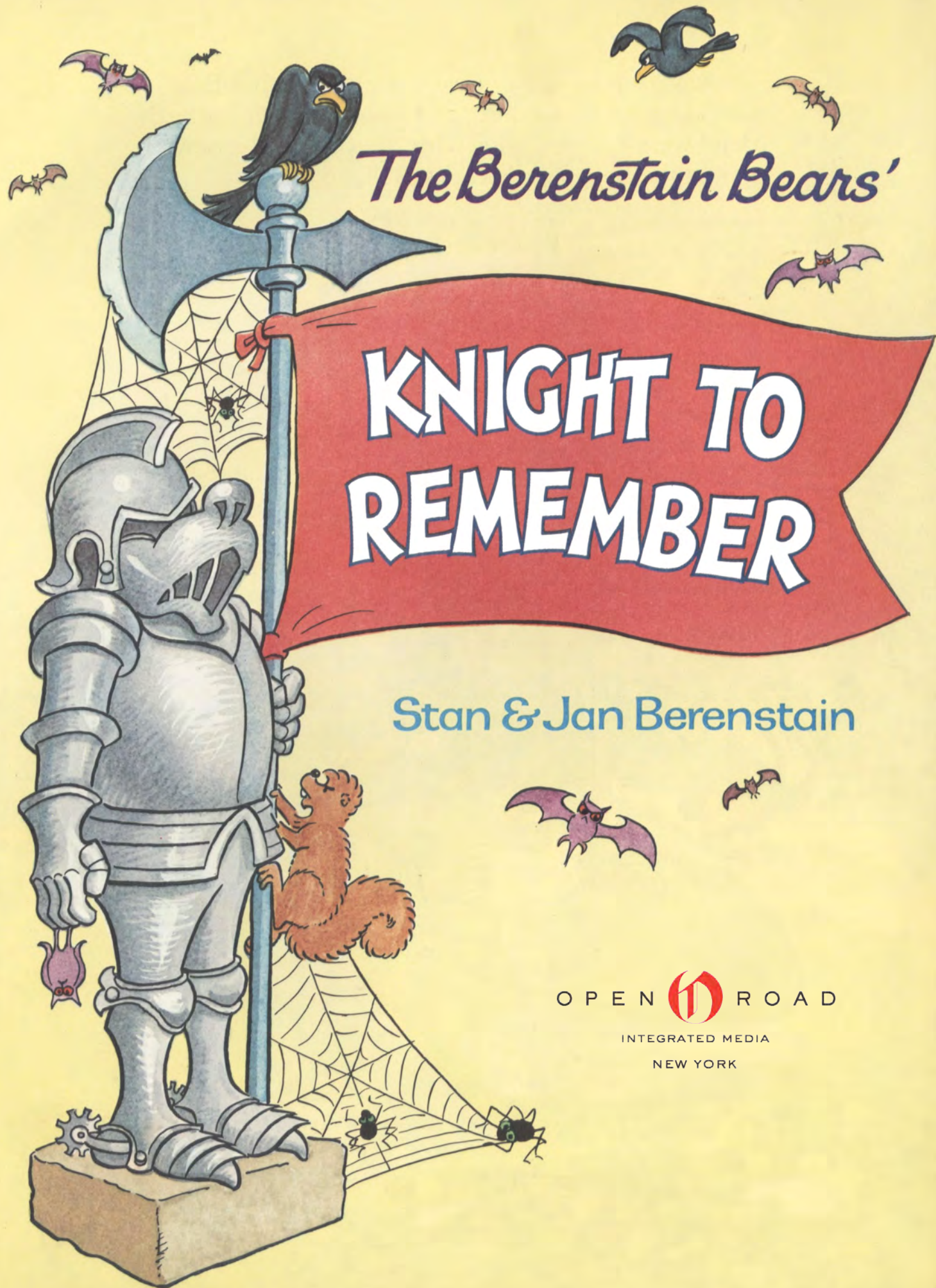




The Berenstain Bears'

KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

Stan & Jan Berenstain



The Berenstain Bears'

KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

Stan & Jan Berenstain

OPEN  ROAD
INTEGRATED MEDIA
NEW YORK

It was a sunny day in Bear Country. Brother Bear was riding his skateboard, and Sister and her butterfly friend were jumping rope when they noticed a new sign on the Shagbark Hickory Bulletin Board.



“Help Wanted! At Arch-e-o-logical Digs,” Brother read aloud. “Apply to Professor Actual Factual.”

“Archeo-who?” asked Sister.

“It has to do with digging up stuff to find out what happened in olden times,” Brother explained.

“Sounds like fun! Let’s go help!” Sister said.

“I’ll bet tons of bears will be signing up,” Brother said.



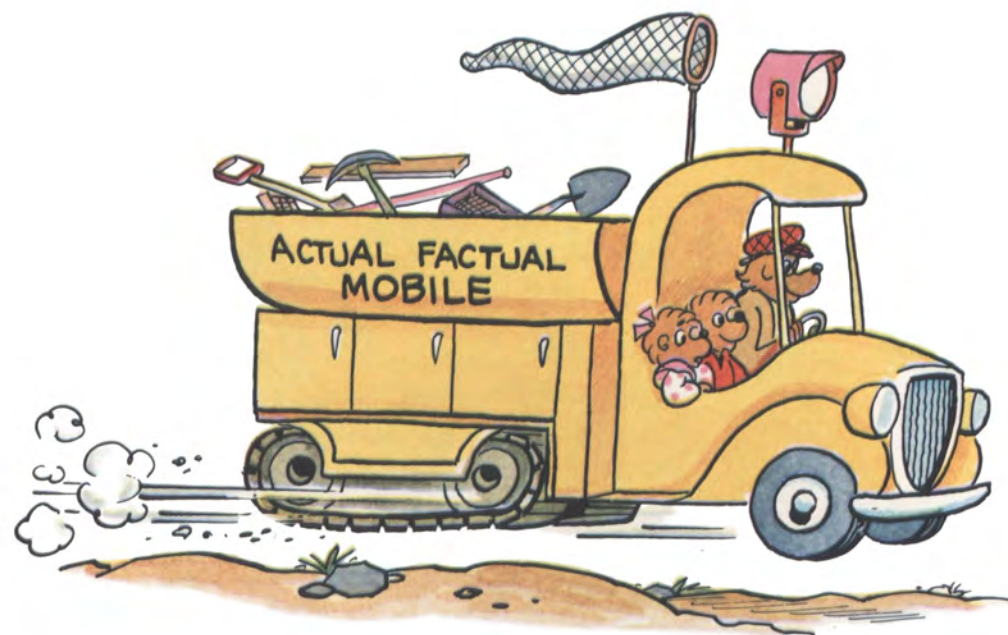
But the only bear in front of the Bearsonian Institution was Actual Factual. He was sitting sadly on the front steps, and brightened up when he saw the cubs.

"Ah, Brother and Sister Bear! Hardly any visitors come to the museum these days, but I should have known I could count on you," he said.

"That's because the museum's filled with dusty old things," Sister whispered to Brother.

"Maybe we'll find something exciting on the dig," Brother said hopefully.

The professor and the cubs got into the Actual Factual Mobile and drove across the countryside to the archeological site.



Then Actual Factual handed out shovels, picks, and sieves.



“Just remember, there’s no such thing as luck in archeology,” he said, beginning to dig in the soil. “Sometimes you have to dig for years before you find anything.”

Sister lifted up her first shovelful of dirt. “Look—here’s something!” she shouted.



“Well, you must have beginner’s luck,” Actual Factual said, examining Sister’s find. “My goodness—you’ve found a real suit of armor; the kind worn by a medieval knight!”

“Complete with battle axe and chains!” Brother said.

“This is indeed a day to remember!” Actual Factual said happily.

“Don’t you mean a *knight* to remember?” Sister asked, giggling.

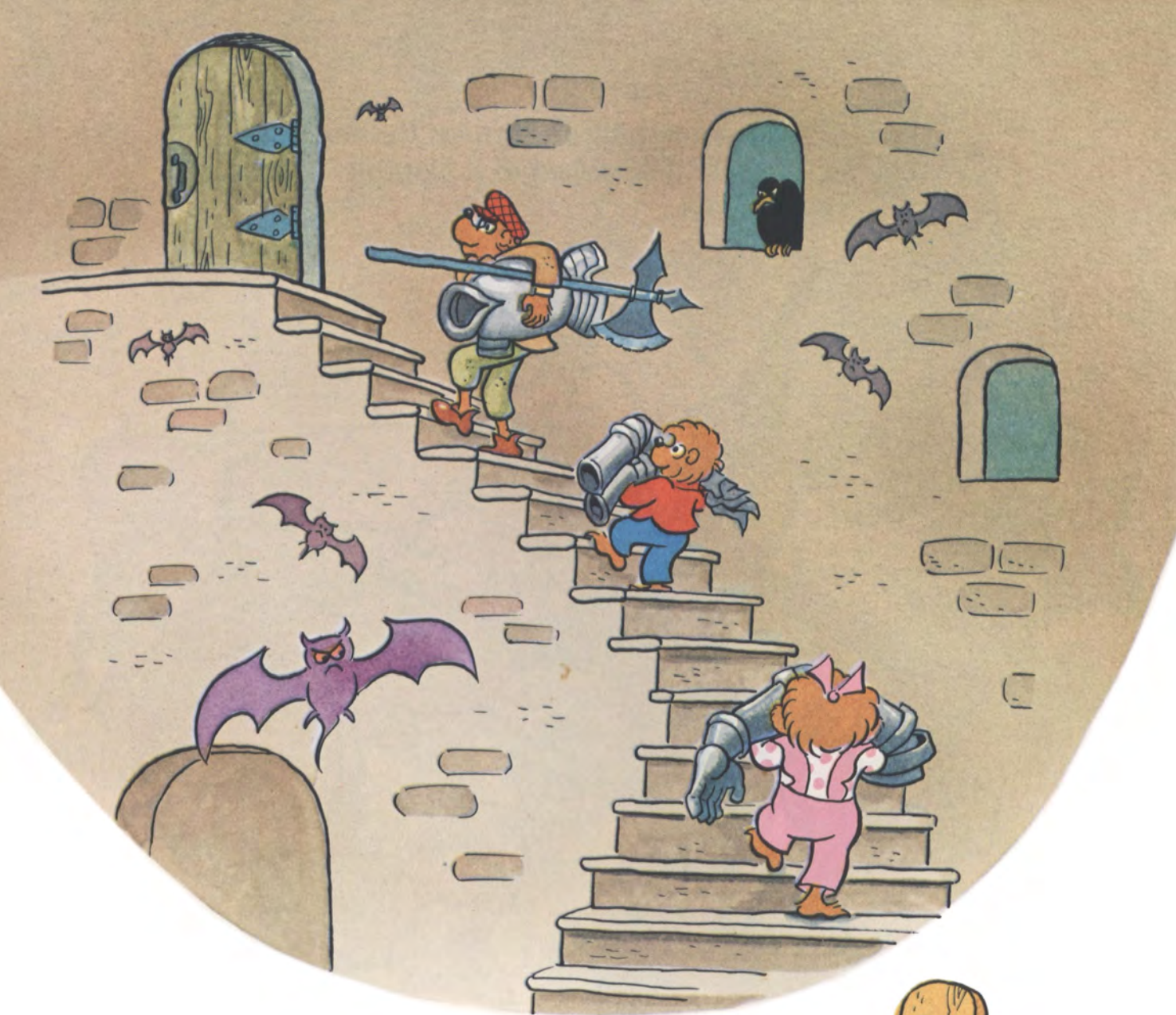
“Wait—there’s something written on the axe blade,” Actual Factual said. He looked at it carefully under his magnifying glass.



*“Tongue of a toad, eye of a newt,
He who disturbs this armored suit
Shall shiver and shake, and what is worse,
Shall suffer a medieval curse!”*

Sister looked scared, while Brother tried to look brave.

“Nonsense!” the professor said. “There’s no such thing as a curse. Let’s set up this knight in the old tower of the museum. That’s the kind of exciting exhibit that ought to bring bears from all over!”

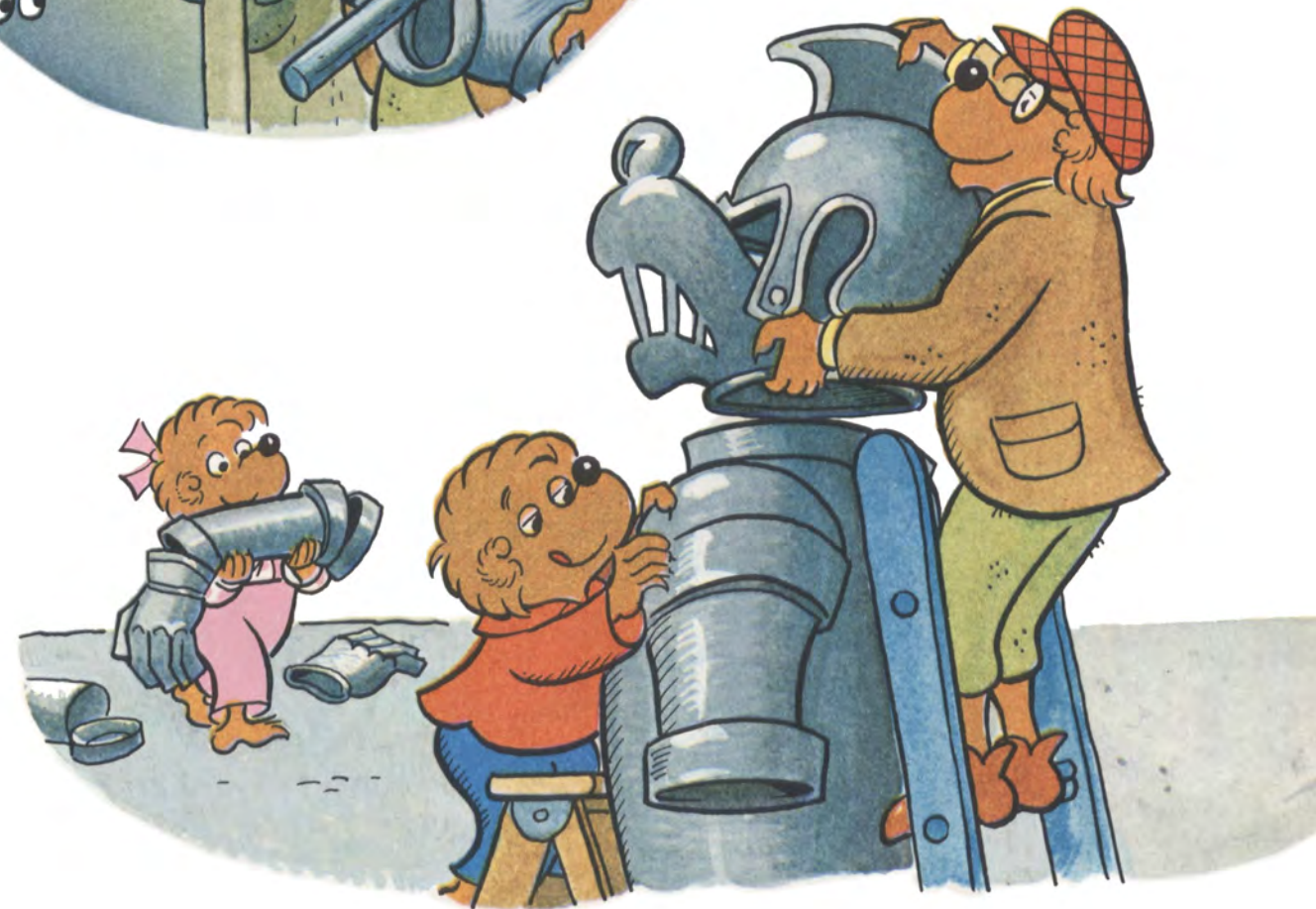


Actual Factual turned on the light. "Let's put this armor together," he said.

Actual Factual put up a sign announcing the new exhibit in front of the Bearsonian Institution. Then he and the cubs dragged the clanking armor up the steep stairs to the tower room.

"I'll bet nobody's been up here for years," Sister said nervously.

"Nobody except big old spiders and bats!" Brother said.



Sister connected the arm pieces to the hand pieces. Brother connected the shoulders to the body. And Actual Factual connected the head to the neck. "Now we *really* have a knight to remember!" he said.

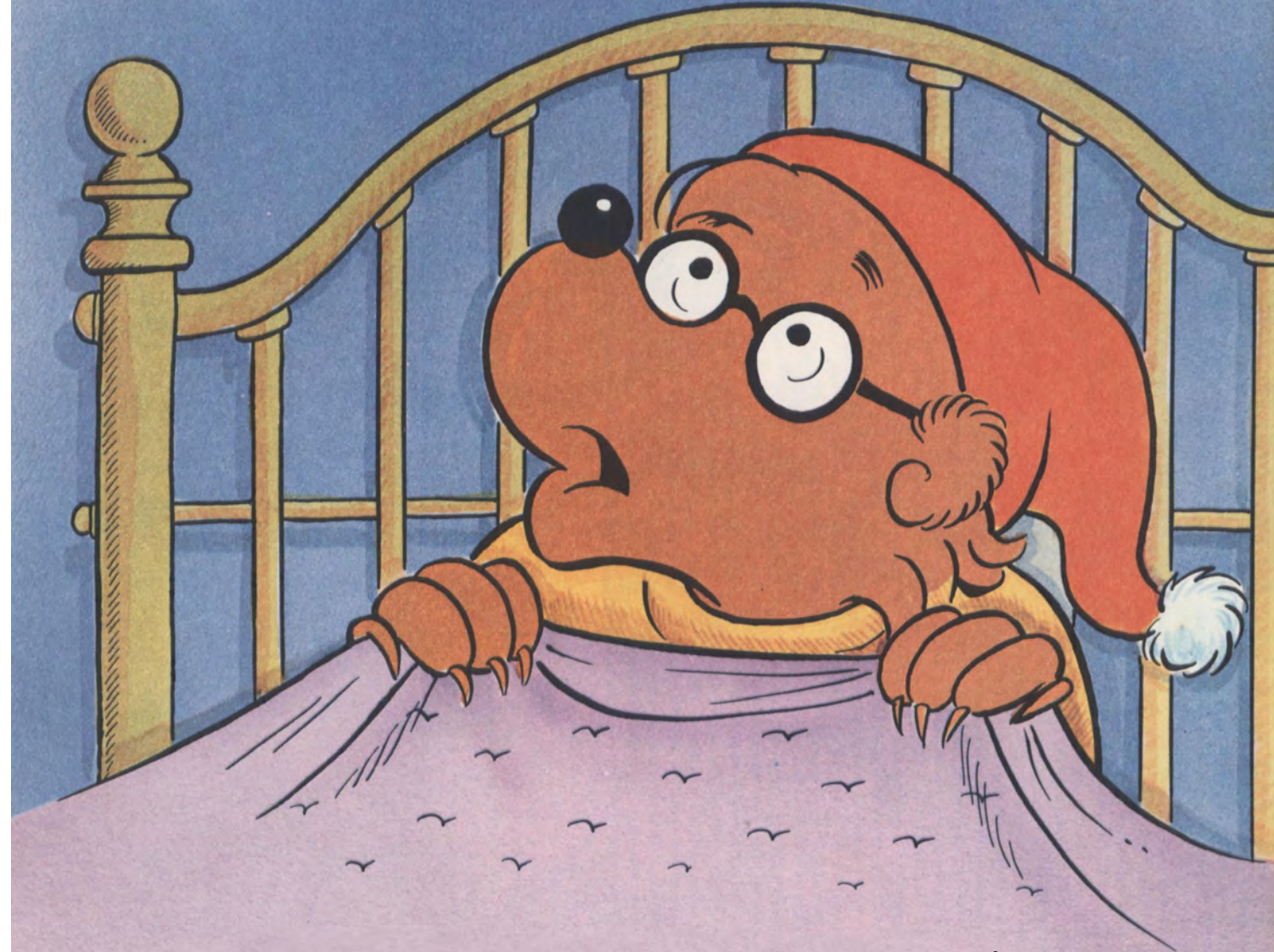
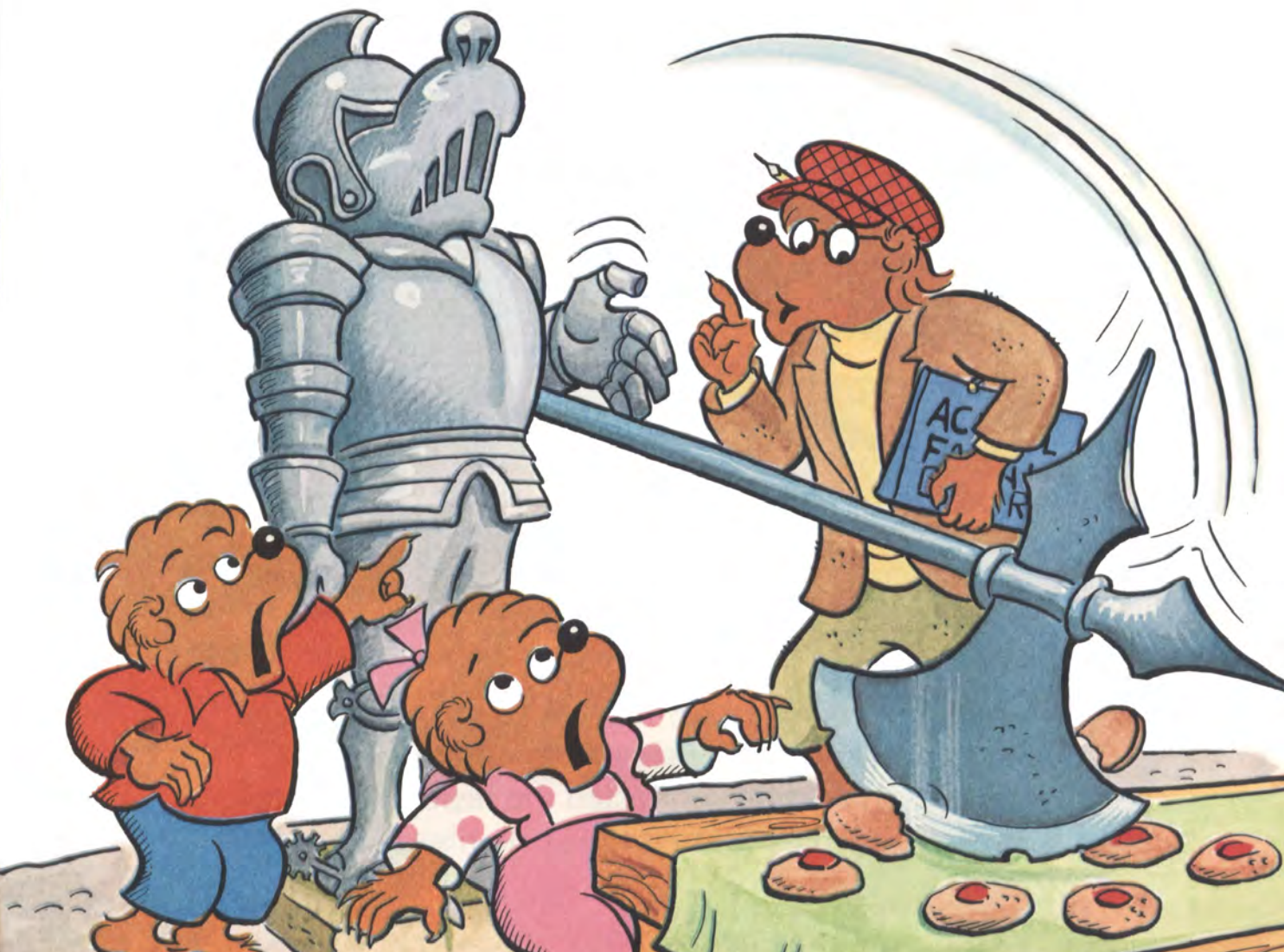
"We'll hold a grand opening tomorrow," Actual Factual said. "I'll serve some of my special crumpets and—"

Suddenly the knight's axe fell down, slicing one of the crumpets on the table right in half!

"I—I—I thought I saw the gauntlet move," Brother said.

"And I saw eyes in the visor!" Sister added.

"It was simply an accident," Actual Factual said firmly. "Time to go home now. I'll see you here tomorrow, bright and early."



That night Actual Factual woke to the sound of heavy metal footsteps in the tower room above his apartment in the museum. Then he heard a noise that sounded like clanking chains.

"I'd better go see what's up," he muttered, and climbed out of bed.



When Actual Factual climbed up the tower stairs, what should he see but the knight coming toward him, waving the axe and dragging the chains!



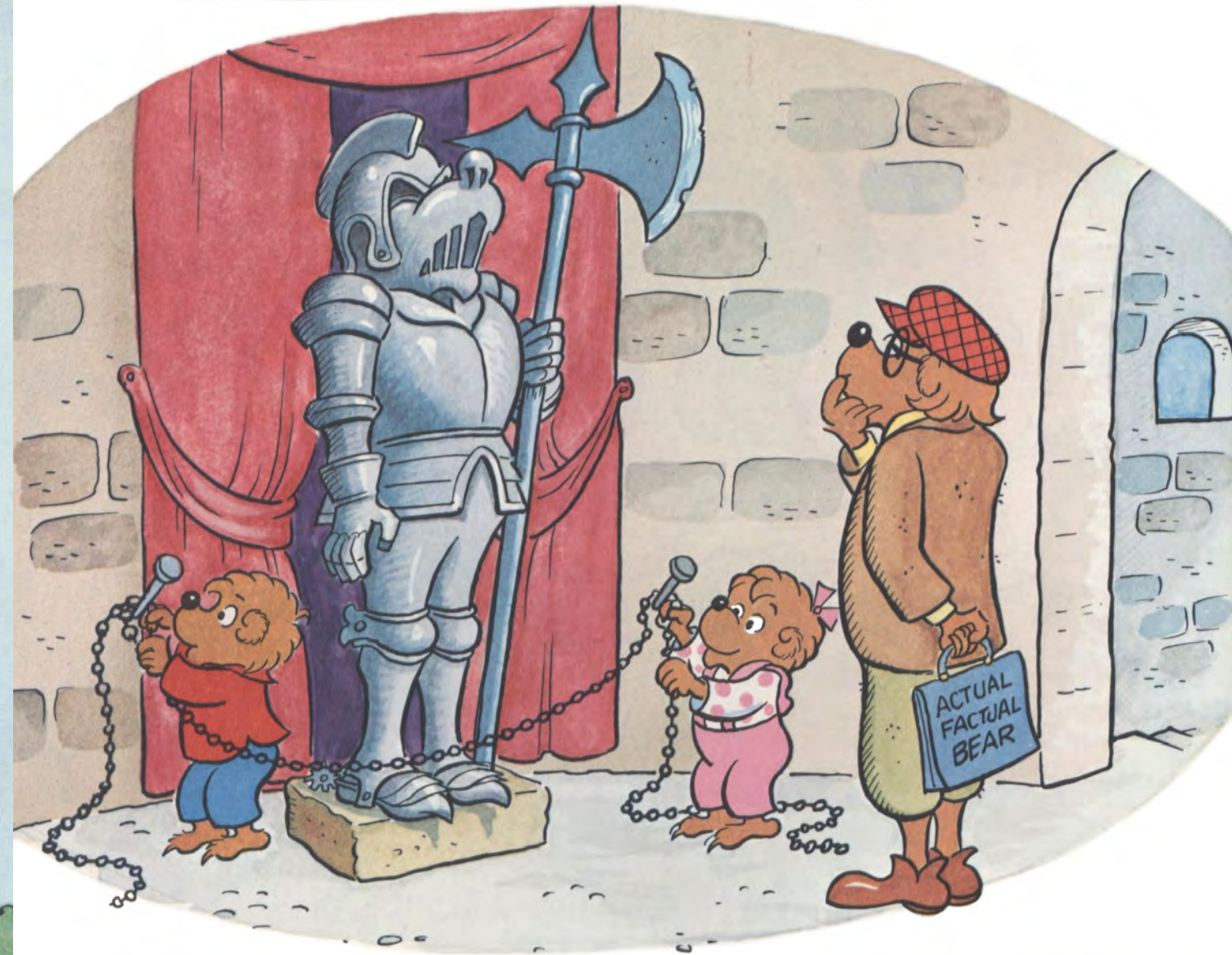
"Yowwww!" screamed the frightened professor, and he raced down the steps, ran out of the museum, and streaked off into the night, muttering, "I must cancel the exhibit!"

The next morning Brother and Sister Bear saw the EXHIBIT CANCELED sign in front of the museum.

"It doesn't make any sense," Sister said.

"Yes, it does!" said Actual Factual, popping out from behind the sign. "The curse has come true. The knight is alive! The exhibit's not safe for visitors!"

"I think we should investigate this," Brother said. "Come on!"



The cubs and the professor tiptoed up the stairs to the tower room. The knight's chain was lying on the floor. Brother and Sister each hooked up an end to a nail on the wall.

"Now for my plan. Start teasing him," Brother whispered. "Hey, over here, you old rust bucket!" he called to the knight.

Sister stuck out her tongue and made faces at the suit of armor.





The knight began to move! It lurched toward the cubs, tripped over the low chain stretched across the room, and crashed to the floor with a loud clatter!

"Look!" cried Brother: "That spider silk is holding the pieces of armor together."

"And those squirrels and crows and bats were pulling the threads so the knight could move," Sister said.

"Well, those animals can't stay here," Actual Factual said. "We must get rid of them."



"But they're just trying to protect their home," Sister said. "I'll talk to them. I'm good at talking with little creatures."



After a few minutes of chatter, Sister turned to Actual Factual. "The insects and animals can stay and make the knight perform for the museum's visitors. It'll be a sensation!"

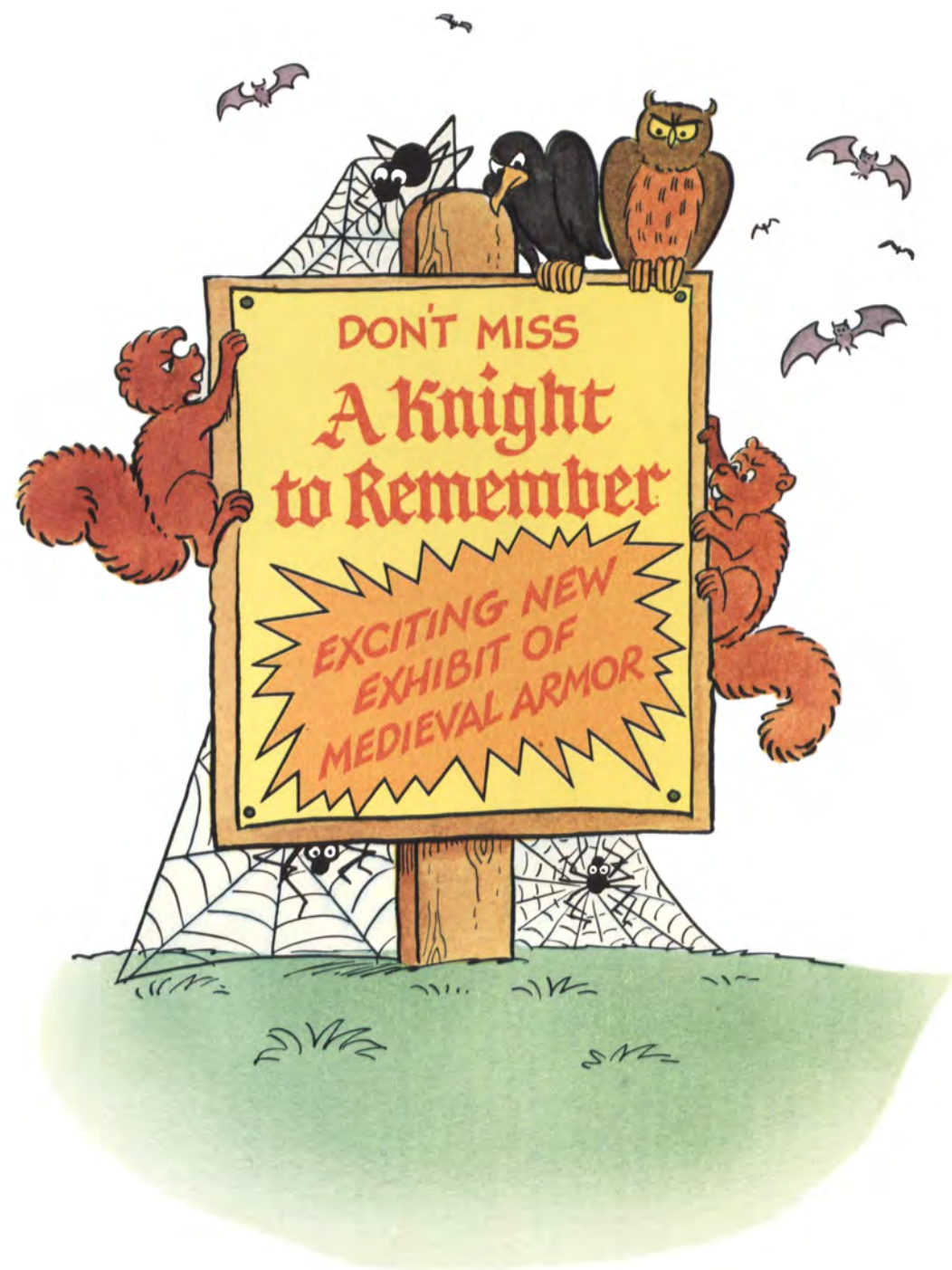
"Oh my, that sounds wonderful!" Actual Factual said. "I'd better change that 'Canceled' sign right away!"



That day crowds of curious bears streamed into the Bearsonian Institution to view the walking medieval knight.

“That certainly is a knight to remember,” one of the bears remarked to Actual Factual.

“That’s right, madame,” the professor agreed. “But *last* night was pretty exciting too!” And he gave Brother and Sister a big wink.



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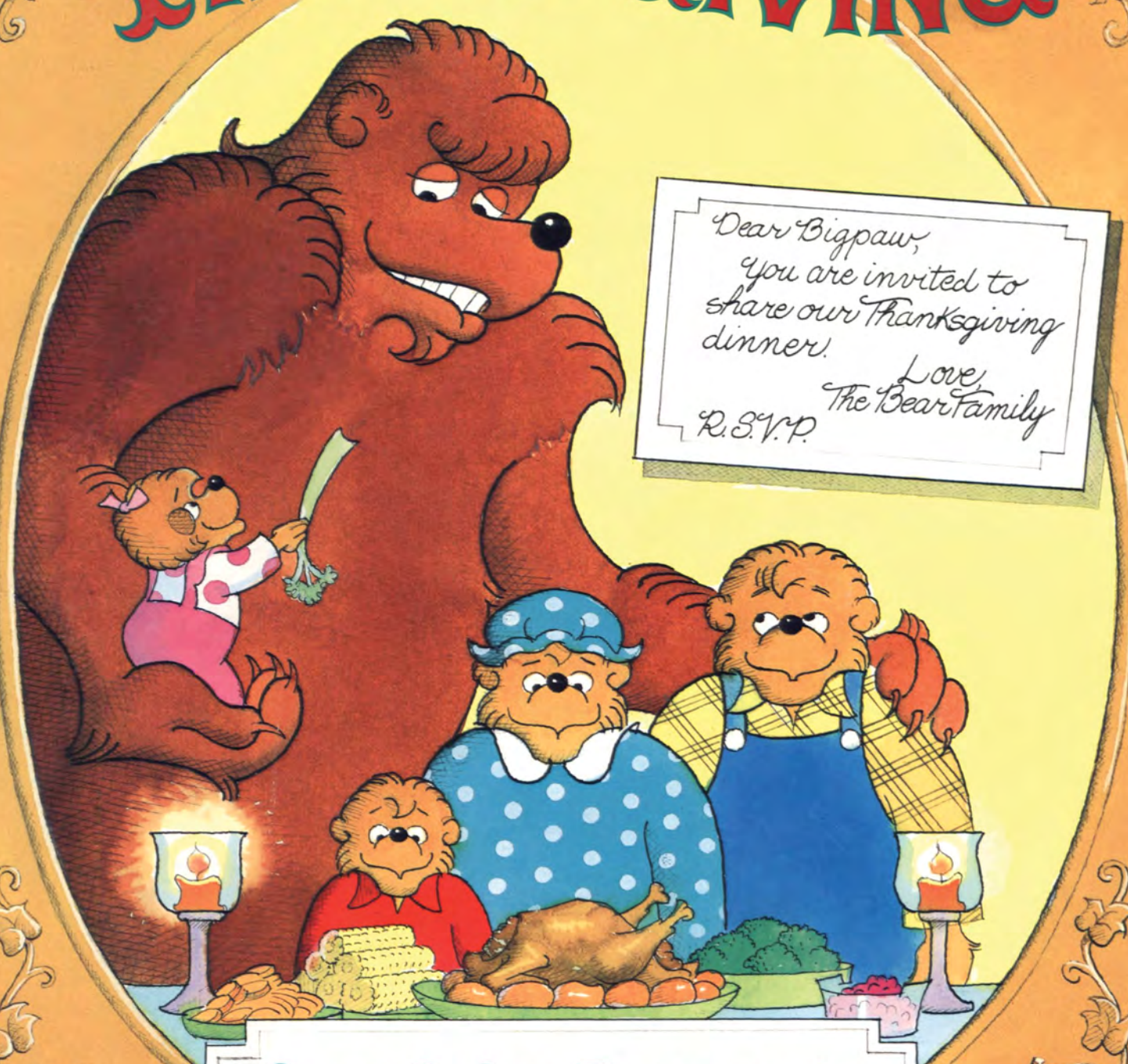
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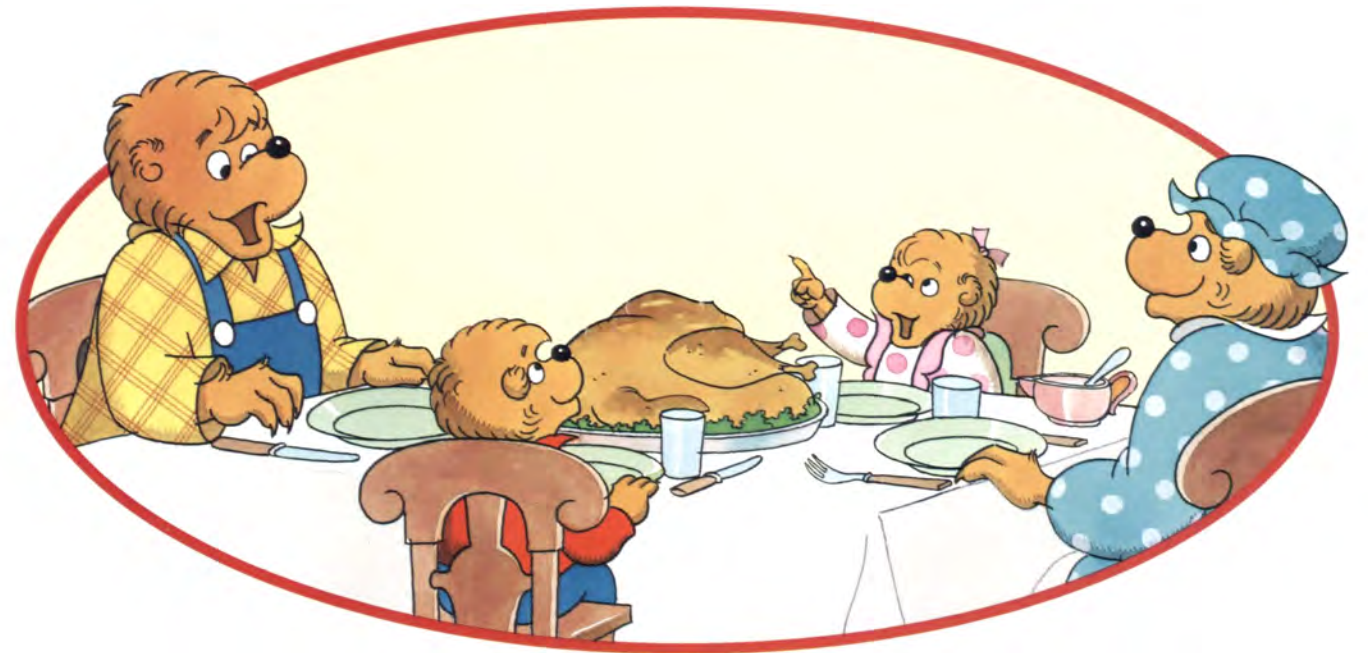
The Berenstain Bears' **THANKSGIVING**

Dear Bigpaw,
You are invited to
share our Thanksgiving
dinner!
Love,
The Bear Family
R.S.V.P.



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears' **THANKSGIVING**

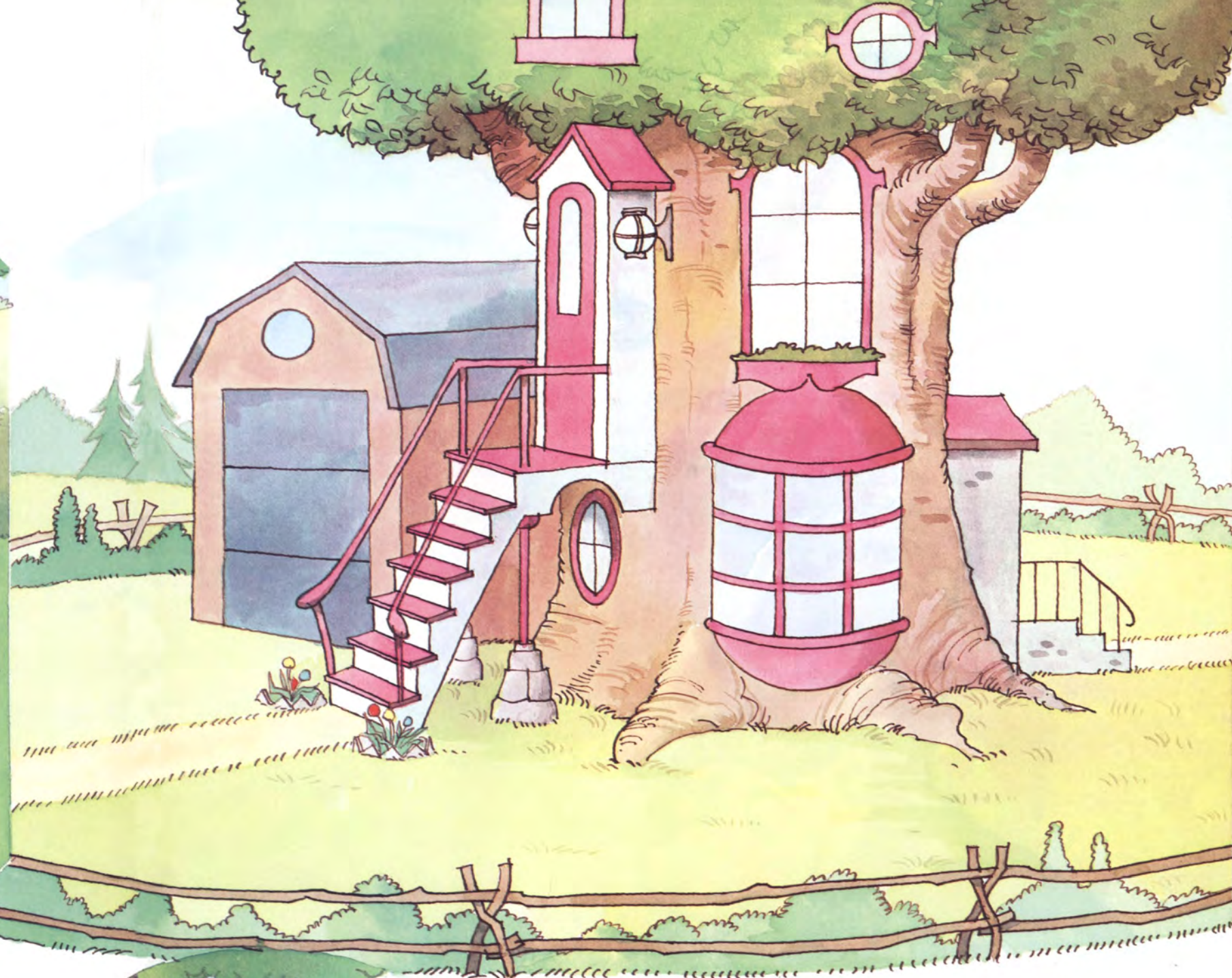


Stan & Jan Berenstain

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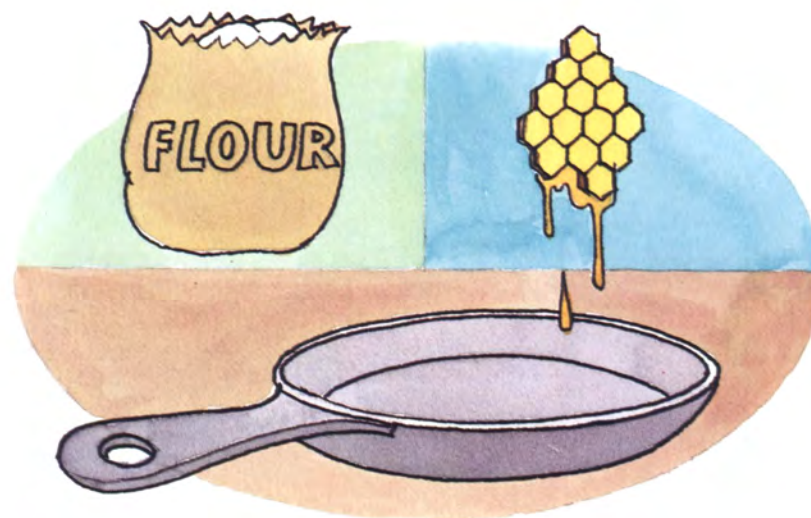


It's 'round the next bend,
down a sunny dirt road.
Just ask the next squirrel,
caterpillar, or toad



for the tree-house home
of the Bear family,
where Ma, Pa, and the cubs
are cozy and warm
in their split-level tree.

Just at the moment,
inside their quaint home,
they're reading
the harvest honeycomb.



"Honeycomb dribble,
honeycomb drip,
what lies ahead?
A handsome stranger?
Money? A trip?

Grizzly growl,
grizzly grum,
warn us of any
danger to come!"



Then, Mama blew hard.
Loose flour flew.
Who caught the flour?
Papa, that's who.

But Mama and Papa
both had turned white—
Pa from the flour,
Mama from fright.





The sign in the pan,
stuck to the honey,
was no handsome stranger,
no trip, no money,

but a bone-chilling warning
of danger ahead,
the frightening footprint
of a great giant's tread.





"Bigpaw!" breathed Mama.
"Good grief and alas!
The Thanksgiving Legend
is coming to pass!"



"Legend?" asked Sister.
"What legend is that?"



"It says
when the Bears
of Bear Country
grow greedy and fat,
and fail to share
Nature's great bounty,
that monster of monsters,
Bigpaw, will come
and gobble up Bear Country
county by county!"

"Nonsense!" mocked Papa.
"Nonsense and stuff!
Nonsensical piffle!
Pure Bear Country guff!"





But Papa Bear couldn't have been more wrong. The Thanksgiving Legend was coming on strong.

Not more than ten or twelve miles away, at that very moment of that very day, in a dark, murky forest, the ground was shaking. From crane fly to croc, swamp creatures were quaking.

Something was coming. The creatures were frantic. Something enormous. Something gigantic.

It was Bigpaw,
of course.
He was bigger by far
than Paul Bunyan's horse,

with shoulders like boulders,
ditto his knees,
with paws big as dumpsters
and arms thick as trees.



Out of the forest
he came and he went,



each footfall leaving
a monster-sized dent.



But Papa just scoffed
and puffed out his chest.
“Just forget about monsters
and all of the rest.
Because, my dears,
I beg to suggest,
when it comes to holidays,
your Papa knows best.

I’m a bear for holidays!
I like ‘em all—



whether in winter,



spring,



summer,



or fall!

“And your Pa has perfect
holiday habits.
On Easter, I always
make way for rabbits,

and say a small poem
for spring and rebirth.



“On Christmas Day,
I think of others—
fathers, mothers,
sisters, and brothers.

On Arbor Day,
I talk to the trees.



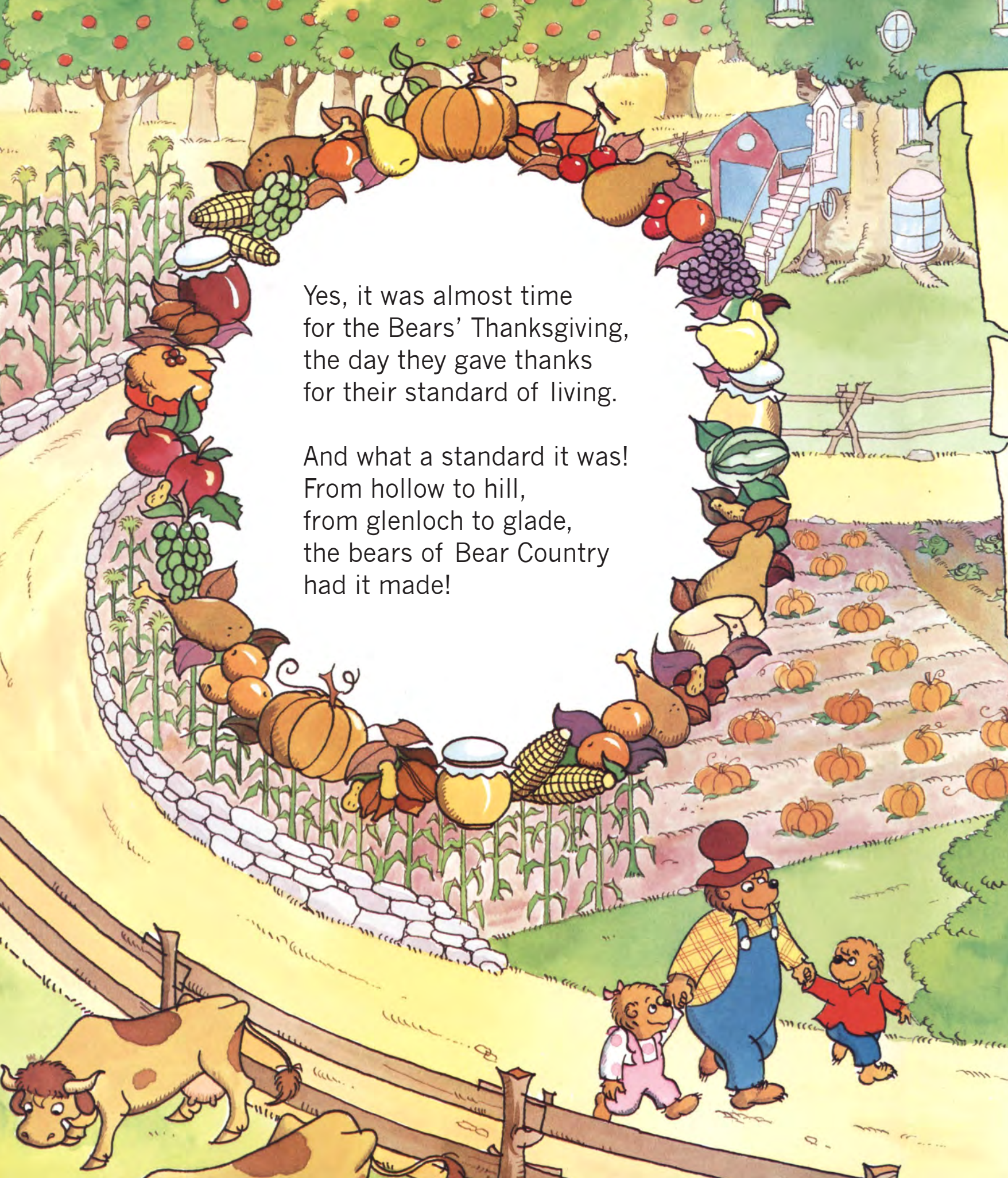
On Earth Day, of course,
I cherish the Earth.



But Thanksgiving's the best
holiday, if you please—
the one that for me
is really the winner.
Why?

Thanksgiving dinner!"





Yes, it was almost time
for the Bears' Thanksgiving,
the day they gave thanks
for their standard of living.

And what a standard it was!
From hollow to hill,
from glenloch to glade,
the bears of Bear Country
had it made!

Except for the legend!
The legend that said:
if the bears of Bear Country
were selfish and greedy



and insufficiently
kind to the needy,
giving them no more
than a tail or a wing,



then Bigpaw would come
AND DO HIS THING!



A cartoon illustration of Papa Bear, a large brown bear wearing a brown top hat, a yellow plaid shirt, and blue overalls. He is standing in a grassy field with autumn trees in the background. He is gesturing with his hands as he lists various Thanksgiving foods. Two smaller bears, a boy in a red shirt and blue pants, and a girl in a pink dress with white polka dots, are standing in front of him, looking up at him.

We'll have pickles
and olives,
marshmallow yams,
two kinds of pie,
jellies and jams,
seven-grain bread,
turkey, of course,
also radishes,
both red and horse,
corn-on-the-cob,
dripping with butter.
So yummily yummy!
So utterly utter!

So as you can see
in Papa bear's case,
all Thanksgiving meant
was feeding his face.

A circular inset showing Papa Bear in the same outfit as the main illustration, but with a more expressive, wide-eyed look. He is holding his right hand up to his face, as if he has just remembered something important. The two smaller bears are also in the inset, looking at him with interest.

And I almost forgot,
no *ifs*, *ands*, or *buts*,
my favorite treat . . .

We know, Papa.
MIXED NUTS!

So they went to a place
that only they knew—
the mixed-nut forest
where the mixed-nut trees grew.

As the cubs picked almonds
and walnuts, pistachios, too,
which Papa Bear claimed
as his Thanksgiving due,
the entire forest
started to lurch.



The cubs fell like stones
from their top-lofty perch.

But they landed not
with a bone-jarring bump.
They landed instead
with a comfortable “whump.”



For you see, the cubs
had been caught in mid-air
in the dumpster-sized paw
of a monster-sized bear.

It was Bigpaw, of course.
The monster HAD come.
Talk about scared!
The normally talkative
cubs were struck dumb.



Suffice it to say,
something surprising
happened that day.

With a bit of a smile
and nary a sound,
he gently placed them
down on the ground.



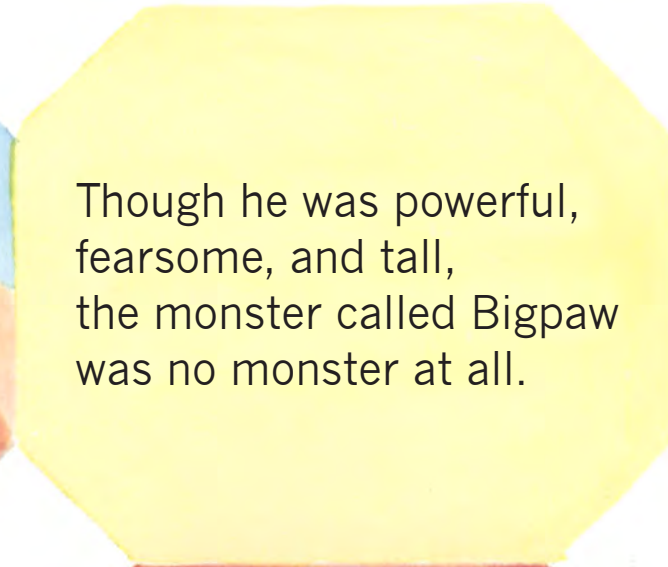


What a shock!
What a surprise!
For despite his
manner
and imposing size,
Bigpaw was nice,
gentle, and shy—
a friendly, helpful
sort of a guy.

Those cubs knew
what they had to do—
tell that only **part**
of the legend was true.



It was important news,
so off they hurried,
leaving Bigpaw looking
a little worried.



Though he was powerful,
fearsome, and tall,
the monster called Bigpaw
was no monster at all.



“Little cubs! Little cubs!
You forgot your mixed nuts!”
This certainly was true,
no **ifs**, **ands**, or **buts**.





When the cubs told Papa
their Bigpaw tale,
his eyes opened wide,
his face grew pale.

Pa didn't hear
the positive part.
All he heard was "Bigpaw."
The name struck terror
in Papa Bear's heart.



"Just hold on," said Mama.
"Whether or not the legend is true,
we must welcome the stranger.
It's the right thing to do."

But ignoring the news that Bigpaw was nice and paying no heed to Mama's advice, Papa Bear called up the Bear National Guard. They would deal with the stranger. They would deal with him hard.



YAWN

Meanwhile Bigpaw had climbed to a high mountain ledge. He stretched and he yawned as he looked over the edge.



ROOAR!

As Bigpaw's yawns rolled into the valley through a mountain pass known as Echo Alley, they grew from a rumble to an enormous roar, and confirmed the bears' fears about the Thanksgiving monster of legend and lore.



Alas, Mama's protest
fell on deaf ears,
the bears of Bear Country
gave in to their fears.

Mama's advice
notwithstanding,
they put the cart of fear
before the horse
of understanding.

"To arms!" cried Papa.
"There's no time to fuss.
We've got to get him
before he gets us."



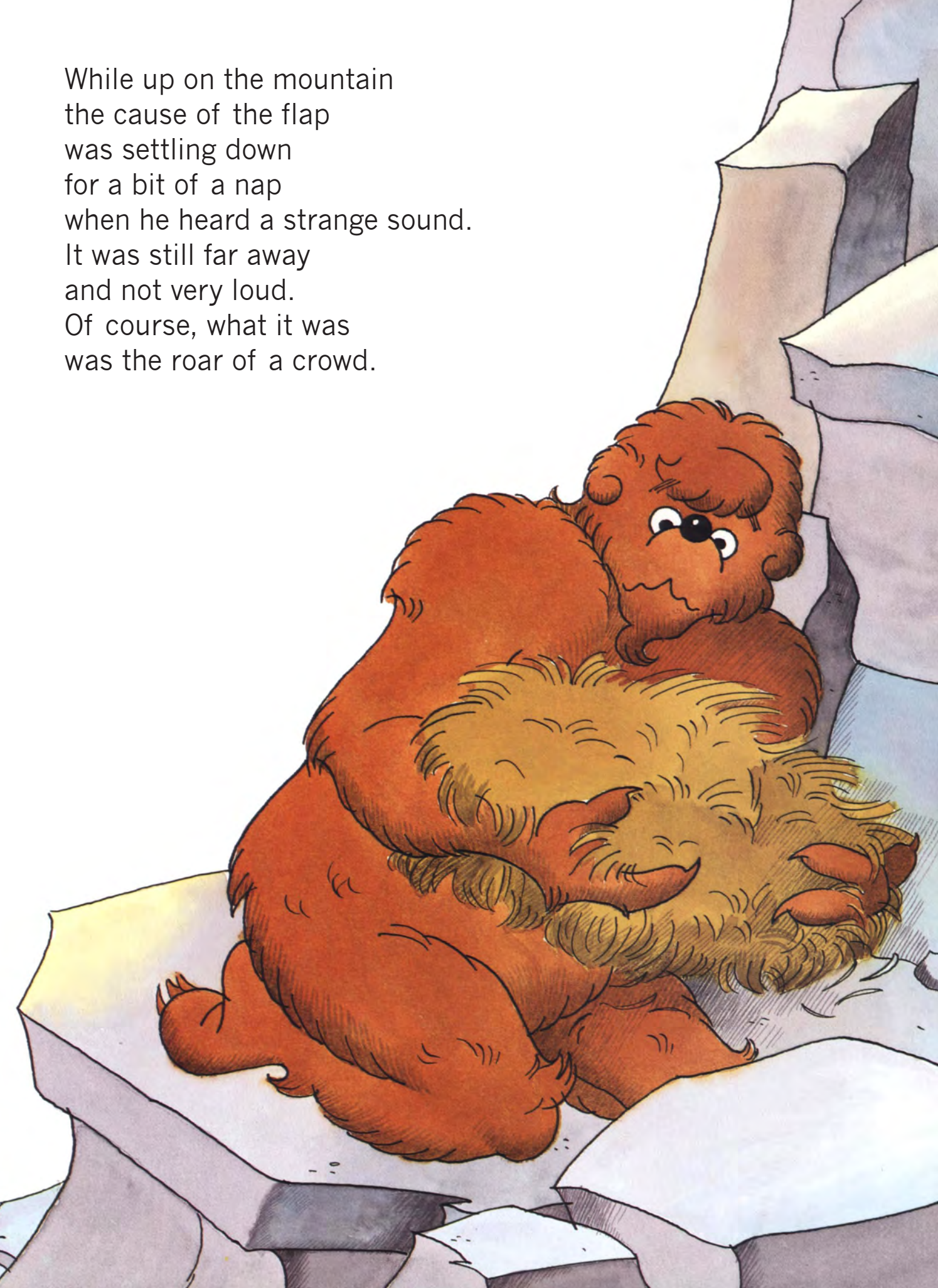
Swords were unsheathed.
Bugles were blown.
They were no longer bears
with minds of their own.



While up on the mountain
the cause of the flap
was settling down
for a bit of a nap
when he heard a strange sound.
It was still far away
and not very loud.
Of course, what it was
was the roar of a crowd.

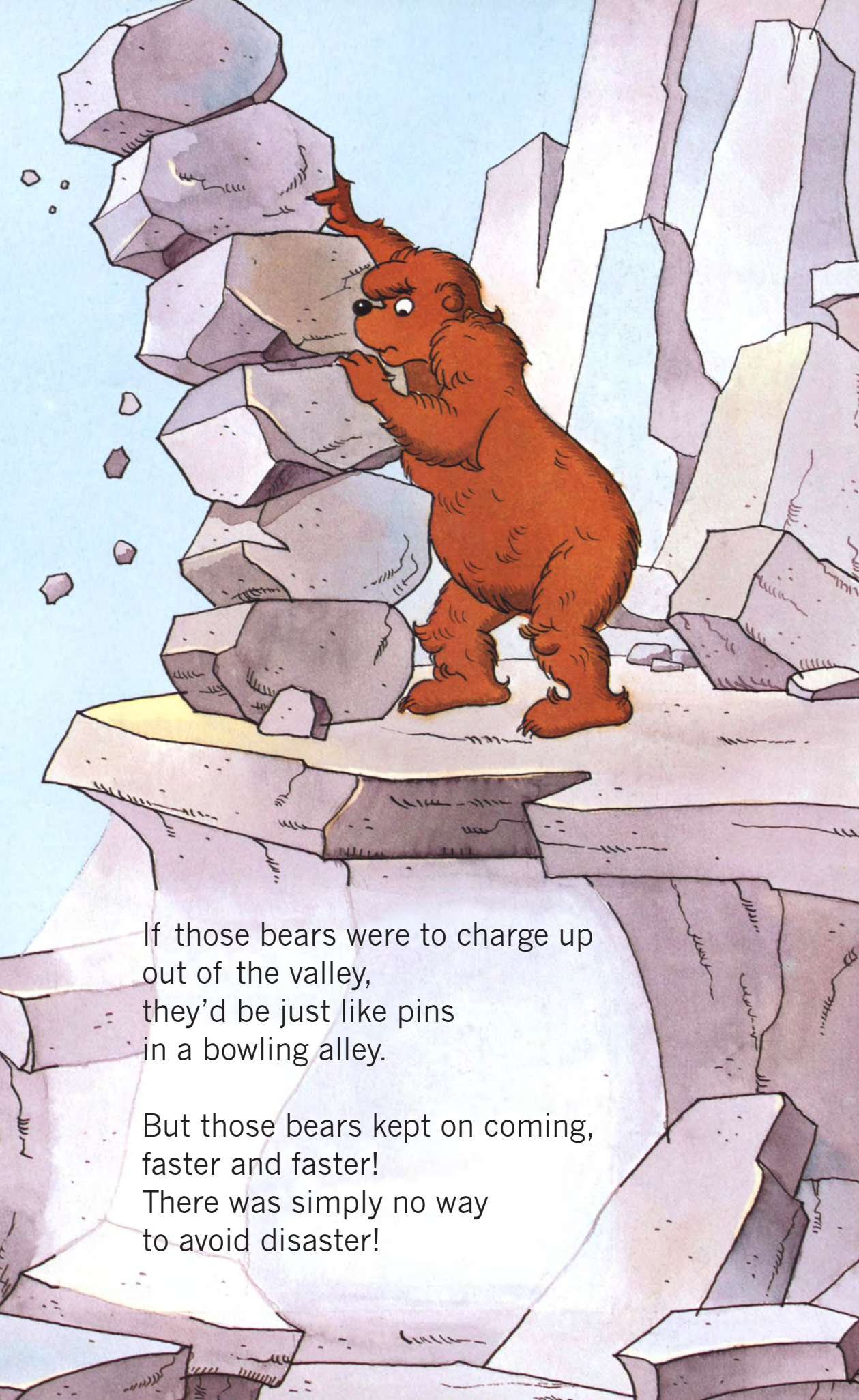
They were no longer
Jack and Jill, Betty and Bob.
The bears had become
a dangerous mob.

With the false courage of numbers
to the mountain they went,
with an arsenal of weapons
and deadly intent.



Now Bigpaw was certainly
no mental wizard.
But he was getting a feeling
down deep in his gizzard
that trouble was coming.
So he scratched his head

and started his fuzzy
old noodle a-humming.
And using his powerful
arms and shoulders,
he built a tower,
a tower of boulders.



If those bears were to charge up
out of the valley,
they'd be just like pins
in a bowling alley.

But those bears kept on coming,
faster and faster!
There was simply no way
to avoid disaster!

But then—
at the very last instant
before the rocks fell—
there came through the din
a cub's high-pitched yell.

WAIT!



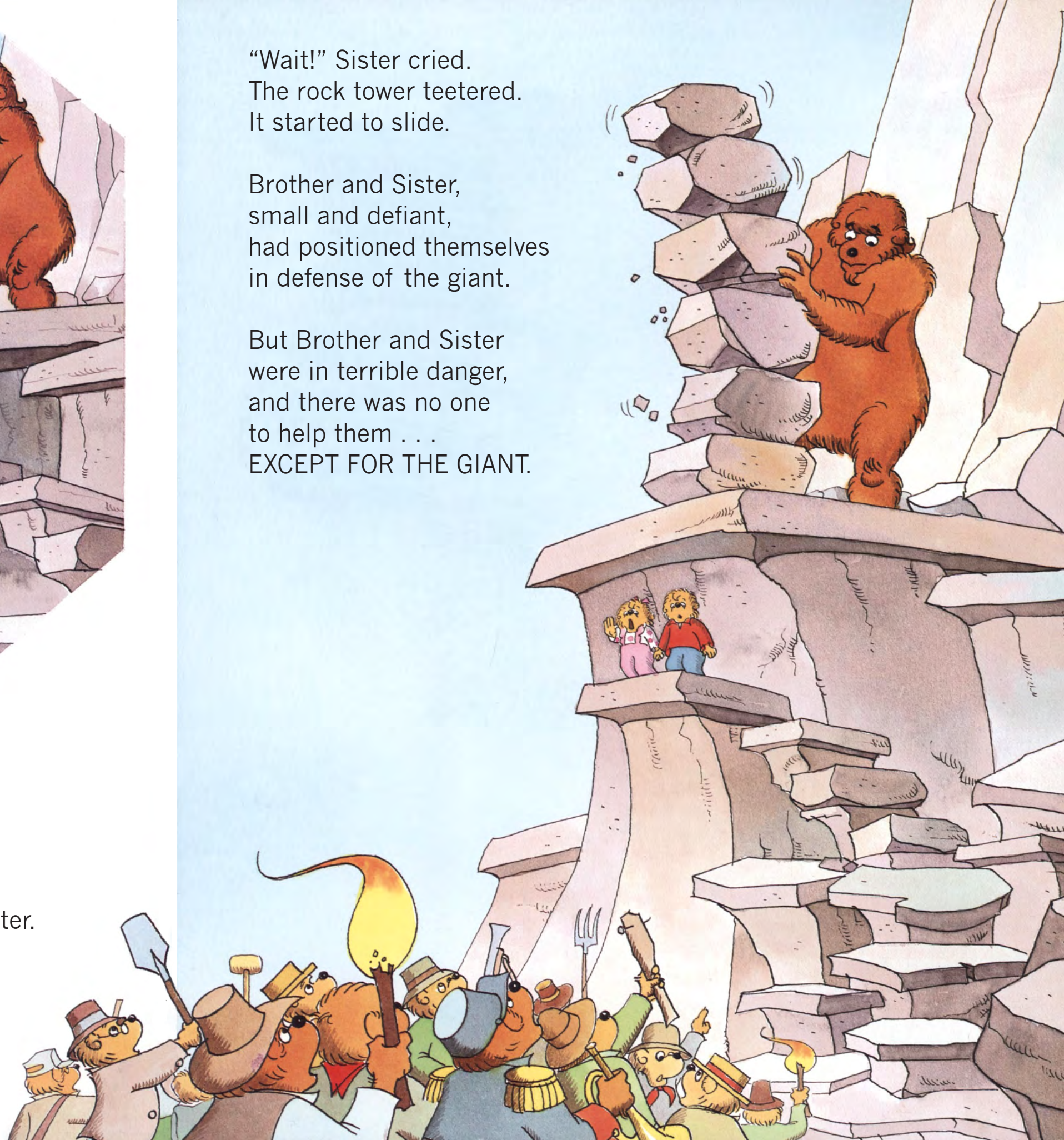
It was Sister.



"Wait!" Sister cried.
The rock tower teetered.
It started to slide.

Brother and Sister,
small and defiant,
had positioned themselves
in defense of the giant.

But Brother and Sister
were in terrible danger,
and there was no one
to help them . . .
EXCEPT FOR THE GIANT.



With the bears looking on
in amazement and shock,
Bigpaw held back
that tower of rock.
And with the great strength
of his mighty right arm,
he protected small Brother
and Sister from harm.

Bigpaw's our friend.
He's very nice.
He saved us once.
Now he's rescued us twice.

Weapons and hats
filled the air,
plus thankful shouts
from every bear.

There was joy in the valley
on that fateful day.
The bears welcomed the stranger;
yes, they had a debt to repay.



But it was more than that.
At Thanksgiving dinner
the very next day,
host Papa Bear
had this to say:
“Friends, we are thankful that
we’ve learned to share
our bounty with our fellow bear.”



Excuse me, please,
if you don't mind.
Here is something
you left behind.

Look, Papa!
Your favorite treat,
mixed nuts!

Yes, friends, it was quite a Thanksgiving—
no **ifs**, **ands**, or **buts**!



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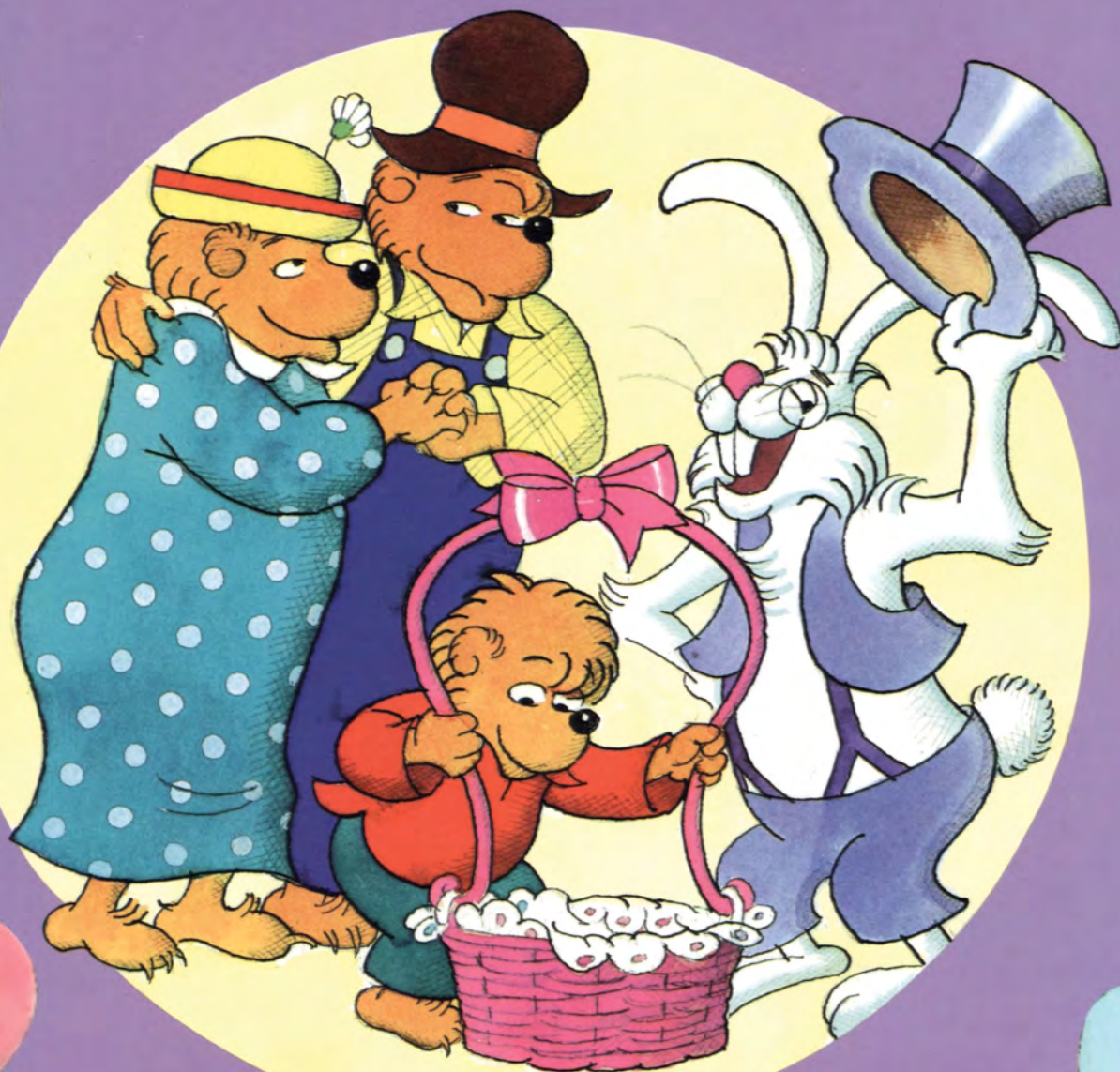
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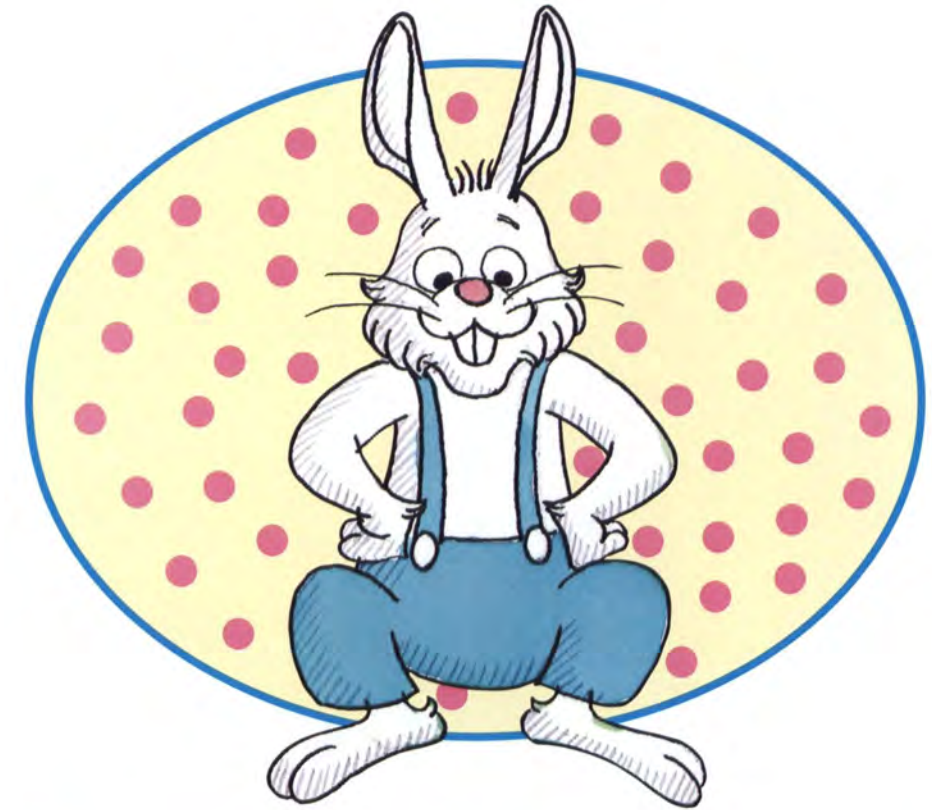
The Berenstain Bears'
**EASTER
SURPRISE**



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears'

EASTER SURPRISE



Stan & Jan Berenstain

OPEN  ROAD
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NEW YORK



Bear Country, friends,
as any observer can plainly see,
is a really and truly
fine place to be,

especially for cubs
and other small fry.

Baby robins
learning to fly,
young frogs and bunnies
learning to hop.



All **kinds** of young 'uns,
and every spring season
another new crop,

except that one Easter time
when the cycle of seasons
came to a screeching,
grinding, sudden stop!

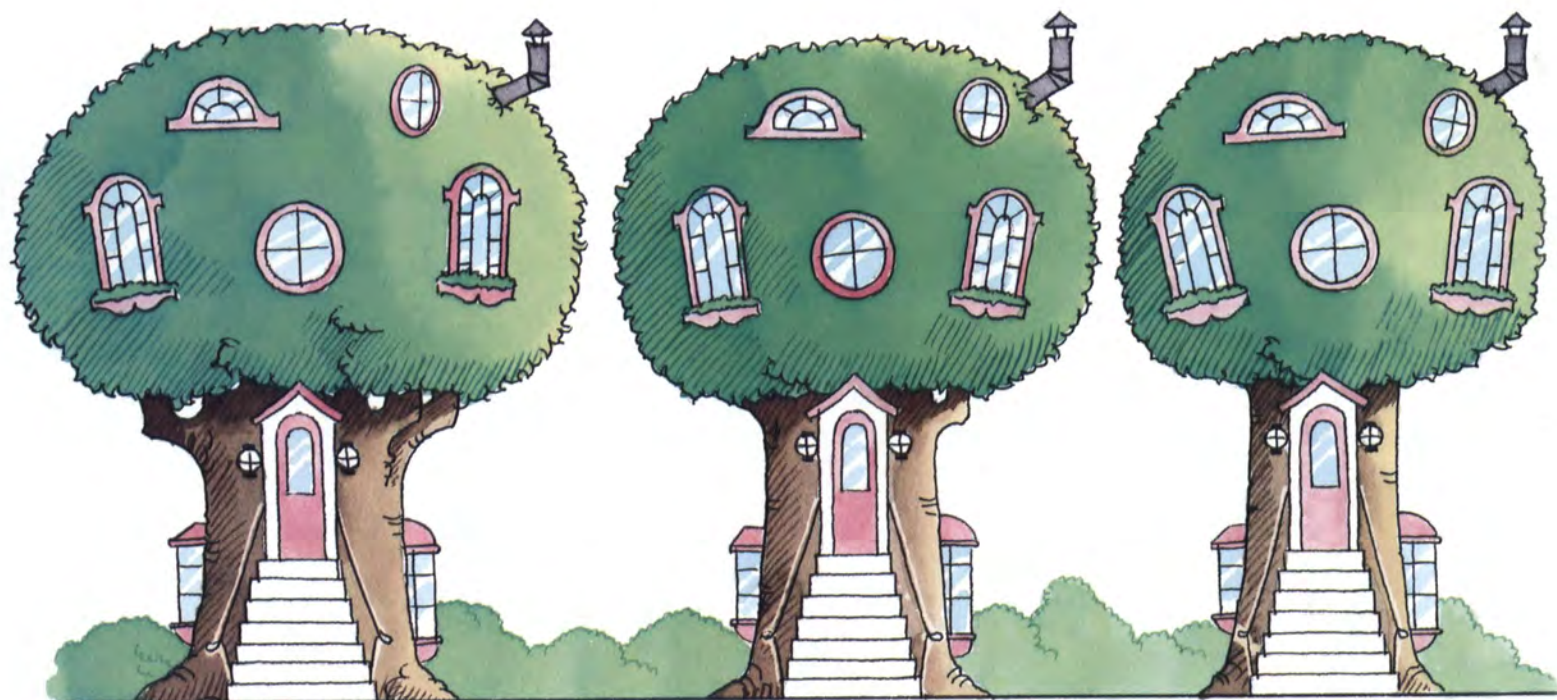


So, friends, let us now
turn back the clock
to before the Sister was born



and Brother was the only
cub on the block;

to when the Bears' tree house wasn't nearly so grand;



when a very strange thing occurred in Bear land.

No one really
knows the cause—
a shift, perhaps,
in the natural laws,
some unfortunate bit
of cosmic bad luck—
but somehow that winter,
the seasons got stuck!

What happened to spring?
Where did it go?

And Easter?

What about Easter?

Had it all been called off
on account of the snow?





Now in the fall of that winter
when the seasons got stuck,
Bear Country was having
very **good** weather luck.

“Dear,” called Mama,
“Papa forgot his lunch today.”
So lunch in his hand,
Brother Bear was on his way.



Woodsbear Papa
was off in the wood
chopping, chopping
as only he could.

Yes, as any observer
can plainly see,
Bear Country was
a great place to be—
a great place to spend
your growing-up time.



There were puddles to jump,

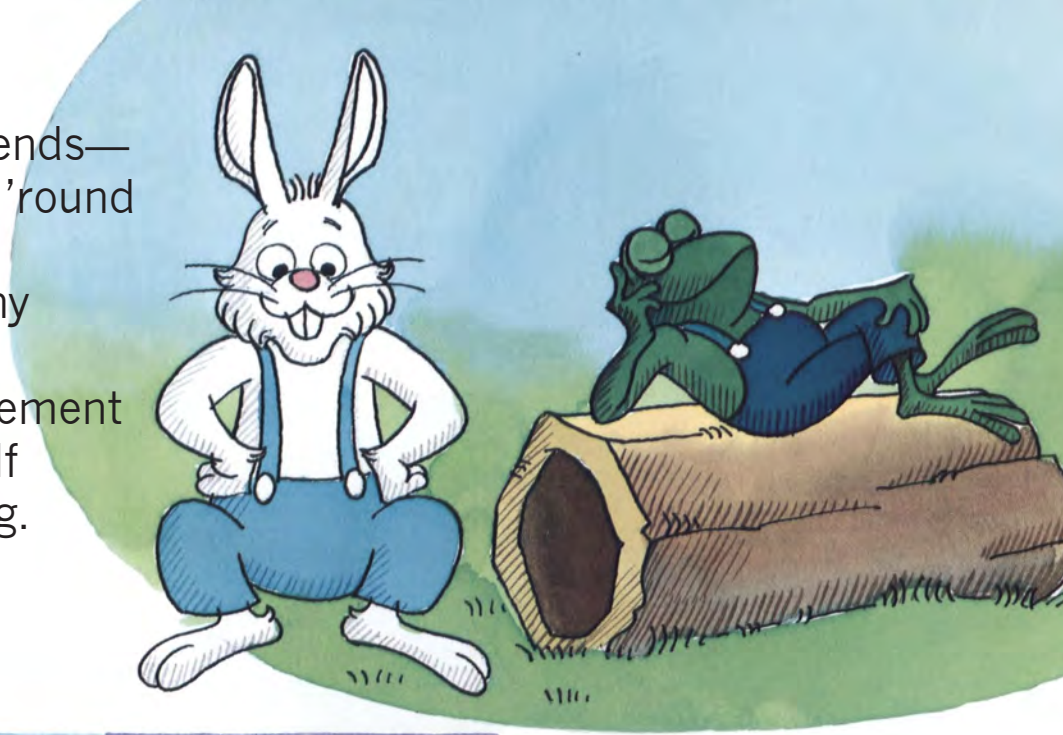
trees to climb.

Plants that catch flies,
grasses that whistle,
the lesson you learn
backing into a thistle.
OUCH!

So much to do
and see and know,
a wonderful place
in which to grow,
but ... and here's the rub,
a little lonesome
for an only cub.



Oh, Brother had friends—
the gang who hung 'round
down by the bog.
There was Bill Bunny
and Finerty Frog,
whose idea of excitement
was sunning himself
on an old rotting log.



And there wasn't very much
on Fred Firefly's mind,
but working the switch
on his electric behind.



As for Bill Bunny,
there just was no stopping
his rabbit habit
of hippity-hopping.

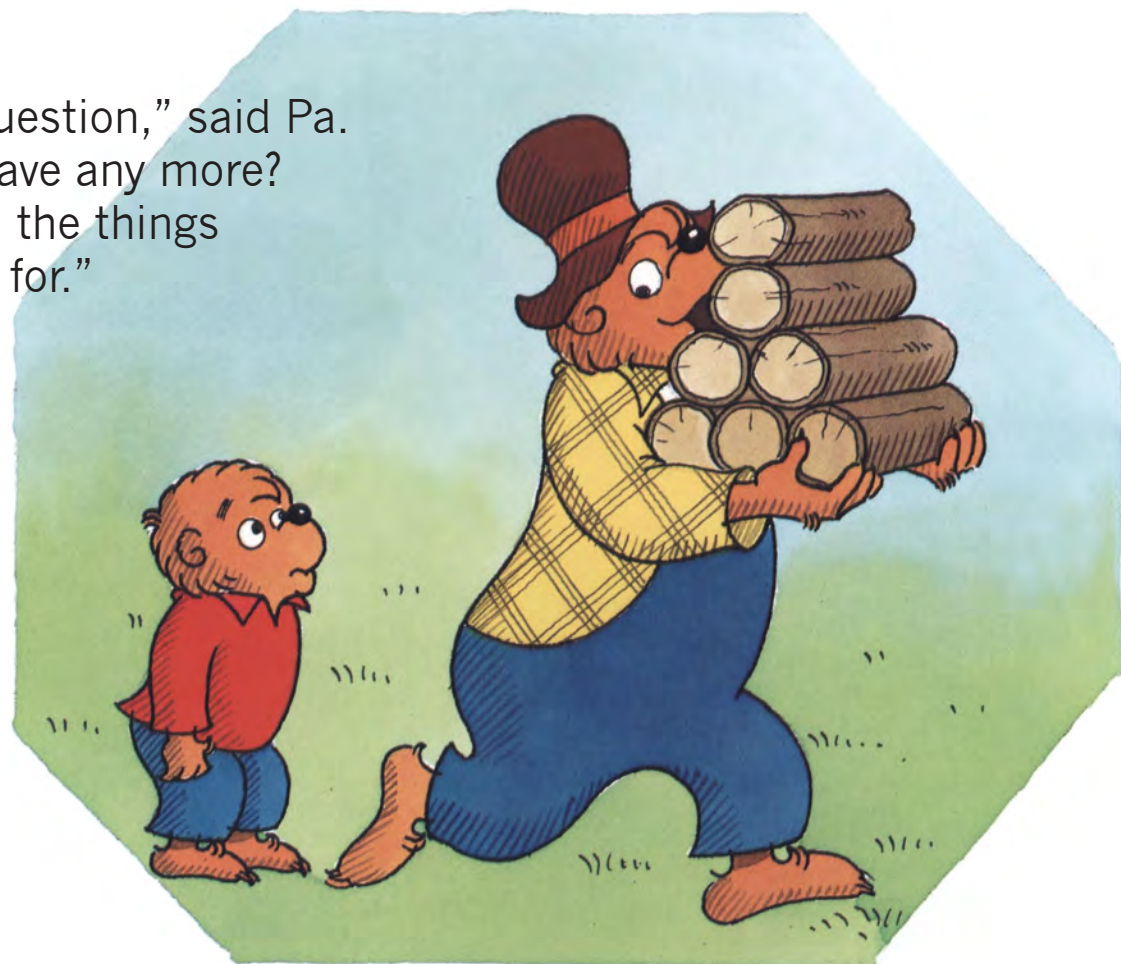


But when he reached
Papa's workplace,
a question arose;
it was as plain as the face
on Papa Bear's nose.
A curious cub,
he made full use
of his ears and eyes.
That Brother had questions
was no surprise.
He had enough, in fact,
for three cubs his size.

"I have a question,"
said Brother to Dad.
"Ask it," said Pa.
"Don't stammer, my lad."
"W-well," stammered Brother—
"my question, Dad ..."
"Go ahead and ask it!
Don't stand there
hemming and hawing."
"Tell me," said Brother,
"**why are you standing
on that limb you are sawing?**"



"A good question," said Pa.
"Do you have any more?
It's one of the things
Papapapas are for."



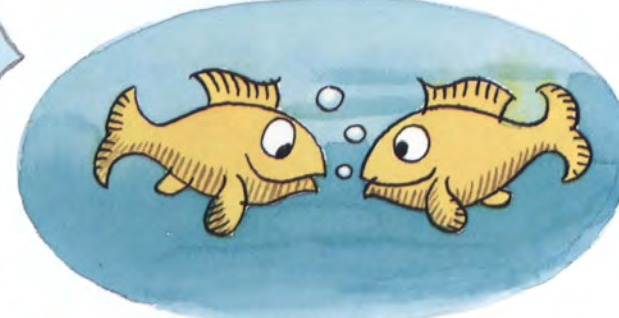
"I have many," said Brother.
"There's so much to know.
Like where do we come from?
Like where do we go?"



"What makes the sun shine?"



Why do rivers flow?
In the middle of a river,
how deep does it get?



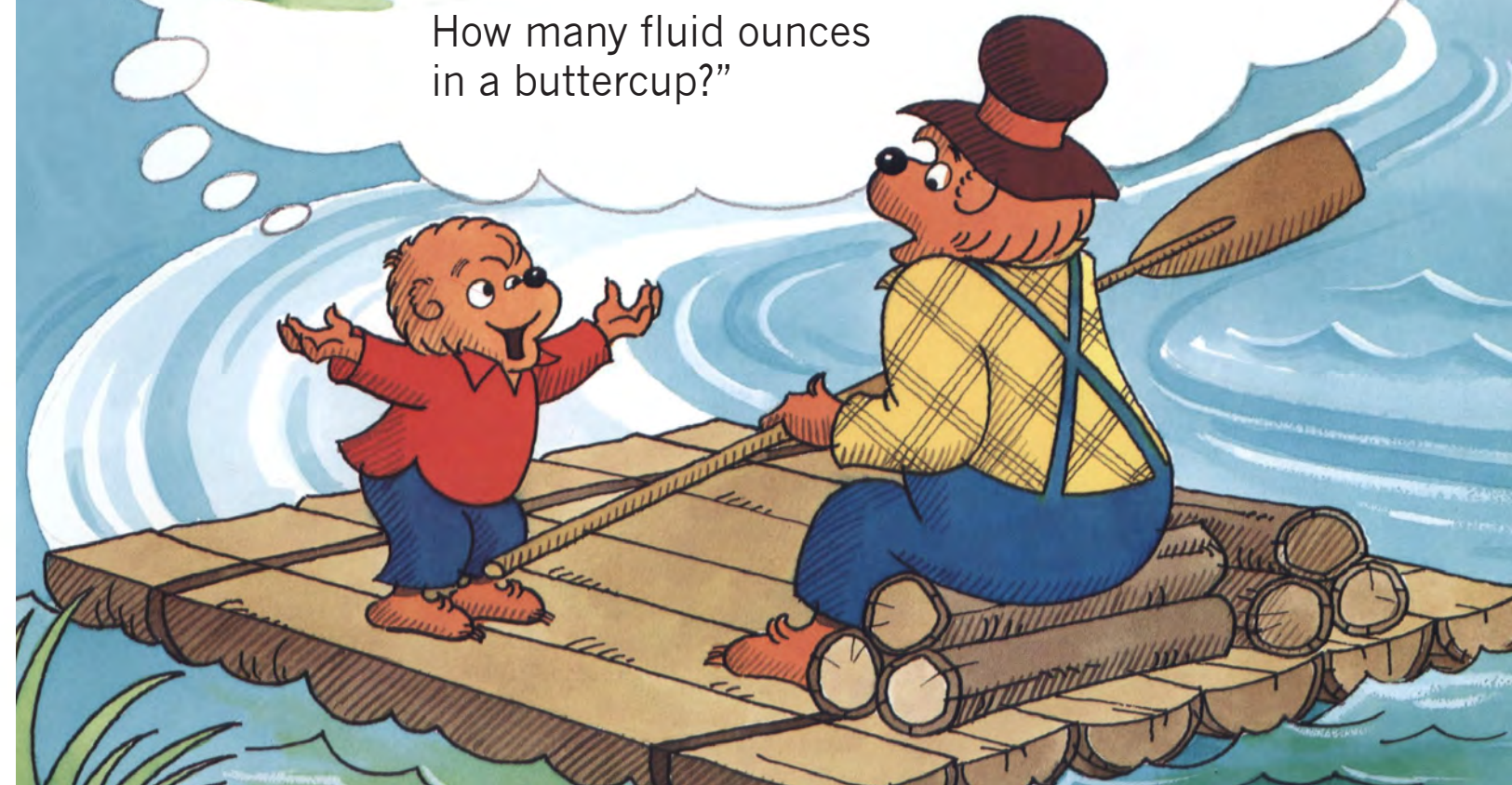
Do fishes get thirsty?
Why is water wet?



How many fluid ounces
in a buttercup?"

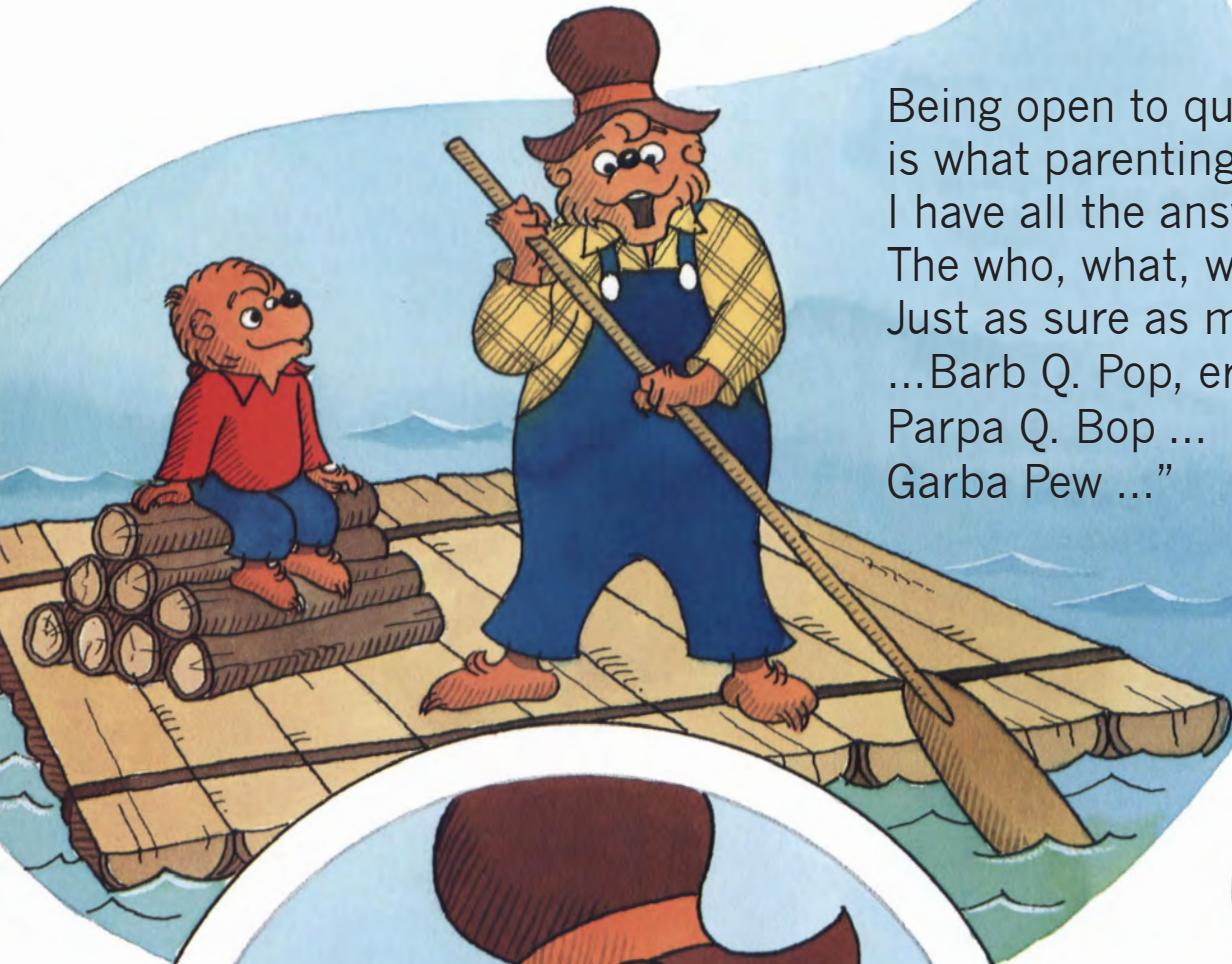


Where does your lap go
when you stand up?



"Yes, you may ask me any question no matter how far out.

Being open to questions is what parenting's about. I have all the answers. The who, what, why, and where. Just as sure as my name is ...Barb Q. Pop, er, Parpa Q. Bop ... Garba Pew ..."

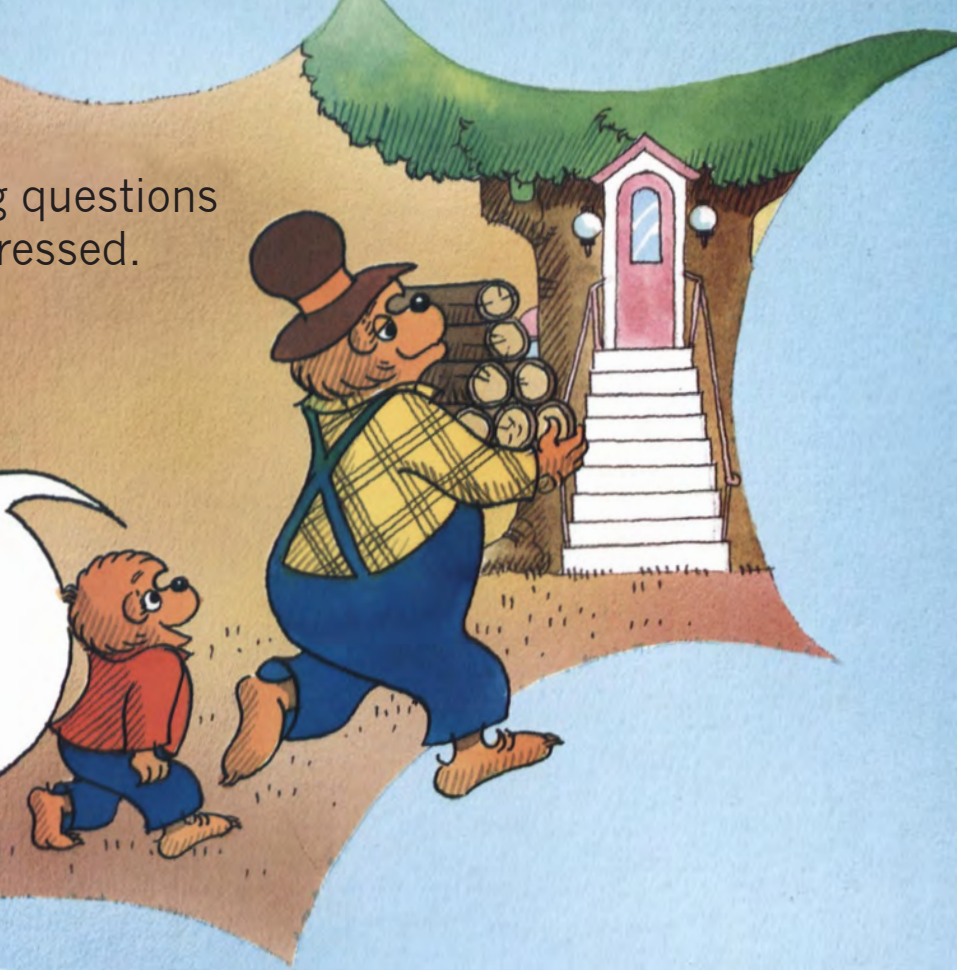


As sure as my name is *Papa Q. Bear!*



Brother kept asking questions as the season progressed. In fact, he became a bit of a pest.

Why do leaves change color in fall?
Why do we even have seasons at all?



Hey, Bill!
Wait for me!

But whatever the season, Bear Country was fun, though it was still a bit lonesome being Mama and Papa's only small son. As for the gang down by the bog—Bill Bunny and Fred and Finerty Frog—well, as the old saying goes, when fair weather ends, you can say good-bye to fair-weather friends. Only Bill Bunny came venturing out to see what winter was all about.



It was a strange sort of winter—
gloomy and gray.
And, somehow, it seemed
to have come to stay.



checked every reference
book in the tree.



“Something’s gone very wrong.
It’s more than bad luck.
Somehow or other,
the seasons got stuck.”



“But that cannot be!”
said Mama Bear.
“Maybe not,” said Papa.
“But just look out there.”
“Ma looked out of the window
of their home sweet tree.
There was a whiteout as far
as the eye could see.”

“Hmm,” said Papa.
“Something’s gone wrong.
This winter is hanging on
much, much too long.”





"But what about spring?
And Easter?
What about Easter?"

"Easter? What's Easter?"
asked small Brother Bear.
"What's Easter? It's a day
of treats!" said Papa Bear.



"Its delicious tastes,
yummy smells,



"coconut eggs
with chocolate shells.

Colored eggs
in paper grass,
treats for every
lad and lass.



Rainbow colored
jelly beans—
reds and yellows,
blues and greens.
Sweets and treats
of every kind—
there's no telling
what you may find.



Molasses, mocha,
treacle, honey.
And best of all—

the EASTER BUNNY!"





"Now, Papa," said Mama,
"if you please,
you can't see the forest
for the trees."



"Drawing new life
from the cold winter earth,
baby robins,
the miracle of birth."

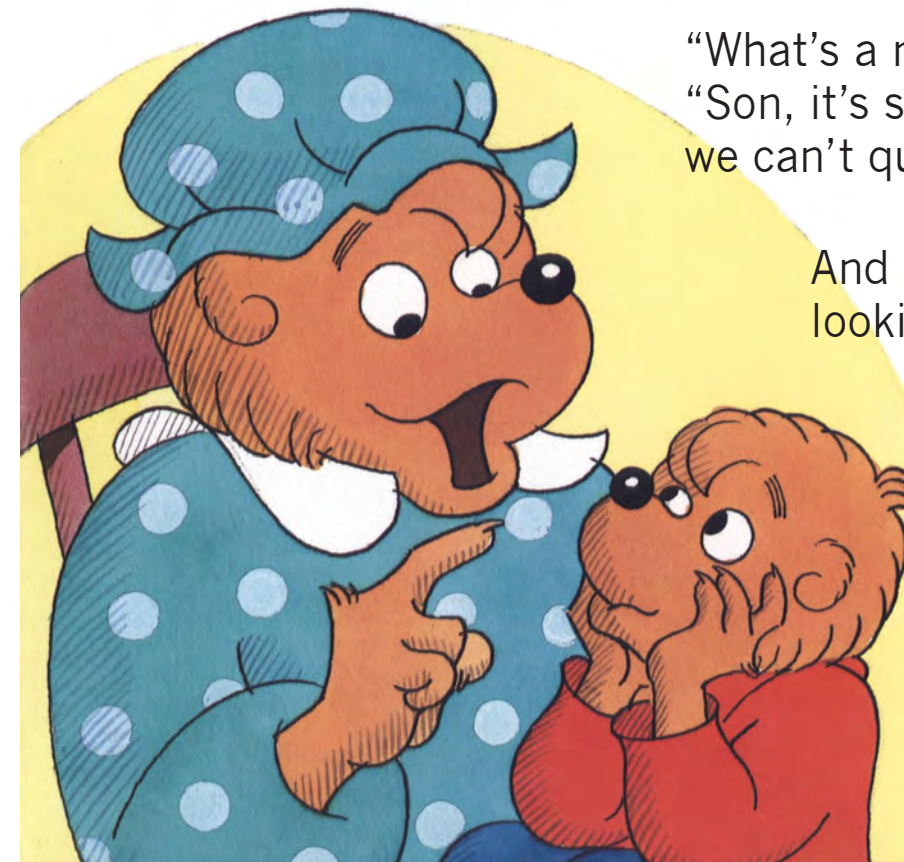


And while I don't deny
those things are fun,
Easter means much more,
my son.



The great rainbow
after a warm spring rain."

It's a new beginning
the warm sun melting
snow and ice,
bringing forth crocus,
tulips, edelweiss.



"What's a miracle?" asked Brother.
"Son, it's something wonderful
we can't quite explain."

And this Easter," said Mama,
looking into Brother's eyes,

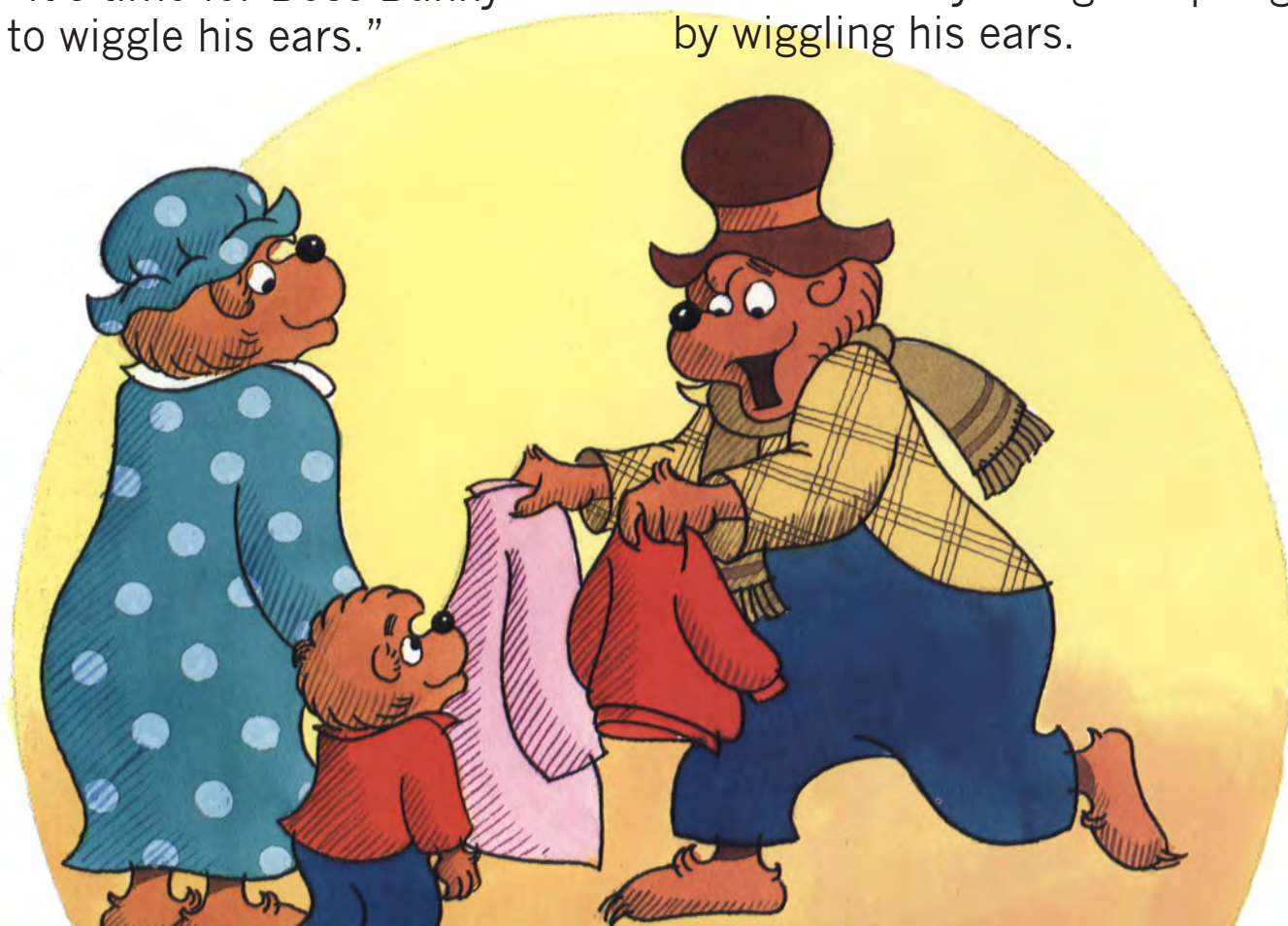
"you'll have
an extra-special
Easter surprise."



And at that very moment,
Brother slipped off
Mama's lap.
Hmm? Was Mama's lap
getting smaller?
Or was it just that Brother
was getting taller?
Or even a little
of both perhaps—
which is often the way
with cubs and laps.

"Come!" said Pa.
"It's time for Boss Bunny
to wiggle his ears."

It has been the custom
for years and years
for Boss Bunny to signal spring
by wiggling his ears.

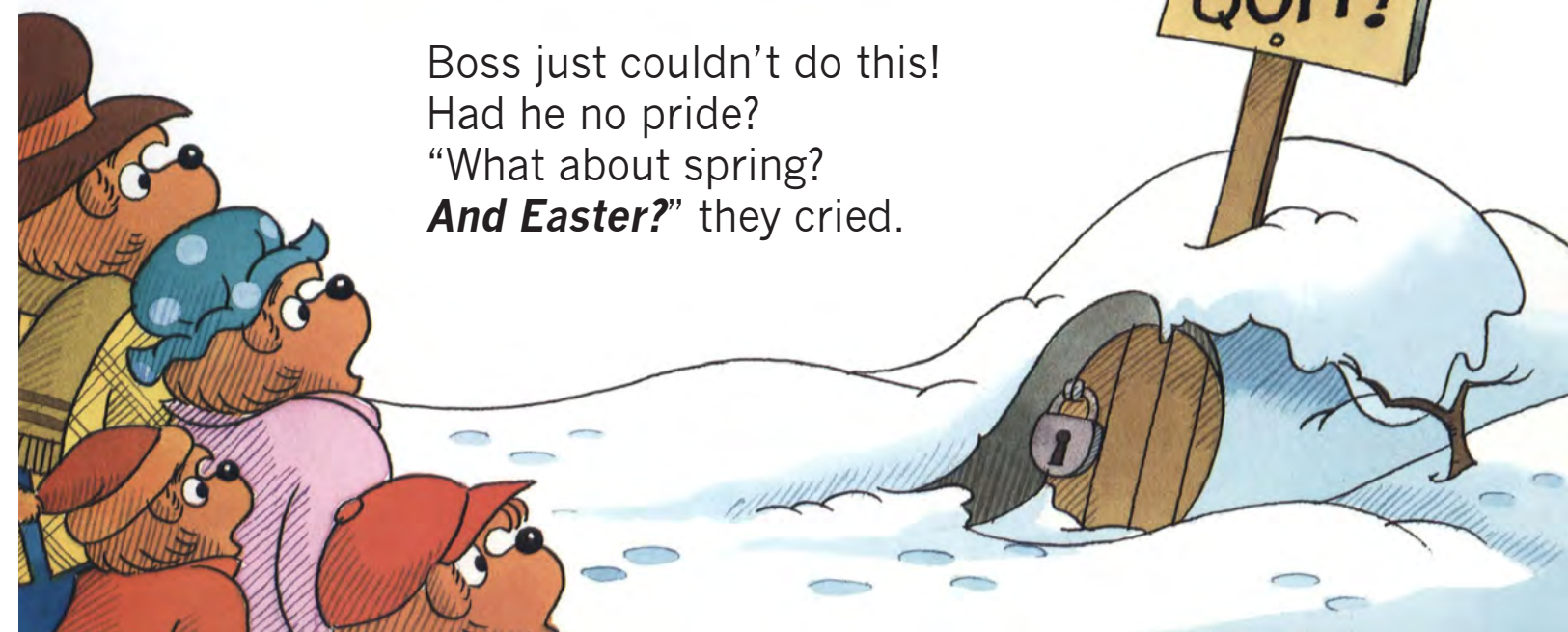


"We can count on Boss Bunny.
He wouldn't let anything
happen to spring.
And certainly not Easter—
Easter's his **thing!**"

Not a sign of Boss Bunny,
not a wiggle or whit,
except a small one saying ...
Boss Bunny has quit!



Boss just couldn't do this!
Had he no pride?
"What about spring?
And Easter?" they cried.



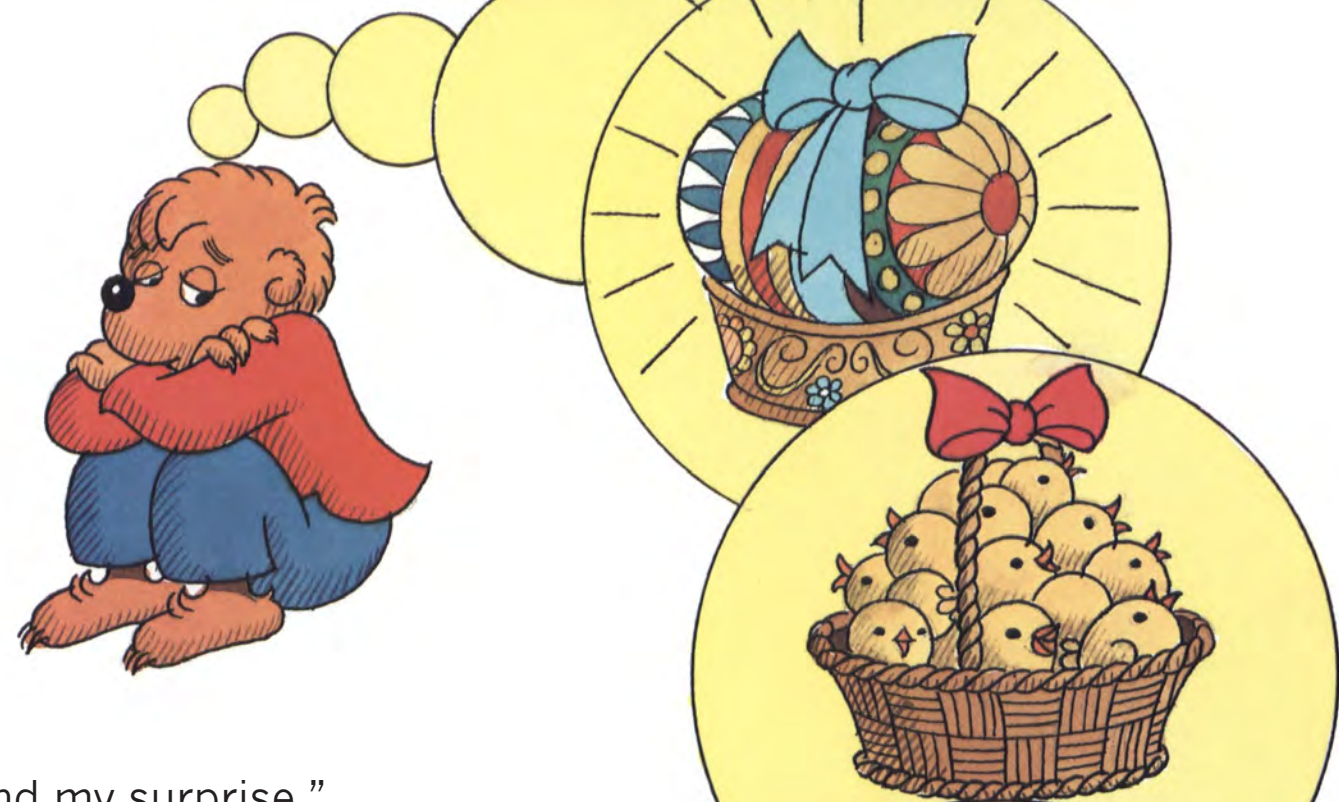


"And ... and ... and ..."
said Brother,
with tears in his eyes,
"wha-what about
my Easter surprise?"

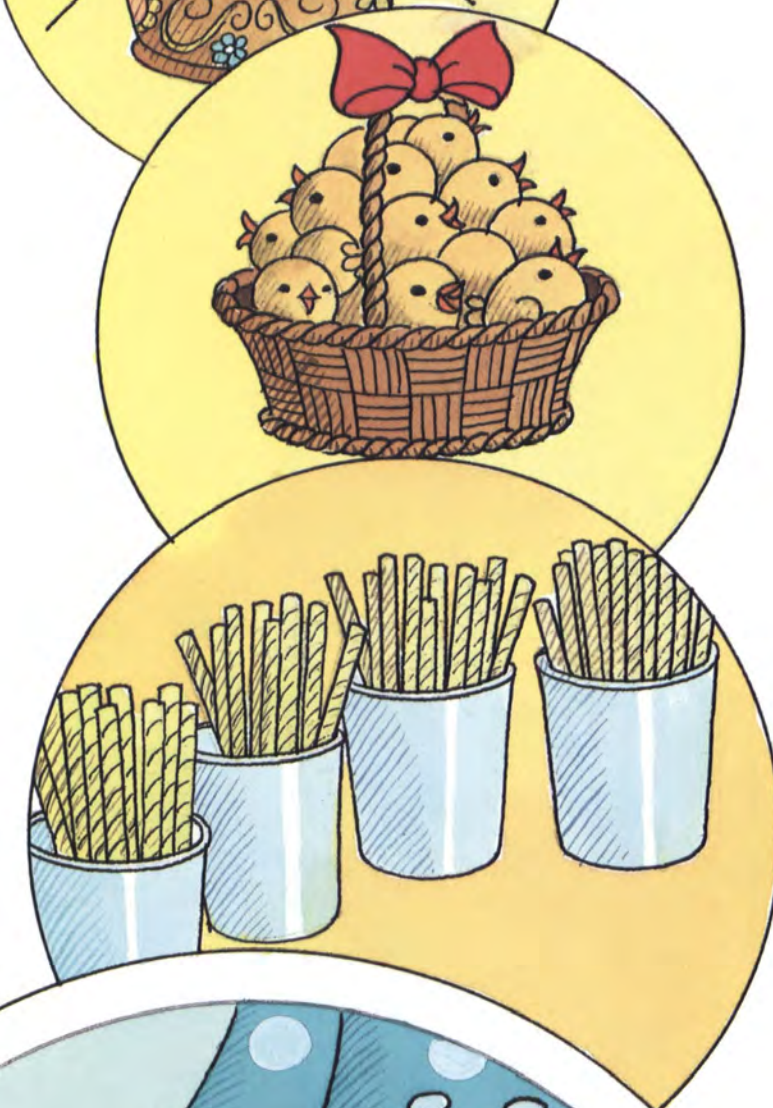


OPTED OUT!
HOPPED A TRAIN!
HEADED SOUTH!

Pa was especially
down in the mouth.
"Who will bring
our jelly beans—
our reds and yellows,
blues and greens?"



"And my surprise,"
said Brother,
"what might it have been?
A giant Easter egg
in a decorated tin?
A basket of yellow
marshmallow chicks?
A lifetime supply
of lemon sticks?"



Mama just smiled
and gave a small shrug,
reached down and gave Brother
a Mama Bear hug.





Said Pa, "There must be a way of changing our luck, of saving Easter and getting the seasons unstuck."

And at that very moment of despair and desperation, Papa Bear was struck by a full-fledged inspiration. "Say ... talk about your Easter surprise, just try this one on for size!"



"Yes, I'll be the Easter Bunny. I can do it, my dears. The first thing I'll need is slightly bigger ears. Then some nice long whiskers. These broom straws will do—fasten them on with bunny whisker glue. Now let's twitch my whiskers, train my ears to flop, and now a bit of practice on my bunny hop hop hop."



I'll be the Easter Bunny!



You'll be the Easter Bunny?

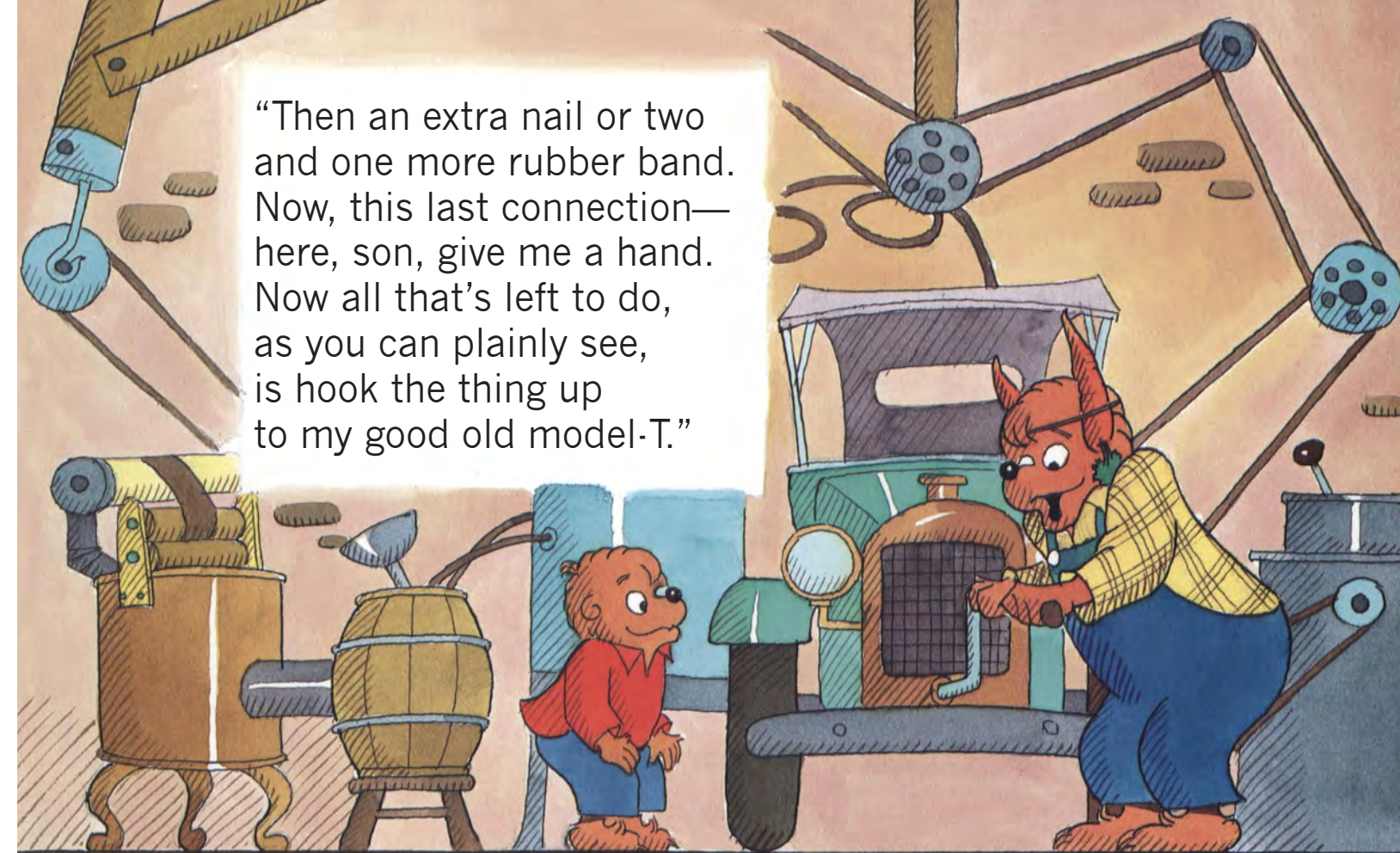




"The next thing we'll need is a ready egg supply, six or seven packets of Easter egg dye;



some practical arrangement of scrap lumber and planks to direct the egg supply into the mixing tanks.



"Then an extra nail or two and one more rubber band. Now, this last connection—here, son, give me a hand. Now all that's left to do, as you can plainly see, is hook the thing up to my good old model-T."





It's not working!
It's not working!

There was much on the mind
of small Brother Bear.
As he pondered the questions
of who, what, and where,
who should come hopping
over the hill
but Brother Bear's friend,
Bunny Bill.



"Somebody special," said Billy.
"Who's that, Brother Bear?"

"The boss of all the bunnies—
the one and only Easter hare!"

Then Bill said something
that caused
Brother's jaw to drop.
"No problem, come with me,
Boss Bunny is my pop."



Now it was Bill
who wanted to play.
"Hi, there," said Bill.
"Wanna play?"

"Sorry," said Brother,
"I just can't today.
I've got too much
on my mind.
And there's somebody very special
that I simply have to find."

"Wow!" said Brother Bear.
"What a piece of luck!
He can help save Easter
and get the seasons unstuck!"

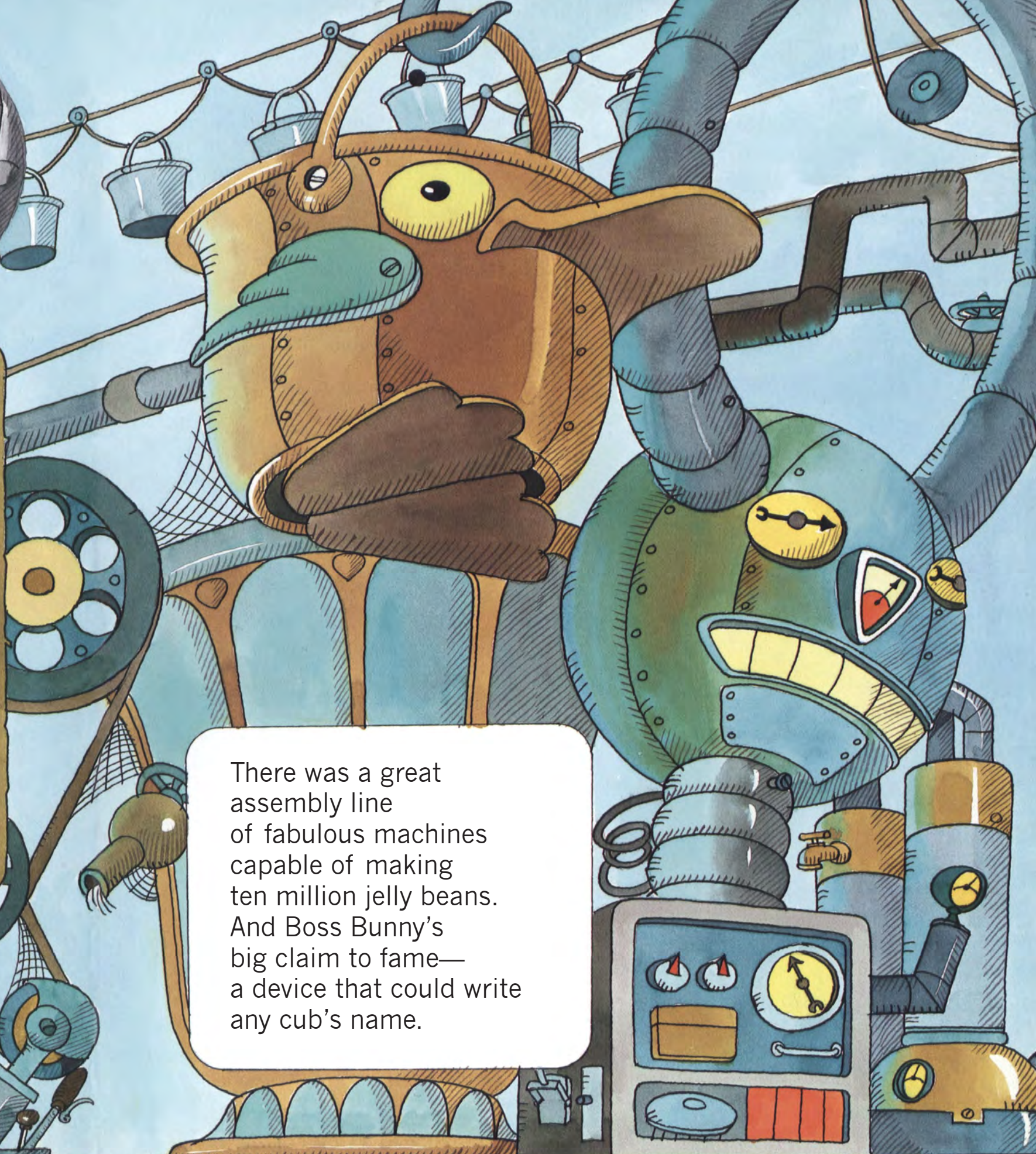
Then Bill led Brother
through a secret trapdoor
that no bear
had ever entered before.





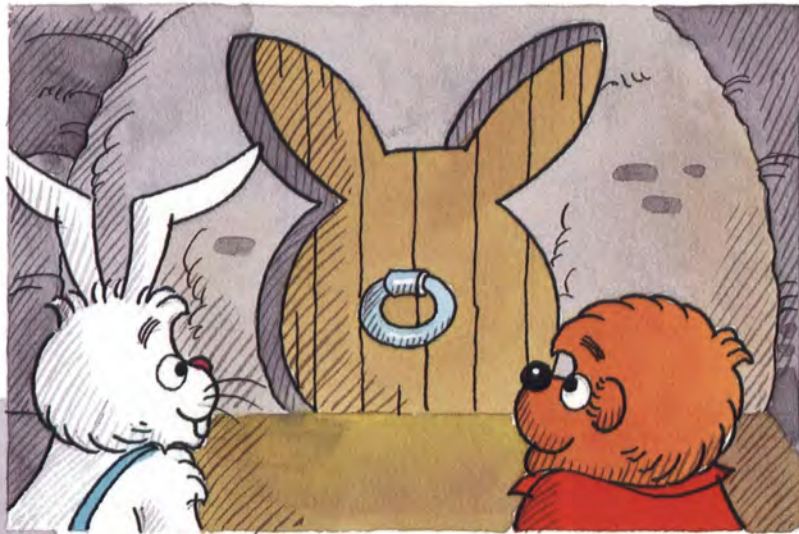
It led to a secret underground room! It was dark and deserted and quiet as a tomb,

except for some mice, a bushy-tailed example of genus **catus catus**, and Boss Bunny's vast collection of Easter apparatus.



There was a great assembly line of fabulous machines capable of making ten million jelly beans. And Boss Bunny's big claim to fame—a device that could write any cub's name.

Just up ahead
was a funny little door
with a narrow crack of light
showing at the floor.



In a room behind the door,
reclining on a shelf
was the erstwhile Easter Bunny,
Boss Bunny himself.

“Huh? Wha? All right, Sonny,
state your business,
spit it out.
What’s the intrusion
all about?”

“Please, sir,” said Brother,
“there’s no need to shout.
But Easter and spring
is what it’s all about!”

“Easter and spring?
Who cares about Easter?
And spring is a bore.



“Do you have any idea
of just how long
I’ve managed Easter
and kept the seasons
moving along?

Twitching my whiskers,
wiggling my ears.
Why, it’s undignified
for someone
of my golden years!

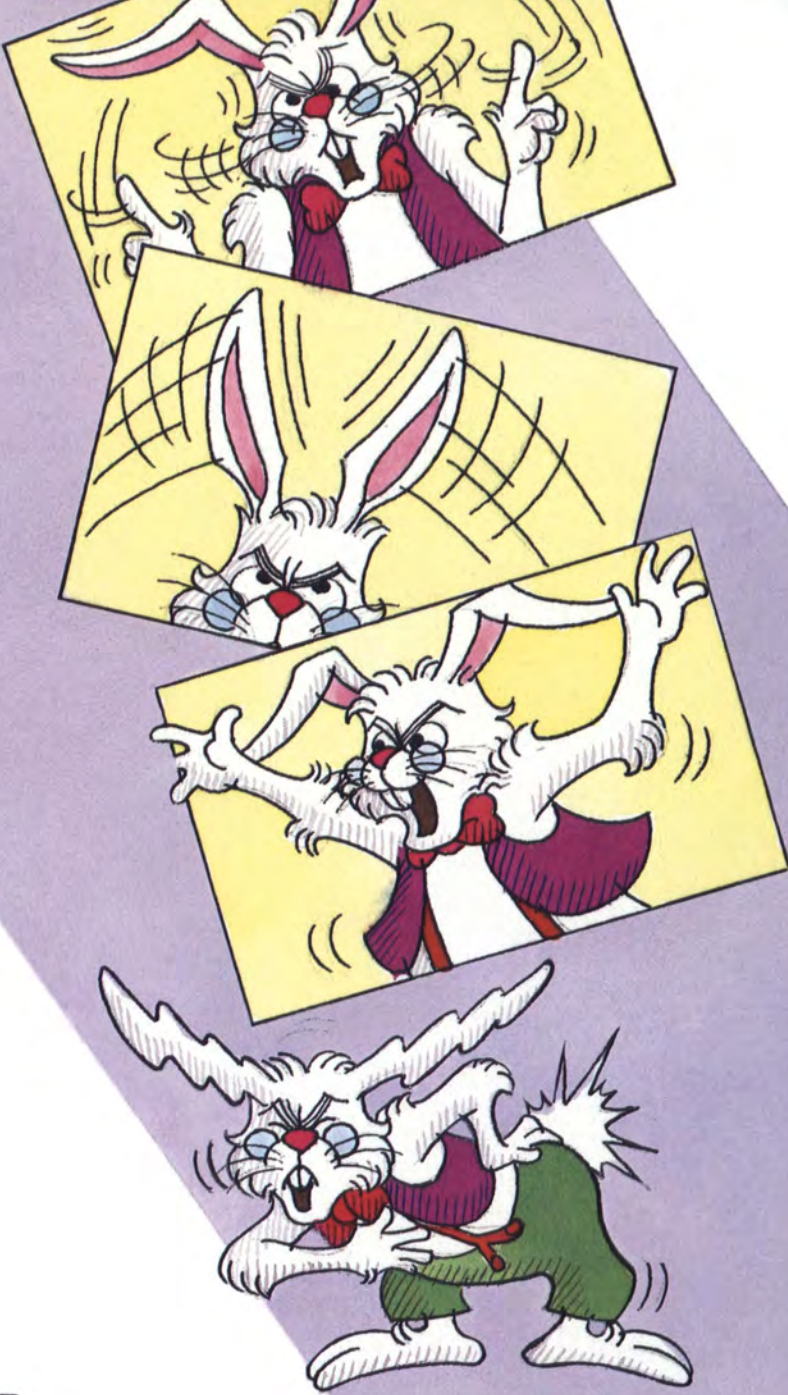
Do you have any idea
of what it means
to make ten million
jelly beans?

The paperwork,
the regulations,
the egg supply,
the aggravations—
not to mention the aches
and pains.



I’ve got arthritis, bursitis,
mixer elbow, sinusitis,
I’m old and crabby,
bent and stooped.”

**I’m P-double-O-P-E-D.
POOPED!**





"But, please!" said Brother.
"No Easter and spring?
Why, that would ruin
everything!"

"Look!" said Boss,
"I'll say it again.
Who cares about Easter?
And spring is a bore!
I'm fed up to here
and I'm not going
to take it anymore."

But Mr. Bunny,
we need Easter and spring!
We need a warm sun
melting snow and ice.

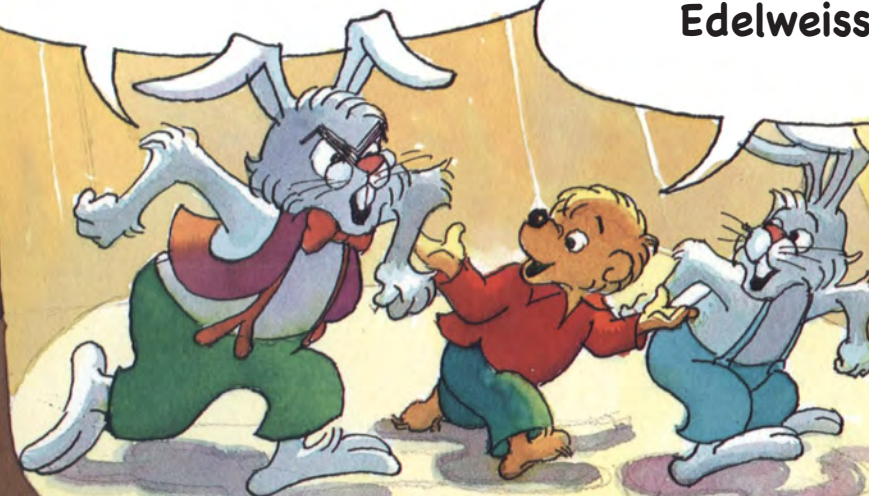
All that Easter hocus-pocus
'bout daffodils and crocus

Tulips! Crocus!



starts my body achin'
and my teeth a'hurtin'.

Edelweiss!



So stop your beggin'
and your blurtin'.
My decision to resign
is absolutely
firm and certain.

Drawing new life
from the cold winter earth,
baby robins,
the miracle of birth.



Not going to take it anymore.
Not going to take it anymore.



Hmm, hold on now!
Just a minute, Sonny.



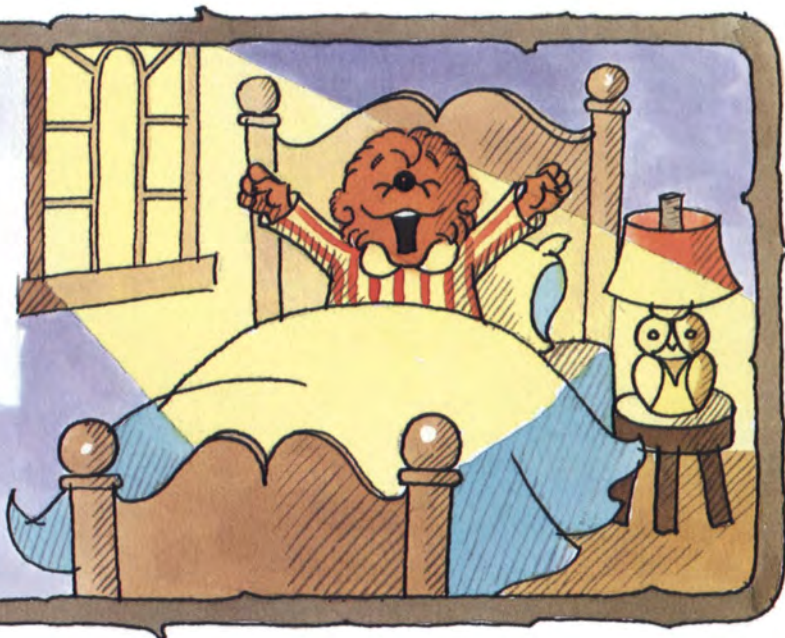
Some of that rainbow
got through to Boss Bunny.
The great spring rainbow's
lovely light
touched his heart
and set things right.
It straightened his back,
it loosened his joints,
it reduced his aches and pains
by ten percentage points.

His ears began to wiggle,
his whiskers began to twitch.
Then Boss Bunny reached around
and pulled the master switch!



All right you bunnies,
it's Easter time.
So hop to it!
Get back on the job ...
and DO IT!

On Easter morning
Brother opened his eyes,
stretched and remembered
his Easter surprise.



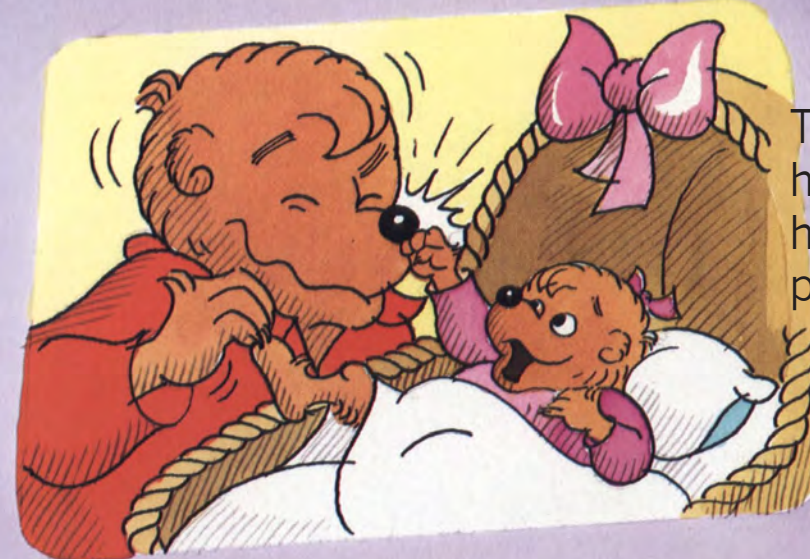
"Come in here!" called Mama.
"There's something you must see!"
Marshmallow chicks! thought Brother.
A chocolate egg and bunny!
In fact, it was all three!



The Easter Bunny
brought those, my dear.
Your special surprise
is over here.



What was in the basket
was a baby!
A little baby bear!
Brother Bear was so surprised,
all he did was stare.

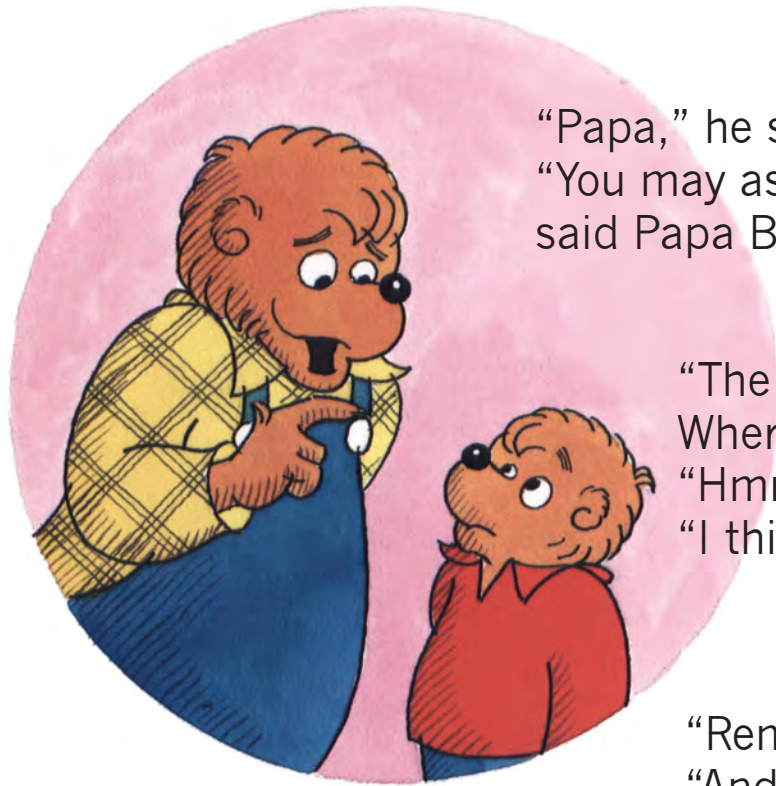


Then as he reached to touch
her tiny toes,
her small fist accidentally
popped him on the nose.



"Say! For a tiny baby,
she has quite a punch!"
And as he rubbed his nose,
he knew—it was more
than just a hunch—

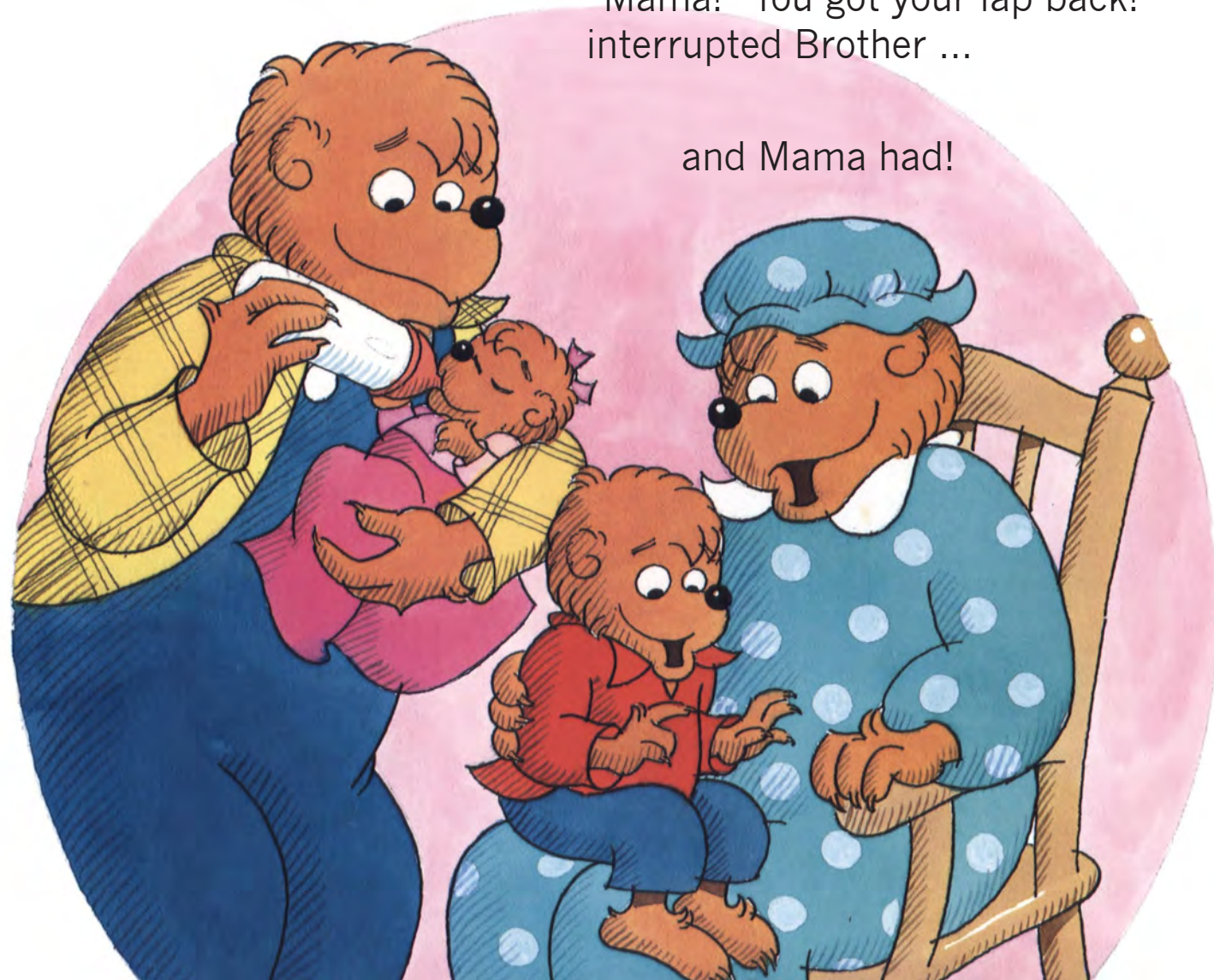
that something wonderful had happened;
that he wouldn't be lonesome anymore;
that his extra-special Easter surprise
had been well worth waiting for!



"Papa," he said, "I have one question."
"You may ask me any question,"
said Papa Bear to Brother.

"The baby?
Where did the baby come from?"
"Hmmm," said Pa,
"I think that one's for your mother."

"Remember about robins?" said Ma.
"And the miracle of birth?"
"Mama!" You got your lap back!"
interrupted Brother ...



and Mama had!



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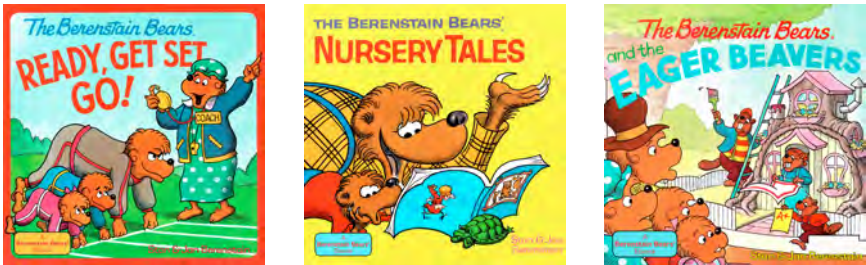
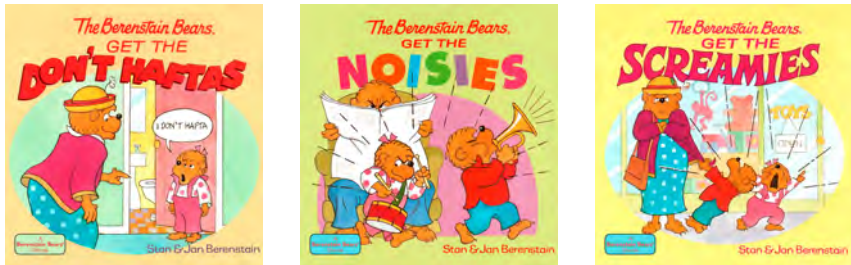
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