



*For Team Mischief. No bear left behind.  
We take any bear we find – F.S.*

*For all the teddy bears that were lost but never forgotten – L.F.*

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# A Bear called Blue




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ANDERSEN PRESS



In the shop, down the lane,  
beneath a wooden window frame,  
a small bear with a hand-stitched heart  
was waiting for his life to start.

He'd spent the summer on the shelf.  
The last bear left, all by himself,  
the window pressed against his paw.  
Each day just like the one before.  
But that was then, before he met . . .



... a little girl called Harriet.  
She held his paw and it was love.

“Please,” she said,  
“is this enough?”



Then, safe and sound and full of love,  
Blue gazed up at the stars above  
while Mummy sang a bedtime song.  
Blue was home where he belonged.

She said, “I think  
I’ll call you Blue.  
Don’t worry.  
I’ll take care of you.”



Harriet was sweet and kind.  
She never left her bear behind.  
In corner shops or walks to school,



at birthday parties, swimming pools,  
on fairground rides or water slides,



Blue never, ever  
left her side.

And when she stroked his soft, warm fur,  
it felt like he was made for her.



Then one day, Harriet was gone.  
Blue watched the ocean meet the sun  
and though he couldn't turn around,

he heard the footsteps on the ground grow quiet,  
until finally, poor Blue could only hear the sea.

He never got to ask her why.  
He never got to say goodbye.

