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Opening extract from
The Bear in the Book

Written by
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For Zac and India —K.B.

For Kate —G.H.

The Bear in the Book

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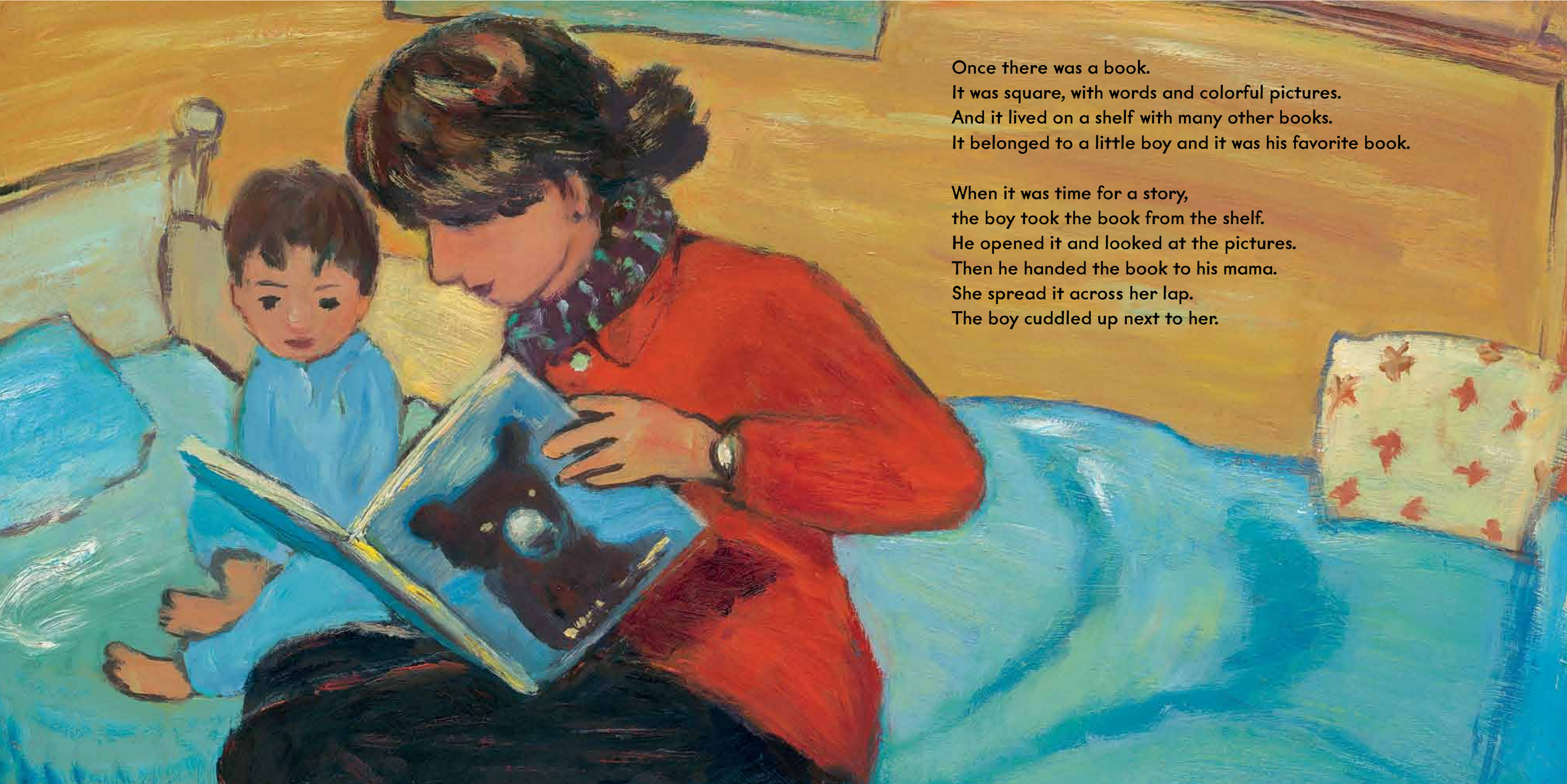
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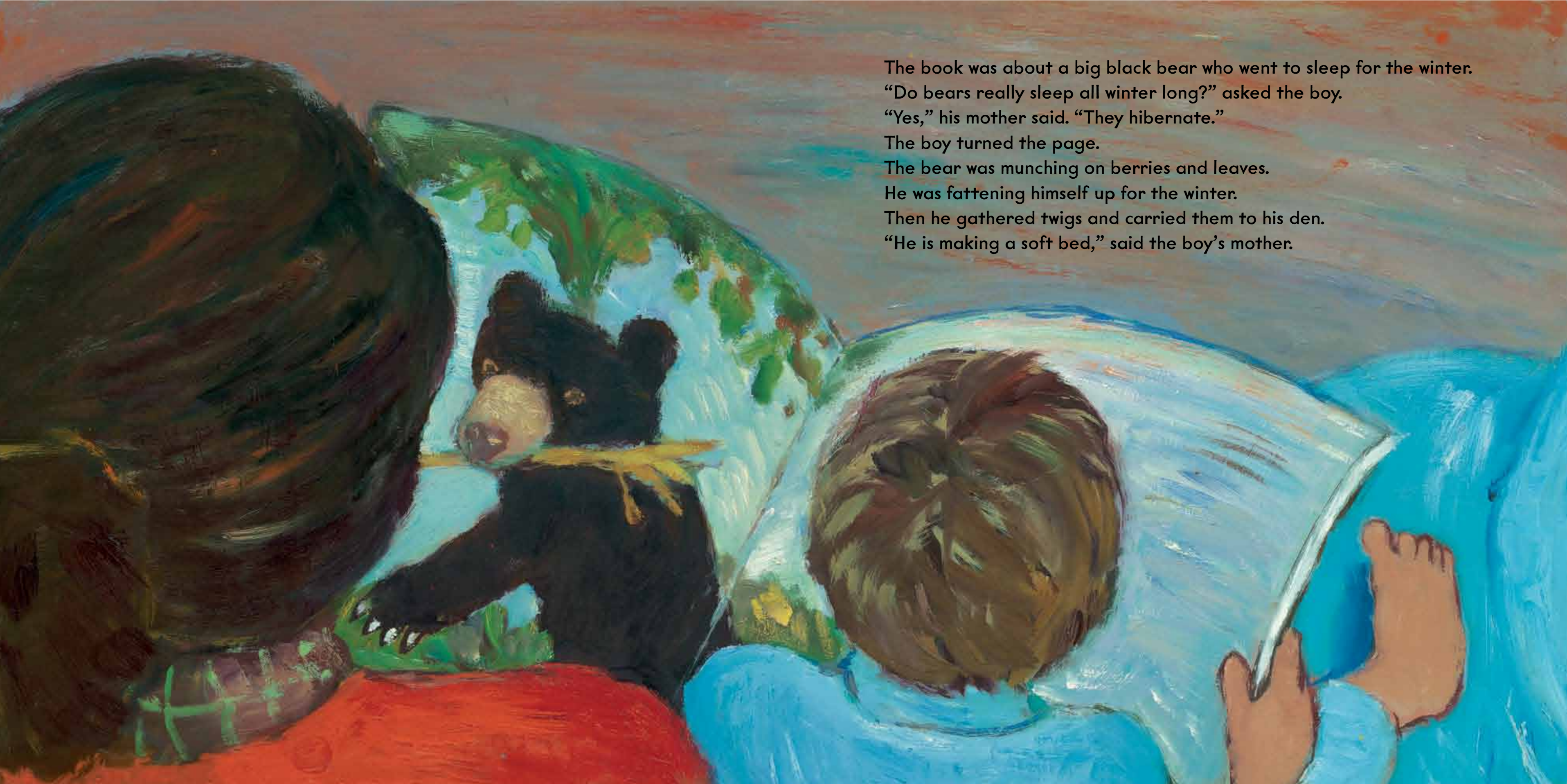


Andersen Press



Once there was a book.
It was square, with words and colorful pictures.
And it lived on a shelf with many other books.
It belonged to a little boy and it was his favorite book.

When it was time for a story,
the boy took the book from the shelf.
He opened it and looked at the pictures.
Then he handed the book to his mama.
She spread it across her lap.
The boy cuddled up next to her.



The book was about a big black bear who went to sleep for the winter.

“Do bears really sleep all winter long?” asked the boy.

“Yes,” his mother said. “They hibernate.”

The boy turned the page.

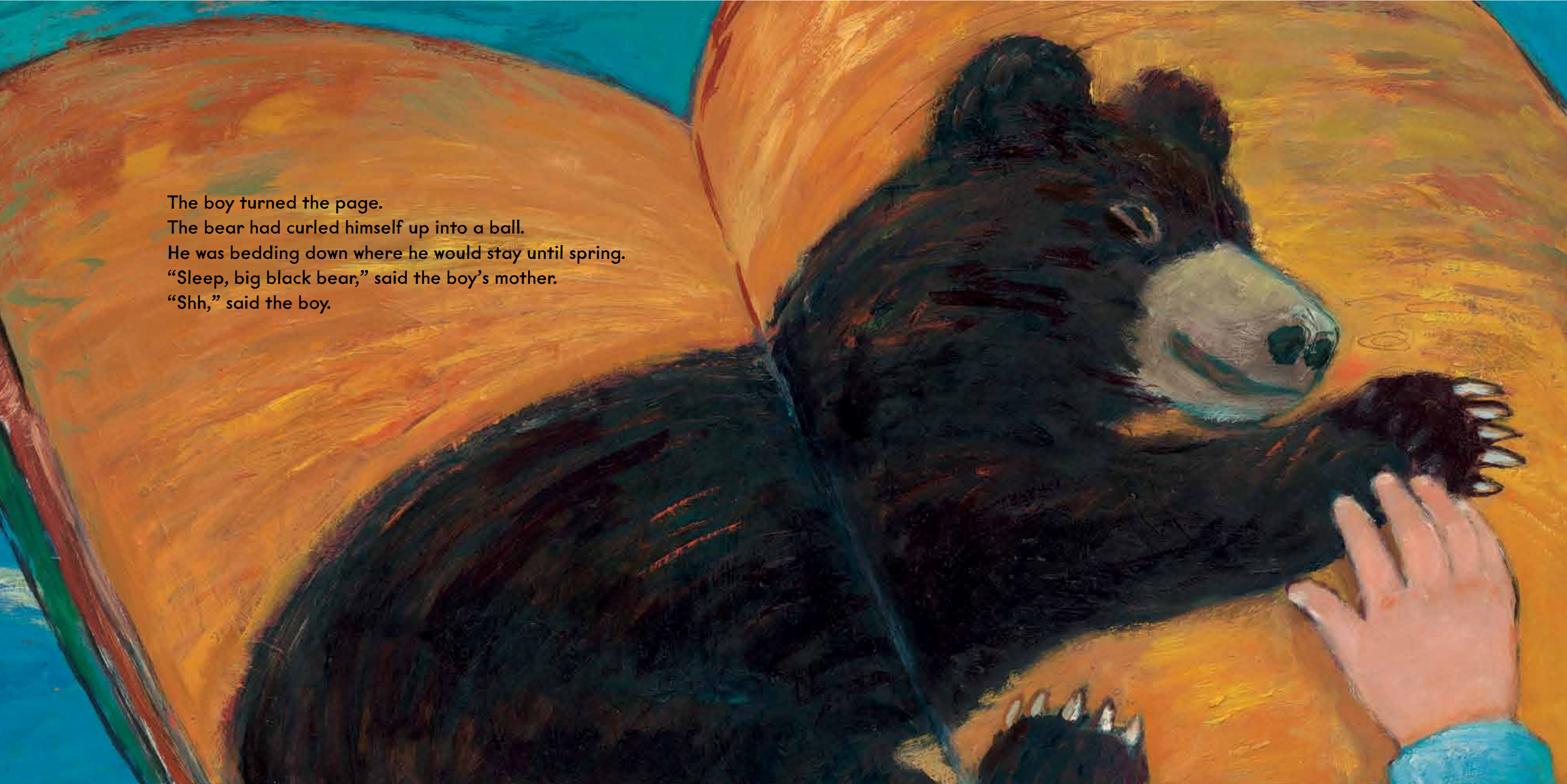
The bear was munching on berries and leaves.

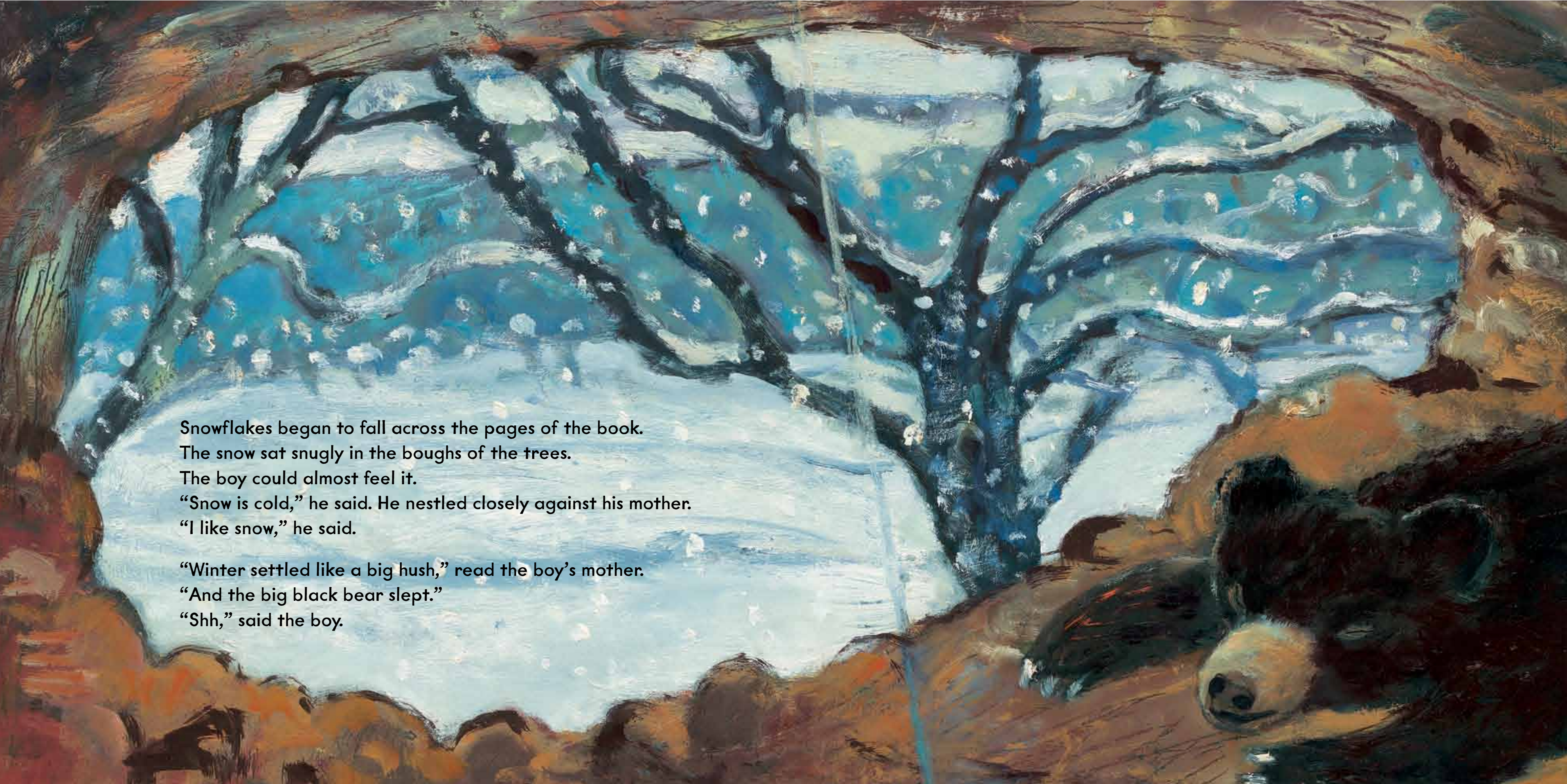
He was fattening himself up for the winter.

Then he gathered twigs and carried them to his den.

“He is making a soft bed,” said the boy’s mother.

The boy turned the page.
The bear had curled himself up into a ball.
He was bedding down where he would stay until spring.
“Sleep, big black bear,” said the boy’s mother.
“Shh,” said the boy.





Snowflakes began to fall across the pages of the book.
The snow sat snugly in the boughs of the trees.
The boy could almost feel it.
“Snow is cold,” he said. He nestled closely against his mother.
“I like snow,” he said.

“Winter settled like a big hush,” read the boy’s mother.
“And the big black bear slept.”
“Shh,” said the boy.