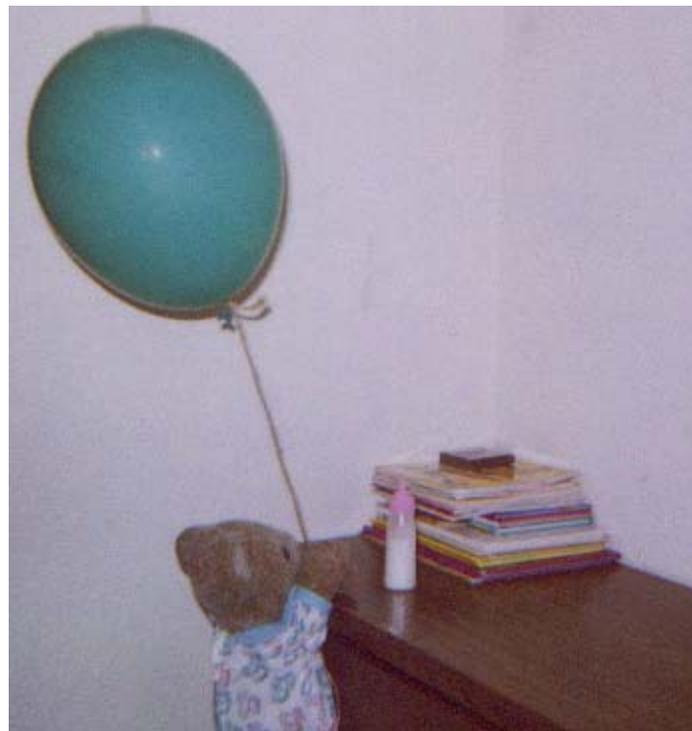


The Adventures of Sammy Bear and His Friends

Story and Pictures by Edward R Doench

Sammy woke up early one morning and decided that he was hungry. Chelsea and the other stuffies were still asleep, but Sammy decided that he was a big bear and could get his own breakfast. He climbed down off of the bed and went looking for his bottle. There it was, on top of the dresser...but how was he to get to it?

Something he had once seen on *Winnie-the-Pooh* gave him the answer. Sammy used a balloon to float up to the top of the dresser so that he could reach the bottle. *Yum – yum!* There was nothing like a bottle of milk first thing in the morning to get rid of tummy-rumbles!



Once Sammy's tummy was full, it was time to get dressed. Climbing down the front of the dresser was a little difficult, and Sammy fell down the last two drawers to land with a *BUMP*. He got to his feet, brushed off the seat of his pajamas, and waddled off to find his yellow romper. A quick change, and then it was time to go play!

The upstairs hallway was empty, the bedroom doors closed. Sammy ventured into the bathroom and peered into the bathtub, but was careful not to lean over too far. He knew that the back of the tub made a great slide, but he also knew from experience that the inside of the tub was too slippery for a small bear to climb back out. He wasn't about to make THAT mistake again any time soon.

Thump – thump – thump. Down the stairs he went, pausing at the landing to peer down and make sure that nobody was up. Everything was quiet, so Sammy continued down into the living room. The TV was off, and there was no way he could reach it to turn it on. Sammy wondered if there would be football today (his favorite team was the Bears, of course), but that probably wouldn't be until afternoon anyway. Until then, there were plenty of interesting things to do.

One by one, Sammy dragged out the movies from the bottom of the bookshelf and used them to build a fort. It wasn't big enough though, so he scooted the sewing box out and climbed on it to get the rest of the movies from the upper shelf. Now he had enough movie boxes to make a REALLY BIG fort! He could make his fort under the coffee table, where it wouldn't be in anybody's way.



Soon other stuffies were up and about. Flower the Troll had come downstairs and was making a cave out of couch pillows, Pink Pony was grazing in her basket of Easter grass, while Green Monster was dive-bombing the laundry basket and strewing socks all over the living room.

Sniff – sniff – sniff...what was that wonderful smell? People food! Green Monster flapped into the kitchen and came back to report that there was something simmering in the crock-pot; it looked like pot roast, with potatoes and carrots. Yummy for people, but not something that stuffies would be able to eat. It certainly smelled good, though.

The stuffies trooped into the kitchen, looking for something to do. After a few minutes of rattling around among the grocery bags and the pop bottles, Sammy found Chelsea's glow-in-the-dark ball where she had lost it a week ago. The stuffies played back and forth with the ball for a while, the heard some noise coming from the living room.

More stuffies had come downstairs to join the fun, and the living room was beginning to turn into a mess as they played. Elmo and Wooly Worm had been exploring under the couch and found a couple of comic books, while Flower was lining the movie boxes up like dominoes. Plush Piggy and a Dalmatian puppy named Spot had gotten into a tug-of-war with a stray sock, while Sammy had climbed onto Pink Pony's back and was waving a wooden spoon like a sword, pretending to be a knight that was fighting a dragon (played by Green Monster).



Uh-oh... footsteps in the upstairs hallway! The stuffies rushed to put everything back the way they had found it, before the people came downstairs and saw the mess. Once everything was back in order, Green Monster flapped up the stairwell and peeked into the hallway; at the All Clear signal, the rest of the stuffies swarmed up the stairs and darted into Chelsea's room. Green Monster and Pink Pony went back downstairs and shoved the sewing box back into

position. Then, as Pink Pony settled down among her Easter grass and nudged a couple of colorful plastic eggs deeper into the basket, Green Monster squatted like a gargoyle in his usual position on top of the computer desk.

Just in time, too. There were more footsteps, this time descending the stairs. Mommy and Grandma had come down to check the pot-roast, Daddy was sitting down at his computer to check his email, and Chelsea plopped down on the couch to watch TV...while carrying a very tired Sammy. “Oh well,” the bear thought sleepily, “I can always take a nap during cartoons.”

THE END