

JANE DYER

Little Brown Bear
Won't Take a Nap!





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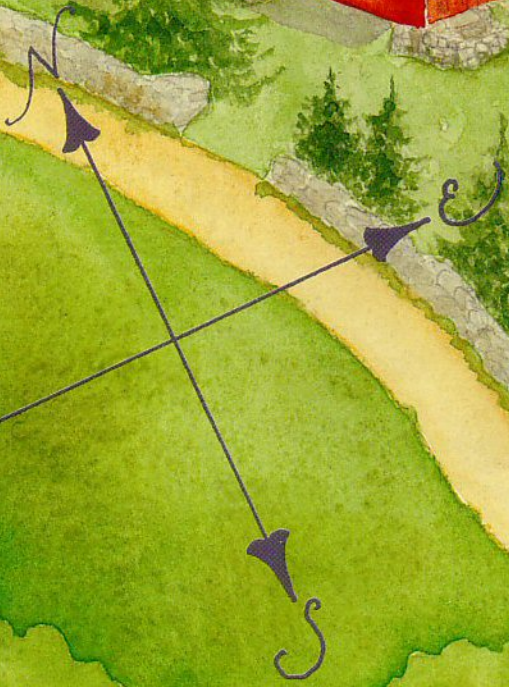
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Won't Take a Nap!





blueberry meadow

bird feed



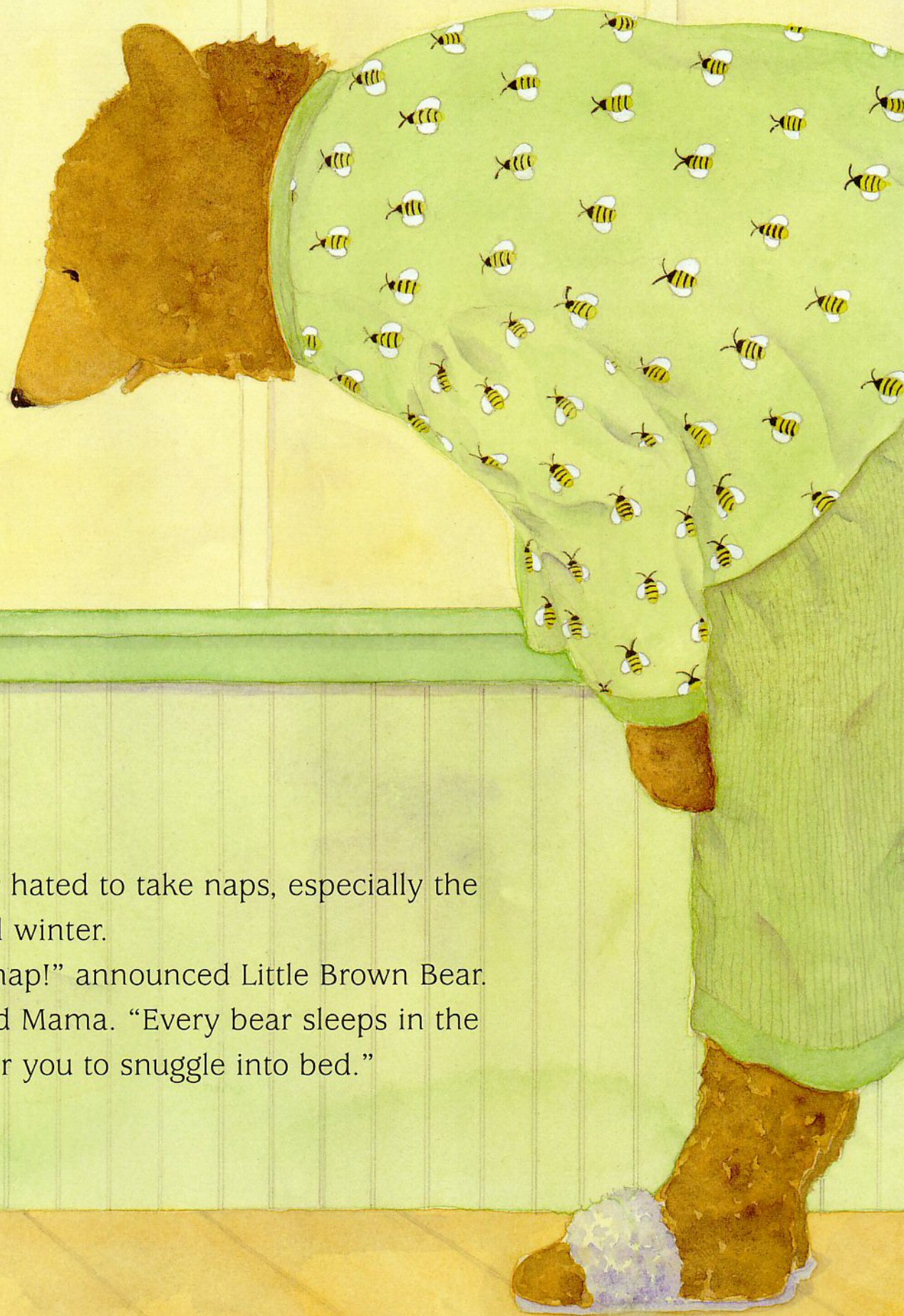
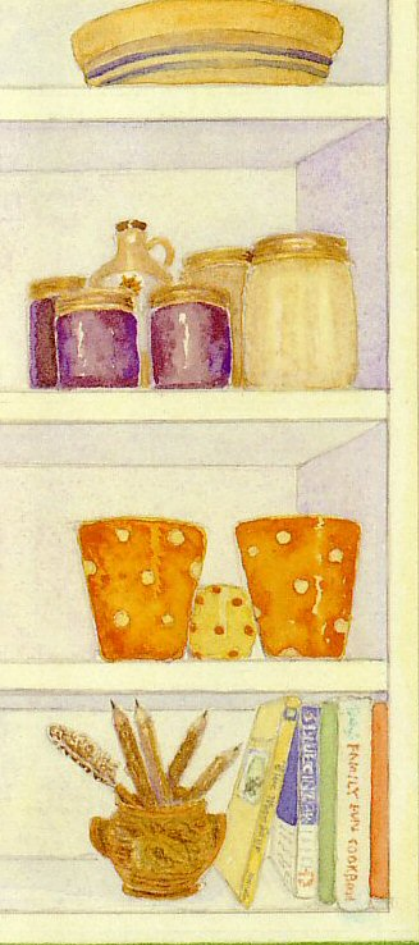


train station

Little Brown Bear's house

apple orchard





Little Brown Bear hated to take naps, especially the kind that lasted all winter.

“I won’t take a nap!” announced Little Brown Bear.
“Nonsense,” said Mama. “Every bear sleeps in the winter. It’s time for you to snuggle into bed.”

HONK! HONK! HONK!

“What’s that?” Little Brown Bear asked his mama.

“Those are geese,” she answered.

“Do geese have to sleep all winter?” asked Little Brown Bear.

“No,” said Mama Bear. “Geese fly south. But bears sleep, so off to bed you go.”





“I want to be a goose and fly south,” said Little Brown Bear as Papa Bear tucked him into bed and sang a lullaby. Then Mama Bear read a bedtime story and kissed Little Brown Bear good night.

“Sweet dreams!” they said with a yawn, and they went off to their own bed.





Little Brown Bear waited until he was certain that Mama and Papa Bear were fast asleep. Then he jumped out of bed, packed his valise, and set off to find the geese.

“Hmmm. How will I ever find them?” wondered Little Brown Bear as he headed down the road.







TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

Little Brown Bear heard a whistle just as a train was pulling into the station.

Gaggles of geese were everywhere. Some geese were boarding the train, some were waving good-bye, and others were leaning out the windows.

“Hop onboard!” called one goose.

So Little Brown Bear did.



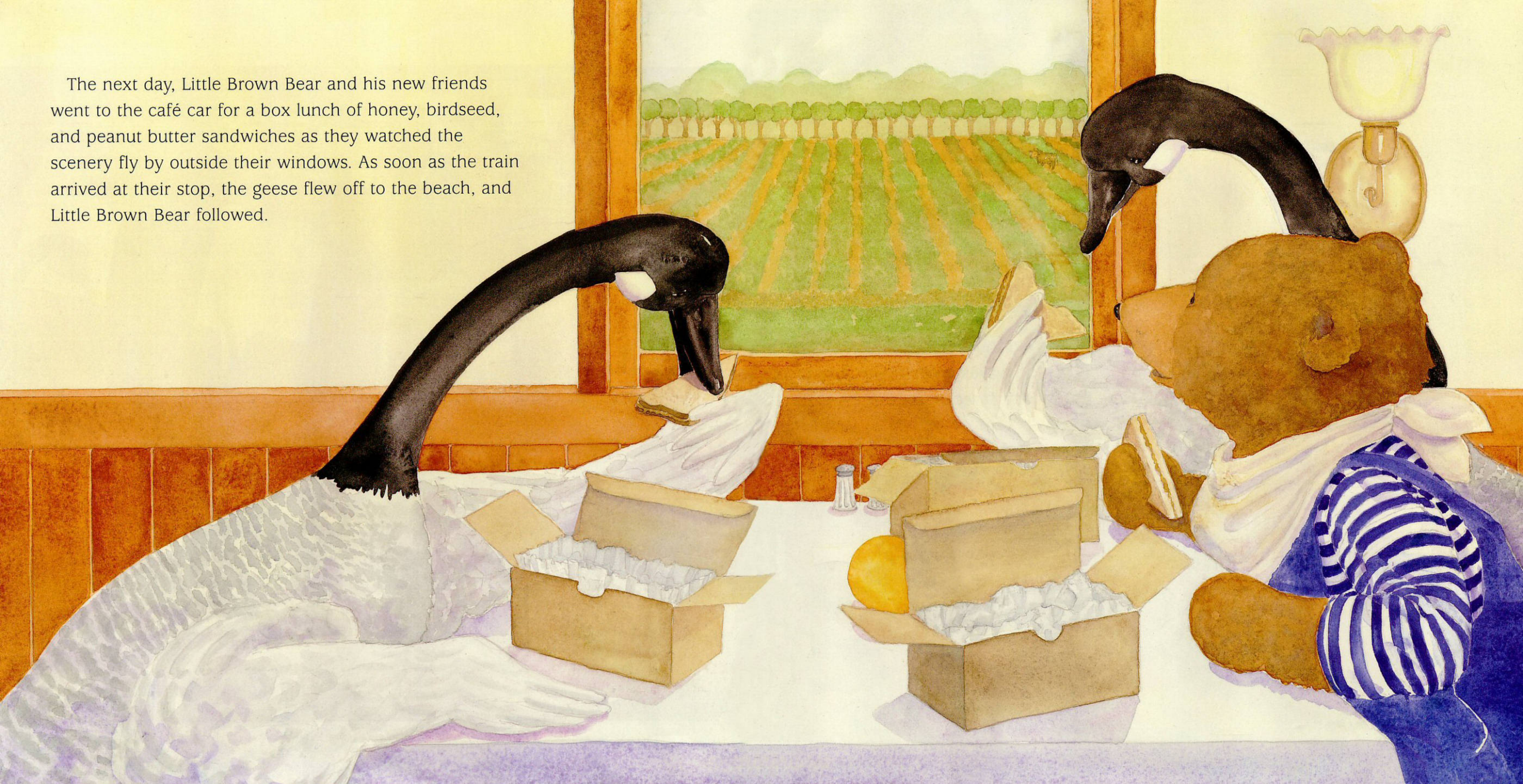
“Why aren’t you flying?” Little Brown Bear asked the goose.

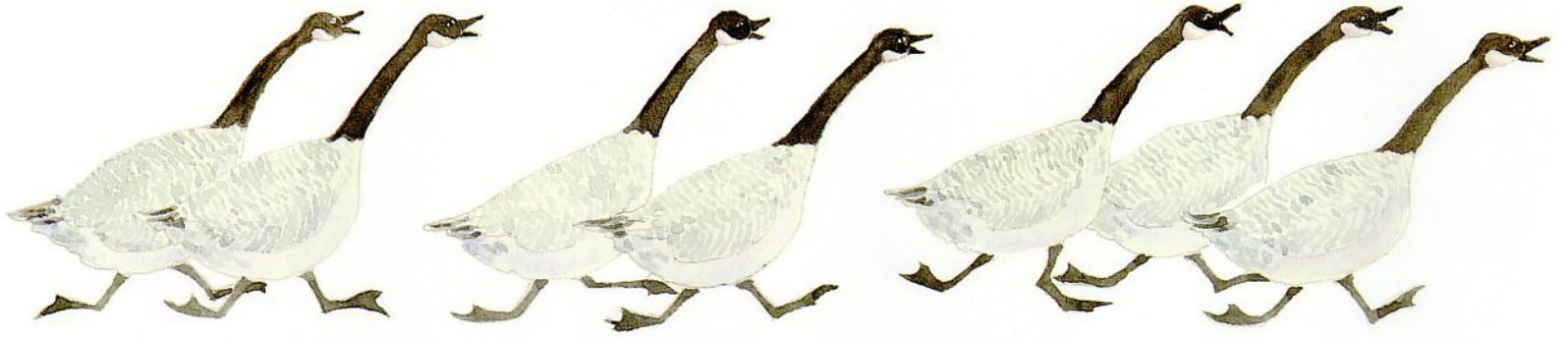
“Oh, some of us prefer the train,” he answered. “It’s more relaxing, and we enjoy the ride.”

Little Brown Bear looked around. Two geese were playing chess, others were playing checkers, and another goose invited Little Brown Bear to join in a game of cards. Little Brown Bear thought this was much better than taking a nap!



The next day, Little Brown Bear and his new friends went to the café car for a box lunch of honey, birdseed, and peanut butter sandwiches as they watched the scenery fly by outside their windows. As soon as the train arrived at their stop, the geese flew off to the beach, and Little Brown Bear followed.





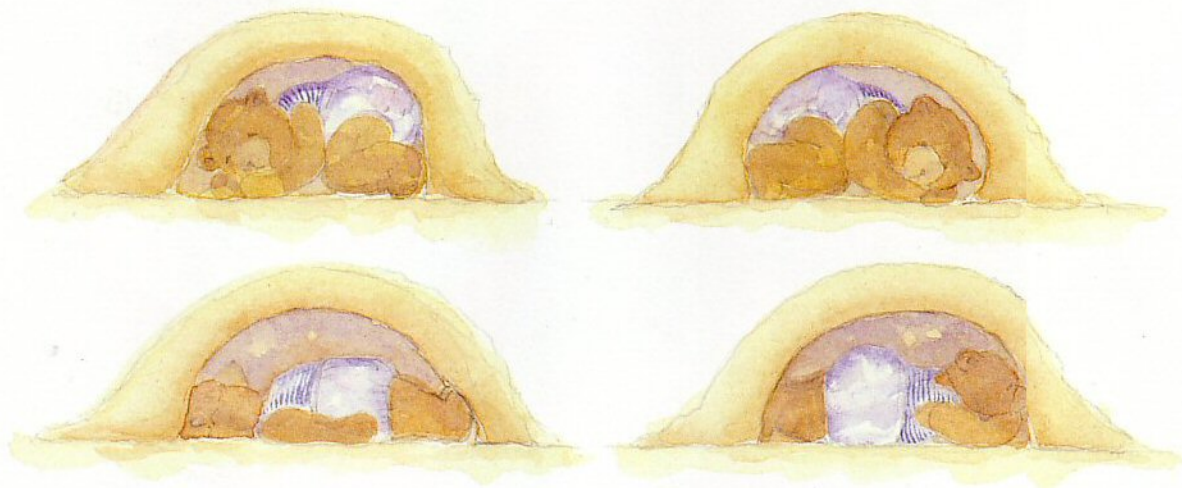
Little Brown Bear loved the beach. He loved the smell of the sea salt air. He loved jumping over the waves and finding seashells. Most of all, Little Brown Bear loved playing in the sand.







Sometimes he built sand castles with high turrets, and sometimes he made sand pies decorated with seaweed. Then one afternoon, he built a sand cave. It was cozy and warm inside, and Little Brown Bear crawled in to take a rest. First he turned onto one side and then the other. He tried to sleep on his back, and he tried to sleep on his tummy. But he could not get comfortable no matter what he did. Just then a big wave came and washed away the sand cave. Little Brown Bear thought about the nice bed he had at home. He knew Mama and Papa Bear would miss him if he did not return by spring. Little Brown Bear yawned. It was time to go home.







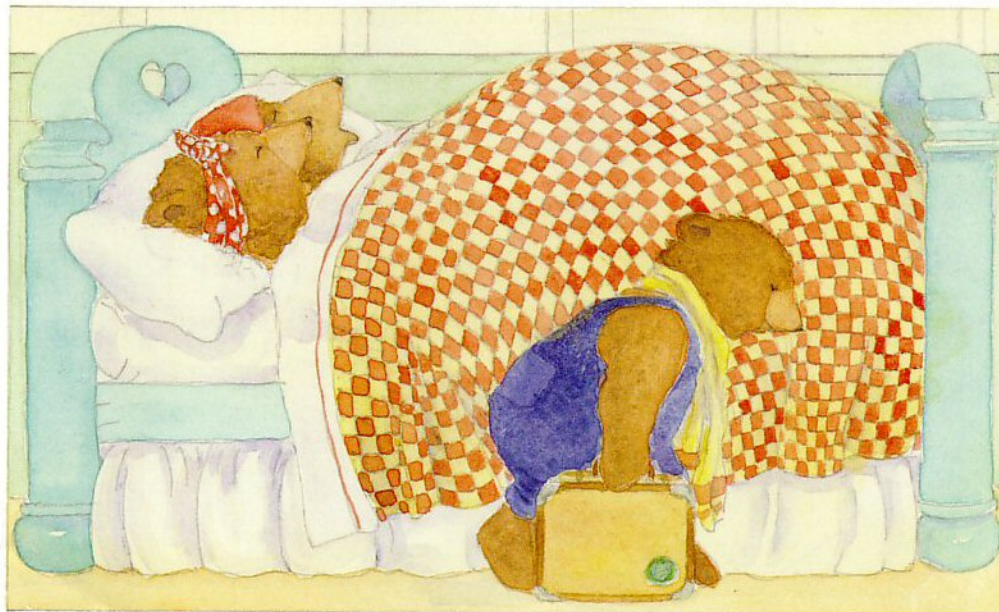
Some of the geese were ready to head back north.
“Please,” asked Little Brown Bear, holding back his tears, “may I go with you?”

The geese could see that Little Brown Bear was in a hurry.

“We’ll fly you back, it will go faster,” they said. The geese fashioned a carrier from a fishing net and safely carried Little Brown Bear home.



Little Brown Bear quietly opened the door, tiptoed past his sleeping parents, and unpacked his belongings. Then he climbed into bed, snuggled under the covers, and fell fast asleep.





“Wake up!” called Mama and Papa Bear. “You slept all winter,” said Papa. “Spring is here!” said Mama.

“I’m not getting up,” growled Little Brown Bear. “I didn’t even sleep!”

Mama Bear took a warm washcloth and gently wiped the sleep from Little Brown Bear’s eyes.

“You silly goose,” she said. “Of course you did. You even have sand in your eyes!”





