



Teddybears Take the Train

Susanna Gretz
& Alison Sage



Teddybears Take the Train

Electronic book published by ipicturebooks.com

24 W. 25th St.

New York, NY 10010

For more ebooks, visit us at:

<http://www.ipicturebooks.com>

All rights reserved

Illustrations copyright © Susanna Gretz 1987

Text copyright © Alison Sage 1987

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted
in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or by any
information storage and retrieval system, without
permission in writing from the publisher.

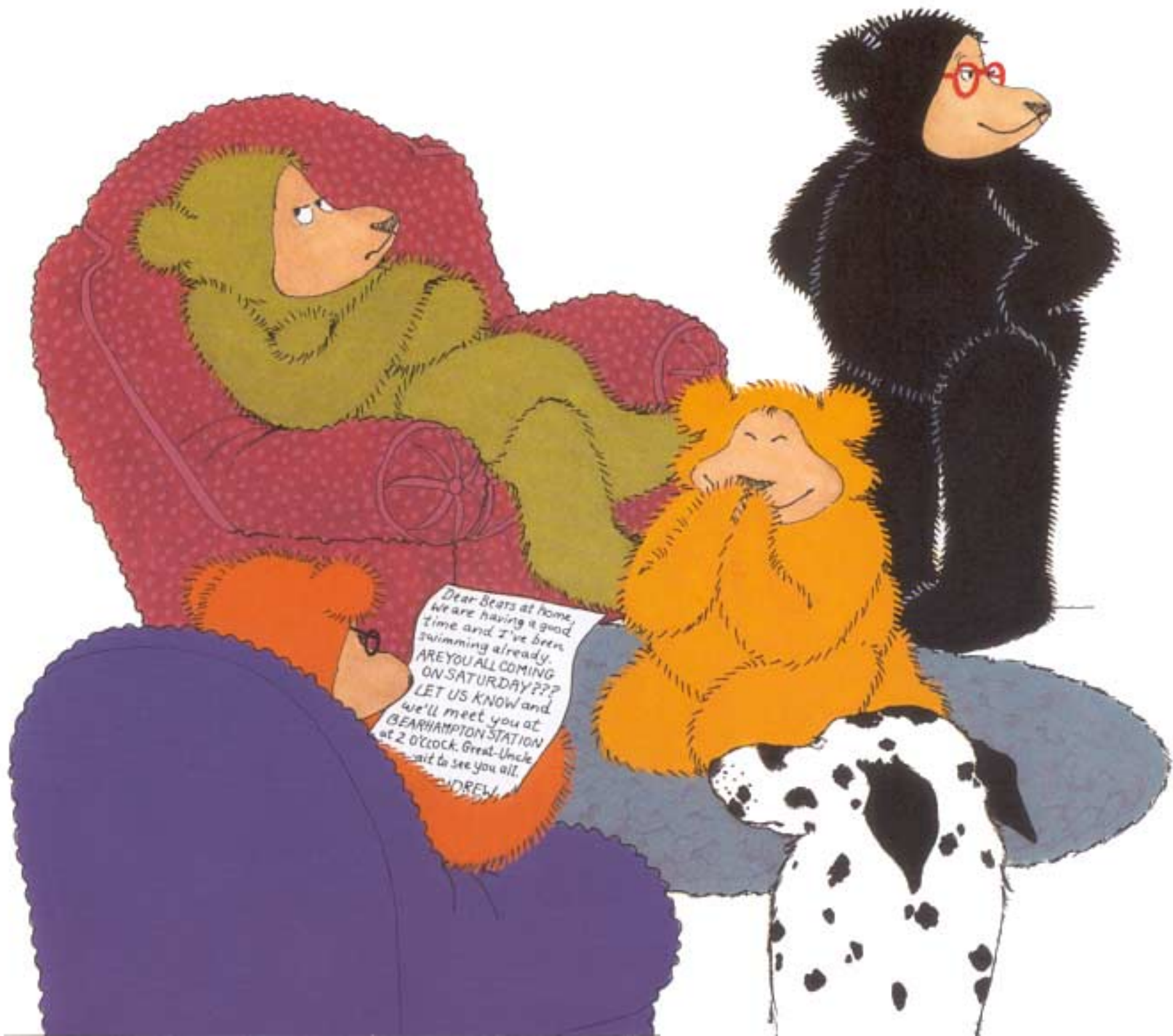
e-ISBN 1-59019-780-1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

teddybears take the train

susanna gretz • alison sage



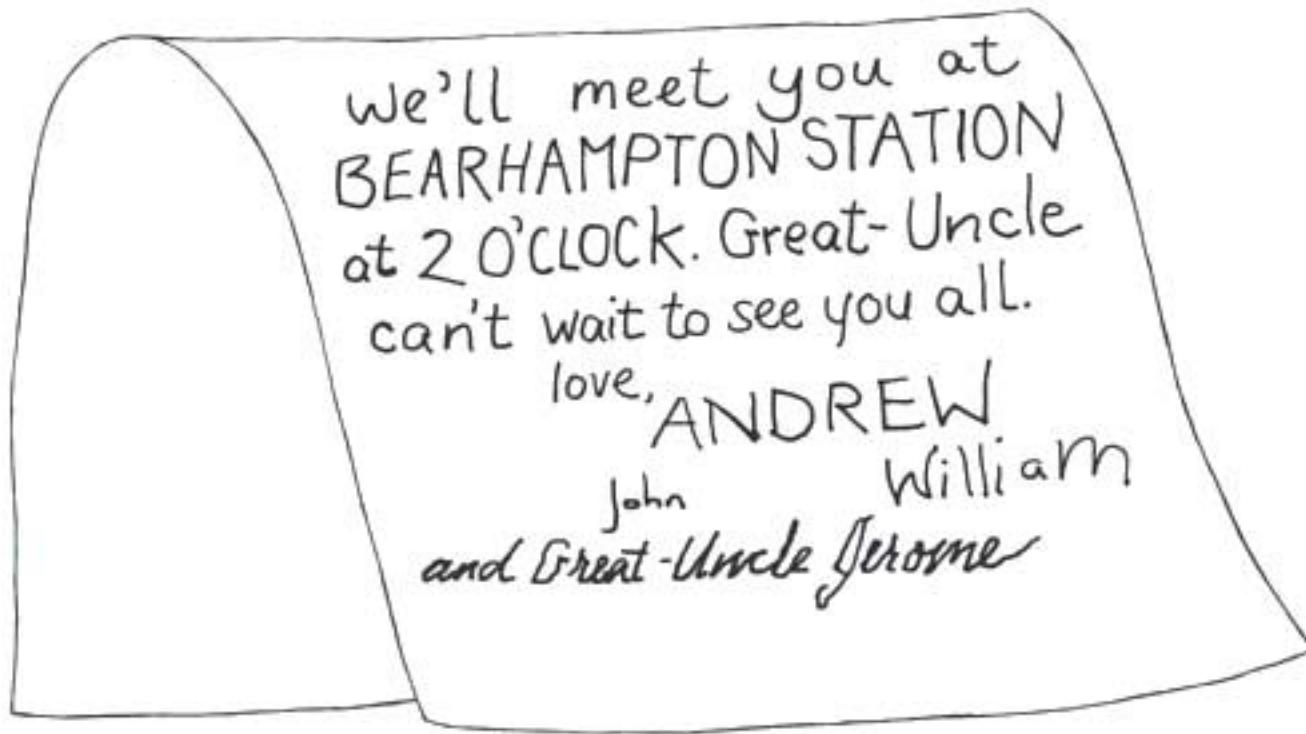


Dear Bears at home,
We are having a good
time and I've been
swimming already.
ARE YOU ALL COMING
ON SATURDAY???
LET US KNOW and
we'll meet you at
BEARHAMPTON STATION
at 2 O'clock. Great-Uncle
wait to see you all.
ANDREW

Sara was reading a letter.

Louise, Robert and Charles were listening.

So was Fred, the dog.



“We’d better start packing,” said Charles.

“I don’t like your Great-Uncle Jerome,” said Louise.
“Why not?” said Robert. “He’s got a pond at the
bottom of his garden and a telescope. I like him.”
“But he never hears anything you say,” said Louise,
“and there are frogs in the bath . . .”



“AND it always rains when we go to see him.”

“I was going to take my swimming things,” said Sara.

“Don’t bother,” said Louise.

“Stop it, Louise!” said Charles.

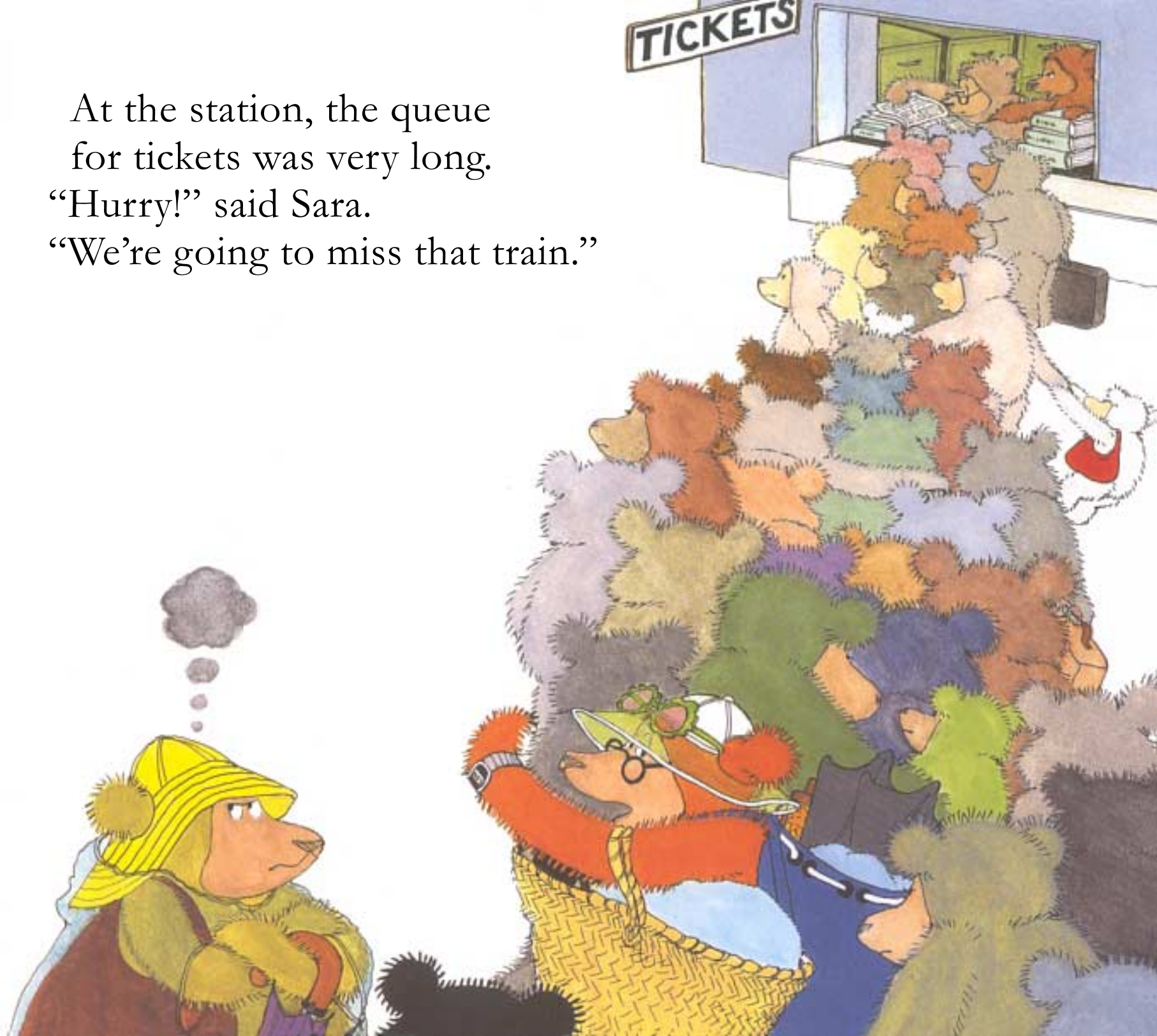
“Just think, we’re going by TRAIN!”



The four bears packed their things.
“Hurry,” said Sara.
“We’re going to be late.”



At the station, the queue
for tickets was very long.
“Hurry!” said Sara.
“We’re going to miss that train.”

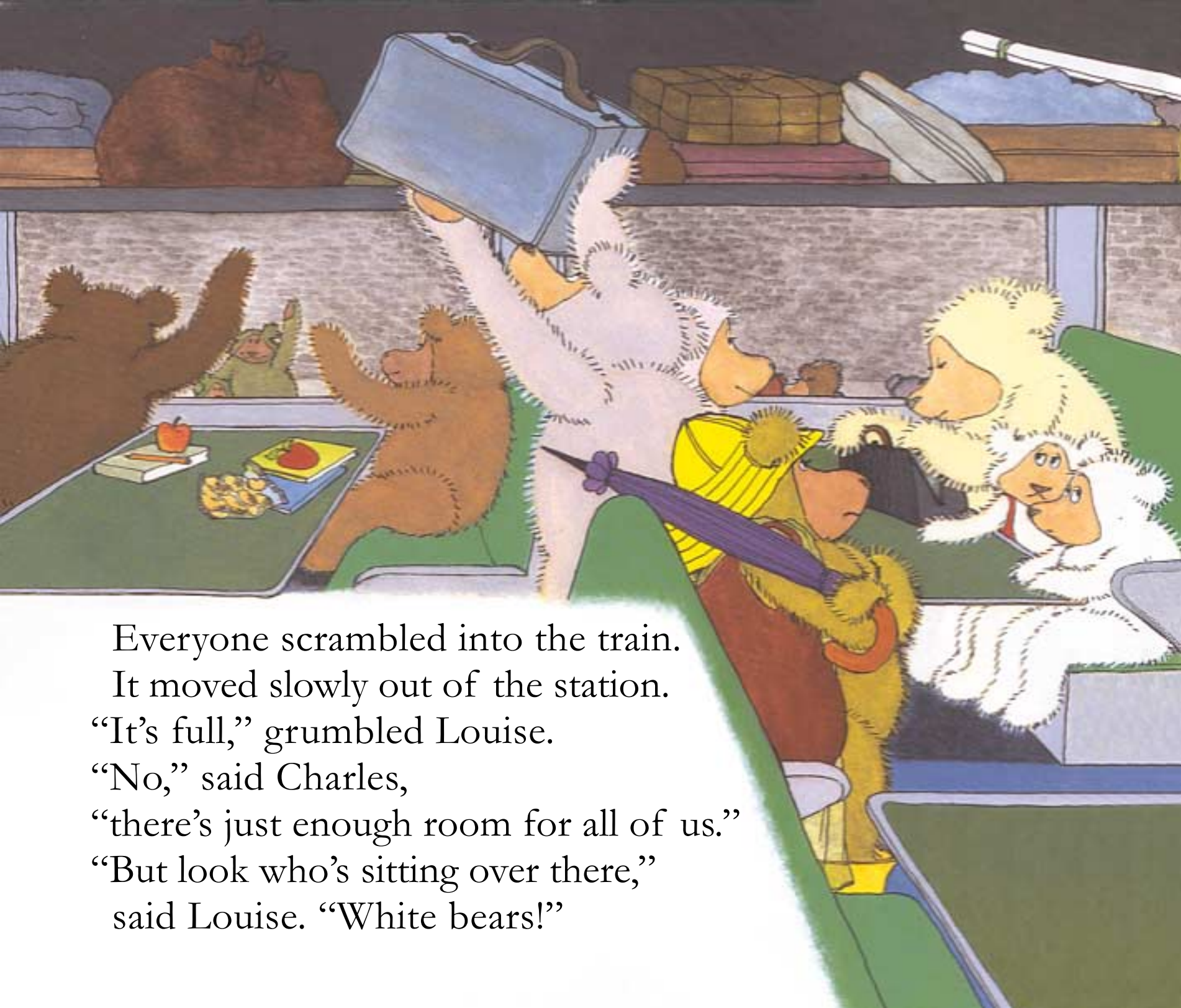




Waiting at the platform were two trains.
“Not that red train, Louise,” said Charles.
“This blue one’s ours.”
“Yuk – the red one’s much better,”
grumbled Louise.
“I like the blue one,” said Charles.



“Stop fussing !” said Sara. “*Do* hurry up!”
The guard was blowing his whistle.
“I *hate* hurrying,” said Louise.



Everyone scrambled into the train.
It moved slowly out of the station.
“It’s full,” grumbled Louise.
“No,” said Charles,
“there’s just enough room for all of us.”
“But look who’s sitting over there,”
said Louise. “White bears!”



“Well?” said Charles.

“I don’t like white bears,”
said Louise.

“Shhh!” said Charles.

“Don’t stare.”

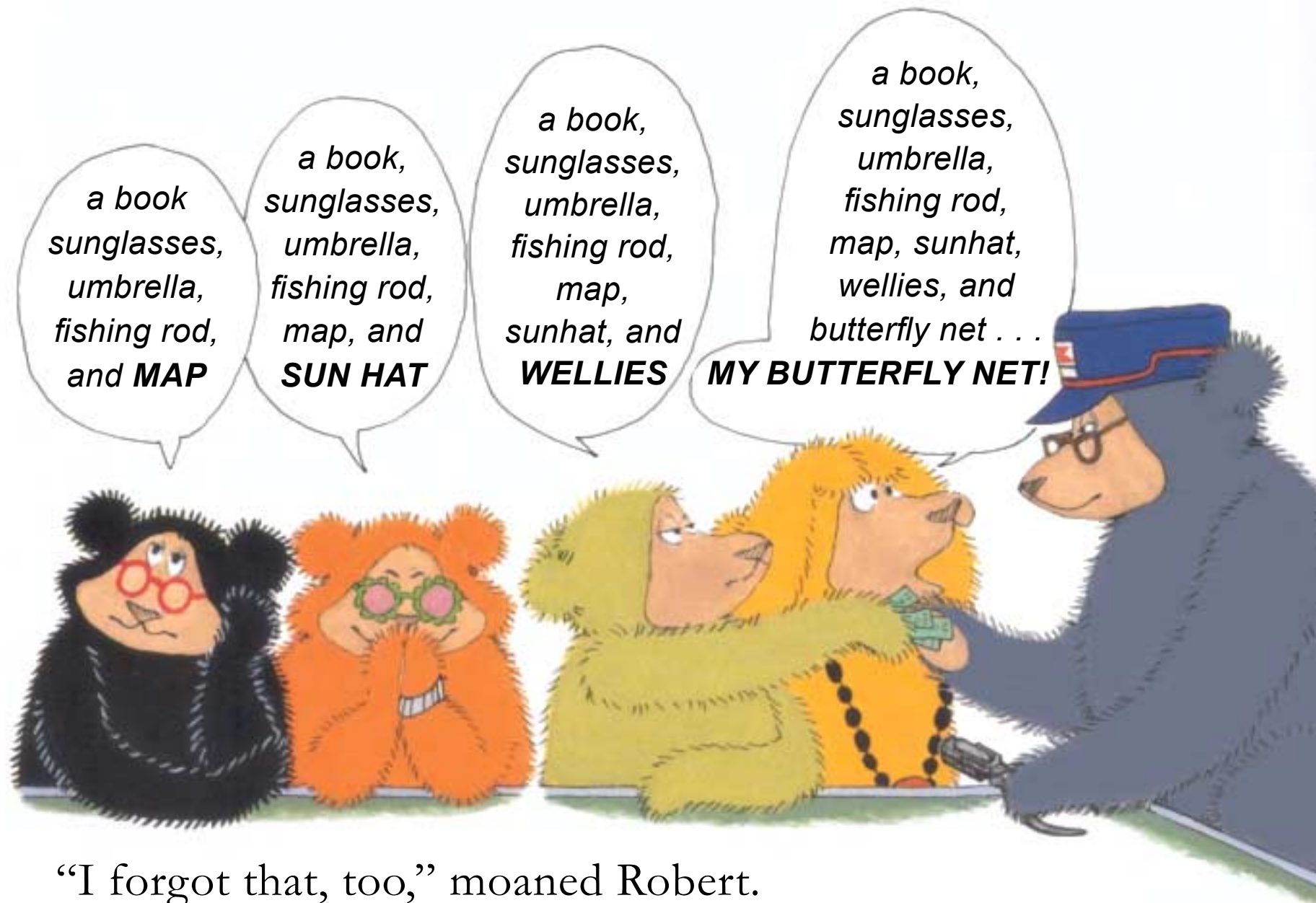
“Let’s play a train game,”
suggested Sara.

I packed my bag and in it I put . . .



“But, really, I forgot my fishing rod,” said Robert.

“Never mind,” said Charles. “Let’s go on with the game.”



“I forgot that, too,” moaned Robert.

“Never mind,” said the ticket collector, as he punched all their tickets.

Meanwhile, the white bears were unwrapping several large paper parcels.

“What are they eating?” whispered Robert.

“Probably fried worms,” said Louise. “Or spiders.”

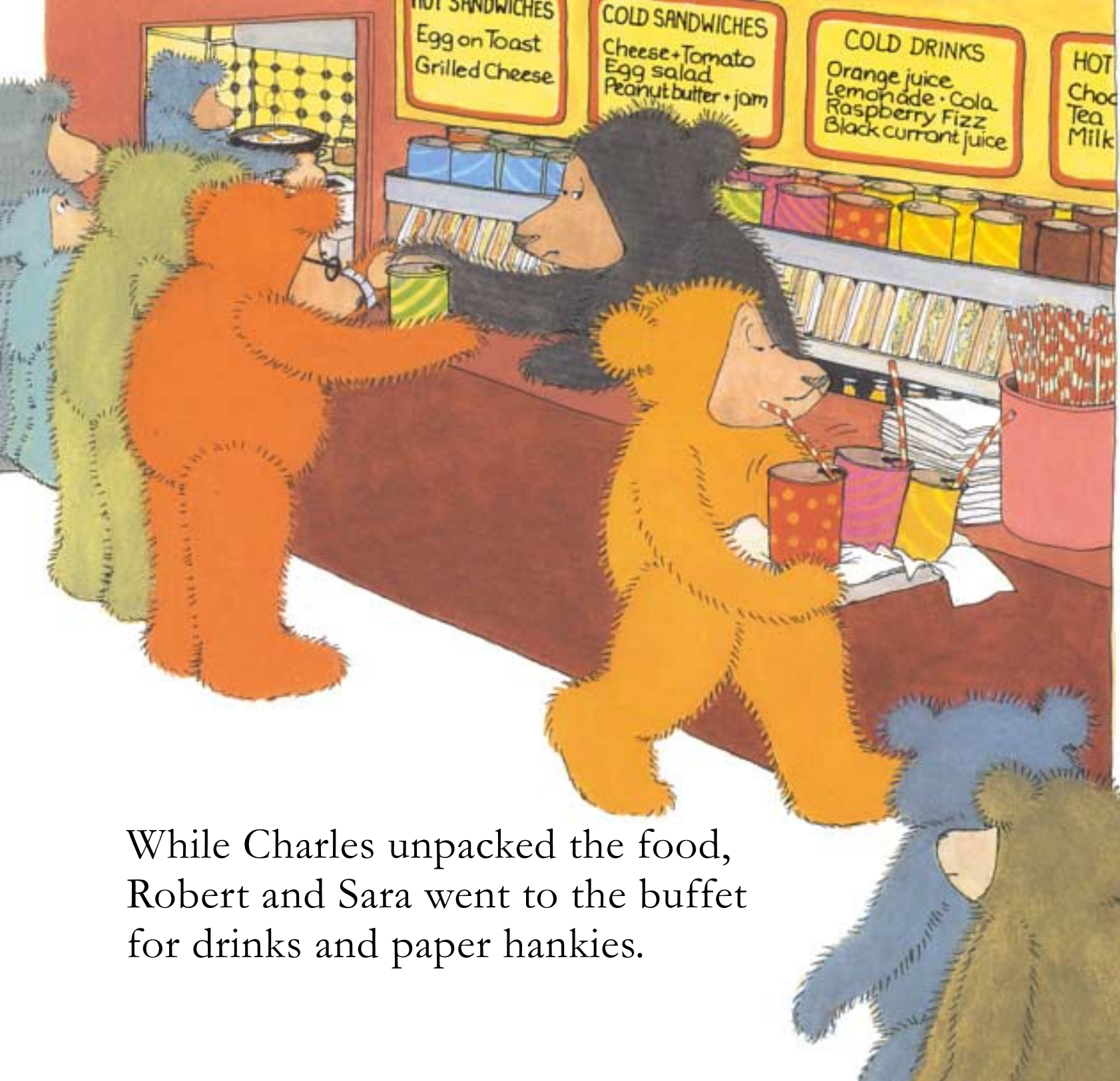
The little white bears took out bottles of drink and stared at Louise.

“Shhh!” said Sara.

“Let’s have *our* picnic,” said Charles.



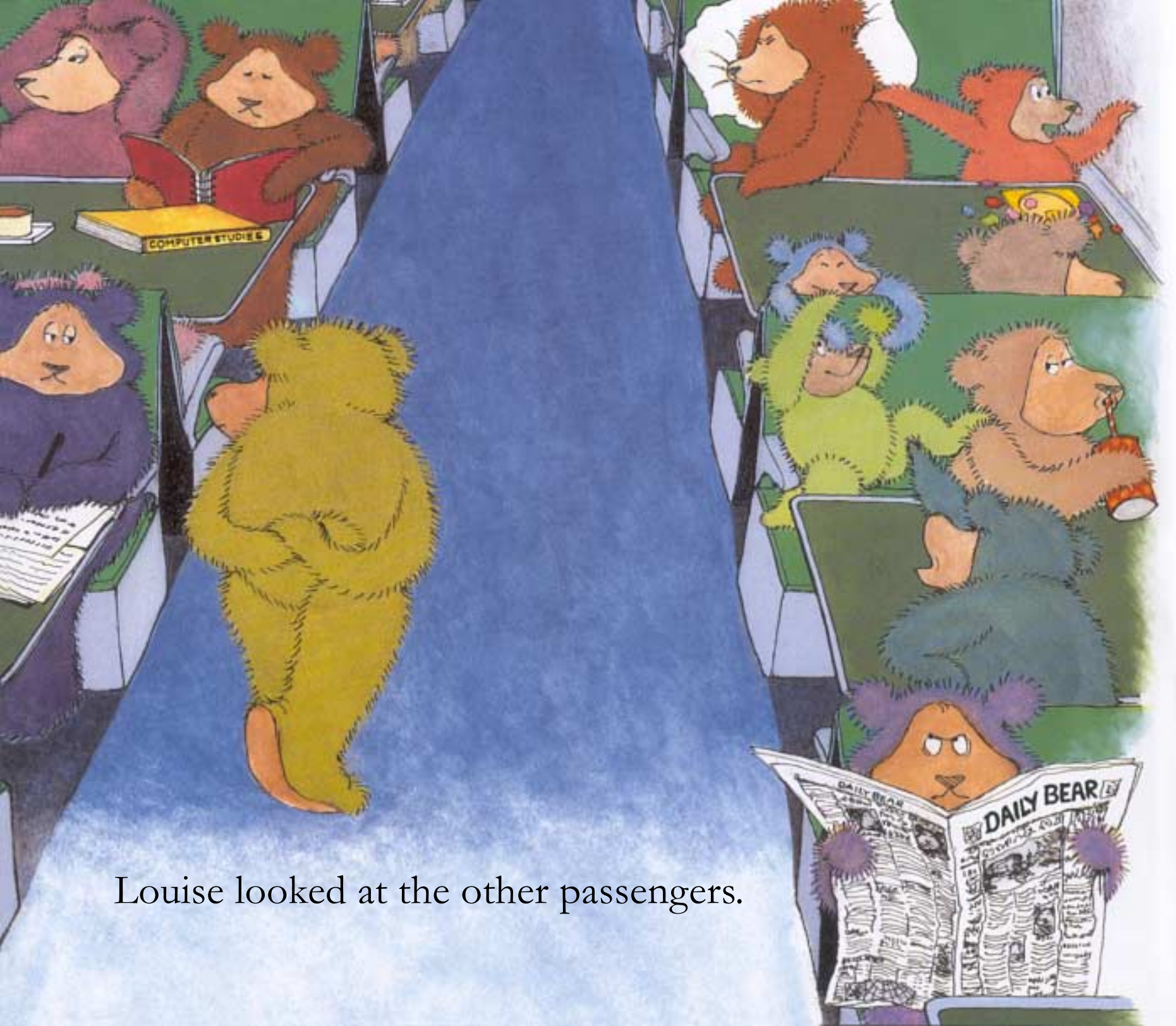




While Charles unpacked the food, Robert and Sara went to the buffet for drinks and paper hankies.



When they had finished eating, Louise went off to explore the train.
“Don’t be long,” said Sara. “We have to get off soon.”

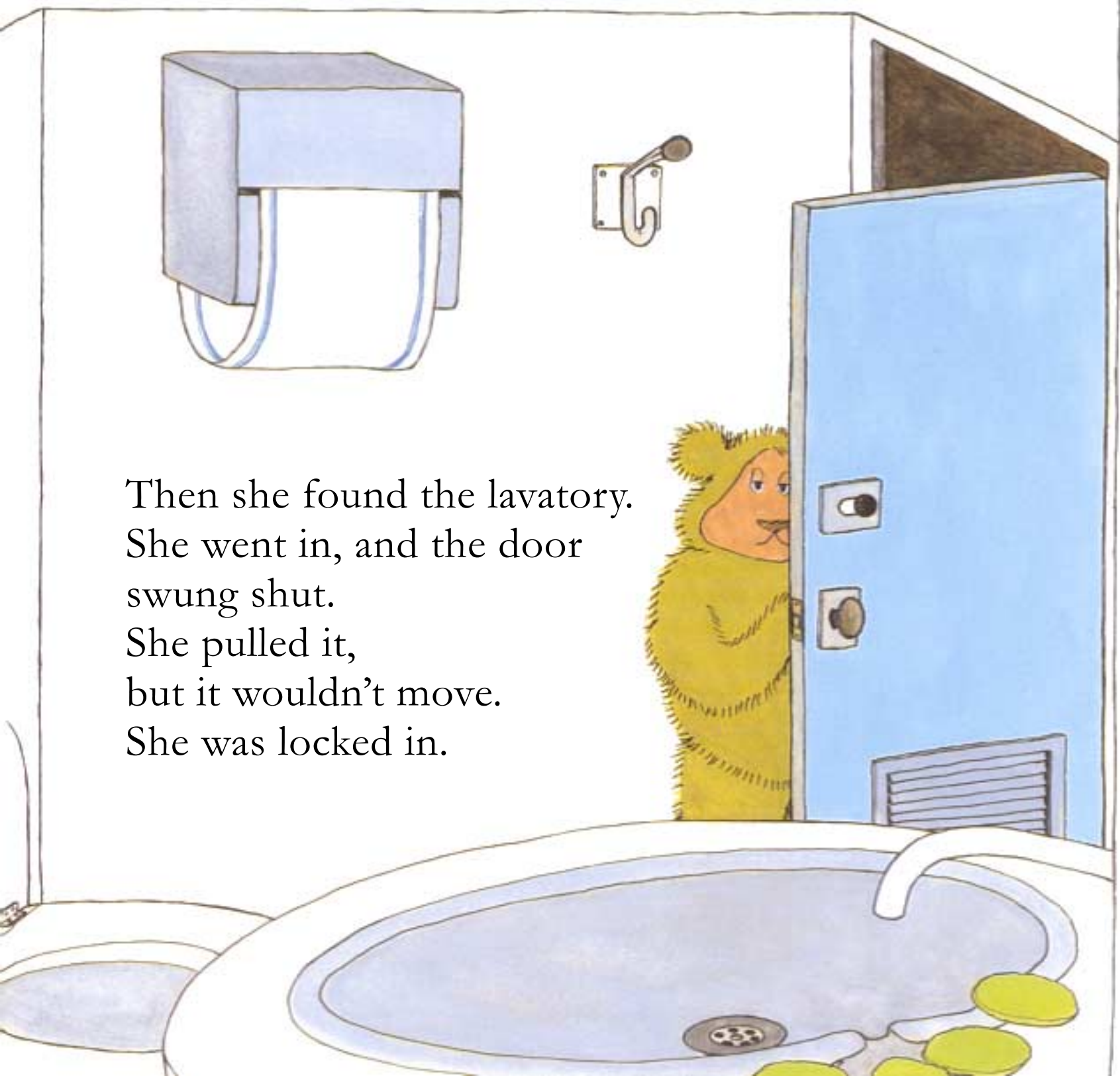


Louise looked at the other passengers.



She looked out at the woods and fields and houses.

Then she found the lavatory.
She went in, and the door
swung shut.
She pulled it,
but it wouldn't move.
She was locked in.



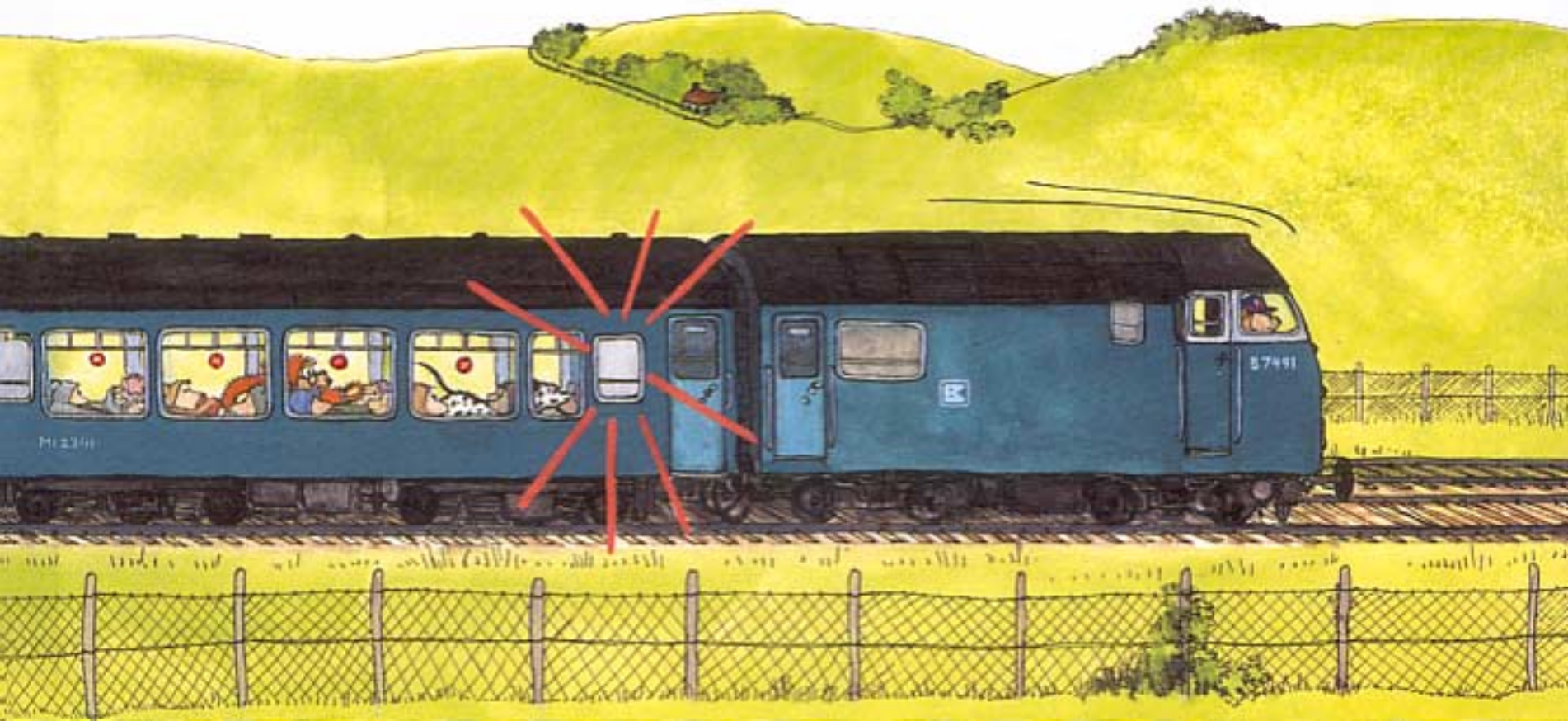
“I wonder where Louise is?” said Robert.
They hunted up and down the train.
Fred hunted too.
“Where *is* she?” said Sara.



Where *was* she?



Just then they heard a loud banging noise.
“Let me out,” shouted a voice.
“I’m IN HERE!”



First they pulled
the door handle.
That didn't work.



Then Charles wiggled the door
sideways on its hinges.
That didn't work either.



Then they poked a train ticket and a spoon in the lock.

The lock chewed up the ticket and twisted the spoon.

But the door stayed shut.

Suddenly, there was a loud crackling noise:

ZZZ OOH PASSENGERS WHOO LUGGAGE ZZZ
AS WE SHALL SHORTLY BE ARRIVING AT CRKK ZZZZZZ



“Help!” yelled Louise.
“I’ll be stuck in here for ever!”

“Excuse me,” said a quiet voice.

“Can I help?”

It was one of the white bears.

“Listen,” said the white bear
to Louise.

“Take some soap from the basin
and rub it on the bolt.

It must be jammed.

Now, while you pull the bolt
we’ll try to lift the door a little.”



“Everyone, all together, **LIFT!**”



There was a scrunching sound as the bolt slid back . . .

and the door swung open.
“Hooray!” shouted everyone
except Louise.
“Thank you,” she mumbled.
“Not at all,”
said the white bear.



The train stopped with a jerk.
“We’re here!” shouted Robert.
“We’ll never make it,” cried Sara.
They bundled all their bags
on to the platform, helped by
the friendly white bears.



“Keep the rest of our sandwiches,”
said Sara.

“That’s very kind but no, thank you,”
said the white bears.

“We don’t eat seaweed.”

Bearhampton





The train was pulling out of the station.
“Seaweed?” shouted Robert.
“That’s not seaweed – it’s lettuce!”
But the smiling white bears didn’t hear him.

Louise gave Great-Uncle Jerome a hug.
“You won’t believe how glad I am to be here,” she said.
“Bees? Did you say *bees here?*” said Great-Uncle Jerome.
“I don’t have any bees, only a frog.”
“It’s true,” said John.
“Great-Uncle *has* got a frog in the bath.
He really has.”

