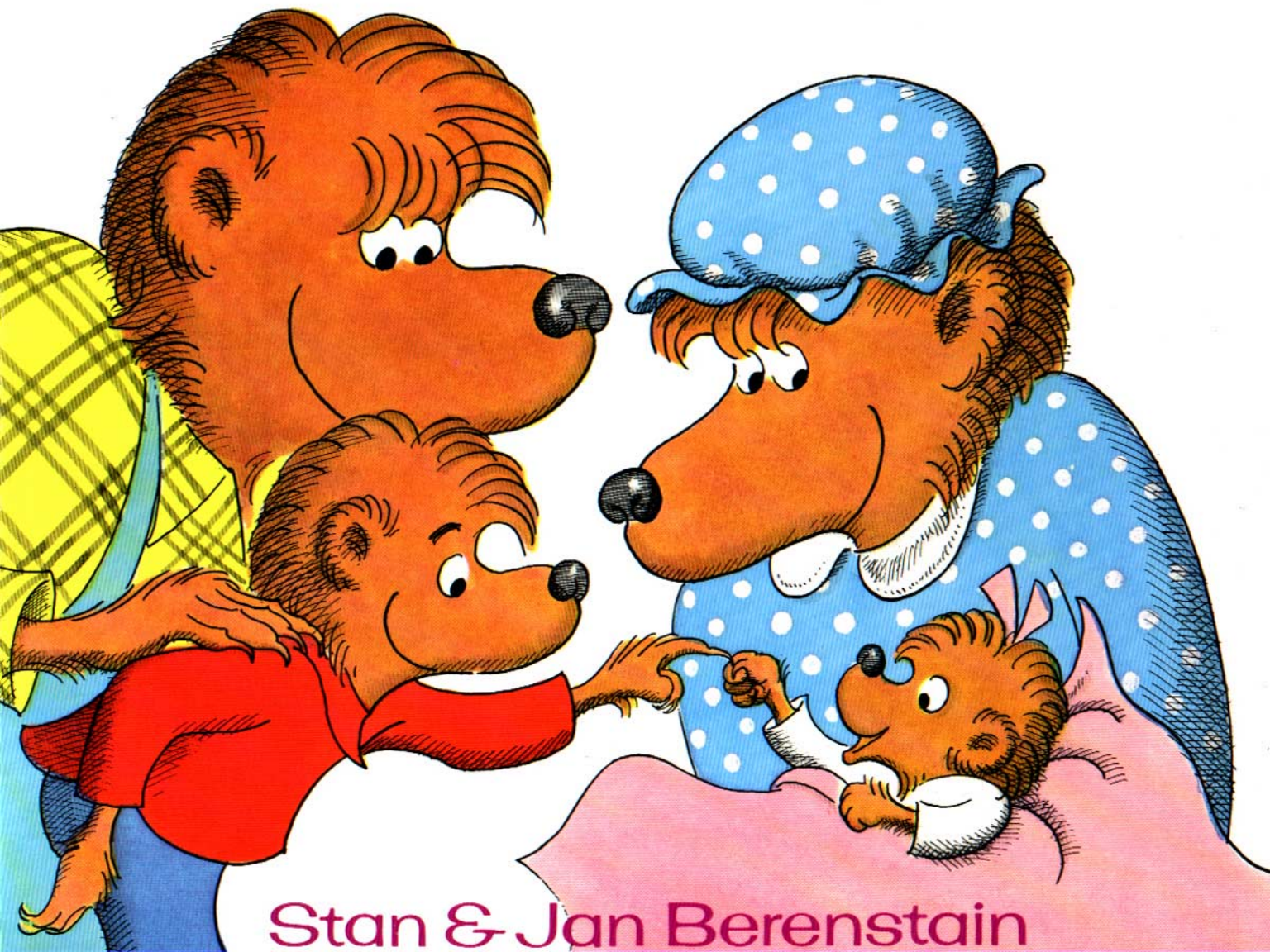
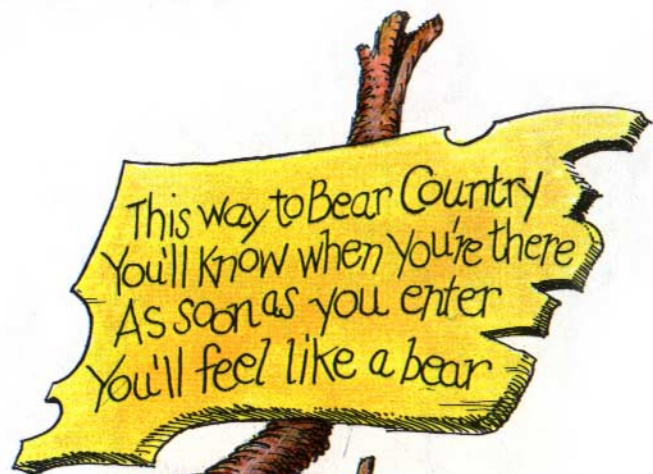


The Berenstain Bears'
NEW BABY



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears'
NEW BABY



A Random House PICTUREBACK[®]





The Berenstain Bears'

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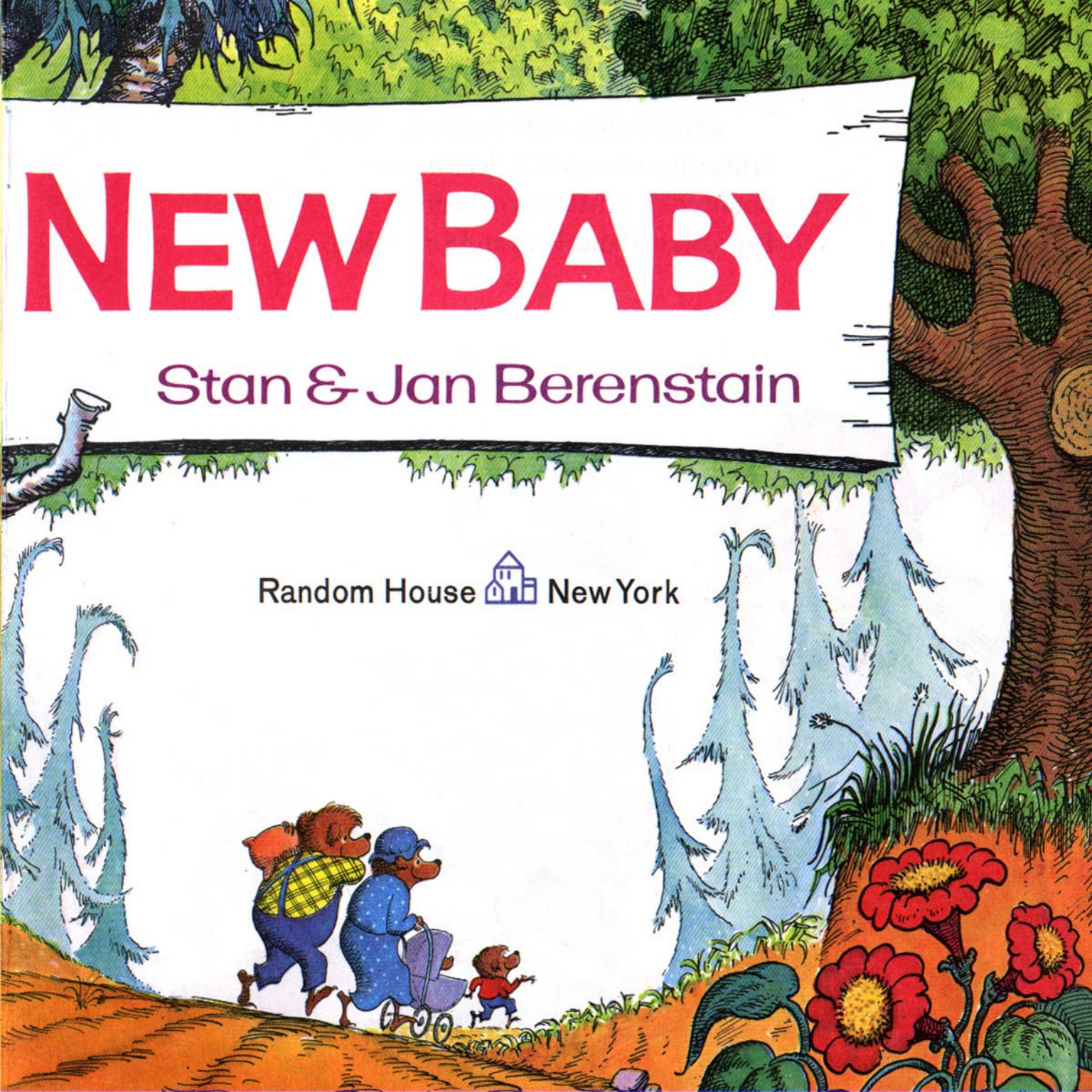
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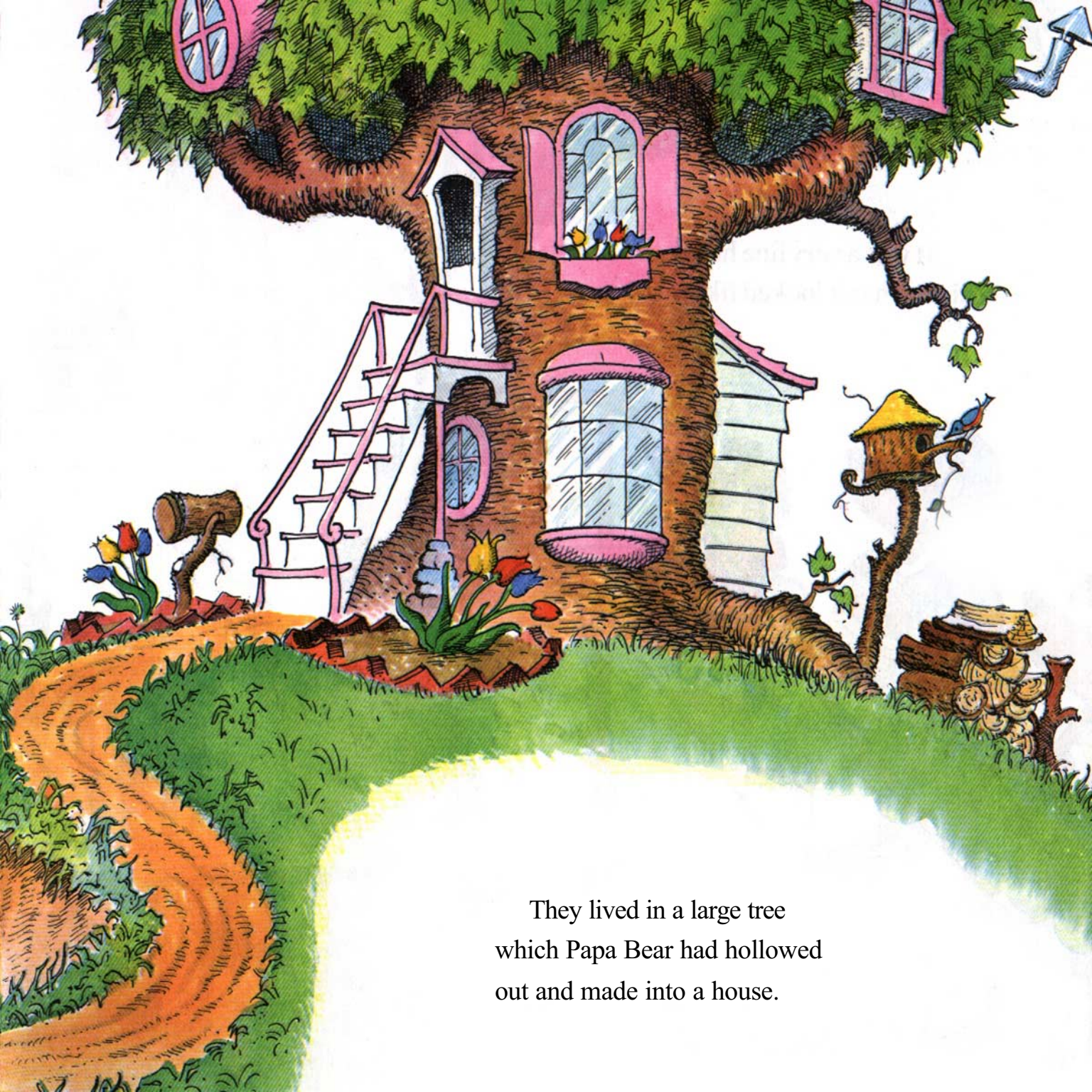
Stan & Jan Berenstain

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Down a sunny dirt road, over a log
bridge, up a grassy hill, deep in Bear
Country, lived a family of bears—
Papa Bear, Mama Bear and Small Bear.





They lived in a large tree
which Papa Bear had hollowed
out and made into a house.

It was a very fine house.
This is what it looked like inside.





It was fun growing up in Bear
Country...

helping Papa get honey from the old
bee tree...



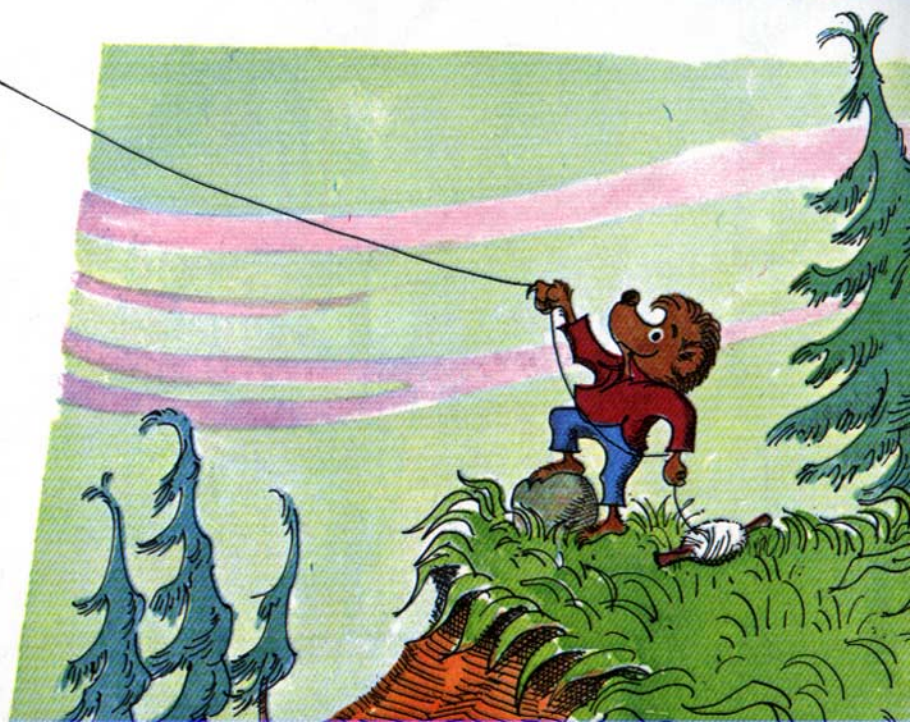
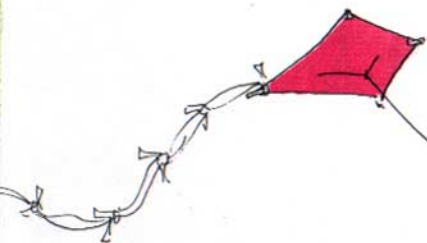


helping Mama bring the vegetables
in from the garden.




There were all sorts of interesting things for a small bear to do and see in Bear Country.



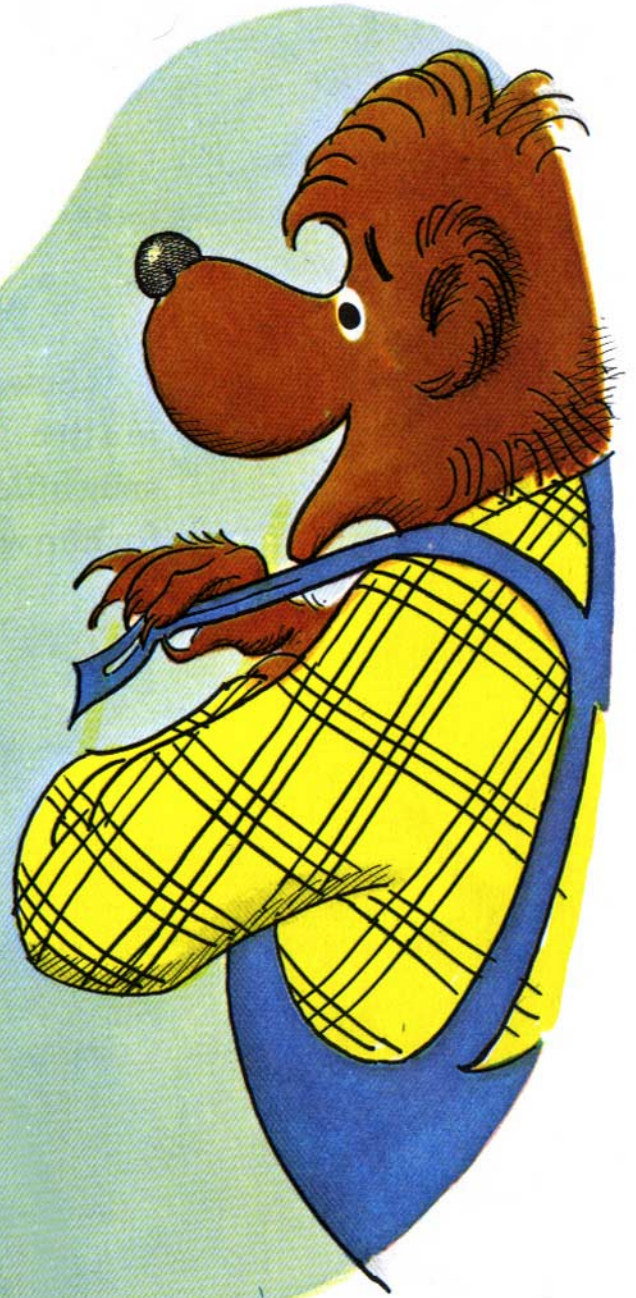






Small Bear felt good growing up
in a tree... in his own room... in the
snug little bed that Papa Bear had made
for him when he was a baby.

But one morning, it did not feel so good. Small Bear woke up with pains in his knees and aches in his legs.



"Small Bear, you have outgrown your little bed," said Papa Bear, as he hitched up his overalls and buttoned his shoulder straps.

"Today, we shall go
out into the woods and
make you a bigger one!"





With that, he ate his
breakfast of piping-hot
porridge...



washed it down with a
gulp of honey from the
family honey pot...



took up his ax and was
out the door.



"But, Papa," called
Small Bear, following
after him. "What will
happen to my little bed?"



"Don't worry about that,
Small Bear," said Mama Bear
as she closed the door after him.

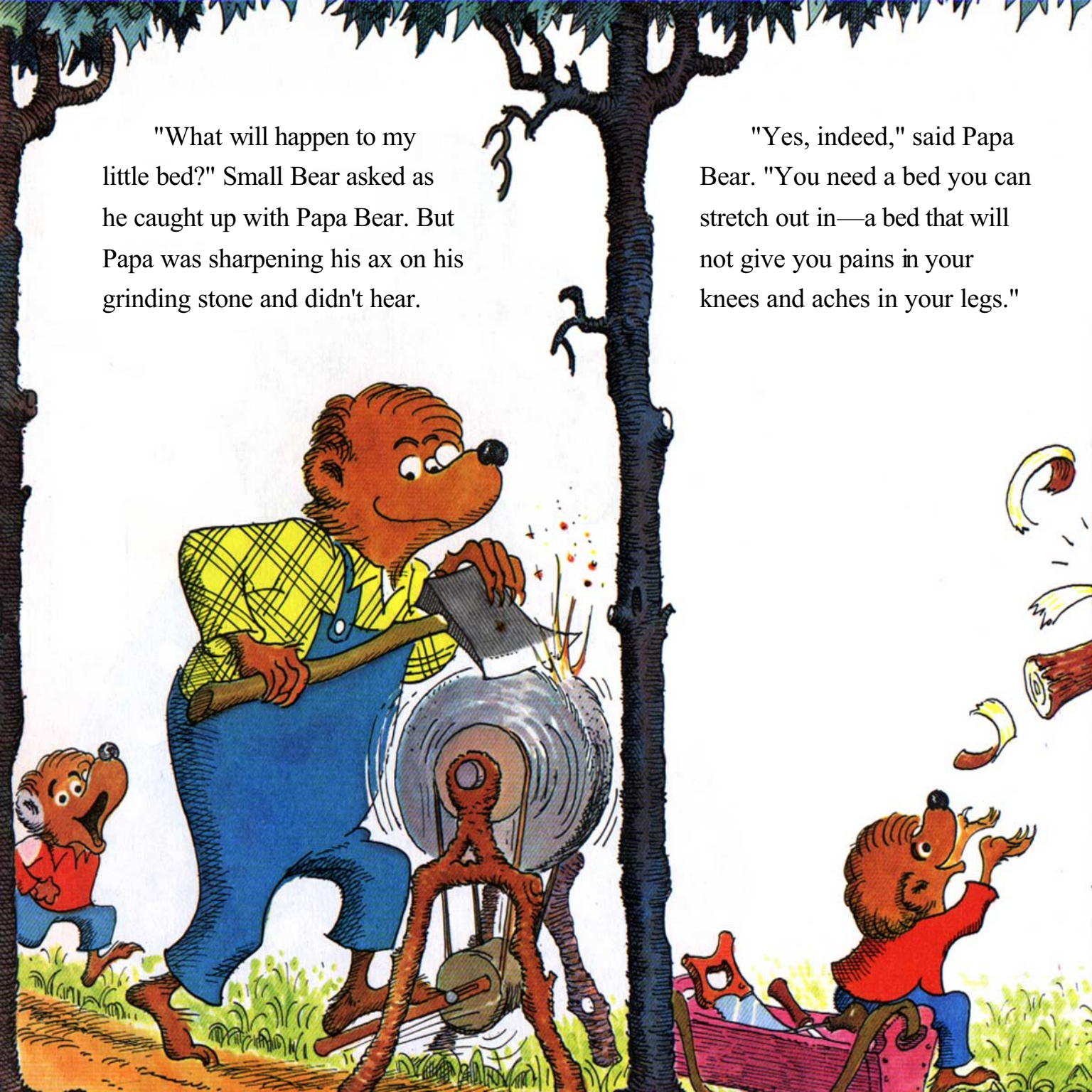
She smiled and patted her front, which had lately grown very big and round.

"You've outgrown that snug little bed just in time!"



"What will happen to my little bed?" Small Bear asked as he caught up with Papa Bear. But Papa was sharpening his ax on his grinding stone and didn't hear.

"Yes, indeed," said Papa Bear. "You need a bed you can stretch out in—a bed that will not give you pains in your knees and aches in your legs."



He tested
the ax to see
if it was sharp,

then headed off
into the woods.



"What will happen to my little bed?" Small Bear asked again as he caught up with Papa Bear in the woods. Papa had chopped down a tree and was splitting it into boards.

"We will have a new baby soon who will need that little bed," said Papa Bear as he whacked off another board.





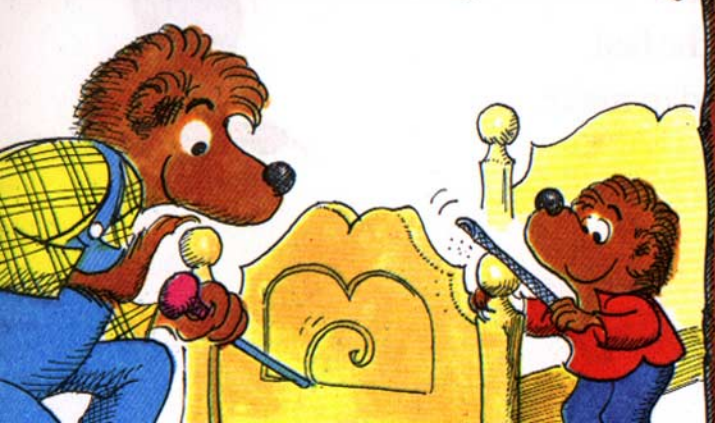
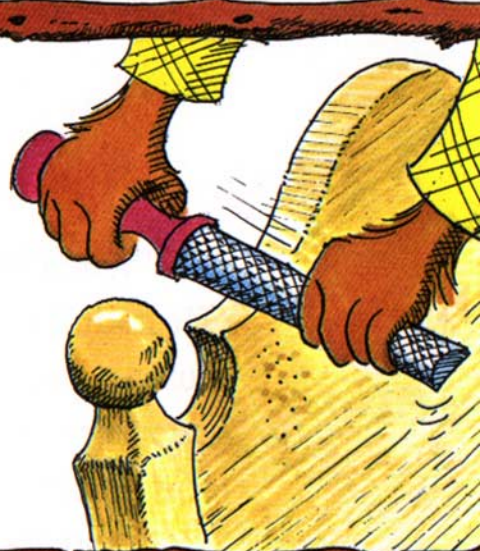
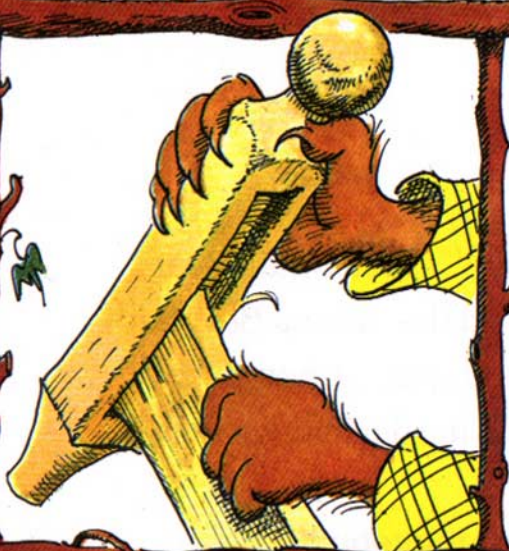
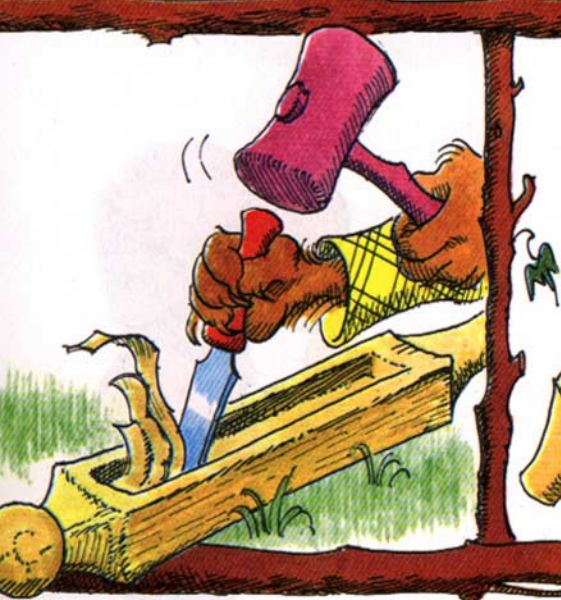
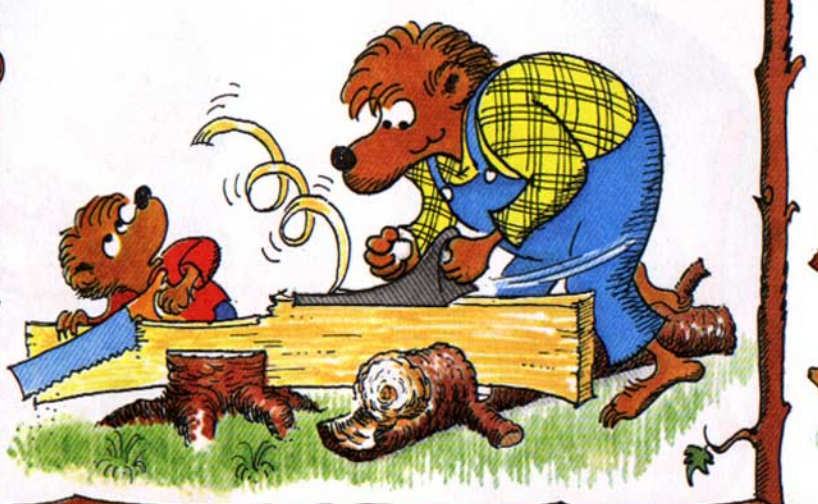
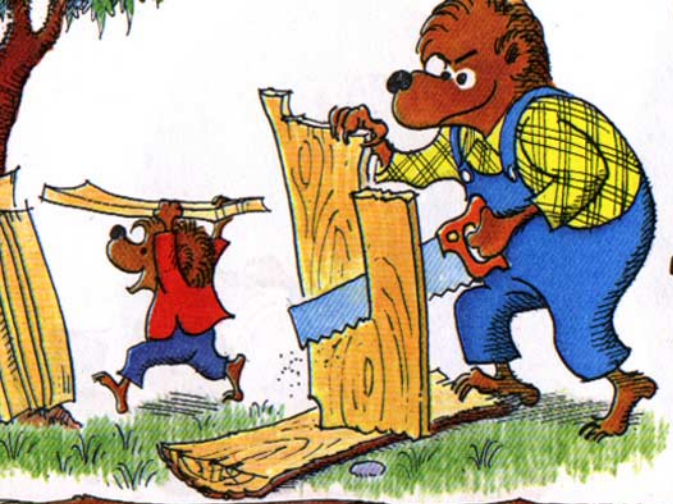
"A new baby?" asked Small Bear. (He hadn't noticed that Mama Bear had grown very round lately, although he *had* noticed it was harder and harder to sit on her lap.)

"And it's coming soon?"

"Yes, *very* soon!" said Papa Bear.

With a final whack he split off the last board, which gave him enough wood to make a bigger bed for Small Bear.



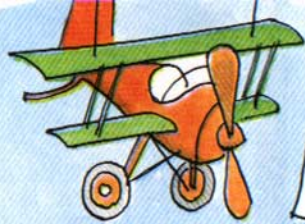




They made the bed a good size
and took the rest of the day to
chip and shave it smooth and neat.

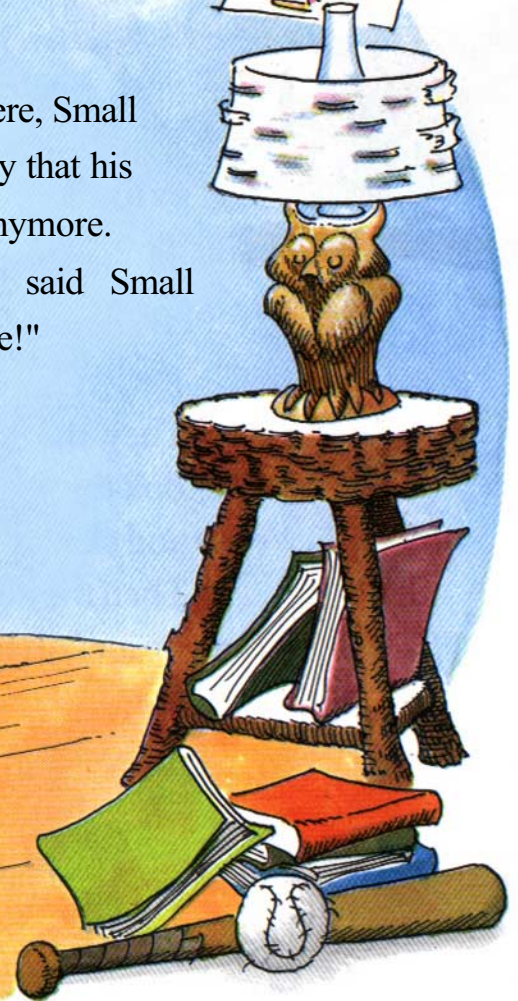
Then they carried it back to
the tree and up to Small Bear's room.





When they got there, Small Bear noticed right away that his old bed wasn't there anymore.

"My little bed!" said Small Bear. "It's already gone!"



"You outgrew it just in time," called Mama Bear from the next room.

"Come and see."

It was true! There was his snug little bed with a new little baby in it.

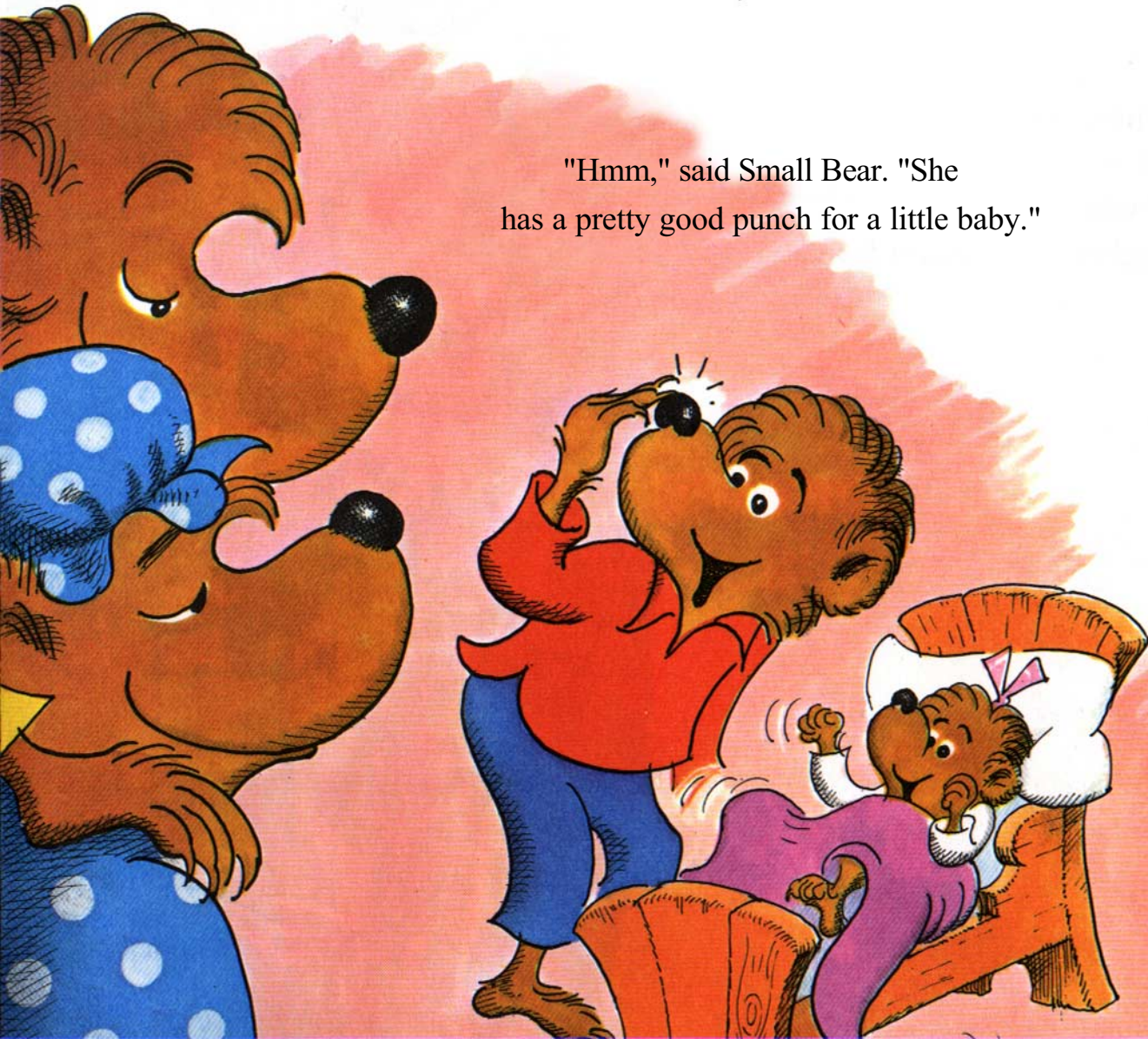
Small Bear had outgrown his snug little bed just in time for his new baby sister. And now *he* was a *big brother*!



She was very little but very lively. As Small Bear leaned over for a closer look, she popped him on the nose with a tiny fist.

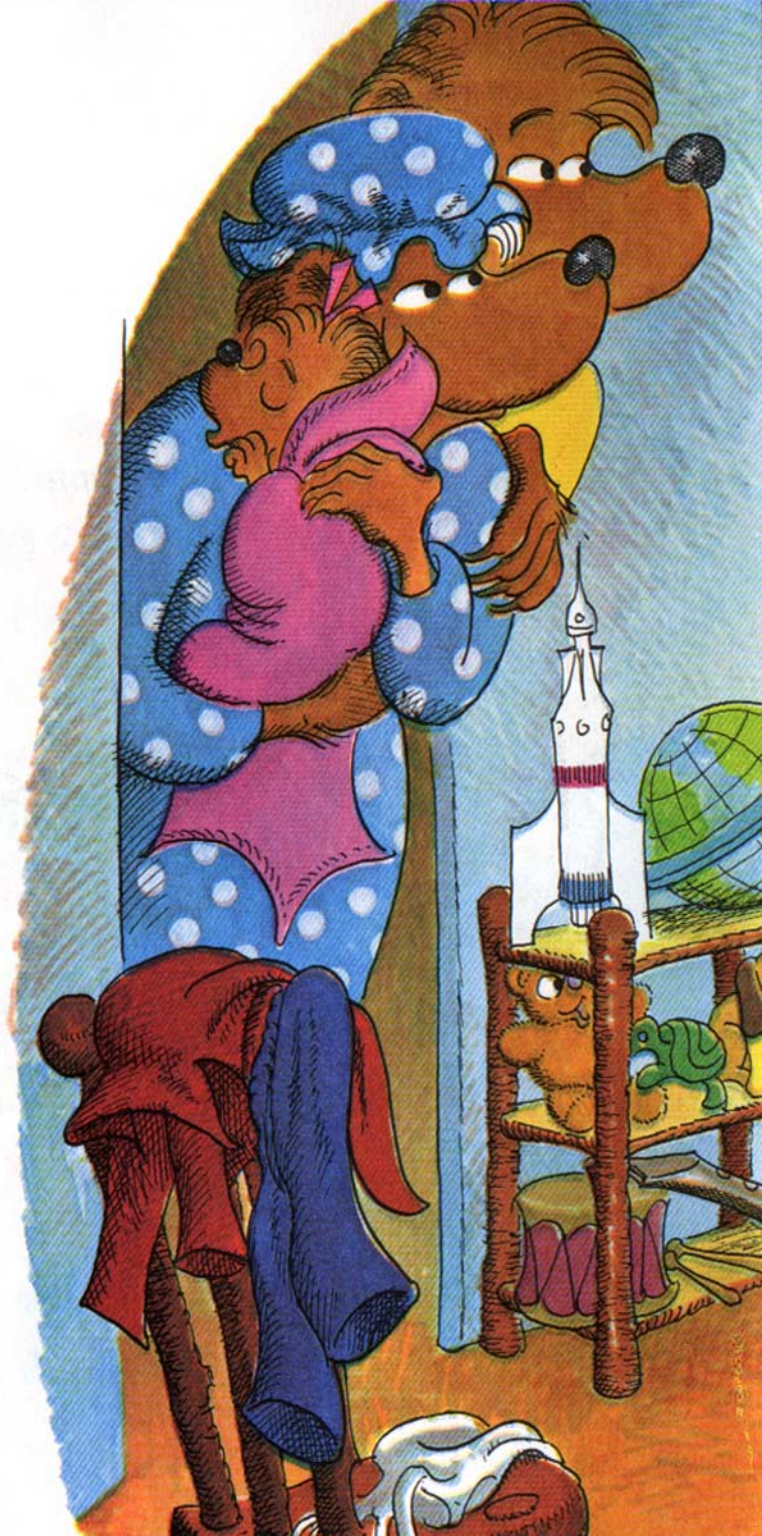


"Hmm," said Small Bear. "She has a pretty good punch for a little baby."



That night he stretched out
proudly in his bigger bed.

"Aah!" he said. "Being a
big brother is going to be fun."







The next morning he woke up feeling fine,
with no pains in his knees or aches in his legs.
His nose was a little tender, though.