



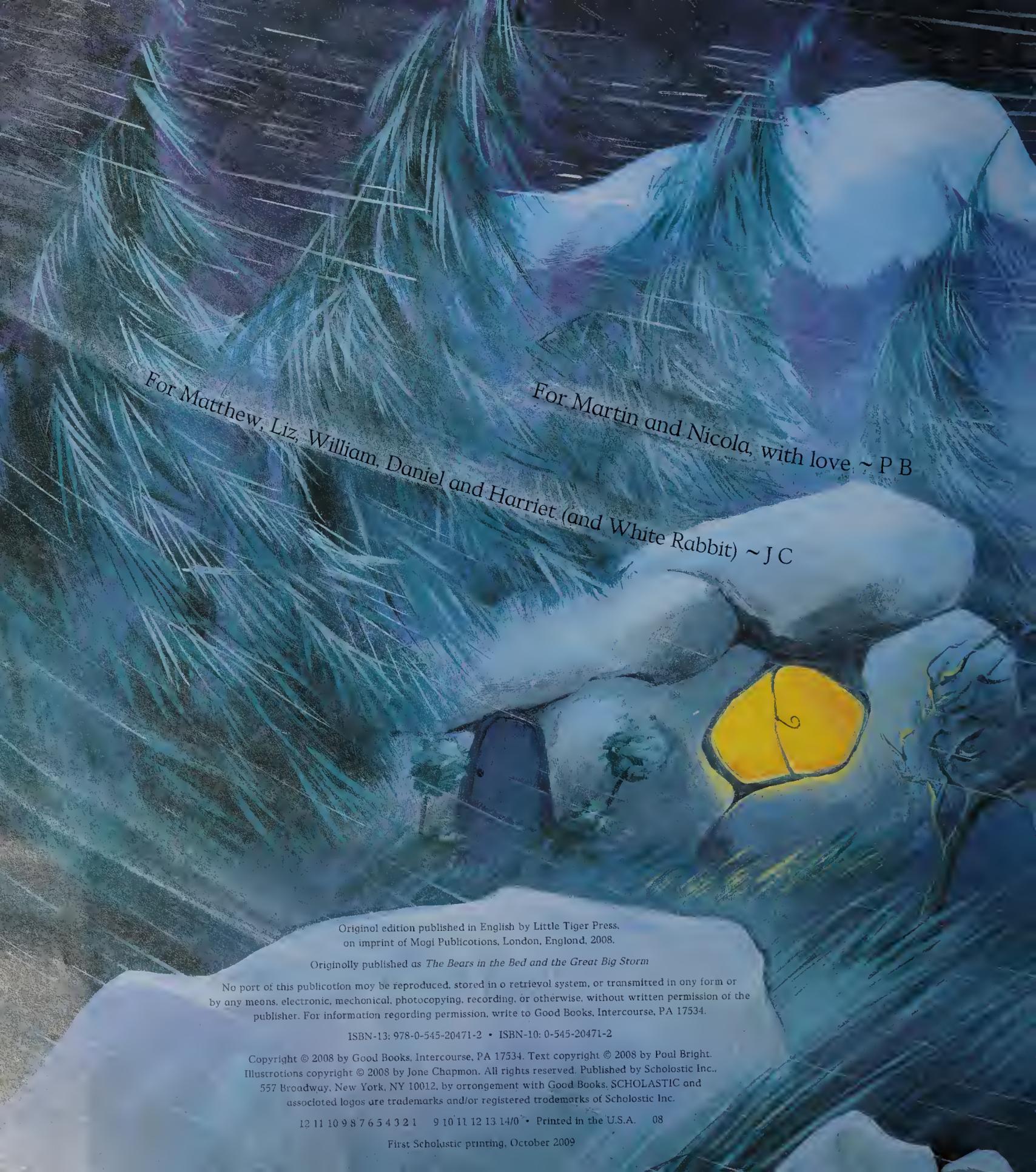
# The Bears and the Great Big Storm

Originally published as  
*The Bears in the Bed  
and the Great Big Storm*

Paul Bright  
Jane Chapman



SCHOLASTIC



For Matthew, Liz, William, Daniel and Harriet (and White Rabbit) ~ J C

For Martin and Nicola, with love, ~ P B

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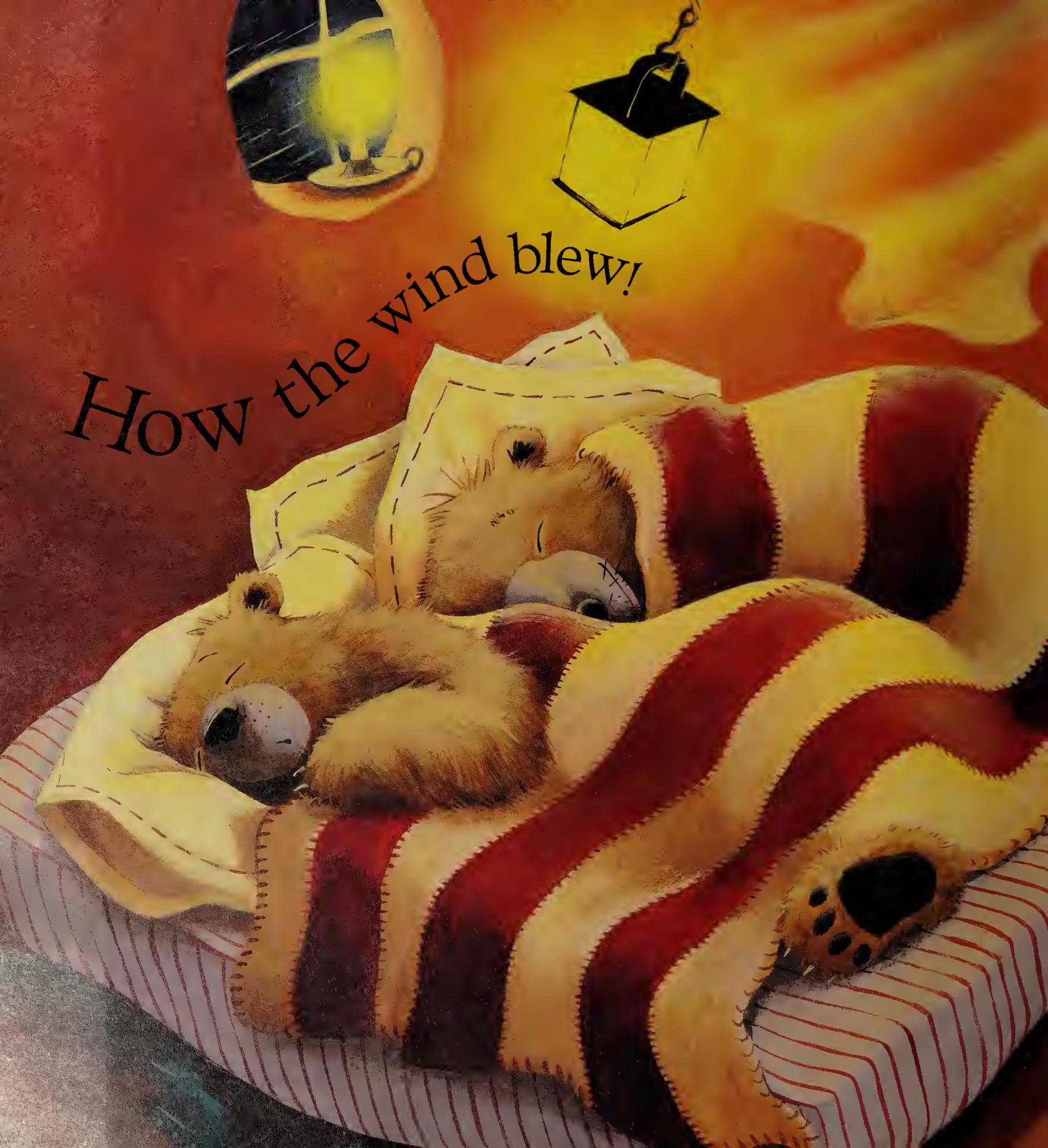
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New York Toronto London Auckland  
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How the wind blew!

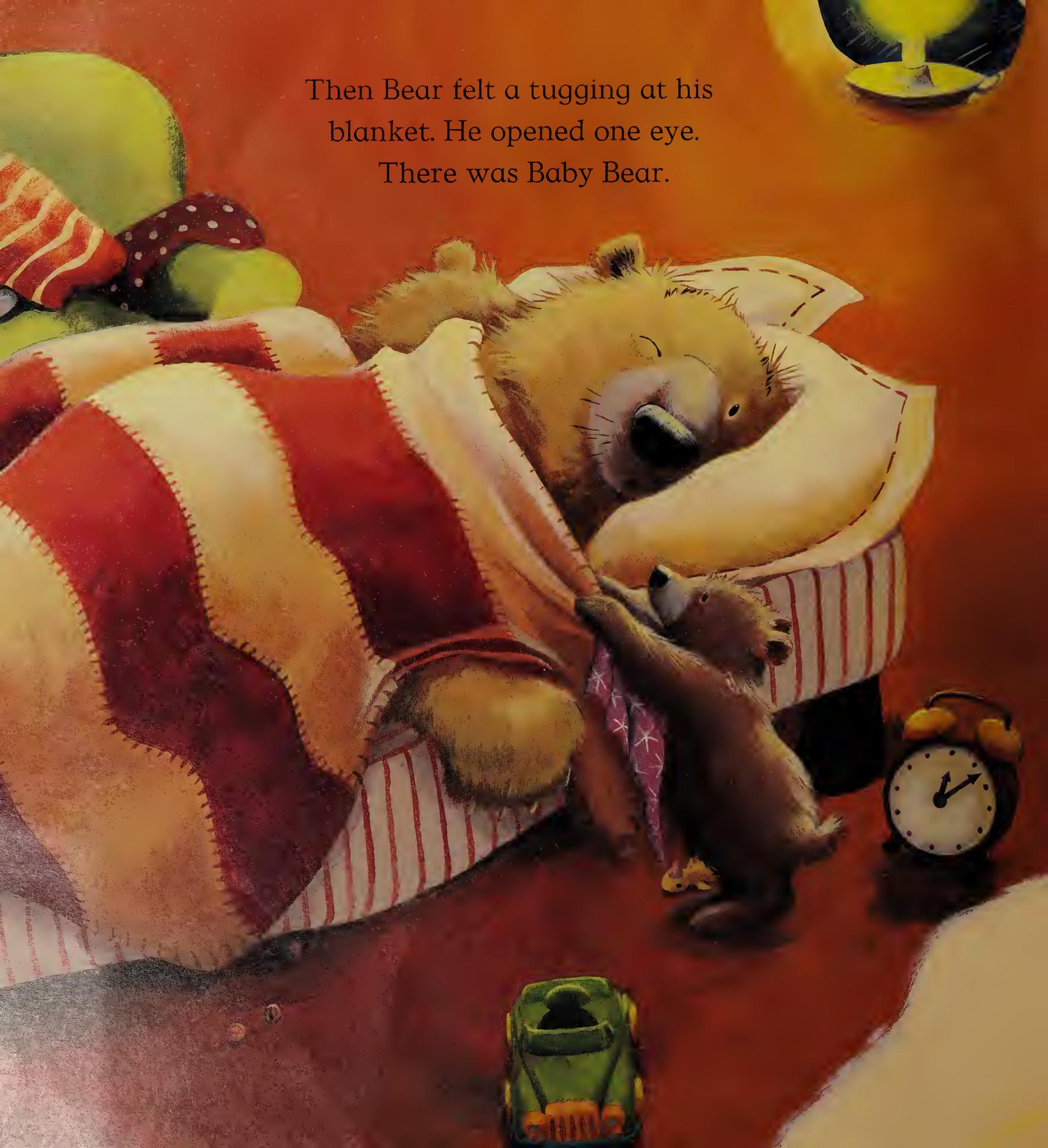




It howled in the treetops, so that the branches bent and creaked and the leaves shivered and shook. It blew over the hills and the high places, howling and wailing through the rocky passes.

Bear and Mrs. Bear slept warm and snug and untroubled in their bed.

Then Bear felt a tugging at his  
blanket. He opened one eye.  
There was Baby Bear.



“There’s a monster outside! I can hear it howling and wailing, and I’m scared. Can I sleep in your bed?”

“There’s no such thing as monsters,” said Bear. “What a scaredy-bear you are.”

But he pulled back the cover and Baby Bear snuggled up, warm and safe.



# How the thunder crashed!

It boomed and crackled so the house  
shuddered and the windows rattled.  
It grumbled and rumbled and echoed  
and faded, only to boom and crash again.



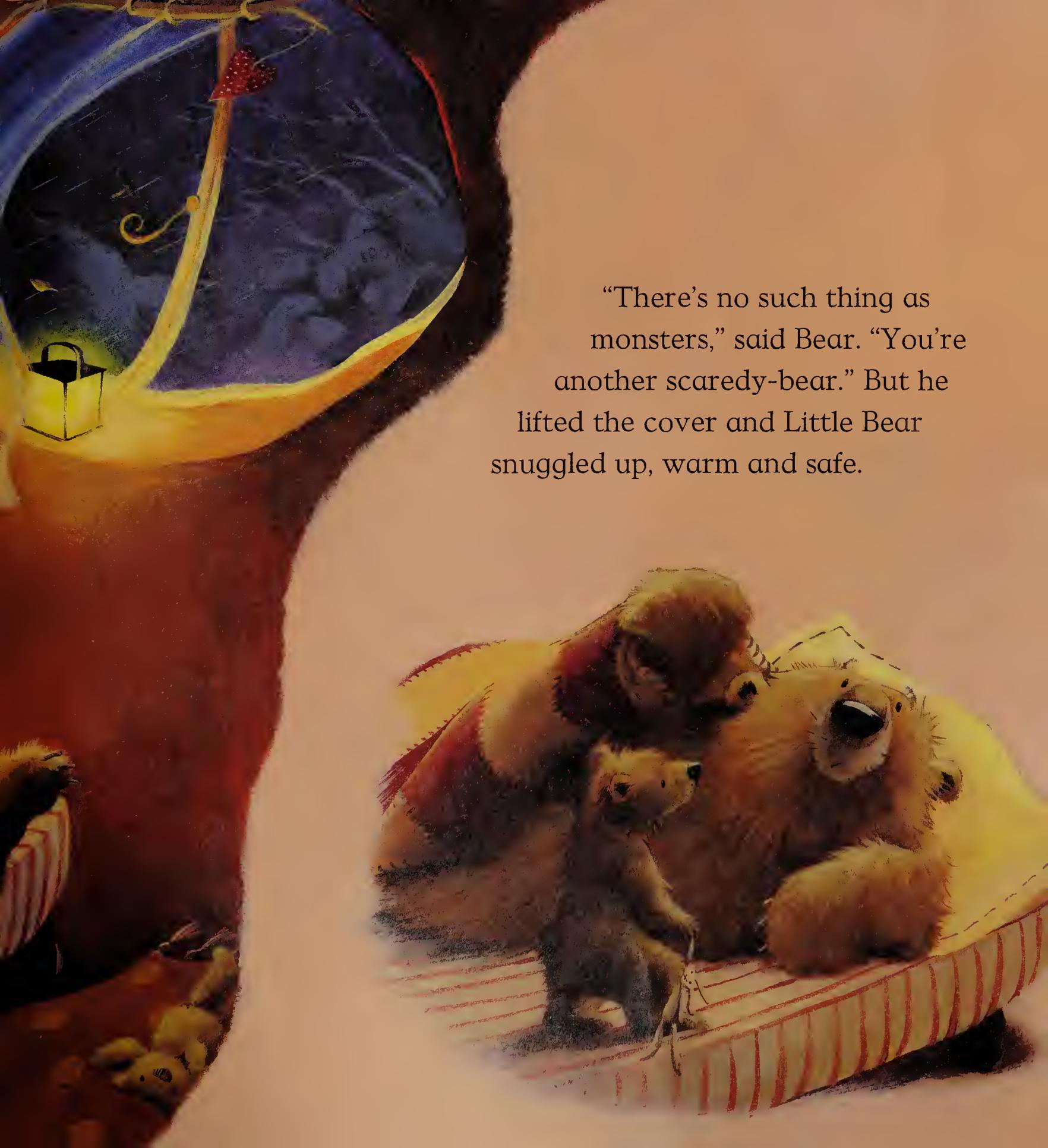


Mrs. Bear and Baby Bear slept warm  
and snug and untroubled in their bed.  
But Bear lay awake, with his  
paws over his ears.

Then Bear felt a tapping on his  
shoulder. There was Little Bear.

“There’s a monster outside!  
Its tummy is rumbling and  
grumbling like it’s going to  
eat me! Can I sleep with you?”





“There’s no such thing as monsters,” said Bear. “You’re another scaredy-bear.” But he lifted the cover and Little Bear snuggled up, warm and safe.







# How the lightning flashed!

It forked and flickered, lighting the scurrying clouds and splashing quick, black shadows on the windows and the walls.

Mrs. Bear and Baby Bear and Little Bear slept warm and snug and untroubled in their bed.

But Bear lay awake, with his pillow wrapped around his head.



Then Bear felt a tap on his nose. It was Young Bear.

“There’s a monster outside! It has huge, twisted horns and it’s making shadows on my wall. Can I come and sleep in your bed?”





“There’s no such thing as monsters!” cried Bear.

But he let Young Bear climb into the bed, where he snuggled up, warm and safe.





Now Bear was wide awake.

He listened to the wind howling and the thunder crashing. He watched the lightning fork and flash.

“Young Bear’s right,” he thought. “The shadows on the wall *do* look like monster horns.” And he pulled up the bed covers right over his head.





Suddenly, there was a

**RAT-TAT-TAT** at the door . . .

Everybody woke at once.

“Wh-wh-who can that be?” said Bear.

“It’s probably nothing at all,” said Mrs. Bear.

“Go and see.” And she gave Bear a little push.





Bear climbed nervously out of bed.  
He picked up a candle to light his way,  
and padded slowly, ever so slowly,  
to the door.

“You’re all such scaredy-bears!”  
he said to the others. “There’s no such  
thing as *m-m-m-monsters!*”



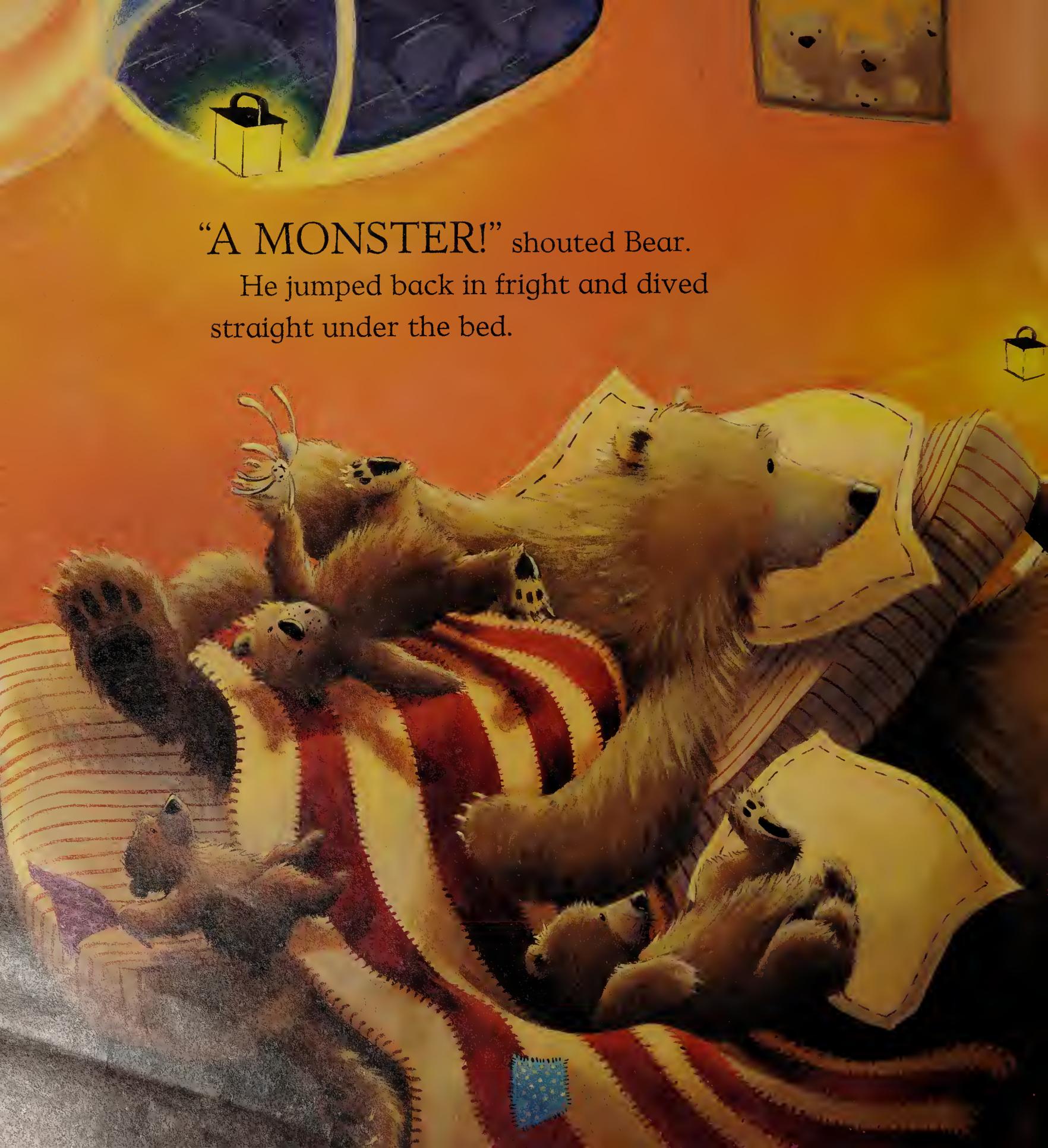
As he turned the  
handle, the wind  
blew the door open.  
The candle went out.  
And everything was  
black as black.



Then the  
lightning  
flashed . . .







“A MONSTER!” shouted Bear.

He jumped back in fright and dived  
straight under the bed.

“It’s not a monster. It’s a moose!”  
said Moose, stepping through the  
doorway. “The storm has  
blown my house away.  
Can I sleep in yours?”



Bear peered out from under the bed.

Baby Bear and Little Bear and Young Bear  
laughed and laughed and laughed.

“What a scaredy-bear you are!” they said.

“Don’t you know . . .

THERE’S NO SUCH THING AS MONSTERS?!”





How the wind blew!  
How the thunder crashed!  
How the lightning flashed!

Baby Bear, Little Bear and Young Bear are scared of the storm, so one by one they climb into bed with their dad.

“What scaredy-bears you are!” he says. But when there’s a rat-tat-tat at the door and the lights go out, Daddy Bear is not quite as brave as he seems. This vibrant story is perfect for any little one who has ever been afraid of the dark, with bold, expressive illustrations and a text that is a joy to read aloud.



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