

The Bear – Bear Save the Queen!

Let me tell you about the day I, Great Britain's first ever Vampire Bear, saved the life of our Gracious Queen, Elizabeth II. 'Twas not a dark and stormy night, just a tad glum and drizzly. Johnathan, his family and I, in the little mites sticky, sweaty mitts, had nearly come to the end of our grand tour of Buckingham Palace, just before having to endure the inevitable shop before the exit with its hideous little London tourist trinkets, was dropped by the aforementioned Johnathan amidst a tantrum bought on by the fact his parents would not allow him to 'do potty' in Prince Philip's commode. Oh my that was a long sentence, do try to stay with me!

There I was, on the floor of the Grand Hall of Buckingham Palace, so many portraits of noble Kings and Queens looked down upon this humble Bear! Above them a huge arch of the most stunning and beautiful murals framed in sparkling gold lit up my sky! I lay in wonderment as the lights began to go out around me, all I could hear was the click clack of the wardens feet on the old flagstones as he turned off each light in turn. I was all alone. For an hour I lay, my back cold against the floor, my fir all goosebumps as the chill kicked in.

Then, just as I felt my sleep overcoming me a small shaft of light slipped across the floor. This was no sunlight, thank heavens, for that would spell hell for me with a capital H, remember? This light was gentle, warm, as if from a single candle, it flicked the faces of the former monarchs. I could hear subtle soft shuffling from delicate feet until above me a kindly old lady looked down at this cold and lonely bear. She spoke in the most beautiful, eloquent tone "Oh my, what is this? Gosh, a cute little bear!" She picked me up, held me up in front of her and straightened my red bow. "Some poor child must have left you behind, I will see that a servant delivers you to the Palace lost and found department where you can be reunited with your owner."

There came another voice from across the hall, "What are you up to Lilibet?" To which the gracious gentlewoman replied. "Nothing Philip, go back to sleep and do try not to snore so, it disturbs one's corgi's." She carried me into her chamber, sat me on a fine and luxurious chaise lounge, gave me another sweet smile with a twinkle in her eye and bade me goodnight little bear. She climbed up into a huge bed, with four big posts holding up a roof of the finest red velvet drapes. This was by far a far grander cot than Johnathan's crib! Soon settled I could hear her breathe softly as she slipped into a peaceful sleep. I became alarmed when I noticed across the room the window was slightly open, surely it was a wet but warm night.

I decided to stand guard, keep my beady bear eye open on that window to protect this sweet old mam. But it had been a long day, hours being dragged though London on dirty tunnel trains which drew up such vicious winds to ruffle my already dirty, smoky fur! I began to grow tired, my bear eyes watched the open window until sleep finally overcame me. Then all of a terrible sudden the window flew open to a great thunderbolt of lightning, my hairs stood on end and the curtains rippled up in the blinding flash of light.

There stood a figure, there afore the very window in the darkest silhouette. Cousin Steiff? Is that you? This is no time to pay a visit now! But no, this was not Cousin Steiff, this silhouette was far taller than any bear I've met. In another huge flash of lightning this creature standing before me was revealed. Behold, just a man, a normal man of average height similar to Johnathan's father I'd say. I could hear a quiet trembling coming from the sweet old lady's bed, I looked across to see her sitting up, her satin sheets drawn up to her chin as she shook in fear!

The man slowly walked towards us, a manic, angry look swept across his average face, I could not stand by, I had to protect this altruistic angel. I summoned up all my strength and resolve, stood high on my fat furry feet and leapt forward at this intrepid intruder! Flying through the air I could hear the old lady cry out "Bear!" I landed directly on the snoopers shoulder, let out my best battle cry (simply for added effect I must admit) and sank my vampire bear teeth into this ne'er-do-well's neck! He let out a dreadful scream, throwing me clear and I landed in the sweet old lady's arms! We looked towards the window, the average Joe interloper had dropped to the floor clutching his neck and sobbing like a baby! All this commotion invited swarms of guards, butlers and maids into the charming chamber.

We were safe, our night stalker was dragged away as a maid settled the old lady with a glass of warm milk. All was well again as I was held in her arms, in the softest most luxurious bed I have ever snuggled in. The storm had passed, all was quiet except a subtle snoring and snorting coming from the adjoining chamber.

Days later, Johnathon, his family and I found ourselves in a spectacular hall, it's ceiling higher than the clouds themselves, angels looked down upon this bashful bear. I appeared to be the focus of all the attention, which naturally I wallowed in! Johnathon, holding me by one paw, his mother holding the other, took me to the front and I was placed on the most luxuriant red cushion. I looked up, again in wonderment, to see the gracious old lady looking at me with that sweet smile. This time she was dressed in the most beautiful garments imaginable, a glorious crown of the most glistening jewels adorned her head. But then her face grew stern as she drew up an enormous sword, high above her head!

Clearly she knew her vampire mythology, how could she want to behead me after I saved her life? Is there no compassion for a tiny timid teddy? If I could have screamed and ran I most certainly would have! I clenched my eyes tight closed, gritted my vampire bear teeth and gripped the cushion for dear life! But she simply tapped each of my fluffy shoulders with her long blunt sword and said;

"Arise, Sir Bear!"