

The Bear – Exit, Pursued by a Vampire Bear

This is the story of how I, Great Britain's first ever Vampire Teddy Bear, made my stage debut! Yes, it was a surprise to me too! 'Twas a dark and stormy night in old London Town, you could barely see across the river Thames, for on this eve in question it resembled an old Turner Painting. Battered old barges belched out thick grey smog into the already gloomy sky as they plied their trade up and down the river. I was being carried by young Johnathan as we made due haste along London Bridge, just as well we sped for he and his family were singing about it falling down!

Would we make it in time? Alas we did, and soon we found ourselves on the south bank of this dark, grey, forbidding river. We stood in wonderment at a glorious great globe of a theatre, its stark white walls and sturdy oak beams adorned by a thick straw roof stood high afront us! We were soon inside, sheltering from the incessant drizzle, when the little mite insisted on taking off his coat. Earlier that day, back in the warmth of Claridge's Hotel, said little mite demanded that "If I have to wear a coat, so does Bear!" I was adorned with a thick black cloak, tied tightly around my neck, which once festooned, flapped freely and I dare say fantastically in the wind behind me. I relished this look! I am such stuffing as dreams are made of!

Johnathan was persuaded to keep his coat and hat on, he would need them for the show and I was pleased to be cloaked, for this strange circular structure had a huge hole in the roof! Had they not the funds to fill the ceiling of this handsome hall? The family found some space not far from a raised platform which seemed to be the focus of the ever-increasing throng of theatre goers. Mist turned into rain, the rain turned heavier by the minute, but still his parents remained, waiting patiently, smiles beamed across their faces in eager anticipation. Then the show began, something about a winters tail, but none of these actor fellows had tails!

I was sure all would become clear as the story began to unfold. After much ado between Lords and Ladies, all harking on about a land by the name of Bohemia, Johnathan and I soon drew tired and weary. But at least it had stopped raining at last. I looked up through this airy auditorium at the angry grey clouds glaring down upon us... I heard a distant rumble... the crowds cheered... then...all of a terrible sudden... a great bolt of light crashed down onto the shelter of straw! But no-one saw, except for this humble Bear!

I kept focus on where this lightning bolt had struck and sure enough a fire began to break out, this would make a hay hood of a disaster! I shook myself clear of Johnathan's grasp, ran through the feet of the thespian fans and entered the outer ring of this bizarre build. I ran for the wooden steps where a big brute of a man named Warwick stood in my way! To bite or not to bite, that was my question. I explained to this strapping sentinel of stairs, of the impending ill luck of the infrastructure when he just held up his hand and said... nothing!

For I had already surged to his shoulder, bit into his ruffled neck and left him blubbering at the bottom step! Alas poor Warwick, I did not know him well. On the third floor I perchance to notice a coiled red snake hung on the wall, a sign above read 'WATER'. I had seen Johnathan's father put out a garden bonfire with water so I grabbed the head of this slinky serpent and tugged it up to the top of the roof where I was faced with fearsome flickers of furious flames! I squeezed the head of this bevel-nosed boa and a fast stream of water sprayed over the thatch of fire. I swung it here, swung it there, swung it everywhere!

Soon the fire was out and I took in a big bear breath and relaxed. But below, in the antique amphitheatre, came calls and cheering! "Bear! Bear! Bear!" I stood tall and proud upon their

horizon, my black cape flapping in the wind against distant flashes of lightning which lit up the London sky! Once again I took up the watery snake, wrapped it in my arms and swung down heroically onto the stage afront of my fascinated fans. An actor fellow by the name of Antigonus, with a babe in arms, stood in my way, taking my limelight! So I chased him off, exit pursued by a Vampire Bear haha!

I stood centre stage, my public adoring me, calling out "A Bear, A Bear, our kingdom for a Bear!" I calmed down my adoring audience with a flash of my vampire fangs and addressed them: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your Bears!" to which a voice cried out above all the others, my best friend Johnathan! "Bear!" he called. I threw myself into the throng and soon found myself back in the arms of the little mite! "Come along Bear," said Jonathan's mother, "It's time we should go." Johnathan held me up high above his little head as I shouted out "Farewell my fellows, parting is such sweet sorrow!"

End of Play

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