

The Bear – Crib of Doom.

Let's get this straight from the start, alike a hero of mine Yogi, I am NOT your average bear. Yes I am a small brown stuffed toy bear the type you see most babies and young children cuddle, play with, force imaginary cups of tea into, swing upside down by one foot and generally abuse on a daily basis. But there is a darker side to me. I am also a Vampire Bear.

Don't ask me how this came about, that is another story for another day, I simply haven't the time to go into this given my current predicament. You see I am currently trapped in this high walled wooden slatted prison chamber the humans call a cot. Even a vampire bear such as myself cannot escape (I wasn't blessed with the whole 'turn into a bat' power).

But that is the least of my worries right now. The morning sun has been for the last hour rolling across the room on its unstoppable path towards me. As I am a vampire bear I cannot be exposed to direct sunlight, it would spell Hell for me with a capital 'H'. If I had the bones and muscles you humans take for granted I could push myself away from the sun beam, even climb out of this soft bedded jail, but no, I am just a humble stuffed vampire bear remember!

How can these humans of mine leave me here alone to face a long painful burning death after all I have done for them? I never even tried to bite the baby, despite its milky white soft skin through which I could almost smell the blood pumping through the jugular. I have taken all the regular mishandling as already mentioned above with dignity and pose but for all this they still neglect me! Why? Oh no!

The sun light is getting closer now, I can feel the heat warming my left foot! I start trying to flap my arms in the vain attempt to fly, hoping beyond all hope that somehow I did inherit the turning into a bat thing. But I am stuck, the only things running is my frantic mind and the shaft of light promising to perish me alive! I probably have only a minute left, where are they?

Can't the baby help me now? I don't care if I end up face down in some disgusting porridge just save me! Just when I think all is lost and I'm about to watch my foot burst into flames I feel a pressure around my stomach. Yes! A big human hand has grabbed me, lifting me out of my crib coffin and flying me to safety. Boy that was close. Ha! All in a day's work for a vampire bear like me! Now let me tell you about the day I became the world's first ever vampire bear. It was a dark and stormy night.....