

## The Bear – Beginnings A Monologue

This is the story of my humble beginnings, you will find out another day how I became Great Britain's first ever Vampire Teddy Bear. For now, let me take you back, far back to 1941 Frankfurt. T was a dark and stormy night..... but not like any other, for yet again, this was no natural storm, no heaven sent storm from above.

No, this storm came from those hideous big metal bats from the skies, dropping their pain and destruction on our otherwise peaceful city! My maker, Franz, had barely finished me when his whole house and his whole world shook. He said to me in his minty breath, (His breath was always fresh from the peppermints he sucked, I believe they helped him concentrate.) "Ah, you are fine bear! You will make a child very happy indeed." With that he tied my red silk bow round my neck and gave me a tickle under my chin. I looked up in wonderment to his beaming smile shining through his scruffy grey beard, a sight that will stay with me for the rest of my days.

Moments later, Franz's front door received a heavy, desperate, urgent knocking! Franz grabbed me, tucked me inside his big fur lined coat, I was plunged into darkness but I could certainly hear what was happening. Held tight under his arm, away from harm he rushed downstairs to answer the door, but it was too late, for before him I could hear the door being ripped from its hinges, wood splintered around my ears! There came a voice, booming, bellowing and angry! "CHEW!" As my maker stepped back in protest I could not understand what the big gruesome voice meant by CHEW, surely Franz only sucked on peppermints? We were dragged out of the house, I clung onto the inside of my makers coat for dear life, as we were flung into one of those infernal, noisy motorized carriages.

We were pushed into the corner of this terrible smoky machine, as it sped away, throwing us here, chucking us there, I could hear Franz 2 shouting his distaste. But within a few moments he went quiet for he must have been struck, a small trickle of blood ran down his chest beside me. Although I could feel the comforting hand of my maker around me through his coat, I dared not breathe a breath for the remaining journey. Then all of a terrible sudden the motorized monster stopped and we were dragged clear to lots of shouting, abuse and confusion! As Franz was being forced to walk along, his coat blew open slightly so I could see were now in a frantic place of steam and screams called Frankfurt Bahnhof.

Maker! Please take me back to your house, it is calm there, with the other Bears, I do not like this place! But there was no way back, no way could my maker help us now, we were thrown onto a big, long, metal snake that spat dirty grey smoke into the dark and sorry sky. All around I could hear people crying, I caught glimpses of other bears like me, held in the innocent hands of frightened little children. Then I heard Franz say "There's no need to be scared, what is your name young lady?" To which a quiet, quivering voice replied "Hilda." My master kneeled down, took me from his coat and placed me in the arms of this child before him, then he whispered, "Hilda, take this bear, he will protect you. See that gap in the door? Take the bear and run through it, run away from this train, run as fast as your little legs will take you, run for as long as you can bear and never look back!"

We were off! Hilda holding me upside down by my foot as she ran and ran, bless her she could run fast! She ran just as my maker had instructed, never looking back, never hesitating, as shouts and bullets flew past our ears! In time, she grew tired, but still she jogged, holding me tight, close against her chest so I could feel her tears dripping on my dirty, dishevelled fur. Poor Hilda was close to giving up, close to collapsing there in the road when we were both swept up into the air and I was thrown clear into the mud! Face down I could hear Hilda cry out "Bear!" and seconds later I could feel a big

firm hand grab me, nigh on taking the wind out of me and I was thrown into a motorized car alongside Hilda, reunited! A deep male voice spoke out in a strange language, over the rattily old engine as we were sped away, "Viens avec nous, tu es en sécurité maintenant!" Days later Hilda and I found ourselves in a little wooden cabin on a mountainside, a log fire flicked its gentle light dance around us as Hilda and I sat on a lovely, deep, soft rug. Hilda was now wearing a pretty dress, her golden hair all curly and for the first time I saw her laugh!

My fur was now clean and fluffy, my red bow re-tied and my only sadness was the memory of my maker, wondering when he would join us in our heavenly hillside hideaway. Hilda sometimes held me up by the window so we could see over the snow-covered mountains, but my biggest memory of that wooden cabin was the blasted clock! You would hardly believe me when the damn thing spat out a crazy little bird with its lunatic call, every single hour! EVERY SINGLE HOUR, day and night! I will get that blasted little bird if it's the last thing I do!

READING COPY ONLY