

The Bear – Reborn.

Let me tell you how I became Great Britain's first ever Vampire Teddy Bear. Twas a dark and stormy night, yes I appreciate that is a tad cliché, but it really was, so kindly bear with me. Ahem...Twas a dark and stormy night, I lay huddled in bed with Baby Jonathan in the third floor bedroom of Castle Dracula, Transylvania, home to Cousin Steiff, that is her above, isn't she a beaut!

I joined the family in what they call a vacation, a place to go to 'clear their heads', a concept I will never understand, surely their heads are full of stuffing like mine? One night, all around the castle the clouds rumbled their heavy distaste and threw down great bolts of electricity which lit up the cold stone walls and sent flickers of frightening shadows dancing round our bed. My fur stood on end and although Baby Jonathan was of no real protection to a simple stuffed bear such as myself, I found myself edging closer to him. Instinctively he put a soft fleshy smooth arm around me and for once in my life I am happy to admit I enjoyed his slobbery kiss on my fur. I had a fitful sleep, as soon as I drifted, another flash and rumble would startle us.

Baby cried, I shivered, the bed shook. Then all of a terrible sudden the window blew open, the curtains reared up towards us, the wind whipped around our old cold room. That's when I first saw her, first set my old bear eyes on her staggering beauty. I had been told of stories of old of her legend, but nothing could prepare me for the sight I saw before me. Cousin Steiff stood tall and proud on the window ledge, laughing manically, the wind whipping up her black cloak around her slender shoulders, the window slammed shut behind her and within a second she stood at my feet! How? I looked up in abject fear, barely believing the vision before me. I had heard Cousin Steiff was beautiful but her beauty held me still and captivated me!

Her Mohair fur so soft and sleek, (my heart bleeds for the poor Mo animal that gave up its hide!) her eyes so crystal clear you could see your own impending doom within them! Her gold stitching, my word so neat, so precise! This was a beautifully crafted bear if ever there was, she lured me in with a smile and I was powerless to her charms. I looked to Baby Jonathan for support, but he was sound asleep, thumb in mouth, his blond hair in a curl on his forehead.

As I looked back to the stunning Steiff her crystal eyes glowed a fiery yellow, she bucked her head back to reveal two grotesque, long white fangs glowing in a flash of lightning! I had no time to move, no breath to scream, no fight in my limbs when Cousin Steiff bore down on me, those big white teeth sunk into my neck! I was paralysed, disgusted, but I lusted for this exquisite bear! I wanted to kiss her, wrap her in my arms, feel her silky fur in my paws but she was gone!

The night was now calm, the moon shone delicate beams across the bedroom floor and a subtle cool breeze blanketed me. But inside I felt more alive than ever, she had literally knocked the stuffing out of me and replaced it with the same fire, heat and passion as those electric bolts the clouds rained down upon us the previous eve! There followed a hideous journey home, by rickety old cart pulled by angry snarling horses, me upside down, stuffed tight in an old leather holdall, having to endure a hideously sickening crossing over the North Sea before finally docking in Whitby Harbour at one a.m. There I was finally released from my baggage entrapment and allowed to travel with Baby Jonathan in the back of the family motorised car. Never before have I felt so alive, so much passion, so much hunger for blood and fur.....I had been.....REBORN!