

CLARE BEAR

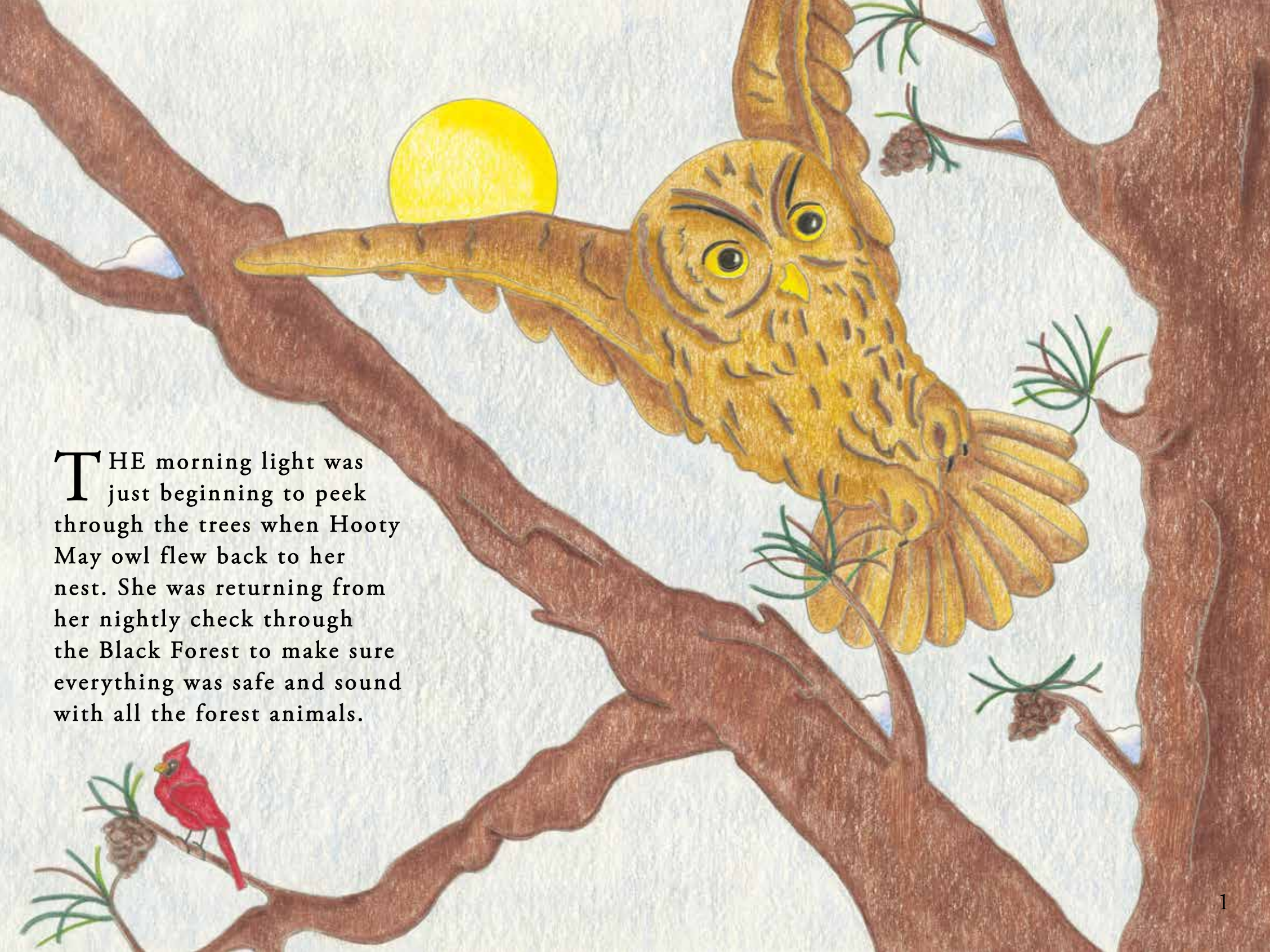
AND THE MYSTERY CAVE

Cardinals are a symbol of love for our loved ones visiting from heaven. Our cardinal, Charlie, represents our love for our family and friends. Melody drew the cardinal to express her appreciation and thanks for her God given artistic talents and show how He has always been beside her through joys and trials in her life. We both give thanks to our Heavenly Father for the blessings we have been given.

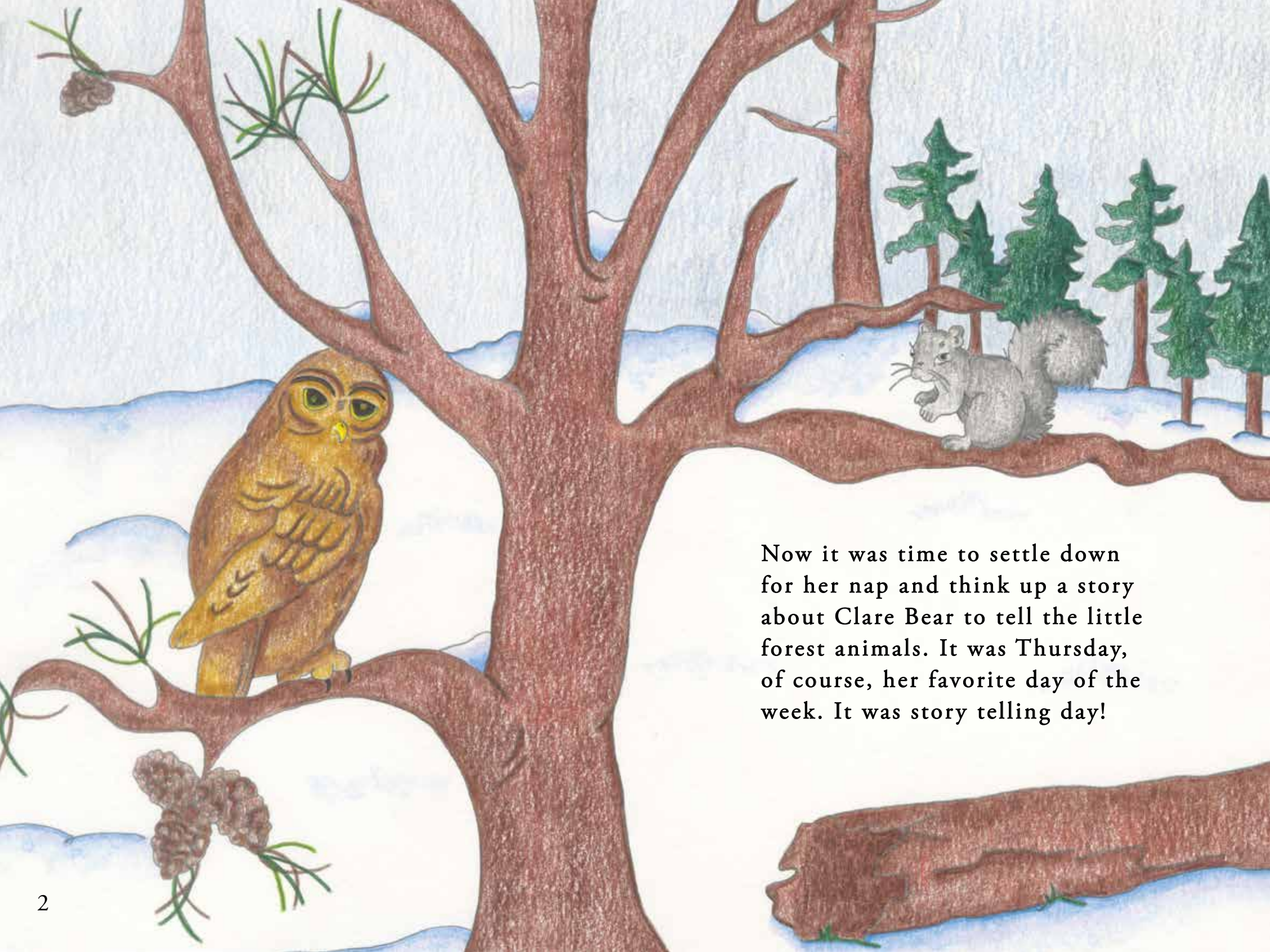


THIS BOOK BELONGS TO:

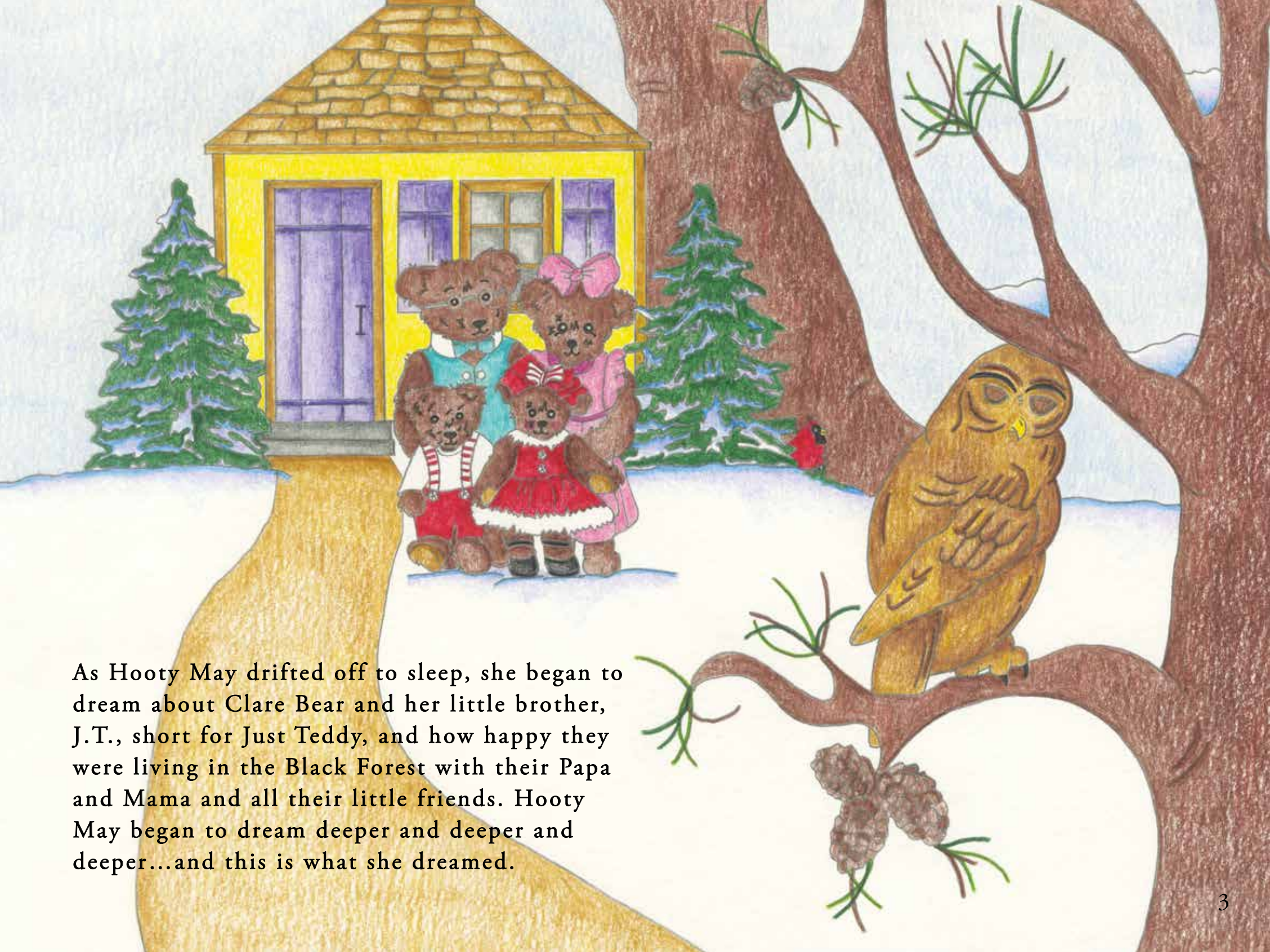
FROM:



THE morning light was just beginning to peek through the trees when Hooty May owl flew back to her nest. She was returning from her nightly check through the Black Forest to make sure everything was safe and sound with all the forest animals.

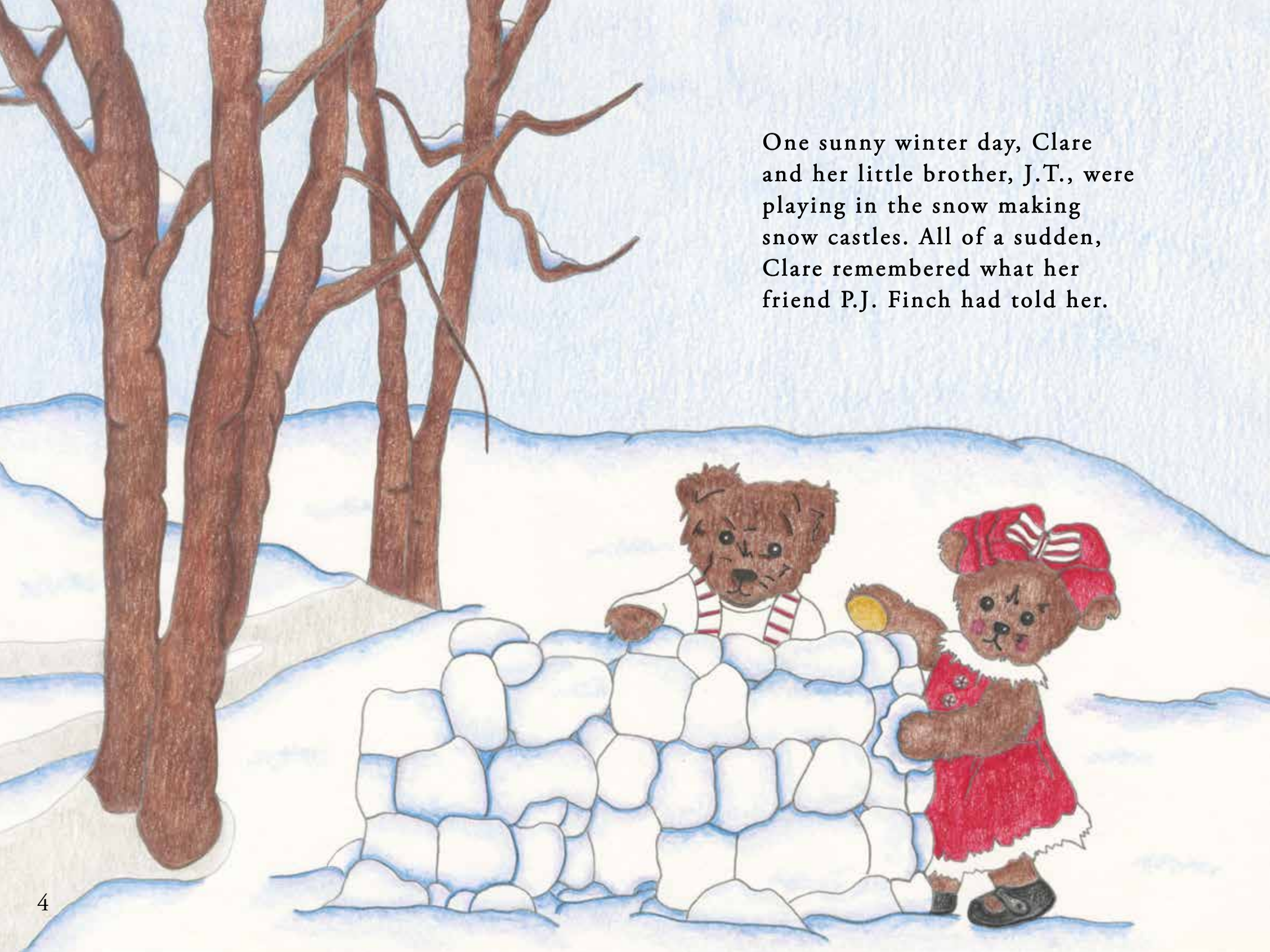


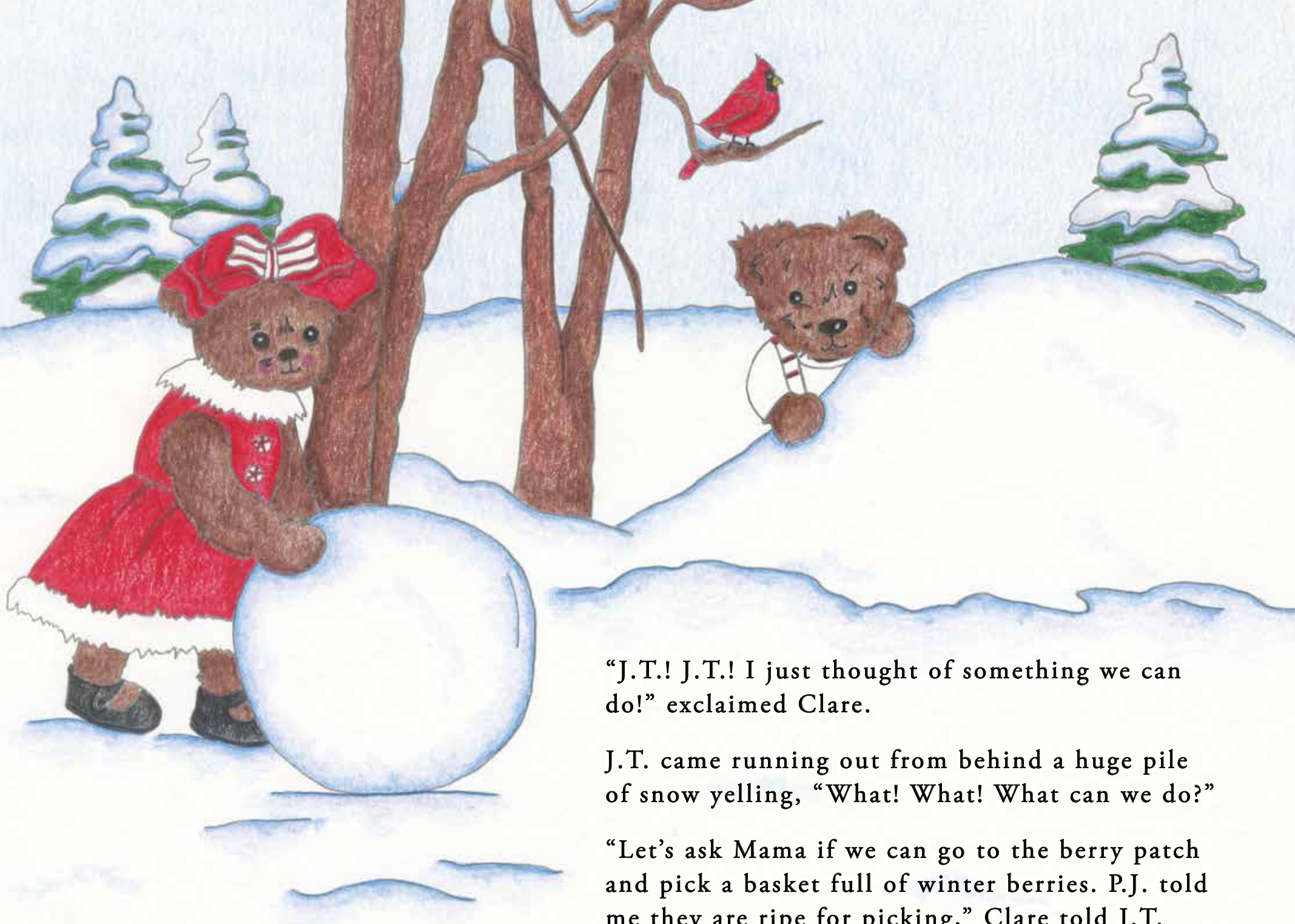
Now it was time to settle down for her nap and think up a story about Clare Bear to tell the little forest animals. It was Thursday, of course, her favorite day of the week. It was story telling day!



As Hooty May drifted off to sleep, she began to dream about Clare Bear and her little brother, J.T., short for Just Teddy, and how happy they were living in the Black Forest with their Papa and Mama and all their little friends. Hooty May began to dream deeper and deeper and deeper...and this is what she dreamed.

One sunny winter day, Clare and her little brother, J.T., were playing in the snow making snow castles. All of a sudden, Clare remembered what her friend P.J. Finch had told her.

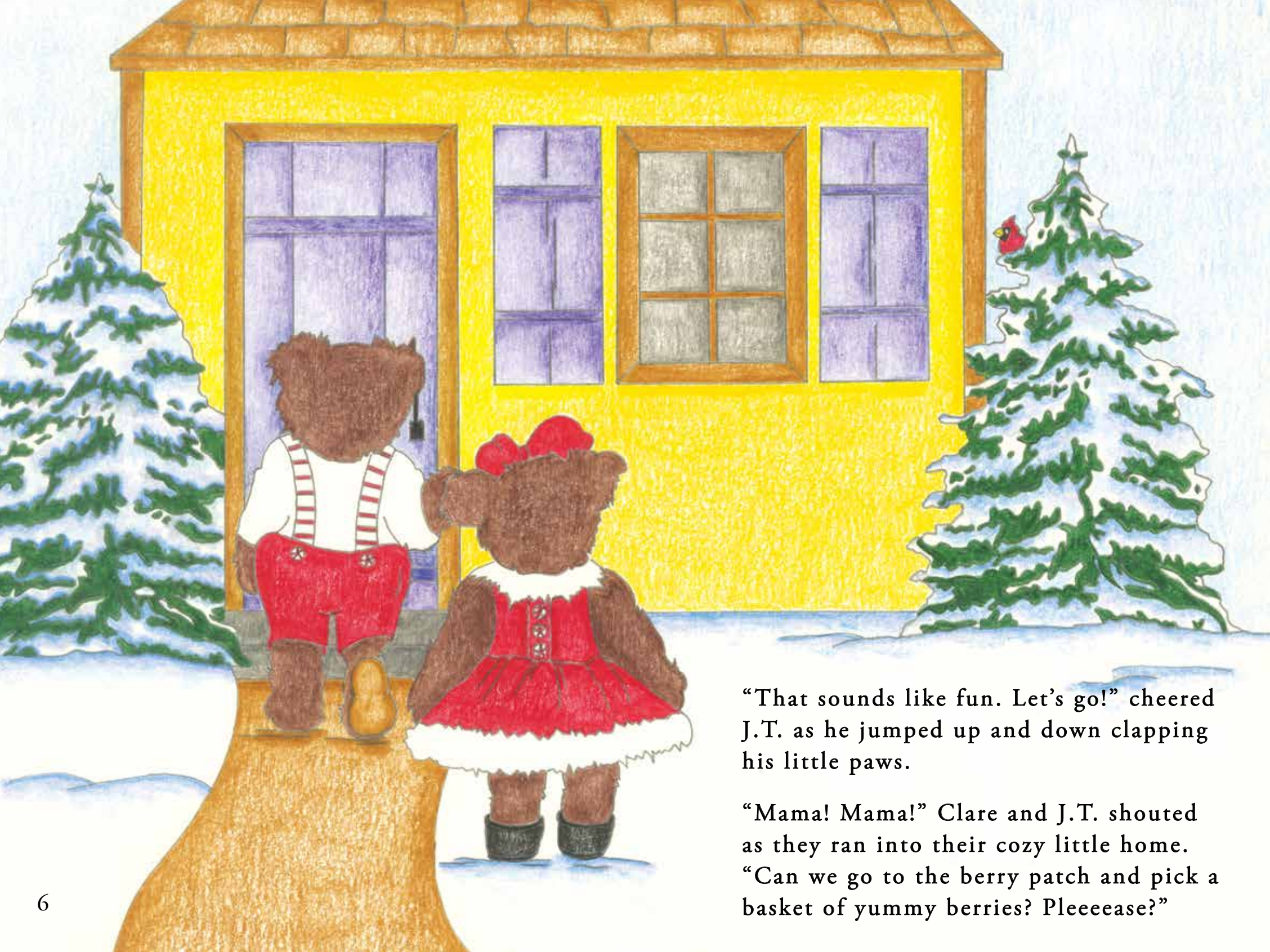




“J.T.! J.T.! I just thought of something we can do!” exclaimed Clare.

J.T. came running out from behind a huge pile of snow yelling, “What! What! What can we do?”

“Let’s ask Mama if we can go to the berry patch and pick a basket full of winter berries. P.J. told me they are ripe for picking,” Clare told J.T. with a big smile on her furry little face.



“That sounds like fun. Let’s go!” cheered J.T. as he jumped up and down clapping his little paws.

“Mama! Mama!” Clare and J.T. shouted as they ran into their cozy little home. “Can we go to the berry patch and pick a basket of yummy berries? Pleeese?”

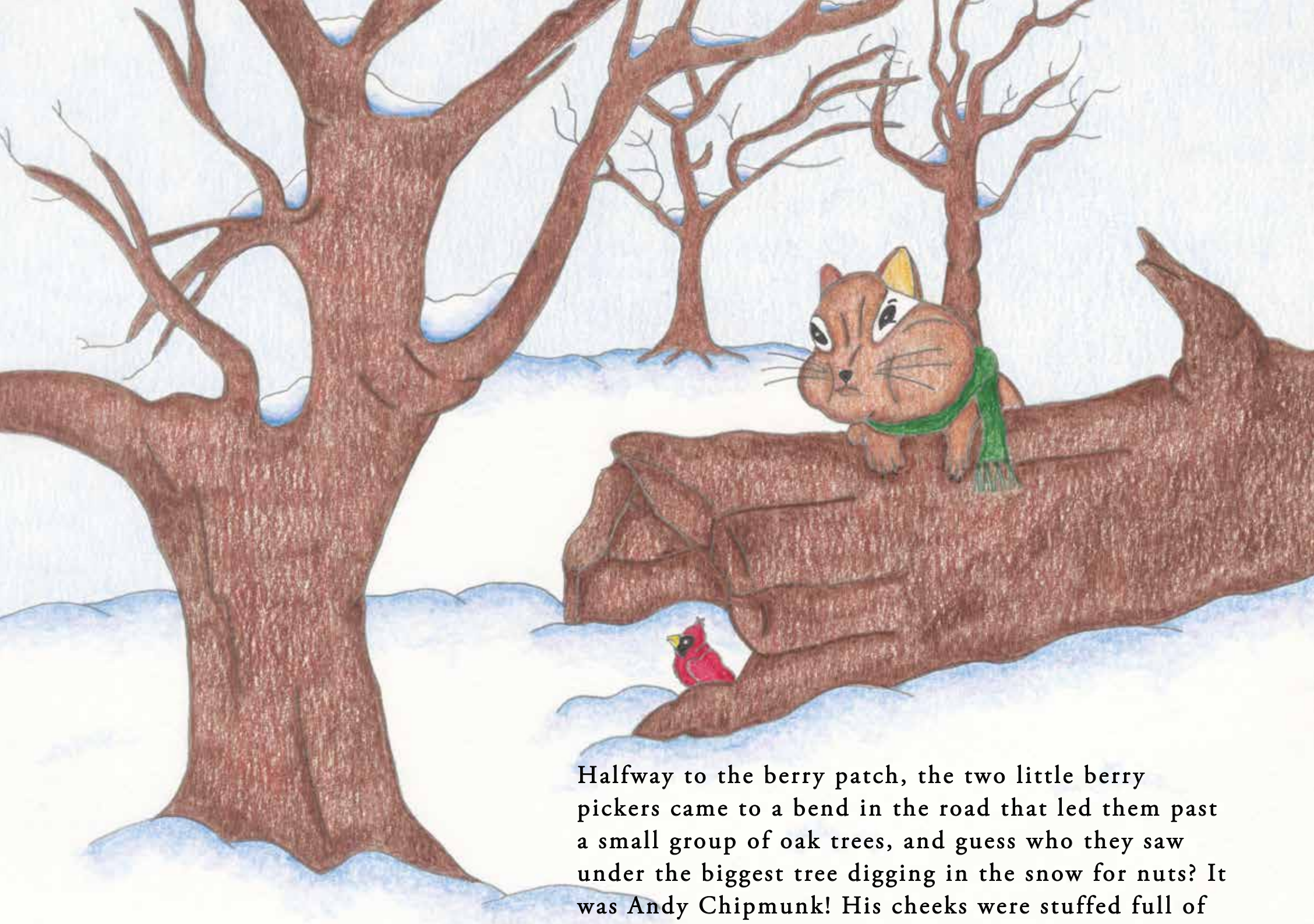
“Why that would be just wonderful,” agreed Mama. “What a good idea! Bring them back before supper, and I will bake a pan of berry crisp just for you and your Papa.”

“Yum. Yummy,” both Clare and J.T. squealed licking their lips as they grabbed the basket and hugged their Mama on their way outside.





The two little bears headed down
the path toward the berry patch each
holding onto a handle with the basket
between them. It was a BIG basket!



Halfway to the berry patch, the two little berry pickers came to a bend in the road that led them past a small group of oak trees, and guess who they saw under the biggest tree digging in the snow for nuts? It was Andy Chipmunk! His cheeks were stuffed full of acorns, and when Clare saw him, she began to giggle.



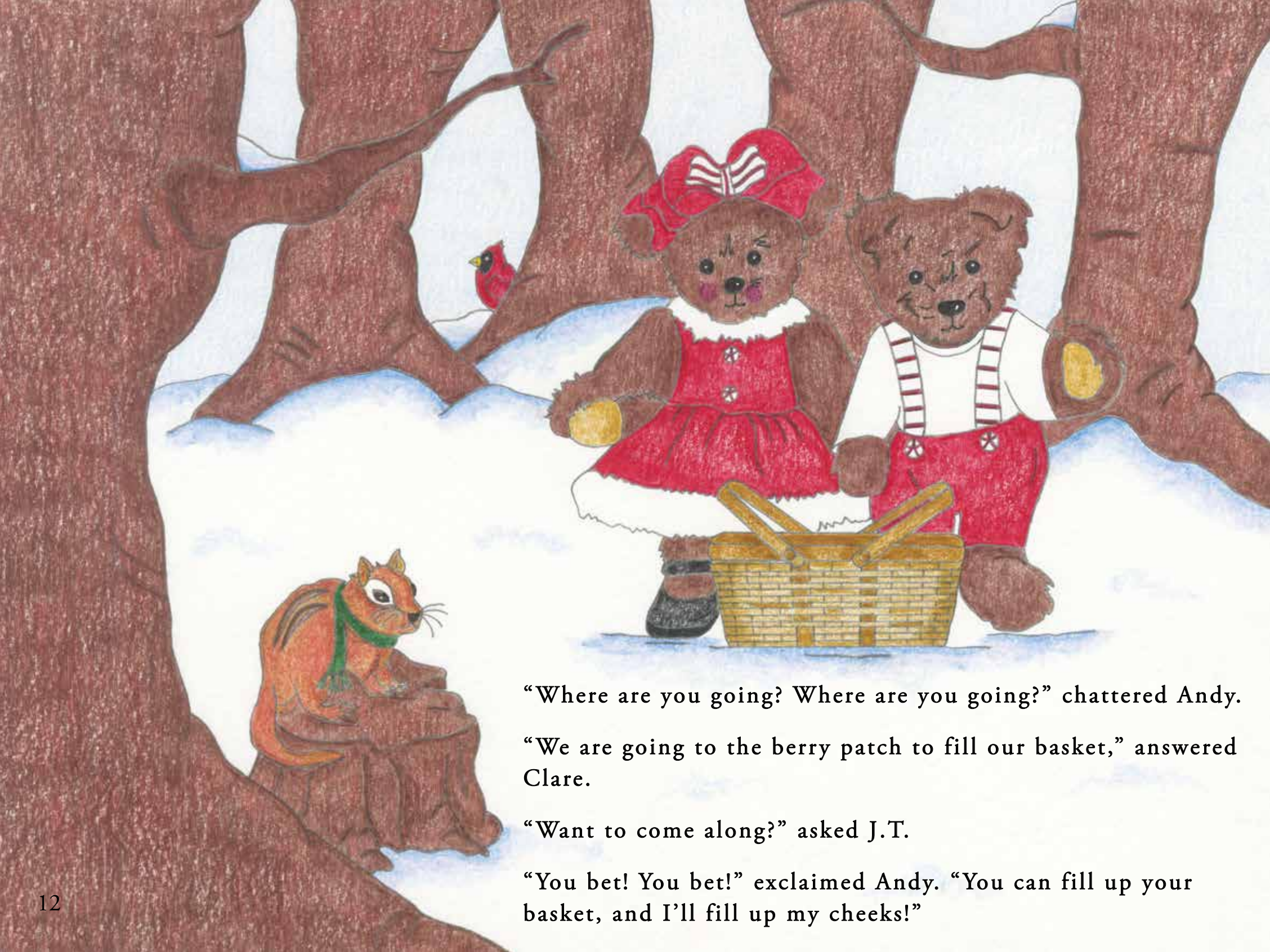
“Hi Andy!” they called out.

With his cheeks so stuffed full of nuts,
all he could do was smile and wave. He
motioned for them to wait, and off he ran.



Clare and J.T. each picked up
a paw full of nuts for their
basket, and before they knew
it, Andy had returned with
his cheeks back to normal.



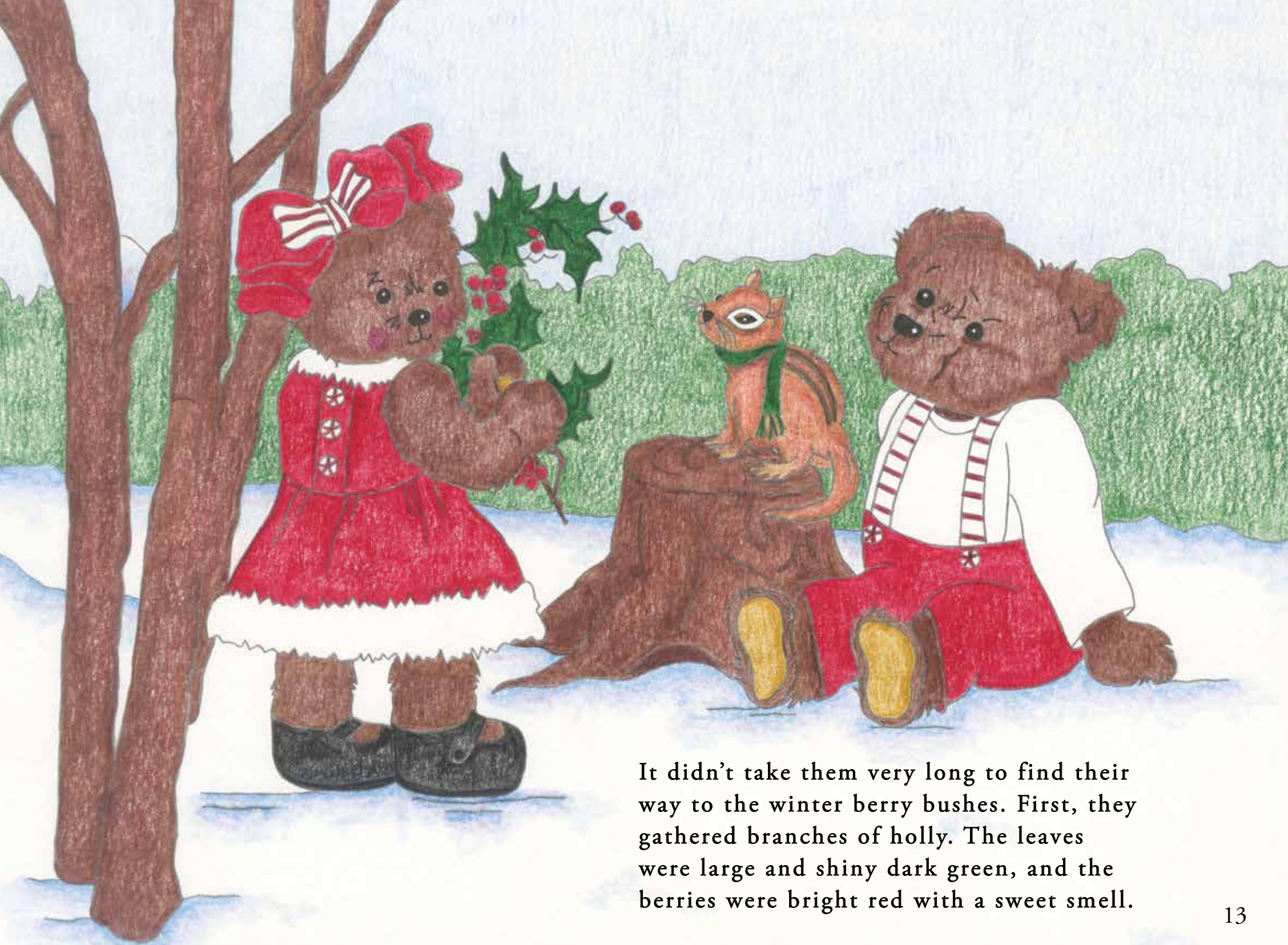


“Where are you going? Where are you going?” chattered Andy.

“We are going to the berry patch to fill our basket,” answered Clare.

“Want to come along?” asked J.T.

“You bet! You bet!” exclaimed Andy. “You can fill up your basket, and I’ll fill up my cheeks!”



It didn't take them very long to find their way to the winter berry bushes. First, they gathered branches of holly. The leaves were large and shiny dark green, and the berries were bright red with a sweet smell.

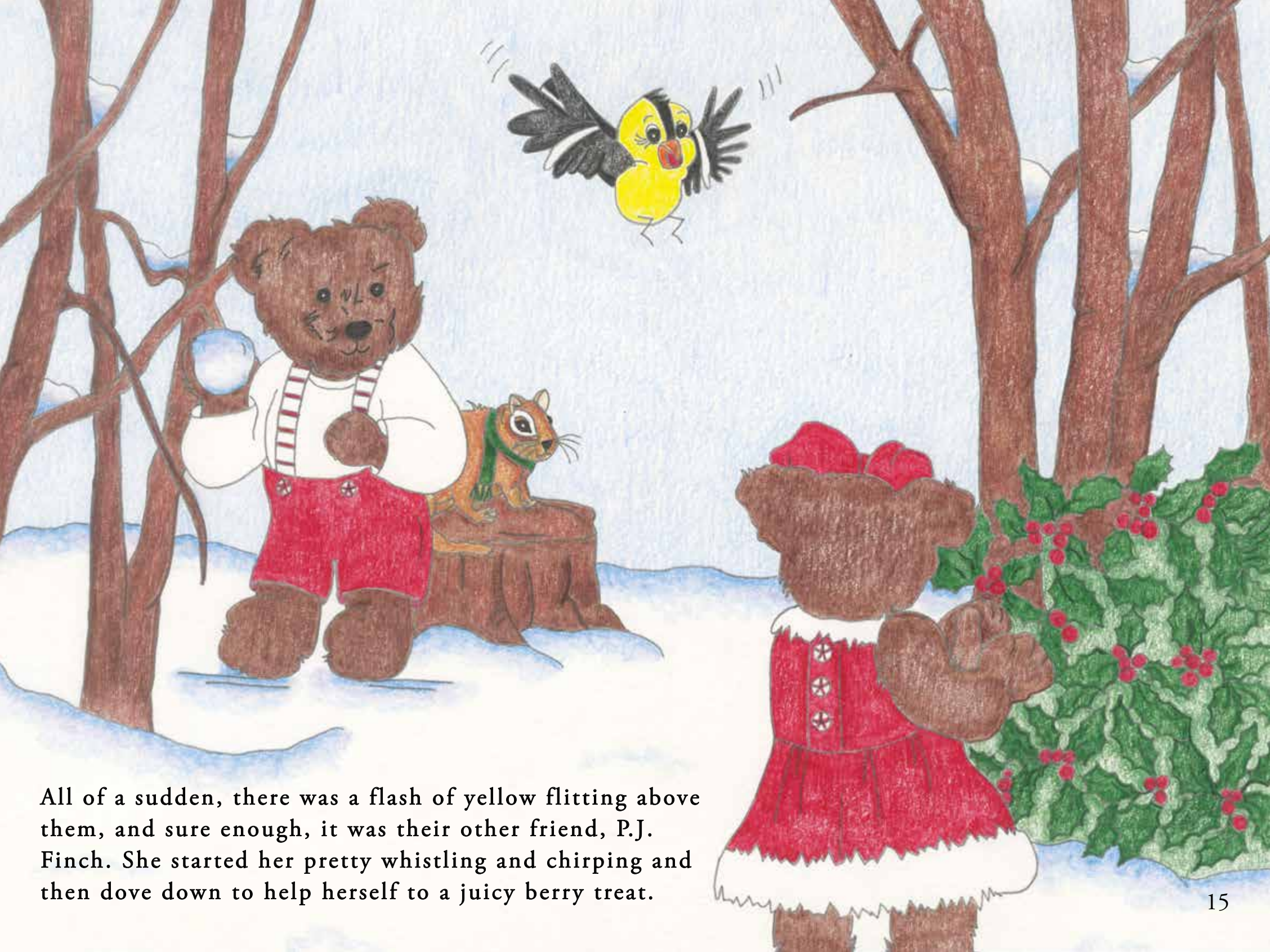
“Mama will love decorating the house with this pretty holly,” Clare told J.T.

“It will smell so good!” agreed J.T. “Pick more.”

Soon the basket was half full of holly branches, and it was time to gather luscious snow white Beautyberries and bright Red Cluster berries for Mama’s berry crisp.

“Papa will love this treat.” Clare hummed along as she gathered the berries.





All of a sudden, there was a flash of yellow flitting above them, and sure enough, it was their other friend, P.J. Finch. She started her pretty whistling and chirping and then dove down to help herself to a juicy berry treat.