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"I think," said Paddington, to the world in general, "they might have stood it the right way up. Paddington followed closely behind, keeping carefully to the side so that he didn't have to tread on the carpet. "Hoods are being worn large this year, Modom," said the assistant. Secretly he was just as keen as anyone. He made himself useful about the house and the days passed quickly. At least, Jonathan followed but Paddington only got a few yards before his lifebelt slipped down and he went headlong in the sand. "It's a bit unusual," he said, thoughtfully. It was the first time he had been out after dark and the very first time he had seen the lights of London. Even Paddington was startled when he finally stepped back to examine it. It seemed to be getting nearer and nearer. There were footsteps too, coming up the stairs. In fact, there were several people coming his way, including an important looking man in a black coat and striped trousers. Mr Curry let out a roar of wrath. But he didn't think much of the ticket. "Fancy you being taken in by a bear, Charlie! Serves you right for trying to take photographs without a licence. "Of course," said Mr Brown. He looked down at his shoulder and glared. Not one, but six dogs of various shapes and sizes had followed them right inside. Mrs Brown looked at it. A cheer went up from the crowd. "I expect it's my disappearing egg. They seemed very small and lonely, lying there on their own. Secretly she was beginning to wish they had waited until later in the day, when it wasn't quite so crowded. " "Yes, sir," said Paddington, raising his hat. And then he added, perhaps not quite so truthfully, "I wonder where it's coming from?" "If I were you," whispered Judy, as they walked along the road towards the tube station. "I should be more careful in future when you pack your suitcase!" Paddington looked down. "It's just..." "P'raps he didn't get swep' out to sea." said the lifesaving man. helpfully. But before you leave I would like to introduce the youngest and most important member of our company. "You've had a good sleep." said Mrs Bird as she placed a tray on the bed and drew the curtains. It was then that he saw a most surprising notice. He wasn't at ail sure what they were talking about, but none of it sounded very nice. A number of people were gathered round the fat man, who was sitting on the floor rubbing his head. 18 PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR The sun was shining as they drove out of the station and after the gloom and the noise everything seemed bright and cheerful. uWe could send out a description," he said, dubiously. "Then you were only acting ail the time, " he faltered. "I thought he did it very well. He stood up with difficulty, because it was hard standing up straight on top of a lot of tins, and pulled the pom-pom on his hat as high as it would go. It looked most important. ". As she spoke an engine standing in one of the platforms gave a loud whistle and let off a cloud of steam. He knew when he was beaten. "That's right," said Mrs Brown. After a minor delay when Paddington's hat blew off on the outskirts of London, they were soon on the open road. They had been rather dirty and disappointing. It may have got picked up by the tide." He bent down to pick up the rest of Paddington's belongings. We'll stand more chance that way." 109 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Mr Brown looked dubious. "Well, no," said Paddington, truthfully, after a moment's pause. "You must be starving." Bending down, the bear unlocked the suitcase with a small key, which it also had round its neck, and brought out an almost empty glass jar. "One pound fifty?" "That's ail right, Paddington," said Mr Brown, anxious to avoid another fuss. "Can't 'ear you," he shouted. He took hold of one of Paddington's paws and pulled. "It's largely a question of his ears. He couldn't even see to turn the taps off. "That's enough questions for today. "What's up?" "It's Paddington," cried Judy over hcr shoulder as she rushed up the stairs. I'm sure he didn't harm anyone travelling in a lifeboat like that." "Then there's the question of pocket money," said Mr Brown, weakening. "Everyone looks smaller." "You've got them the wrong way round, silly," said Jonathan. "Govern ment Surplus indeed! I've never heard of such a thing-have you, Paddington?" "No," said Paddington?" "No," said Paddington, who had no idea what Government Surplus was. Mr Brown peered at the meter. It was so much easier in the long run. "I hope you know what you're doing, young bear," he said. "I saw some green ones!" "Green ones!" Even Mr Brown looked worried. He felt much better now. He decided quite early on that he didn't like Sir Sealy Bloom and he stared at him hard through his opéra glasses. Mrs Bird, Judy and Jonathan sat in the back. He had an idea in the back of his mind that if they were worth a lot of money he could perhaps sell them and buy a présent for the Browns. Most of it was gone but there was a large piece of bacon left which it seemed a pity to waste. "But everyone always wants my autograph!" "Well, I don't," said Paddington. "I know something's happened to him. In any case, Sir Sealy Bloom had given him his fivepence back and a pair of opéra glasses. It ail looked very pretty. Now look at it!" He stared after the retreating figures of Mrs Brown and Judy with Paddington bringing up the rear and then he rubbed his eyes. I shall always remember it. "However did you know that?" he said. "Perhaps I can help Mrs Bird in the kitchen," he said, hopefully. "You say you left him here, Madam?" the détective was saying. "Well, Im not going back until he's found," she said. "I only had it on special occasions at home. He was pleasantly surprised when they were greeted by a stout, motherly lady with grey hair and a kindly twinkle in her eyes. "Delighted to know you, bear," he boomed. "Corne and take your bow." 96 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE "I can't," gasped Paddington. "Lots. Mrs Brown hurried back to the entrance followed by Judy. 66 A SHOPPING EXPEDITION "Marmalade it shall be," he said, pressing the button. "I might go for a paddle," he said, pressing the button. "I might go for a paddle," he said, pressing the button and Judy had completely disappeared. "Just like the Queen," said Mrs Bird. We wouldn't dream of charging you anything. Every time he pressed it with his spoon a long stream of juice shot up and hit him in the eye, which was very painful. It seemed to work so he put some more tins and a washing-up bowl on top of that. "Nothing, dear," said Mrs Brown, hastily. Mrs Brown put down her knitting and stared at him. "Best thing I've seen in years," said a man in the crowd to Mrs Brown. lators," said Paddington, "in Darkest Peru. "I ... Pad dington stood back and surveyed his handiwork. I'il see if I can i i? "And if you don't, I expect she can corne and stay with Mr and Mrs Brown." Sir Sealy Bloom ran his hand distractedly through his hair and then pinched himself. And if Mrs Brown had seen him creeping on tiptoe into the drawing-room, closing the door carefully to see where it was coming from and noticed for the first time that he was sitting near the main entrance to the shop. "And you're a very privileged person to have breakfast in bed on a weekdayl" Paddington eyed the tray hungrily. Oh, and a brush so that you can scrub your back." "It sounds very complicated," said Paddington. "You wouldn't think," said Mrs Brown, "that anyone could get in such a State with just one bun." Mr Brown coughed. "But at that moment Paddington was going, not in the direction of the cloakroom, but towards a door leading to the back of the theatre. "And I'm sure he didn't mean any harm." "Harm?" The man looked at Mrs Brown in amazement. This is Mrs Brown and Tm Mr Brown." The bear raised its hat politely—twice. She had told him ail about the places he would see on the way and she had spent many long hours reading to him about the people he would meet. "The disappearing bear. She's coming home from school. "I've corne to tell you to take your daughter back!" He gulped the last few words. Fil try again. He allowed the assistant to help him on with the coat and then stood admiring himself in the mirror. "I take it the young . "Oh, yes," said Paddington. Paddington decided with pleasure that they must be pointing at him. "That is my name." "Wouldn't anything else do?" Paddington consulted his instruction book. There's no knowing what might happen to him. "You don't know where it's been." Paddington felt so empty he didn't really mind 13 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON where it had been but he was much too polite to say anything. He tried calling out "Help," first in quite a quiet 30 voice, then very loudly: "HELP!" He waited for a few moments but no one came. "Corne along, Pad dington. He was so silent that several times Mrs Brown asked him how he was, until eventually Paddington asked to be excused and went upstairs. "But PU do my best." 'Tll be as quick as I can," said Mrs Brown. "Tenpence each for the programmes and twenty pence each for the programmes and twenty pence each for the could hardly believe his ears. 'Undreds of days without food or water so they say!" He hurried on. " ". Mrs Bird put down the travelling rug and folded her arms. "And you can have marmalade for breakfast every morning, and—" she tried hard to think of something else that bears might like. But do other people?" He looked at Paddington over his glasses. Judy threw back her head and laughed until the 16 tears rolled dovvn her face. "Do you think anyone would mind if I stood on the table to eat?" Before Mr Brown could answer he had climbcd up and placed his right paw firmly on the bun. "Programme, sir?" she said to Paddington. Mr Brown pointed out ail the famous landmarks as they drove past in the car, and it was a gay party of Browns that eventually trooped into the theatre. a long time about painting, which was one of his favourite subjects. "It can't be. Then he set to work carrying bucketloads of sand to build the walls of the castle. "That's funny," said Mr Brown, jumping up from his armchair and rubbing his forehead. "Are you going in, Paddington?" he asked. When he had fmished, the lady called Sarah threw back her head and laughed. And not even bothering to wish him many happy returns." Mr Curry had a réputation in the neighbourhood for meanness and for poking his nose into other people's business. "I don't know when I went out last and I shall look forward to it very much indeed." He didn't say any more at the time, but the next morning a van drew up outside the Browns' house and delivered a mysterious looking parcel from ail the shopkeepers in the Portobello Market. 'Tm just careful, that's ail." "Whatever it is," replied Mrs Bird, "you're worth your weight in gold." Paddington took this remark very seriously, and spent a long time weighing himself on the bathroom scales. "I think it's disgusting, taking the crumbs off a young bear's plate like that. Then it rose while Sir Sealy and Sarah bowed, but still the cheering went on. The waves were much bigger than he had imagined. "But we don't have esca . "Can I help you? "I do wish he wouldn't be quite so friendly," she whispered to Mr Brown. "Somehow I don't think Mrs Bird would approve of that! And don't forget to wash your ears. "In the morning. The Browns lived near the Portobello Road where there was a big market and quite often, when Mrs Brown was busy, she let him go out to do the shopping for her. "From Darkest Peru!" Sir Sealy looked at his woollen hat. He began to wish he'd stayed where he was. I'm sure you must have had lots of wonderful adventures." "I have," said Paddington, earnestly. The jar of marmalade which he'd placed on the magic table only a few minutes before had disappeared. "Really!" Judy took out her handkerchief and wiped his face. "There's a young bear 'ere, smelling of bacon. Mr Brown was fat and jolly, with a big moustache and glasses, while Mrs Brown, who was also rather plump, looked like a larger édition of Judy. "You don't want that, dearie," she said, giving him a friendly pat. And what's ail this about marmalade sand wiches?" Mr Brown was a bit slow on the uptake sometimes. There's plenty of soap and a clean towel. "Oh, Henry, what shall we do? A great change had corne over him. You'll find two taps, one marked hot and one marked cold. It had been a long journey, half-way round the world, and so Paddington's map occupied most of Mr Brown's shaving cream. He had a determined note to his voice and Mrs Brown looked at him sharply. Can you smell it, Paddington?" Paddington started. thank you, Paddington," said Mr Brown. He was very silent ail through dinner that evening. "A green woollen one that came down over his ears. I painted mine ages ago." Paddington into the back of the shop where his desk was, and from a drawer he had 70 PADDINGTON AND THE 'OLD MASTER' taken a cardboard box full of old coins. PADINGTUN. Then he picked up a glass shelf and tried balancing it on top of some tins. "That'll be one pound fifty," she said. "Mr and Mrs Brown," he repeated in a dazed voice. yourself quickly in case you catch cold." Paddington began rubbing himself meekly with the towel. He almost expected to see a policeman standing behind him with a notebook and pencil, taking everything down. "Don't be silly. He blinked at it several times to make sure but each time he opened his eyes it said the same thing: follow THE AMBER LIGHT TO PADDINGTON. Paddington waved a paw at the crowd and picked up another shelf. Paddington looked puzzled. "Well . Away in the distance he could see Mrs Brown and Judy trying to push their way down the *up* escalator. "Oh, well in that case"—he lifted up the chain which divided the 'up' and the 'down' escala tors—"you'd better get back down. Then we'll have our own private compétition as well as the official one. "Now you're going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. "Aren't you going to tell us?" "It's meant to be a surprise," said Judy. your picture if you don't stand in front?" he asked in an aggrieved voice. "ABRACADABRA!" He held up the remains of his watch. "But I'm not going to let it spoil the play." "I hope the second half is better than the first," said Jonathan. As it happened he had no cause to worry, for Paddington had far too many things on his mind what with one thing and another. "But I think I'm in trouble again." "Oh dear," said Judy. 123 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Paddington looked rather worried. The uploader already confirmed that they had the permission to publish it. Several other people came along too, including the Browns' next door neighbour, Mr Curry. "You want me to take my daughter back?" he said at last. "He's just had a nasty accident." The driver hesitated. "Perhaps the bird took it when it flew away," he said. They knew you'd never forgive you if they knew you'd never forgive y left him here." "It ail seems highly irregular," said Mr Brown, doubtfully. Vm sure you must be thirsty after your long journey, so you go along to the buffet with Mr Brown and he'11 buy you a nice cup of tea." Paddington licked his lips. Just as they reached the window a tremendous cheer went up. "Why, I do believe . Several people stared and one man raised his hat in return. Mr Brown stopped the car by a shop on the esplanade and took out some money. To his surprise he found something 121 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON much larger than an egg. "No," he said. he does take these things so seriously." "Oh, well," said Mrs Bird, "J shall sit at home and listen to the wireless in peace and quiet. He looked helplessly out to sea. "Now where's my money?" Paddington looked at him even harder for a moment. "How long for?" Judy looked round mysteriously before replying. "I hope he's ail right," said Mrs Brown. "But will she like me?" 21 Chapter Two A Bear in Hot Water Paddington wasn't quite sure what to expect when Mrs Bird opened the door. Jonathan and Judy searched for their bathing suits and Paddington went up to his room to pack. He was an industrious bear and even though it was hard work and his legs and paws soon got tired, he persevered until he had a huge pile of sand in the middle of his circle. "Keep away, bear!" he said, dramatically, and then peered at Paddington, for he was rather short-sighted. " "Ignorance of the law is no excuse," said the inspector, ominously. He had his own ideas on the subject, but it was difficult to catch Paddington's eye. "That's funny," he said, 50 PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND more to himself. Somewhat to his astonishment, he found he was sitting in a small room in the middle of which was a great pile of tins and basins and bowls. After weeks of sitting alone in a lifeboat there was so much to see. "You can't just sit on Paddington station waiting for something to happen." "Oh, I shall be ail right ... artists only. "Well," said Mr Brown. "I do hope it's a nice play," she said to Mrs Bird. "Because if it is, I have to inform you that he's in serious trouble." He began to read from his note book. It was hastily written in pencil and it said: i have been given a verry import ant JOB. He soon forgot about his wasted fivepence and devoted ail his attention to the plot. "I've no doubt," he said, at last, "that you're worth that. For a moment he wasn't quite sure where he was, and then it came to him. From the moment Sir Sealy strode on to the stage the theatre was electrified. The car was crowded when they started off. He rubbed his eyes and followed Judy and Jonathan up the beach to where Mrs Bird had laid out the sandwiches—ham, egg and cheese for everyone else, and special marmalade ones for Paddington -with ice-cream and fruit salad to follow. "I don't like lifts. He's not still up in his room, is he?" Judy looked up from the writing-desk, where she was searching for some notepaper. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. It wasn't so much that he didn't like baths; he really didn't mind being covered with jam and cream. Do yoù ever hâve that feeling, Paddington?" Paddington considered for a moment. It's time for lunch, and we've got lots of work to do afterwards." Paddington felt disappointed. We can't let that happen. Paddington stood up, clutching the book in one paw, and waved the wand several times through the air. "I think perhaps I will," he said. "You've got clean sheets, remember. "Yes," said Paddington. "Thank you very much." "And would you like coffee in the interval, sir?" she asked. Paddington picked up his suitcase and followed Judy up a flight of white steps to a big green door. "Black ears! I know who you are," he said grimly; "you're Paddington nearly fell over backwards with astonishment. "I bet mine washed. Paddington picked up his suitcase and followed Judy up a flight of white steps to a big green door. "Black ears! I know who you are," he said grimly; "you're Paddington nearly fell over backwards with astonishment. "I bet mine washed." bigger than anyone else's," he said, sleepily. Mr Gruber, in his 69 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON turn, found Paddington very interesting and soon they had become great friends. "You don't want to miss any of the second act." "Oh, don't fuss, Mary," said Mr Brown. It says you're supposed to carry dogs but it doesn't say anything about bears. Paddington didn't answer. Your name's on the back of the canvas. ." ". In fact, everywhere he looked there were bears, and they were ail looking extremely Smart. "For this trick," he said, "I shall require an egg-" "Oh dear," said Mrs Bird, as she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." 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Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kitchen, "I know something dreadful is going to happen." Paddington placed the egg is a she hurried out to the kit the centre of his magic table and covered it with a handkerchief. "Sarah, protect me from this . It had been a nice sand-castle in his 106 ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE dream. As he reeled off the list, the lady handed the articles to Paddington, who began to wish he had more than two paws. They ail reached him at the same time and ail began talking together. "I don't seem to have very much. Look at him! He's covered ail over with cream and jam." Mr Brown jumped up in confusion. "You see, I haven't very much money." "Of course not. There can't be." Paddington Bear had travelled all the way from darkest Peru when the Brown family first met him on Paddington station. Mr Brown had been given tickets for a box at the theatre. I shall have to give him into custody." "Oh dear." Mrs Brown clutched at Judy for sup port. "Another of these publicity stunts," he said. Mr Gruber looked impressed and was please! I'm sure he'll be very good." "Humph!" Mrs Bird put the tray down on the table. For one thing it was nice and low so that he could look in without having to stand on tiptoe, and for another, it was full of interesting things. But Pad dington, though he was usually interested in anything Mr Gruber had to tell him, was hardly listening. It's getting everywhere. Paddington looked thoughtful. He began to wish he hadn't washed his spots off that morning; then at least he could have stayed in bed. Ail serious offences they are." He looked up. In fact, there 76 PADDINGTON AND THE 'OLD MASTER' were so many different colours it was difficult to know which to choose first. It's ail hat and dark glasses. "Can't you launch a lifeboat?" asked Jonathan, hopefully. "I got caught by the tide, you know." "And you sat in that bucket ail the time?" asked another man, taking a picture. 7i A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Paddington sighed. "You have to put them back when you leave." "WHAT!" cried Paddington, in a loud voice. "But it's Paddington Brown, and I live at number thirty-two Windsor Gardens. Certainly, Modom." He beckoned to Paddington. Judy took one of his paws. Seeing a man bending over some scenery, he walked over and tapped him on the shoulder. very unusual . "This is number thirty-four!" Even Jonathan and Judy agreed there must be some mistake. He wasn't very happy about this trick, as he hadn't had time to practise it, and he wasn't at ail sure how the mystery box worked or even where you put the flowers to make them disappear. "Paddington!" exclaimed Judy. "It's so . One which his Aunt Lucy had taught him and which he kept for special occasions. And if you'll allow me, I'd like to take a nice picture of you myself, as a reward!" The Brown family exchanged glances. "Oh!" Paddington looked crestfallen. I had an accident with a bun." "Oh!" Mrs Bird held the door open. It was the first night of a brand new play, and the leading part was being played by the world famous actor, Sir Sealy Bloom. It's quite another matter getting out, especially when the water cornes up to your nose and the sides are slippery and your eyes are full of soap. "It's getting warm." Judy started to help him off with it. "Oh, just out for a walk," said Paddington, vaguely. "Aren't you a lucky bear," exclaimed Mrs Brown, when they opened the parcel and saw what was inside. He looked around with interest while Mr Brown went to fetch the tea. "There's someone calling you," he said. Judy poked him with her elbow. "It's difficult," she said, looking at Pad dington. "May we corne in?" "HELP! HELP!" shouted Paddington. Paddington. "And said how nice he looked now that he was brushed and respectable. 45 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON There was a roar of rage from the fat man and he toppled over and grabbed at several other people. "Rather a slow trick, this one," said Mr Curry, after a while. It was then that he had a nasty shock. Paddington became very excited as they told him ail about the wonderful things he was going to see. "How's that to be going on with?" Paddington's eyes glistened. It seemed to be sitting on it. "Are you interested in the theatre, bear?" he boomed. Paddington was pleased to find it ail exactly as Mr Gruber had described it to him, even down to the commissionaire who opened the door for them and saluted as they entered the foyer. "I'mjust thinking." Mrs Bird closed the door and hurried downstairs to tell the others. "Now, you'd better corne upstairs with me and I'il show you your room. Says he made a mistake at the bottom." He decided the seaside was a nice place to be. They ail agreed that it must be nice to be going to the seaside for the first time in one's life; even Mrs Bird began talking about the time she first went to Brightsea, many years before. "I think," said Paddington, "if you don't mind, I'd rather use the stairs." 67 Chapter Five Paddington and the 'Old Master Paddington soon settled down and became one of the family. "It says a watch," he said, firmly. "Then I expect you like marmalade. Sir Sealy clutched his forehead. "Nothing. Mrs Brown clutched at her husband. He wiped the brush carefully on his hat and tried another colour and then another." I can soon take it away again," said Mrs Bird. It took several stagehands, the fireman, and a lot of butter to remove him after the audience had gone. "He's in his dressing-room. "Where was it you said you'd corne from? We'll take you home and you can have a nice hot bath. He remembered deciding at the time what a nice job it must be. "I can't understand it," he said. She was still talking about it in a loud voice as the attendant led them along a passage towards their seats. "It doesn't seem much to get for tenpence," he said. As he did so Mrs Brown caught a glimpse of the writing on the label. He's only small and it's his 48 PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND first time out in London. That's why she taught me to speak English." "But whatever did you do for food?" asked Mr Brown. And we'd also like a plastic raincoat for the summer." The salesman looked at her haughtily. What a good thing he was still wearing his hat! He took it off and began baling out the water. She turned appealingly to her husband. It felt as if the whole sky had fallen in. "Good. ." The assistants voice trailed off. He opened his other eye and decided to investigate. "Ail the same," said Mr Brown, when the laughter had died down. At the entrance to the box the attendant paused. "Corne along, children," said Mrs Brown, hastily. "But in the morning," she added hastily. it was a jar of marmalade. "What's going on at the pier, chum?" Without stopping the man looked back over his shoulder and shouted, "Chap just crossed the Atlantic ail by 'isself on a raft. 'Tm not sure how much pocket money to give a bear." "He can have fifteen pence a week, the same as 27 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON the other children," replied Mrs Brown. At least, half of it was a boat. The inside of Paddington's hat was rather sticky. A young . And he'd be such company for Jona than and Judy. The man collected it this afternoon, 78 PADDINGTON the other children," replied Mrs Brown. At least, half of it was a boat. The inside of Paddington's hat was rather sticky. A young . And he'd be such company for Jona than and Judy. it corne back again!" Feeling very pleased with himself, Paddington took his bow and then felt in the secret compartment behind the table. After a while, when nothing happened, they began to get restless. "He is rather sweet. "It was your idea." Mr Brown coughed. After a while, when nothing happened, they began to get restless. "He is rather sweet." stare and the unfortunate man collapsed into a chair and began mopping his brow as Mrs Brown led the way out through the door. "Henry, whatever are 15 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON you doing to that poor bear? Everyone laughed. "You don't want my autograph?" he said, in a surprised voice. "It's when he actually thinks of something that the door." trouble starts." But she was in the middle of her housework and soon forgot the matter. " "Paddington!" said the inspector, disbelievingly. "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of the matter." "Paddington." "It's the sort of thing that would happen to Paddington." "It's the sort of the matter." "Paddington." "It's the sort of the matter." "It's the sort of the matt was a wonderful cake. He was a kindly man, and he didn't want to disappoint Paddington. That's the trouble with being small—no one ever expects you to want things." "Then we shall have to see what we can do," said Judy, mysteriously. Instead of going out into the Street he must have opened a door leading to one of the shop Windows! Paddington was an observant bear, and since he had arrived in London he'd noticed lots of these shop Windows. Only Mrs Bird had her suspicions when she found Paddington's 'spots' on his towel in the bathroom, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "It's a bush hat," said Paddington, proudly. Paddington liked sitting in the front, especially when the window was open, so that he could poke his head out in the cool breeze. Seeing that something was expected of it the bear stood up and politely raised its hat, revealing two black ears. The assistant wanted to wrap up the duffle coat for him but after a lot of fuss it was agreed that, even though it was a warm day, he should wear it. And congratulations." "That's said Paddington, doubtfully. Before he left South America on his long journey to England, his Aunt Lucy, who was a very wise old bear, had done her best to teach him ail she knew. If there is anything . "Thank you for your kind applause. "There's nothing like a nice chat over a bun and a cup of cocoa," he used to say, and Paddington, who liked ail three, agreed with him— even though the cocoa did make his whiskers go a funny colour. Suddenly, there was a noise like thunder, and before he knew where he was a whole mountain of things began to fall on him. "Number thirty-two, Windsor Gardens." The driver cupped his ear with one hand. Because Paddington was in a mess. She raced down the sand closely followed by Jonathan and Paddington. "Oh, just upstairs to see how Paddington's getting on." Judy pushed Jonathan through the door he could hear footsteps approaching. "Excellent," said Mr Curry, slapping his knee. "I knew I had it somewhere," he said, thankfully, as he handed it to the inspector. "Look at ail the boats on the direction of the beach with his paw. "Taking away the living from honest folk. Several people said they had never seen such a big sand-castle, and . They won't let you on otherwise." She looked and sounded rather flustered. "If you'll ail move your seats back, I think Paddington has a surprise for us." While everyone was busy moving their seats to one side of the room, Paddington, 12 PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR I have to meet our little daughter, Judy, off the train. "Oh, Paddington," said Judy when she entered the room a few minutes later and found him perched on the tray, "whatever are you doing now? "Number thirty-two, Windsor Gardens," he repeated. "And now," said Mr Brown, when the noise had died down. He'd seen it on their way up to the outfitting department. I usually get my head stuck, or else my hat falls in and makes it taste nasty." Mr Brown hesitated. Nothing seemed to 117 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON have changed, and he was just about to try again, when his eyes nearly popped out of his head. He bent down and began to pick up the things. He'd never seen so many. Sheepishly, he pushed the hood of his duffle coat up over his head. She had a funny feeling it had something to do with Paddington, but the only time she caught his eye it had such an innocent expression she felt quite upset with herself for having such thoughts. A whole box of them. "I've never heard of such a thing." Paddington turned and stared at him. "That's very strange," she said. But you can lick the spoon if you like." She had bitter memories of other occasions when Paddington had 'helped* in the kitchen. Paddington spent the rest of the day being hurried from one part of the house to another as préparations were made for his party. He was staring hard at the painting, and in particular at the man with the large beard, who was beginning to look hot and bothered. "Good afternoon," it said, in a small, clear voice. "You know what Paddington's like . Corne on, you two, let's have a,, bathe first, then we can start digging after lunch. "We found you on Paddington!" "Paddington!" "The bear repeated it several times to make sure. With a pom-pom." The detective shut his notebook with a snap. She had it taken just before she went into the home for retired bears in Lima." "She looks very nice," said Judy. "People often put their tickets in there." Paddington jumped with relief. "Are you ail right, Paddington?" she shouted. It was ail so interesting that he thought he would try a bit of each, and he very soon forgot the fact that he was supposed to be painting a "He left the sentence unfinished and looked down towards the audience. "It's the latest fashion." He was about to add that Paddington seemed to have rather a large head anyway but he changed his mind. "I've never known anyone take so long not to get anywhere," he said, looking hard at Paddington. I never thought of that." Jonathan looked admiringly at Paddington. Things are always happening to me." "You know, Henry," said Mrs Brown, as they watched Paddington go up the stairs to bed, looking rather sticky and more than a little sleepy, "it's nice having a bear about the house." Year: 1,988 Edition: New Ed Pages: 128 Language: English Identifier: 0001811630,9780001811638 Org File Size: 1,131,325 Extension: pdf "You're the stickiest bear imaginable. "You are a bear, aren't you?" he added. " And then, he almost fell off his seat with surprise. He opened one eye and gazed at Paddington. Paddington stepped gingerly off the table and, with a last look at the sticky remains of his bun, climbed down on to the floor. The door seemed to have a strong spring on it and he had to push hard to make it open but eventually there was a gap big enough for him to squeeze through. "Yes, I like Paddington as a name. Since then their lives have never been quite the same...for ordinary things become quite extraordinary when a bear called Paddington is involved. He rubbed his eyes and stared, round-eyed, at the sight. "I don't know," she said. ." Paddington shifted uneasily and looked disappointed. And I've lost Mrs Brown and y", Ju«"Oh!" The inspector wrote something in his book. How about that, Paddington?" There was no reply from the back of the car. He wanted to leave room for the marmalade. There was an air of great excitement. "Saw him do it with me own eyes. From the back of the car. He wanted to leave room for the marmalade sandwich, everyone voted it was the best tea they had ever had. "I can't help it." "Did you see his face when ail the cogs rolled out?" said Mr Gruber, his face wet with tears. And then there was this noisy crowd in the box. "Now what on earth can that mean?" said Mrs Brown. There was no bird in sight as far as he could see. He's probably gone out to the cloakroom. Something like a duffle coat with toggles so that he can do it up easily, I thought. Eventually, refusing Mr Gruber's offer of 73 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON a second cup of cocoa, he slipped down off the chair and began making his way home. And that's Jonathan's—he's my brother, and you'll meet him soon. "That's what worries me!I » As it turned out, the play itself was the least of Mrs Brown's worries. "Ah," said Mr Gruber, delightedly. 84 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE Paddington returned the salute with a wave of his paw and sniffed. In fact, lots of people were going to be cross. er, bear, who came to our rescue . Having turned over the page he'd just read the ominous words, "It is necessary to have a second watch for this trick." Gingerly, he lifted up a corner of the handkerchief. Marmalade's very expensive in Darkest Peru." "Then you shall have it every morning starting il A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON tomorrow," continuée! Mrs Brown. Mrs Bird," said Mr Brown. Are you ail right?" "I don't feel ill," said Paddington in a small voice. Take it off at once." "It's not my fault," said Paddington. "Fivepence!" he said, sternly. I'll give a prize to the one with the biggest castle." Ail three thought this was a good idea. " he stuttered, "there must be some mistake." "Mistake?" said the man with the beard. "Corne along, Paddington," said Sir Sealy. Blissfully unaware that his fate was being decided, Paddington was sitting in the middle of the bathroom floor drawing a map of South America with a tube of Mr Brown to his wife. Mr and Mrs Brown know it a tube of Mr Brown it have a map of South America with a tube of Mr Brown to his wife. Mr and Mrs Brown know it a tube of Mr Brown it a tube In fact . "Your guess is as good as mine," he said. "Oh, Daddy, is he really going to stay with us?" "If he does," said Mrs Brown, "I can see someone other than your father will have to look after him. In his other paw he was grasping a copy of the script. He turned and trotted down the corridor, following the 43 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON amber lights, until he met another crowd of people who were queueing for the 'up' escalator. 46 PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND "That's him!" someone shouted, pointing a great deal of argument about one painting in particular. "The inspector put his thumbs under his waistcoat. "It's only a small be having a great deal of argument about one painting in particular." présent I'm afraid, Mr Brown. he stood back and examined it . " "Well, he can't hâve gone far," said Mr Curry. "I don't really know how it got like that." "Untidy!" Judy lifted him to his feet and wrapped a towel around him. "I think I forgot to say ABRACADABRA, " faltered Paddington. "It's fallen on someone's head!" He looked over the edge of the box. It was news to Paddington that Mr Brown actually painted and he was looking forward to seeing a picture by someone he knew. Things are always happening to me. "Well, Paddington," said Mr Brown, as he placed two steaming cups of tea on the table and a plate piled high with cakes. There can't be!" Mr Brown adjusted his glasses. "But Paddington," Mrs Brown sighed, "you only have a ticket so that you can ride on the train. VDOC.PUB Authors: Michael Bond , Peggy Fortnum PDF Download Embed This document was uploaded by our user. Ignoring the remark, Paddington turned over the page. Paddington had just reached the top of his pyramid. Even Paddington became infected with the excitement. He muttered ABRACADABRA several times and then hit the handkerchief with his wand. Mr Brown coughed loudly. He reached out with his feet and found a cool spot for his toes. "Oh, he's ail right. Mummy's going to buy you a complété new outfit at Barkridges—I heard her say so. Do hurry up. "It certainly looks like my bag," here and found a cool spot for his toes. said. "Quite an understandable mistake, I suppose. I haven't put clean sheets in the spare room or anything." She looked down at Paddington. He covered the watch with a handkerchief and then hit it several times. Travelling without a ticket. Brown. By standing on a chair Paddington could just rest his paws comfortably on the glass top. "Ail the same"—he climbed on to the dressingtable and looked at himself in the mirror—"it's a very important name. And I lived in a lifeboat." "But what are you going to do now?" said Mr Brown. After a few seconds he decided quite definitely that he preferred riding on an esca lator. "I didn't expect that. this mad bear!" "Fm not mad," said Paddington, indignantly. " "Oh, thank you," said Judy. "Ought not to be allowed!" While from the back of the crowd someone else suggested sending for the police. "I was brought up in Darkest Peru," he began. He climbed up on to a stool by the window and looked out. "But Mary, dear, we can't take him . "It isn't at the moment. Our téléphoné hasn't stopped ringing." He 65 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON waved towards the entrance to the store. To make matters worse, he had arrived at the theatre only to discover that the prompt boy was missing and there was no one else to take his place. "But not too much," she warned, "or you won't have room for this." It was then that Paddington saw his cake for the first time. "It's certainly my name on the back," he said. "Oh, dear," said Mrs Brown. "He's got a good head on his shoulders." "Well," said the man, holding up a dripping straw hat. He looks a remarkably intelligent bear, corne to think ofit." Paddington looked from one to the other. Now, comb your fur quickly and corne on down." As she closed the door Paddington looked at the remains of his breakfast. 64 A SHOPPING EXPEDITION "I don't know what Mr Perkins will have to say. And then, without any warning, the whole lot collapsed again, only this time Paddington was on top and not underneath. Tm that sort of bear. "I told you so!" Mrs Brown followed the direction of his arm and dimly made out a small, furry object in the shadows. He tried to say 39 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON something but ail he could manage was a muffled grunting noise which sounded like IMJUSTCOMING ali rolled into one. "I can smell something," he said. Paddington's head appeared through the hole. "It's nice to see you again. A hush fell over the room and everyone waited expectantly. "Darkest Peru." "Humph!" Mrs Bird looked thoughtful for a moment. I'm not really supposed to be in here. Whenever Pad dington wrote any letters he generally managed to get more ink on himself than on the paper, and he ii5 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON was looking so unusually smart, having had a bath the night before, that it seemed a pity to spoil it. "It's y ou again. "He's never won a prize yet!" "What is it, Daddy?" asked Judy. It wouldn't be right." Mr Brown sighed. It was a nice feeling, a bit cold at first, but he soon got warm. "Do you mean to say . "She looks after us. I had it," said Paddington. Things hadn't gone at ail according to plan. He jumped up, meaning to raise his hat, and in his haste slipped on a patch of strawberry jam which somehow or other had found its way on to the glass table-top. Mr Brown made a shopping trolley for him—an old basket on wheels with a handle for steering it. "That's not dirt," said Judy. Then, suddenly, half of him seemed to fall away while the other half stayed where it was. "A young bear gentleman asked me to give you this," he announced. 57 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON "I feel sick," said Paddington. He sighed to himself. He was just thinking what a lot of excitement pressing one small button could cause when a heavy hand descended on his shoulder. As time went by he had acquired lots of things. Paddington often stopped there on his way home from a shopping expédition and they spent many hours discussing South America, where Mr Gruber had been when he was a boy. "His beret," should for Mr and Mrs Brown, but they appeared to be having some sort of argument with 20 i PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR the taxi driver. "He doesn't even like having a bath much," said Judy. People weren't very good at having things explained to them and it was going to be difficult explaining how his duffle coat hood had fallen over his head. "Aunt Lucy told me never to be without it." "But why on earth didn't you pull the plug out, you silly?" said Judy. Paddington was always interested in bright things and he had consulted Mr Gruber one morning on the subject of his Peruvian centavos. "And that's my room. And my scrapbook. They both said "Paddington!" and rushed after the détec tive. "Let's see now, we shall need a bucket and spade, a pair of sun-glasses, one of those rubber tyres . To start with, even though he'd used almost half a bottle of Mr Brown's paint remover, the picture had only corne off in patches. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored, in a retrieval System, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical photocopying or otherwise, without the prior permission of HarperCollins Publishers Ltd. "Then we can take a taxi home for lunch." Paddington it shall be." Mrs Brown stood up. That man kept on forgetting his lines." 95 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON The second half usas much better than the first. He would press the fruit to see that it had the right degree of firmness, as Mrs Bird had shown him, and he was always on the look-out for bargains. When he looked at Paddington. "And there wasn't." "I expect it flew away when it saw your face," said the man nastily. "Quite sure, dear," said Mrs Brown. From beneath the brim two large, round eyes stared back at her. Paddington looked round and was just in time to see Mrs Brown and Judy pass by on their way up. "I do believe they're talking about yours. "I distinctly saw it. "I wanted to wear my proper hat." He had iust started to explain ail about his hat when the door burst open and the lady called Sarah entered. "I don't think so, dear." said his mother. I don't expect there are many bears in the world called Paddington!" 26 A BEAR IN HOT WATER If he'd only known. Judy was saving exactly the same thing to Mr Brown at that very moment. Her news had a mixed réception. The door opened. "I think you're the kindest man I've ever met! Don't you think so, Paddington nodded his head vigorously and the inspector blushed. "Darkest Peru. It's not as if he's done anything wrong. "Well, I shall hâve a go, anyway. Almost as big as himself. People started to nudge each other and began staring in their direction. As large as life!" "Hit it with his suitcase," shouted another voice. I'm sure he won't do it again. Beyond the trees he could see some more houses stretching away into the dis tance. After a great deal of considération, Mr Gruber had advised Paddington to keep the coins. "I . Mr Gruber usually had a bun and a cup of cocoa in the morning for what he called his 'elevenses,' and he had taken to sharing it with Paddington. He didn't like the look of the man very much, but he had been saving hard for several weeks and now had just over thirty pence. It is a bear!" She peered at it more closely. "I ate marmalade," he said, rather proudly. I suppose you'll be wanting tea?" "Hallo, Mrs Bird," said Judy. "Shoo!" cried Mrs Brown as a grubby looking dog came bounding across the road. "Jonathan's right, Henry. He looked wildly round the room and then dashed to the door." "No, I haven't," said Mrs Brown, hotly. The water was hot and soapy and much deeper than he had expected. "Oh, I do," said Paddington, hurriedly. "What sort of bear is he?" "Oh, he's sort of golden," said Mrs Brown. "Well, hurry up," called Judy. but . And that's Mummy and Daddy's." She opened a door. In fact," he looked meaningly at Paddington. Just as he had got used to that feeling the second half of him caught up again and even overtook the first half before the doors opened. we'll see what we can do." "There, there, Mary!" Mr Brown held his wife's arm. Judging by the noise coming from the top of the escalator there was some sort of dog fight going on. It said, simply, please look after this bear, "I suppose," she said, "you want to tell me you've decided to keep that young Paddington," "May we, Mrs Bird?" pleaded Judy, Having placed the last tin on the top Paddington was in trouble. "Yes, Modom. Eventually he came to one with a large star on it and the words sir sealy bloom in big gold letters. 'Tm glad you think it's funny," said Sir Sealy. Mrs Bird, as she emerged from the kitchen, "that I've just finished. "I'm glad you think it's funny," said Sir Sealy. Mrs Bird, as she emerged from the kitchen, "that I've just finished." I'm glad you think it's funny," said Sir Sealy. 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He looked at her husband for support. The great man seemed to have grown to about twice the size he had been on the stage, and he looked as if he was going to explode at any minute. "You've whatf" The lady seemed most surprised. "Can't I just sit in a puddle or something?" Judy laughed. "I wonder if he's sickening for anything? We can't just leave him here. "What does it say?" asked Mrs Brown, anxiously. After a big meal on a Sunday, Paddington had discovered he weighed nearly sixteen pounds. He went bump, bump ail the way down before he shot off the end and finally skidded to a stop by the wall. "I do believe he's fallen asleep!" 36 \ Chapter Three Paddington Goes Underground Paddington Goes Underground Paddington Goes Underground Paddington Goes Underground Paddington Was very surprised when he woke up the next morning and found himself in bed. I might have known." The inspector took out a notebook. He had just seen a little box in front of him marked opéra glasses. Paddington himself was so full he had great difficulty in mustering enough breath to blow out the candie. They were nice and smooth. Mrs Bird thought for a moment. Peru?" "That's right," said Paddington. "Every morning?" The bear looked as if it could hardly believe its ears. "I thought the first half was rotten. "How about a trip to the sea?" His remark was greeted with enthusiasm by the rest of the family, and in no time at ail the house was in an uproar. It'll get wet and be ruined." Looking rather crestfallen, Paddington handed his things to Mrs Brown for safekeeping and then ran down the beach after the others. " "Oh, dear," Mrs Brown reached for her handkerchief as well. "You see, I've never been to the seaside before!" "Never been to the seaside!" Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at Paddington, with grateful thanks\ There was also a signed picture from the lady called Sarah, and one of his proudest possessions—a newspaper cutting about the play headed paddington saves the day! Mr Gruber had told him that the photographs were 97 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON probably worth a bit of money, but after much thought he had decided not to part with them. "Though judging by the State he's in perhaps that's as well!" "It's ail right, Mrs Bird," said Paddington. But very good though, for a bear. If there had been confusion while the escalator and it said, in big red letters: to stop the escalator in cases of emergency PUSH THE BUTTON. When I started to clean it the other day ail the paint began to corne off and I discovered there was another painting underneath." He looked around and then lowered his voice. ""Don't fuss so, Mary," grumbled Mr Brown tiptoed away. He looked hungrily at the cakes, in particular at a large cream-and-jam one which Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him. Mrs Bird started to eut a huge pile of sandwiches while Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him. Mrs Bird started to eut a huge pile of sandwiches while Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him. Mrs Bird started to eut a huge pile of sandwiches while Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him. Mrs Bird started to eut a huge pile of sandwiches while Mr Brown placed on a plate in front of him. he answered, lamely. Now there's just the question of a hat and a plastic mackintosh." She walked over to the hat counter, where Albert, who could still hardly take his admiring eyes off Paddington, had arranged a huge pile of hats. Patiently he explained it 93 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON ail to them. "Is he ail right?" Mr Brown handed her the note to read. After ail the lovely whirring and clanking noises the ticket machine had made it did seem disappointing. Then Paddington felt himelf falling, supposing he won two whole pounds!" He closed his eyes. "I don't know whether I shall be ail right," he said. The dog licked its lips and Paddington felt himelf falling. on, keeping close behind Mrs Brown and Judy. Very unusual! But I still don't see what the flowers were for. Mr Gruber polished his glasses and stared. 'Tll try and get Mummy to take you on one of her shopping expéditions." She knelt down beside him. I'd like your opinion on it, Mr Brown." Paddington felt rather flattered but also puzzled. "Goodness gracious, you've arrived already," she said, in horror. Paddington poked his head out and sniffed. They made room for him in a small armchair by the fire and Mrs Bird came in with another pot of tea and a plate of hot, but^ered toast. Paddington liked it, for by turning the brim up or down, he could make it different shapes, and it was really like having several hats in one. Several nights later, anyone going into Paddington's room would have found him sitting up in bed with his scrapbook, a pair of scissors, and a pot of paste. "You'd better have this, and in the meantime . Bears 54 A SHOPPING EXPEDITION were rather unpredictable." It's a sovereign! My birthday prés ent for Paddington! Now I wonder how it got in there?" "Oooh!" said Paddington, as he proudly examined it. When he had finished he stuck his spade in one of the corner towers, placed his hat on top of that, and then lay down inside next to his marmalade jar and closed his eyes. 'Tm sure I shall like her, if you say so," he said, catching sight of his reflection on the brightly polished letter-box. "Then you'd better save it for another time," said Mrs Brown. "He said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, ail the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "Name, please." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, ail the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "He said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, ail the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "The said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, ail the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "The said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "The said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "The said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "The said it was very urgent." "Er . "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." It was dark when they drove along Brightsea front on their way home. "I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." I bet not many bears have gone to sea in a bucket, all the same." I bear all the same." I bear all the same gone to sea in a bucket, all the same gone to sea in a bucket, all the same go enough. He held up the seven of spades. "It's ail highly irregular," he said. "Corne this way, sir." Paddington followed the assistant, keeping about two feet behind him, and staring very hard. "Well then," he said crossly, playing for time, "you ought to know better than to wear a green hat in my dressing-room. In any case, Paddington was having a great struggle with himself over some opéra glasses. Paddington took it gratefully and placed it on the table. "Do you often travel on the Underground?" "It's the first time," said Paddington. "Can I see your ticket?" "Er . He wasn't very fond of bears and this one, especially, had been giving him queer looks ever since he'd mentioned his wretched hat. The word court alwavs upset her. "I'm very thirsty," he said. "Yes," said the bear. Mrs Bird was busy in the kitchen. "Hâve you corne ail the way from America?" asked one reporter. "Just because there's a free tea," said Mrs Bird. "I don't see why, Dad," cried Jonathan. For the summer months Mrs Brown had bought him a sun hat. "I think I'm going to have a bath. He decided to use this one. Behind him there was a wall with a door in it, and in front of him there was a large window. He wanted to get down but he couldn't. "These are what they call sovereigns." Corne on, Paddington," said Judy. He swung his suitcase through the air and hit the button as hard as he could. "If we don't hurry up we shall never get our shopping done." From somewhere up above came the sound of some dogs barking. "By my Aunt Lucy. He looked up to see that Mrs Brown had been joined by a little girl, with laughing blue eyes and long, fair hair. "Hâve you tried looking inside your hat?" asked the inspector, not unkindly. "Blue duffle coat," he said. "Well, keep your paws crossed. ." The rest of Sir Sealy's speech was drowned in a buzz of excitement as he stepped forward to the very front of the stage, where a small screen hid a hole in the boards which was the prompt box. " "Thank you very much," said Paddington gratefully, as he ducked under the chain. "It doesn't seem a very exciting story." he said, impatiently. "I hope you're not wearing that hat," said Mrs Brown, as she looked down at him. He gave a push where he thought it ought to be but nothing happened. "Because you're going on a shopping expédition this morning with Mrs Brown and Judy. In fact, that was how he came to have such an unusual name for a bear, for Paddington was the name of the station. One man even began calling out 'Fire!' and somewhere in the distance a bell began to ring. that was nearly two hundred and sixty ounces, which meant he was worth nearly two hundred and sixty ounces, which meant he was worth nearly two hundred and sixty ounces. drew a deep breath and then knocked loudly. He had a strange sinking feeling in the bottom of his stomach, as if something awful was about to happen. "Remember the tide's coming in!" Her advice fell on deaf ears; they were ail much too interested in sand-castles. "Did you say persons are expected to abide by the régulations?" Judy asked, firmly. "I don't suppose many bears have that sort of opportunity once in a lifetime." Mr Gruber lent Paddington several second-hand books about the theatre. "You'd better ask her then," said Mrs Brown, when the noise had died down. "Fery much. "I vote," said Mrs Brown, when the noise had died down. "Fery much." Suppose many bears have that sort of opportunity once in a lifetime." Mr Gruber lent Paddington several second-hand books about the theatre. different directions and make your own sand-castles. "No. No, I don't mind at ail. Jona than and Judy were busy with the décorations. As he stepped off the escalator he found himself carried away between a man with an umbrella and a lady with a large shopping bag. "I must be seeing things," she said, and hurried off in the direction of the dining-room. He tried to push his way past, but the attendant barred the way. "Then kindly explain what you are doing in my dressing-room," boomed the great actor. "Well," said Paddington, rummaging in his box, "it's not very easy doing card tricks when you've only got paws, but I don't mind trying." He offered a pack of cards to Mr Gruber, who solemnly took one from the middle and then memorised it before replacing the card. "I believe you were right after all. "That's right," said Paddington. Still," he added, after a moment's thought. He decided it

must be wonderful living in a house like this ail the time. "And very wise." Seeing that Paddington had a sad, far-away 25 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON look in his eyes, she added hastily, "Well, I'm going to leave you now, so that you can hâve your bath and corne down nice and clean. "Green woollen beret!" He pulled the beret off. Must be something interesting going on." He called out to a man who was just passing. He knew just what he wanted. Inside the shop the détective looked at Paddington and then his notebook. "I bet the three of us together could make the biggest one you've ever seen." "I don't think you're allowed to," said Mrs Brown, 104 ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE reading the notice. He followed his every move and when, at the end of the first act, Sir Sealy, in the part of the hard-hearted father, turned his daughter out into the world without a penny, Paddington stood up on his 89 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON chair and waved his programme indignantly at the stage. The bear puffed out its chest. " "This is the difficult bit," said Paddington, tearing it up. "These people are a nuisance," he said. There was a half-eaten bun on the table but just as he reached out his paw a waitress came up and swept it into a pan. But I've corne a long way." He waved a paw vaguely in the direction of the sea. The noise outside was definitely getting worse. The fifteen pence a week pocket money Mr Brown gave him was nice, but by the time he had bought some buns on a Saturday morning there wasn't much left. The woman behind the counter turned quite nasty when Paddington asked for his things back. But it was too late. When he got home he went upstairs to his room and lay on the bed for a long while staring up at the ceiling. "I've always had that hat—ever since I was small." "But wouldn't you like a nice new one, Paddington?" said Mrs Brown, adding hastily, "for best?" Paddington thought for a moment. Paddington especially was gripping his bucket and spade in a very determined fashion. He was rather a slow reader 83 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON but there were lots of pictures, and in one of them, a big cut-out model of a stage which sprang up every time he opened the pages. As well as his 99 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON but there were lots of pictures, and in one of them, a big cut-out model of a stage which sprang up every time he opened the pages. As well as his 99 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON but there were lots of pictures, and in one of them, a big cut-out model of a stage which sprang up every time he opened the pages. initiais P.B. inscribed on the side and a paper carrierbag for the odds and ends. With a sigh he climbed up on to the side of the bath, closed his wand a few times in Mrs Bird's direction, just to make sure. "Henry!" The sound of his wifc's voice brought him back to carth with a start. Paddington clung help63 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON lessly to the tins, swaying to and fro, watched by a fascinated audience. as a matter of fact, we were wondering if we could help you." Mrs Brown bent down. Sir Sealy Bloom looked rather irritable. "Escalators is for the benefit and convenience of passengers," he said, sternly. "It's very interesting," said Paddington decided that when he grew up he wanted to be an actor. lators," said the inspector, helpfully. If he stayed just outside the glass door he could still see Mrs Brown and Judy when they came. It was a very powerful stare. "But it's a job to see what he looks like by that. "Man?" he said. "Trust something unusual to happen to Paddington. They were very good battlements, with holes for Windows and slots for the archers to fire through. Mr Brown looked rather embarrassed. "Did you say harm? Something to do with a marmalade sandwich, so the stage manager had said. I expect if I did it now I'd get ink over the sheets or something. "We really shall have to give him a bath as soon as we get indoors. I want to be an actor when I grow up." The lady called Sarah jumped up. They're a bit squashed, I'm afraid, because I sat on them in the car." "There seems to be some sort of a row going on down below," said Mr Brown, craning his head to look over the edge. Paddington was unusually silent ail the way to the theatre. The lights were turned off except for a standard lamp and Paddington waved his wand for quiet. "It would be so nice." "Perhaps," said Mr Gruber, mysteriously. "Look—it's got his mark inside!" She turned the hat inside out and showed them the outline of a paw mark in black ink and the words my hat — PADINGTUN. 5b A SHOPPING EXPEDITION But to Paddington everything, and he liked trying strange things. "It would bejust like him," said Mrs Bird. Paddington gave a bow, waved several times, and then started to examine the damage ail around him. "I think perhaps you ought to try something a little less dangerous next time. Paddington." "How about that card trick you were telling me about, Mr Brown?" asked Mr Gruber. "So you ought to consider yourself very important." Paddington did. And there . With his other eye he carefully examined Mr and Mrs Brown and Judy. "This is called a chest of drawers," she said. That's about seventy-five pounds an ounce. 44 PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND Half-way down he was gazing with interest at the brightly coloured posters on the wall when the man standing behind poked him with his umbrella. Now Paddington spent a lot of his time looking in shop Windows, and of ail the Windows in the Portobello Road, Mr Gruber's was the best. The escalator had started up again and the crowd of sightseers had disappeared. He had several attempts and finally decided on PADINGTUN. "I think I'm stuck!" And stuck he was. " "Darkest Peru?" said the inspector, looking most impressed. But at last he managed it without singeing his whiskers, and everyone, including Mr Curry, applauded and wished him a happy birthday. "I suppose," she said to Paddington, as they stepped on the escalator, "we ought really to carry you. "Oh, Mummy, isn't he funny!" she cried. In fact, he had to stand on tiptoe even to keep his nose above the surface. There were large patches of white cream ail over his face, and on his left ear there was a lump of strawberry jam. "Bears is sixpence extra," he said, gruffly. "One pound fifty?" he repeated. Paddington kept one eye out of the window in case he missed anything. "It's ail right," said Paddington, cheerfully. He waved his paws wildly in the air and then, before anyone could catch him, he somersaulted backwards and landed with a splash in his saucer of tea. "Barkridges," he said, "Barkridges is grateful!" He waved his other hand for silence. Paddington immediately recognised her as Sir Sealy's daughter in the play. "It's ail right," he said. Paddington was a surprising bear in many ways and he had a strong sense of right and wrong. "You say his name's Paddington?" "That's right," said Mrs Brown. Not so big as the ones he'd seen on his journey to England, but guite large enough for a small bear. He's not even been invited!" "He'll hâve to look slippy if he gets any crumbs off Paddington's plate," said Mr Brown. But he didn't worry about it for very long. And what do you think? The man turned to Mrs Brown. But don't let me catch you up to any tricks again. "He was feeling ill and I told him not to go away. so unusual." "It's unusual ail right," said Mrs Brown. He decided reluctantly to hâve another try later on. Results güaranteed. In fact, he went round to Mr Gruber straight away and told him the good news. "Look . Even if it's only for a little while. He was so much cleaner that when he arrived downstairs and entered the dining-room some time later, everyone pretended not to recognise him. "It ought to be something spécial," she said thoughtfully. Over there—behind those mailbags. You go in and sit down." 85 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Paddington obeyed like a shot, but he gave the attendant some very queer looks while she arranged some cushions for his seat in the front row. "She says it to me sometimes." Judy began wiping the floor with a cloth. She'd feel very pleased." "You'll have to write and tell her ail about it, Paddington," said Mrs Brown as she took his paw. The green will go well with his new coat and it'll stretch so that he can pull it down over his ears when it gets cold. Mr Brown, who was being helped up on to the 80 PADDINGTON AND THE 'OLD MASTER' platform, looked as if he had just been struck by lightning. Judy pulled open a drawer in one of the boxes. "She does like you. It was the one that had disappeared that very morning! He displayed it in his paw; the applause for this trick was even louder. "You wouldn't like another disappearing trick?" asked Paddington, hopefully. Paddington before." "It's very unusual," said Paddington. "I do hope he's ail right, Henry," she said, after he'd gone. In any case it seemed to him very much of an emergency. "Now, Henry, look after him," Mrs Browm called after them. It had a special magic table, a large mystery box which made things disappear if you followed the instructions properly, a magic wand and several packs of cards. As he pushed the door open and passed through, he immediately found himself in an entirely different world. He raised his hat automatically whenever anyone said good-day to him, but there was a far away expression in his eyes. Then he set to work with his 107 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON spade, smoothing out the walls and making the battlements. He only dressed it this morning." Paddington looked round uneasily. Judy took hold of Paddington's paw and squeezed it reassuringly. "We've been ail along the beach," said Jonathan. "Paddington, do give me your suitcase," called Mrs Brown. With Paddington there was no sense in taking chances. He went round behind the man and tapped him. "He looks the sort of bear that means well." "Then you don't mind, Mrs Bird?" Mr Brown asked her. There was a large bed with white sheets against one wall and several big boxes, one with a mirror on it. 32 A BEAR IN HOT WATER "Crikey," said Jonathan. "And I used my spade as a paddle. Inside the shop, Mrs Brown was having an earnest conversation with the store détective. "So I'm sure he can't swim." "Here's his photograph," said Mrs Bird. Whizzo! First prize two pounds for the biggest sand-castle!" "Suppose we ail join in and make one," said Judy. The back of the man's neck seemed to go a dull red and he fingered his collar nervously. "I wouldn't want your autograph book, and I haven't got my autograph book so there!" Sir Sealy sat up. The lifesaving man looked disappointed. Paddington began to feel frightened. "His what?" he shouted. "And we've been worried to death over you!" Paddington picked up his bucket and spade and jar of marmalade. It was made of straw and very floppy." Paddington looked at him suspiciously, but Mr Curry was far too busy with the biscuits. Everything was painted red and gold and the theatre had a nice, warm, friendly sort of smell. He went a little way like this and then his head came up against something hard. The Browns, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, waited eagerly for Paddington's reply. "I shall always travel on this Underground in future," said Paddington, politely. The assistant froze him with a glance. "You can swim, can't you?" "Not very well, I'm afraid," replied Paddington. "I beg your pardon," said Paddington. He looked at it distastefully. "It's a great compliment. Old pièces of furniture, medals, pots and pans, pictures; there were so many things it was difficult to get inside the shop, and old Mr Gruber spent a lot of his time sitting in a deckchair on the pavement. But we shouldn't hâve any nice surprises then, should we?" He took Paddington into his shop and after offer- ing him a seat disappeared for a moment. Then you can make a sand-castle." "And you can make a sand-castle." unless something was wrong." 108 ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE The man looked at the picture. On the platform several important looking men with beards were bustling about talking to each other and waving their arms in the air. I'm sure you'll like her." Paddington felt his knees begin to tremble. "Won't take a minute, sir," said the man, disappearing behind a black cloth at the back of the caméra. "Yes, please," said Paddington, taking five. He no longer fumbled over his lines, and people who had coughed ail through the first half now sat up in their seats and hung on his every word. "I don't spend them." He pulled out a tattered photograph. *'But there is," he insisted. " he began. It was lucky I had it with me." "Did you live on plankton?" queried another voice. Paddington looked at the sea rather doubtfully. It had been Judy's idea in the first place to keep Paddington. "Quite ail right, thank you," said Paddington, distantly. The same thought was running through both their minds. Several cogs and some pièces of glass rolled across the table. That was . "I have a funny feeling about today. "When we get to Brightsea," said Mrs Brown, "we'll buy you a bucket and spade. 'Tm not very sure about this part." He put the pièces under his handkerchief and tapped them several times with the wand. As if things are going to happen. Of the original picture there was no trace at ail. It did that four times on the way down and Paddington was glad when the man in charge said it was the ground floor and Mrs Brown led him out. He looked suspiciously at the children, but before he could raise his hat he found himself being whisked into the depths of the Underground again. "I sup pose someone ought to write and tell his Aunt Lucy. They were both thinking of their carpet. "I think I must have made a mistake at the bottom." The man sniffed suspiciously and called across to an inspector. Mr Curry's expression froze. there's a sand-castle compétition. But here's a sand-castle compétition. But here's a sand-castle compétition. was far enough out to twist round and raise his hat to the cheering crowd before the curtain came down for the last time. Paddington watched with surprise as everyone started running about in different directions should be contended with surprise as everyone started running about to twist round and raise his hat to the cheering crowd before the curtain came down for the last time. the Underground was quite the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him. The last named was a most unwelcome visitor. In this she not only had Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I do," exclaimed Jonathan on her side but also her mother. If Mrs Bird sees this I don't know what she'll say." "I don't DISAPPEARING TRICK company. Much to Mrs Brown's embarrassment, several of them pointed and waved back. If they're not going to the handicrafts exhibition, too," said Mrs Brown. It was a nice new shopping basket on wheels, with a bell on the side that Paddington could ring to let people know he was coming. "Now I've wasted a plate, and"—he looked shiftily at Paddington gave him a hard stare. "It'll be cold when you go out again." Paddington climbed up and stood on his chair. "And now," he announced, flushed with success "the disappearing trick!" He took a bowl of Mrs Brown's best flowers and placed them on the dining-table alongside his mystery box. He reached across and poked Paddington with his pipe. It'll be nice to have one about the house. Everything went quiet and he lay where he was for a few minutes with his eves tightly shut, hardly daring to breathe. He was 68 PADDINGTON AND THE 'OLD MASTER' very thorough and took the job of shopping seriously. He was following behind in a dream. His spots had completely disappeared and he ate a large breakfast to make up for missing so much dinner the night before. Of course, that was ail nonsense, but still, it was very disturbing. There were no red plush seats; everything was very bare. But as head of the Brown household he felt he ought to consider the matter from every angle. He'd expected much more for his money. He had a rubber tyre round his knees, a pair of sun-glasses balanced precariously on his nose, his straw hat, a bucket and spade in one hand, and his suitcase in the other. I've nowhere to go and everyone seems in such a hurry." "Well, that's settled then," said Mrs Brown, before her husband could change his mind. I expect." The bear bent down to do up its case again. Paddington, who had just been pulled out of the water by a fisherman, was sitting on his upturned bucket talking to some reporters. Paddington's eyes opened wide. First of ail he dug a big moat in a circle, leaving himself a drawbridge so that he could fetch and carry the sand for the castle itself. She was beginning to recognise that tone and it worried her. He had just caught the stern eye of a waitress on the other side of the counter. It shows what a great actor you are!" Sir Sealy thought for a moment. A large piece of bacon 4i A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON stuck out of the side of his case and was trailing on the pavement. "Sometimes," he said vaguely as they entered the station. "And bring your bucket and spade, then we can practise making sandcastles." "Gosh!" Jonathan pointed to a notice pinned on the wall behind them. It usually was when you particularly wanted to. The driver gave Paddington a long, hard look. 122 A DISAPPEARING TRICK "I think he's shut himself in," said Mr Gruber. There was a lovely smell of something coming under the door. It seemed a very unusual kind of bear. "Sarah!" he called, in a loud voice "Anyway," he said, declaring the subject closed, "it's too late now. He was a popular bear with the traders and most of them went out of their way to save the best things of the day for him. With the little that was left he tried writing his name again. It wasn't any particular shape at ail and it was very rickety. "This is a jolly good trick," he said, reaching down into his box and pulling out a small hammer. "Paddington, we've ail got a lot 33 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON of thirty-two Windsor Gardens!" Paddington wasn't the only one who felt surprised. His fur, which was really guite light in colour and not dark brown as it had been, was standing out like a new brush, except that it was soft and silky. Eventually he decided to consult his friend, Mr Gruber, on the subject. There seems to be a big crowd heading that way. He reached out a paw and the mountain began to wobble. "And the last if I hâve anything to do with it," said Mrs Brown as she pushed her way through the crowd. Even more fortunately, no one came into the drawing-room for quite a long while. Nothing happened, so he started reading the mystery of the DISAPPEARING EGG. A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON find a taxi." He picked up Judy's belongings and hurried outside. "Why, Sealy darling," she said, looking at Paddington. He jumped up even quicker than he had sat down, because the tea was still very hot, and promptly stepped into Mr Brown's cup. It makes him look like a parcel. "I've never seen any of those before. Worse still, there was nothing about making it corne back again, either. Paddington was a good shopper and soon became well known to ail the traders in the market. "'ere, 'ere,' said the man at the top, as he examined Paddington's ticket. "There aren't many of us left where I corne from." "And where is that?" asked Mrs Brown. He put the suitcase guiltily behind himself and sniffed. There was a slight upset at the cloakroom when he found he had to pay tenpence in order to leave his duffle coat and suitcase. "Can you smell the sea yet, Paddington?" asked Mrs Brown after a while. 49 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON "That's right," began the inspector. Jonathan had yet to meet Paddington but the idea of having a bear in the family appealed to him. 38 PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND And ail the time he was worried because the bacon and eggs were getting cold. "Do you like it, Paddington?" asked Mrs Brown. It needed investigating. Now be off with you before I call a policeman." He watched while the other man gathered up his belongings and slouched off in the direction of the pier, then he turned to Paddington. "I've some more in the other pocket if anyone wants one. "But I don't think it can be. "I felt something go pop in my ear just then. er . Unfortunately, Mr Curry, who was in an unusually good mood after his free tea, stood up and offered his. "He was wearing his beret." < 62 A SHOPPING EXPEDITION The détective cupped his hand over his ear. When he returned he was carrying a large picture of a boat. "I must say," he remarked, looking at himself in the mirror. He was also very bad-tempered, and was always complaining about the least little thing which met with his disapproval. "Er . Every now and then there was a round of applause and several times he distinctly heard the sound of people cheering. "Just then there was a knock at the door and an attendant handed a note to Mr Brown. It used to be mine when I was small and it has lots of pictures of bears round the wall so I expect you'll feel at home." She led the way up a long flight of stairs, chattering ail the time. The beach was crowded and he had to walk quite a long way before he found a deserted spot. One advantage of being a very small bear in a large bed was that there was so much room. "By the way," he added, "if you are coming home with us you'd better know our names. "It's a bear. It might be a good trick to do in the evening, especially if he could persuade Mrs Bird to give him another jar. Paddington kept his eyes closed for several minutes and then, as he began to feel better, he gradually became aware that every now and then a nice cool draught of air blew over his face. Sandcastles, paddling his bucket ail across the harbour, and the sea air had proved too much for Paddington. "Mr Brown looked thoughtful. "That's right," replied Paddington. "Mr Brown looked thoughtful." small top hat. "That's sand." By the time they had explained ail about sand to Paddington, firmly. there, on the platform, on an easel in full view of everyone, was 'his' picture! He was so dazed he only caught scraps of what the man was saying. "Keep on sniffing, because we're almost there." And sure enough, as they reached the top of a hill and rounded a corner to go down the other side, there it was in the distance, glistening in the morning sun. In the end he decided it would be easier if he mixed everything up on the one plate and sat on the tray to eat it. "It's my writing ." He shook the box and there was an answering thump from inside. Paddington really believes you were throwing me out into the world without a penny. "Making people think he was going to find an egg, and it was a jar of marmalade ail the time. "Where are you going, dear?" she asked, as he made for the door of the box. 75 A BEAR CALLED FADDINGTON Now it looked like a storm at sea. "They've some super machines on the pier. "I don't know how he gets away with it, really I don't. "That's two buns' worth!" He turned his gaze on Sir Sealy Bloom. "Then we shall ail know 103 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON where to corne back to, and no one will get lost." "The tide's out," said Mr Brown. My dear lady, through the action of this bear we've had the biggest crowd in years. 74 Fortunately everyone was much too busy to notice any of these things. Paddington scratched his head. He turned and looked up at the owner of the hand. "I don't think much of these," he said, a moment later, looking through them at the audience. 72 PADDINGTON AND THE 'OLD MASTER' The picture didn't seem to be one thing or the other and he said so. Sometimes people were very slow to understand things. There was a large, interesting garden below, with a small pond and several trees which looked good for climbing. There was a large, interesting garden below, with a small pond and several trees which looked good for climbing. inspiration. Paddington sank down on to his case looking very mournful. Normally Paddington would have been most interested in everything, but now he had a purposeful look on his face. And I wish I hadn't had been too interested in his bun to worry about what was going on, suddenly became aware that people were talking about him. "Now then," said Mr Brown, taking his pencil. He began to wish it wasn't quite so long, as he soon ran out of cloud and it was rather difficult to spell. "But I don't think there's much to help me with. "I've corne to rescue you. It's not every day a bear wins first prize in a painting compétition!" 82 Chapter Six A Visit to the Theatre The Browns were ail very excited. It may be what they call an 'old master'." Seeing that Paddington still looked puzzled, he explained to him that in the old days, when artists ran short of money and couldn't afford any canvas to paint on, they sometimes painted on top of old pictures. "Then we can have another compétition. There were people everywhere. He looked at himself in the mirror and was surprised to see not one, but a long line of bears stretching away as far as the eye could see. He was a little bit afraid of Mrs Bird and he wasn't at ail sure how she would take it. He'd never seen such a big one. "What man?" "The man," said Paddington patiently. Paddington, " said, in a queer voice. "He only had it taken this morning." She handed the man Paddington's picture and then dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. "I wish you'd told me. The other half seemed to be the picture of a lady in a large hat. It sounded very important. "We could," said the man. Padding ton had just decided he was going to like staying with the Browns when the glass window behind the driver shot back and a gruff voice said, "Where did you say you wanted to go?" Mr Brown leaned forward. One of Mrs Bird's best. "And still they corne!" He placed his hand on Paddington's head. "I know what!" she exclaimed. He searched hurriedly through the book. I only cleaned it out this morning." The Browns trooped obediently into the back of the taxi. "Is this your bear, Madam," asked the inspector. P.S. I WILL TEL YOU ABOUT IT LAYTER. It wasn't that he didn't like the idea of keeping Paddington. Every now and then, remembering it was his birthday and that there was a big tea to corne, he reached up and stood the jar on the magic table before returning bector handed it back again guickly. I should like that very much. "I thought it was supposed to be my birthday," he grumbled, as he was sent packing into the drawingroom for the fifth time after upsetting a box of marbles over the kitchen floor. "I might have known," said GOES UNDERGROUND "Saved your life?" repeated Mrs Brown. "Bears like marmalade. His name's Paddington/' Paddington/' Paddington's eyes gleamed. It took them a long time to force their way through the turnstile, for the news that 'something was happening on the pier' had spread and there was a great throng at the entrance. He had a nasty feeling about it. "I think you must have corne to the wrong house," she said. "What's the matter, Paddington?" she asked. There were people rushing down one side and there were more people rushing up the other. You're obviously a very valuable young bear. "But don't go too far away," called Mrs Brown, as Jonathan, Judy and Paddington set off. Stopping the escalator. His name's Paddington." "Paddington." "Faddington." The détective wrote it çarefully in his notebook. But it was very kind of you to corne to my rescue. It had been Mrs Bird's idea to hâve a birthday party. And some centavos— they're a sort of South American penny." "Gosh!" said Judy. They're made of gold and they're worth twenty-five pounds each. "Why, Henry," she exclaimed. "He's emigrated from South America and he's ail alone with nowhere to go." "Going to stay with us?" Mrs Bird raised her arms again. She had visions of Paddington being taken away in handcuffs and being cross-examined and ail sorts of awful things. remarkable use of colour. Judy, who had gone off to do some shopping of her own, was nowhere to be seen. "But I don't seem to any more." The inspector began writing again. 'Tm not signing any autographs," he growled. Paddington's knees began to tremble . He helped himself to some biscuits. Just as if someone had put it inside while it was stil wet. The whole family were there for tea as well as Mr Gruber. "There you are," he said, proudly. It's such a funny shape. He stood respectfully to one side, by the entrance to the lift. "Oh dear," thought Paddington, "now ail the lights have gone out." He began groping his way with outstretched paws towards the door. He turned round and tried to find the door but it seemed to have disappeared. Mrs Brown and the assistant heaved a sigh of relief. ""I don't know," said Mr Brown, settling back in his chair as the lights went down. "Bet you mine was the biggest," said Jonathan. Mr Gruber thought he was very lucky to be going to the first night of a new play. "I'm a bear! Besides, I was only tidying up the window. By the door Mrs Brown paused and sniffed. "I wouldn't have bought them if I'd known. "What's ail this? "I vote we ail separate," said Jonathan, "and comb the beach. Several famous people came to judge the pictures and there were a number of prizes. Mr Henry Brown?" Mr Brown looked at the painting with unbelieving eyes The bear looked round carefully before replying. He decided to put it into his suitcase in case he got hungry later on. I've always had a soft spot for bears myself. It was marked private. "Nonsense," he said, coming to Paddington's rescue. "This is what happens when I leave your father alone for five minutes." Judy clapped her hands excitedly. "I used to live with my Aunt Lucy in Peru, but she had to go into a home for retired bears." "You don't mean to say you've corne ail the way from South America by yourself?" exclaimed Mrs Brown. She looked down at the bear. He also tried saying ABRA CADABRA. "It's very nice, thank you," he exclaimed, eyeing the tea doubtfully. "Sticky bears is ninepence!" "He can't help being sticky, driver," said Mr Brown. Everyone seemed in a terrible hurry. "Sarah, corne in here at once!" He backed round the room until 92 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE he had placed the couch between himself and Paddington, and then ail around. The backed round the room until 92 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE he had placed the couch between himself and Paddington. "Not in so many words." He looked down at Judy, then at Paddington, and then ail around. The backed round the room until 92 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE he had placed the couch between himself and Paddington. bear nodded. Even the pom-pom on his hat seemed limp. "The one where you tear up a card and make it corne out of someone's ear." "Yes, that sounds a nice quiet one," said Mrs Brown. He took to standing on his dressing-table and striking poses in the mirror just as he had seen them in the books. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, Consulting his instruction book, "my next trick is impossible!" "But you haven't done one yet," grumbled Mr Curry. There's a jar of marmalade—only there's hardly any left now and what there is tastes of seaweed. "Can you tell me ' The scene hand went on working. It's one thing getting into a bath. He was about to suggest they left it for a little while when the door opened and Mrs Bird herself came in with the tea things. "I'm sure it's the nicest in ail London." The inspector opened and Mrs Bird herself came in with the tea things. "I'm sure it's the nicest in ail London." The inspector opened his mouth and seemed about to say something, but he closed it again. "Ail sorts of famous people will be there," he said. She shook her head. "I'm sure there's a law about it." He bent down. "I don't know that to do first," he said, as he carefully placed the basket with the other présents. He'd already sent a postcard to his Aunt Lucy with a carefully drawn copy of a plan of the theatre, which he'd found in one of Mr Gruber's books, and a small cross in one corner marked 'MY SEET.' The theatre was quite full and Paddington waved to the people down below. " "Tidying up the window," the détective spluttered. "Please corne in. For a brief moment he had a dizzy impression of everything and everyone being upside down. Mr Brown lit his pipe carefully before replying. "P'raps he's just gone on the pier or something. . He tried moving along the wall a little way and gave another push. They were very interesting. I've never been on one before, so it's rather difficult. "It's one you bought from me for fifty pence six months ago! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, telling lies in front of a young bear!" "Rubbish!" spluttered Mr Curry. "Photograph, sir?" Paddington turned to see an untidy man with a caméra looking at him. "Nobody else knows," he whispered, "but I think the one underneath may be valuable. This time it did move. Only mind the carpet. "And be careful with that stick or you'll have someone's eye out." Paddington returned to the drawing-room and tried saying his spell backwards. The Browns were holding a council of war in the diningroom, and Mr Brown was fighting a losing battle. "I wish they were," he said. "There you are," he sa then, as he bent down to pick up his suitcase, everything suddenly went black. "Something wet and sticky!" "Oh dear," said Paddington. "Hey presto!" said Paddington, and pulled the handkerchief away. it's a long story," he said, lamely. "Two pounds! Supposing . "Oh, Padding ton! Thank goodness you're ail right!" Paddington lay on his back in a pool of water. "Was 125 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON this it?" he said to Mr Gruber. "And I have my duty to do the same as everyone else." "But it doesn't say anything about bears?" asked Judy, innocently. The photographer, who appeared to be looking for something, jumped and then emerged from under his cloth. First of ail he had trouble with the grapefruit. She paused for a moment and looked round at the sea of expectant faces. "Well, don't be too long," she called, as the door closed behind him. "Let me help you to unpack." "It's not as if he had to go to 55 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON work in the city, so he doesn't want anything too Smart. esca . Er ... "Go away!" said a booming voice. "Oh dear," he said to the world in general, "I'm in trouble again." If he'd knocked ail these things down, as he supposed he must have done, someone was going to be cross. "Henry," whispered Mrs Brown, excitedly. Then he combed his whiskers carefully and a few moments later, not looking perhaps as clean as he had done the evening before, but quite smart, he arrived downstairs. The suitcase was old and battered and on the side, in large letters, were the words WANTED ON VOYAGE. "She seems a bit fierce," he said. That's the name of a station. i 5 Chapter Four A Shopping Expédition The man in the gentlemen's outfitting department at Barkridges held Paddington's hat at arm's length between thumb and forefinger. "That remains to be seen. "There's something queer going on that needs investigating." Mrs Brown and Judy exchanged glances. Paddington sighed. 29 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON instruction book." "Quite a good trick," said Mr Curry, some while later, after they had prised open Paddington's mystery box with a penknife. Barkridges was a large shop and it even had its own escalator as well as several lifts. He could see Mrs Brown and Judy hurrying towards him. "Rubbish! I'll give you . anything in the store you would like . could have sworn that bear had some bacon sticking out of his case!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Sarah," Sir Sealy Bloom came out from behind the couch. "I couldn't go back to that empty house—not without Paddington. Then he tried writing his name on the cloudy part with his paws. "Will it cost very much?" he asked. In the end it was the important looking man who won, because he had the loudest voice and kept on talking when everyone else had finished. At least, it had started off to be a pyramid, but it wasn't really. "I shouldn't hâve thought you needed any book to tell you that," said Mrs Bird at lunch time, as Paddington told them ail about it. This bear's been at sea for a long time and he's tired. "I've never been so insulted in my life," he said. The audience sat in silence. Something cold and hard." He felt in his ear. I . a crédit to the artist . "It's my job to know these things Ail the canvas was stuck to the painting. "For my next trick," said Paddington, "I would like a watch." "Are you sure?" asked Mrs Brown, anxiously. A Bear Called Paddington More About Paddington More About Paddington More About Paddington Nore" asked Mrs Brown, anxiously. A Bear Called Paddington More About Paddington More About Paddington Book A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON By the same author The Paddington nove" asked Mrs Brown, anxiously. Paddington Helps Out Paddington Abroad Paddington at Large Paddington at Large Paddington Takes the Test Paddington Mini Hardbacks Paddington Takes the Air Paddington Takes a Bath Paddington Goes to the Sales Paddington's New Room Paddington Cartoon Books Paddington Meets the Queen Paddington Rides On A Bear Called Paddington Birst published in Great Britain by William Collins Sons 8c Co. Ltd 1958 First published in this édition 1992 Reprinted 1992 © text Michael Bond 1958 © illustrations Peggy Fortnum and William Collins Sons 8c Co. Ltd 1958 ISBN 0 00 181163-0 A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library Ail rights reserved. Secondly, and what was even worse, where it had corne off there was a bird," he said. Even the smell of buns from the bakery passed by unheeded. London's such a big place when you've nowhere to go. "Mrs Bird knows everything," said Judy. The driver looked hard at Paddington and then at the inside of his nice, clean taxi. Several of them were taking photographs while the rest fired questions at him. It was brown in colour, a rather dirty brown, and it was wearing a most odd8 PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR looking hat, with a wide brim, just as Mr Brown had said. His eyes, usually large and round, became so much larger and rounder, that even Mrs Bird blushed with pride. Judy and Jonathan were already a long way out when he got there, so he contented himself with sitting on the water's edge for 105 a while, letting the waves swirl around him as they came in. "Let's try knocked loudly on the box, and then put his ear to it. "That looks the very thing," she said. It says so." "In court!" Mrs Brown passed a hand nervously over her forehead. It showed how to wave the magic wand and the correct way to say ABRACADABRA. "It looks as if it's going to be a nice day," he said. "Ail right, 'op in. "A bear on Paddington Station?" said Mrs Brown in amazement. They always had so many things inside them to look at. When she saw Judy she raised her hands above her head. "I thought it was much later than that!" "Tuesday," said Mr Brown, firmly. " 28 A BEAR IN HOT WATER "Well," gasped Mrs Brown, as the door closed. You never quite knew what they were thinking and this one in particular seemed to have a mind of his own. To everyone's surprise the egg had completely disappeared. In his mind he had a picture of a beautiful castle made of sand, like the one he'd once seen in a picture-book, with battlements and towers and a moat. "You're a very small bear," she said. Pad dington raised his hat and the driver slammed the window shut again. Had they done so they might have had good cause to worry. "He's been gone several hours," said Mr Brown. Painting was fun while it lasted but it was much more difficult than it looked. He didn't like first nights, and this one in particular had started badly. "ABRACADABRA!" shouted Mr Curry, beside himself with rage. "Well," he said, "we'll have to see what Mrs Bird has to say about it first, of course." There was a triumphant chorus from the rest of the family. We're waiting for you downstairs.' Paddington looked up, an expression of bliss on his face; that part of his face which could be seen behind eggy whiskers and toast crumbs. "And honey on Sunday." A worried expression came over the bear's face. She's a bit fierce sometimes and she grumbles a lot but she doesn't really mean it. There was a short delay while he erected his magic table and adjusted the mystery box, but soon 120 A DISAPPEARING TRICK ail was ready. Everyone was pleased that Paddington looked so much better. "Of course, darling. 'Tm glad I emigrated," said Paddington, as he reached out a paw and pulled the plate nearer Paddington thought this was a good 114 A DISAPPEARING TRICK idea, especially when he was told that bears had two birthdays every year—one in the summer and one in the summer and pointing in his direc 60 A SHOPPING EXPEDITION tion. "I don't want your autograph," said Paddington, fixing him with a hard stare. He too knocked on the box and called out, "Are you ail right, Mr Brown?" "NO!" said a small and muffled voice. "Nonsense, my dear sir. He was beginning to wish he had listened more carefully to the things Mr Gruber had said on the subject of cleaning paintings. She's the one that lives in a home for 35 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON retired bears in Lima." He closed his eyes thoughtfully. "Paddington always seems to fall on his feet." "That's because he's a bear," said Mrs Bird, darkly. He paddled out to where the water was deeper and then lay back in his rubber tyre, letting the waves carry him gently back to the shore. It would be nice to hâve a picture of himself. There was far too much to do. Very good indeed!" Paddington turned over a page. Eventually, after a great deal of thought, he unlocked his suitcase and from a secret compartment withdrew a fivepenny piece. "Ail over me new coat!" 19 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Judy giggled and Mr and Mrs Brown exchanged glances. WITH BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY BIRTHDAY — FROM EVERYONE. He half expected to see a sign go up saying they had to pay another sixpence. "Only a Peruvian one which no one can understand." "Then we'd better give you an English one," said Mrs Brown. "Perhaps he just left it on the beach or some thing. Judy was about to reply when another drop of water fell down from the ceiling, this time right on to the table. We're always on the look-out for criminal," said Paddington, hotly. They waved frantically at him and Mrs Brown called out "Stop!" several times. But by pulling on the pom-pom he could make it stretch quite a long way, which was almost as good. "I can't bear to think about it." "Something will turn up," said Mrs Bird, comfortingly. But if Sir Sealy Bloom's heart was not in the play, Paddington's certainly was. I'm a stowaway?" Mr Brown lowered his voice and looked anxiously over his shoulder. "But your time cornes later." She was beginning to regret 116 A DISAPPEARING TRICK telling him that bears had two birthdays every year, for already he was worrying about when the next one was due. He knew he had felt something, but there was no point in arguing. It wasn't until a trickle of warm water landed on his nose that he realised the bath was full and was beginning to run over the side. Paddington looked up gratefully. "See what we hâve in size 4%." Albert began to rummage under the counter. It was obviously going to be one of those nights. It was very disappointing. Besides, he's been very good lately." "I know," said Mrs Brown. Mrs Bird turned. Even l've never made as much mess as this!" Paddington sat up and looked around. "Crikey," he said. Paddington had an idea. Paddington waved his wand over the pack several times and then withdrew a card. He looked round thoughtfully. "I expect he just wants to stretch his legs or something. There was a round of applause from the audience. In fact, it was more of a design than a picture. with lines and circles and crosses ail in different colours. She'd had enough of escalators for one day. "Ssh!" said Mrs Brown. As the curtain came down he placed his opéra glasses firmly on the ledge and climbed off his seat. ." he held up a shining round object to the audience. "Of course," said Mr Curry, knowledgeably, above the applause, "it's ail done by sleight of paw. "After ail, Henry," argued Mrs Brown, "you can't turn him out now. "How much does it cost to send a letter to Lima?" asked Jonathan after her. "What is it?" "It's not a what," said Judy. But before he had time to consider the matter the taxi stopped and the Browns began to climb out. "Poor Paddington," said Mrs Brown, "you must be feeling bad if you don't want any lunch." At the word lunch again, Paddington closed his eyes and gave an even louder groan. It must be the mean streak in him." 'Tm not mean," said Paddington, indignantly. He found the beret was a little difficult to raise as his ears kept the bottom half firmly in place. "Tll have one for worst if you like," he said. Lots of ropes hung 90 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE down from the roof, pièces of scenery were stacked against the walls, and everyone seemed in a great hurry. "I said what's your name, not where do you want to go," repeated the inspector. He was about to rush outside and tell the others when he thought better of it. "We should like to show our gratitude. "He seems very quiet. Then there was the disturbance in the stalls just before the curtain went up. He had his head down and he didn't notice a fat man with a briefcase who was running in the opposite direction until it was too late. "Is ail that for me?" he exclaimed. "B ut. Rather sadly he put the tubes of paint back into the box and wrapped the picture in a canvas bag, leaning it against the wall, exactly as he'd found it. "That's the bathroom," said Judy. He sat there for a long time, studying the pictures and diagrams, and reading everything twice to make sure. "What a good job I had my hat," he panted. Mrs Brown pointed to a smart blue duffle coat with a red lining. Can't he corne and stay with us for io PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR a few days?" Mr Brown hesitated. It H PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR was a very large bun, the biggest and stickiest Mr Brown hesitated. It H PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR was a very large bun, the biggest and stickiest Mr Brown hesitated. It H PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR was a very large bun, the biggest and stickiest Mr Brown hesitated. whiskers. "Now, corne along, both of you." Paddington picked up his suitcase and followed Mrs Brown and Judy to the front door. "Fancy her knowing I like marmalade," said Paddington. And ail I can say is, thank goodness Tm not going too!" She closed the door. Nevertheless, as soon as lunch was over, Mr Brown hurried down the garden and locked up his tools. You did quite right not to pay him any money. "Ib you have to?" "I think it's the nicest coat I've ever seen," he said, after a moment's thought. "I wonder where he's got to?" "If he doesn't hurry up," said Mr Brown, "he's going to miss the start of the second act. He was already half-way up the corridor, looking closely at ail the doors. "After you, Mr Brown." "Er . "A bear," said Mrs Bird, doubtfully. Still there was no reply, and so, very cautiously, he pushed open the door with his paw. Paddington looked at the sea. But it'll be an expérience for him and he does like expériences so. "Well I never," he said. But lifts! To start with, it was full of people carrying parcels and ail so busy they had no time to notice a small bear—one woman even rested her shopping bag on his head and seemed quite surprised when Paddington, who didn't think it at ail funny, stood for a moment with one foot on the table and the other in Mr Brown's tea. "The nasty man." "Oh, you mean Sir Sealy." The scene hand pointed towards a long corridor. Mr and Mrs Brown and Judy sat in the back, while Paddington stood on a tip-up seat behind the driver so that he could see out of the window. "I don't want to see anyone." 9i A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON decided to let the matter drop. He tried to push it to one side with his paw and it moved slightly so he pushed again. 98 Chapter Seven Adventure at the Seaside One morning Mr Brown," he said, sadly. "Red spots! I hope he's given it to me, whatever it is, then l shan't have to go back to school!" 77 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON "Well, he's got green ones as well," said Judy. "Never," said Paddington. There was a moment of silence. "Perhaps it would be a nice thought if you and Jonathan wrote." "By the way," said Mr Brown, "corne to think of it, where is Paddington? "Humph!" he said, gruffly. Only the white canvas. Tll pour the tea into a saucer for you. I know it. Mr Brown grunted and returned to his newspaper. Mrs Brown clung to the detective's coat and Judy clung to the detective's coat and Judy clung to the detective's coat and returned to his newspaper. party. Certainly both she and Mrs Bird were much too busy to notice the small figure of a bear creeping cautiously in the direction of Mr Brown's shed a few minutes later. Paddington had a very persistent stare when he cared to use it. How could you?" Mrs Brown, busy with her knitting didn't even bother to look up. The sight of everyone eating reminded him of how hungry he felt. One of the men on the platform, the most important looking one with the biggest beard, was speaking. He much preferred playing the hero, where he had the sympathy of the audience, and in this play he was the villain. 1 1 3 Chapter Eight A Disappearing Trick "Oooh," said Paddington, "is it really for me?" He stared hungrily at the cake. "And we can't see him anywhere." "He didn't even have his life-belt with him," said Mrs Brown anxiously. The Brown soccupied the middle five seats of the front row where the judging was to take place. "I don't think that will be necessary at ail," said Mrs Brown, hurriedly. There was no reply, so he knocked again. But I've enjoyed the little chats we've had in the mornings. He opened the door in the back of the box and then poked his head round the side. The biggst one he'd ever seen. There was an encouraging round of applause from outside. With the gentle roar of the sea in his ears he soon went fast asleep. "Now, Paddington," said Mr Brown, when they were ail settled. Paddington looked disappointed. It must have reappeared!" Mr Curry grew purple in the face. "Not America. "Fancy you making ail this mess. "Playing on the 47 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON escalator. Sir Sealy Bloom was lying stretched out on a long couch. It was the first time he had ever had breakfast in bed and he soon found it wasn't quite so easy as it looked. "That's settled, then. "I think," said Mr Brown, when the applause had died down, and he had accepted the chèque for ten pounds which the man gave him, "proud as I am, I 81 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON think I would like to donate the prize to a certain home for retired bears in South America." A murmur of surprise went round the assembly but it passed over Paddington's head, though he would have been very pleased had he known its cause. "Cream!" he said, bitterly. But Paddington didn't seem very keen on this. "Oh, do let him, Mummy," cried Judy. It also said in much smaller letters, 'Penalty for Improper Use-£25.' But in his hurry Paddington did not notice this. er, gentleman, will not be requiring this any more, Modom?" he said. "Oh yes, please," he said, imagining it was a kind thought on the part of the theatre. "She doesn't mind really," she whispered. "Well, he has good manners, I'il say that for him." "He's going to stay with us," announced Judy. He stayed where he was, thinking about it, until the window became steamed up and he couldn't see out any more. "It's just that I've never seen so much breakfast before." "Well, you'd better hurry up with it." Mrs Bird turned in the doorway and looked back. The bear looked at them enquiringly. "I shall have a lot of 'thank you' letters to write." "Perhaps you'd better leave them until tomorrow," said Mrs Brown hastily. "Then you'd better give your hat to me. "Blest if I know how they think these things up." "Will he do it again, Mummy?" asked a small boy. Being the first night of the play, he wasn't at ail sure of some of his lines. They swept past a group of people at a bus stop and Paddington waved. "Bears always fall on their feet." She led the way on to the beach and carefully laid out a travelling rug on the sand behind a breakwater. "It sounds like Padding ton. "Oh," said a stern voice. Very good indeed. " his voice trailed away and a peculiar expression came over his face. Especially in the rush hour. "I think he's finished for the day." détective was removing a sorry looking Paddington. Mrs Bird knows it. "Don't be silly, Henry. But Paddington, who was lying in the back of the car wrapped in a blanket, was thinking of his sand-castle. "There seems to be a smell of bacon everywhere this morning. There were times when it was much better to keep quiet, and this was one of them. I look forward to them very much and, er," he cleared his throat and looked around, 'Tm sure we ail hope you have many more birthdays!" When the chorus of agreement had died down, Mr Brown rose and looked at the clock. "Has Modom tried the bargain base ment?" he began. 'Tm a very rare sort of bear," he replied, importantly. How's the rheumatism?" "Worse than it's ever been," began Mrs Bird— 22 A BEAR IN HOT WATER then she stopped speaking and stared at Paddington. There really was a terrible noise coming from somewhere. "And the tide's been in over two!" The man looked serious. "Don't be silly, Henry. "I'd like to fit this bear out for a day at the seaside," he said to the ioi A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON lady behind the counter. "As far as I can see he's broken two important régulationsprobably more. There were reds and greens and yellows and blues. Paddington had found the paints in a cupboard under the stairs. "Besides, he might get arrested for being a stowaway if we do that." Mrs Brown put down her knitting. Mrs Brown hesitated at the door and then took Paddington's paw firmly in her hand and led him towards the lift. thank you," said Mr Gruber, rubbing the side of his head. He made several journeys to his friend, Mr Gruber, to have the theatre explained to him. Paddington waved his suitcase. Trains were whistling, taxis hooting, porters rushing about shouting at one another, and 7 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON GOES UNDERGROUND peculiar business of the dogs. "Pardon me," he said, sternly. Paddington felt very proud of himself and he was anxious to see if other people noticed. "What have you got to say to that, young feller me lad?" "Well . He looks jolly cross." 86 "Oh, Paddington!" Mrs Brown looked despairingly at him. Just a bucket and spade." The Browns were gathered in a worried group round the man from the lifesaving hut. " Everyone agreed that Paddington looked very Smart, and while Mrs Brown looked for a plastic mackintosh, he trotted off to have another look at himself in the mirror. "It's getting dark," he said. "I think," said Mr Brown, hastily, "you'd ail better have a prizejust to make sure." "Perhaps we can corne again another day," said 112 ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE Mrs Brown. "But . 53 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON The assistant gulped. But mind none of it cornes off on me interior. "Oh yes, I shall," said Paddington, firmly. "If we knew where to look. As they passed the hat counter, Albert, who lived in constant fear of his superior, and who had been watching the events with an open mouth, gave Paddington the thumbs-up sign. Several calls of 'hush' came from the darkened theatre as Sir Sealy Bloom paused and looked pointedly in the A J 88 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE direction of the Browns' box. 3i A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON There were several holes in the hat because it was a very old one that had once belonged to his uncle, but if the water didn't get much less, at least it didn't get any more. "Cut a hole in a Barkridge s hat!" he exclaimed. There was half a grapefruit in a bowl, a plate of bacon and eggs, some toast, and a whole pot of marmalade, not to mention a large cup of tea. A strange sight met their eyes. Thank you very much, Mr Gruber." "Well," said Mr Gruber. "That is," he added, hastily, not wishing to offend the bear, "if you've nothing else planned." The bear jumped and his hat nearly fell off with excitement. "When they came out of the buffet Mr Brown had already found a taxi and he waved them across. "Marmalade." ni A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Mr Brown pushed his way through the crowd. And sometimes, very occasionally, they painted them on top of pictures by artists who afterwards became famous and whose pictures were worth a lot of money. "It's not often anyone invites me out, Mr Brown," he said. But eventually, after Mr Brown had spoken to a policeman, a way was made for them and they were escorted to the very end, where the paddle-steamers normally tied up. "That bear gets more for his money than anyone I know," said Mrs Bird. He liked the noise and the smell of warm air which greeted him as they were very valuable to look at them, but they are. I'm sure she'd like to know he's safe." She turned to Judy. CONTENTS Chapter Two A Bear In Hot Water Chapter Two A Bear In Hot Water Chapter Four A Shopping Expédition 7 22 37 52 Chapter Four A Shopping Expédition 7 22 37 52 Chapter Six A Visit to the Theatre Chapter Seven Adventure at the Seaside Chapter Eight A Disappearing Trick 83 99 114 Chapter One Please Look After this Bear Mr and Mrs Brown first met Paddington on a railway platform. Several bun crumbs and a smear of jam added themselves mysteriously to the taxi driver's coat. There was nothing about making marmalade disappear. How could a hat save your life?" Paddington was about to tell her of his adventure in the bath the evening before when he received a nudge fromjudy. No one, not even Paddington, knew quite how old he was, so they decided to start again and call him one. It was getting warm inside the window so he took off his duffle coat and hung it carefully on a nail. If you are author/publisher or own the copyright of this documents, please report to us by using this DMCA report form. He's just having a bath." "A bathl" Mrs Brown's face took on a worried expression. "See these, Mr Brown's face took on a worried expression." See these, Mr Brown's face took on a worried expression." been much too warm for a coat of any sort. He hurried into the bathroom and rubbed his face over with some warm water. At least . "It's not always the brightest things that fetch the most money, Mr Brown," he had said. he woke with a start as he felt someone splashing water on him. I'd better get some more from the grocer." "There you are! What did I tell you?" cried Judy, as the door shut behind Mrs Bird. "No one will be more surprised than your father if he does," replied Mrs Brown. I think I'm going to drown!" "Oh, Paddington," Judy leant over the side of the bath and helped Jonathan lift a dripping and very frightened Paddington on to the floor. "Just watch the birdie." Paddington looked than your father if he does," replied Mrs Brown. I think I'm going to drown!" around. They hadn't gone out at ail! His hood must have fallen over his head when he bent down inside the shop to pick up his case. "What a good thing I found this old box of paints," he thought, as he stood back holding the end of the brush at paw's length and squinting at it as he'd once seen a real artist do. "It seems a very long name." "Quite distinguished," said Mr Brown. At least, he liked his sort of geography, which meant seeing strange places and new people. "And for goodness sake, when you get a moment, take that label off his neck. no. " "Well, I would have rescued you if you'd wanted it," said Paddington. "Well," the inspector scratched his head. Vm sure he'll get put in a luggage van or something if a porter sees him." The buffet was crowded when they entered but Mr Brown managed to find a table for two in a corner. The first chapter was called SPELLS. not just like that. "I think she rather likes you." 23 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Paddington watched the retreating figure of Mrs Bird. After a few minutes he poked his head out cautiously and sniffed. It was ail very friendly. But even Mr Curry had no cause to complain about 119 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON the tea. Nor did they see him return armed with a bottle of Mr Brown's paint remover and a large pile of rags. "Ha! Ha!" cried another photographer, who had been watching the proceedings with interest. "He's probably having the time of his life." Mr Brown was fairly near the truth when he said Paddington was probably having the time of his life." Albert!" He background. "Whatever hâve you got there?" she asked. "He was wearing a blue duffle coat and carrying a suitcase." "And he has black ears," said Judy. "Oooh, yes, please. "And that's a picture of my Aunt Lucy. You haven't been anywhere y et!" "I know," said Paddington, unhappily. "Are you enjoying it, Paddington was always rather a business, as he insisted on taking ail his things with him. "I shan't be a minute," he said, and then disappeared from view again. uNot in court! Persons are expected to abide by the régulations. The whole of the bathroom floor was covered in a sort of white foam where the hot water had landed on his map of South America. "It's no good," he said, bursting out. "Mind my marmalade sandwich!" cried Paddington, as she placed it on the ledge in front of him. He felt tired, but very pleased with himself. On Paddington station?" Mrs Brown looked at her husband in amazement. The scene was the living room of a large house, and Sir Sealy Bloom, in the part of a village squire, was pacing up and down. Unfortunately it wasn't in quite the way he meant it. "So it will be nice and safe for bathing." He turned to Paddington. "Will you be ail right sitting here for a few minutes while I go off to fmd Judy?" she asked. "You don't take them home," whispered Judy. "Oh dear," said Mrs Brown. "I haven't really got a name," he said. He was up there so long that Mrs Bird became guite worried and poked her head round the door to know if he was ail right. He didn't know why, but the man seemed very pleased. Report DMCA Unabridged and illustrated in spectacular full-colour throughout, including previously unpublished artwork by the original illustrated in spectacular full-colour throughout, including the was ail right. and a new generation of readers alike. You'd better not go disturbing him 'cause he's not in a very good mood." He looked up. "And now," he 126 A DISAPPEARING TRICK said, "it's long past ail our bedtimes, most of ail yours, Paddington, so I suggest we ail do a disappearing trick now." "I wish," said Paddington, as he stood at the door waving everyone good-bye, "I wish my Aunt Lucy could see me now. Mr Gruber always called Paddington 'Mr Brown,' and it made him feel very important. "And you say he can't swim?" he asked. "Ail the same, it is a bit thick, after ail the things he's said in the past. "But it's worth a try." "He's been at sea ail the afternoon!" "Is it still only Tuesday?" asked Paddington, innocently. " "After ail, whaft" Mrs Brown's voice had a firm note to it. Then there was his innocent one which wasn't really done in the best circles, but Vm sure no one will mind just this once." Paddington removed his hat and laid it carefully on the table while Mr Brown poured out the tea. Who let you in?" Paddington. His nose gleamed and his 34 A BEAR IN HOT WATER ears had lost ail traces of the jam and cream. It was wearing a funny kind of hat." Without waiting for a reply he caught hold of his wife's arm and pushed her through a gap in a pile of suitcases towards the Lost Property Office. He decided it was a nice feeling as he stretched himself and pulled the sheets up round his head with a paw. The lady bent down and took his paw. "He hardly touched his dinner and that's so unlike him. "It made a good impression. Then you can tell me ail about South America. It had been standing ail by itself on a counter in the food store. "Perhaps," he said, "we'd better go. You'd better bring plenty of pennies." "And we can go swimming," added Judy. It's just been done." Judy took hold of Paddington nearly fell over with surprise when he j j 24 A BEAR IN HOT WATER followed her into the room. "A bear? "I could have sworn I felt a spot of water!" "Don't be silly, dear. 'Tm sure we ought to report the matter to someone first," he said. "And now, while we're about it," said Mrs Brown, "we'd like a nice warm coat for the winter. On the top there was one candie and the words: to PADDINGTON. He looked round guiltily. "Some chap just waved his fist at me. "The way you gobble your food is nobody's business." "Well," said Mr Brown, "so long as you don't try 118 A DISAPPEARING TRICK sawing anyone in half this evening, I don't mind." "I was only joking," he added hurriedly, as Paddington turned an inquiring gaze on him. said?" Paddington jumped. "We get 'em every year. "I can hear someone calling," he said. When the curtain finally came down on the end of the play, with Sir Sealy's daughter returning to his arms, there was a great burst of applause. "But it's rather hard drinking out of a cup. It was covered with sugar icing and it had a cream and marmalade filling." good afternoon," replied Mr Brown, doubtfully. "The tradesmen's entrance is at the side," said Mr Brown, from behind his paper. "Suppose you tell us ail about yourself and how you came to Britain." Paddington settled back in his armchair, wiped a smear of butter carefully from his whiskers, put his paws behind his head and stretched out his toes towards the fire. He stirred his tea and looked out of the window, pretending he had tea with a bear on Paddington station every day of his life. "Not for the likes of young bears to play on. He examined carefully the piece of green cardboard which he held in his paw. "It's Paddington's hat ail right," said Judy, examining it. "Please," he said, "I'd like one of those jars of marmalade. Finally Sir Sealy stepped forward and raised his hand for quiet. He liked an audience, especially when he was busy tidying up. he looked at his piece of paper again as he neared Mr Gruber's shop. There were also lots of other compétitions, and it was a sore point with Mr Brown that he had never won anything, whereas twice Mrs Brown had won a prize in the rug-making compétition. And he seemed to hâve some funny red spots ail over his face." "Crikey," said Jonathan. The Browns were there to meet their daughter Judy, who was coming home from school for the holidays. But as they had been painted o ver, no one knew any thing about them. Being a very short bear he couldn't easily see over the side, but when he did his eyes nearly popped out with excitement. "He's rather small to be having a bath ail by himself. Thank you. There was his thoughtful expression, when he stared into space and rested his chin on a paw. We are indeed most grateful. "The sun was shining the next day and the exhi bition was crowded. "It's that man with the bald head. "This used to be such a well run, respectable station. Yes, it's certainly worth a try!" 94 A VISIT TO THE THEATRE In the theatre itself the interval was almost at an end and the Browns were getting restless. "It'll be a shame if he has to stay in bed." "Do you think you'll win a prize with your painting, Dad?" asked Jonathan. Paddington turned and tried to run up the escalator, but it was going very fast, and with his short legs it was as much as he could do even to stand still. Mr Brown wished he had chosen a plain, ordinary bun, but he wasn't very experienced in the ways of bears. "Oh, well in that case you'd best corne on in. Paddington sat up and looked around to see where he was. "Excuse me," he said. There was an ominous wet patch right over their heads and right underneath the bathroom! "Where are you going now, dear?" asked Mrs Brown. "Isn't the hood a trifle large?" asked Mrs Brown, anxiously. "Good," said Mrs Brown, "It depends on things," "Mercy me," exclaimed Mrs Bird, Aren't they bright!" "Oh, I keep them polished," said Paddington, I think this woollen beret is very nice. He was sure it would have won first prize, ves, it looked guite nice. "Something in Government Sur plus . In fact, in no time at ail it was difficult to imagine what life had been like without him. Originally it had been a painting of a lake, with a blue sky and several sailing boats dotted around. "It's my treat. He looked around. "It's my treat. He looked around. "It's my treat. He looked around. "It's my treat." This is it!" Paddington thoughtfully. "It's very strong," he said truthfully, for he was a truthful bear. "Crikey!" said Jonathan. He opened one 59 eye carefully and was surprised to find the lights had corne on again. The inspector sighed. He was beginning to enjoy himself. Ail the same, he was pleased to see she had given him the one nearest the stage. But just wait until I've cleaned it! I gave five shillings for that picture years and years ago, when it was just a picture of a sailing ship. After ail . "This will be as good a spot as any," she said. "Or else," she said. "Or else," she said. "I am a lot cleaner than I was. One of the big ones." If the manager of Barkridges felt surprised he didn't show it. It seemed to be getting worse every minute. "Delighted to know you. They stick out rather." "Henry," said Mrs Brown, as the door closed behind Mr Curry, "you really oughtn't to laugh." Mr Brown tried hard to keep a straight face. It clanged shut behind him and Paddington was disappointed to find it was just as dark outside as if someone was banging on a window. "There you are, Paddington," he said. "It's just got to be!" They ail looked at each other and then, picking up i io ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE their belongings, joined the crowd hurrying in the direction of the pier. "I'm sitting on something," he said. A groan of disappointment went up from the crowd. It was a warm summer day and the station was crowded with people on their way to the seaside. "You'll be able to keep

ail your things in here." Paddington looked at the drawer and then at his suitcase. The curtain rose again and the whole company bowed to the audience. At first Paddington was a little bit disappointed in the Underground. It was rather wobbly but . It's painted from memory." Painting was one of Mr Brown's hobbies, and once a year he entered a picture for a handicrafts exhibition which was held in Kensington, near where they lived. "Now I wonder what she meant by that?" said Paddington. He looked nervously over his shoulder and then dabbed some of it on to the canvas. But he might be anywhere. "Well," he said. "You look most peculiar. "Whoever would have thought it!" "I expect it was because he raised his hat," said Judy. "Hey!" he cried. If you ever find any of those, just you bring them to me." One day, having weighed himself carefully on the scales, Paddington hurried round to Mr Gruber, taking with him a piece of paper from his scrapbook, covered with mysterious calculations. The taxi driver jumped at the sound of Paddington's voice and narrowly missed hitting a bus. The promenade was festooned with coloured lights and even the fountains in the gardens kept changing colour. Don't you know green is a very unlucky colour in the theatre? "I'm a détective," said the man. Except I don't like having to pay so much for everything. Money back if you're not satisfied." Paddington considered the matter for a moment. 61 A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON There were some glass shelves lying on the floor where they had fallen. Mrs Brown eyed them doubtfully. Once, he'd seen a man working in one, piling tin cans and boxes on top of each other to make a pyramid. "Twenty years I've had this watch, and now look at it! This will cost someone a pretty penny!" Mr Gruber took out an eyeglass and examined the watch carefully. It seemed a pity to wash it ail off quite so soon. "I don't know," said Mrs Brown. Ail the same," she hesitated at the door. "That's what I mean by things not always being what they seem. "Sea water makes you thirsty." He picked up his suitcase, pulled his hat down firmly over his head, and waved a paw politely in the direction of the buffet. Paddington's eyes glistened. Fivepence. "I don't mind him just thinking," said Mrs Brown, with a worried expression on her face. Mr Brown ioo ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE drove and Mrs Brown and Paddington sat beside him. Mrs Brown turned to her daughter. To Paddington's surprise he reached down, took hold of his paw, and started to shake it so hard he thought it was going to drop off. "It is a bit untidy," he admitted. He had several expression came into his eyes. It meant, too, that he could be polite without getting his ears cold. "You can't take it in the sea with you.

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