

Brown Bear Starts School



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It was Brown Bear's first day of school.

He was wearing his new sweater and his new scarf.

He was carrying his new book bag, with his new notebook in it, and his new pencil case, filled with his new pencils and erasers.



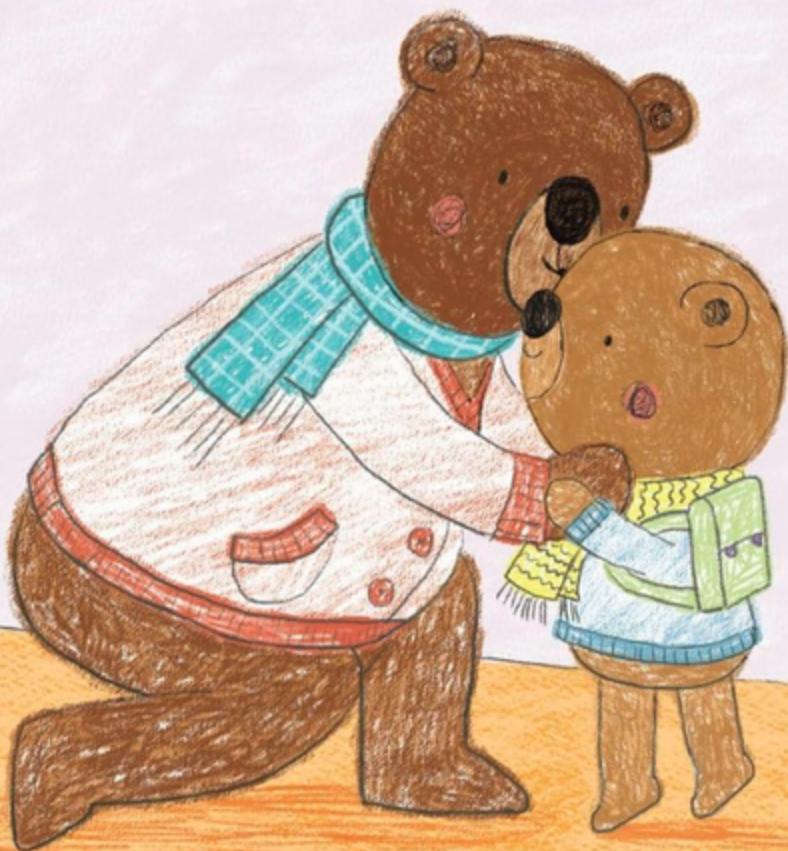
He even had his new lunch box, filled with his favorite lunch (a salmon sandwich and a small jar of honey). His mother had given him money to buy a small container of milk in the lunchroom.

Brown Bear was set. He was ready to go.

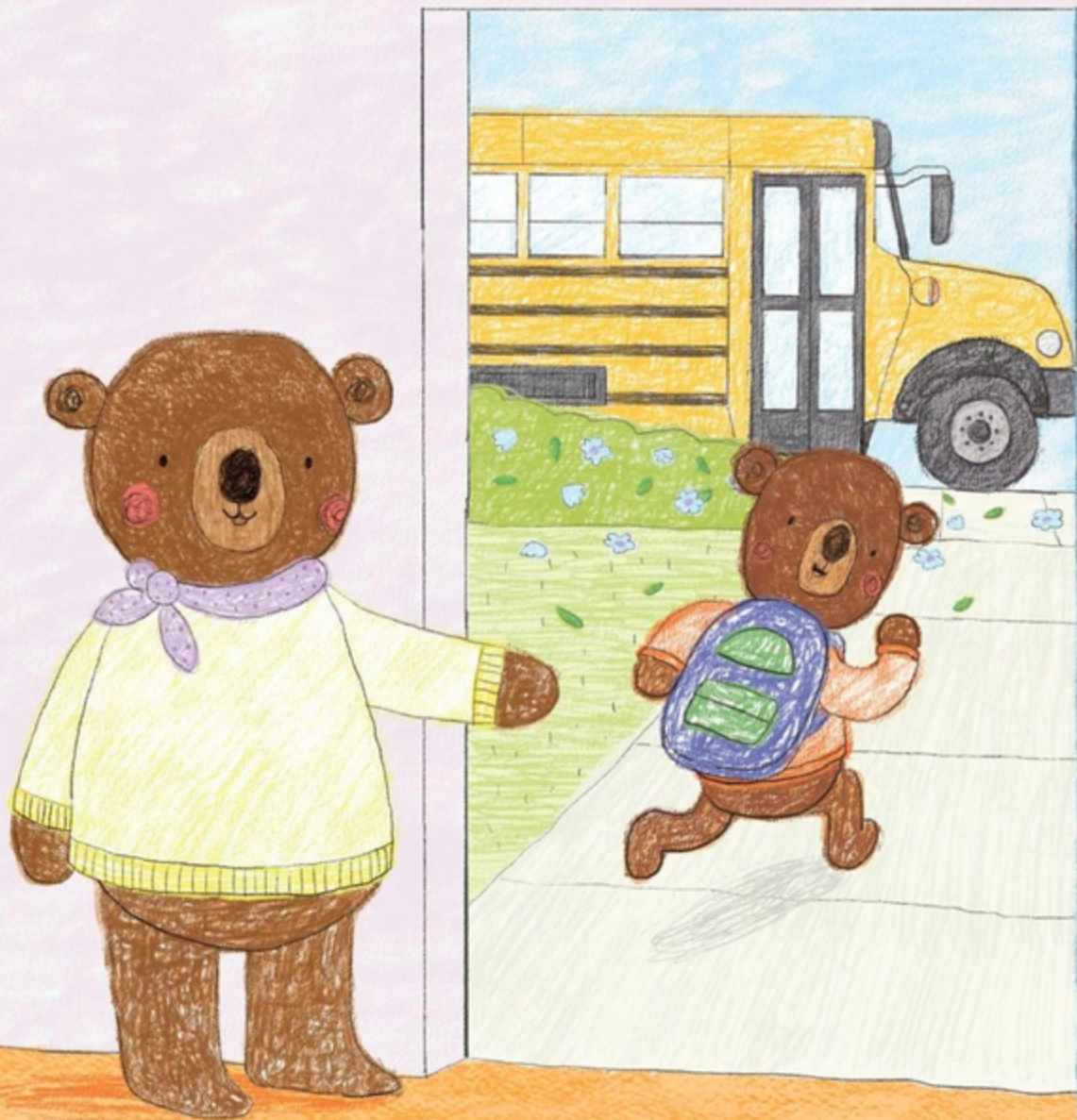


His father had kissed him goodbye before he left for work.

His brother had called out, "Good luck, Brown Bear. Catch you later!" as he ran out the door to the school bus the older kids took.



His mother was to walk him to school.



Brown Bear wasn't moving.

"What if they don't like me?" he asked.

"They will," she answered him. "You know most of the other kids in your class already, Brown Bear. You know Pinkie Piglet and Little Monkey and Big Bulldog and Long Crocodile and the Chicklet triplets, Chick, Chickie, and Chuck."





"What if I can't hear the teacher?" Brown Bear asked his mother.

"Can you hear me?" whispered his mother.

"Yes," he said.

Brown Bear's mother just looked at him.

