

Sunny Ted's Christmas Story

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by

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Sunny Ted was a very ordinary light brown bear, not from a famous family but specially made out of Mohair in the house of an up and coming artist. He had bright button eyes and a happy smile, set off by a pretty blue bow. He was born on a sunny spring day, which explains his name, and as soon as he was placed with the other bears you could almost hear him say:

“I’m the best bear that Mother has ever made. I won’t be with you for very long!”

And would you believe it? The other bears of the hug looked critically at him, and grudgingly agreed.

But Sunny Ted was wrong. Gradually the other bears of the hug were adopted as they travelled to shows all over the country. Even the younger bears went, but Sunny Ted was still sitting on the highest tier of the show case. His price ticket had sticky labels in Danish Kronen, Dutch Guilders and even Swiss Francs. He was a well travelled bear, but he really wanted to settle down and be loved.

Too soon, it was the very last show of the season. It was a big show and grandparents were buying for the little ones of their families. The biggest bears went first. Sunny Ted looked down as they were packed in their paper bags, and then waving to him as they were carried off.

“I’m next!” He was shouting silently as each new customer came to the table. “Please take me home.”

“Can I please have that one up there?” Asked a little girl with blonde hair and a beautiful smile, pointing up at Sunny Ted’s high shelf. He was taken down and hugged for a moment.

“This is it. I’m yours!” He tried to say as he looked into her big blue eyes..

“That one’s too expensive.” Exclaimed the Grandmother, reading his price ticket.

“I’ve already spent more than I should. There’s no more money for teddy bears.”

The Grandmother handed him back to Mother and Sunny Ted found himself back on his shelf.

Can teddy bears cry? If you had looked in his eyes, would you have seen tears?

“Excuse me? You came to our village Christmas Bazaar last year.” Sunny Ted saw the big rosy cheeked lady as the bears were going into their travelling boxes for the journey home.

“Hello, Dear?” Greeted Mother, with Sunny Ted in her hands ready to go into the top of the last case.

He listened. Rosy-cheeks wanted the bears to come to her Bazaar. Mother had finished a tiring season and wanted to go home and prepare her own Christmas.

Whatever was happening, Sunny Ted wasn’t prepared for the worst.

“Look Dear, I really can’t do it. But I will donate a bear for your raffle, if it will help?”

It seemed that it would help, because Sunny Ted found himself being carried off in one of Mother’s paper bags and dumped on the back seat of a car.

He sighed silently.

“At least I have a Chance.”

Would you believe it? Sunny Ted missed the raffle, and his Chance. He slept in his paper bag. First in the car and then in Rosy-cheeks big house. He heard the muffled

sounds as the preparations for the Bazaar went on, and then silence as the last things were carried out. What was happening?

It was late afternoon before his bag was snatched up and he soon found himself on a table in a nearly empty, echoing big hall. A large friendly looking white bearded man in a Red Coat was drinking a last glass of beer.

“That’s today over!” Said Red-coat.

Rosy-cheeks picked up Sunny Ted and looked at him.

“It seems a shame to send him back. Would you like to take him?”

Red-coat wiped the beer from his white beard and looked at Sunny Ted.

“Maybe. He can come with me, if you like.”

Sunny Ted found himself in the bottom of an otherwise empty sack.

“Good night, Father Christmas.” Said a muffled voice, and the bag was carried off.

“Not again!” Sunny Ted thought as he bumped against Red-coat’s back. “How long am I going to stay in here?”

It was ten days before he was moved again.

“Don’t forget Father Christmas’s sack!” Came a ladies voice and Sunny Ted growled quietly as he was lifted suddenly from his resting place.

“I suppose I’ll need it at the children’s hospital, though their presents are from their parents.” Said Red-coat’s voice, and Sunny Ted found himself bumping along behind him again.

“Well Children. It is Christmas Eve and Father Christmas is here. I’ll ask him to give you the present’s he has brought with him.”

Sunny Ted would have loved to join in. He could only guess from the happy children’s voices what was going on. He was beginning to feel really left out as the children’s voices started to sing their Christmas songs.

“That’s all the presents.” Red-coat picked up his sack ready to go.

“Father Christmas! Father Christmas! Please come. We have another little patient. Here down the passageway.”

Sunny Ted was jerked as Red-coat picked up the sack. He listened to the whispered voices outside as he was carried along. Red-coat had forgotten him, he realised.

“I don’t have anything to give her. You’ll have to find something, anything, to give her.” Red-coat whispered.

“It should be something special. This little girl lost all her presents. A candle set fire to their Christmas tree last night.” Said another voice, even more quietly.

They must have arrived. Sunny Ted bumped on to the bedside table, padded by the rolled up sack. He listened carefully to voices muffled by heavy material. It was the little patient speaking faintly, so faintly that he could barely hear.

“Oh Father Christmas. You have come with my special present. My Grandmother could never buy me the one I wanted, so I wrote to you specially. Thank you. Thank You. Thank You!”

Sunny Ted knew that Red-coat really wanted to give something to the Little Patient. His voice was so troubled that the little bear felt he should do something. But what can a bear do?

“I can’t find anything worth while.” Whispered another Unhappy-voice, even quieter.

It might have been the owner of the Unhappy-voice who knocked the sack that imprisoned him , or was Sunny Ted so moved by the words that he did it himself?

Whatever it was, the sack tumbled on to the soft bedding, turning as it fell.

“Grrrrrrrrh!” Said Sunny Ted’s growler, very loudly indeed.

“I love you!” Somebody was fighting to open the folds of the sack.

“You knew exactly what I wanted!”

It was the Little Patient, fumbling with bandaged hands, who finally rescued Ted from his prison. Her bright blue eyes looked straight into his. Big blue eyes that he had seen before.

“Hello Teddy Bear!” She greeted him, hugging him as he had never been hugged before. “I heard you calling, and now you are here. You didn’t forget me after the Bazaar. You came to me after all!”

She held him at arm's length and examined him in detail. She still held him tightly as she kissed and hugged Red-coat, and then hugged Unhappy-voice who was dressed in a white coat like a doctor and didn’t sound the slightest bit unhappy any more.

Very soon Sunny Ted was tucked into the bed next to the Little Patient, who was fast asleep with her eyes ready to see him as soon as she opened them again. Red-coat and no-longer Unhappy-voice crept quietly away.

“Thank goodness you had kept that last present. Somebody is going to have a real Christmas now.”

Red-coat looked back at the bed. There were two golden heads side by side on the pillow. Sunny Ted’s eyes were glowing brightly and his mouth had the biggest smile one could imagine.

“Now I now why I waited so long and why I was forgotten today.” He seemed to be saying. “Happy Christmas, every one!”

ends