

karma wilson

jane chapman

Bear Snores On

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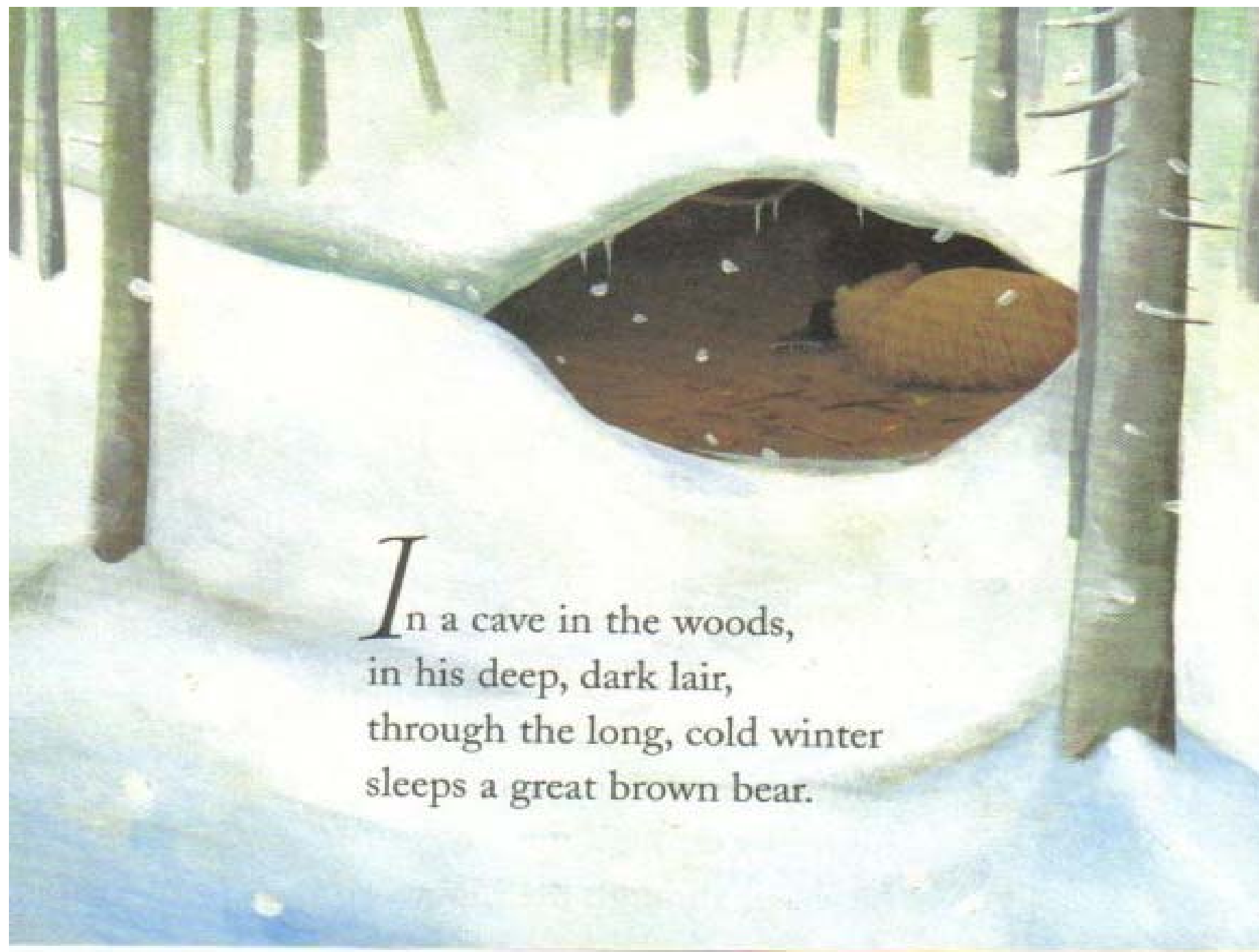
Karma Wilson



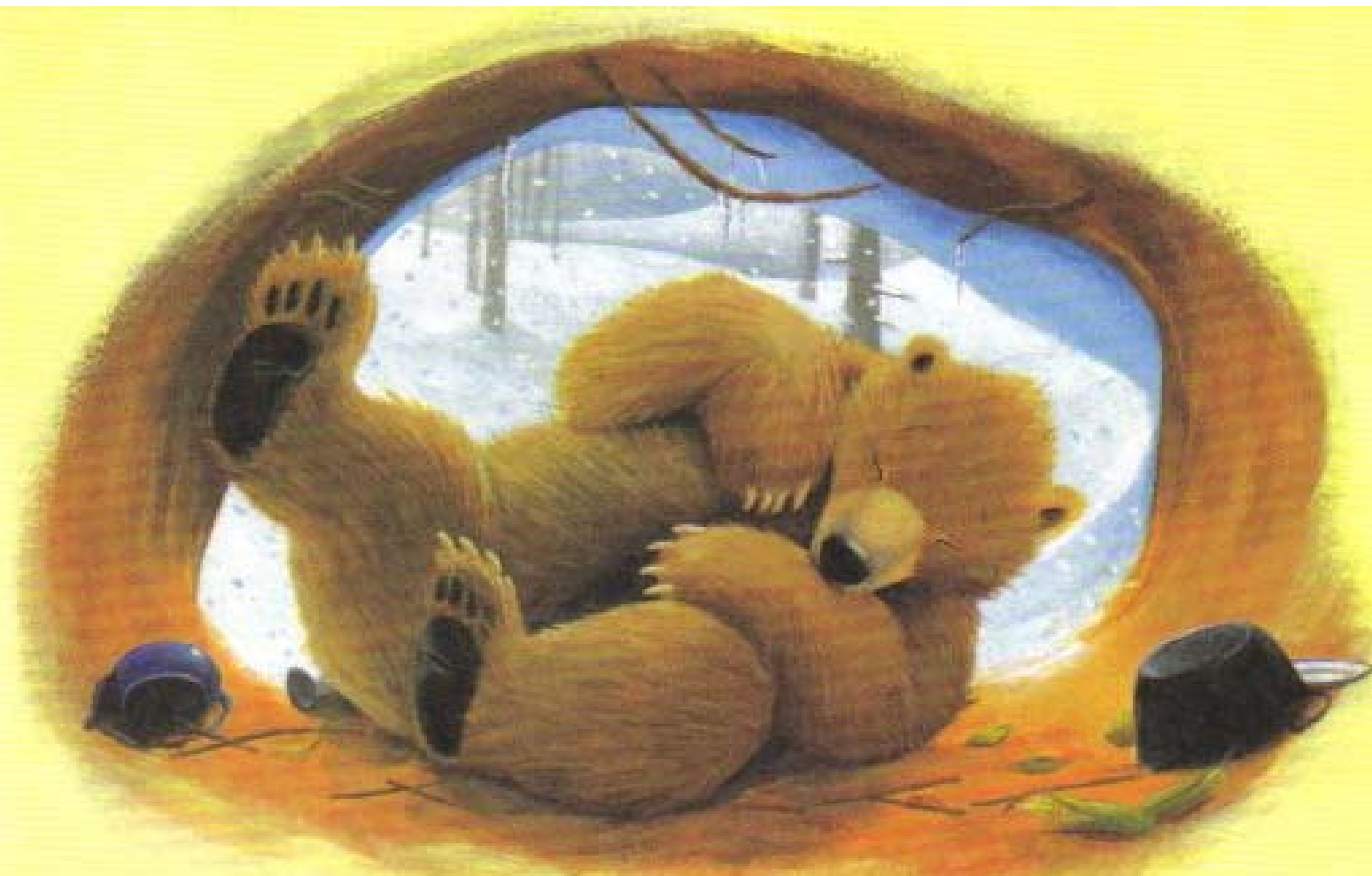
illustrations by Jane Chapman

MARGARET K. McELDERRY BOOKS

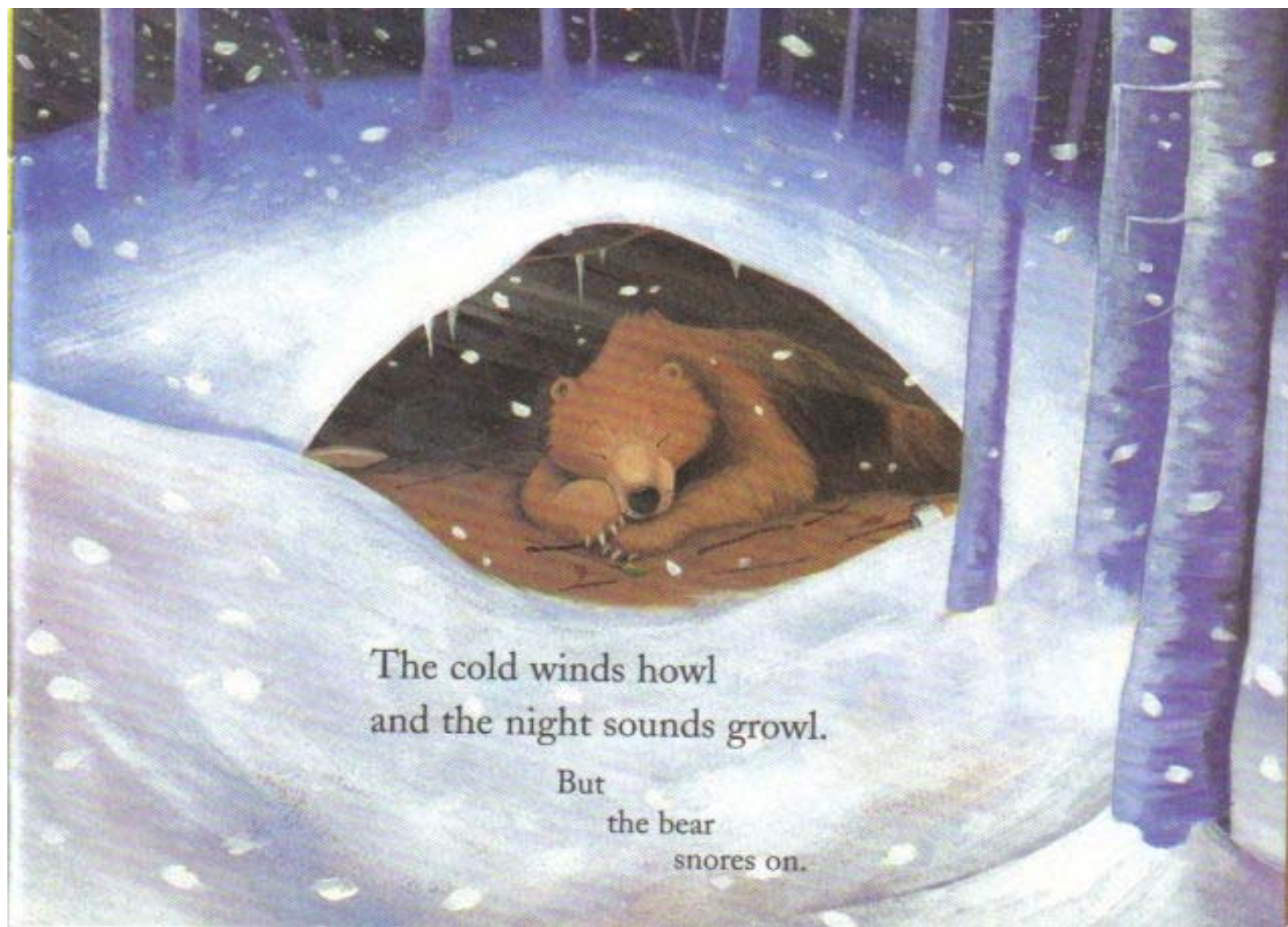
New York London Toronto Sydney Singapore



*I*n a cave in the woods,
in his deep, dark lair,
through the long, cold winter
sleeps a great brown bear.



Cuddled in a heap,
with his eyes shut tight,
he sleeps through the day,
he sleeps through the night.



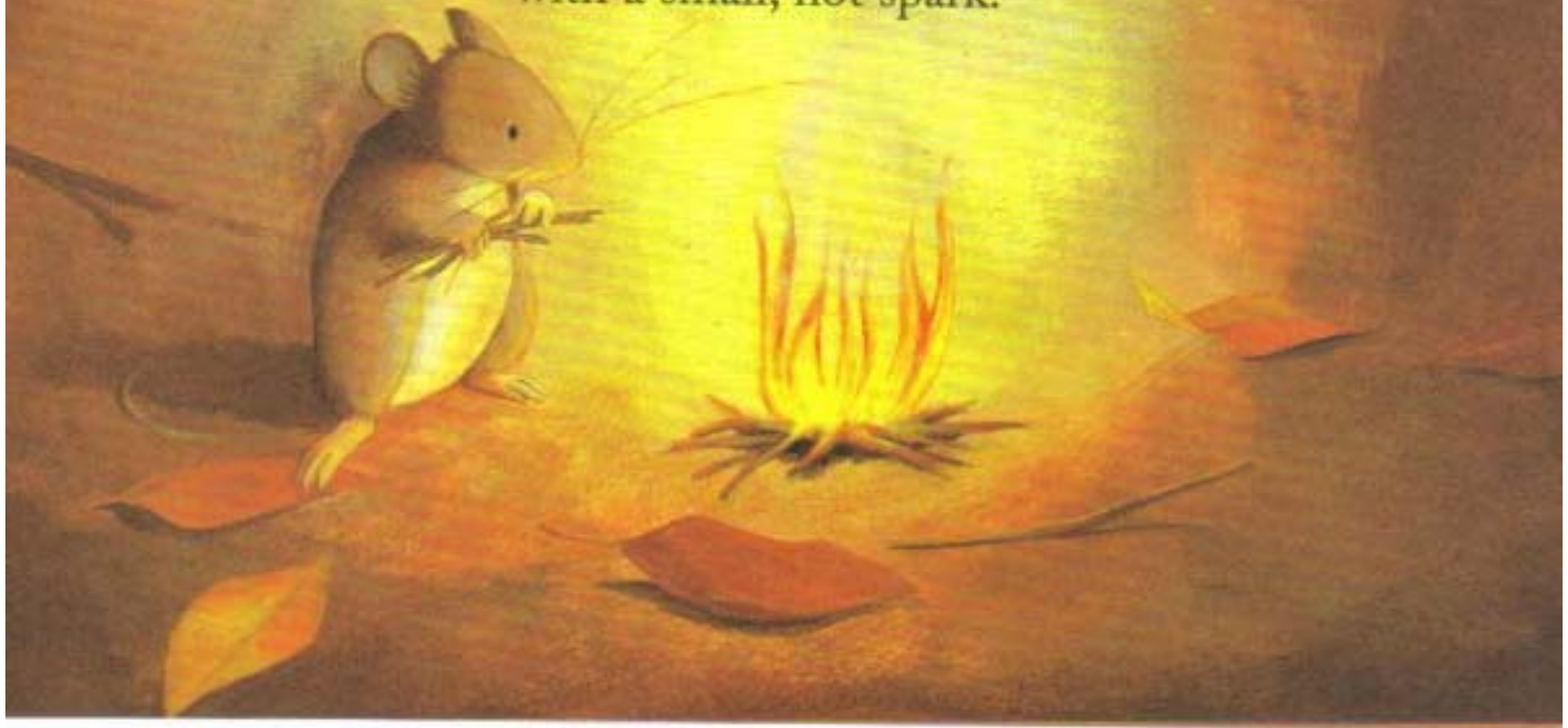
The cold winds howl
and the night sounds growl.

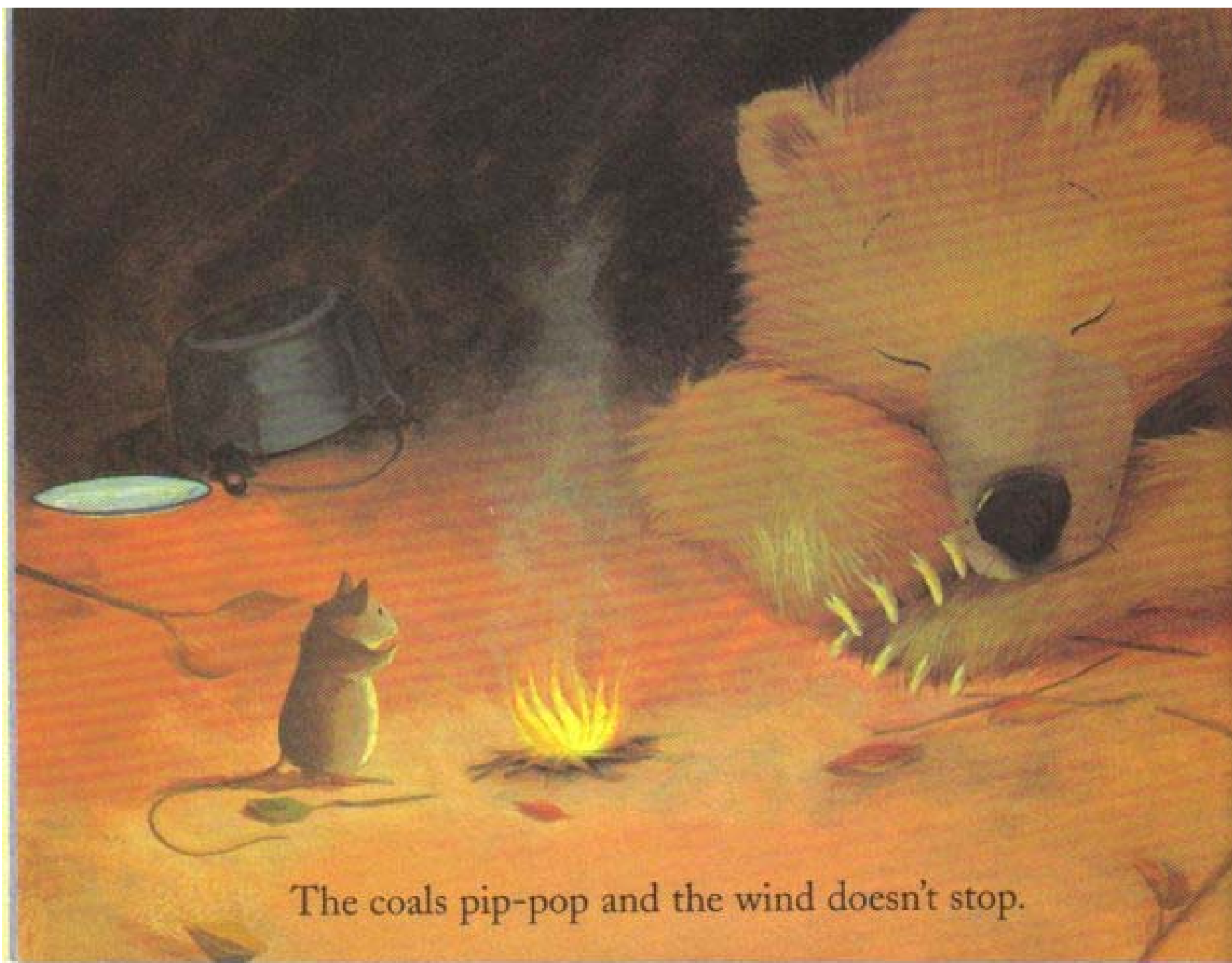
But
the bear
snores on.



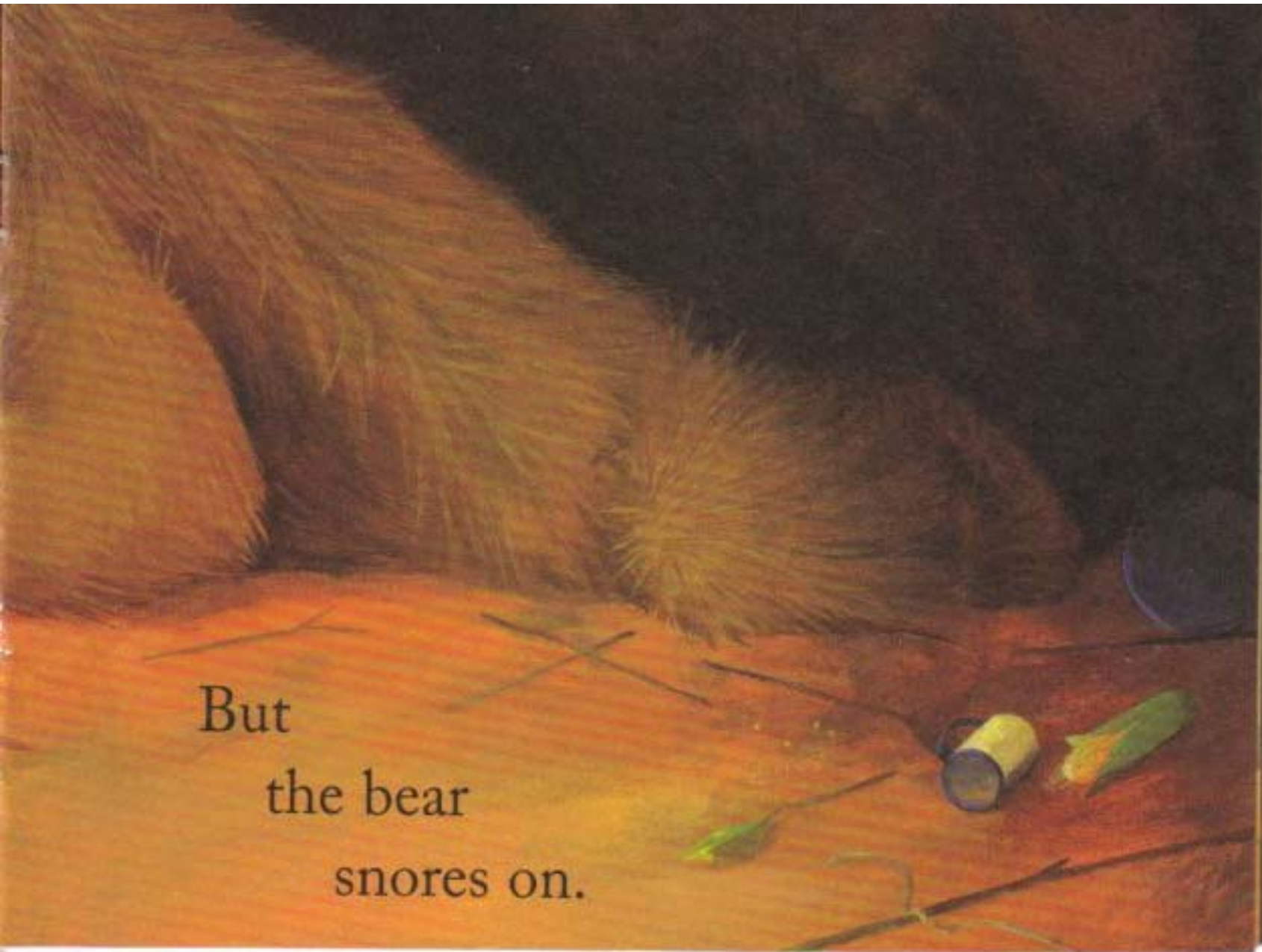
An itty-bitty mouse,
pitter-pat, tip-toe,
creep-crawls in the cave
from the fluff-cold snow.

Mouse squeaks, "Too damp,
too dank, too dark."
So he lights wee twigs
with a small, hot spark.





The coals pip-pop and the wind doesn't stop.

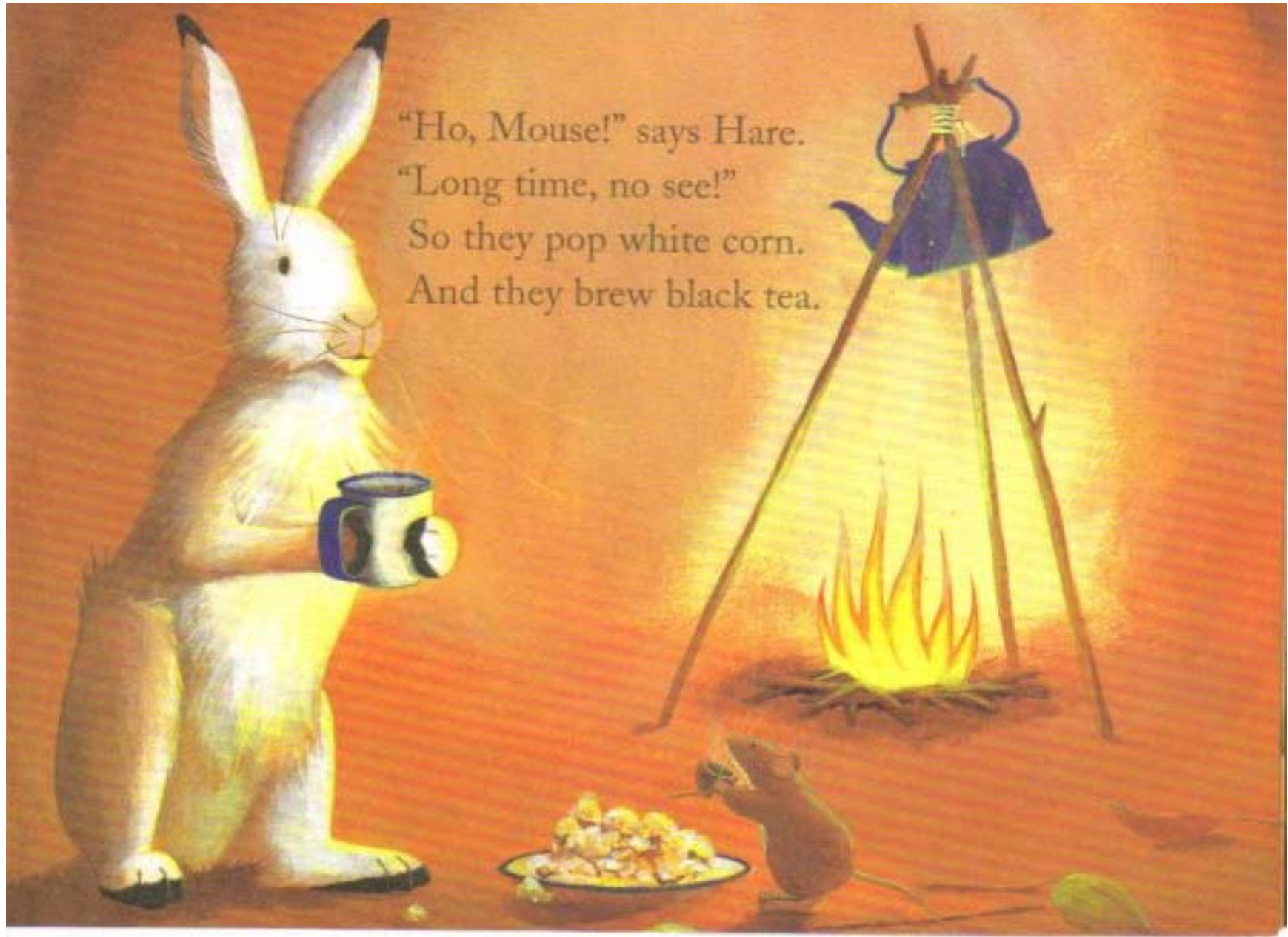
A painting of a bear's head and paws in a dark setting. The bear's head is on the left, with its mouth open, showing its tongue. Its paws are visible on the right, holding a small yellow can and a green leaf. The background is dark and textured. The text "But the bear snores on." is written in the lower left.

But
the bear
snores on.

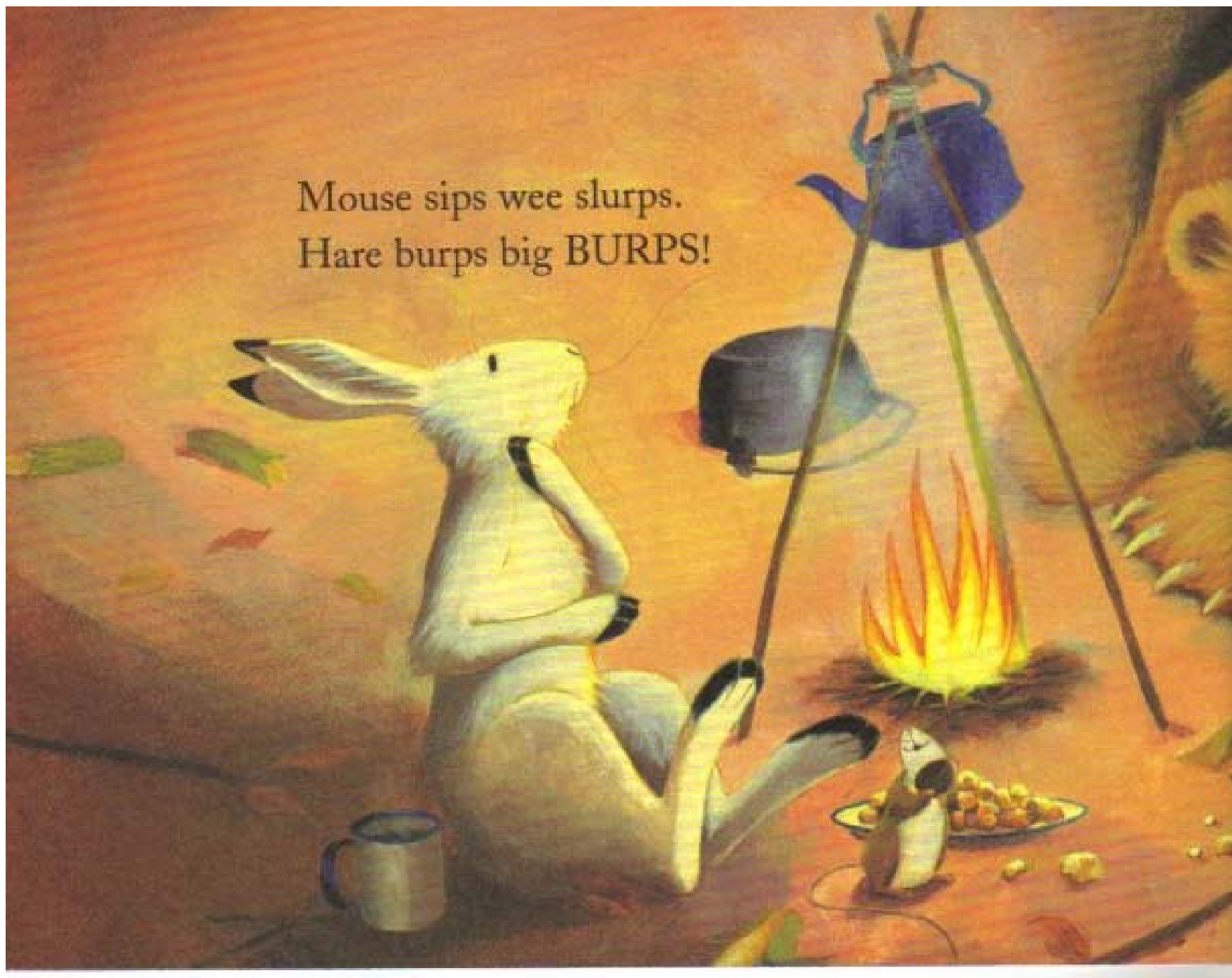


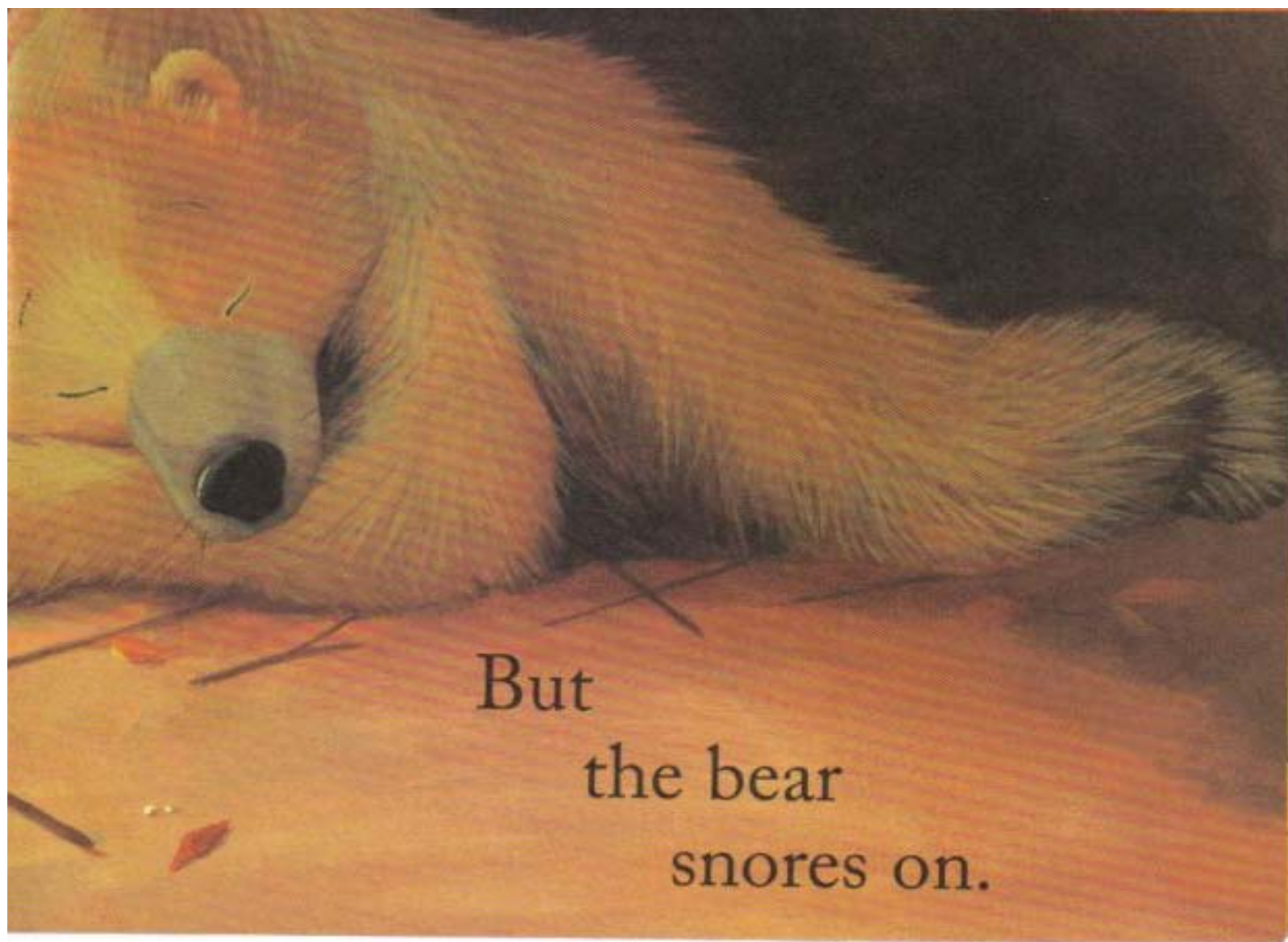
Two glowing eyes
sneak-peek in the den.
Mouse cries, "Who's there?"
and a hare hops in.

"Ho, Mouse!" says Hare.
"Long time, no see!"
So they pop white corn.
And they brew black tea.



Mouse sips wee slurps.
Hare burps big BURPS!



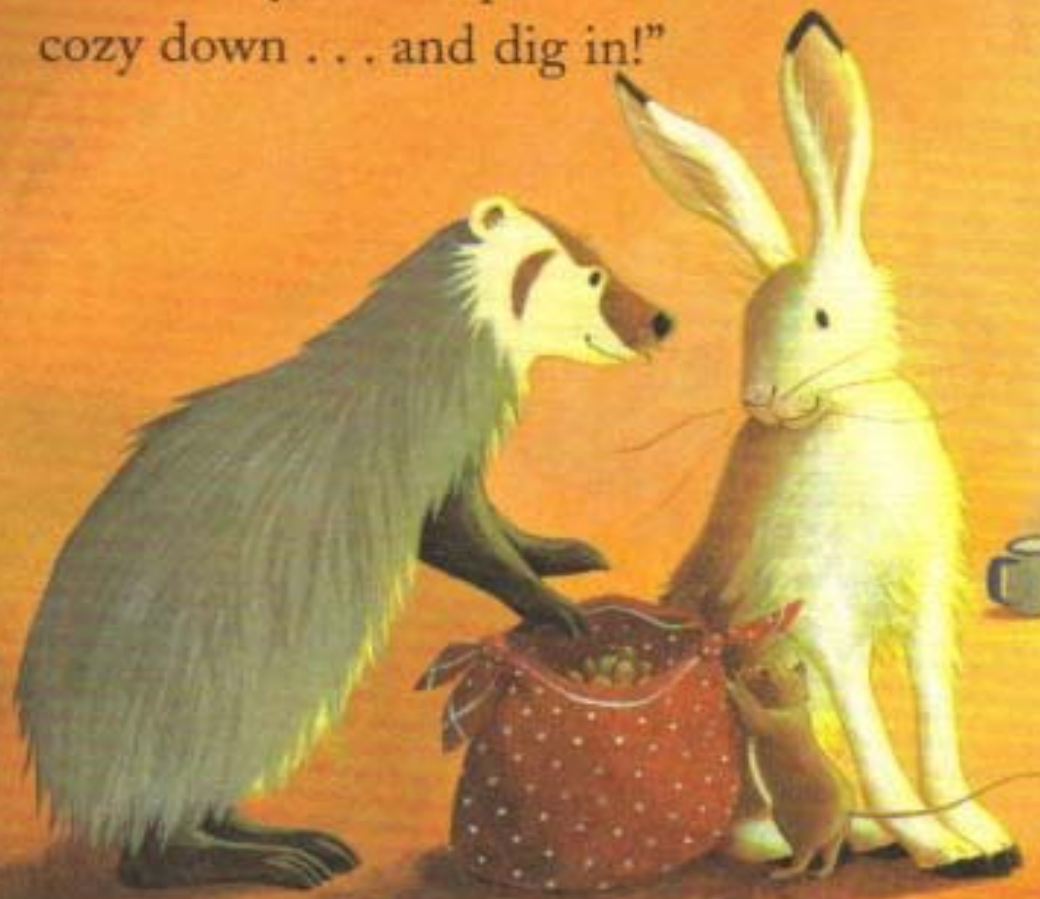


But
the bear
snores on.



A badger scuttles by,
sniff-snuffs at the air.
“I smell yummy-yums!
Perhaps we can share?”

"I've brought honey-nuts,"
Badger says with a grin.
"Let's divvy them up,
cozy down . . . and dig in!"



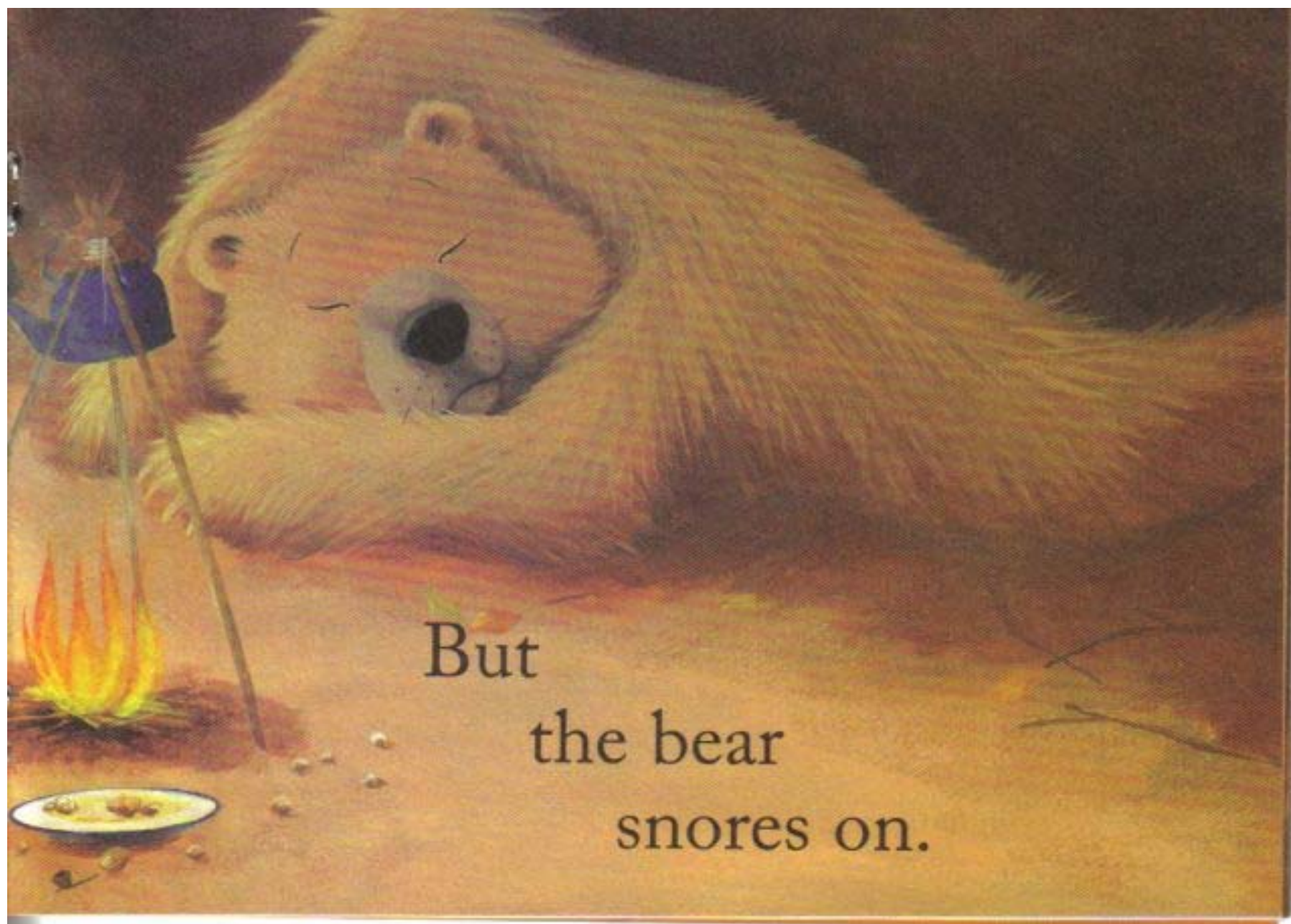
And they nibble and they munch with a

CHEW-

CHOMP-

CRUNCH!

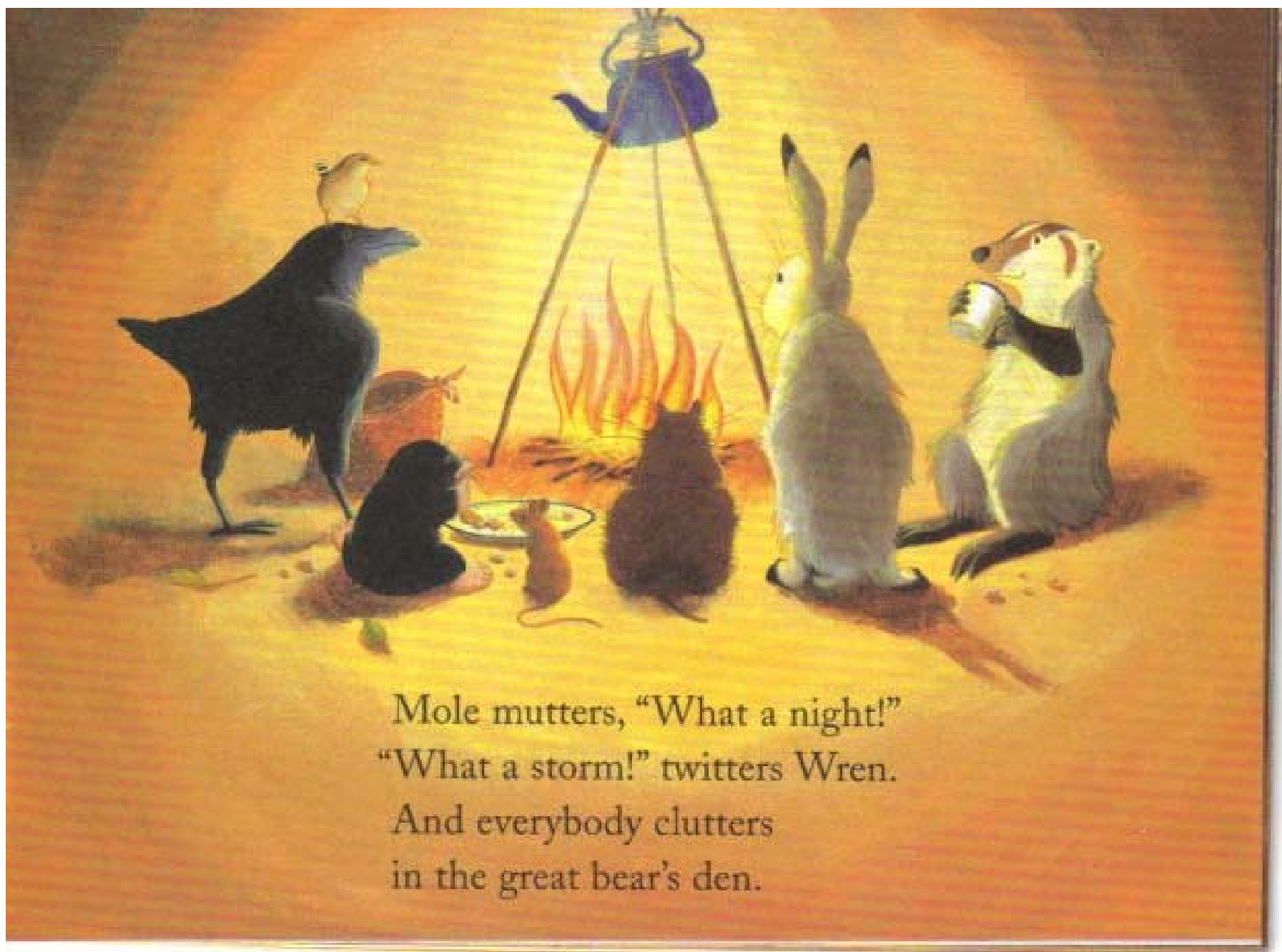




But
the bear
snores on.



A gopher and a mole
tunnel up through the floor.
Then a wren and a raven
flutter in through the door!

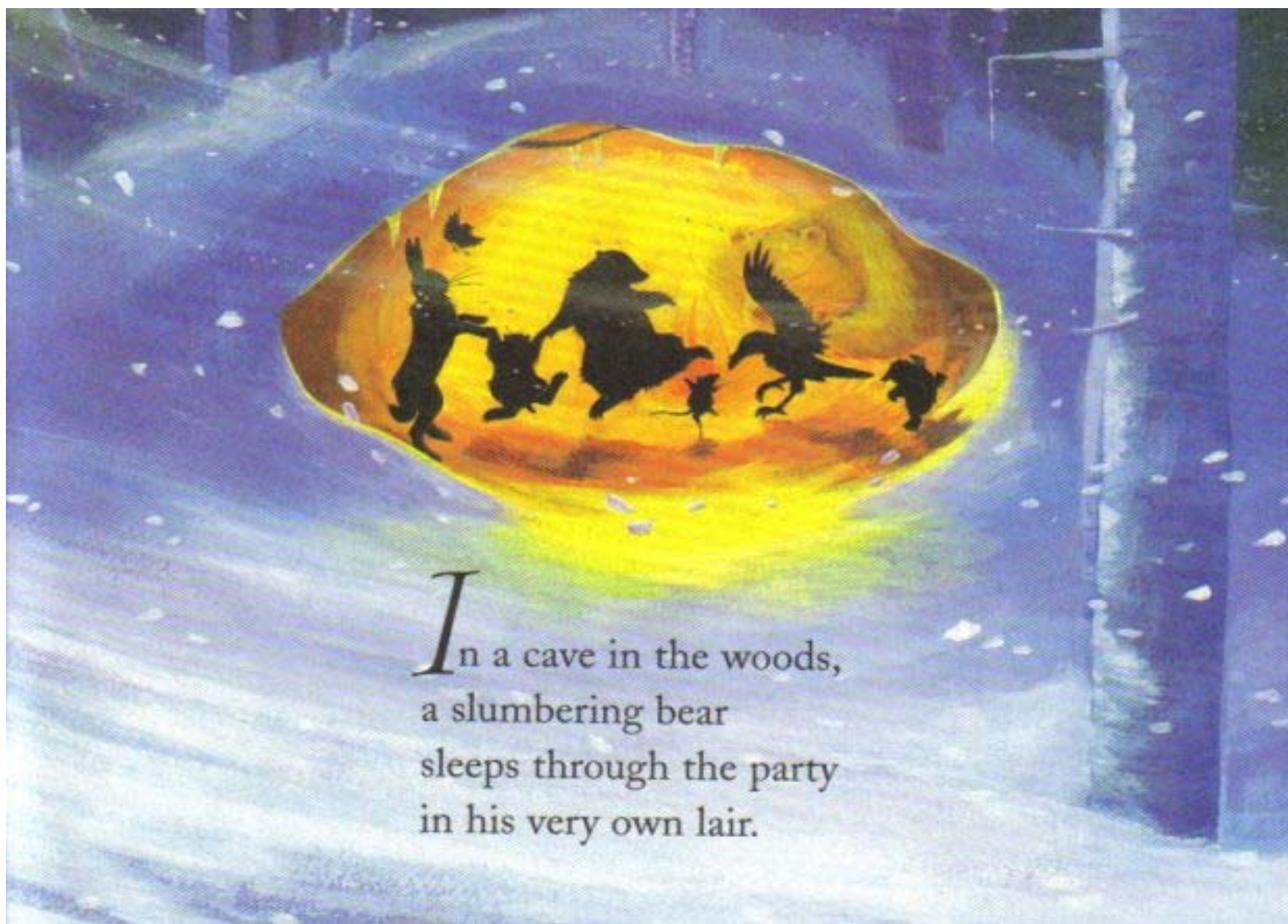


Mole mutters, "What a night!"
"What a storm!" twitters Wren.
And everybody clutters
in the great bear's den.



They tweet and they titter. They chat and they chitter.

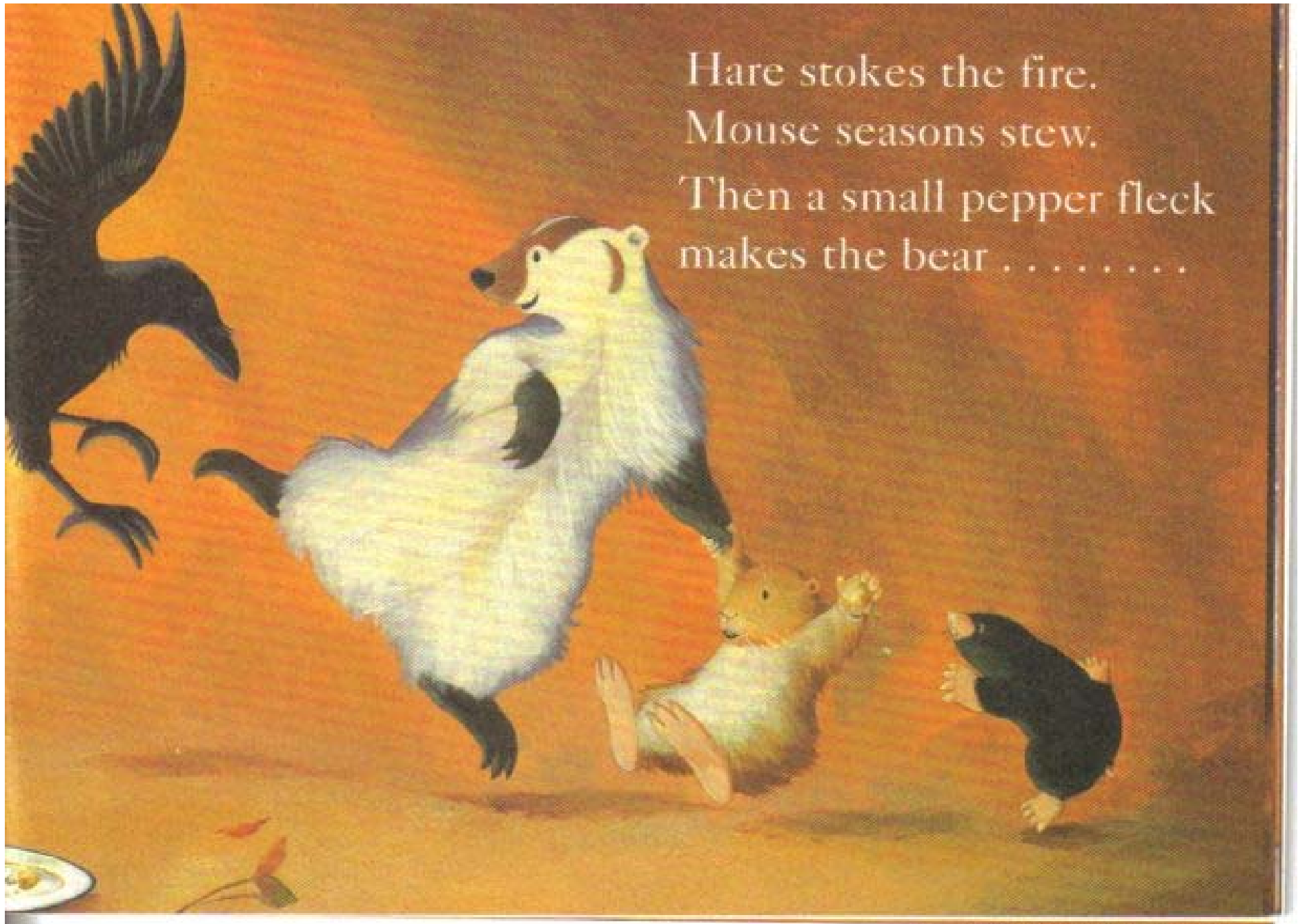
But
the bear
snores on.



*I*n a cave in the woods,
a slumbering bear
sleeps through the party
in his very own lair.



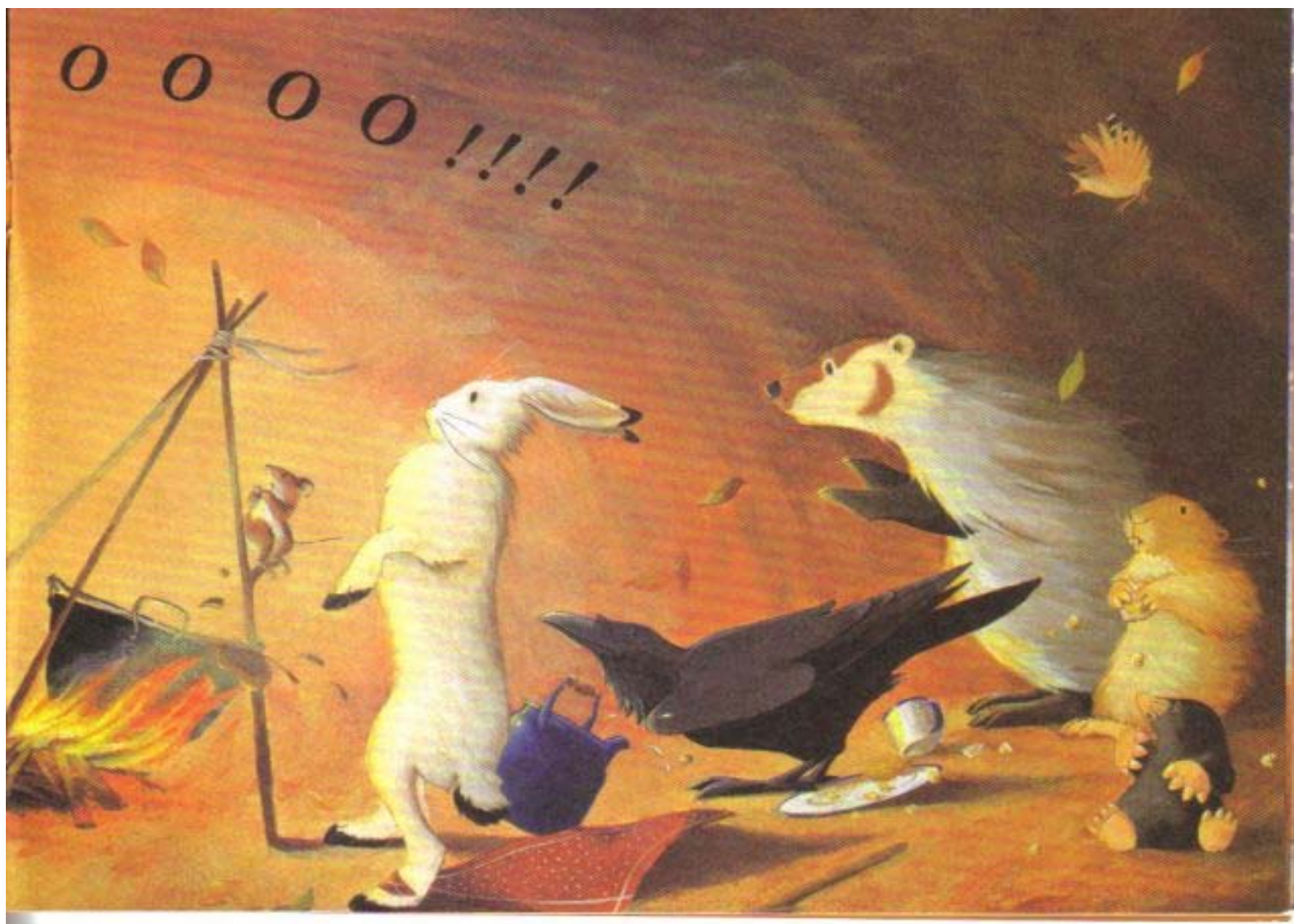
Hare stokes the fire.
Mouse seasons stew.
Then a small pepper fleck
makes the bear

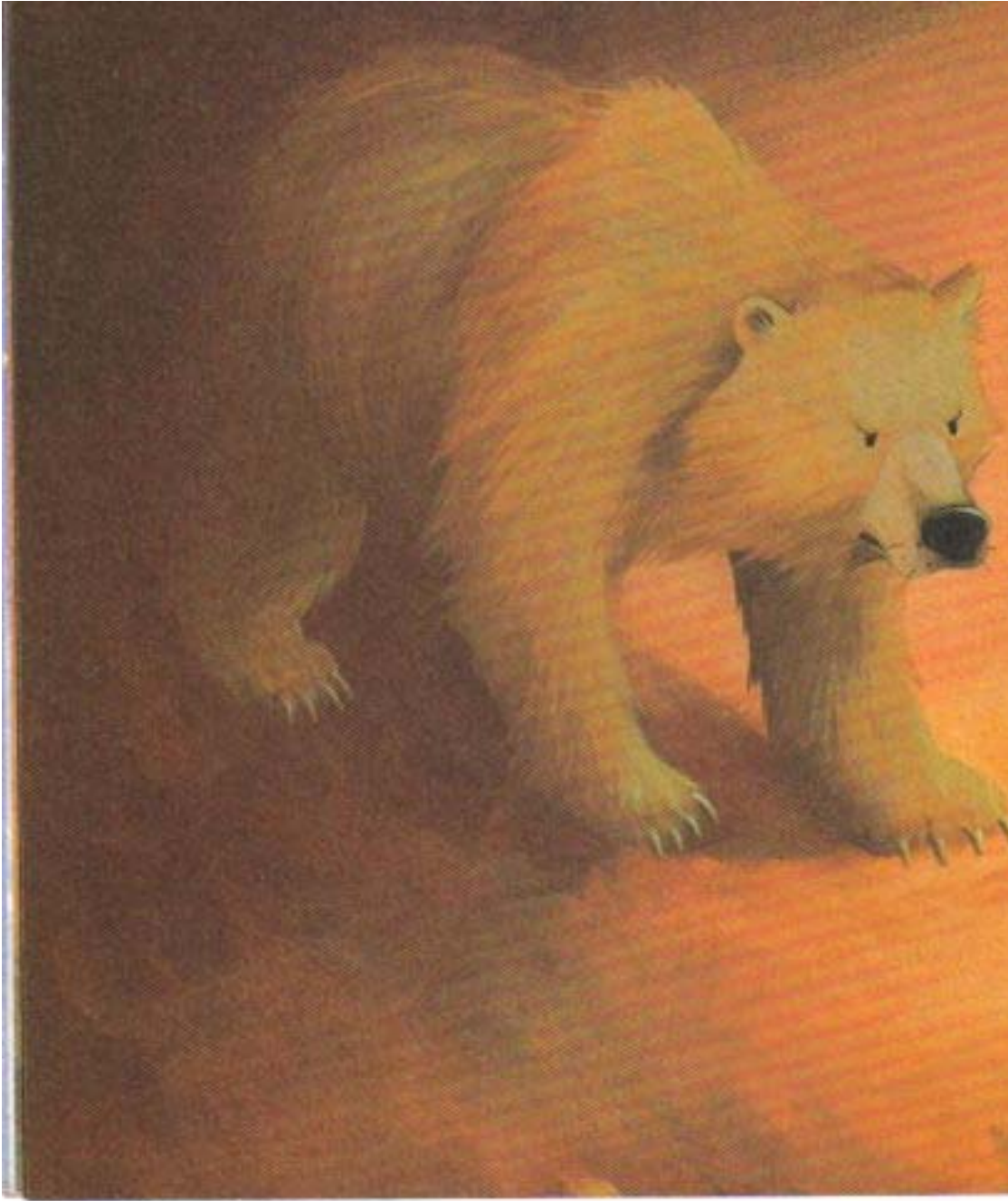


A brown bear is shown in profile, sitting on the ground and sneezing. Its mouth is open, and its eyes are closed. A large, vibrant rainbow arches across the background behind the bear. The ground is covered with dry leaves and twigs. In the bottom right corner, a wooden stick is stuck into the ground.

R A A A A - C H O O

He blows and he sneezes,
and the whole crowd freezes . . .





And
the bear

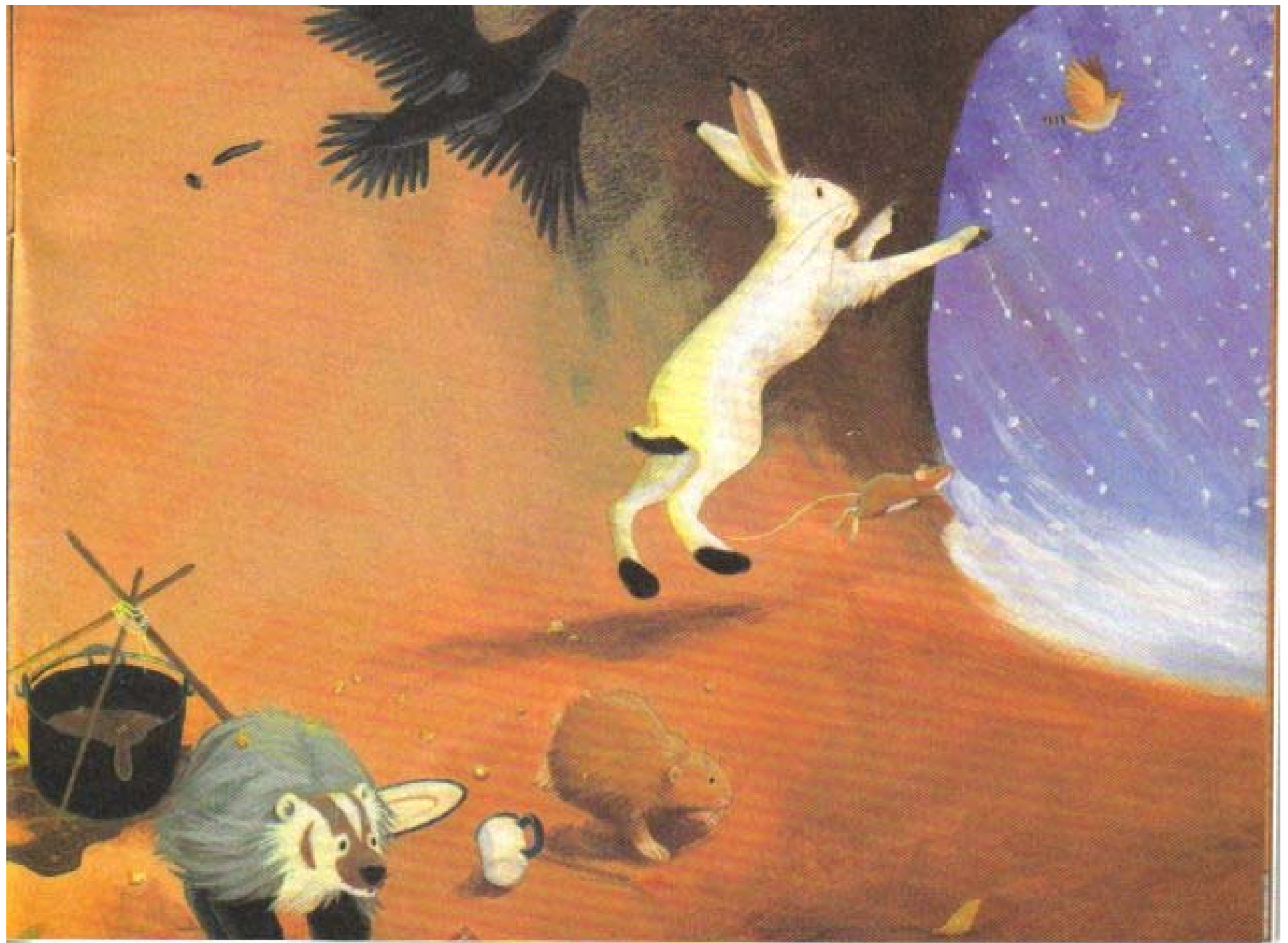
WAKES UP!

BEAR GNARLS
and he SNARLS.

BEAR ROARS
and he RUMBLES!

BEAR JUMPS
and he STOMPS.

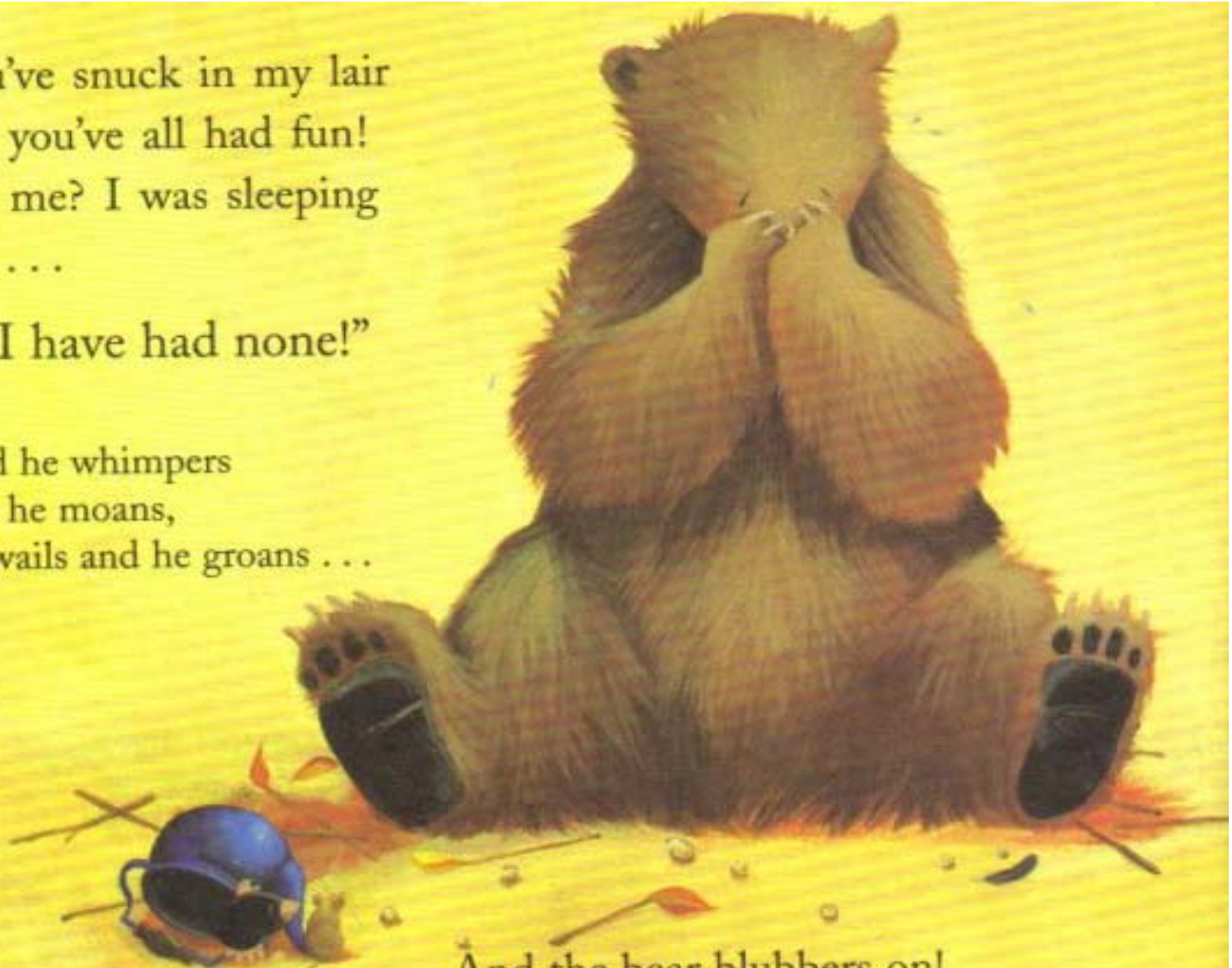
BEAR GROWLS
and he GRUMBLES!



“You’ve snuck in my lair
and you’ve all had fun!
But me? I was sleeping
and . . .

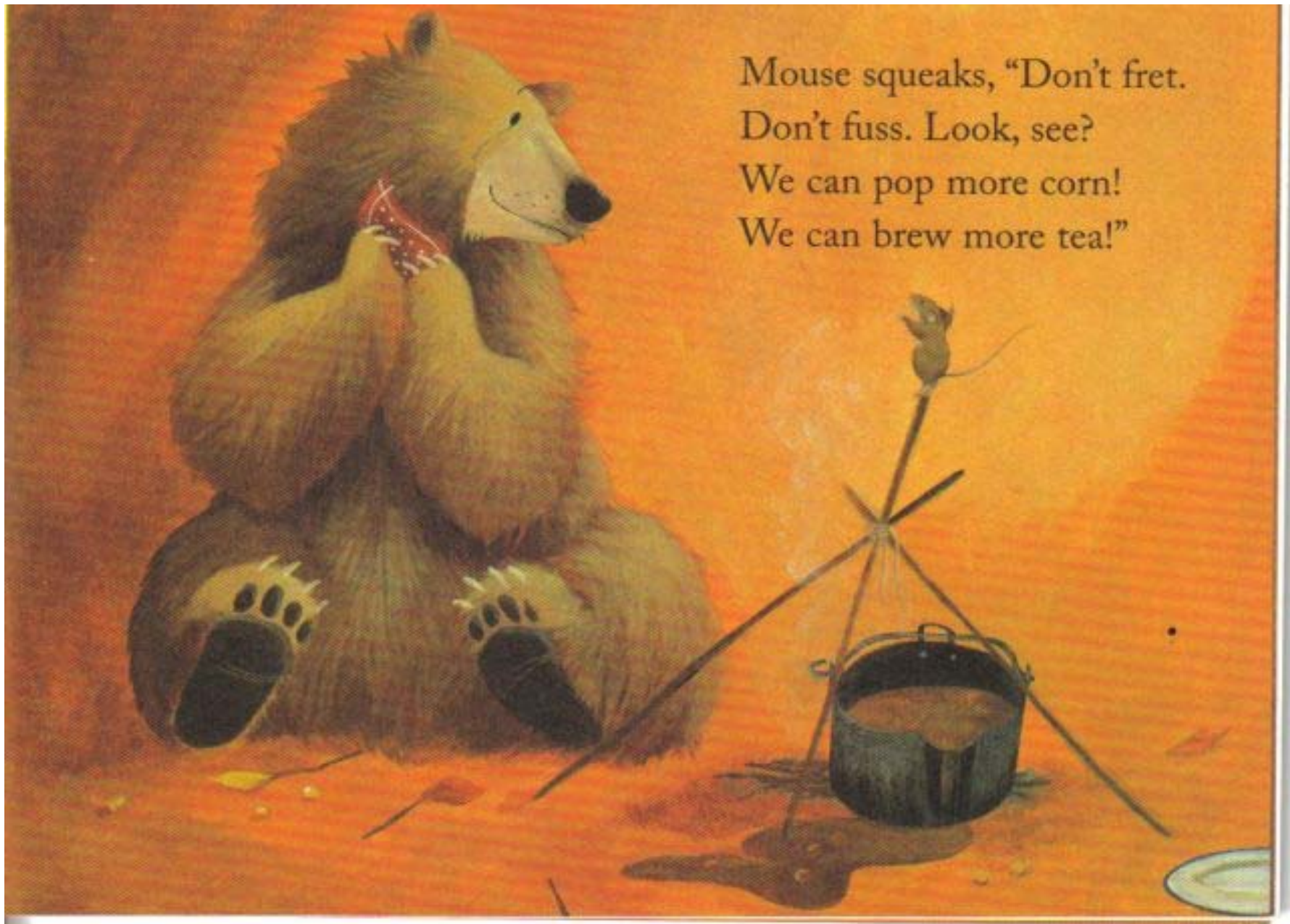
I have had none!”

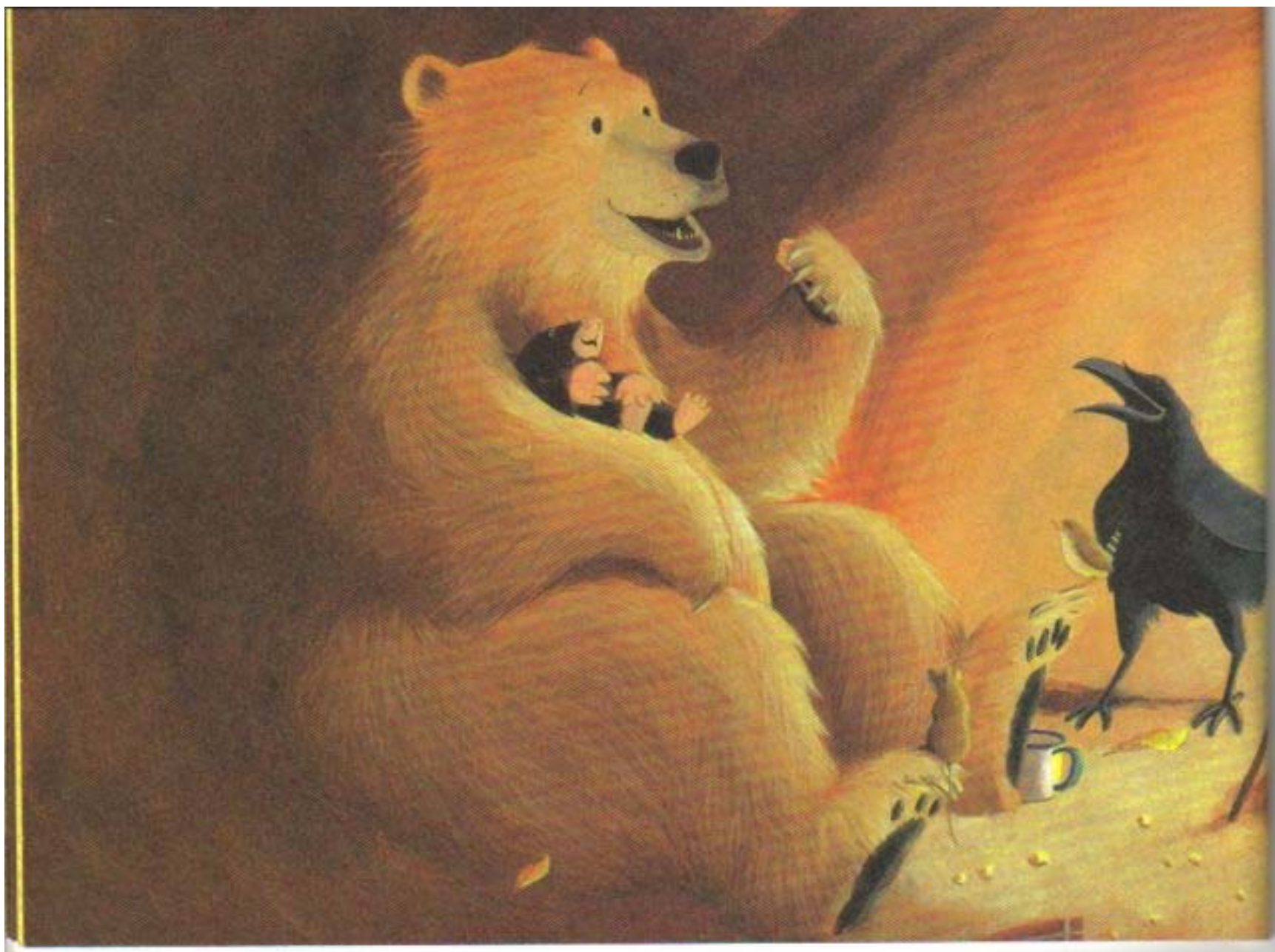
And he whimpers
and he moans,
he wails and he groans . . .



And the bear blubbers on!

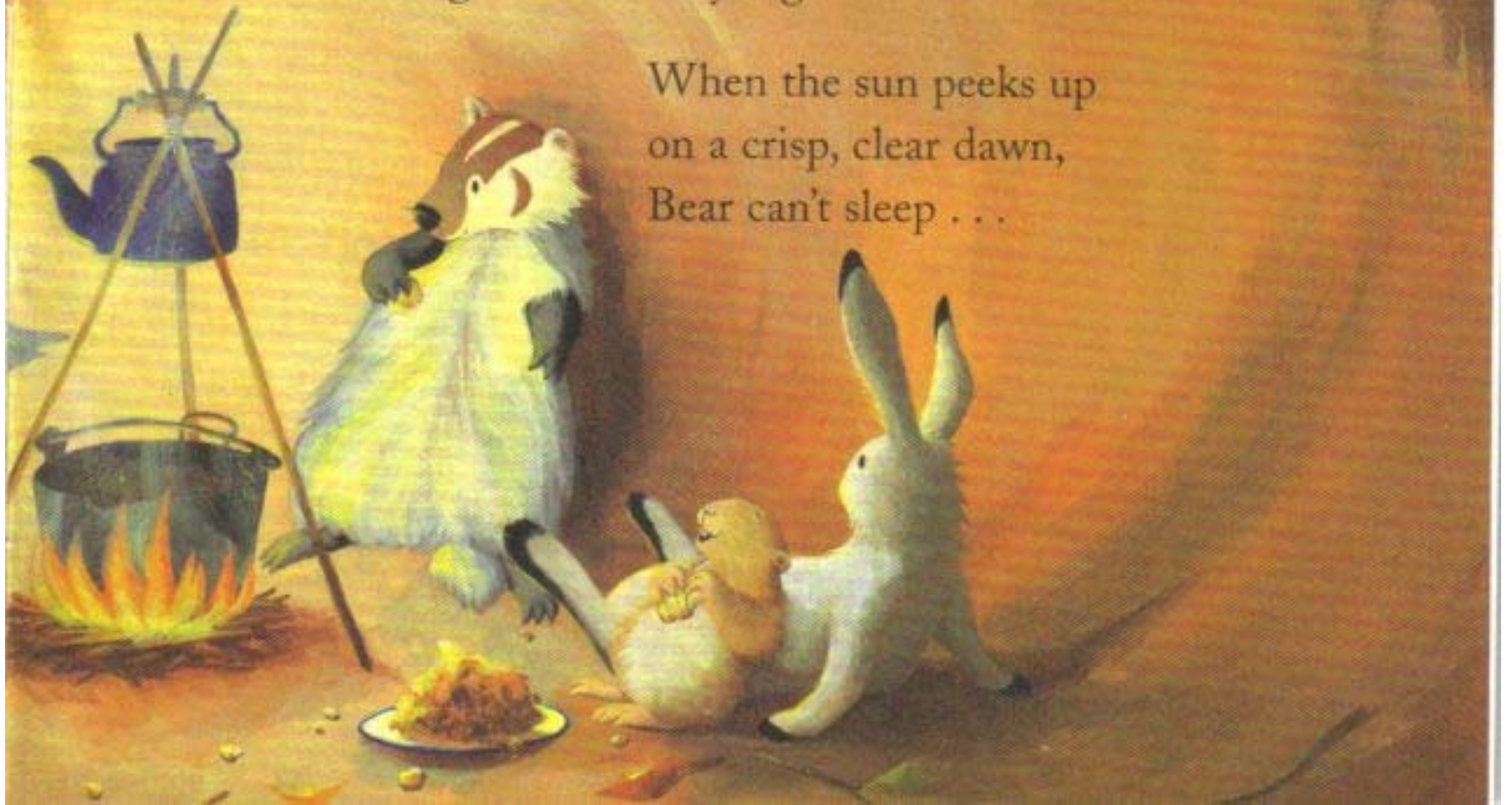
Mouse squeaks, "Don't fret.
Don't fuss. Look, see?
We can pop more corn!
We can brew more tea!"

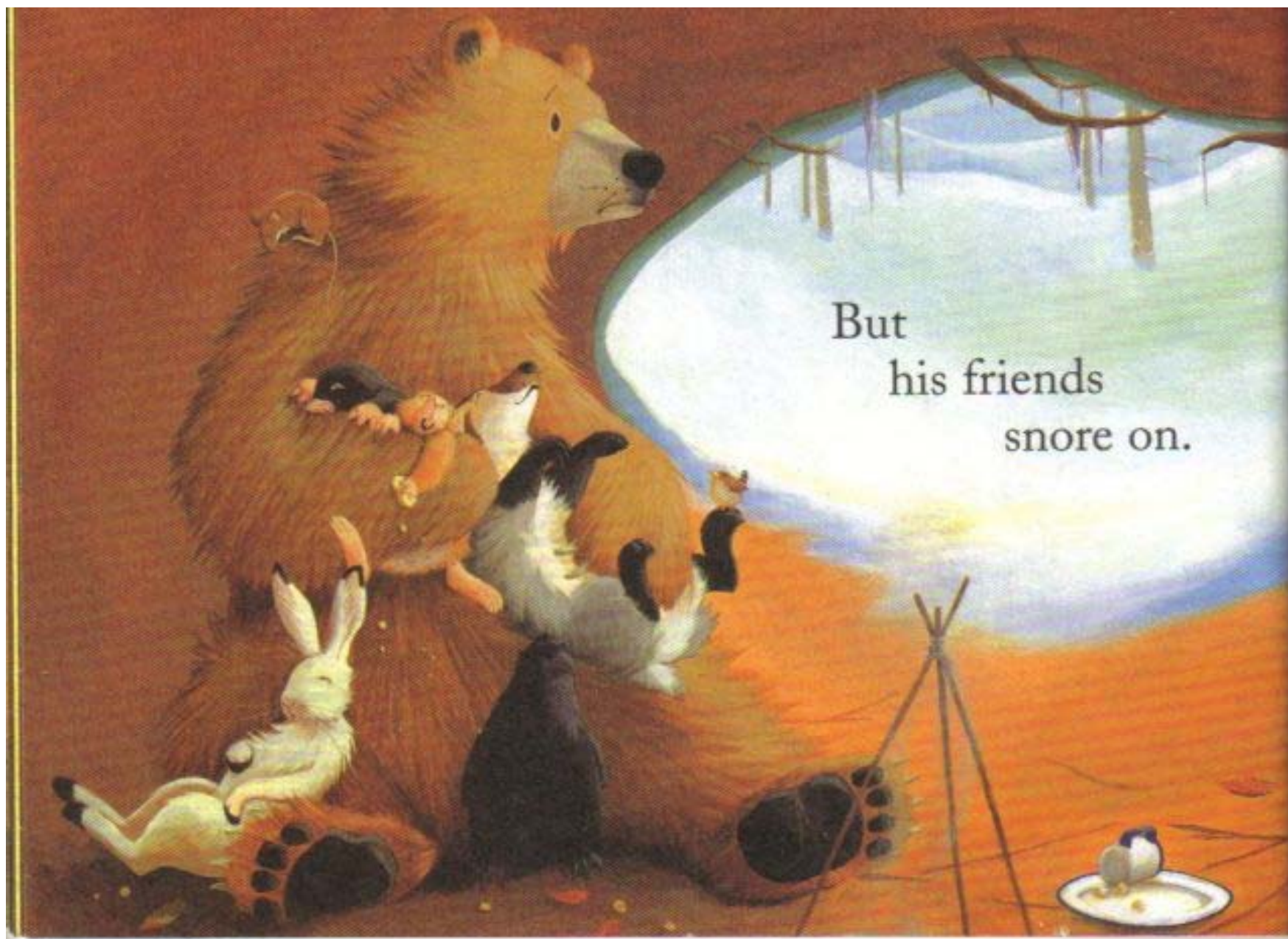




Bear gulps. Bear gobbles.
He sighs with delight.
Then he spins tall tales
through the blustery night.

When the sun peeks up
on a crisp, clear dawn,
Bear can't sleep . . .





But
his friends
snore on.