

PIERRE BEAR

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by Patricia Scarry

In a windswept cabin, away up North, lived
brave Pierre Bear.
He lived all by himself.

Richard Scarry's
BEST STORY BOOK EVER

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When Pierre wanted a fish supper, he went fishing, all alone.

He cut a hole in the ice and dropped in his fishing line. Soon he pulled out a big, big fish. For Pierre was a Great Fisherman.

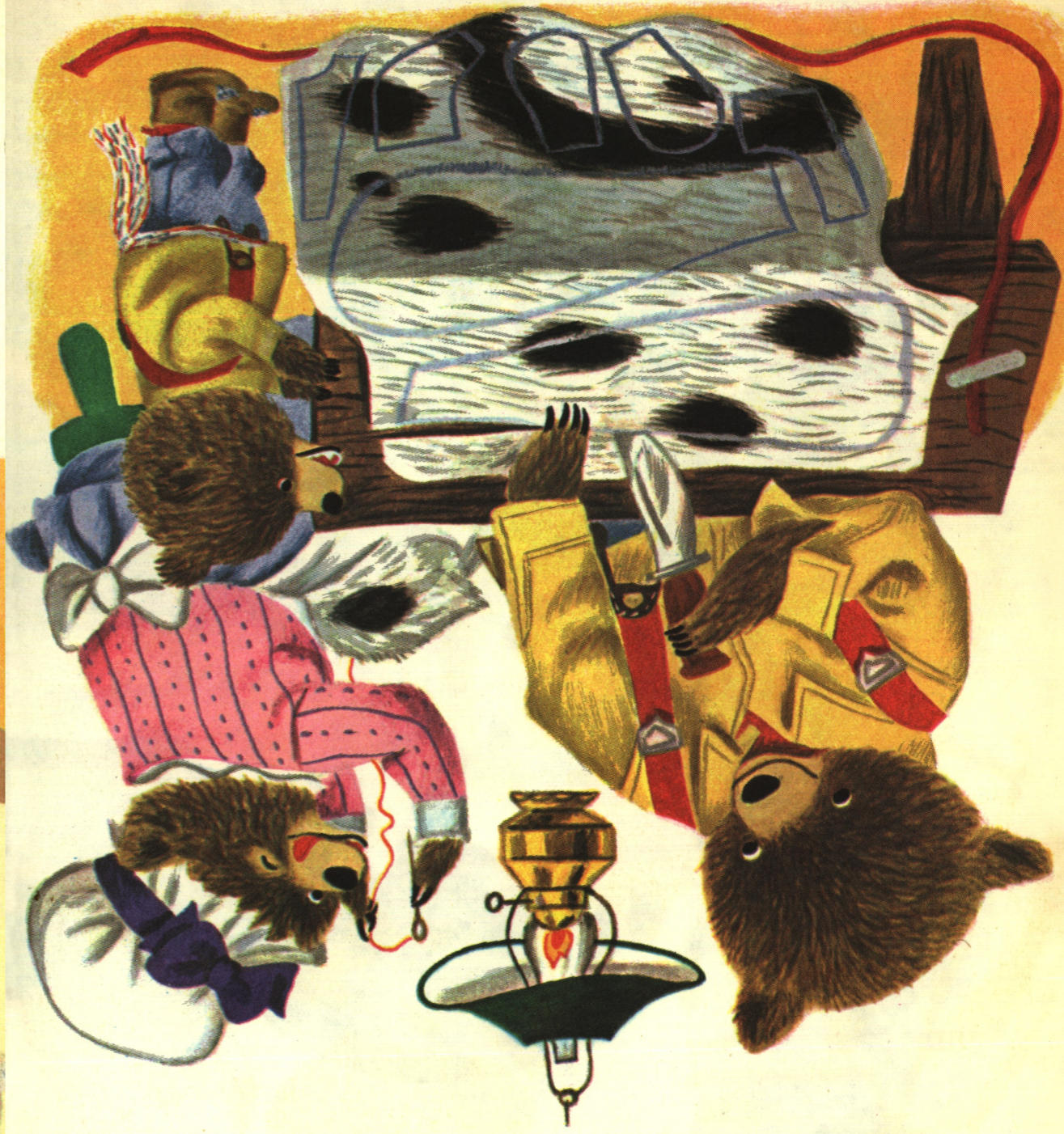


They were the finest coats in the North.
"They should be," said Mrs. Pierre proudly,
"for you are the Two Greatest Hunters of all
the North!"



Pierre went home and cooked his fish. He put the red cloth on the table. And he sat before the fire to eat his fine fish supper. "I wish there were someone here to share my supper," thought lonely Pierre Bear.

They took the sealskin back to their cabin. Pierre dried the skin and cut it into sleeves and such. Then, with her bone needle, Mrs. Pierre sewed them all coats.





Then Pierre climbed between the soft furs that were his bed. He went to sleep and dreamt a happy dream.

He dreamt that he was with a lot of other bears who were laughing and singing and never lonely.



Next morning, when Pierre Bear looked in his cupboard he saw that he needed more food. So he took his big rifle and headed for the wild woods to hunt the Terrible Moose, the biggest, wildest animal of the North.



They hunted for the biggest, wildest, furiest seal.
They found him.
And they shot him. BANG!
For Pierre and little Pierre were two great hunters!



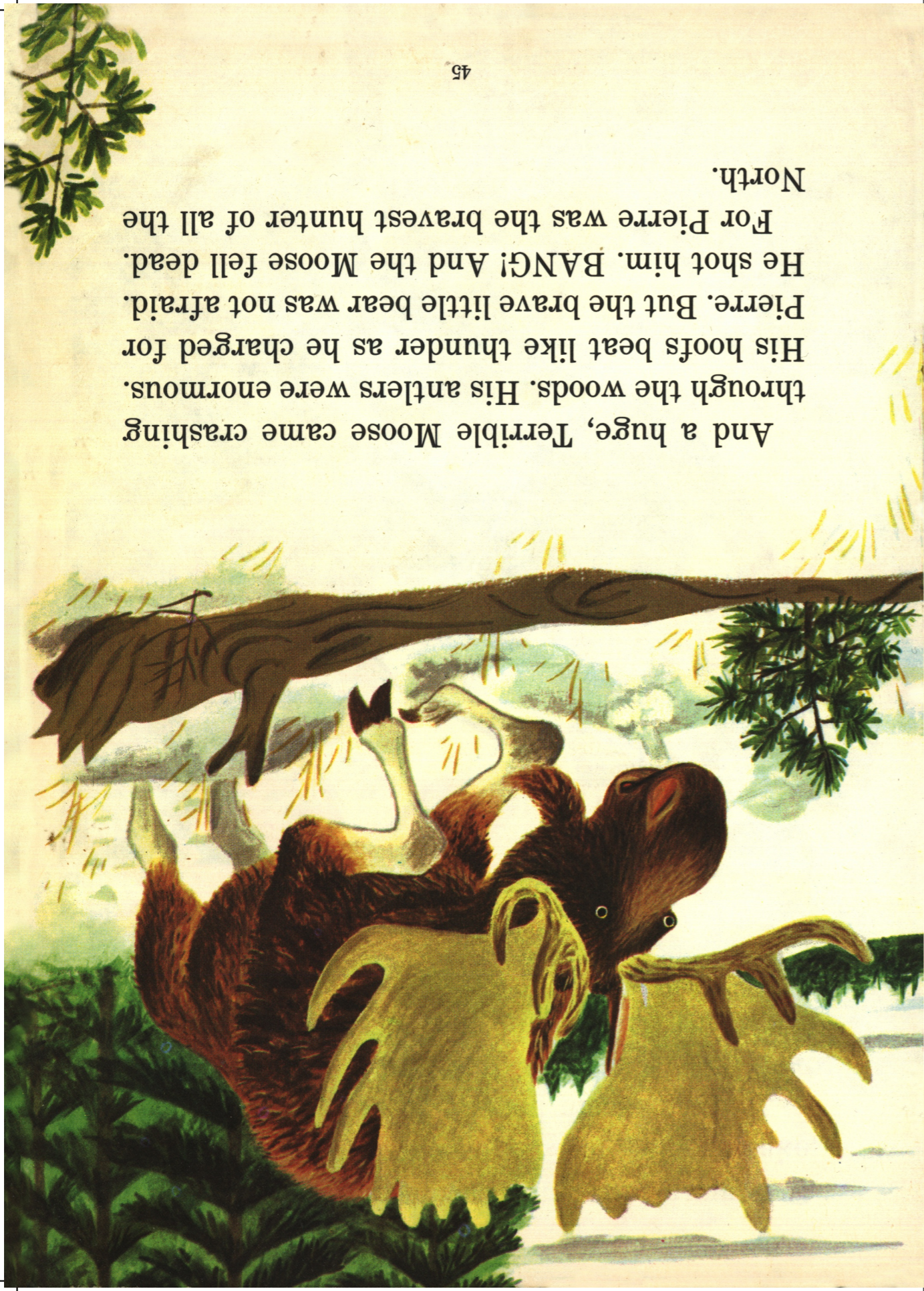
Pierre walked across the snow until he found the huge tracks of the Terrible Moose.

Then he blew a moose call on his moose calling horn.



One day Pierre Bear decided he needed new fur coats for the whole family. So he and little Pierre paddled in their little boats through the thundering ocean to the place where the Fur Seal lived.





And a huge, Terrible Moose came crashing through the woods. His antlers were enormous. His hoofs beat like thunder as he charged for Pierre. But the brave little bear was not afraid. He shot him. BANG! And the Moose fell dead. For Pierre was the bravest hunter of all the North.



Now Pierre never goes fishing alone, for the baby bear goes with him.

Pierre took his moose home and he made a moose stew, and moose pie, and moose cake, and thirteen jars of minced moosemeat.

His cupboard was full, and he wished that he had someone to help him eat all that good food.



But, best of all, Spring brought a little baby bear to Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Bear.

He was round and funny and full of fun. And oh, how they loved him.



Then, one day it came time for Pierre Bear to take the furs he had hunted all season to the Trading Post, to sell. He piled them on his sledge and set off on the long journey through the woods. He wore his red hat and his best snowshoes.



Then one day, Spring came to the North. The snow melted and dripped from the windows. Wild flowers bloomed on the roof of the cabin.



The Trading Post was a jolly place, and the traders greeted Pierre merrily.

They counted his furs.

They weighed the skins.

And they gave him a lot of money for them.



When Pierre strummed his guitar and sang,
Mrs. Pierre giggled and clapped.



And so they lived happily all year long.

It was very nice to have Mrs. Pierre Bear
 around the cabin.
 She hung her bonnet on the new hat rack
 and it looked very gay. She cooked a fine
 supper in the new pots and pans.



Pierre went to a store to spend his money.
 From a pleasant lady bear he bought some
 pans to cook with.
 "I need a guitar to sing to, for I live alone,"
 said Pierre.





So he bought a guitar.

"There is something else I need. Now what can it be?" said Pierre.

"If you live all alone you need company," said the lady bear.

"She is right," thought Pierre.

So the very next day Pierre Bear made the lady bear his wife.

He tucked her into his sledge, with his new guitar, and his pots and pans, and away they went, over the snow, to his cabin.

