

Flurry the Bear

The Granted Wish



J.S. Skye

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CHAPTER 2

MISUNDERSTOOD

“Wait a minute! That’s not how it happened!” shouted an outraged cub. His outburst disrupted the mood. The other cubs snapped out of the world they pictured in their heads.

Nomi closed the book, but kept the page marked with her finger.

Soon the other bears argued about the validity of Nomi’s story. It did not line up

with what Flurry had told them.

Christopher held up his hands to calm the cubs down. “I’m sorry if this isn’t what you heard from Flurry, but this really is the truth.”

“So he never had a tail?” asked another of the young bears.

“That’s correct,” Christopher replied.

“No, that doesn’t sound right,” yet another chimed in.

Mrs. Kringle gave her husband a look that he knew all too well. He cleared his throat and continued. “Do you want to hear the rest of the story, or do you want to all go home and be put to bed?”

The cubs were instantly seated and insisted that Nomi continue the story. The lady smiled and opened to the next chapter.

The sheer joy and excitement Mr. and Mrs. Snow felt was immeasurable. They spent every available moment with their son. As often as time would allow, they took Flurry outdoors and built snow bears, competed in snowball fights, and sledged down the steep hills all around Ursus. Flurry loved to play, and everywhere he went cheer spread. ❄️ ❄️ ❄️

It was difficult for anyone in Ursus to know how much time had passed while Flurry resided at the North Pole. However, the amount of time that had gone by was not important. The most crucial thing was how Flurry would become what he was destined to be.

As time proved, Flurry was a well-behaved little bear – for the most part. However, he managed to get himself into trouble every now and then. He often went to Mrs. Daybear’s house to recruit his buddy, Sunny. Together, the boys embarked on adventures right there in their backyard – you would be surprised what kind of secrets wait to be discovered in your own yard.

At the schoolhouse, Flurry often snuck off with Sunny to play. It was not done out of defiance to authority, nor was it intentional mischief. Flurry was a cub, and he was easily influenced by the promise of adventure – besides, what child would not?

One particular school day, Flurry stared out the window and watched the snow elegantly drift down onto the tree branches. The moon made the snowflakes sparkle in

her light. As the lunar rays cast their cool glow on Flurry's face, he dreamed away.

Flurry sat at his desk, unaware of anything the teacher had said to him. In his fantasies of great adventures, which beckoned to him from the distant horizon, her words began to break through as if from another world.

"Flurry!" sounded the voice of his school teacher. The cub remained in that happy place and did not hear his name being called. "Flurry!" she shouted again. One final time the instructor bellowed, "Flurry!"

The cub jumped up with a start, and answered, "I didn't do it!"

The classroom giggled. Flurry tried to get his bearings straight.

"No, I called on you to answer the

question. What starts with the letter T?”

“Toothpaste?” Flurry answered uneasily. His voice indicated that he was unsure of himself. He had no idea what she had last spoken about. The classroom burst into laughter.

“Flurry! Were you paying attention at all? Toothpaste isn’t a name of an animal!” The teacher shook her head and approached Flurry’s desk. She stood over Flurry and peered down at him through her bifocals.

“It could be!” he shouted. When he saw that she was not convinced, he continued in a lower octave. “Well, if someone had a pet and named it Toothpaste.” Flurry looked up and grinned uneasily. If Flurry could have made a halo appear above his head, he would have.

The instructor glared at the boy cub with

disapproval. Flurry looked up at the gray furry figure which stood over him. The cub's eyes watered. "I'm sorry," Flurry cried.

"Sorry isn't good enough! You need to start paying attention! I'm trying to teach the alphabet, and you're off in your own little world! Should I write a letter to your parents?"

* "Which letter?" Flurry asked. "You have twenty-six of them to choose from." Flurry misunderstood her meaning, but his statement came across as sarcasm.

"Oh! I see how it is. You want to be a wise guy, eh? First, it was Drizzle. Now, it's you, too? So be it! I'll write an extensive letter to your parents, and inform them of what a poor student you've been." The

instructor huffed as if she were a steam engine. She quickly spun around, and marched back to her desk in front of the classroom.

“Oh no! Please don’t! I’ll do anything! I’ll pay attention from now on, I promise!” Before Flurry could get an answer from his instructor, the bell rang.

“You’re all dismissed,” she informed the class.

*Flurry quickly slipped out from his chair and raced toward the door. He had only just escaped when Sunny showed up.

“Hey, Flurry!” Sunny called out to Flurry from down the long hallway.

Flurry waved back. “Hello!”

Sunny’s yellow fur brightened Flurry’s mood. “Flurry! I thought of something fun we can do!”

“What’s that?” Flurry excitedly replied.

“There’s this amazing tree out in front of our houses. We should climb it and see who can get to the top the quickest.”

“I don’t know. That sounds fun, but my mama and papa might not like that. They don’t think it’s safe to climb trees,” Flurry replied with a discouraged tone to his voice.

“Come on! Live a little! Nobody will know.” Sunny tried to sound convincing. He pulled his red handkerchief up over his face. “See! You can’t even tell who I am, can you?”

Flurry was not convinced, but he gave in just the same. “Oh, okay. Only for a little bit, and then I need to get home or my mama will be worried about me.” Then, a hint of caution crept back in as Flurry asked, “Just

promise me we won't climb too high, okay?"

"Sure! I promise!" Sunny sounded sincere, so Flurry joined him and they rushed off on their adventure. Deep down, Flurry knew that he could not trust Sunny at his word. However, Sunny told Flurry what he wanted to hear.

Their choice tree was very close to both of their homes. They arrived at the tree and remained still for a moment. The boys contemplated their method for ascending the giant towering over them. It was clear that getting to the first branch was going to be their biggest challenge – after all, they were only teddy bear cubs, and they were not very tall. Sunny, after he had stacked up some rocks, gave Flurry a boost. In return, Flurry pulled Sunny up into the tree with him.

Flurry used his scarf to make up for the lack of reach that he needed.

“I’ll race you to the top branch,” Sunny challenged.

“You’re on!” Flurry exclaimed. Before he made a move, Flurry took a peek out from the branches and realized how high up they were. He swallowed hard, closed his eyes, and reached for the first of many branches.

*Flurry’s fear eventually subsided. The boys giggled and tried to outmaneuver each other. However, Flurry and Sunny’s fun screeched to a halt when they heard a fur-curling scream. “Sunny! Get down from there this instant! How many times have I told you to stop climbing trees?”

Sunny poked his head out from the branches and saw that his mother stood at

the base of the tree with her paws at her hips.

Sunny pulled his head back in, and with a startled voice whispered to Flurry, “It’s my mom! I’m in so much trouble! I have to go now. Bye!”

Flurry whispered back, “Okay, goodbye!” Flurry stuck his head out, and saw Sunny’s angry mother. She glared back at him. “Oh! I see what’s going on here! This is your fault, isn’t it?” she sternly addressed Flurry.

“No, it isn’t, I promise!” Flurry attempted to defend himself.

“I’ll hear no more of it! You’re a bad influence on my boy! I don’t want you playing with him anymore!”

“Mother, Flurry didn’t do anything. I asked him to come with me.” Sunny interjected.

Sunny's mother would not accept it. "You don't need to make excuses for him. Before you met Flurry, you didn't get in as much trouble as you do now. It's obvious that he has a negative effect on you. It comes from poor upbringing. In the end, his parents are to blame. Come on, let's go home!"

Before she had walked too far from the tree, she looked back and shouted, "As for you! I have half a mind to have a little chat with your parents, too! Maybe they'll finally give you some much-needed discipline!"

"No, Mrs. Daybear! Please!" Flurry pleaded, but his words fell on deaf ears.

Flurry sat in the tree and sulked. He wondered why he was so misunderstood by others. How could he be blamed for something that was not even his idea? He

realized that he should have just said no.

It suddenly dawned on Flurry that his parents would be home soon. He quickly navigated the branches, but his haste did not prepare him for the patch of ice at the lowest branch. Before Flurry knew what happened, his foot gave way, and he fell from the tree.

Luckily, Flurry had two things going for him. First of all, there was a snow drift to cushion his fall. Secondly, he was a teddy bear. Teddy bears do not have to worry about getting hurt in the same manner that a real bear would.

Flurry impacted the snow. A white cloud of flakes swirled up around him. Flurry got up and brushed off the snow, shook his head, and ran for home.

The distance from the tree to his house was not far, but Flurry sat up in the tree far

longer than he realized. The moon was much higher in the sky now. To Flurry's horror, Mrs. Daybear was already at the door of his home. She spoke loudly to his mother, and waved her arms demonstratively.

Flurry arrived and squeezed in between the door frame and Mrs. Daybear's left leg. Flurry looked back at her from inside only to be met with an angry scowl.

* At school, many of the other cubs often joked about Mrs. Daybear. They liked to say she permanently had a disgruntled look on her face, and that she did not know how to smile. Flurry thought about it and realized he was unable to think of a single moment when Mrs. Daybear did not look upset.

Poor Mrs. Daybear, maybe she just needs a hug, Flurry thought to himself. Before he

could dwell on the subject any longer, Flurry was brought back to the moment at hand.

He heard his mother say goodbye, followed with, “Okay, I’ll look into it. Thank you.” The door clicked shut, and Mrs. Snow turned to face her son. Strangely, she did not appear the way Flurry had anticipated. Instead of having a look of anger, she appeared to be sad.

Tears formed in his mother’s eyes. “Flurry, I don’t know what to say to you right now. Do you know how dangerous that was? What if something bad had happened to you? You’re my only son.” As she wept, Flurry felt tremendous guilt. He had not thought about how his actions would affect her or anyone else but himself.

“I’m sorry, Mama!” Flurry cuddled up against his mother after she sat down on the

couch.

Later that evening, Mr. Snow came home and found his wife and son huddled together on the couch. While she stroked Flurry's head, Mrs. Snow looked up at her husband with a concerned look in her eyes. Mr. Snow knew this expression well. "What is it?" he asked with hesitation in his voice.

She replied, "Mrs. Daybear came to see me today. She was angry at Flurry, and blamed him for getting her son to climb trees with him."

After he patiently listened to his wife's entire account of events, Flurry's father asked his son, "Is this true?"

"I did climb a tree with Sunny, but it was his idea. I didn't want to, but ..."

Before Flurry could finish, his father

spoke over him. “Flurry, what are we going to do with you? You know climbing trees isn’t safe, don’t you?”

“Yes, Papa, I know.” Flurry dropped his gaze. He stared at the floor with regret for how foolish he had been.

“Then why do you continue to do it?” asked the cub’s father.

“I don’t know, maybe because it’s fun?” Flurry answered.

*That was not the response Flurry’s parents wanted to hear. Suddenly, both his mother and father were angry. His father stood with his paws on his hips. “Because it’s fun? Because it’s fun? Go to your room!” shouted Mr. Snow. Flurry rushed off to his bedroom. Tears trickled down his furry cheeks.

Mr. Snow sat down in his chair. The look

on his face conveyed deep reflection. He thought about what he should do to properly discipline his son.

“What are we going to do with him?” Mr. Snow asked his wife. He looked over at her and saw that she was in tears again.

Mrs. Snow came and stood next to her husband’s chair and sobbed, “I’m not sure. Scolding him doesn’t seem to work. Maybe we should ground him? We could forbid him from playing outside until he can learn to obey us.” Mrs. Snow rubbed her husband’s arm to comfort him. She hoped that it would reassure him that her idea would work. It broke her heart to know that Flurry had such a difficult time – seeing Flurry cry could melt the hardest of hearts.

“Well, you know that I work during the

day. Will you be able to keep your eye on him all day long? That could be a tall order!”

Mrs. Snow reassured her husband. “I’m sure I’ll be fine.” Then she joked, “I do have eyes in the back of my head.”

The next day, Flurry sat at the front window and watched the other cubs play outside. The others had fun outside in the snow while Flurry was confined to the prison of his own home. The day dragged on. He tried numerous projects to keep himself occupied, but to no avail. Flurry longed to be free.

“I’m so bored!” he shouted. Flurry hopped down from the windowsill, grabbed his ball, and bounced it around. No sooner had he begun to play with it than it bounced off of the wall and collided with his

mother's vase. The flowers tumbled from the table. Flurry cringed as the ceramic décor shattered into numerous fragments. The entire event unfolded in slow motion. The commotion startled Flurry so much that he dove under the couch for cover.

When Flurry peeked out and saw the broken shards of pottery and dirt strewn across the floor, he exclaimed, "Uh oh!" Flurry realized that he may not see the outside world for a very long time.

Fast-paced footsteps were heard. Flurry's mother rushed into the room. "Flurry! What was that? Are you okay?" When Mrs. Snow saw the mess, she responded, "Oh, Flurry! What did you do?"

The cub climbed out from under the couch. A puddle of tears rested upon the

floor where he had concealed himself. The bear ran and embraced his mother and wept. “I’m sorry, Mama! I didn’t mean to! I was bored. I wanted to play with my ball, and it accidentally hit the vase. I didn’t mean to! I’m sorry!”

Mrs. Snow saw her boy’s adorable little face all drenched with tears, and her heart melted. “Oh, my little dear, come here.” Flurry squeezed tighter as she continued to embrace and comfort him.

Mrs. Snow took a seat on the couch and placed her son on her lap. She listened to Flurry continue. “I don’t mean to get into trouble, Mama. Honest! I feel like I’m always disappointing you and Papa. I’m so sorry!” He sobbed even more. Flurry now had a tear soaked scarf in addition to his tear soaked fur.

She attempted to comfort her son while he sat on her lap. “It’s okay, my sweetheart. Accidents happen. I have an idea! Why don’t you go to the grocery store and pick up some items for your mother while I clean up the mess, and start preparing dinner? That way you can get out of the house for a little bit. Does that sound okay to you?”

“Uh huh,” her boy sobbed and wiped the tears away from his eyes.

“Good! Now go get ready, and I’ll make a list.”

Flurry hopped down from his mother’s lap and quickly ran off to his room. He returned very shortly after his mother had finished the grocery list. However, Flurry ran right past her and bolted out the door. He was so happy he was free from the house

that he forgot what he was going out for in the first place.

Before he got too far away from the threshold, his mother cleared her throat. “Aren’t you forgetting something?” she asked.

“Oh yeah!” Flurry exclaimed. He ran back in and hugged his mother. “I love you, Mama! Okay, goodbye!” He returned to his mission, and headed straight for the door again.

Amused, Mrs. Snow chuckled and said, “Yes, that was very sweet of you, but that wasn’t what I meant. Aren’t you forgetting something else? I’ll give you a hint. It’s a four letter word that starts with an L, and ends with a T.”

Flurry looked back and saw his mother wave a piece of paper in her paw. “Oh yeah!

Sorry!” Flurry rushed back up to his mother and snatched the list from her grip.

Flurry called out, “Okay, goodbye!” and rushed out the door. Just as before, Flurry darted off in a hurry. He only turned for a moment to wave to his mother.

Flurry’s mother waved back. She had a proud smile upon her face. She was amused at just how adorable her son could be. Then suddenly she thought to herself, *I hope he doesn’t get into any more trouble while he’s out.*

On the way to the shop, Flurry imagined what it would be like to purchase groceries like the grownups do. He pictured how happy his mother and how proud his father would be. Flurry did not even notice the other cubs that played in the snow. He was

on a mission of the utmost importance, and nothing could distract him.

Flurry arrived at the shop. Being so small, he had to wait outside for an older bear to come out, which allowed him to slip in. Once inside, Flurry felt a sense of awe, for the store was filled with so many goodies, many of which were beyond his reach. Flurry had been to the grocery store many times with his parents, but this was his first time to be there on his own. He felt so proud. He was just like one of the grownups now.

On his way through the store, a stack of honey jars caught his attention. “Oooh!” Flurry exclaimed. He was mesmerized by the sheer number of them. They towered over the cub. Flurry looked at his list. “Mama didn’t put honey on the list, but I’m

sure she'll be happy if I bring one home for her. It'll be a gift to show her how much I love her.”

Without hesitation, Flurry reached for one of the honey jars at the bottom of the stack and removed it. Flurry was not sure what happened next, because it happened so quickly. One moment Flurry was grocery shopping, and the next moment there were broken jars of honey spilled all over him and the floor. The storekeeper was beyond angry. The other shoppers stood by and stared at the cub. Flurry felt humiliated. The cub cried and rushed out of the store as quickly as possible.

Flurry ran home as fast as his little legs would take him. He entered the house and rushed up to his mother. The boy cried his

eyes out. “Mama! Mama! I was ... I ... I wanted ... I wanted to do something nice for you ... and then the honey fell ... and then everyone got angry ... and then ...” Between Flurry’s sniffles, it was like trying to decipher a code. Mrs. Snow could tell something went horribly wrong and that it involved honey, since Flurry was covered in it.

“Flurry, calm down! I tell you what, go get the bathtub ready, and I’ll be in to give you a bath in just a moment.”

“Okay,” Flurry answered. He shuffled away and sniffled while he rubbed his eyes.

Before long, Mrs. Snow entered the bathroom to help Flurry get cleaned up. She had just finished up when she heard voices outside on the sidewalk. She peeked out from a window and saw the grocery store

owner and her husband in conversation. She could faintly make out the storekeeper's words, "You're a good bear, Mr. Snow, but your cub needs some discipline."

After their talk, Mr. Snow came in the front door and turned back to bid goodnight to the storekeeper. Flurry heard the door close and immediately submersed himself in the tub water.

* "Now, Sweetie, don't be like that," his mother * pleaded with him and lifted him back up by his arm. Flurry cringed at the sound of his father's footsteps. He heard them grow louder with each step up the stairway. In haste, Flurry gathered all of the soap bubbles from his bath and heaped them up over his head to disguise himself as a pile of suds. He had hoped that it would fool his

father into thinking that Flurry was not there.

There was a light knock at the bathroom door. “Where is he?” Mr. Snow asked.

Mrs. Snow rushed to the door, slipped out into the hallway, and closed the bathroom door behind her. “Now, honey, Flurry has had a rough day. I’ll handle it. All I want to know is how bad it was.”

“Well, the storekeeper owed me some favors from when I fixed up his shop last winter, so we called it even. I offered to have Flurry sent over to clean up the mess for him, but he insisted that I not let Flurry get anywhere near his shop. I think he’s afraid that Flurry will find more trouble to get himself into.”

Mrs. Snow’s countenance fell. “Poor little guy. He has a big heart, and he means well. I

wonder what we can do to keep him out of trouble.”

“Hmmm ...” Mr. Snow placed his paw upon his chin and thought about the matter. “Maybe we should bring this to Chris,” Mr. Snow suggested. “Yes, I think I’ll take him to Chris’s house tomorrow, and see what he suggests.” Mrs. Snow agreed with and embraced her husband.


* With the matter settled, Mr. Snow called it a night. Mrs. Snow attended to Flurry’s bath and fixed a late night treat for her boy. After she tucked Flurry in, she read him a short bedtime story. Then, it was off to bed for everyone in the Snow household.

Before she left, Mrs. Snow gave her boy a hug and kissed him on the cheek. She stroked the tuft of fur on his forehead and

said to him, “Don’t be sad, my darling, everything will work out. Now get some rest; you have a big day ahead of you tomorrow. Who knows? Maybe there’ll be a surprise, too.”

“Oooh! I love surprises! What is it, Mama?” Flurry excitedly asked.

“Now, now, it’s time for bed. Sleep well, and I’ll see my sweetie when he wakes up. I love you,” his mother said and then turned out the light.

“I  love you, too! Okay, goodnight!” Flurry pulled the warm blanket up to his chin. Flurry felt comforted. He wondered what tomorrow would bring. Before long, he was asleep. He dreamed of tasty treats, and epic adventures.