

The Teddy Bear

Once there was a hungry bear
With thick, soft, russet fur,
Who out of desperation was
A dustbin connoisseur.

One night while plodding through the town
He saw a shop, compact and quaint,
And pressed his snout against the glass
To see what goodies it contained.

This shop was stuffed with charming toys
And there among its wares
Was a picturesque display
Of top-grade teddy bears.

The real-life bear first chuckled,
But then he had a thought!
And in his scheming brain there formed
A most distasteful plot...

With the tip of one sharp claw,
This cunning carnivore
Picked the lock and wriggled through
The toyshop's tiny door.

He found a pretty basket
And stuck some flowers on it,
Then perching it atop his head,
He wore it as a bonnet.

He tied a bow of ribbon
Around his fluffy throat,
Then squeezed into a pinafore
And then a petticoat.

He polished all his pointed fangs
And smiled like Cinderella,
Then glued on some false lashes
And clutched a pink umbrella.

Finally with twine and tag,
He marked down with a snigger
A cost which, due to vanity,
Was quite a lavish figure.

Not a second later
The latch turned on the door!
And shuffling through the entrance came
The owner of the store.

The doddering old lady,
Weak mind and weaker eyes,
Remained completely unaware
Of her new merchandise.

The hungry bear kept statue still
In ambush for its prey,
Prominently centred in
The teddy bear display.

Soon the shoppers trickled in
And sauntered through the aisles,
But only fed that sneaky bear
Bewildered looks and smiles.

Any other predator
Would cramp while they were waiting,
But bears are skilled at staying still;
It's just like hibernating.

The bear heard parents tell their kids,
“Look, but don't you touch it!

Massive teddy bears like that
Are way beyond our budget.”

But he didn't have to wait too long
Before he saw the brat;
Pampered, noisy, ugly and
Mouth-wateringly fat.

“Daddy!” squealed the little swine,
“I want this giant teddy!”
“Darling, no,” the dad replied,
“You've got enough already.”

The blighter threw a tantrum,
With screeches, tears and snot,
Screaming till the teddy bear
She wanted had been bought.

This was, of course, the real-life bear,
Who travelled, not by choice,
Back to the whining wretch's home
In the boot of a Rolls Royce.

“Daddy, move my bear right now,”
The coddled youngster said,
“I want it upstairs in my room
And sitting on my bed.”

Although it nearly broke his back
He listened to the rotter,
Praying for deliverance
From his own horrid daughter.

That night the rascal disappeared
Without much of a struggle;
The bear just gulped her down when she
Came groping for a snuggle.

He rubbed his paws and smacked his lips
And licked around his gum,
Savouring the tasty youth
Now squirming in his tum.

And yet he wasn't satisfied
With one child in his belly,
So he made a brisk return
Back to his toyshop deli.

By the time the doors unlocked
The set-up was repeated.
The bear was sure his newfound prey
Would never be depleted.

Sure enough, for weeks on end,
More hallians took the bait,
And soon that beastly mammal was
Grotesquely overweight.

He guzzled sons of movie stars
And young tech-giant heirs,
He even swallowed royalty
And pre-teen billionaires.

Any youngster spoiled enough
To make their parents pay
The costly sum to buy the bear
Soon joined the brute's buffet!

Sometimes, when he listened,
The bear could hear them whining,
As they kicked and strained against
His stretchy stomach lining.

In the meantime, not far off,
A family of six,
Were about to throw a wildcard

Into this story's mix.

The youngest son, a boy named Ben,
Was in a tricky pickle,
Because in every circumstance,
He couldn't help but tickle!

He tickled all his siblings,
He tickled mum and dad,
He tickled all the neighbours,
The postman and the cat.

He tickled all his classmates,
The bullies and the teacher,
At church, he tickled through the choir,
The organist and preacher.

They took him to the doctors,
But they just smirked and giggled,
(At the time, admittedly,
Their ribs were being tickled).

"This can't go on!" Ben's dad exclaimed,
"My hair is getting thinner!
He even gropes and tickles
While I try to cook the dinner!"

"I've got it!" cried the tickler's mum,
"We'll buy a giant teddy!
And then he'll never tickle us;
He'll tickle it insteady!"

She made some hurried phone-calls,
And in the money trickled,
With generous gifts from everyone
Poor Ben had ever tickled.

The day had come! The funds were raised!

They took Ben to the shop!
They bought the biggest teddy bear
The owner had in stock!

At this point, Ben's story
Had attracted TV crews
Who'd come to film the tickling boy
And put him on the news.

I'm certain it's no mystery
To educated thinkers
What teddy bear it was that now
Fell victim to Ben's fingers...

That bloated, bulging, burping bear
(Who was, by now, quite ill),
Tried his very best to stay
Immoderately still.

Alas, although that crafty bear
Slurped up kids like liquorice,
His greatest weakness was, I fear,
That he was extra ticklish.

He tried his best, he really did,
Not to laugh or squirm;
He tensed his abs, he bit his lip,
He held his broolly firm!

But all at once the laugh escaped
In one gigantic bellow,
Coming from so deep within
It emptied out the fellow!

Spectators wheezed in horror as
The bear spewed out his dinners;
A dozen slimy, harrowed kids
Erupted from his innards!

The former brats, now humbled,
Ran off from where they landed,
Swearing that they'd never take
Another thing for granted.

Ben was drenched in vomit, but
The bear was drenched in shame,
And, weeping, scampered back into
The forest whence he came.

Young Ben, from that day forward,
Disturbed by that event,
Never tickled anyone again
Without consent.

The bear, I'm pleased to tell you,
With aching, mangled guts,
Went on an vegan diet
Of berries, roots and nuts.

The moral of this morbid tale,
If it's not clear already,
Is (I'll say this loud and clear)
BE CAREFUL OF YOUR TEDDY!