

# A Bear Who Lost His Memory

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# **A Bear Who Lost His Memory**

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**Aged 8**

# Chapter 1: An Old Witch's Trick

Once upon a time, in a cozy little forest, there lived a little bear with a big appetite. Every morning, as the sun rose above the treetops, a growling sound would echo through the forest. It was the sound of the little bear's empty stomach, reminding him that it was time for breakfast.

The bear would yawn and stretch, his eyes still heavy with sleep, as he stumbled out of his snug den. The forest was usually quiet in the early hours, with a gentle breeze rustling the leaves and birds chirping their melodious tunes. But today, something was different.

As he lumbered through the woods, his nose caught a delightful aroma wafting through the air.

It was the sweet scent of freshly baked honey oatmeal cookies coming from the little cottage nearby. His mouth began to water, and his tummy grumbled even louder.

With a rumble and a bounce in his step, the little bear followed the delicious smell to the cottage's door. He raised his furry paw and gave the door a gentle knock.

To his surprise, the door creaked open, revealing a kind-hearted old woman with twinkling eyes and a warm smile.

She looked down at the bear and chuckled softly, saying, "Well, hello there, hungry bear! Are you looking for something to eat?"

The bear nodded eagerly, his eyes fixed on the plate of cookies sitting on the table by the window. The old woman's face lit up with understanding, and she beckoned him inside.

"Come on in, dear bear," she said, "I've made these cookies just for you."

The bear's heart skipped a beat with joy as he stepped into the cozy cottage. The aroma of freshly baked cookies surrounded him, making his tummy growl with anticipation.

The old woman placed a steaming plate of golden-brown cookies in front of him, and he wasted no time devouring them with delight.

After finishing his feast of cookies, the bear suddenly felt a strange sensation in his head. It was as if a thick fog had lifted, revealing a vast emptiness where memories should have been.

He looked around the cozy cottage, feeling a pang of confusion.

Who was he?

Where did he come from?

Why couldn't he remember anything?

He glanced around and guess what? Right in front of him was an old lady with a smiling face and she was giggling! She was actually a really, really mean witch!

Confused and upset, the little bear stepped out of the wicked witch's cottage and headed into the forest as far as the eyes could see.

## Chapter 2:

# The Little Bear Meets A Girl With Golden Hair

The little bear walked through the forest, feeling super confused because he forgot everything! He didn't know what to do or where to go. The weather was all sunny and nice, but it didn't make him happy at all. He just felt lost and lonely.

Benny wished he could remember something, anything, to make him feel better. It was like being in a big puzzle with missing pieces. The sunbeams tickled his fur, but he couldn't find his smile. He just kept on walking, hoping that one day his memory would come

back, and he would be happy again.

As he was taking a stroll through the forest, he came across a clearing where a little girl was playing. The girl looked very cheerful and her golden hair danced in the wind.

Suddenly her eyes widened with amazement as she saw the bear approaching. She knew right away who he was, even though he himself was completely clueless. With a big smile on her face, the girl skipped over to him and greeted him excitedly.

"Hello! I know you, you are the bear from my story!" exclaimed the girl, her voice filled with wonder. Benny looked at her, his big bear head tilted to the side in confusion. "Could you please tell me... Who am I? How did we meet?" he asked, his voice deep and rumbling.

The girl was thrilled to help the bear unlock the secrets of his forgotten identity.

She sat down on a mossy log next to Benny and began to tell him all about the story she knew so well. She said her name was the Goldilocks, and she had ventured into Benny's house. She confessed that she had eaten his porridge, broken his small chair, and even dared to sleep in his little bed.

Benny listened intently, his bear ears perked up as the girl spoke. The story felt familiar, yet distant, as if it were from a dream he couldn't quite remember.

"Goldilocks," Benny asked, his voice filled with anticipation, "can you tell me more about who I live with? What are they like?"

Emma pondered for a moment, her brows furrowed in concentration. She thought back to the story and tried

to recall every detail she could. With a confident nod, she began describing the Bear family to Benny. She told him about Mama Bear, who was kind and gentle, always making sure everyone was safe and happy. Then there was Papa Bear, strong and protective, with a booming voice that would make the leaves rustle in fear.

Benny listened intently to his new friend's descriptions, his heart filling with a strange warmth. Even though he couldn't remember them, he felt a deep longing to be with his bear family.

So, he decided to embark on a quest to find his Bear family.

## Chapter 3: The Piglet

As the bear walked through the forest, his heavy footsteps crunching on fallen leaves. Suddenly he saw a piglet that was walking along the path towards him. He had a tiny snout, round pink ears, and a curly tail that wiggled with excitement. His eyes sparkled with joy as he noticed the bear approaching.

The piglet, with his bouncy demeanor, seemed to recognise the bear instantly. His whole body jumped with glee, as if he had just seen his best friend in the whole wide world. He hopped up and down, his excitement radiating from every pore.

"Poo!! My Dear Poo!!!" the piglet squealed with delight.

"You're here! It's you! It's really you!"

"I'm not a poop," the bear answered, offended.

"Winnie-the-Pooh, don't you recognize me?!?" Piglet opened his mouth in surprise.

The bear looked at the little piglet, his brow furrowed in confusion. "I'm sorry, my dear Piglet, but I have lost my memory. I don't remember who I am or where I come from."

Piglet's eyes widened, and he hurriedly approached the bear, eager to help him remember.

"Oh, you're the most cheerful little bear I've ever known," Piglet exclaimed, his voice filled with admiration. "You love honey and compose funny poems. You live alone in a small house, but you have so many friends: Piglet, Eeyore, Kanga, Roo, Owl, Rabbit and Tigger. Do you remember our adventures?"

"That sounds so strange," the bear answered, "Don't I have a family, my Papa Bear and my Mama Bear?"

"I haven't heard anything about them," shrugged Piglet. "As far as I know, you were bought at a store as a gift for a little boy named Christopher Robin."

The bear listened intently. The piglet continued, sharing snippets of the bear's life, even if the bear couldn't remember them himself.

"One of our favorite things to do was to explore the Hundred Acre Wood. We would go on quests to find honey, which is your favorite treat. We would search high and low, climbing trees and investigating beehives – one time you even got stuck in one of them!"

"Honey? What does honey taste like?" asked the bear.

Piglet looked very worried. But soon he got an idea! He said, "Hey Pooh, let's go on a big adventure to find honey again!" he exclaimed.

Pooh's eyes got all sparkly with excitement, and he said, "Yes, Piglet! Let's do it!"

They held hands and skipped through the forest. The trees whispered secrets, guiding them towards the sweet treasure they sought. With each step, Pooh's tummy rumbled louder and louder.

Finally, they reached a hidden spot where the bees buzzed happily. There, in the middle of the forest, was a big beehive filled with golden, gooey honey. They used a long stick to scoop out some honey and took a big, sticky bite. Mmm! The taste was delicious! He bear licked his lips and smiled at Piglet. "Thank you, Piglet, for helping me find this yummy honey. You're the bestest friend ever!"

They sat under a shady tree, happily munching on honey and giggling. But all that adventuring had made them very tired. The warm sun and the sweet honey made them drowsy, so they cuddled up together and



drifted off to sleep, dreaming of honey-filled adventures and the wonderful bond of friendship.

## Chapter 4: The Brown's Family

The Bear woke up from a day nap to the feeling of someone gently shaking him by the shoulder. He blinked his eyes and looked up. He saw a kind family standing there.

He felt confused. Once again he couldn't remember who he was or where he came from. They sat down beside him and began to share stories from their past adventures together.

The father of the family said, "You're a very special bear. We found you at the train station with a suitcase full of marmalade sandwiches. You had a label around your neck that said 'Please look after this bear. Thank

you.' So, we brought you home and made you a part of our family."

Then his wife joined in, her voice gentle and comforting. "You see, darling, you love marmalade sandwiches more than anything. You're always getting yourself into funny and sticky situations because of them. But we love you just the way you are, with all your adorable quirks."

Their kids, a boy and a girl giggled and shared their favorite memories. "Remember when you flooded the bathroom while trying to clean your ears with the vacuum cleaner, Paddington?" Jonathan chuckled. "Or when you tried to be a chimney sweep and got stuck in the chimney?" Judy added with a wide grin.

"Paddington? Do you call me Paddington?", asked the little bear.

"Yes, your name is Paddington! We gave you that name because we found you at the train station, which was called that", the kids answered.

The bear wore a tired smile upon his face. Throughout the day, he encountered a variety of individuals, both human and otherwise, who shared with him a multitude of facts, many of which were perplexing. Even his own names seemed to vary, adding to his confusion. The bear couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration at the haze that enveloped his memories.

The little bear started to run wherever his eyes looked. Tears flowed from his eyes. He couldn't remember who he was, what he was. He completely lost his footing, he had nothing to rely on in self-identification, and from this he did not understand how he should live on.

He ran headlong through the forest, not making out the road and pushing his way through the bushes. Suddenly, he felt water dripping down on him as well. It began to rain, drops lashed him on his face, arms, and body. The rain rapidly turned into hail, and it grew dark in the forest. The bear was soaked through and completely frozen, but no amount of bodily suffering could drown out the pain in his soul.

## Chapter 5: Different Types of Bears

So, he went through the forest and thought that he would never get his memory back. But then he saw a little house! He walked in. It was warm and dry inside. He saw a bowl of porridge on the table. The bear could not resist the temptation and ate it all, just like the Goldylocks (By the way, he was glad that he remembered what fairy tale the girl told him in the morning. At least from some moment the memory stopped leaving him, he was relieved).

Having eaten and dried himself a little, he looked around. And he was amazed – around him, along all the walls there were bookshelves full of books. Shelves rose from floor to ceiling, presenting to his gaze

numerous Talmuds: large and small, with and without pictures.

What amazed him most was that every single book... was about bears! "Three Bears and Goldilocks," "Paddington," "Winnie the Pooh," "Beauty and the Beast," "East from the Sun, West from the Moon," myths and legends from different lands, Russian folktales, and so many more. He settled down and spent the entire night engrossed in reading.

And in the morning he understood. There are countless bears in the world, and so many different stories about them. Bears can live a variety of lives: in the forest or in the city, with people, with bear relatives, or with other animals.

"It doesn't matter what I was before", the bear decided. "From now on, I can start living any life - and become what I want. There are so many paths in life."

... At this time, a good witch was quietly peeping behind him through the window. It was she who brought the bear into her house, fed him porridge and showed him so many books. The good witch looked at the bear's brightened face and smiled...



We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

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SWITCHED ON!

The little bear is hungry and goes on a hunt for some honey. He finds a little cottage owned by a wicked witch who offers him some cookies. But they are no ordinary cookies and cause him to lose his memory.

Read on to find out what happens to him and who he meets along the way in his quest to remember who he really is.