

Berry Beary Kind

Book 4

Play Time



*In a very kind town called,
“Berry Beary Town”
Lived a very kind Bear called,
“Berry Beary Kind”*

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—Book 4—

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Cover photo: Jon Berg

Jellina's Bicycle

It was early one morning and the dew was still covering the grassy lawn. "Hmm, I guess I'll just have to wait on mowing the lawn till the ground dries out," Berry Beary Kind thought to himself.

But he didn't have to wait for long to know what to do next. As just then the phone rang.

"Yes, hello?" But there wasn't anyone on the phone, or so it seemed. "Hello, is someone there?" he tried asking again. Then he heard a little girl saying, "Oh, hi. My name is Jellina. I'm four years old. And I am stuck."

"Where are you stuck?" Berry Beary Kind asked. "I'm with my mommy and baby brother. I'm on my bike. But then the wheel got flat and the baby is fussing too. Mommy said maybe you could come and help us to get home," Jellina said.

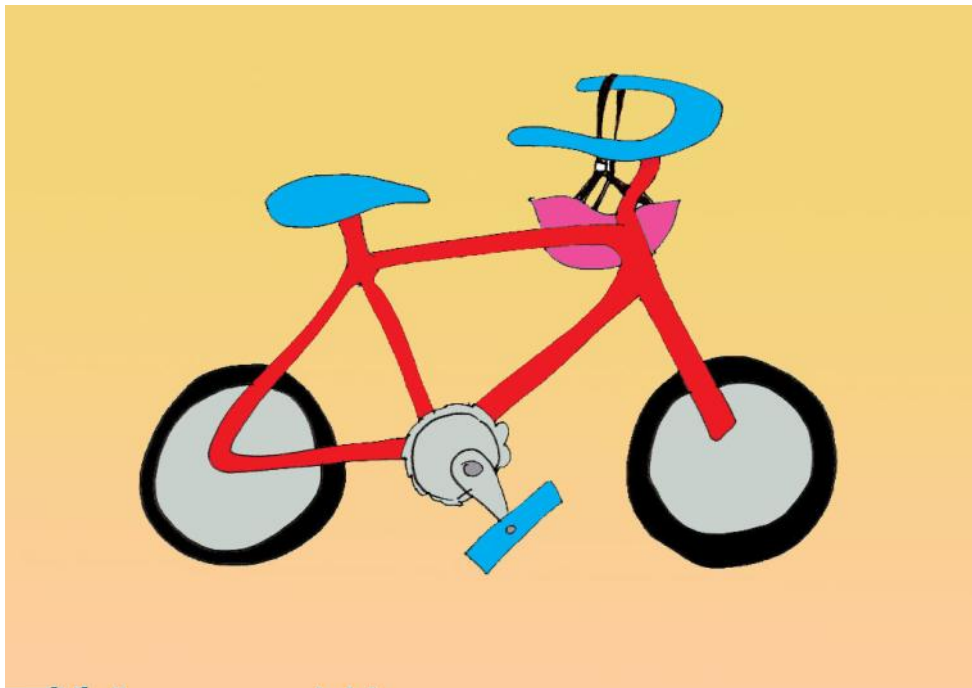


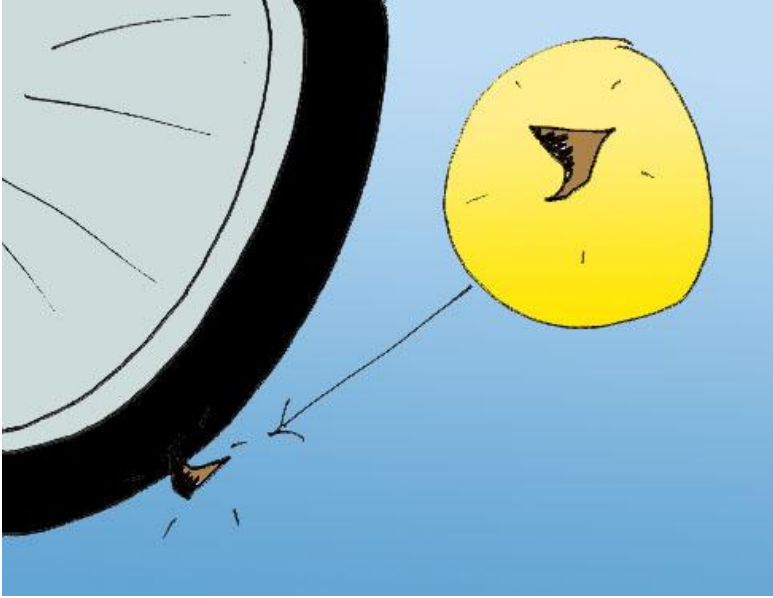
“I certainly can. What park are you at? The Pineneedle Crest park? Okay, I’ll come there right away.”

“Hmmm” he thought. What vehicle should I bring?” Then he remembered that he had a child’s seat that goes on a bicycle, as well as a bicycle wagon that attaches. So with his helmet on, and the seat and wagon hooked on securely he headed off to the park.

Jellina was glad to get a special ride on Berry Beary Kind’s bicycle in a seat that she fit in just great. Her bicycle that needed repair was placed in the wagon, and her mom and new baby brother walked along side them with the stroller.

Jellina had really enjoyed the ride, and Berry Beary Kind offered to take her bicycle home and fix it. Jellina thanked Berry Beary Kind. And then got an idea.





She whispered something into her mom's ear. Mommy thought for a minute and then smiled and nodded "yes".

"We'll have a surprise ready for you when you come back with the bike!" said Jellina.

And so off he went to get to work on it.

"Hmmm, what could be causing the trouble?" He thought, while inspecting the wheel of the bike on his work table. "Ah, there is a thorn! I'll need to patch up the hole."

He took out his bicycle fix-it kit, and got out the perfect size patch. The wheel was up and running in no time. But before he returned it, he got a very kind idea.

"Why don't I make it extra special, and fix up anything else on it that needs to be done."

So he oiled the chain and gears, wiped off any mud. Then he put on a few spare reflectors that he discovered he had.

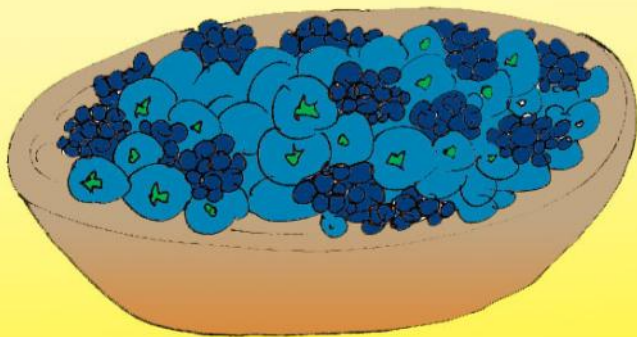
“A bell would be nice. It would make it a bit safer too,” he thought to himself, searching his brain for where one might be. He knew he put it away somewhere.

“Yes, of course!” He finally exclaimed. “It’s somewhere in those boxes in the shed.” After looking around for a while he discovered it. On went the bell. And now it was ready to be returned.

When he walked into Jellina’s house, there she stood, with a bowl in her hands, and a big smile on her face.

“These are for you!” She offered him a bowl of delicious berries, picked just that day by her. Blackberries and blueberries!--They had lots of berry bushes in their yard.

“Thank you so much!” said Berry Beary Kind. “This is my favourite snack!”



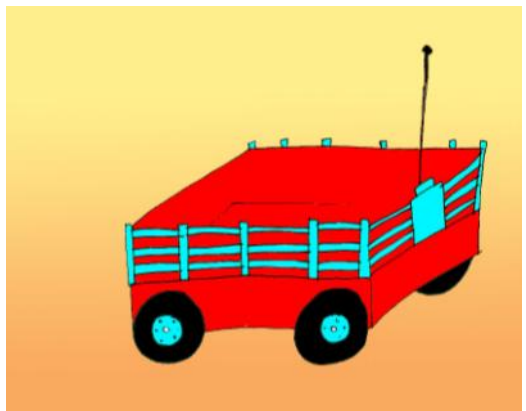
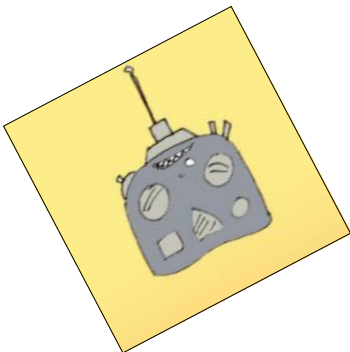
Playing Hopscotch

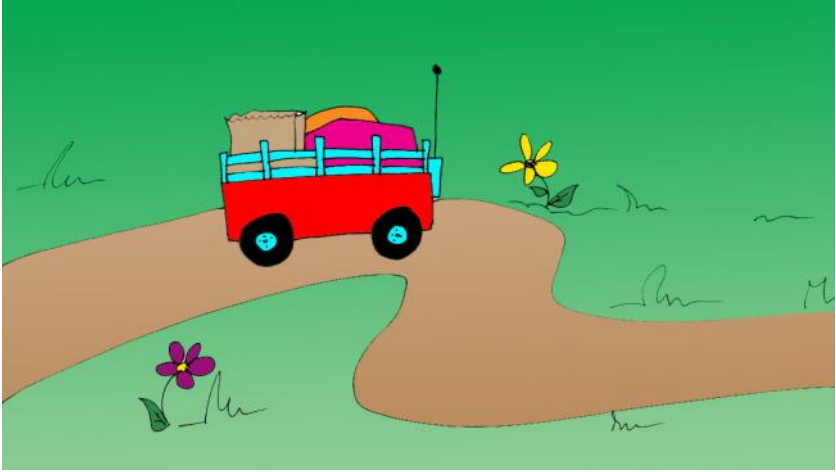
At first he was a tiny bit discouraged when he noticed the weather wasn't going to work for the games planned at the park that day. But Berry Beary Kind wasn't the kind of fellow to get "under the weather" about things.

With a whistle and song, he went out to this work shed to continue working on building his new remote control wagon. He could program it with an address or direction to travel, and using a remote control let it drive itself over to someone who needed help.

He was thinking of situations that it could really help in. Scenarios like: If he spots someone across the street caring way too many bags. He could send his wagon to aid them, and it would go with them all the way to their house, carrying their load for them.

This would be great for those times when he was busy helping to do something else and couldn't actually help right at that minute. Or another time could be when someone had something that needed fixing right away, the wagon could be like a "things" ambulance.





He could get the address of the person who needed some help fixing whatever was small enough to fit in it, and send the wagon there to pick it up and bring it back to his workshop—and send it again when it was fixed.

“Ahh...sob, aaah,” he then heard a cry while his thoughts were busy. He put down what he was doing to go and see. It was Mellani, and she’d slipped on her front porch step, since it was wet in the rain. Mellani had been visiting her grandma who lived next door.

“Up you go,” Berry Beary Kind said as he helped her up and into the house again. “Where were you trying to go?” he asked.

“Well, I’d left my bike outside and remembered that it needed to be under shelter so it didn’t rust.”

Since her grandma was in a wheelchair, he offered to help get a band aid to put on her scraped knee, after Mellani had washed it. –And to put away the bike for her.

“Thank you so much!” said Grandma and Mellani. “You are so kind.”

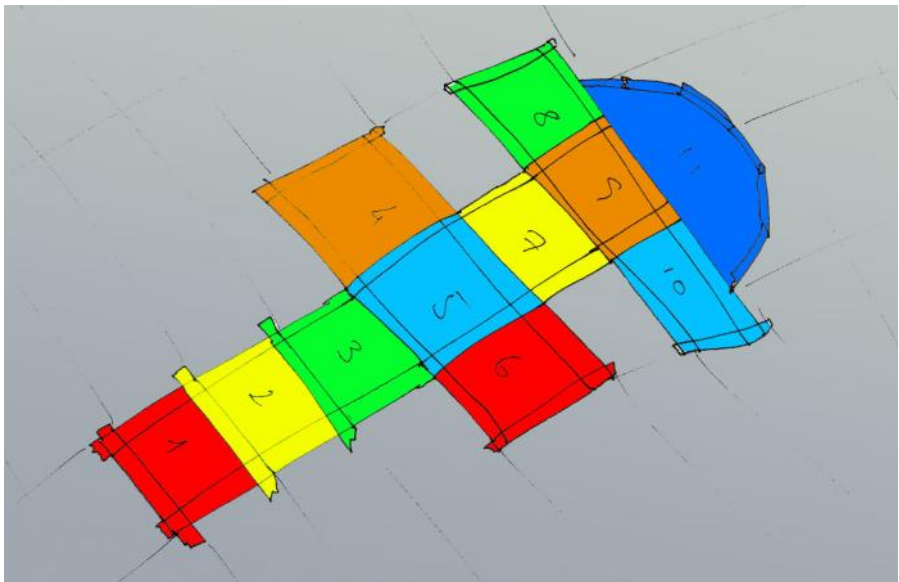
“Well, I’m sure it wasn’t too easy for you to also miss the fun games that were planned at the neighbouring park. But I can see that you—just like me—have found something fun to do.”

There was a tile floor and Mellani had taken masking tape and used it to mark off the lines of several different types of hopscotch. It was a nice indoor game to play, if you had the space and way to do it.

“I have an idea!” Berry Beary Kind said. Mellani was interested. He continued. “Since your friends are also having to stay indoors this afternoon, as wet as it is today, why don’t we have an ‘indoor park day’!”

“What is that?” she wondered, and Grandma was curious too.

“Anyone family who wants to can set up something fun in their house, just like you have. And then we can take turns visiting our different friends and play the action game or activity they have prepared. After a while we move to another friend’s house!”



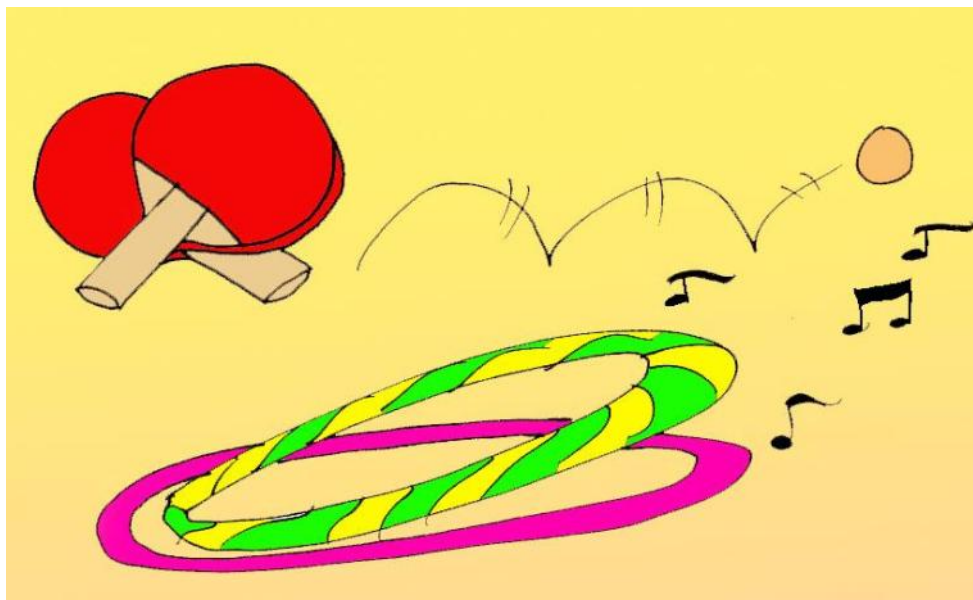
“That would be great!” And so Mellani began to make a list of friends to phone who might want to take part.

Rockette set up a game of table-tennis (ping-pong). Sue set up indoor gymnastics with mats and cushions. Anita and her brother Robbie had a great house for hide and seek.

Bob and his twin sister Isabella planned some music games, like musical chairs, freeze dance, as well as practicing the hoola-hoops. And on went the list. And of course Mellani’s part was hopscotch.

“See! You helped to keep so many kids happy today,” Berry Beary Kind said as he phoned Mellani at the end of the day.

“It all started with you choosing to not just sit around and be bored, but think of fun things you could use the day for. And it snowballed into a plan that included many others. We all had fun!”





She thought for a moment and realised that every minute of the day is like a present and could be filled with wonderful things. But if she doesn't open it and try to use the time for something fun, helpful, positive, interesting, or to learn something new, then it's like a gift that was forgotten under the Christmas tree.

"I'll be sure to remember this next time something we'd planned doesn't go as we wished. There might be something just as fun for us to do.

"We just have to determine to not let the change in circumstances get us feeling sad, but rather to be excited to make the best of it. Maybe we'll even come up with something better than we had originally planned!"



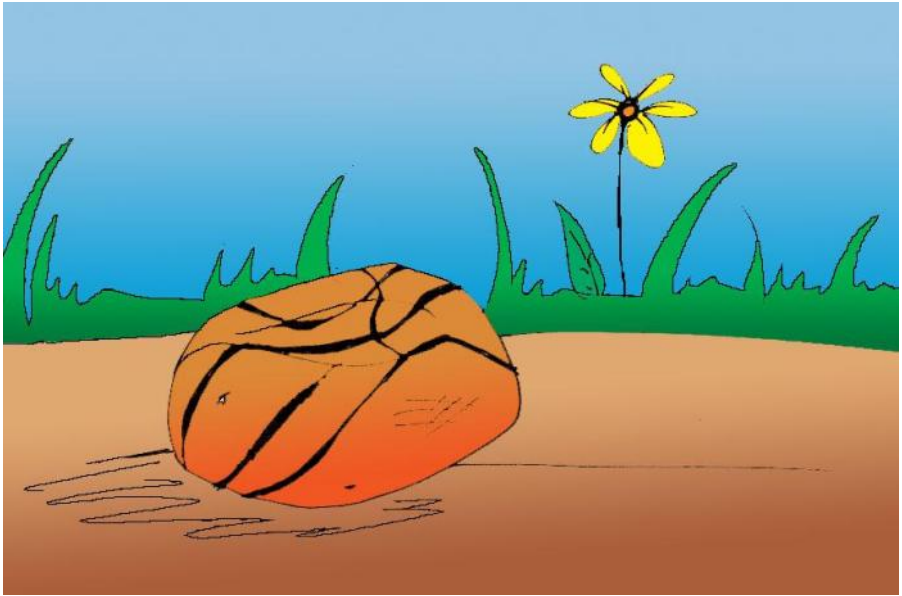
The Bounce-less Ball

Eric sat sadly on his porch. His dad had just put up a new basket ball hoop, and he'd so looked forward to getting to play. But he just discovered that his ball was deflated and too old anyway. There wasn't much of a bounce to it.

Driving past on his electric scooter was "Old Mr. Necktie." He was an elderly gentleman who always dressed very nicely, so that children began calling him this. It seemed that just about every day he was wearing a different necktie than the day before. He always seemed to have a smile.

"Hello, Eric!" he called out, noticing that he needed some encouragement. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, it's just that my ball, that I was looking forward to playing with, isn't bouncing right, and I don't have a pump or way to fix it, till daddy comes back. He's taking our neighbour to the hospital to visit someone there."



“Throw it over to me. Let me see what I can do about it.” So Eric threw it, but a little too far and Old Mr. Necktie missed catching it. Down the sidewalk it started to roll.

Scooting up was Berry Beary Kind, who stopped and looked at the name on it, “Eric Molsin”. “Oh, I know who that is. Hmm, but this ball does look like it needs help.” Just then Eric was walking towards him to retrieve the roll-away ball.

“I can fix that up for you, if you like. But I’m just on my way to the corner store. Miss Elderberry needs something. I can come back later and take a look.”

“That’s kind of you,” said Eric. “Old Mr. Necktie was also offering to help.”

“Oh, that’s great. He used to be a great basketball player when he was younger. You might not guess that now, since it’s hard for him to get around.”

“Really? I never knew that before.”

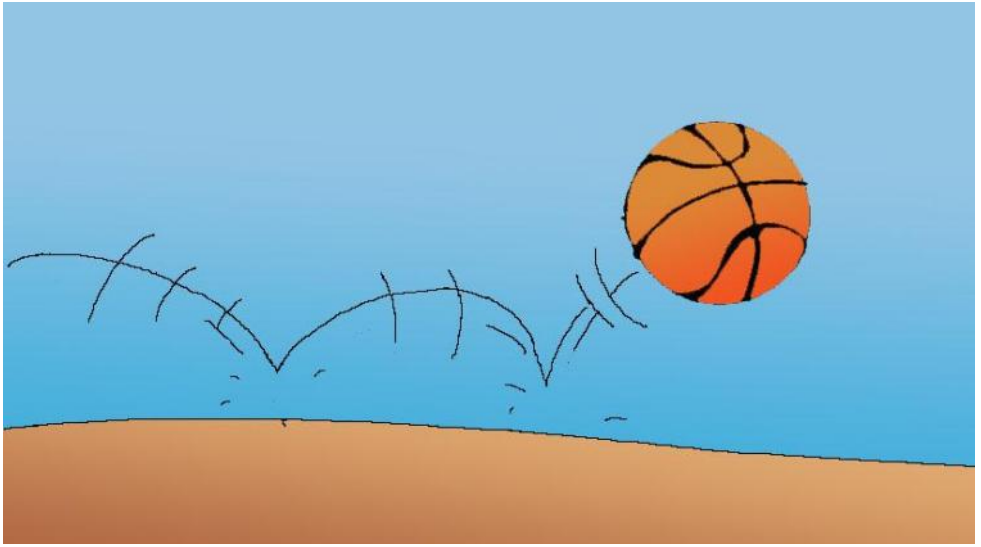
Berry Beary Kind said, “You might be surprised what the elderly people you see around the neighbourhood use to do, or even still know how to do, or at least can teach you how to do it now!”

“Maybe he can help tell me some tricks. That’s actually why I wanted to practice today, because tomorrow my friends invited me for a game. But I feel I don’t know it as well as they do.”

And so Old Mr. Necktie, who looked like just a nice older man with white hair, who couldn’t even walk, had a great time teaching Eric some basketball tricks. He had a pump at home and brought it.

The ball was pumped up and so was Eric’s confidence. He felt better now, and felt like the game the next day was going to be fun!





After the game the next day, he was again sitting on his porch step, with his ball in hand when Old Mr. Necktie drove past again, this time with a basketball suit on. “How’d the game go?” he asked Eric.

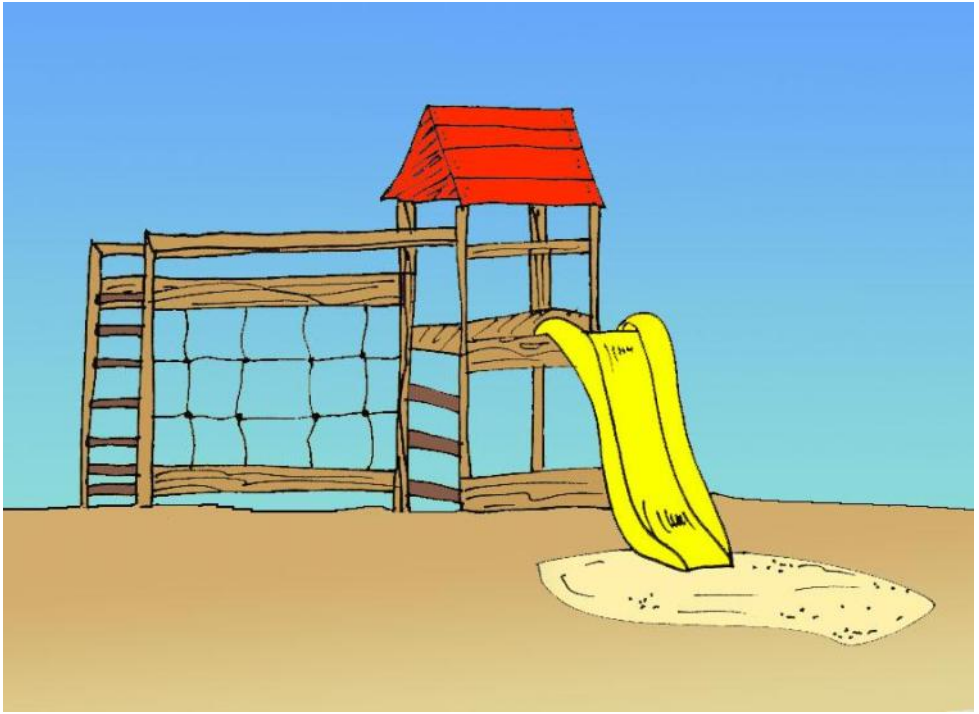
“Great. Thanks for your help.”

“Want to practice again some other time?” he asked Eric.

“Sure. How about tomorrow?” And so it was that every Friday afternoon they teamed up for a practice game.

Eric was getting better and better, and soon was a champ in games with his friends.

He looked at his ball, and thought about Old Mr. Necktie. And thought, “Hmm, he looked like just an older man to me, who couldn’t do so much. Kind of like my ball when it deflates a bit and loses its bounce. But I learned he’s not that way. There’s lots I can learn from him, and other older folks. And maybe I helped to bring some bounce to him too, letting him teach me something he knew.”



The Purple Box

Margret was a three year old girl, who always liked to try out what her seven year old brother was doing. She didn't care if he told her it was too hard, or was "not for her age".

Just because he could do it, made it all the more fun for her to try it. She didn't actually mind whether she could get the hang of whatever it was—climbing, playing a game, doing active tricks, learning an instrument, or whatever—just the fun of being around her brother was enough for her.

Nate, Margret's brother, wasn't always too fond of her trying to imitate everything he'd try to do. For one, he was concerned for her safety, and the other reason was sometimes he just liked to be the only one doing it. He felt he needed alone time sometimes.

One day, when it seemed all she knew how to do was to copy Nate, and he felt the need for “space” he decided to try something new.

But he needed Berry Beary Kind’s help first of all. And just when he got the idea, he looked out the window, and there he was, raking the neighbour’s yard, since he was unable to, while his arm was healing from an accident while playing sports.

Nate, with an eager Margret, walked up to him.

“Hello, Nate and Margret,” Berry Beary Kind said. “How are you today?”

“We’re fine, thank you,” Nate responded. “I just wanted to ask for your help for a few minutes.”

“Well, sure! What can I do for you?” Berry Beary Kind said, while putting the rake down.



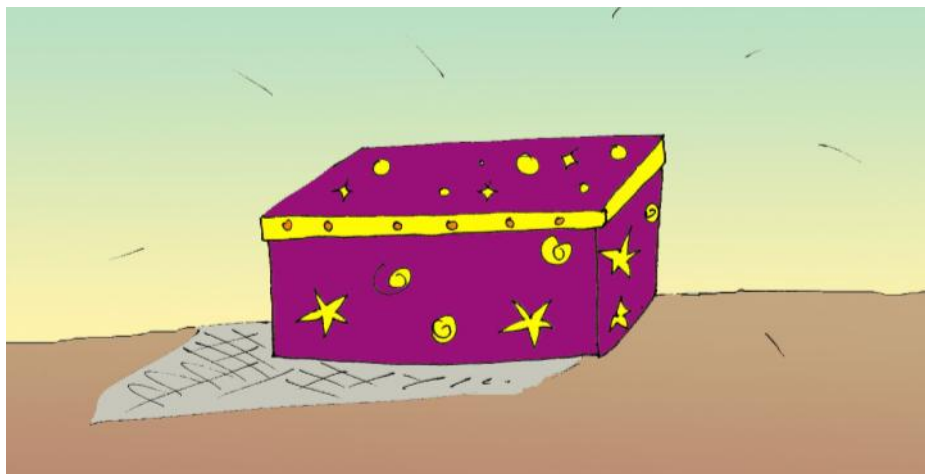
“Do you have any ‘fun-things-to-do’ ideas and the materials to use to do them? See, it’s our time to play now, and Margret needs some ideas. It’s hard for me to think of different things for her to do, but maybe you can help. I need to practice some tricks for the talent show next Friday, but what can she do now, while I can’t play together with her?”

“Hmmm” thought Berry Beary Kind. “I think I have just the thing. I’ll be right back,” he said, and was off on his quad to his house just down the road a bit. Within 10 minutes he was back, with a fun looking purple box.

“Here is where I put things that I think are fun to do, but I just don’t have the time for them. I save them up for when someone needs it. And I think today is just the right time. Look in here, Margret!”

She looked in expecting to see a box filled with items and goodies. But instead all it had in it was one scarf, a sock, a set of old keys, and a mirror.

“What’s this?” She wondered. And while Nate went off to practice his tricks, Beary Berry Kind began to explain.



“Take a look at this scarf!” He said to a very interested girl. “It can be and do so many things. You can ball it up, throw it, and try to catch it again.”

Margret was laughing as she watched him act it out in funny ways. “Or it can be a blanket for your dolly,” he said while pretending to hold one. “Or it can be a picnic blanket, to sit on and read books outside.” Berry Beary Kind was demonstrating each idea in fun, animated ways.

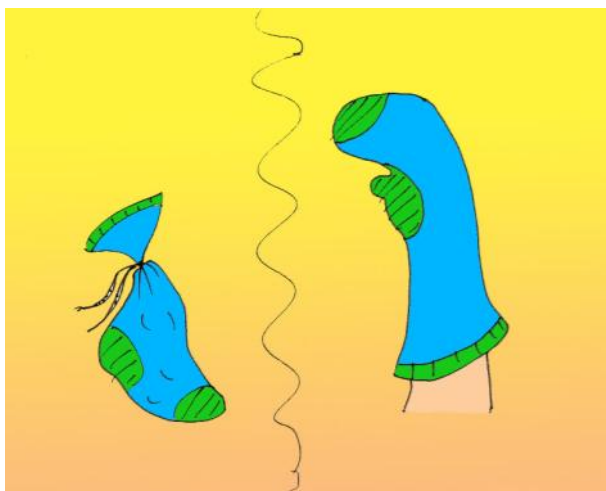
“But what about the sock?” Margret asked.

“Ah, the sock. That used to be my favourite sock, but then its match went missing. So now it’s in my idea box. It can be a puppet! ‘Hello.’” He made the sock “talk” to Margret. “Or perhaps it can be a bag to go around and collect items of interest in the back yard. Or maybe... why don’t you try to think of an idea?” he suggested to Margret.

“Umm...” she thought. “Oh, I know, I can use it on my hand to be a duster, and wipe off the furniture in the living room!”

“What a clever idea!

Now since you are just getting started on the ideas, why don’t you take my special purple box, and use each item in as many ways as you can think of. I’ll come back later on to see what things you thought of.”



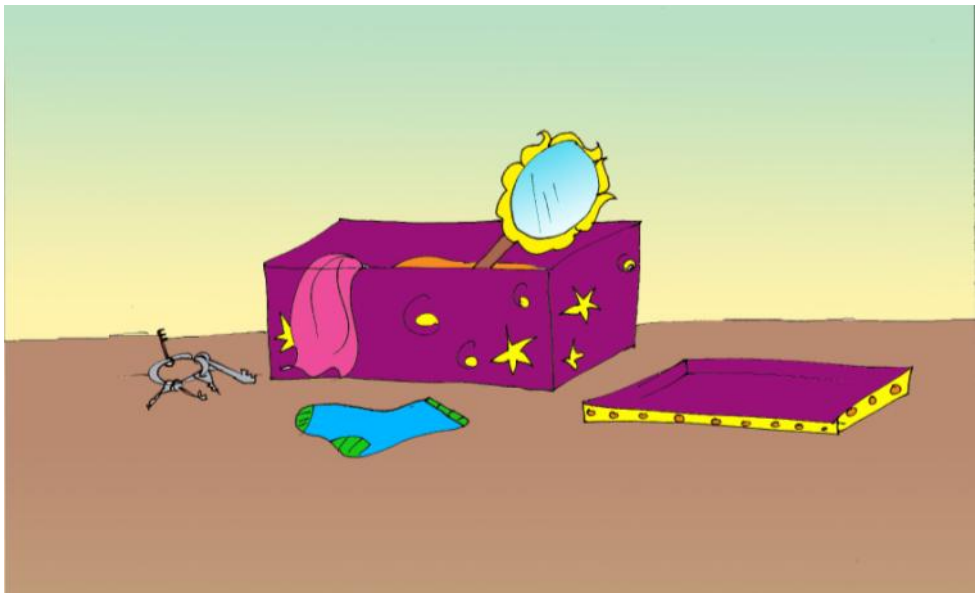
Margret was ready to start having fun. And fun she had! When it was time to return the box to Berry Beary Kind, she told him all that she had done with each item.

“Good for you. You were creative, imaginative, and innovative! All big words to say you thought of new ideas with whatever you had on hand. Maybe next time you want to borrow this box, there’ll be new things in it!” Berry Beary Kind said, and waved good bye.

“Come Margret!” Nate said happily to his sister. “Since you gave me time to focus on learning my tricks, while you played on your own for a while, I want you to be my first audience! Would you like that?” Margret nodded.

“I’ll do a special show now, just for you!”

And the two had a fun end to their time of play, laughing and being friends.

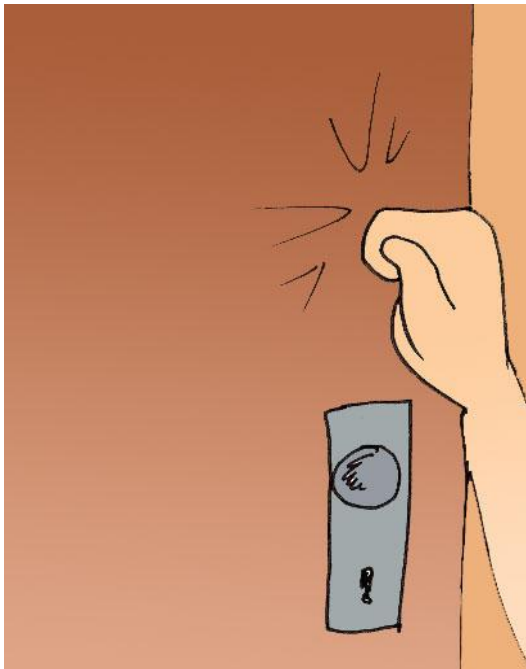


The Next Purple Box

One day Margret's mom wasn't feeling well, and needed some extra rest. Margret was trying to play quietly, but was having a difficult time thinking of what to do. Her older brother was out with dad getting materials to fix up their fence. Then she remembered the purple box. "I wonder if Berry Beary Kind has any new things in it yet? It would sure help me pass the time in a fun way."

"Knock knock" there was someone at the door. Margret could see from a side window that it was just who she needed to see. Berry Beary Kind had come to see if her mom needed anything while she was sick.

After helping to bring Margret's mom some warm soup, he asked if there was anything else they needed. That's when Margret asked for the Purple box.



“Ah! The Purple box!

“I thought you might be needing something fun to keep you busy today. I’ll be right back!” Berry Beary Kind said and was gone in an instant.

When the door knock sounded again a very eager Margret went to see. “Mom, it’s Berry Beary Kind here again.”

“Okay, dear you can let him in,” her mom said.

“Here you go!” he said, handing her the box. “I’ll let you discover all the things that are inside, and see how many things you can think of doing with each item. Have fun! I’ll see you later!”

And off he went, probably on his way to help and encourage someone else. He was always active with kindness!

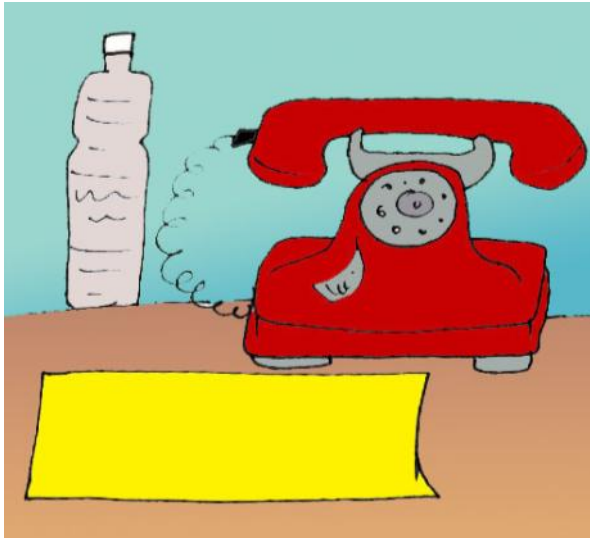


When Margret brought it to her room and opened it up, she was surprised at what she saw. It would take a lot of thinking to come up with ideas. But that was all part of the game anyway. Part of the fun was the thinking part.

“A white sheet... hmm... oh, I know, it can be a fluffy white cloud, and I can pretend I’m in an airplane. I can put a chair on it, and use a tray and eat a little pretend snack! Hmm, where should I visit? I’ll need a suitcase...” and the game had begun.

Next she made a tent with it, over some chairs, and then she put it over a little table, pretending it was a fancy banquet table, and set it up with chairs and dolls, and a tea set. She could have thought of more, but she wanted to try something else.





There was an old telephone, a pillow, a piece of coloured paper, and a bottle.

The games kept her going for a long time. When her brother got home she had fun things to tell and show him.

Then they played together with all the things, making up even more games and ideas.

To name a few: together they used the old telephone to pretend they were rescue workers receiving calls, and then rushing to help out.

They used the pillow to toss and throw back and forth, as if it had been a volley ball.

The coloured paper was cut into strips and with a bit more coloured paper strips added as well, they were woven into a little paper mat.

The bottle was filled with water, glitter and little bits of this and that, to be shaken and then watched to see the moving show of the “glitter snow”.