

**PRATHAM
BOOKS**

A Book in Every Child's Hand

Bhabhloo Bear's Adventure

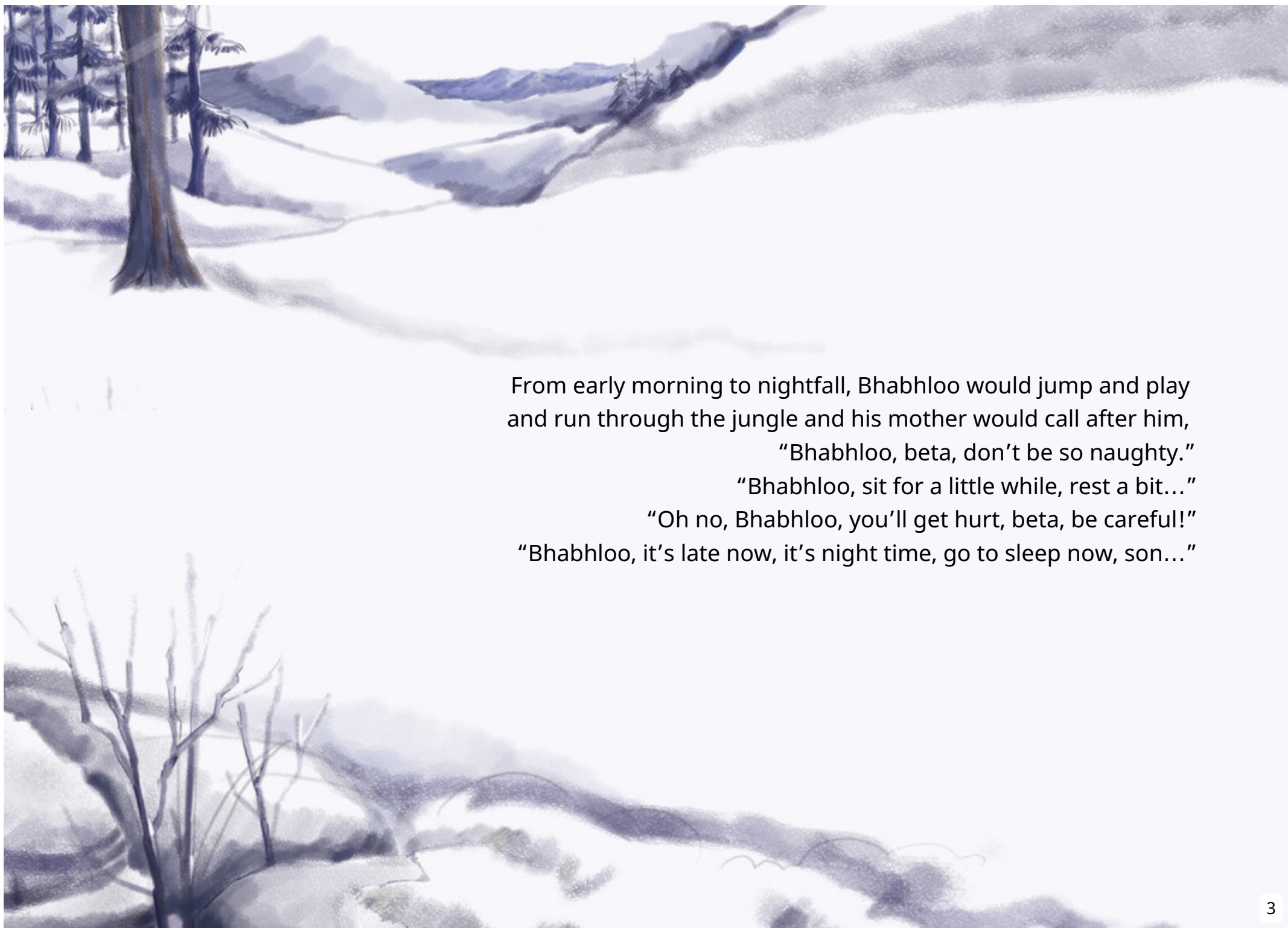
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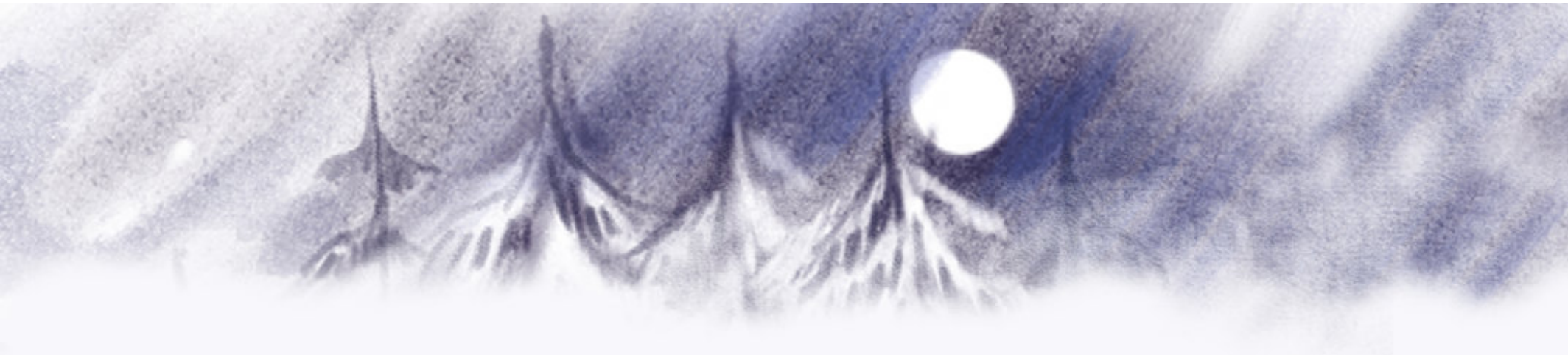
Level 3



High up on the snowy mountains of the Himalayas lived the beautiful little Bhabhloo Bear. Bhabhloo Bear's fur was long, black and shiny, with not even one white hair on it. Bhabhloo was a very, very naughty bear, loved by everyone in the jungle, but most of all, by his mother. But he was really very naughty.



From early morning to nightfall, Bhabhloo would jump and play and run through the jungle and his mother would call after him,
“Bhabhloo, beta, don’t be so naughty.”
“Bhabhloo, sit for a little while, rest a bit...”
“Oh no, Bhabhloo, you’ll get hurt, beta, be careful!”
“Bhabhloo, it’s late now, it’s night time, go to sleep now, son...”



Ma would keep trying to control Bhabhloo, and full-of-beans Bhabhloo would think of new things to do, not listening to a word his mother said.

This is a story about just such a night. Ma was very tired. Who could blame her? She had been running after Bhabhloo and scolding him all over the jungle, all day long. But Bhabhloo was still too excited to sleep. His mind buzzed with questions.

His mind buzzed with questions.

“Where does the sun sleep at night?”

“Who is the moon’s mother?”

“At night, when I am not sleepy, why is Ma sleepy?”

“Why?...Where?...When?...How?...

How?...When?...Where?...Why?... ”

Bhabhloo's head buzzed with all these questions till he was quite dizzy. He just could not lie still any longer, so he quietly slipped out of the den and sat outside in the cool night air. Strange sounds filled the night. The ki-kit-kit of crickets, the hwash-hwaaasshh of the wind in the trees. The jungle was lit up brightly by the full moon that hung low. But still, questions flitted in Bhabhloo's head like restless butterflies.





Actually, it had long been Bhabhloo's dream to do something, anything that would make the whole world sit up and notice him. Something, anything that would make bears, big and small, say, "Wow! Bhabhloo has made Himalayan bears famous throughout the world!"

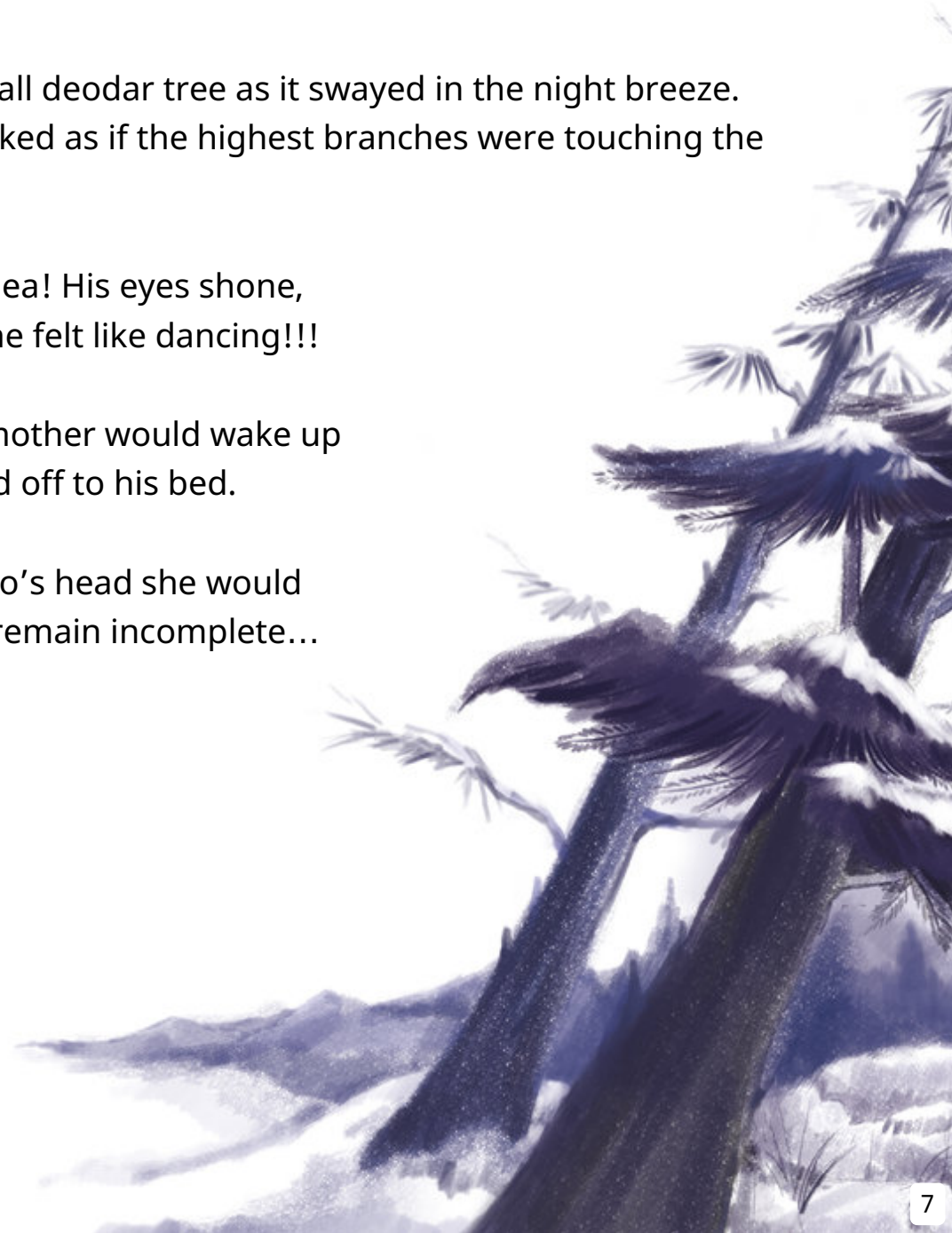
But how? What was that special something that would make a baby bear famous worldwide?

Lost in thought, Bhabhloo's eye fell on a tall deodar tree as it swayed in the night breeze. Whenever the tree swayed one way, it looked as if the highest branches were touching the moon.

Suddenly Bhabhloo had a most brilliant idea! His eyes shone, his hair stood on end in excitement, and he felt like dancing!!!

But he knew that if he made a noise, his mother would wake up and then he would be immediately packed off to his bed.

And if she found out what was in Bhabhloo's head she would get angry with him and his dream would remain incomplete...





Oh yes, you are probably thinking what in the world could have got into Bhabhloo's head after seeing the tree, that would make his dreams of fame come true? Well, I will tell you.

He had always been an expert at climbing trees. Now he would just climb up that tall deodar tree.

And then, when the wind made the tree sway and touch the moon, he would leap up in an instant and jump... straight... onto...THE MOON!



He knew that he would be the First Bear on the Moon! The whole world would be amazed. All the bears in the jungle would be jealous. Especially Sona-Mona, who always made fun of Bhabhloo and his dreams. Scientists with big, fat telescopes (Ma had told him about them) would see him dancing on the moon.





Newspapers would write about him and print his pictures. Everyone would want to interview him and ask him all sorts of questions. Bhabhloo would answer while sitting on the moon...
and maybe he would find some of the answers
he was looking for himself.

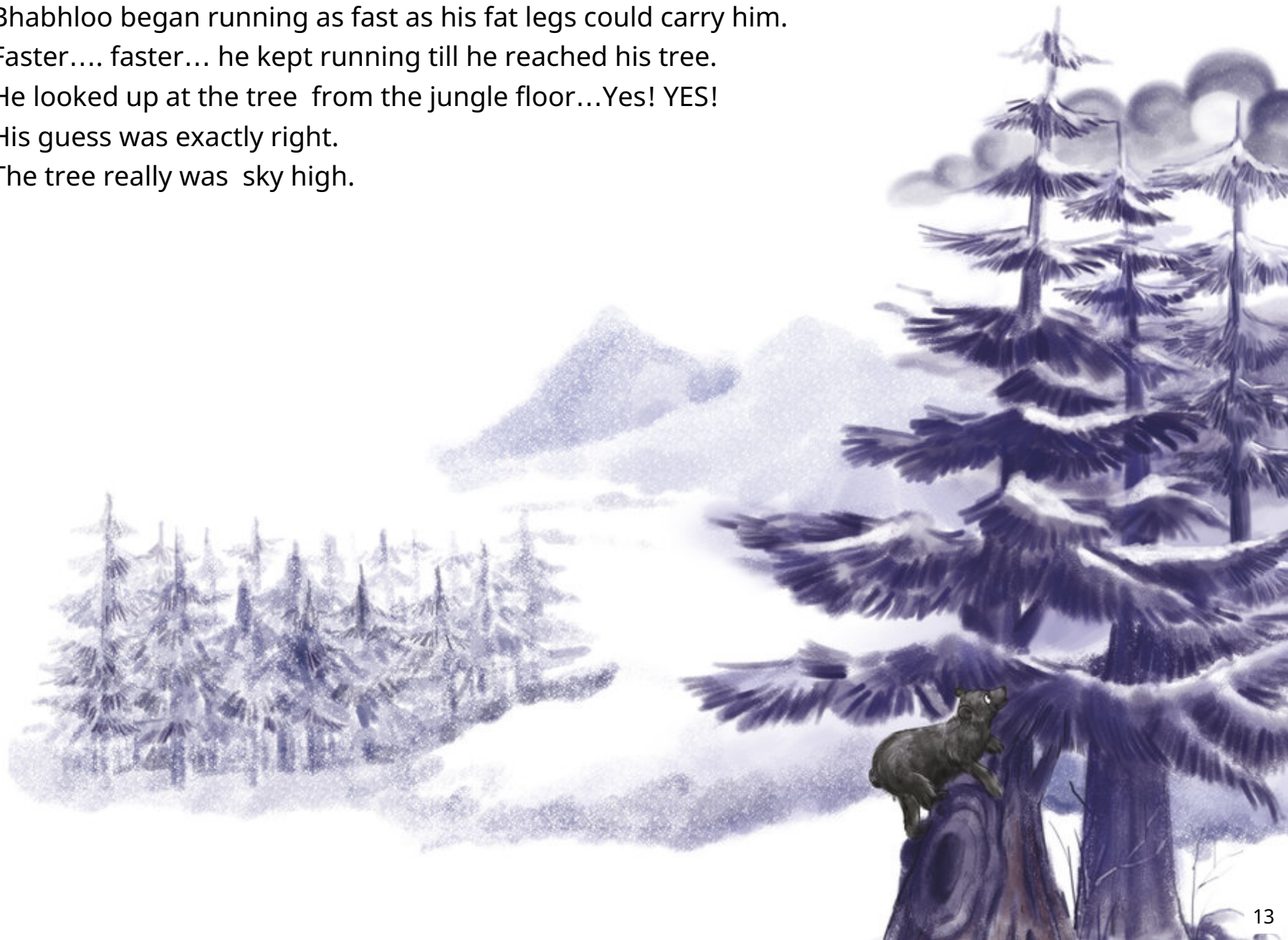


Hmmmm ... I wish there had been some intelligent child like you around to explain some things to Bhabhloo at that time. Maybe you could have explained to him that no matter how tall a tree may be, of course it can't touch the moon! From far down below, it just looks like its stretching branches are touching the sky. BUT, there was nobody like you around to talk sense into Bhabhloo.



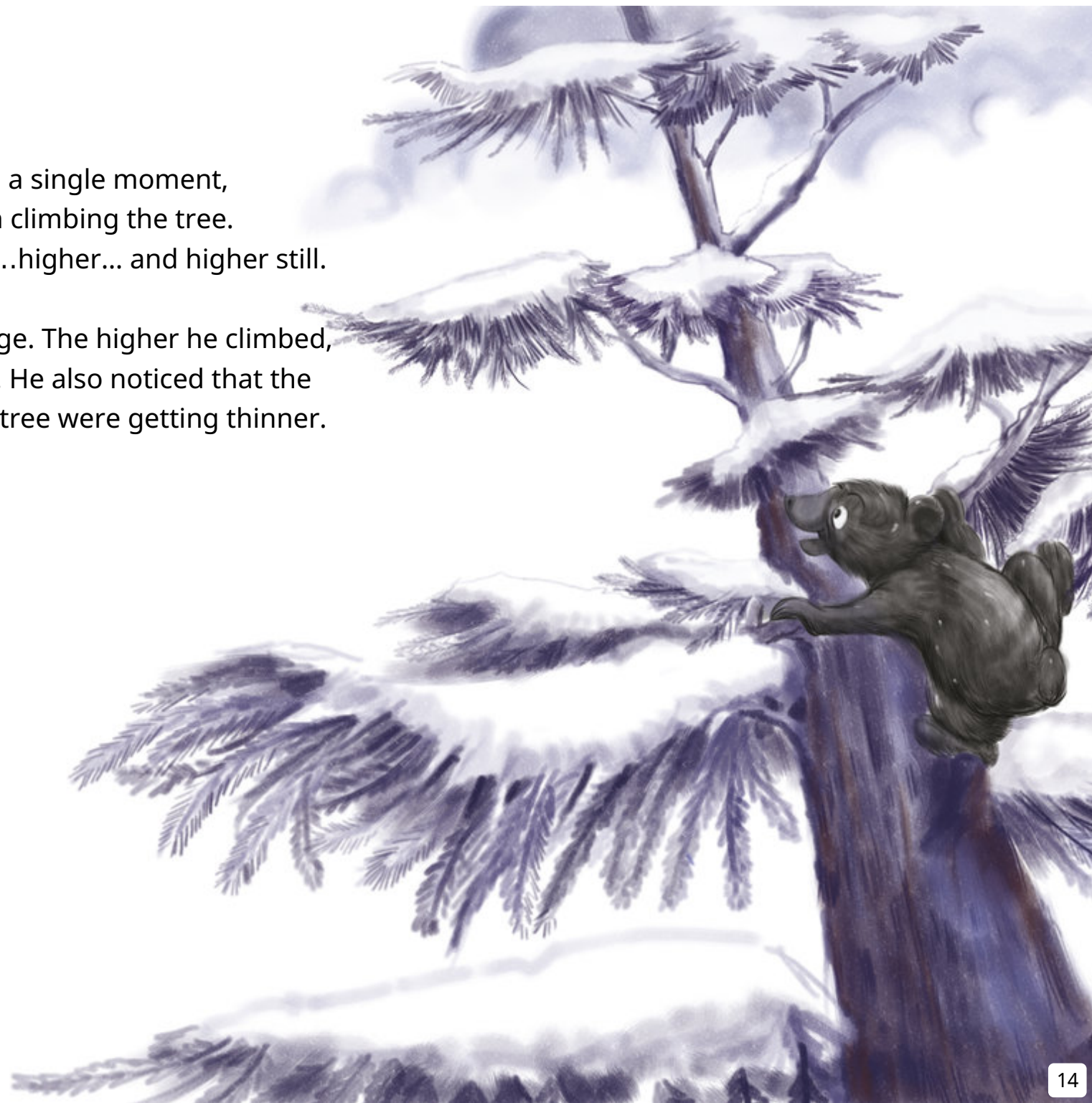
Finally after taking a deep breath Bhabhloo, the bear, headed towards the jungle. A cold breeze was blowing but Bhabhloo was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't even notice the cold. And he was protected against the icy wind by his thick armour of bear-hair.


Bhabhloo began running as fast as his fat legs could carry him.
Faster.... faster... he kept running till he reached his tree.
He looked up at the tree from the jungle floor...Yes! YES!
His guess was exactly right.
The tree really was sky high.



Without wasting a single moment,
Bhabhloo began climbing the tree.
Higher...higher...higher... and higher still.

The tree was huge. The higher he climbed,
the colder it got. He also noticed that the
branches of the tree were getting thinner.





He asked himself, “Are the branches becoming thinner or am I just becoming fatter?” But Bhabhloo didn’t really care much. He just kept right on climbing. Higher...and higher still.

Eventually he reached the top. Happiness (and chilliness and highness!) were making Bhabhloo’s head spin. He thought, “AAH! The moment has come when everything will change.” His dreams were just one long jump away.

BUT...but of course, you know what happened, don’t you?

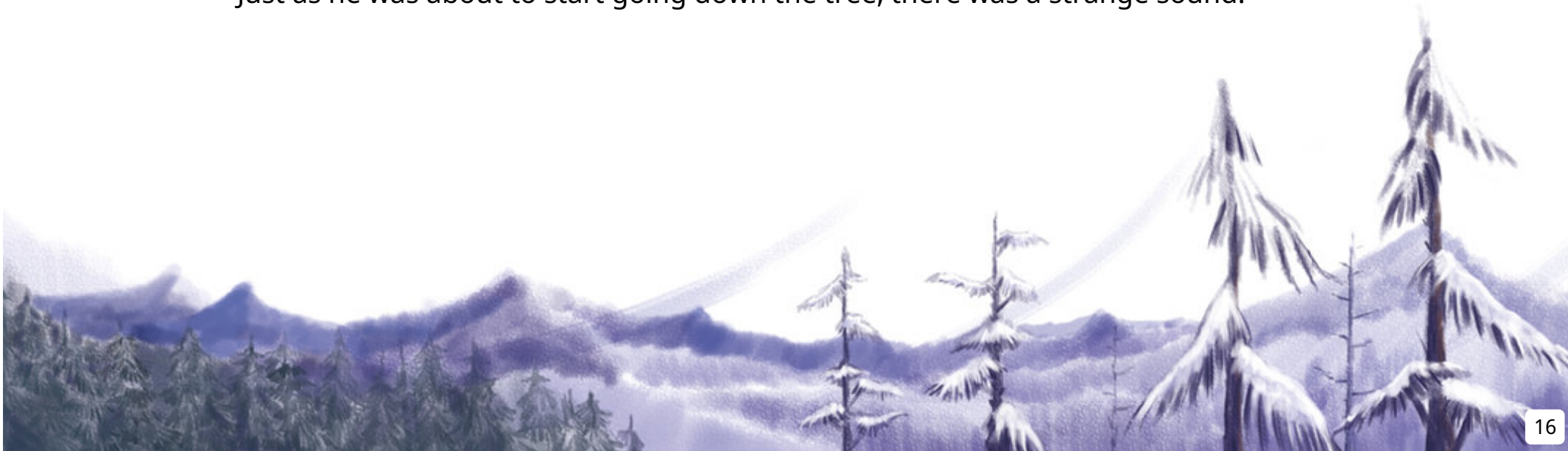


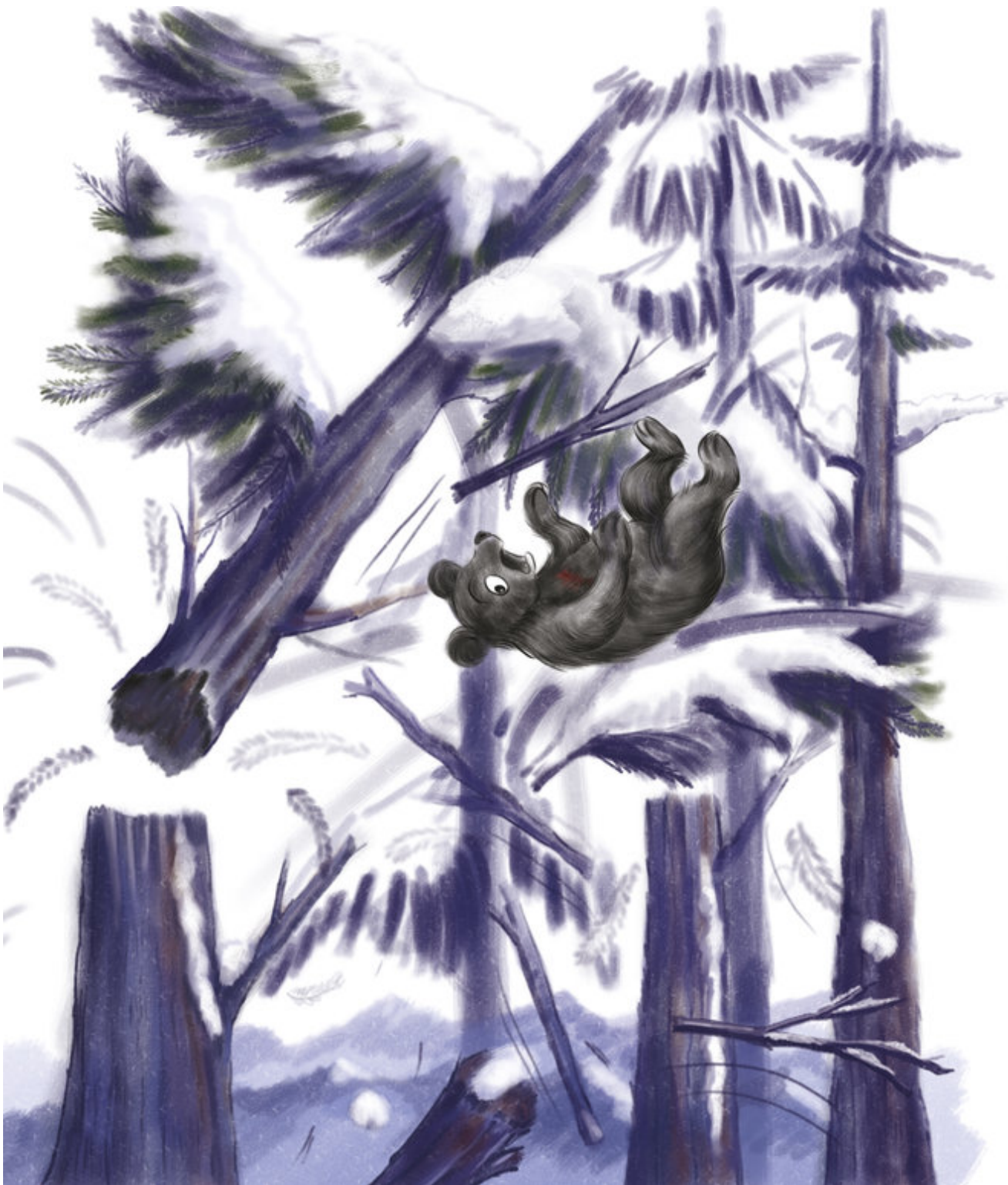
When he reached the very tippy-tippy top and lifted his head to take that final leap, he found that...that...that... the moon was still as far away from him as it had been from the ground. It was still very, very, very faaaaar away...

It was only then that Bhabhloo realized how foolish he had been. He realized how true his mother's words were when she said, "Bhabhloo, you jump into doing something first, you think about it only afterwards."

Bhabhloo knew that the best thing for him to do was to quietly, quietly get down the tree and creep back to his cave, before anyone knew what he had been doing.
BUT...

Just as he was about to start going down the tree, there was a strange sound.





**KADAK!
KA-DAAK!!**

**Kadak?
Kadak?**

**KADHIK!
KAAA-DHIK!!!**

**Kadhik?
Kadhik??**



What strange sounds were these? Yes, you've guessed it; the thin, weak branches at the top of the tree were bending and breaking under Bhabhloo's weight! And then...M-MA-MAMEEEE!

M

MM

MUMMMMMEEEEEE.....

DHUPPPP!!!

And all around, there was silence. No rustle, not a sound could be heard. Bhabhloo's mother suddenly awoke from a deeeeeep sleep.

"Bhabhloo?" she called out, as she looked around.

But Bhabhloo wasn't there.

"Bhabhloo...?"

"Bhabhloooo?"

"Bhabhloo, my son, where are you?"

"BH...AAAA...LOOOOOOO!!!!"

OH! Her voice shook, her eyes filled with tears of fear. Puffing and panting, trembling from head to toe, Ma Bear ran through the jungle, shouting and calling for her beloved son.

"BHABHLOO....?!?!!!"

But Bhabhloo lay there, still, on the cold, wet jungle floor.

He didn't look up, he didn't stir. His eyes were closed.

He was absolutely still. Silent.

"Bhabhloo....oh no..."

Ma went up to Bhabhloo's still body. She turned him over. OHHHHHH....

A deep wound had torn his chest. His blood slowly reddened the jungle floor.

And Bhabhloo lay still. Unmoving.



“Bhabhloo, my son, what’s happened, beta?” Ma’s voice shook and tears dripped.

Is this the end of Bhabhloo’s story? Here, at this sad, sorry turn? Come with me and let’s find out.

Ma leaned over her son, sobbing. Suddenly, she felt a tickly tickling in her paw. What was this?

A little sliver of silver thread was dancing on her paw.
A long thread that seemed to hang from the sky.

Looking up, she saw the moon. Then she realized that the long ‘thread’ was really a moonbeam. She looked up and saw the moon smile and wink. It seemed to tell her...hurry up!





Ma understood immediately what the moon wanted her to do. She quickly picked up a pine needle from the forest floor and threaded the moonbeam through it. Then quickly, quickly, she began to sew the tear on Bhabhloo's chest. As the last stitch was put in place, Bhabhloo opened his eyes.

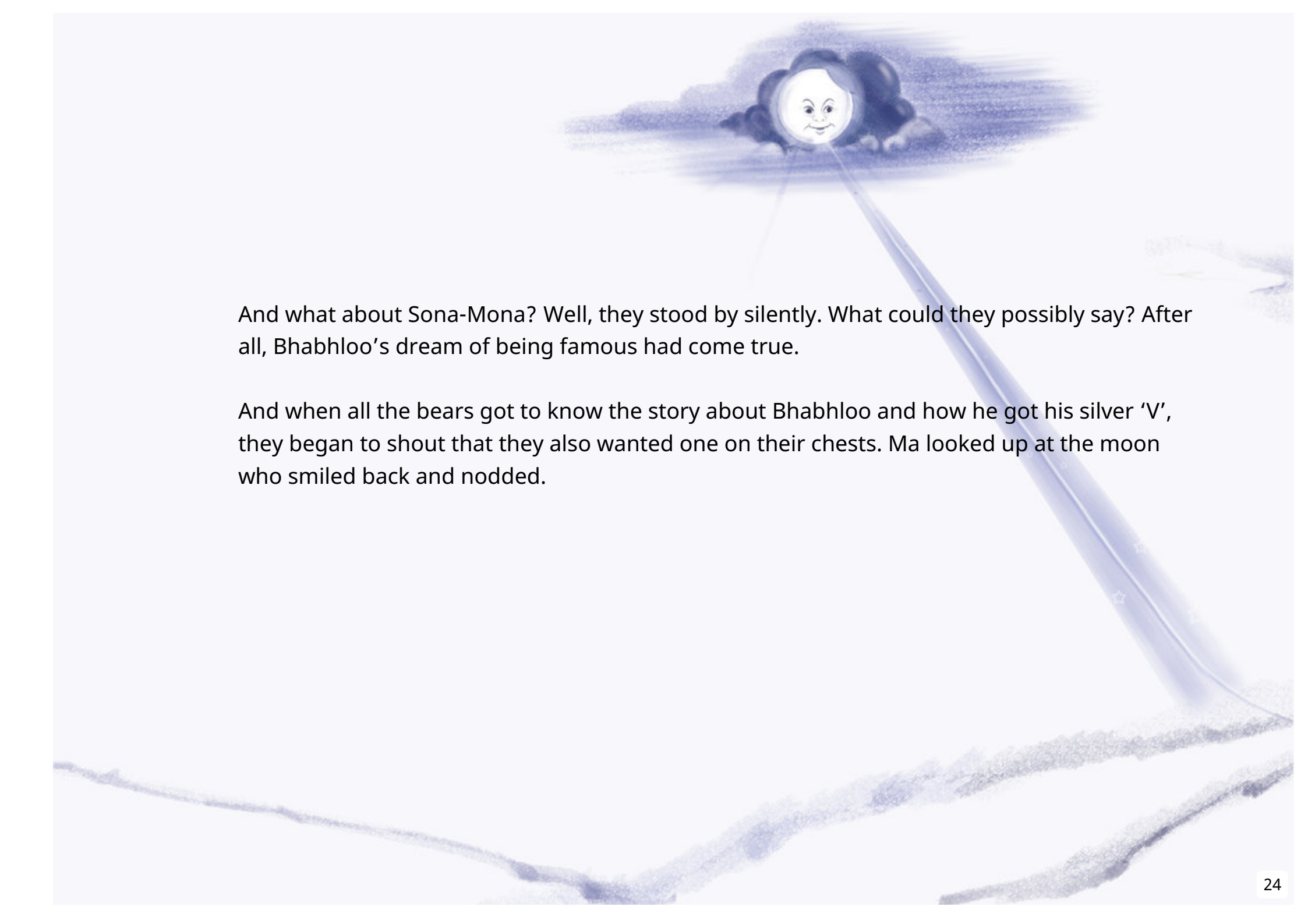


“Ma...? Mummy...I’m sorry...that, that tree...the moon...I thought... but then...I’m very, very sorry, mummy!”

But Ma’s eyes were overflowing with tears of happiness. She hugged her son and said, “It’s alright my son, it’s alright, everything will be alright now.”

By this time, all the bears of the jungle had gathered to see what was happening. And when they saw the shining 'V' on Bhabhloo's chest, they were surprised. They didn't know that it was a moonbeam. They all began to shout, "Wow, Bhabhloo!" And some pretty girls giggled, "You are surely the most beautiful, handsomest bear in this jungle, Bhabhloo."





And what about Sona-Mona? Well, they stood by silently. What could they possibly say? After all, Bhabhloo's dream of being famous had come true.

And when all the bears got to know the story about Bhabhloo and how he got his silver 'V', they began to shout that they also wanted one on their chests. Ma looked up at the moon who smiled back and nodded.



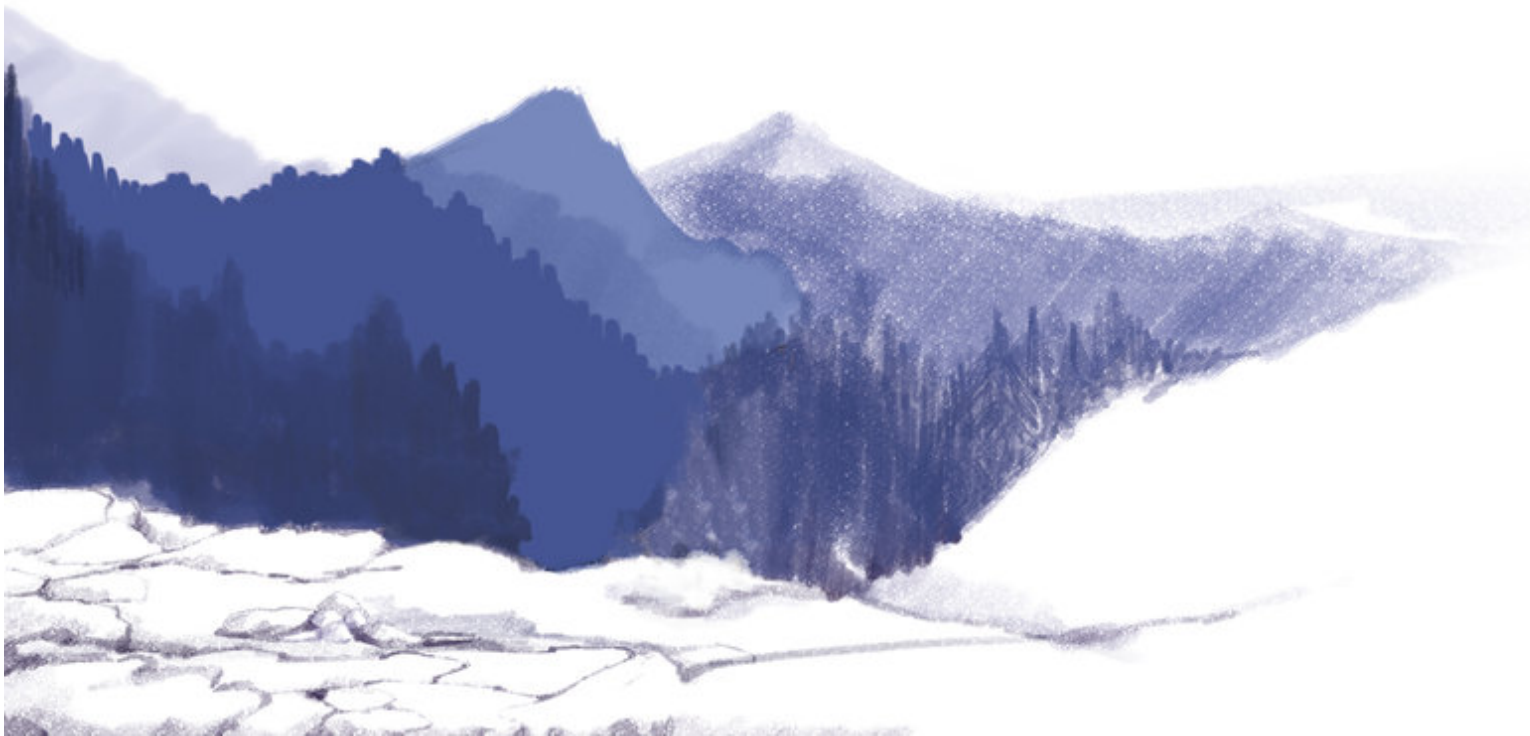
So Ma Bear threaded moonbeams into many deodar pine needles and sewed shining silver 'V's onto the other bears' chests. As the line got longer and longer, she sewed harder and faster. Bhabhloo laughed and clapped his paws together as he told and retold his story.

Until he suddenly realized that he hadn't said 'thank you' to the moon. He looked up now and OH NO!

“Stop Ma, stop, look what’s happened to the moon!”

And yes, when they looked up, the moon was a thin, thin slice, instead of the round circle that it had been. The bears all felt very bad, “We’ve taken so many moonbeams, that the moon has become small and weak,” they cried.

But the moon smiled again and said, “Doesn’t matter, my friends, after just a few days, I’ll be well and whole again. Just watch my magic!”





And yes, after some weeks, the moon was again big and round. And then it was time for Ma Bear to sew more 'V's onto more bear chests.

And even today, you can look up at the sky and tell: when the moon is very thin, you will know that up in the snowy Himalayas, Bhabhloo's mother has been stitching more 'V's on bear chests.

And then, when the moon is slowly becoming a big round 'O', then you'll know that Ma is letting the moon rest.



What's that you said? What about Bhabhloo? Ah yes, our little friend did become famous for being the first bear with the shiny 'V' on his chest. Without his adventure, the great Himalayan bear would have been a plain, plain black.

When you go to the zoo next, or look at a book, remember to look for the Himalayan bear. Then you'll know for sure that this story is true.

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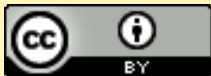
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Bhabhloo Bear's Adventure

(English)

Bhabhloo Bear's life is full of twists and turns and he moves forward with leaps and bounds... literally! Join him on his thrilling nocturnal adventure and find out many secrets about Himalayan bears.

This is a Level 3 book for children who are ready to read on their own.

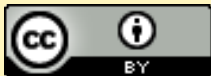


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