

Mary Beary

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Mary Beary was a bear.

Most shopkeepers wouldn't dare
employ a bear, in case they scare
the customers right out of there

One shopkeeper, Mr Fletcher
from the local shop Poundstretcher
Didn't think that this was fair
So gave a job to Mary Bear

Mary worked hard, nine till twelve
Mopping floors and stacking shelves
And even harder, one till four
Restacking shelves and sweeping floors

(The only shelf she never stacked
Was aisle eight, so full of snacks
that no true bear could e'er resist
The chocolatey, sugary smell of this)

Mary Beary's Daddy said
That she should be a chef instead
Because of all her wondrous making
Cakes and scones and general baking

Secretly, though, he felt proud
(Although he'd never say out loud)
That his darling, pride and joy went
Out and found herself employment

Then one morning Mr. Fletcher
Called for Mary; 'Go and fetch her'
Mary Beary, feeling wary
Found her boss's office scary

"Mary, I just want to say
I understand it's your birthday?
As a little treat from me
Invite your bear friends here for tea"

"But, Mr Fletcher, bears don't dare
Come in these shops in case they scare
the customers from out of there"
to which her boss said "I don't care"

"It's time to open up our store
To all the creatures, what is more
If they like our food and choose to scoff it
We're the ones who make the profit"

"Fetch the cookies from aisle eight
(The ones just past their sell by date)
Invite your friends and do then take
Them to the staff room for your break"

As Mary Beary reached the aisle
of cakes and treats a big bear smile
covered her face, and in a shot
she grabbed the cookies and ate the lot!

Her Bear instincts could not resist
The chocolatey, sugary smell of this
She gulped and guzzled and licked her paws
And scattered crumbs over the floors.

When Mr Fletcher saw the scene
He showed a side she'd never seen
"Mary Beary! What a mess!
Those weren't the cookies past their best

I'm going to have to let you go.
This behaviour, you must know
We simply cannot tolerate
And so, Miss Bear, you've sealed your fate."

Mary Beary didn't dare
To break the news to Daddy Bear
But Mary's Dad knew right away
So, Mary didn't need to say

Cookie crumbs stuck in her fur
Gave all the evidence of her
Aisle eight feast, so Daddy dear
Grounded Mary for a year

Mary Beary begged her Dad
“I know that I have been quite bad
But let me try to make amends
By baking cookies for my friends”

So, Mary’s birthday eve was spent
Baking treats as punishment
Next morning Daddy let her flee
To offer her apology

Outside the local shop Poundstretcher
Stood an angry Mr Fletcher
With a placard: ‘no to bears
They will try to eat your wares’

Mary asked him for a minute
Showed her box and he gazed in it:
“Mary, bringing fresh baked goods
Will not get you out of the woods”

Just then exclaimed a passer by
“What is that smell, I have to try
“I’ll buy the lot” called out another
“Those cookie treats smell like no other!”

Soon, Mr. Fletcher found his store
Full of shoppers wanting more
Of Mary’s bakes and sure enough
Soon they’d run out of the stuff

The shoppers started acting lairy
So, Mr Fletcher said to Mary
"If you can go home and bake
I'll buy as much as you can make"

"On one condition", said the bear
Who felt as though things must be fair
"I will sell you all my wares
So long as your shop welcomes bears"

Now Daddy bear is doubly proud
(He sometimes even says out loud)
For his daughter, Mary Beary
Is a self-made cookie fairy!

Baking cookies for the stores
Who now welcome bears through their doors
(But the chocolatey sugary smell of this
is sometimes too hard to resist!)