

Helping your children choose books they will love



LoveReading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from  
**The Teddy Robinson Storybook:  
Macmillan Classics Edition**

Written & Illustrated by  
**Joan G. Robinson**

Published by  
**Macmillan Children's Books**

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

LoveReading .co.uk

With a foreword  
by Deborah Sheppard

The  
**TEDDY**  
**ROBINSON**  
Storybook

Joan G. Robinson

**Illustrated by Joan G. Robinson**

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

## Teddy Robinson's Night Out

Teddy Robinson was a nice, big, comfortable, friendly teddy bear. He had light brown fur and kind brown eyes, and he belonged to a little girl called Deborah.

One Saturday afternoon Teddy Robinson and Deborah looked out of the window and saw that the sun was shining and the almond-tree in the garden was covered with pink blossom.

“That’s nice,” said Deborah. “We can play out there. We will make our house under the little pink tree, and you can get brown in the sun, Teddy Robinson.”

So she took out a little tray with the dolls’ tea set on it, and a blanket to sit on, and the toy telephone in case anyone rang them up, and she laid all the things out on the grass under the tree. Then she fetched a colouring book and some

chalks for herself, and a book of nursery rhymes for Teddy Robinson.

Deborah lay on her tummy and coloured the whole of an elephant and half a Noah's ark, and Teddy Robinson stared hard at a picture of Humpty-Dumpty and tried to remember the words. He couldn't really read, but he loved pretending to.



*He stared hard  
at a picture of Humpty-Dumpty*

"Hump, hump, humpety-hump," he said to himself over and over again; and then, "Hump, hump, humpety-hump, Deborah's drawing an elephump."

"Oh, Teddy Robinson," said Deborah, "don't think so loud – I can't hear myself chalking." Then,

seeing him still bending over his book, she said, "Poor boy, I expect you're tired. It's time for your rest now." And she laid him down flat on his back so that he could look up into the sky.

At that moment there was a loud *rat-tat* on the front door and a long ring on the doorbell. Deborah jumped up and ran indoors to see who it could be, and Teddy Robinson lay back and began to count the number of blossoms he could see in the almond-tree. He couldn't count more than four because he only had two arms and two legs to count on, so he counted up to four a great many times over, and then he began counting backwards, and the wrong way round, and any way round that he could think of, and sometimes he put words in between his counting, so that in the end it went something like this:

*"One, two, three, four,  
someone knocking at the door.  
One, four, three, two,  
open the door and how d'you do?"*

*Four, two, three, one,  
isn't it nice to lie in the sun?  
One, two, four, three,  
underneath the almond-tree."*

And he was very happy counting and singing to himself for quite a long time.

Then Teddy Robinson noticed that the sun was going down and there were long shadows in the garden. It looked as if it must be getting near bedtime.

Deborah will come and fetch me soon, he thought; and he watched the birds flying home to their nests in the trees above him.

A blackbird flew quite close to him and whistled and chirped, "Goodnight, teddy bear."

"Goodnight, bird," said Teddy Robinson and waved an arm at him.

Then a snail came crawling past.

"Are you sleeping out tonight? That will be nice for you," he said. "Goodnight, teddy bear."

"Goodnight, snail," said Teddy Robinson, and he

watched it crawl slowly away into the long grass.

She will come and fetch me soon, he thought. It must be getting quite late.

But Deborah didn't come and fetch him. Do you know why? She was fast asleep in bed!

This is what had happened. When she had run to see who was knocking at the front door, Deborah had found Uncle Michael standing on the doorstep. He had come in his new car, and he said there was just time to take her out for a ride if she came quickly, but she must hurry because he had to get into the town before teatime. There was only just time for Mummy to get Deborah's coat on and wave goodbye before they were off. They had come home ever so much later than they meant to because they had tea out in a shop, and then on the way home the new car had suddenly stopped and it took Uncle Michael a long time to find out what was wrong with it.

By the time they reached home Deborah was half-asleep, and Mummy had bundled her into bed before she had time to really wake up again and

remember about Teddy Robinson still being in the garden.

He didn't know all this, of course, but he guessed something unusual must have happened to make Deborah forget about him.

Soon a little wind blew across the garden, and down fluttered some blossom from the almond-tree. It fell right in the middle of Teddy Robinson's tummy.

"Thank you," he said, "I like pink flowers for a blanket."

So the almond-tree shook its branches again, and more and more blossoms came tumbling down.

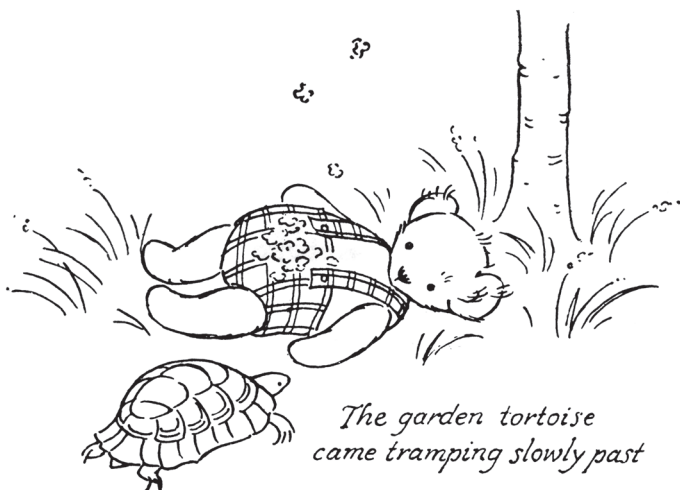
The garden tortoise came tramping slowly past.

"Hallo, teddy bear," he said. "Are you sleeping out? I hope you won't be cold. I felt a little breeze blowing up just now. I'm glad I've got my house with me."

"But I have a fur coat," said Teddy Robinson, "and pink blossom for a blanket."

"So you have," said the tortoise. "That's lucky. Well, goodnight," and he drew his head into his





*The garden tortoise  
came tramping slowly past*

shell and went to sleep close by.

The Next Door Kitten came padding softly through the grass and rubbed against him gently.

“You are out late,” she said.

“Yes, I think I’m sleeping out tonight,” said Teddy Robinson.

“Are you?” said the kitten. “You’ll love that. I did it once. I’m going to do it a lot oftener when I’m older. Perhaps I’ll stay out tonight.”

But just then a window opened in the house next door and a voice called, “Puss! Puss! Puss! Come and have your fish! fish! fish!” and the kitten

scampered off as fast as she could go.

Teddy Robinson heard the window shut down and then everything was quiet again.

The sky grew darker and darker blue, and soon the stars came out. Teddy Robinson lay and stared at them without blinking, and they twinkled and shone and winked at him as if they were surprised to see a teddy bear lying in the garden.

And after a while they began to sing to him, a very soft and sweet and far-away little song, to the tune of *Rock-a-Bye Baby*, and it went something like this:

*“Rock-a-Bye Teddy, go to sleep soon.  
We will be watching, so will the moon.  
When you awake with dew on your paws  
Down will come Debbie and take you indoors.”*

Teddy Robinson thought that was a lovely song, so when it was finished he sang one back to them. He sang it in a grunty voice because he was rather shy, and it went something like this:

*"This is me  
under the tree,  
the bravest bear you ever did see.  
All alone  
so brave I've grown,  
I'm camping out on my very own."*

The stars nodded and winked and twinkled to show that they liked Teddy Robinson's song, and then they sang *Rock-a-Bye Teddy* all over again, and he stared and stared at them until he fell asleep.

Very early in the morning a blackbird whistled, then another blackbird answered, and then all the birds in the garden opened their beaks and twittered and cheeped and sang. And Teddy Robinson woke up.

One of the blackbirds hopped up with a worm in his beak.

"Good morning, teddy bear," he said. "Would you like a worm for your breakfast?"

"Oh, no, thank you," said Teddy Robinson. "I don't usually bother about breakfast. Do eat it yourself."



“Thank you, I will,” said the blackbird, and he gobbled it up and hopped off to find some more.

Then the snail came slipping past.

“Good morning, teddy bear,” he said. “Did you sleep well?”

“Oh, yes, thank you,” said Teddy Robinson.

The Next Door Kitten came scampering up, purring.

“You lucky pur-r-son,” she said as she rubbed against Teddy Robinson. “Your fur-r is damp but it was a pur-r-fect night for staying out. I didn’t want

to miss my fish supper last night, otherwise I'd have stayed with you. Pur-r-haps I will another night. Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, yes," said Teddy Robinson. "You were quite right about sleeping out. It was lovely."

The tortoise poked his head out and blinked.

"Hallo," he said. "There's a lot of talking going on for so early in the morning. What is it all about? Oh, good morning, bear. I'd forgotten you were here. I hope you had a comfortable night." And before Teddy Robinson could answer he had popped back inside his shell.

Then a moment later Teddy Robinson heard a little shuffling noise in the grass behind him, and there was Deborah out in the garden with bare feet, and in her pyjamas!

She picked him up and hugged him and kissed him and whispered to him very quietly, and then she ran through the wet grass and in at the kitchen door and up the stairs into her own room. A minute later she and Teddy Robinson were snuggled down in her warm little bed.



“You poor, poor boy,” she whispered as she stroked his damp fur. “I never meant to leave you out all night. Oh, you poor, poor boy.”

But Teddy Robinson whispered back, “I aren’t a poor boy at all. I was camping out, and it was lovely.” And then he tried to tell her all about the blackbird, and the snail, and the tortoise, and the kitten, and the stars. But because it was really so very early in the morning, and Deborah’s bed was really so very warm and cosy, they both got drowsy; and before he had even got to the part about the

*Teddy Robinson's Night Out*

stars singing their song to him both Teddy Robinson and Deborah were fast asleep.

*And that is the end of the story about how  
Teddy Robinson stayed out all night.*