

Dear Aunt Lucy, I know I am a very lucky bear to have been taught so much English during the short time I was in the Home for Retired Bears.

However, I'm sorry to have to say it, but people aren't as polite as they used to be and sometimes they are hard to understand. For instance I was taken to the theatre recently and a man came on the stage in a terrible state. "To be or not to be," he said. "That is the question." Nobody called out, so I shouted "We don't know the question either," and everybody started booing me!

Then, last week Mr Brown took us all out to a restaurant and we had had a lovely meal. On the way out the lady in charge asked us if we enjoyed it.

Mr Brown, who was in a bit of a hurry said: "It was awfully good, thank you."

The lady turned pale and said: "What was awful about it?"

But by then he was in his car, so I suggested if she stuck to marmalade sandwiches she wouldn't have any trouble.

"Marmalade sandwiches!" She glared at me. "I'll have you know I've been awarded a Michelin star for my food!"

I gave her a hard stare back. "I expect you would get another one if you had marmalade sandwiches," I said, raising my hat to show her one I keep there in case I have an emergency.

That did it. "Go away!" she shouted. "I never want to see you again! Ever!"

Well, I know when I'm not wanted, so I got in Mr Brown's car and I was so confused I didn't sit beside him to give paw signals when we go round corners because his indicators aren't working. I sat in the back and ate my sandwich instead, which was when I had another shock.

"Christmas!" he was saying. "*Christmas!* The way time slips by it'll be Easter before we know where we are."

Tell me, Aunt Lucy, does that mean we won't be having a Christmas this year?

With love from Paddington.

356 Words.