A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON, MORE ABOUT PADDINGTON, PADDINGTON HELPS OUT by Michael Bond © P&Co. Ltd. 2019. A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON Chapter One PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR Mr. and Mrs. Brown first met Paddington on a railway platform. In fact, that was how he came to ha
ve such an unusual name for a bear, for Paddington was the name of the station. The Browns were there to meet their daughter, Judy, who was coming home from school for the holidays. It was a warm summer day, and the station was crowded with people on their way to the seaside. Trains were humming
, loudspeakers blaring, porters rushing about shouting at one another, and altogether there was so much noise that Mr. Brown, who saw him first, had to tell his wife several times before she understood. “A bear? In Paddington Station?” Mrs. Brown looked at her husband in amazement. “Don’t be silly, Hen
ry. There can’t be!” Mr. Brown adjusted his glasses. “But there is,” he insisted. “I distinctly saw it. Over there—near the bicycle rack. It was wearing a funny kind of hat.” Without waiting for a reply, he caught hold of his wife’s arm and pushed her through the crowd, round a trolley laden with chocolate and c
ups of tea, past a bookstall, and through a gap in a pile of suitcases towards the Lost Property Office. “There you are,” he announced triumphantly, pointing towards a dark corner, “I told you so!” Mrs. Brown followed the direction of his arm and dimly made out a small, furry object in the shadows. It seeme
d to be sitting on some kind of suitcase, and around its neck there was a label with some writing on it. The suitcase was old and battered, and on the side, in large letters, were the words WANTED ON VOYAGE. Mrs. Brown clutched at her husband. “Why, Henry,” she exclaimed. “I believe you were right after
all. It is a bear!” She peered at it more closely. It seemed a very unusual kind of bear. It was brown in color, a rather dirty brown, and it was wearing a most odd-looking hat, with a wide brim, just as Mr. Brown had said. From beneath the brim two large, round eyes stared back at her. Seeing that something
was expected of it, the bear stood up and politely raised its hat, revealing two black ears. “Good afternoon,” it said in a small, clear voice. “Er ... good afternoon,” replied Mr. Brown doubtfully. There was a moment of silence. The bear looked at them inquiringly. “Can I help you?” Mr. Brown looked rather em
barrassed. “Well ... no. Er ... as a matter of fact, we were wondering if we could help you.” Mrs. Brown bent down. “You’re a very small bear,” she said. The bear puffed out its chest. “I’m a very rare sort of bear,” he replied importantly. “There aren’t many of us left where I come from.” “And where is that?” a
sked Mrs. Brown. The bear looked round carefully before replying. “Darkest Peru. I’m not really supposed to be here at all. I’m a stowaway!” “A stowaway?” Mr. Brown lowered his voice and looked anxiously over his shoulder. He almost expected to see a policeman standing behind him with a notebook an
d pencil, taking everything down. “Yes,” said the bear. “I emigrated, you know.” A sad expression came into its eyes. “I used to live with my Aunt Lucy in Peru, but she had to go into a home for retired bears.” “You don’t mean to say you’ve come all the way from South America by yourself?” exclaimed Mrs.
Brown. The bear nodded. “Aunt Lucy always said she wanted me to emigrate when I was old enough. That’s why she taught me to speak English.” “But whatever did you do for food?” asked Mr. Brown. “You must be starving.” Bending down, the bear unlocked the suitcase with a small key, which it also ha
d round its neck, and brought out an almost empty glass jar. “I ate marmalade,” he said, rather proudly. “Bears like marmalade. And I lived in a lifeboat.” “But what are you going to do now?” said Mr. Brown. “You can’t just sit in Paddington Station waiting for something to happen.” “Oh, I shall be all right ..
. I expect.” The bear bent down to do up its case again. As he did so, Mrs. Brown caught a glimpse of the writing on the label. It said simply, PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR. THANK YOU. She turned appealingly to her husband. “Oh, Henry, what shall we do? We can’t just leave him here. There’s no knowi
ng what might happen to him. London’s such a big place when you’ve nowhere to go. Can’t he come and stay with us for a few days?” Mr. Brown hesitated. “But Mary, dear, we can’t take him ... not just like that. After all ...” “After all, what?” Mrs. Brown’s voice had a firm note to it. She looked down at the b
ear. “He is rather sweet. And he’d be such company for Jonathan and Judy. Even if it’s only for a little while. They’d never forgive us if they knew you’d left him here.” “It all seems highly irregular,” said Mr. Brown doubtfully. “I’m sure there’s a law about it.” He bent down. “Would you like to come and stay
with us?” he asked. “That is,” he added hastily, not wishing to offend the bear, “if you’ve nothing else planned.” The bear jumped, and his hat nearly fell off with excitement. “Oooh, yes, please. I should like that very much. I’ve nowhere to go, and everyone seems in such a hurry.” “Well, that’s settled then,”
said Mrs. Brown before her husband could change his mind. “And you can have marmalade for breakfast every morning, and—” She tried hard to think of something else that bears might like. “Every morning?” The bear looked as if it could hardly believe its ears. “I only had it on special occasions at home.
Marmalade’s very expensive in Darkest Peru.” “Then you shall have it every morning starting tomorrow,” continued Mrs. Brown. “And honey on Sunday.” A worried expression came over the bear’s face. “Will it cost very much?” he asked. “You see, I haven’t very much money.” “Of course not. We wouldn’
t dream of charging you anything. We shall expect you to be one of the family, shan’t we, Henry?” Mrs. Brown looked at her husband for support. “Of course,” said Mr. Brown. “By the way,” he added, “if you are coming home with us, you’d better know our names. This is Mrs. Brown, and I’m Mr. Brown.” Th
e bear raised its hat politely—twice. “I haven’t really got a name,” he said. “Only a Peruvian one which no one can understand.” “Then we’d better give you an English one,” said Mrs. Brown. “It’ll make things much easier.” She looked round the station for inspiration. “It ought to be something special,” she
said thoughtfully. As she spoke, an engine standing in one of the platforms gave a loud wail, and a train began to move. “I know what!” she exclaimed. “We found you in Paddington Station, so we’ll call you Paddington!” “Paddington!” The bear repeated it several times to make sure. “It seems a very long n
ame.” “Quite distinguished,” said Mr. Brown. “Yes, I like Paddington as a name. Paddington it shall be.” Mrs. Brown stood up. “Good. Now, Paddington, I have to meet our little daughter, Judy, off the train. She’s coming home from school. I’m sure you must be thirsty after your long journey, so you go alon
g to the buffet with Mr. Brown, and he’ll buy you a nice cup of tea.” Paddington licked his lips. “I’m very thirsty,” he said. “Seawater makes you thirsty.” He picked up his suitcase, pulled his hat down firmly over his head, and waved a paw politely in the direction of the buffet. “After you, Mr. Brown.” “Er ... th
ank you, Paddington,” said Mr. Brown. “Now, Henry, look after him,” Mrs. Brown called after them. “And for goodness’ sake, when you get a moment, take that label off his neck. It makes him look like a parcel. I’m sure he’ll get put in a luggage van or something if a porter sees him.” The buffet was crowded
when they entered, but Mr. Brown managed to find a table for two in a corner. By standing on a chair, Paddington could just rest his paws comfortably on the glass top. He looked around with interest while Mr. Brown went to fetch the tea. The sight of everyone eating reminded him of how hungry he felt. Th
ere was a half-eaten bun on the table, but just as he reached out his paw, a waitress came up and swept it into a pan. “You don’t want that, dearie,” she said, giving him a friendly pat. “You don’t know where it’s been.” Paddington felt so empty he didn’t really mind where it had been, but he was much too po
lite to say anything. “Well, Paddington,” said Mr. Brown as he placed two steaming cups of tea on the table and a plate piled high with cakes. “How’s that to be going on with?” Paddington’s eyes glistened. “It’s very nice, thank you,” he exclaimed, eyeing the tea doubtfully. “But it’s rather hard drinking out
of a cup. I usually get my head stuck, or else my hat falls in and makes it taste nasty.” Mr. Brown hesitated. “Then you’d better give your hat to me. I’ll pour the tea into a saucer for you. It’s not really done in the best circles, but I’m sure no one will mind just this once.” Paddington removed his hat and laid it
carefully on the table while Mr. Brown poured out the tea. He looked hungrily at the cakes, in particular at a large cream-and-jam one which Mr. Brown placed on a plate in front of him. “There you are, Paddington,” he said. “I’m sorry they haven’t any marmalade ones, but they were the best I could get.” “I’m
glad I emigrated,” said Paddington as he reached out a paw and pulled the plate nearer. “Do you think anyone would mind if I stood on the table to eat?” Before Mr. Brown could answer, he had climbed up and placed his right paw firmly on the bun. It was a very large bun, the biggest and stickiest Mr. Brow
n had been able to find, and in a matter of moments most of the inside found its way onto Paddington’s whiskers. People started to nudge each other and began staring in their direction. Mr. Brown wished he had chosen a plain, ordinary bun, but he wasn’t very experienced in the ways of bears. He stirred h
is tea and looked out of the window, pretending he had tea with a bear in Paddington Station every day of his life. “Henry!” The sound of his wife’s voice brought him back to earth with a start. “Henry, whatever are you doing to that poor bear? Look at him! He’s covered all over with cream and jam.” Mr. Bro
wn jumped up in confusion. “He seemed rather hungry,” he answered lamely. Mrs. Brown turned to her daughter. “This is what happens when I leave your father alone for five minutes.” Judy clapped her hands excitedly. “Oh, Daddy, is he really going to stay with us?” “If he does,” said Mrs. Brown, “I can s
ee someone other than your father will have to look after him. Just look at the mess he’s in!” Paddington, who all this time had been too interested in his bun to worry about what was going on, suddenly became aware that people were talking about him. He looked up to see that Mrs. Brown had been joined
by a little girl with laughing blue eyes and long, fair hair. He jumped up, meaning to raise his hat, and in his haste slipped on a patch of strawberry jam which somehow or other had found its way onto the glass tabletop. For a brief moment he had a dizzy impression of everything and everyone being upside
down. He waved his paws wildly in the air and then, before anyone could catch him, he somersaulted backwards and landed with a splash in his saucer of tea. He jumped up even quicker than he had sat down, because the tea was still very hot, and promptly stepped into Mr. Brown’s cup. Judy threw back h
er head and laughed until the tears rolled down her face. “Oh, Mummy, isn’t he funny!” she cried. Paddington, who didn’t think it at all funny, stood for a moment with one foot on the table and the other in Mr. Brown’s tea. There were large patches of white cream all over his face, and on his left ear there wa
s a lump of strawberry jam. “You wouldn’t think,” said Mrs. Brown, “that anyone could get in such a state with just one bun.” Mr. Brown coughed. He had just caught the stern eye of a waitress on the other side of the counter. “Perhaps,” he said, “we’d better go. I’ll see if I can find a taxi.” He picked up Judy
’s belongings and hurried outside. Paddington stepped gingerly off the table and, with a last look at the sticky remains of his bun, climbed down onto the floor. Judy took one of his paws. “Come along, Paddington. We’ll take you home, and you can have a nice, hot bath. Then you can tell m
e all about South America. I’m sure you must have had lots of wonderful adventures.” “I have,” said Paddington earnestly. “Lots. Things a re always happening to me. I’m that sort of bear.” When they came out of the buffet, Mr. Brown had already found a taxi, and he waved them
across. The driver looked hard at Paddington and then at the inside of his nice, clean taxi. “Bears is extra,” he said gruffly. “Sticky b ears is twice as much again.” “He can't help being sticky, driver,” said Mr. Brown. “He’s just had a nasty accident.” The driver hesitated. “
All right, ’op in. But mind none of it comes off on me interior. I only cleaned it out this morning.” The Browns trooped obediently into the back of the taxi. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Judy sat in the back, while Paddington stood on a tip-up seat behind the driver so that h
e could see out of the window. The sun was shining as they drove out of the station, and after the gloom and the noise, ever ything seemed bright and cheerful. They swept past a group of people at a bus stop, and Paddington waved. Several people stared, and
one man raised his hat in return. It was all very friendly. After weeks of sitting alone in a lifeboat, there was so much to s ee. There were people and cars and big, red buses everywhere—it wasn’t a bit like Darkest Peru. Paddington kept one eye out of the win
dow in case he missed anything. With his other eye he carefully examined Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Judy. Mr. Brown w as fat and jolly, with a big mustache and glasses, while Mrs. Brown, who was also rather plump, looked like a larger edition of Judy. Pa
ddington had just decided he was going to like staying with the Browns when the glass window behind the driver sh o t back and a gruff voice said, “Where did you say you wanted to go?” Mr. Brown leaned forward. “Number thirty-two Windsor Gardens
.” The driver cupped his ear with one hand. “Can’t ’ear you,” he shouted. Paddington tapped him on the shoulder. “N umber thirty-two Windsor Gardens,” he repeated. The taxi d river jumped at the sound of Paddington’s voice and narrowly missed
hitting a bus. He looked down at his shoulder and glared. “Cream!” he said bitterly. “All over me new coat!” Judy gi ggled, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown exchanged glances. Mr. B rown peered at the meter. He half expected to see a sign go up saying
they had to pay another fifty pence. “I beg your pardon,” said Paddington. He bent forward and tried to rub the st ai n o ff with his other paw. Several bun crumbs an d a s n. “Oh, dear,” said Mrs. Brown. “We really sh al ith jam and cream. It seemed a pity to wash it al mear of jam added themselves mysteriously to the taxi driver’s coat. Th
e driver gave Paddington a long, hard look. Paddington raised his hat, and the driver slammed the window shut agai ite steps to a big green door. “Now you’re going to I have to give him a bath as soon as we get indoors. It’s getting everywh
ere.” Paddington looked thoughtful. It wasn’t so much that he didn’t like baths; he really didn’t mind being cove red w l off quite so soon. But before he had time to consider the matter, the ta
xi stopped, and the Browns began to climb out. Paddington picked up his suitcase and followed Judy up a fligh t of wh meet Mrs. Bird,” said Judy. “She looks after us. She’s a bit fierce so
metimes and she grumbles a lot, but she doesn’t really mean it. I’m sure you’ll like her.” Paddington felt his kn ees begin t o tremble. He looked round for Mr. and Mrs. Brown, but they appeared to be having some sort of argument with the taxi dri
er. Behind the door he could hear footsteps approaching. “I’m sure I shall like her, if you say so,” he said, catc hing sig ht of his reflection on the brightly polished letter box. “But will she like me?” Chapter Two A BEAR IN HOT WATER Paddington w
asn’t quite sure what to expect when Mrs. Bird opened the door. He was pleasantly surprised when they were greeted by a stout, motherly lady with gray hair and a kindly twinkle in her eyes. When she saw Judy, she raised her hands above her he
ad. “Goodness gracious, you’ve arrived already,” she said in horror. “And me hardly finished the washing up. I supp ose you’ll be wanting tea?” “Hallo, Mrs. Bird,” said Judy. “It’s nice to see you again. How’s the rheumatism?” “Worse than it’s
ever been,” began Mrs. Bird—then she stopped speaking and stared at Paddington. “Whatever have you got t here? ” she asked. “What is it?” “It’s not a what,” said Judy. “It’s a bear. His name’s Paddington.” Paddington raised his hat. “A bear
,” said Mrs. Bird doubtfully. “Well, he has good manners, I’ll say that for him.” “He’s going to stay with us,” an nou nced Judy. “He’s emigrated from South America, and he’s all alone with nowhere to go.” “Going to stay with us?” Mrs. Bird r
aised her arms again. “How long for?” Judy looked round mysteriously before replying. “I don’t know,” she sa id. “ It depends on things.” “Mercy me,” exclaimed Mrs. Bird. “I wish you’d told me. I haven’t put clean sheets in the spare room or anythi
ng.” She looked down at Paddington. “Though judging by the state he’s in, perhaps that’s as well.” “It’s all righ t, Mrs. B ird,” said Paddington. “I think I’m going to have a bath. I had an accident with a bun.” “Oh!” Mrs. Bird held the door open. “
Oh, well in that case you’d best come on in. Only mind the carpet. It’s just been done.” Judy took hold of Paddingto n’ s pa w a nd squeezed. “She doesn’t mind really,” she whispered. “I think she rather likes you.” Paddington watched the retreatin
g figure of Mrs. Bird. “She seems a bit fierce,” he said. Mrs. Bird turned. “What was that you said?” Paddington jumped . “ I . .. I . ..” he began. “Where was it you said you’d come from? Peru?” “That’s right,” said Paddington. “Darkest Peru.” “Hum
ph!” Mrs. Bird looked thoughtful for a moment. “Then I expect you like marmalade. I’d better get some more from the gro cer .” “T h ere y ou are! What did I tell you?” cried Judy as the door shut behind Mrs. Bird. “She does like you.” “Fancy her knowin
g I like marmalade,” said Paddington. “Mrs. Bird knows everything about everything,” said Judy. “Now, you’d better come up st air s with me, and I’ll show you your room. It used to be mine when I was small, and it has lots of pictures of bears rou
nd the wall, so I expect you’ll feel at home.” She led the way up a long flight of stairs, chattering all the time. Paddington fo ll ow ed clo sely be hind, keeping carefully to the side so that he didn’t have to tread on the carpet. “That’s the bathroom,” said Judy. “
And that’s my room. And that’s Jonathan’s—he’s my brother, and you’ll meet him soon. And that’s Mummy and Daddy’s.” S he o pe ned a door. “And this is g oing to be yours!” Paddington nearly fell over with surprise when he followed her into the room. He’d never s
een such a big one. There was a large bed with white sheets against one wall and several big boxes, one with a mirror o n i t. Ju dy p ulled open a d rawe r in one of the boxes. “This is called a chest of drawers,” she said. “You’ll be able to keep all your things in
here.” Paddington looked at the drawer and then at his suitcase. “I don’t seem to have very much. That’s the trouble w ith bei ng small —no one ever expects you to want things.” “Then we shall have to see what we can do,” said Judy mysteri
ously. “I’ll try and get Mummy to take you on one of her shopping expeditions.” She knelt down beside him. “Let m e h el p y ou t o unpack.” “It’s very kind of you.” Paddington fumbled with the lock. “But I don’t think there’s much to hel
p me with. There’s a jar of marmalade—only there’s hardly any left now, and what there is tastes of seaweed. A nd my sc rap book. And some centavos—they’re a sort of South American penny.” “Gosh!” said Judy. “I’ve never seen
any of those before. Aren’t they bright!” “Oh, I keep them polished,” said Paddington. “I don’t spend them.” H e pul led ou t a tattered photograph. “And that’s a picture of my Aunt Lucy. She had it taken just before she went into th
e Home for Retired Bears in Lima.” “She looks very nice,” said Judy. “And very wise.” Seeing that Paddin gt on had a s ad, fara way l ook in his eyes, she added hastily, “Well, I’m going to leave you now so that you can have your bath and co
me down nice and clean. You’ll find two taps, one marked hot and one marked cold. There’s plenty of s oa p an d a clean t owel . Oh, and a brush so that you can scrub your back.” “It sounds very complicated,” said Paddington. “Can't I j
ust sit in a puddle or something?” Judy laughed. “Somehow I don’t think Mrs. Bird would approve of th at! And don’t for get to wash your ears. They look awfully black.” “They’re meant to be black,” Paddington called indignantly
as Judy shut the door. He climbed up onto a stool by the window and looked out. There was a large, int ere sti n g ga rden below, with a small pond and several trees which looked good for climbing. Beyond the trees he
could see some more houses stretching away into the distance. He decided it must be wonderful liv ing in a ho use like this all the tim e. He stayed where he was, thinking about it, until the wi
ndow became steamed up and he couldn’t see out anymore. Then he tried writing his name on the clo udy part with his paws. H e began to wish it wasn’t quite so lon
g, as he soon ran out of cloud and it was rather difficult to spell. “All the same”—he climbed onto th e dre ssin g t able and lo oked at himself in the mirror—“
it’s a very important name. And I don’t expect there are many bears in the world called Paddington!” If he’ d on ly kno wn, Judy was saying exactly the
same thing to Mr. Brown at that very moment. The Browns were holding a council of war in the dining room, and r . Brown was fighting a lo
sing battle. It had been Judy’s idea in the first place to keep Paddington. In this she not only had Jon athan on her side b ut a l so her mother. Jonathan had y
et to meet Paddington, but the idea of having a bear in the family appealed to him. It sounded v ery i mpo rt ant . “After all, Henry,” argu
ed Mrs. Brown, “you can’t turn him out now. It wouldn’t be right.” Mr. Brown sighed. He kne w w hen h e was b eat en. It wasn’t that he didn’t
like the idea of keeping Paddington. Secretly he was just as keen as anyone. But as he ad of the Brown household, he felt he ought to consider th
e matter from every angle. “I’m sure we ought to report the matter to someone first, ” he said. “I don’ t s ee wh y, Dad,” cried Jonathan. “Besi
des, he might get arrested for being a stowaway if we do that.” Mrs. Brown put do w n h er k nit ting. “Jonathan’s right, Henry.
We can’t let that happen. It’s not as if he’s done anything wrong. I’m sure he did n’t har m any on e traveling in a lifeboat like that.”
“Then there’s the question of pocket money,” said Mr. Brown, weakening. “I’ m not sure how much po ck et money to give a bear.” “He can h
ave a pound a week, the same as the other children,” replied Mrs. Brown. Mr . Brown lit his pip e c ar efully before replying. “Well,” he said
, “we’ll have to see what Mrs. Bird has to say about it first, of course.” The re was a t riumph an t c horus from the rest of the family. “You’
d better ask her then,” said Mrs. Brown when the noise had died down. “I t wa s your idea.” Mr. Brown coughed. He was a
little bit afraid of Mrs. Bird, and he wasn’t at all sure how she would take it. H e w as about to suggest they left it for a little whil
e when the door opened and Mrs. Bird herself came in with the tea thing s. S he paused for a moment and looked round at the sea of
expectant faces. “I suppose,” she said, “you want to tell me you’ve dec id ed to kee p that young Paddington.” “May we, Mrs. Bird?” pleaded Judy. “P
lease! I’m sure he’ll be very good.” “Humph!” Mrs. Bird put the tray d o wn o n the table. “That re mains to be seen. Different people have different ideas about being good.
All the same,” she hesitated at the door, “he looks the sort of bear t h at me ans well.” “Then you don’t mind, Mrs. Bird?” Mr. Brown asked her. Mrs. Bird thought for a moment. “
No. No, I don’t mind at all. I’ve always had a soft spot for bears mys el f. It’l l be nice to have one about the house.” “Well,” gasped Mrs. Brown as the door closed. “Whoever would
have thought it!” “I expect it was because he raised his hat,” said J ud y. “ It made a good impression. Mrs. Bird likes polite people.” Mrs. Brown picked up her knitting again. “I supp
ose someone ought to write and tell his Aunt Lucy. I’m sure she’d like t o kno w he’s safe.” She turned to Judy. “Perhaps it would be a nice thought if you and Jonathan wrote.” “By the way,” s
aid Mr. Brown, “come to think of it, where is Paddington? He’s n ot still up in his room, is he?” Judy looked up from the writing desk, where she was searching for some notepaper. “Oh, he’s all
right. He’s just having a bath.” “A bath!” Mrs. Brown’s face to ok o n a worri ed expression. “He’s rather small to be having a bath all by himself.” “Don’t fuss so, Mary,” grumbled Mr. Brown,
settling himself down in the armchair with a newspaper. “He ’s p ro babl y having the time of his life.” Mr. Brown was fairly near the truth when he said Paddington was probably having th
e time of his life. Unfortunately it wasn’t in quite the way he m ea nt it. Blissfully unaware that his fate was being decided, Paddington was sitting in the middle of the bathroom floor
drawing a map of South America with a tube of Mr. Brow n’s shavin g cream. Paddington liked geography. At least, he liked his sort of geography, which meant seeing strange places
and new people. Before he left South America on his lo ng journ ey to England, his Aunt Lucy, who was a very wise old bear, had done her best to teach him all she knew. She had
told him all about the places he would see on the way , a nd she had spent many long hours reading to him about the people he would meet. It had been a long journey, halfwa
y round the world, and so Paddington’s map occupi ed mos t of the bathroom floor and also used up most of Mr. Brown’s shaving cream. With the little that was left he tried wr
iting his new name again. He had several attempts a nd fina lly decided on PADINGTUN. It looked most important. It wasn’t until a trickle of warm water landed on his nose that
he realized the bath was full and was beginning to ru n ov er t he side. With a sigh he climbed up onto the side of the bath, closed his eyes, held his nose with one paw, and jump
ed. The water was hot and soapy and much deeper than h e had ex pec te d. In fact, he had to stand on tiptoe even to keep his nose above the surface. It was then that he had a nasty shock.
It’s one thing getting into a bath. It’s quite another g etti ng o ut, especially when the water comes up to your nose and the sides are slippery and your eyes are full of soap. He co
uldn’t even see to turn the taps off. He tried calling ou t “ He lp, ” first in quite a quiet voice, then very loudly: “HELP! HELP!” He waited for a few moments, but no one came. Sudd
enly he had an idea. What a good thing he was still w ea ri ng his hat! He took it off and began baling out the water. There were several holes in the hat because it was a very old o
ne that had once belonged to his uncle, but if the w at er di dn’ t get much less, at least it didn’t get any more. “That’s funny,” said Mr. Brown, jumping up from his armchair and rub
bing his forehead. “I could have sworn I felt a spo t o f w at er!” “Don’t be silly, dear. How could you?” Mrs. Brown, busy with her knitting, didn’t even bother to look up. Mr. Brown gr
unted and returned to his newspaper. He knew h e ha d felt so mething, but there was no point in arguing. He looked suspiciously at the children, but both Judy and Jonathan were b
usy writing their letter. “How much does it cost t o s e nd a lette r to Lim a? ” asked Jonathan. Judy was about to reply when another drop of water fell down from the ceiling, this time right on to t
he table. “Oh, gosh!” She jumped to her feet, pu lli ng J onath an after he r. There was an ominous wet patch right over their heads and right underneath the bathroom! “Where are you going no
w, dear?” asked Mrs. Brown. “Oh, just upstairs to s ee h ow Pad ding to n’s getting on.” Judy pushed Jonathan through the door and shut it quickly behind them. “Crikey,” said Jonathan. “Wha
t’s up?” “It’s Paddington,” cried Judy over her sh ould er as s he ru shed up the stairs. “I think he’s in trouble!” She ran along the landing and banged loudly on the bathroom door. “Are you
all right, Paddington?” she shouted. “May we come in?” “ He lp! Help!” shouted Paddington. “Please come in. I think I’m going to drown!” “Oh, Paddington.” Judy leaned over the sid
e of the bath and helped Jonathan lift a drippi ng a nd very fri gh t en ed Paddington onto the floor. “Oh, Paddington! Thank goodness you’re all right!” Paddington lay on his back in a pool of w
ater. “What a good job I had my hat,” he pante d. “Au nt Lu cy told me never to be without it.” “But why on earth didn’t you pull the plug out, you silly?” said Judy. “Oh!” Paddington lo
oked crestfallen. “I ... I never thought of that.” Jonat han looked a dm iri ng ly at Paddington. “Crikey,” he said. “Fancy you making all this mess. Even I’ve never made as much mess as this!” Paddi
ngton sat up and looked around. The whole of the b at hroo m floor w as co ve red in a sort of white foam where the hot water had landed on his map of South America. “It is a bit untidy,” he admitted. “I
don’t really know how it got like that.” “Untidy !” Ju dy lifted him to hi s f ee t and wrapped a towel around him. “Paddington, we’ve all got a lot of work to do before we go downstairs again. If Mrs. Bir
d sees this, I don’t know what she’ll say.” “I do, ” excla ime d Jon at ha n. “She says it to me sometimes.” Judy began wiping the floor with a cloth. “Now just you dry yourself quickly in case you
catch cold.” Paddington began rubbing himself m e ekly with th e t ow el. “I must say,” he remarked, looking at himself in the mirror. “I am a lot cleaner than I was. It doesn’t look like me at all!” P
addington did look much cleaner than when he ha d f ir st arrived at th e Browns. His fur, which was really quite light in color and not dark brown as it had been, was standing out like a new br
ush, except that it was soft and silky. His nose gleamed, a nd his ear s h ad lost all traces of the jam and cream. He was so much cleaner that when he arrived downstairs and entered the dining r
oom sometime later, everyone pretended not to recognize him. “The tra de sm en’s entrance is at the side,” said Mr. Brown from behind the paper. Mrs. Brown put down her knitting and stared at hi
m. “I think you must have come to the wrong house,” she said. “This is nu m ber thirty-two not thirty-four!” Even Jonathan and Judy agreed there must be some mistake. Paddington began to get
quite worried until they all burst out laughing and said how nice he look ed n ow that he was brushed and combed and respectable. They made room for him in a small armchair by the fire, and M
rs. Bird came in with another pot of tea and a plate of hot, buttered toa st. “ Now, Paddington,” said Mr. Brown when they were all settled. “Suppose you tell us all about yourself and how you c
ame to Britain.” Paddington settled back in his armchair, wiped a sme ar of butter carefully from his whiskers, put his paws behind his head, and stretched out his toes towards the fire. He like
d an audience, especially when he was warm and the world seemed such a nic e pla ce. “I was brought up in Darkest Peru,” he began. “By my Aunt Lucy. She’s the one that lives in a home for retired b
ears in Lima.” He closed his eyes thoughtfully. A hush fell over the room, and ev er yo ne waited expectantly. After a while, when nothing happened, they began to get restless. Mr. Brown coughed loudly.
“It doesn’t seem a very exciting story,” he said impatiently. He reach ed a cross a nd poked Paddington with his pipe. “Well, I never,” he said. “I do believe he’s fallen asleep!” Chapter Three PADDINGT
ON GOES UNDERGROUND Paddington was very surprised when h e wo ke u p t he next morning and found himself in bed. He decided it was a nice feeling as he stretched himself and pulled the she
ets up round his head with a paw. He reached out with his feet a nd f ou nd a c ool spot for his toes. One advantage of being a very small bear in a large bed was that there was so much room. After
a few minutes he poked his head out cautiously and sniffed. T here was a l ely smell of something coming under the door. It seemed to be getting nearer and nearer. There were footsteps too,
coming up the stairs. As they stopped by his door, there was a k no ck, a nd rs. Bird’s voice called out, “Are you awake, young Paddington?” “Only just,” called out Paddington, rubbing his eye
s. The door opened. “You’ve had a good sleep,” said Mrs. Bir d as s he ced a tray on the bed and drew the curtains. “And you’re a very privileged person to have breakfast in bed on a wee
kday!” Paddington eyed the tray hungrily. There was half a g ra p efrui t i n a plate of bacon and eggs, some toast, and a whole pot of marmalade, not to mention a large cup of tea. “Is all that f
or me?” he exclaimed. “If yo u don’t want it, I can s oon t ake it away ag ai n, ” sa id Mrs. Bird. “Oh, I do,” said Paddington hurriedly. “It’s just that I’ve never seen so much breakfast before.” “Well, you’
d better hurry up with it.” Mrs. Bir d tur ned in the doorway an d lo oked b ack. “Because you’re going on a shopping expedition this morning with Mrs. Brown and Judy. And all I can say is, than
k goodness I’m not goin g to o!” She closed the door. “Now, I wonder w ha t s he m eans by that?” said Paddington. But he didn’t worry about it for very long. There was far too much to do. It was the first
time he had ever had br eak fas t in bed, and he soon found it wasn’t quite so ea sy as it lo oked. First of all he had trouble with the grapefruit. Every time he pressed it with his spoon a long stream of juice shot u
p and hit him in the eye , whic h was very painful. And all the time he was worried bec aus e th e bacon and eggs were getting cold. Then there was the question of the marmalade. He wanted to leave room for the ma
rmalade. In the end he deci ded it would be much nicer if he mixed everything up on the one p la te and sat on the tray to eat it. “Oh, Paddington,” said Judy when she entered the room a few minutes later and found hi
m perched on the tray, “w hatever are you doing now? Do hurry up. We’re waiting for you do wn sta irs.” Paddington looked up, an expression of bliss on his face: that part of his face which could be seen behind egg whis
kers and toast crumbs. He tried to say something, but all he could manage was a muffled, grun tin g noise which sounded like IMJUSTCOMING all rolled into one. “Really!” Judy took out her handkerchief and wiped his fa
ce. “You’re the stickiest b ear imaginable. And if you don’t hurry up, all the nice things will be go ne . Mummy’s going to buy you a complete new outfit from Barkridges—I heard her say so. Now, comb your fur quickly and
come on down.” As she clo sed the door, Paddington looked at the remains of his breakfast. Most o f i t was gone, but there was a large piece of bacon left, which it seemed a pity to waste. He decided to put it into his suitcas
e in case he got hungry l at er on. He hurried into the bathroom and rubbed his face over with some wa r m water. Then he combed his whiskers carefully, and a few moments later, not looking perhaps as clean as he had done t
he evening before, but qu ite smart, he arrived downstairs. “I hope you’re not wearing that hat,” said M rs. Bro wn as she looked down at him. “Oh, do let him, Mummy,” cried Judy. “It’s so ... so unusual.” “It’s unusual, all right,” said
Mrs. Brown. “I don’t know th at I’ve ever seen anything quite like it before. It’s such a funny shap e. I do n’t know w hat you’d call it.” “It’s a bush hat,” said Paddington proudly. “And it saved my life.” “Saved your life?” repeated Mrs. Brown
. “Don’t be silly. How could a ha t save your life?” Paddington was about to tell her of his adventure in t he bath the evening before when he received a nudge from Judy. She shook her head. “Er ... it’s a long story,” he said lamely. “Then you’d
better save it for another time,” sa id Mrs. Brown. “Now, come along, both of you.” Paddington picked up his suitcase an d followe d Mrs. Brown and Judy to the front door. By the door, Mrs. Brown paused and sniffed. “That’s very strange,” she said. “The
re seems to be a smell of bacon e ver yw here this morning. Can you smell it, Paddington?” Paddington started . H e p ut the su itc ase guiltily behind himself and sniffed. He had several expressions which he kept for emergencies. There was his thoughtful
expression, when he stared into space and res te d his chin on a paw. Then there was his innocent one, which wasn’t rea ll y a n e xp res sion at all. He decided to use this one. “It’s very strong,” he said truthfully, for he was a truthful bear. And then he added, perh
aps not quite so truthfully, “I wonder where it ’s c oming from?” “If I were you,” whispered Judy as they walked along the ro ad t ow ar ds the tube station, “I should be more careful in future when you pack your suitcase!” Paddington looked down. A large piece o
f bacon stuck out of the side of his case and wa s trailing on the pavement. “Shoo!” cried Mrs. Brown as a grubby-looking dog came bounding across the road. Paddington waved his suitcase. “Go away, dog,” he said sternly. The dog licked its lips, an
d Paddington glanced anxiously over his sh oulder as he hurried on, keeping close behind Mrs. Brown and Judy. “Oh , dear,” said Mrs. Brown. “I have a funny feeling about today. As if things are going to happen. Do you ever have that feeling, Padd
ington?” Paddington considered for a momen t. “Sometimes,” he said vaguely as they entered the station. At first Padd ington was a little bit disappointed in the Underground. He liked the noise and the bustle and the smell of warm air which greeted
im as they went inside. But he didn’t think much of the ticket. He examined carefully the piece of green cardboard which h e held in his paw. “It doesn’t seem much to get for eighty pence,” he said. After all the lovely whirring and clanking noises the ticket
machine had made, it did seem disappointing. He ’d expected much more for his money. “But Paddington,” Mrs. Brown sigh ed, “you only have a ticket so that you can ride on the train. They won’t let you on otherwise.” She looked and sounded rather flustere
d. Secretly she was beginning to wish they had wait ed until later in the day, when it wasn’t quite so crowded. There was also the peculiar business of the dogs. Not one, but six dogs of various shapes and sizes had followed them right inside. She had a funny feeli
ng it had something to do with Paddington, but the onl y time she caught his eye, it had such an innocent expression she felt quite up set with herself for having such thoughts. “I suppose,” she said to Paddington as they stepped on the escalator, “we ought really to carr
y you. It says you’re supposed to carry dogs, but it doesn’t say anything about bears.” Paddington didn’t answer. He was following behind in a dream. Being a very short bear, he couldn’t easily see over the side, but when he did, his eyes nearly popped out with excitement. There
were people everywhere. He’d never seen so many. There were people rushing down one side, and there were more people rushing up the o ther . Everyone seemed in a terrible hurry. As he stepped off the escalator, he found himself carried away between a man with an umbrel
la and a lady with a large shopping bag. By the time he managed to push his way free, both Mrs. Brown and Judy had completely disappeare d. It was then that he saw a most surprising notice. He blinked at it several times to make sure, but each time he opened his eyes it
said the same thing: FOLLOW THE AMBER LIGHT TO PADDINGTON. Paddington decided the Underground was quite the most exciting thin g tha t had ever happened to him. He turned and trotted down the corridor, following the amber lights, until he met another crowd o
f people who were queuing for the “up” escalator. “’Ere,” said the man at the top as he examined Paddington’s ticket. “What’s all this? You h av en’t been anywhere yet.” “I know,” said Paddington unhappily. “I think I must have made a mistake at the bottom.” The man
sniffed suspiciously and called across to an inspector. “There’s a young bear ’ere, smelling of bacon. Says he made a mistake at the botto m.” T he inspector put his thumbs under his waistcoat. “Escalators is for the benefit and convenience of passengers,” he said st
ernly. “Not for the likes of young bears to play on. Especially in the rush hour.” “Yes, sir,” said Paddington, raising his hat. “But we don’t h ave esca ... esca ...” “... lators,” said the inspector helpfully. “... lators,” said Paddington, “in Darkest Peru. I’ve never been on
one before, so it’s rather difficult.” “Darkest Peru?” said the inspector, looking most impressed. “Oh, well, in that case”—he lifted up the c ha in which divided the “up” and “down” escalators—“you’d better get back down. But don’t let me catch you up to any trick
s again.” “Thank you very much,” said Paddington gratefully as he ducked under the chain. “It’s very kind of you, I’m sure.” He turned to w ave good-bye, but before he could raise his hat, he found himself being whisked into the depths of the Underground again.
Halfway down he was gazing with interest at the brightly colored posters on the wall when the man standing behind poked him with his um brella. “There’s someone calling you,” he said. Paddington looked round and was just in time to see Mrs. Brown and Judy pa
ss by on their way up. They waved frantically at him, and Mrs. Brown called out “Stop!” several times. Paddington turned and tried to run u p the escalator, but it was going very fast, and with