

MR TEDDY

A VERY SHORT STORY

BY

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As Dora got ready for bed, her favourite teddy bear sneezed. Then jumping up on to her shoulder, rubbed its nose against her ear, whispering: 'Kiss me, sweetie!' She screamed and threw it on the floor. Leering up at her, was the horrible face of her recently dead grandad.

Her parents and brother came rushing into the bedroom. 'Bad boy, Mr Teddy!' her brother, chided. 'Are you really nasty old grandad?'

Her mother examined the bear closely. 'No... it's the same sweet little chap we've always known and loved, but you are... somewhat smelly.' She put the bear into the small sink in Dora's room and gave it a thorough wash.

'Exams tomorrow,' her brother, said. 'Hey! The door's locked!'

Everyone had a go, but the door would not budge.

Dora shrieked. Soaking wet and grinning from ear to ear, Mr Teddy stood dripping on the carpet. Her father gave it a good kick and there was an awful yelp as the creature landed on top of the wardrobe.

'Son, I hated you when I were alive and I hates you still!' Mr Teddy croaked from on high. 'But little Dora, she's sweeter than sugar. I locked the door and I'm going to freeze you lot like them dummies at Madam Tussauds. There! It ain't 'alf fun being a dead'n.'

Then he somersaulted off the wardrobe onto Dora's bed.

Dora dried her tears, put on some lipstick, looked at her family frozen in time and smiled: 'What kept you, Mr Teddy?'
