

Paddington Goes to Kohl Children's Museum



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*To Sheridan Turner,
With love and appreciation
for all the playful adventures
from all of your friends
(even those without fur).
“We’ll always remember you!”*



*by Michael Bond
Adapted by Dave Judy
and Maria Choronzuk*



WELCOME!
HAVE A PLAYFUL DAY!

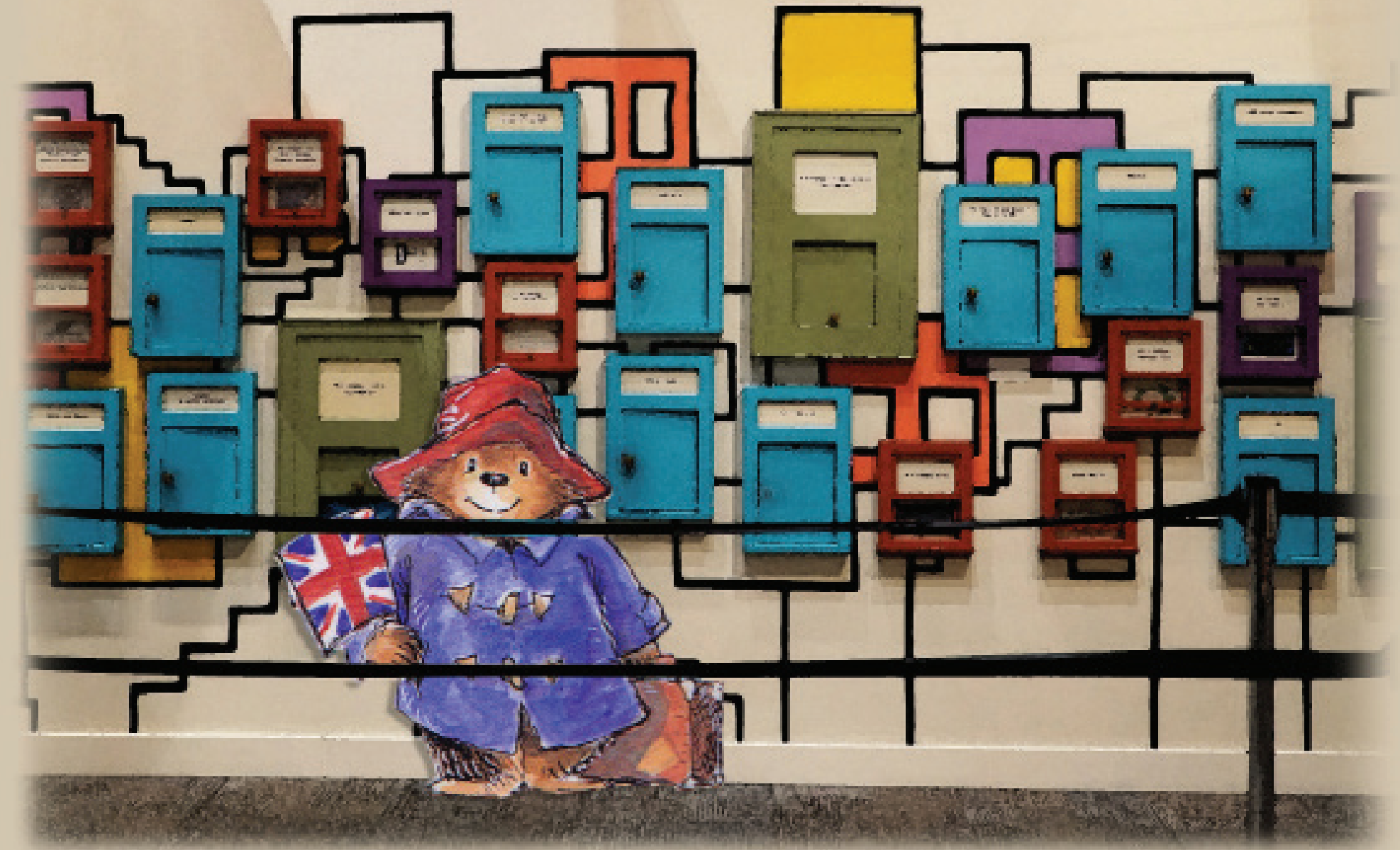
It was a spring morning much like any other spring morning when Miss Sheridan Turner went to unlock the front door of Kohl Children's Museum and welcome all the visiting families for the day.

She smiled as the children all ran gleefully past her into the exhibits, but then her eye fell on a single strange figure in a floppy red hat and a bright blue raincoat. On closer observation, she saw that it was in fact not a child at all, but a small, brown bear.

“Hello, what’s this?” she exclaimed. “I don’t remember Lizzy mentioning a word about any bears on my schedule today.” (Being British herself, of course, she pronounced it “SHED-yule” as she had learned growing up in England, not the coarse “SKED-yule” favored by the Americans.)

Kohl Children’s Museum of Greater Chicago

is grateful to all those individuals, corporations and foundations that made this Museum a reality.





As she spoke, the bear smiled broadly and he politely removed his hat. “Why, you’re a subject of the Queen! I’d recognize that accent anywhere. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Paddington, and I am originally from darkest Peru, though I’m quite pleased to be a British bear these days. I’ve come to visit the States but I seem to have been separated from my humans, Judy and Jonathan.”

“Well spit spot, then, young Paddington,” cried Sheridan. “We’ve got an entire Museum to explore to find them!”

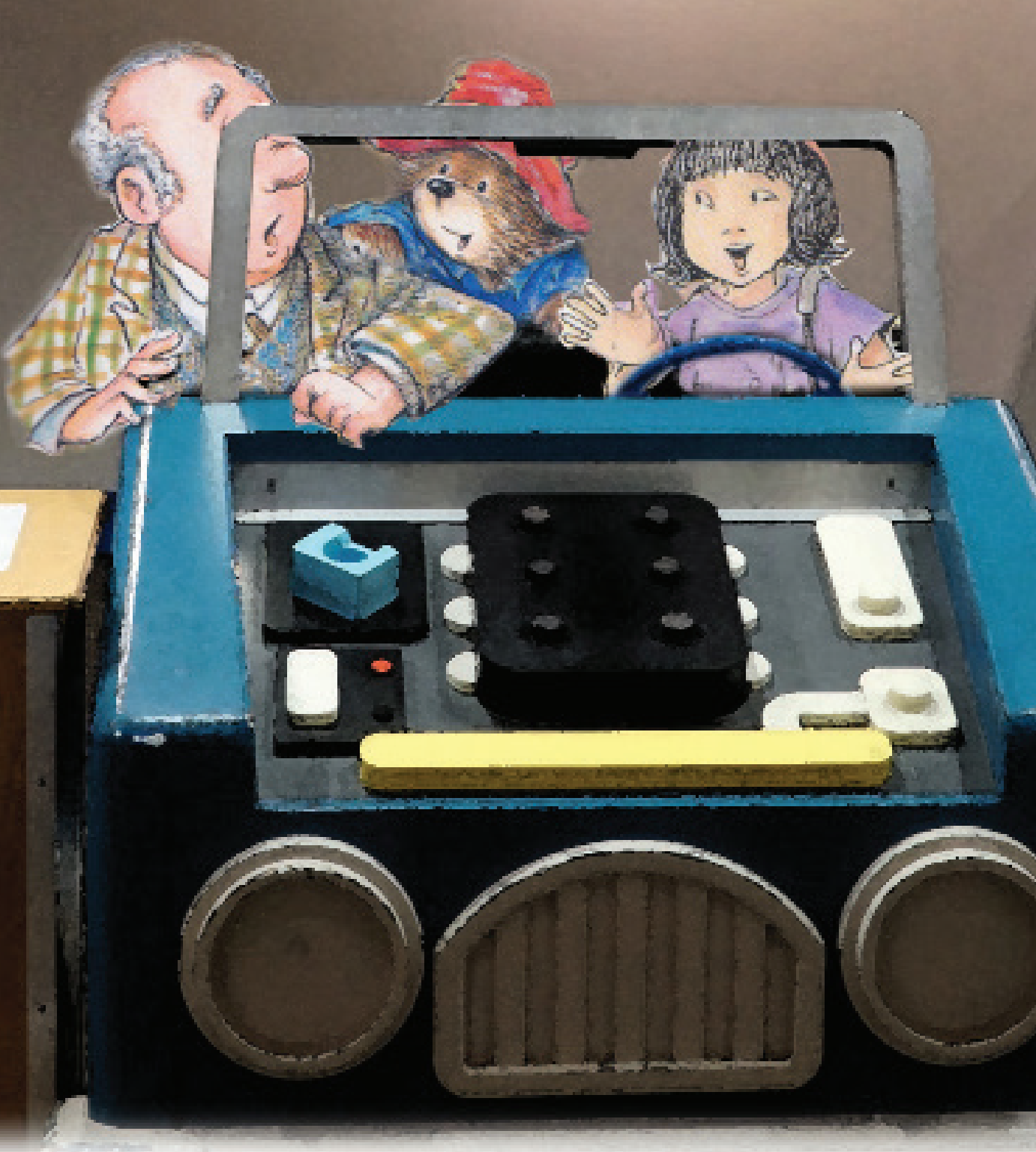
“You know your way around this whole place?” Paddington asked, wide-eyed.

“Why of course I do! I know it from A to Zed! I’m the President & CEO and I helped build this place on time and under budget!”

“That must have got you quite knackered,” said Paddington, letting out a low whistle.

“It’s a labour of love,” replied Sheridan. “Work becomes play if you just find the fun in it! Now let’s go find your family!”





“I spot the quickest way to find them!” cried Paddington, as he ran into the *Car Garage* exhibit. An elderly grandfather sat in a blue car watching his grandchild play behind the wheel. Paddington leapt onto the back of the car. “Can you drive me around the Museum to find my siblings?” he asked.

“Of course!” shouted the girl, and started making motor noises and rocking back and forth in the driver seat as she spun the wheel further around. She pressed the middle of the wheel and cried out “Honk Honk! Out of my way!”

Paddington frowned, as the car was not moving, and tapped the grandfather on the shoulder. “Excuse me, sir, but I think perhaps you should drive. I’m not even certain this young lady has a license.”

The gentleman huffed at him. “It is my opinion that uninvited hitchhikers should hold their tongue.”



Paddington climbed off the car and wandered for a bit. “Well this looks like an appealing place,” said Paddington as he passed a sign reading *Pet Vet*. “Very welcoming to the fur-inclined indeed. Let me take a gander in here,” he said to Sheridan. “You wait and keep an eye out in case Jonathan and Judy pass by. I’ll just be a moment.”



Sheridan waited. And waited. She tapped her foot. She twiddled her thumbs. After several minutes she poked her head into the *Pet Vet*. “Paddington, dear?” she called. “Are you alright?” “I’m none too chuffed!” came a muffled response. “Where are you?” inquired Sheridan.



“In here!” came the plaintive reply, and Sheridan’s eye fell on Paddington’s sad face peering out from the smallest of the animal kennels. “I told some children I was looking for my family and before I knew it I was being stuffed into this cage with a cocker spaniel and a turtle! Well, I’ve heard of blended families but this is a bit much. Plus the living quarters are a wee bit cramped.”

Sheridan opened the door and let the captive bear out. “Psst! You’d better all make a run for it!” Paddington whispered to the remaining dogs and cats in the kennel, but none of them made a motion.



Paddington continued on into the *Play Cafe*. While he didn't see Judy or Jonathan, he did see something that completely caught his eye. "Why, I do believe they are making sandwiches!" he muttered.

He strode up to the counter where a young boy greeted him. "What would you like?" the boy asked, and Paddington promptly replied, "Two of your finest marmalade sandwiches!"

The boy looked confused. "I have ham and cheese," he replied.

"Well that won't do," said Paddington. "I'm a bear of herbivorous means, you know."

"No herbs here! Try the market. Next!" cried the boy.



Paddington trudged over to the *Whole Foods Market*, where his eye fell immediately on a tray of sweet-looking treats.



“No marmalade, I see, but these should certainly take the edge off!” said Paddington, as he bit down into a cream puff.

“Paddington!” cried Sheridan, who had finally caught up with the bear. “Those are pretend treats! You can’t eat them. They are for play!”

Paddington thought for a moment. “Well my mother raised me right, and I shan’t play with my food!” he stated. “Besides, I’ve still got Jonathan and Judy to find!” He hustled off into the next exhibit.



Paddington stopped in front of a sign and sounded it out slowly. “*Sheridan’s Books and Crannies*. Well, my word, is this your office? Look at all the books – are they all yours? And I suppose all the crannies too?”

“Well,” mused Sheridan, “I suppose in a manner of speaking you might say they’re mine. But really, they are the Museum’s so I guess they belong to all the children who —” She stopped short. Paddington was engrossed in a book of photographs, distracted by the words and pictures, and clearly not hearing a word she was saying. She sat gingerly on the couch and waited for him to finish.

“Ah, nothing like a good book!” sighed Paddington after closing the book and looking up at her. “Reading is so important, isn’t it? I only wish that someday someone might write a book about me!

Sheridan grinned. “I think it’s fairly certain that a bear of your accomplishments is quite likely to merit many stories written about him. Certainly your misadventures make for a more likely book subject than I do.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that, Miss Turner,” Paddington responded knowingly. “After all, what if someone’s writing a book about our misadventures right now? Or what if we’re actually part of someone’s story right now?”

“That would be a very meta story,” laughed Sheridan. “But I’ve never met a story I didn’t like!”





Paddington turned the corner to find a giant house with a flag pole and porch out front. “Hurrah!” he exclaimed as he read the signage. “Perhaps the Handson Family will know where to find my own family.”

Sheridan chuckled. “Tut tut. It’s the *Hands On House*. Children are learning about simple machines like wheels, pulleys, and levers.”

Paddington grabbed a wheelbarrow full of bean bag rocks and begin helping. “Not too fast,” warned Sheridan, before the single wheel struck a small bean bag on the floor, and BUMP! Out fell all the rocks.

Paddington turned to watch a young girl raising the flag out front, only as he did, the tail of his blue raincoat got snagged in the lines, and WHOOSH! Up the bear went!

“Well, at least I can see from up here,” mused Paddington. “Though even if I do see Jonathan and Judy, I shan’t be able to go to them.”

“Of course you shall!” replied Sheridan, unknitting his coat and lifting him gently to the ground. “Did you see any clues while you were up there?”

“No, but I did see something definitely worth exploring!” cried Paddington, who took off on a tear toward a blue sign reading *Water Works*.



“Walking feet!” cried Sheridan, but the bear was already nearly out of sight. She sighed and followed.

As she entered the room, with the cadences of waterfalls, droplets, and sprays, she looked around for the bear, who was nowhere to be seen. “Paddington?” she inquired softly.

“Over here, Miss Turner!” came a gurgly reply. Sheridan turned but saw nothing. “This way!” came the voice again, from the other direction. Sheridan turned and frowned. “I still can’t spot you!” “Once more!” came the voice. Sheridan stood in one place and turned in a complete circle, just in time to see Paddington floating by on the river made for toy boats.

“So that’s why they call you Miss Turner,” Paddington giggled. “Are you dizzy yet?”





“Not a bit!” replied Sheridan, snagging the soaking bear and tugging him up and out of the water trough. “You know it’s not Saturday bath night!” She marched the soggy bear to the dryers to get him out of his wet clothes and under the air for a quick fluff.

“Cleanliness is next to bearliness, as I remember. I’m just surprised there were no salmon swimming upstream in that river. They must be out of season. If there aren’t any in the stream, there certainly won’t be any in the waterfall, so no sense looking there.” Which even Sheridan had to agree was true.

“Now put your clothes back on. You can’t go around the Museum all starkers, you know!”

“Sorry about the water. You can’t keep a bear out of his natural habitat, you know,” said Paddington.

“Habitat! Of course!” exclaimed Sheridan. “We’ve not yet checked *Habitat Park!*” She led the bear out to an expansive fenced-in exhibit full of flowers, gardens, sculptures, tunnels and climbing structures.

“Gracious! Take cover! Coyotes!” cried Paddington, before Sheridan assured him that the creatures were just statues and not actually real.





Paddington crawled, climbed, looked under, looked over, and ran around, but found no sight of Jonathan and Judy. He did find a gentlemen in a garden smock moving items around a garden bed, and jumped in to give him a hand.

“That’s right nice of you, young blue-coated laddie,” said the man, who then did a double take. “Or young bearie, it would appear! I don’t know quite why I’m so surprised, since after all Blue-Bearies are in season!”

Paddington poked his head into a room labeled *Adventures in Art*.
“Welcome!” came a voice. “We’re doing self-portraits today!
Would you like to make a piece of art that represents you?”

The bear thought quickly. “Why yes! Perhaps I could put up
posters of myself around the Museum. ‘Lost Bear: Reward!’
That might help Jonathan and Judy find me!”

“There are many ways to do self-portraits. We have fingerpaints,
clay sculptures, and plenty of brushes if you like.”

“The more posters, the better!” thought Paddington, and began
soft-sculpting a bear statue with one hand while fingerpainting
with his back paw.



The duo rounded the corner into *City on the Move*. He spotted a platform with some pipes, tubes, and cones. “What on earth is that?” he inquired. “Why, that’s our Bernoulli blower,” replied Sheridan.

“Bear Nellie?” thought Paddington to himself. “Why, I believe I might have had a great aunt Nellie! Has she been locked in this cage too? I’d better climb up and see!” As he clambered up to peer into one of the cones, his knee settled on a red push button, and ...

WHOOSH! Out flew a blue ball, a green ball, and a yellow ball in a burst of air that sent Paddington reeling backwards and nearly blew off his red hat.

Luckily Sheridan was right behind him to catch the off-balance bear.

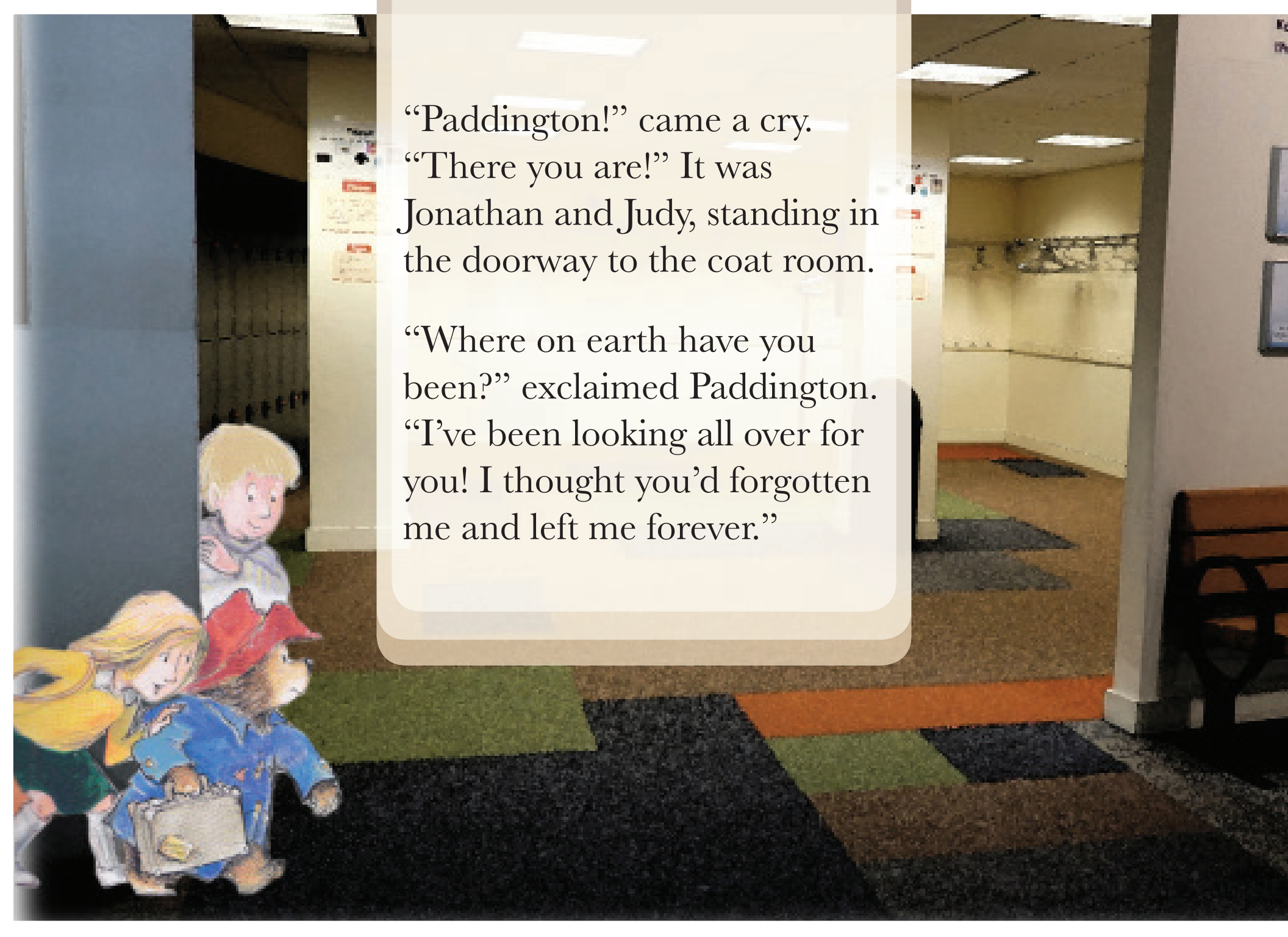




On they went through the other exhibits. “Oh dear, I must lay off the marmalade, mustn’t I?” he confessed as he stood on the milk-jug scale in *All About Me*.

Finally Paddington looked up and saw the front desk. “Why we’re back where we started! We’ve been all through the children’s museum and I haven’t found my family. Perhaps I’ll just have to live here forever in one of those terrible cages.” He slumped dejectedly against the desk.





“Paddington!” came a cry.
“There you are!” It was
Jonathan and Judy, standing in
the doorway to the coat room.

“Where on earth have you
been?” exclaimed Paddington.
“I’ve been looking all over for
you! I thought you’d forgotten
me and left me forever.”

“We’ve been right here all along,” said Judy.
“You know we’d never leave you. We just
waited for you.”

“Who could forget you?” added Jonathan.
“True friends and family will always be there
waiting for you, no matter how far away you
go — and they’ll never forget. Ever.”

“Never ever,” confirmed Judy. “We’ll always
remember you!”


“Well, it’s a happy ending after all for you, Paddington,” said Sheridan. “Now I must be off to my office. This museum won’t run itself, you know!”

“Thank you, Miss Sheridan, for helping me find my family. You’ve been a true friend and I shall never forget you.” His eyes widened as he had a sudden thought.

“Here! Take this sculpture I made of myself in the art studio. I won’t be needing it now, and this way you’ll have something to always remember me by.” He handed her the sculpture, hugged her, and headed off into the Museum to explore once again.

“Oh, Paddington,” said Sheridan with a sad smile. “Something tells me that I will always remember everything about this very special day.”




**Sheridan's
Books & Crannies**

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