

The Bear's Blue Bicycle



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Bernard the bear lived in a cozy cave at the edge of a sunny forest. Every morning after breakfast, he put on his bright red shirt and his sky blue helmet. Then he wheeled out his little blue bicycle. It was his favorite thing in the whole wide world. He loved the shiny bell and the wobbly basket on the front.



Bernard was a big, round bear with warm brown fur and a big friendly smile. His bicycle, however, was very small. When he sat on the seat, his knees popped up near his ears. His big paws barely fit on the handlebars. Still, he climbed on every day and tried to ride. 'I love you, little blue bike,' he said.



When Bernard pushed the pedals, the bicycle wobbled left and right. It squeaked and creaked and shook. 'Whoa!' cried Bernard as he swerved past a bush. 'Wobble-wobble!' The little bike was too small for such a big bear. But Bernard kept trying, because riding made him happy. He just wished it was a little safer.



One morning, Bernard's best friend Bea the beaver came to visit. Bea was small and compact, with glossy dark brown fur and a flat wide tail. She wore a yellow hard hat and an orange tool belt full of tools. Bea watched Bernard wobble down the path. 'Bernard,' she said, 'that bicycle is much too small for you!'



Bernard sighed and parked the little blue bicycle. 'I know,' he said. 'But I love it.' Bea walked around the bike, tapping the frame with her wrench. 'The frame is too short and not strong enough,' she said. 'But don't worry. I have a clever idea!' Bernard's small round eyes lit up. 'What is it?' he asked.



Bea pulled out her hammer and wrench. 'We can adapt your bicycle,' she said. 'I'll build a strong new frame that fits you just right. We'll keep the wheels and the bell and the basket.' Bernard clapped his big paws. 'A strong frame for a big bear!' he cheered. 'Let's do it!' Bea smiled and got to work right away.



Bea measured Bernard's long legs and wide arms. She drew a plan in the dirt with a stick. 'We need a longer frame and thicker tubes,' she said. Bernard fetched wood from the forest. Bea sawed and hammered and tightened bolts. Her flat tail thumped happily as she worked. Bernard handed her tools and tried not to get in the way.



All afternoon they worked together. Bea built a strong frame from sturdy wood. She made the seat higher and the handlebars wider. Bernard sanded the wood until it was smooth. 'This frame will hold a big bear like you,' Bea said. 'It will not wobble at all.' Bernard felt excited and a little nervous, too.



At last, Bea stepped back and wiped her paws. 'All done!' she said. The bicycle looked different now. It had a long, strong frame painted bright blue. The seat was just the right height. The handlebars were wide and comfy. The little bell still sparkled. Bernard stared at it with his mouth open wide.



Bernard put on his sky blue helmet and climbed onto the seat. His knees fit perfectly. His paws grabbed the wide handlebars. 'Ready?' asked Bea. Bernard nodded. He pushed the pedals. The bicycle rolled forward smoothly. No wobble! No squeak! Bernard rode in a big happy circle around the clearing. 'I'm riding!' he shouted.



Bea cheered and clapped her paws. 'You adapted it!' she called. 'Now it fits you just right!' Bernard rode past the bush and around the tall oak tree. The strong frame held steady. The wheels spun fast. Bernard rang the bell. Ring-ring! 'This is the best bicycle ever!' he laughed. His big friendly smile stretched from ear to ear.



Bernard rode back to Bea and jumped off. 'Thank you, Bea!' he said, giving her a gentle hug. 'You are the cleverest beaver in the forest.' Bea tipped her yellow hard hat. 'You just needed the right fit,' she said. 'When we adapt things to fit us, we can succeed and have fun, too.' Bernard nodded. That made perfect sense.



From that day on, Bernard rode his blue bicycle every morning. The strong frame carried him safely over bumps and around corners. He never wobbled again. Sometimes Bea rode on the back, and they zoomed through the forest together. Bernard rang his bell at all his friends. Ring-ring! 'Good morning!' he called. Everyone waved back.



Bernard learned something important. His little blue bicycle was wonderful, but it did not fit him. With Bea's help, he adapted it. Now it was strong and safe and just right. 'I didn't have to give up my bike,' he told Bea. 'I just had to change it a little.' Bea smiled. 'That's what friends are for,' she said.



One sunny afternoon, a young rabbit stopped to watch Bernard ride. 'Your bicycle is so cool!' said the rabbit. 'But mine is too small and wobbly.' Bernard smiled kindly. 'My friend Bea can help you,' he said. 'She adapted my bike to fit me. She can adapt yours, too.' The rabbit hopped with joy. 'Really? Thank you!'



So Bea got out her tools again, and Bernard helped. They measured and sawed and hammered. Soon the rabbit had a bicycle that fit just right. Bernard watched his friend work and felt warm inside. 'Adapting things helps everyone succeed,' he said. Bea nodded. 'And it's fun to help,' she added. They all rode off together, happy and safe.