

The Berenstain Bears. and the **EAGER BEAVERS**



A
Berenstain Bears®
Ebook



Stan & Jan Berenstain

The Berenstain Bears.
and the
EAGER BEAVERS



Stan & Jan Berenstain

OPEN  ROAD

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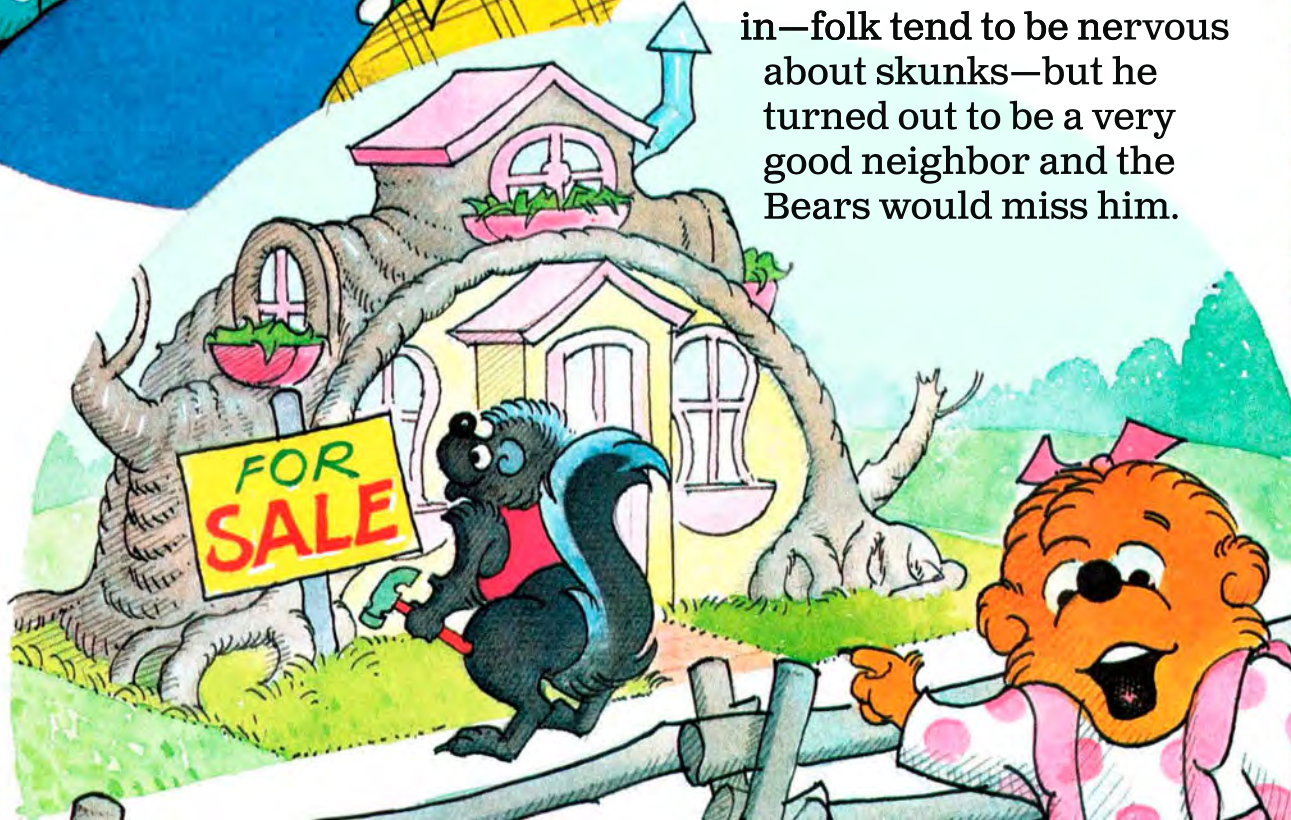
It was a quiet relaxed afternoon at the edge of the forest where the Bear family lived—a little *too* relaxed to Mama Bear's way of thinking. Papa Bear was snoozing in his hammock, Sister Bear was playing jacks and Brother Bear was practicing paddle ball.

"Papa," she said, shaking the hammock, "there's work to be done! The steps need fixing, there's loose bark around the front door and we're losing a shutter."

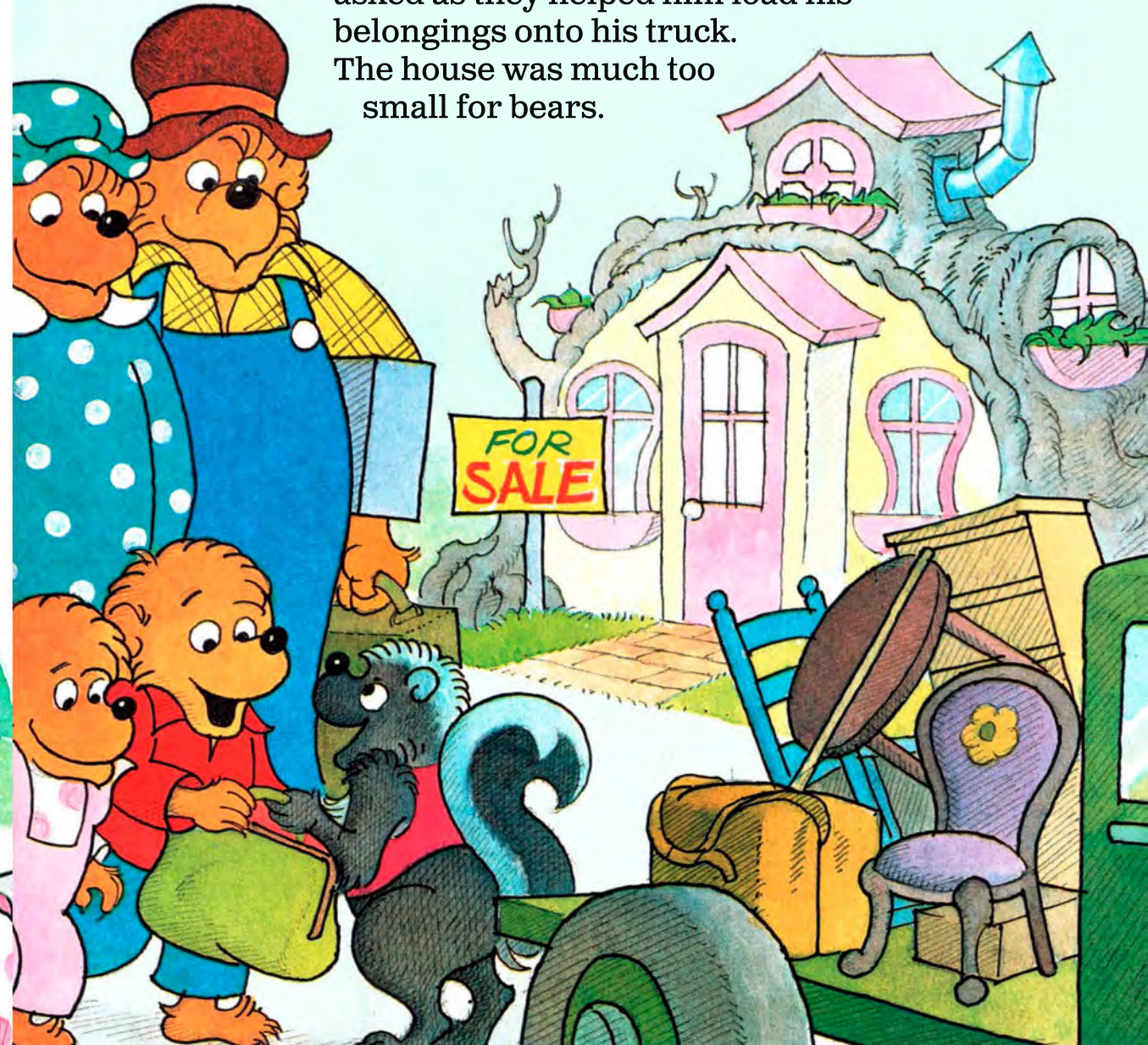


“Later, my dear, later,” mumbled Papa.
Mama looked at the cubs. “And don’t you have homework to do?” she asked.
“We’ll get to it,” they said.

That’s when Sister noticed what was happening across the road. “Look!” she cried. “Mr. Skunk’s putting a FOR SALE sign on his house!” The Bear family had been pretty nervous when he moved in—folk tend to be nervous about skunks—but he turned out to be a very good neighbor and the Bears would miss him.



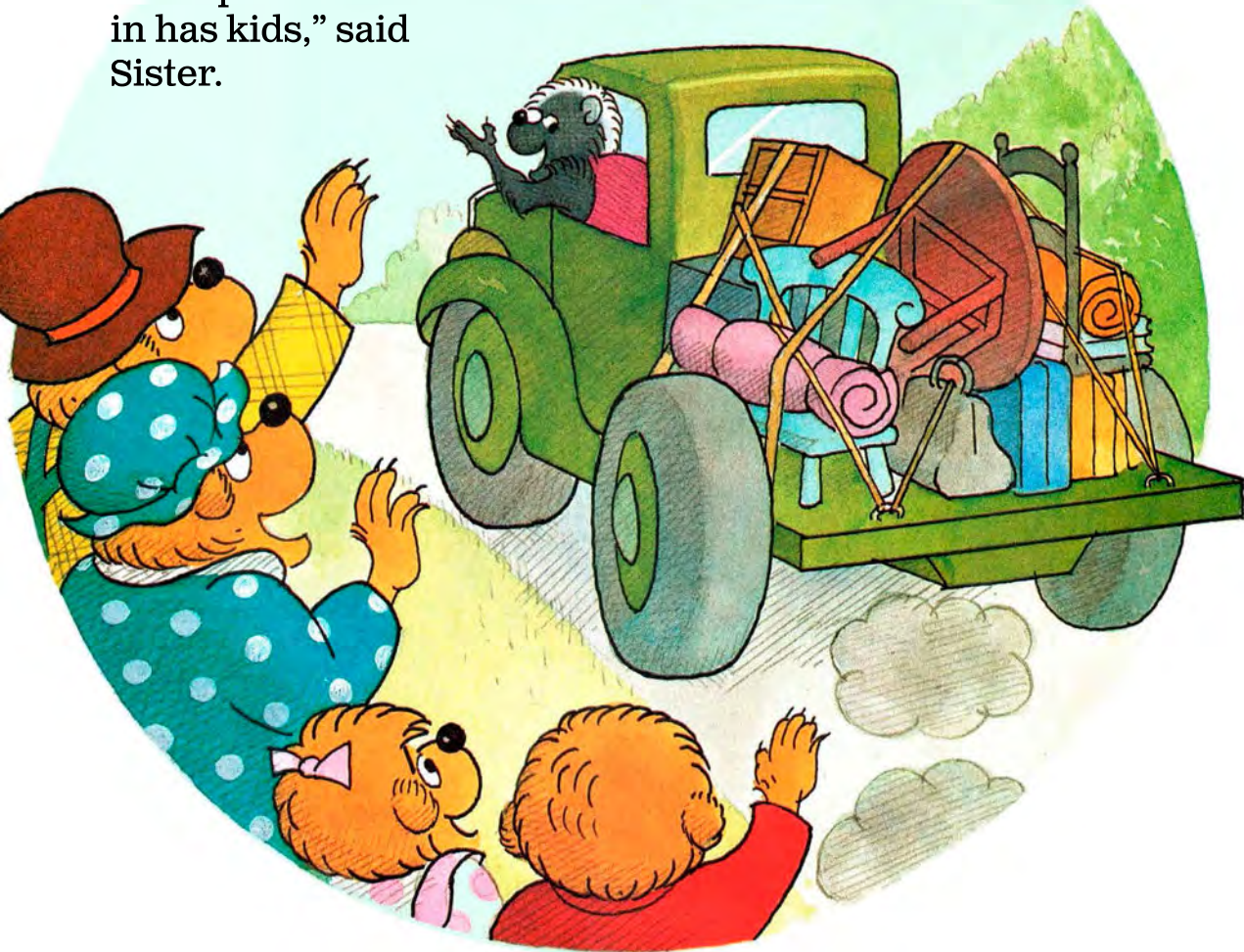
“Who will be moving in?” Brother asked as they helped him load his belongings onto his truck. The house was much too small for bears.



"Can't say at the moment," he said. "But I've placed it in the hands of Miz Muskrat. She's a very good real estate person."

"Well, keep in touch," called Mama as they waved goodbye.

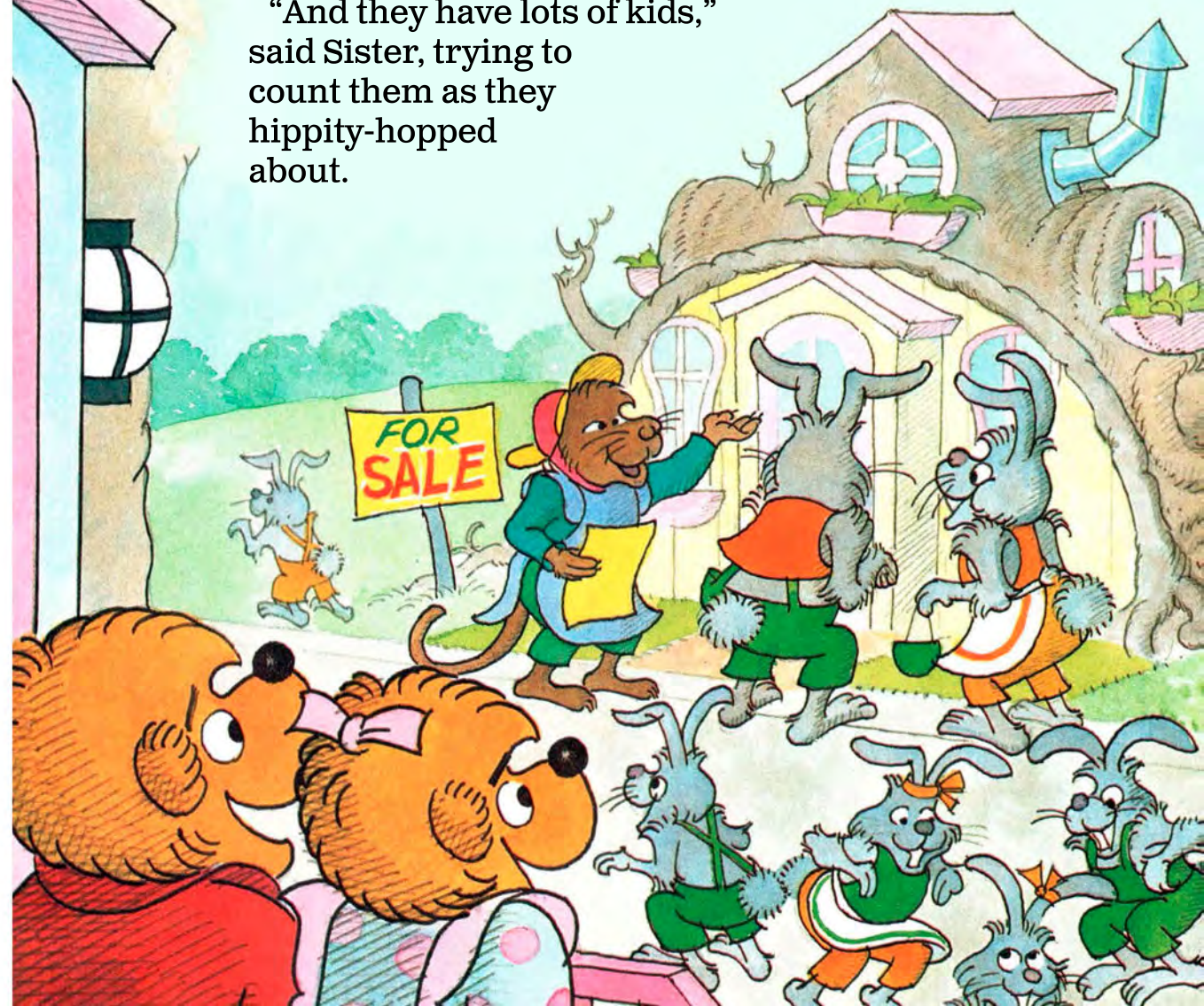
"I hope whoever moves in has kids," said Sister.

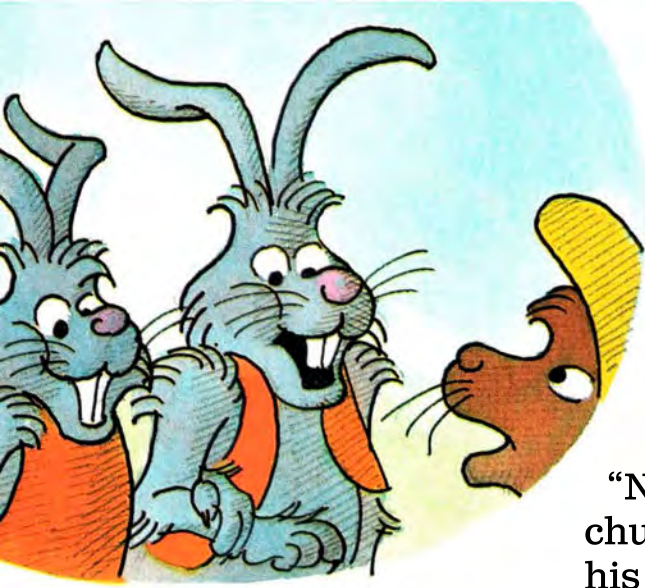


The next day Miz Muskrat brought a family of bunnies to look at the house.

"Bunnies are fun," said Brother Bear.

"And they have lots of kids," said Sister, trying to count them as they hippity-hopped about.





"Nice place," said Mr. Bunny, "but much too small for our growing family."

"It could easily be expanded," said Miz Muskrat.

"Not as fast as our family!" chuckled Mr. Bunny as he and his family hippity-hopped down the road.



A day or so later, Miz Muskrat brought a porcupine couple to look at the house. They had long sharp quills and were rather grumpy and disagreeable.



Brother and Sister breathed a sigh of relief when they decided against the house and left.

"They weren't very friendly," said Sister.

"Porcupines tend to be a little prickly," explained Miz Muskrat.





Later that week when the Bear family was gathered in the kitchen, Mama announced, “There’s a family looking at the empty house—a couple with one youngster.”

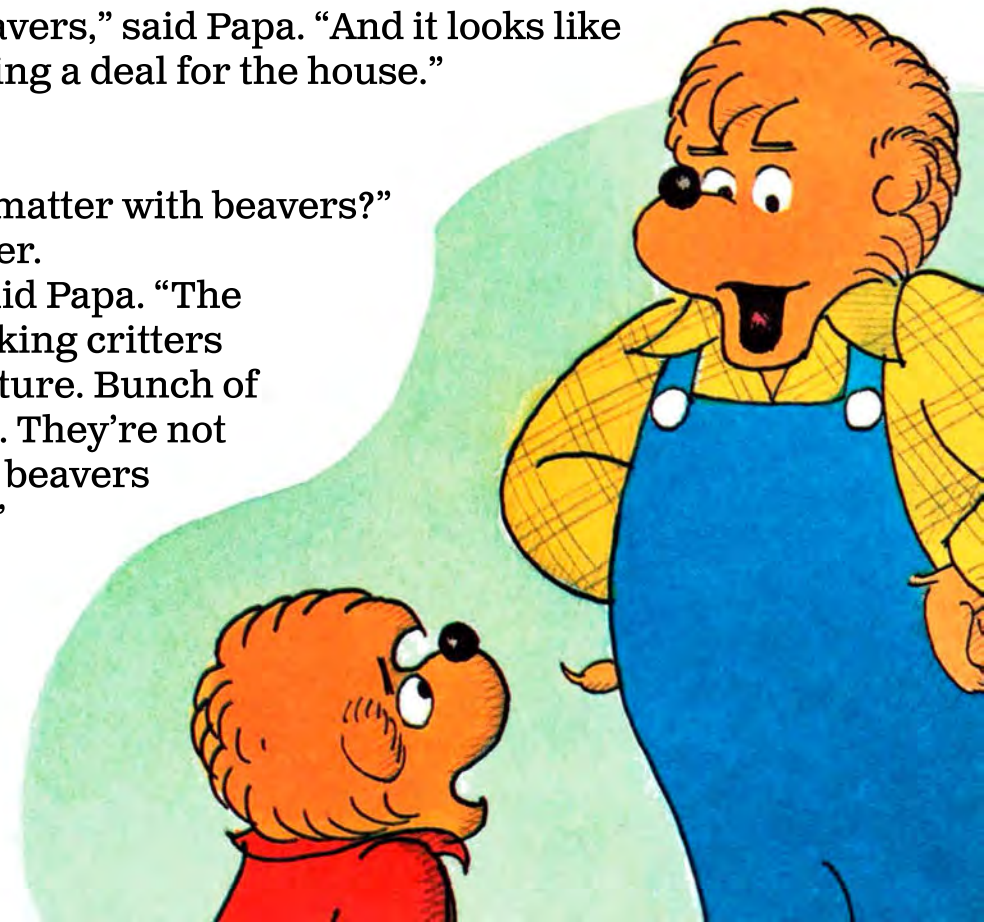
“Look at those funny tails,” said Sister.

“I bet they’re great at paddle ball,” commented Brother.

“Uh-oh, beavers,” said Papa. “And it looks like they’re making a deal for the house.”

“What’s the matter with beavers?” asked Brother.

“Plenty,” said Papa. “The hardest working critters known to nature. Bunch of workaholics. They’re not called eager beavers for nothing.”





“What’s a workaholic, Papa?” asked Brother.

“It’s somebody,” he said, “who doesn’t know how to have fun.”

“It’s also,” said Mama, “a word made up by lazy folk to put down those who aren’t. But, be that as it may, those beavers will be good, hardworking neighbors and when they move in we’re going over there and welcome them with a jar of our special honey.”



“Welcome,” said Mama,
when the beavers
moved in.



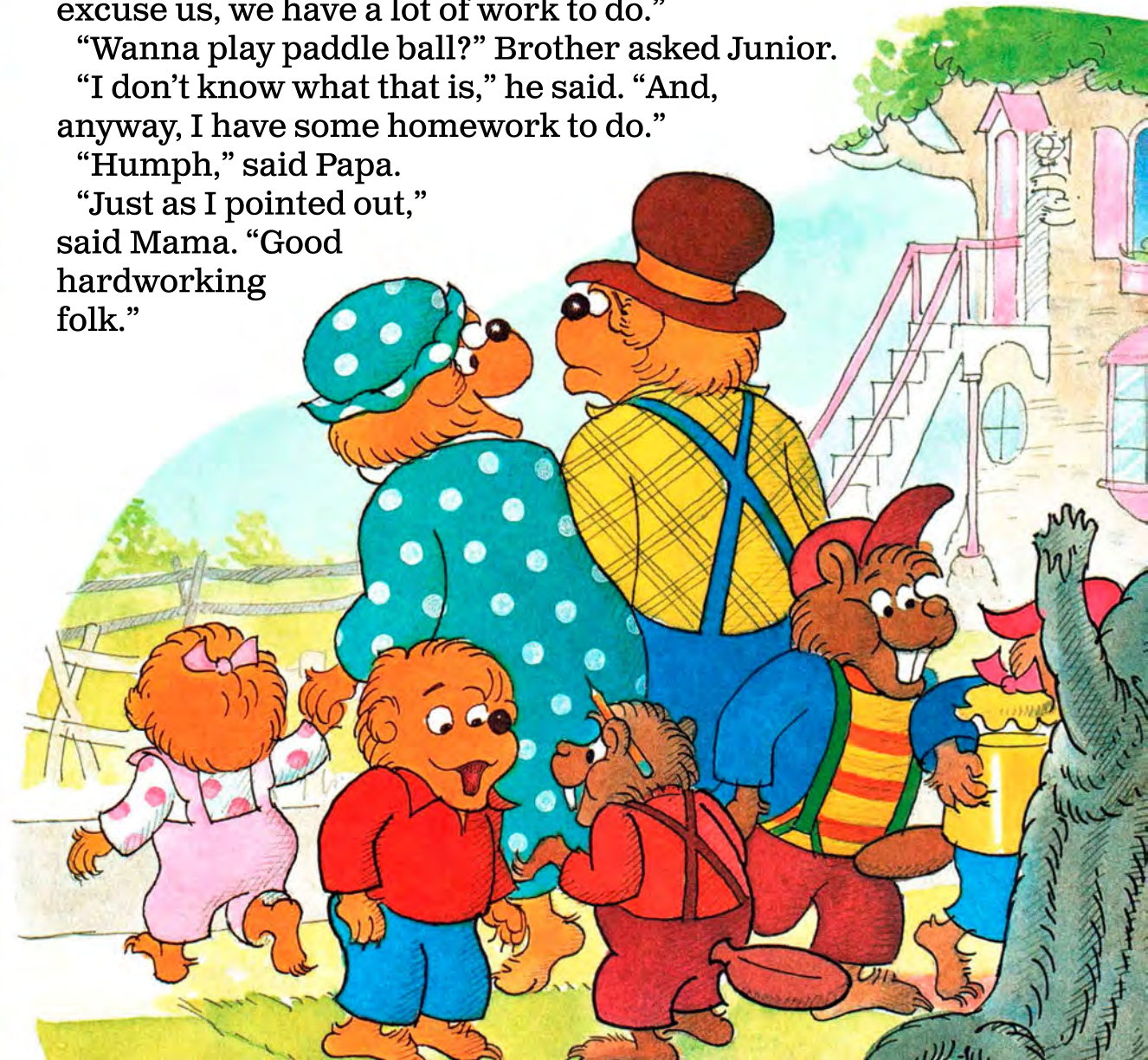
“Thank you very much,” they said. “Now, if you’ll
excuse us, we have a lot of work to do.”

“Wanna play paddle ball?” Brother asked Junior.

“I don’t know what that is,” he said. “And,
anyway, I have some homework to do.”

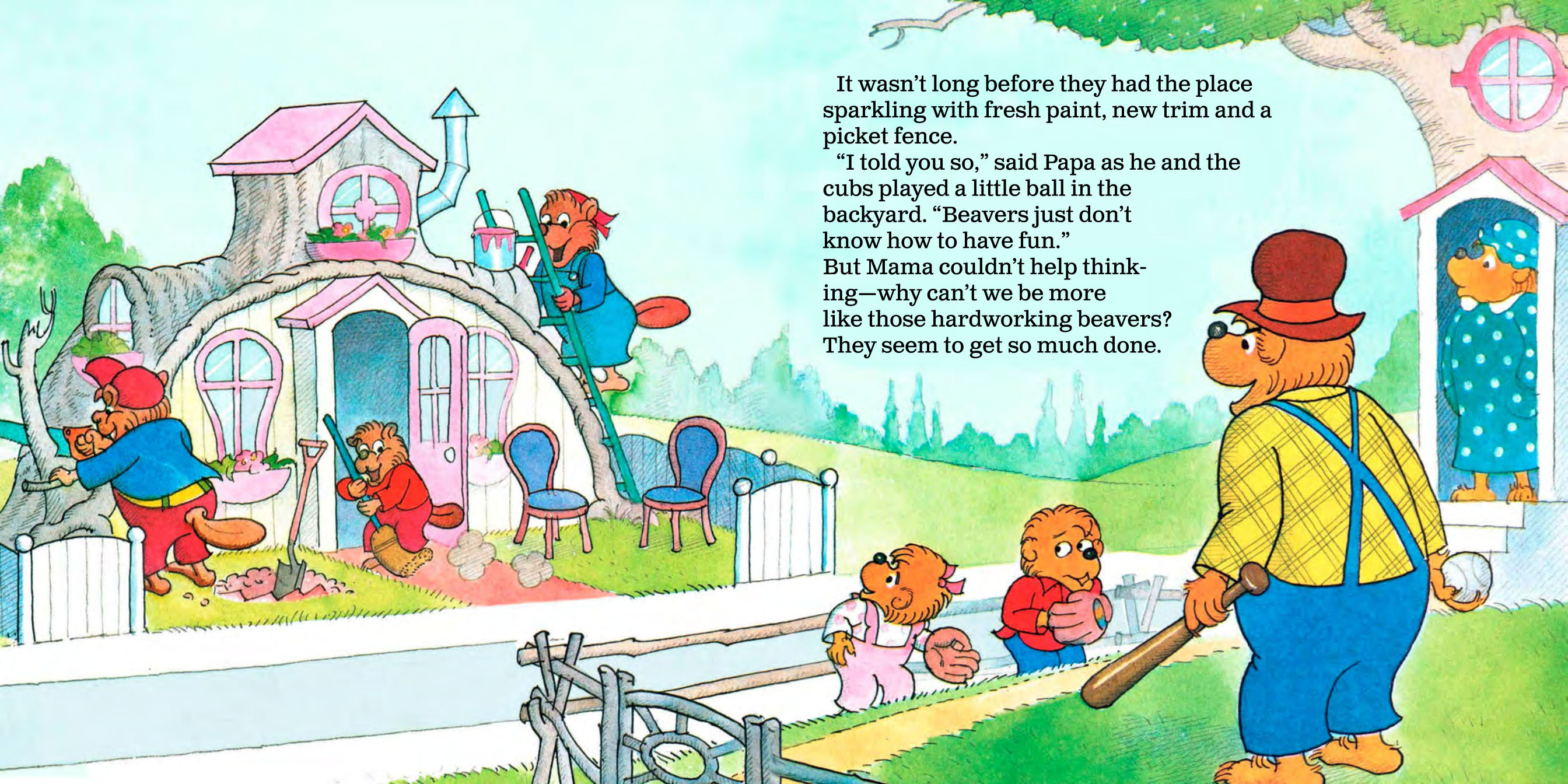
“Humph,” said Papa.

“Just as I pointed out,”
said Mama. “Good
hardworking
folk.”



It wasn't long before they had the place sparkling with fresh paint, new trim and a picket fence.

"I told you so," said Papa as he and the cubs played a little ball in the backyard. "Beavers just don't know how to have fun." But Mama couldn't help thinking—why can't we be more like those hardworking beavers? They seem to get so much done.





And, while hard work isn't catching like measles or the sniffles, even Papa noticed that the tree house was beginning to look a little shabby compared to the Beavers' house.



So he began to do a little fixing up of his own. He repaired the steps, took care of the loose bark and fixed the shutter. Mama and the cubs were very proud of him. He was proud of himself.





Meanwhile, across the road, the Beavers had taken notice of the Bears. “Just look at that time-wasting Papa Bear,” said Mr. Beaver as he worked on a new birdbath. “Doesn’t he have anything better to do than play with his cubs?”

But Mrs. Beaver couldn’t help thinking—why can’t we be more like those fun-loving bears? They seem to have such fun.

As Mr. Beaver watched Papa and the cubs play, a strange feeling came over him. Maybe having fun *was* catching.

“Junior,” he said, laying down his tools, “how about you and me playing a little game of checkers?”

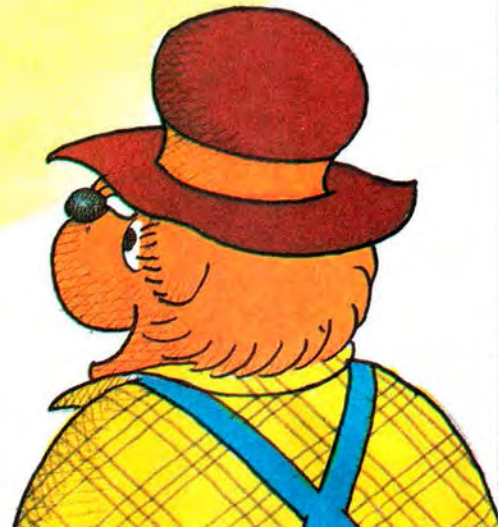
“What about the birdbath and my homework?” asked Junior.





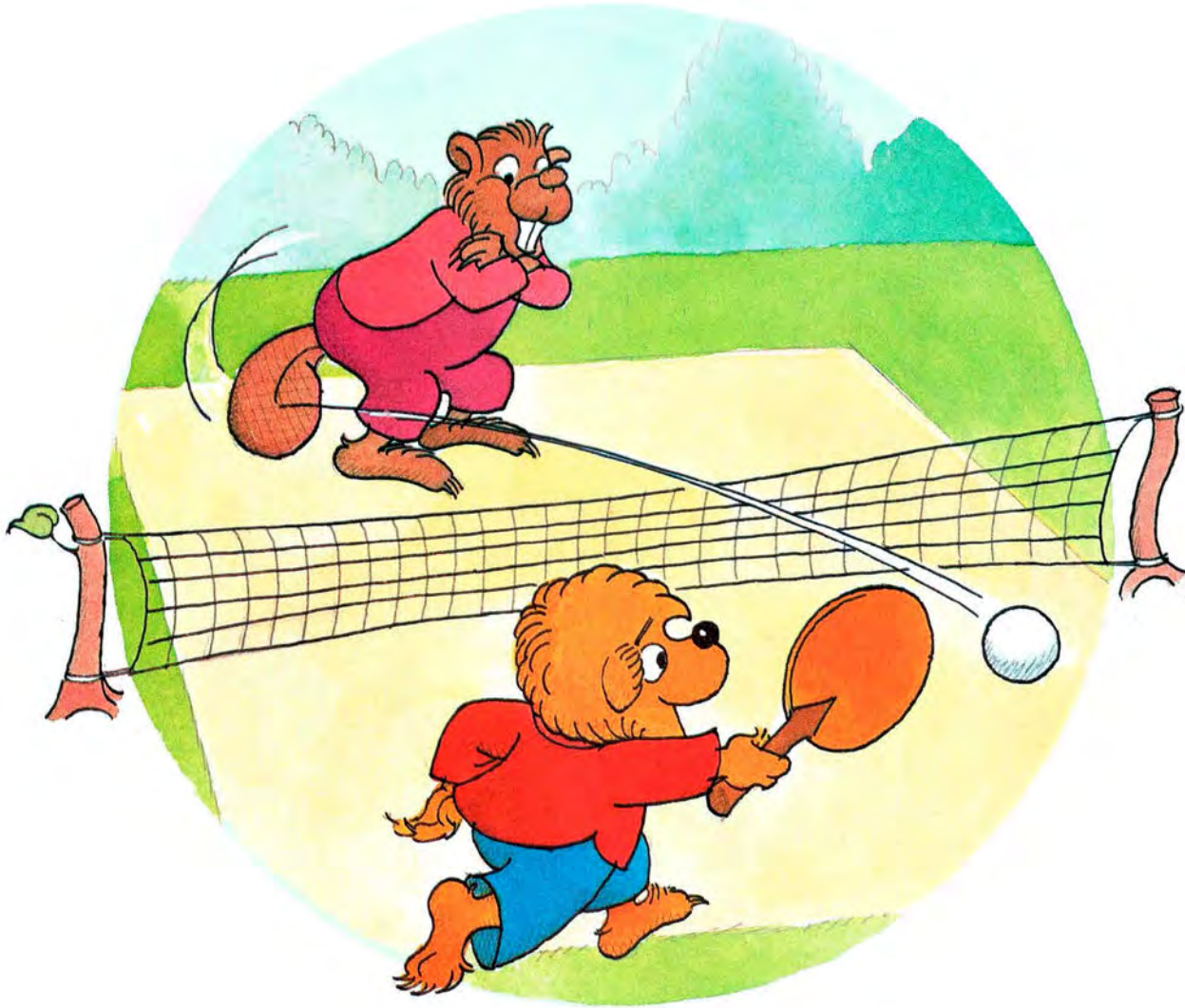
"The birds can wait a bit longer for their bath," he said as he set up the checkers on Junior's table. "And homework doesn't spoil—your move!"

"Hey, look at that, would you?" said Papa Bear. "I guess those Beavers do know how to have a little fun once in a while."



The Bears and the Beavers became friends as well as neighbors—and they learned from each other: the Beavers learned how to have fun once in a while; the Bears learned not to put off 'til tomorrow what they should have done the day before yesterday.





Eventually, Brother Bear taught Junior Beaver how to play paddle ball. He turned out to be a terrific player.

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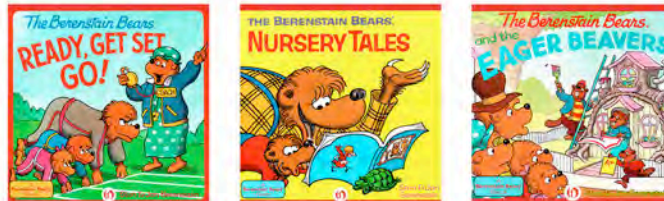
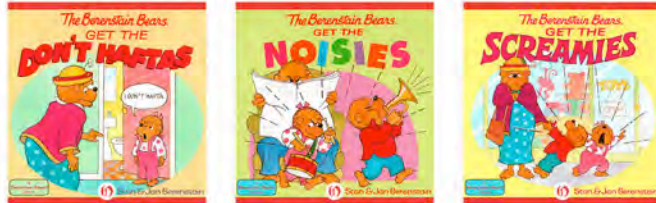
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