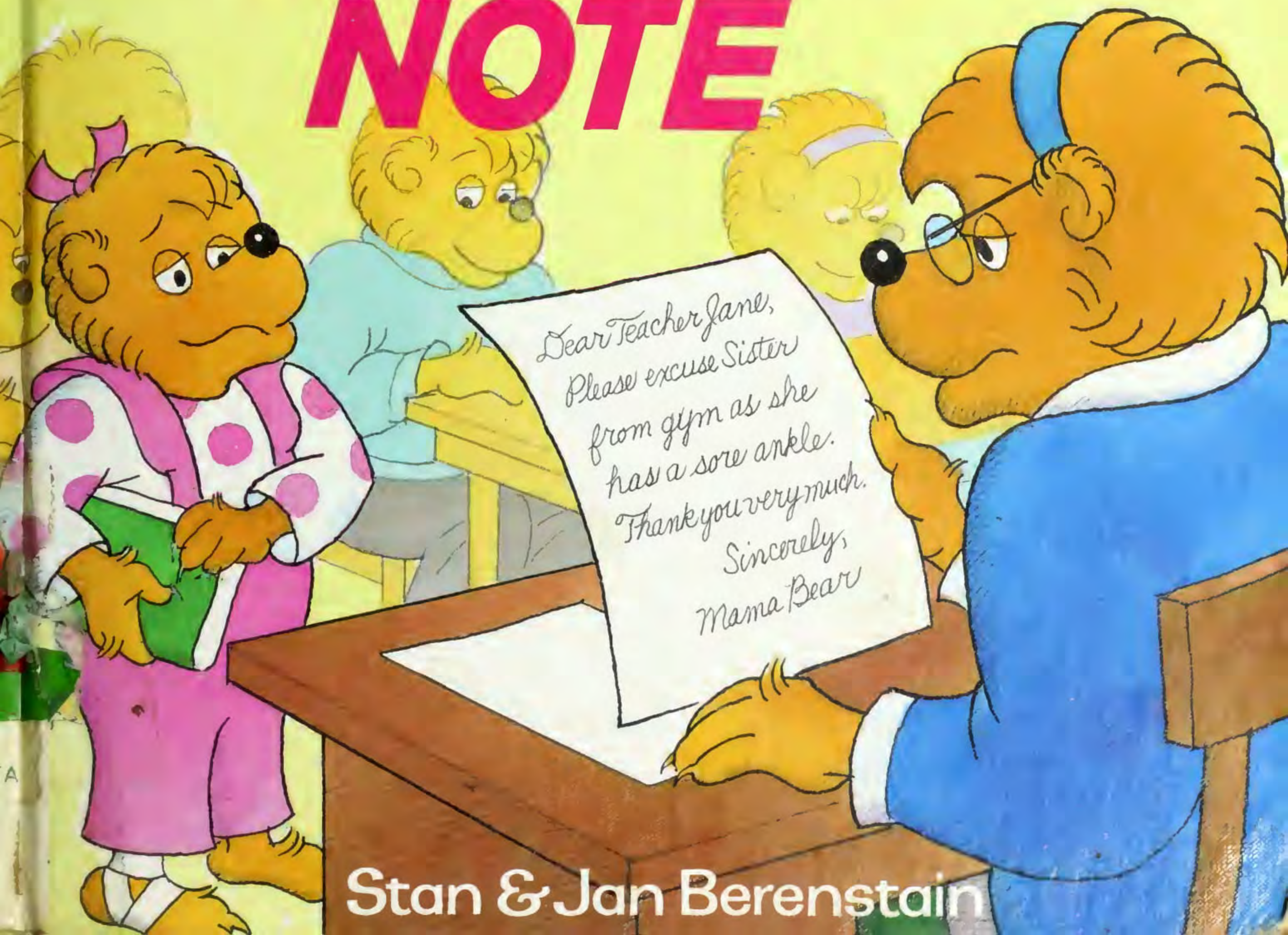


The Berenstain Bears
and the

**EXCUSE
NOTE**



Dear Teacher Jane,
Please excuse Sister
from gym as she
has a sore ankle.
Thank you very much.
Sincerely,
Mama Bear

Stan & Jan Berenstain



The Berenstain Bears *and the* **EXCUSE NOTE**

Stan & Jan Berenstain

Random House  New York

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SUMMARY: Sister Bear dislikes gym class so much that she takes advantage of
a minor injury and sits on the sidelines instead.

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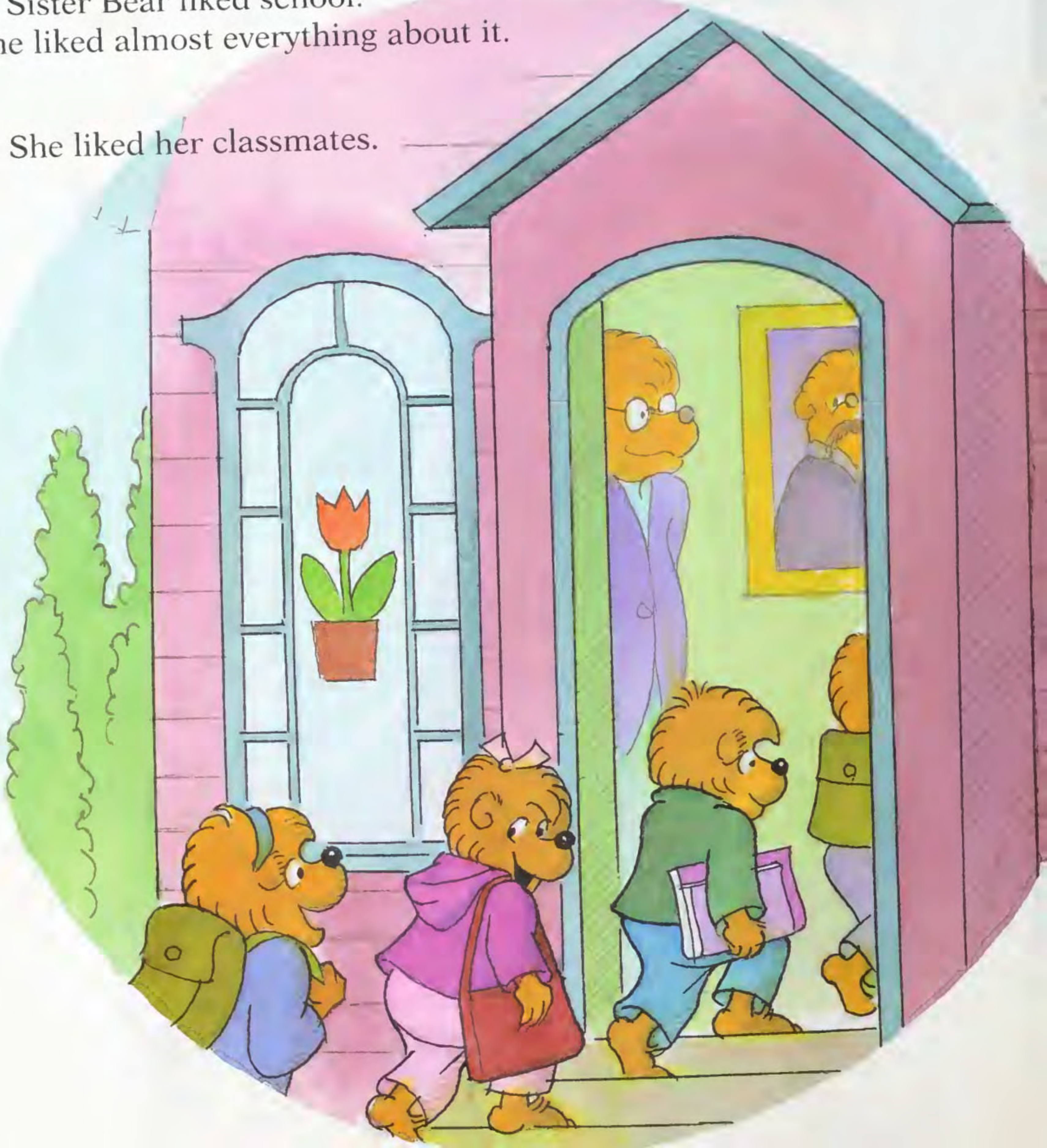
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Sister Bear liked school.
She liked almost everything about it.

She liked her classmates.



She liked her teacher.

GOOD MORNING, CLASS!

GOOD MORNING,
TEACHER JANE!





She liked schoolwork, too.

She liked writing, although she had a little trouble with some of the letters.

The Scaxedy Kitten
Once ther^re was a scaxedy
Kitten. She was scax^red of
every^rthing. She was even
scax^red of her^r own
shadow.

One day she got tix^red
of being scax^red of her^r
own shadow.

She said, "Shadow,
I'm not scax^red of you
anymore."

And she wasn't.

Siste^rx Bear^r



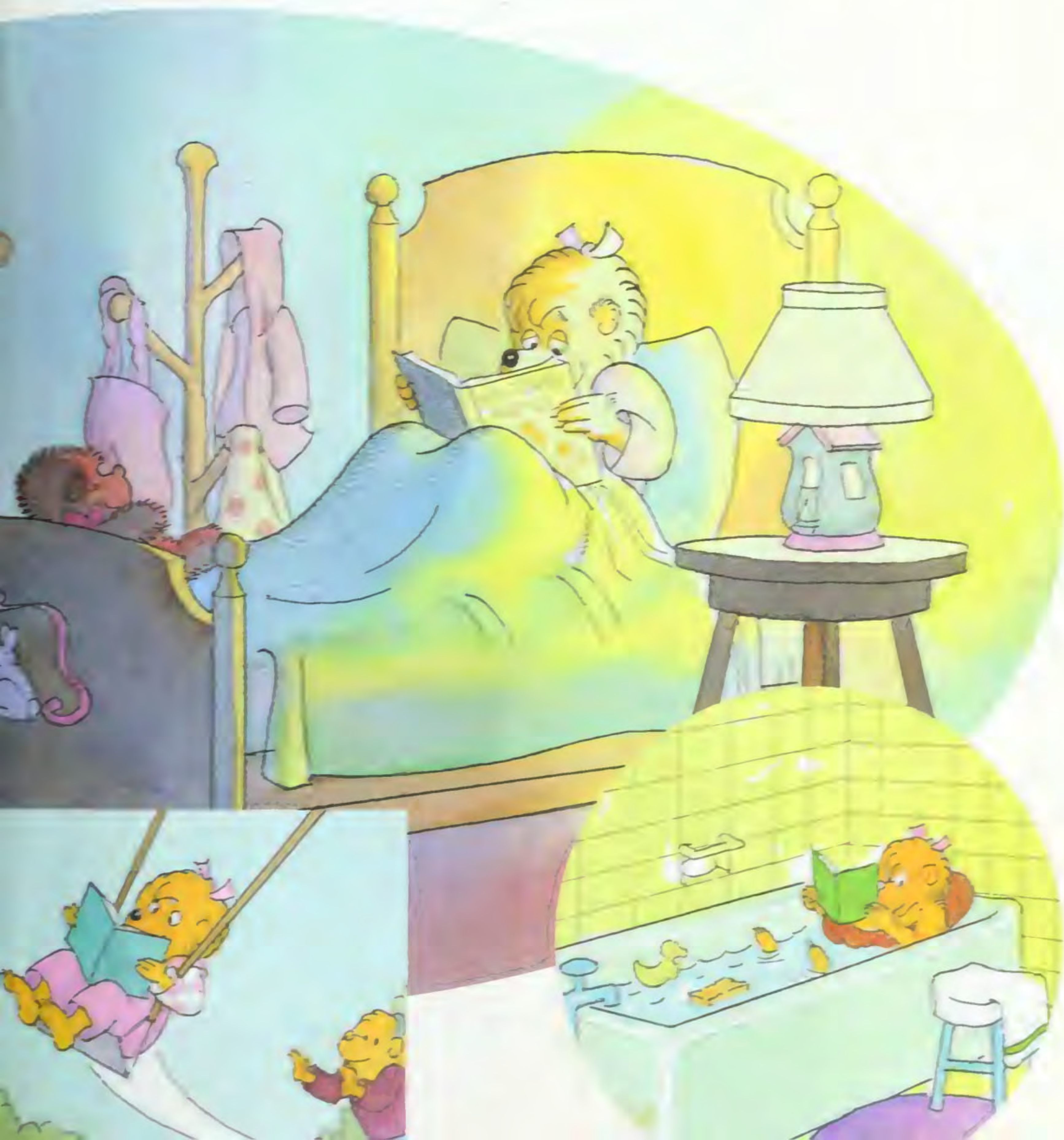
Sister worked hard. After she
got her r's turned around, she got
an A on one of her stories.

(A)
The Sad Rock
Once there was
a sad rock. It
was sad because
it was a rock.
It wanted to
be a tree or a
flower or a
cloud. But the
tree got cut down

always.
But the rock just
kept on being a rock.
It wasn't sad anymore.
Sister Ben

Sister also liked reading. She liked it so much that she read whenever and wherever she could. She even took her school reader to bed with her right along with her teddy bear.





Sister liked numbers, too. You
could do so much with numbers!





You could measure.



You could make
sure you got the
right change.



But there was one thing about school that Sister didn't like. That thing was gym.

Sister had fun in the schoolyard.

She liked to run



and jump



and play games.



But gym wasn't fun and games. It was a sweaty, nasty nuisance. Sister wasn't the only one who groaned when Teacher Jane said it was time for gym.



Every day, Sister and her classmates had to
push their tables and chairs out of the way to
make room for

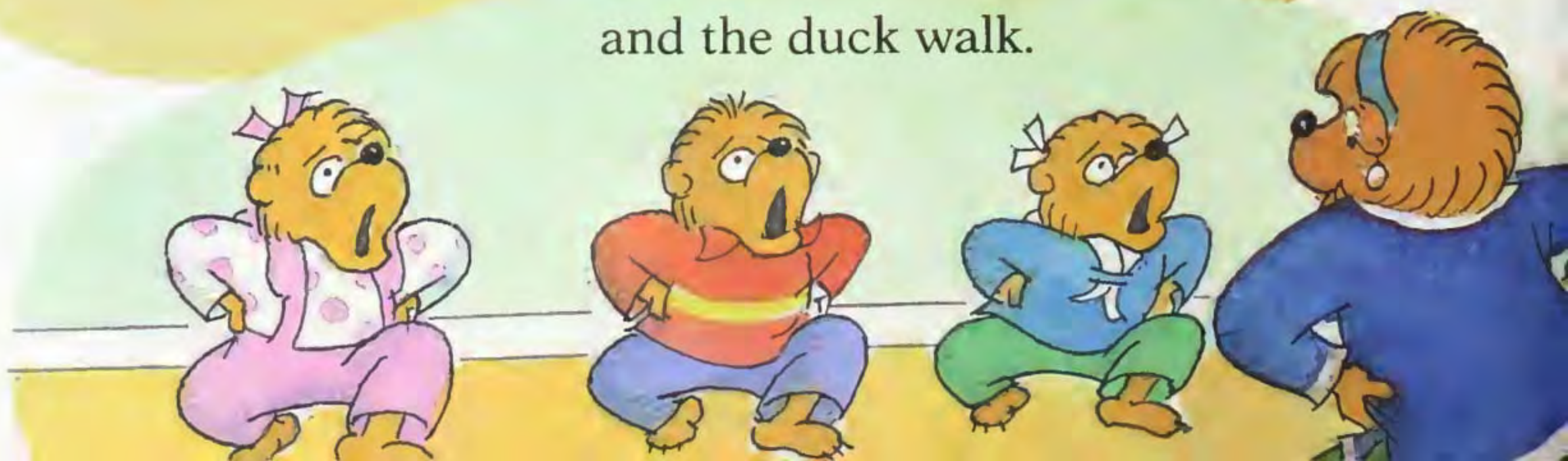
jumping jacks,



deep knee bends,



and the duck walk.





By the time they finished gym,
Sister was hot, sweaty, and sore.

School would be so much nicer
without dopey, *useless* gym, she
thought as she helped push the
tables and chairs back into place.

If only there were
some way to get out
of gym.



Then one day, as Sister was getting off the school bus, she twisted her ankle.





The ankle hurt. Sister limped up their front steps. It didn't hurt *that* much, but it made her remember something. What she remembered was this: A while back, her friend Lizzy Bruin had broken her arm. The arm got better. But while it was hurt, Lizzy was excused from gym.



"Why are you limping, dear?"
asked Mama Bear as Sister came
in the door.

"I twisted my ankle getting
off the bus," said Sister.



"Does it hurt a lot?" asked Mama.

"Yes," said Sister. "A *lot*."

"Let's put some ice on it to keep the swelling down," said Mama, "and we'll see how it feels in the morning."



"My ankle still hurts a lot," said Sister when she limped down to breakfast the next morning.

"You'll need a bandage on that ankle," said Mama.

"There's something else I'm going to need," said Sister.



"What's that?" asked Mama as she wrapped a support bandage around Sister's ankle.

"An excuse note," said Sister. "A note excusing me from gym."



This is the note that Mama wrote:

Dear Teacher Jane,

Please excuse Sister
from gym as she
has a sore ankle.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Mama Bear

So when it was time
for gym, Sister gave
Teacher Jane the excuse
note. Then she just sat
and watched the rest of
the class get hot, sweaty,
and sore doing



jumping jacks,





deep knee bends,



and the duck walk.



Each day that she sat and watched, she thought how much nicer school was without gym. But as the days passed, there was just one problem: Her ankle wasn't sore anymore. Not the least bit.





When lunchtime came and a soccer ball bounced her way, Sister forgot she was supposed to have a sore ankle. She stood up and gave that ball a hard kick—with *the foot that was supposed to have a sore ankle!*





Then something strange happened. Someone sailed a paper airplane her way. It landed beside her “sore” ankle.

That someone was Teacher Jane! She had seen Sister kick the soccer ball. When Sister looked at the paper plane, she saw what it was. It was the excuse note.

“I guess your ankle is feeling better,” said Teacher Jane.

“Much better, thank you,” said Sister.





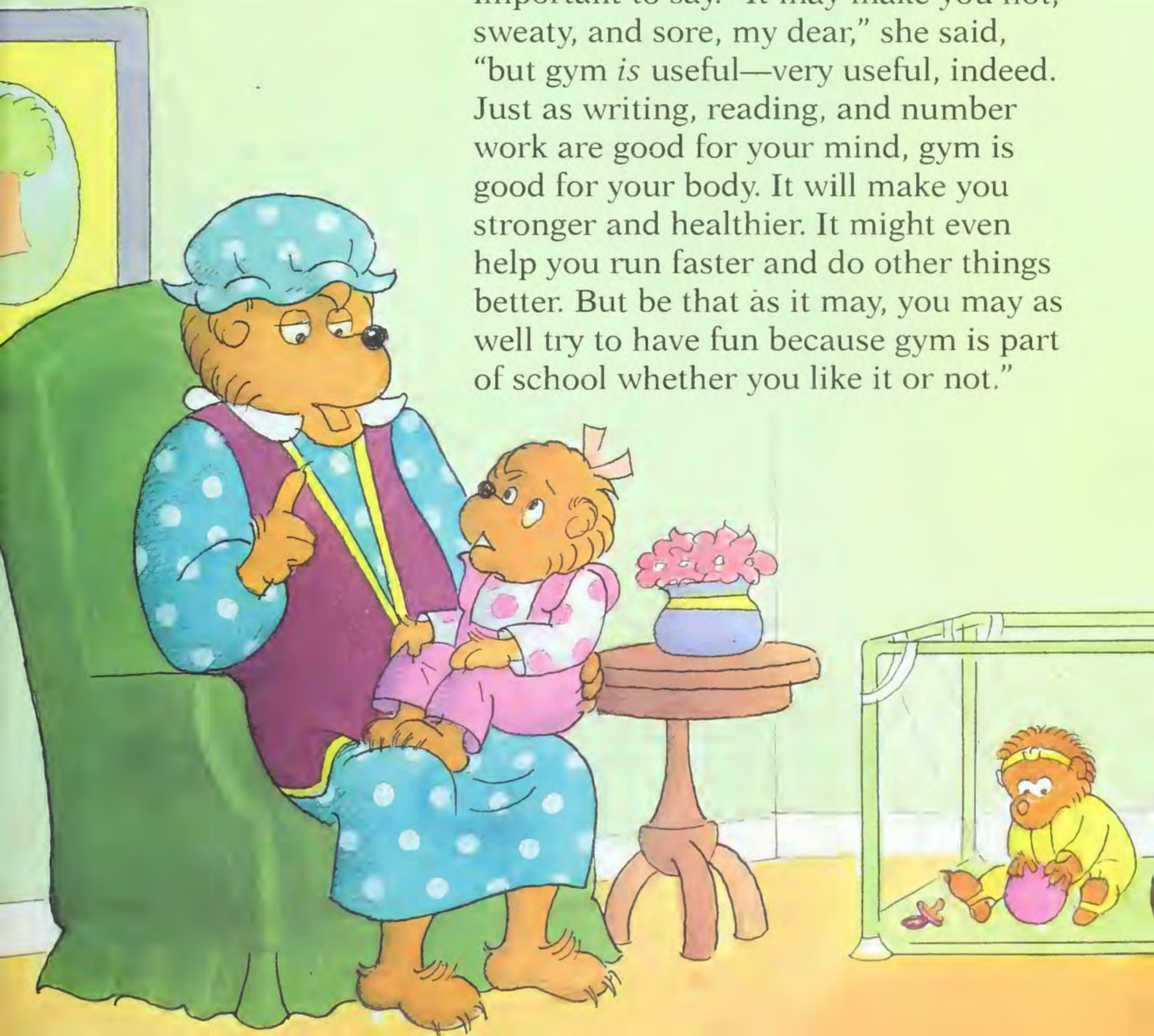
After school that day,
Sister took off the bandage.
She told Mama what had
happened at school.

"I see," said Mama.

"I hate that old gym!"
said Sister. "It makes me
all hot, sweaty, and sore—
and it's no use at all!"



Mama took Sister onto her lap, as she often did when she had something important to say. "It may make you hot, sweaty, and sore, my dear," she said, "but gym *is* useful—very useful, indeed. Just as writing, reading, and number work are good for your mind, gym is good for your body. It will make you stronger and healthier. It might even help you run faster and do other things better. But be that as it may, you may as well try to have fun because gym is part of school whether you like it or not."



Sister took Mama's advice. Once she stopped complaining about gym and did the best she could, it did get to be sort of fun.

In fact, Sister got so good at gym that Teacher Jane sometimes had her lead the class in jumping jacks,



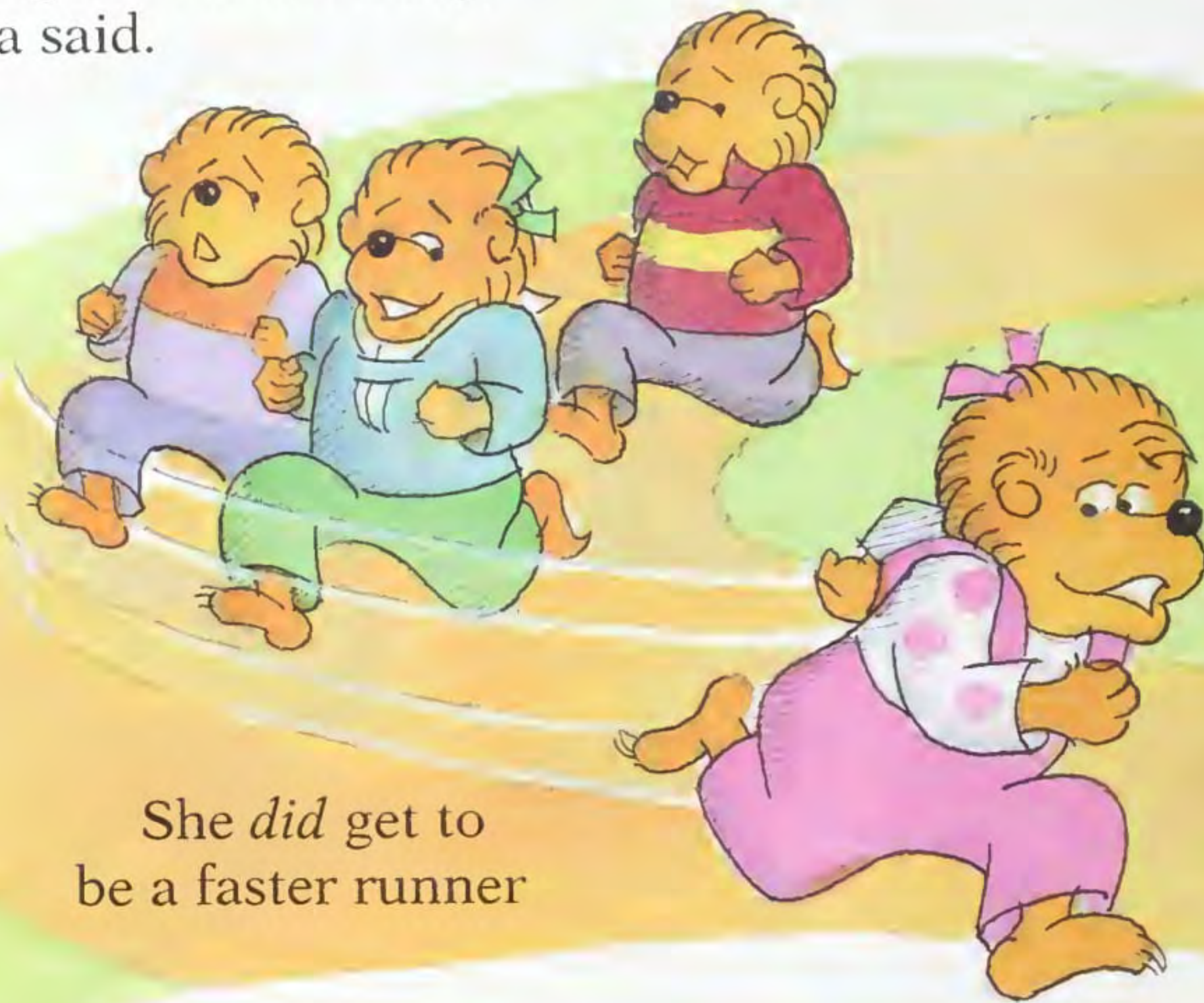
deep knee bends,



and the duck walk.



And it *was* good for her body,
just as Mama said.



She *did* get to
be a faster runner

and a better jumper.



It also improved her soccer game.

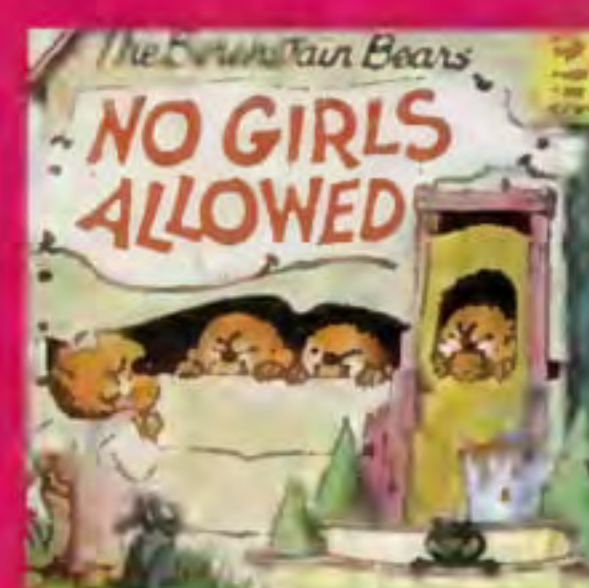
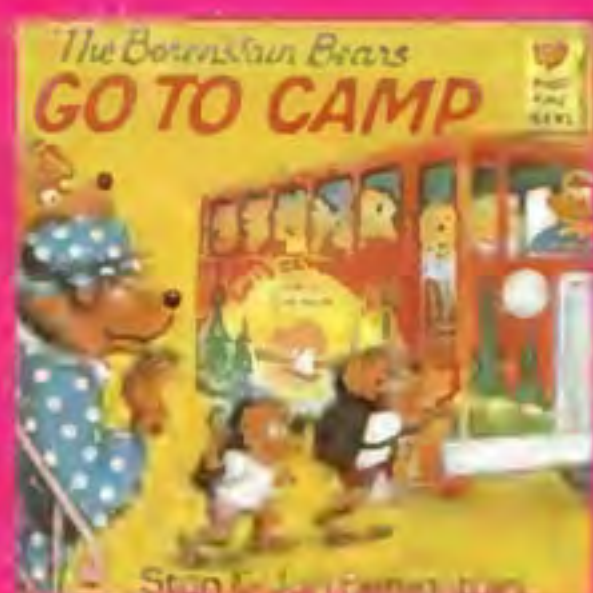
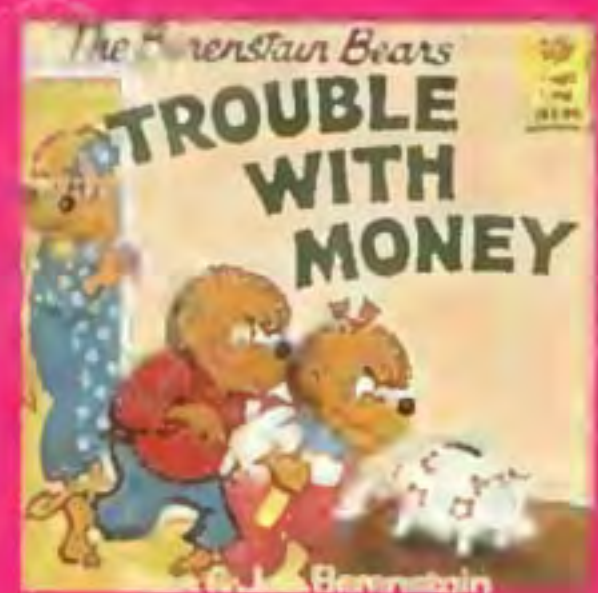
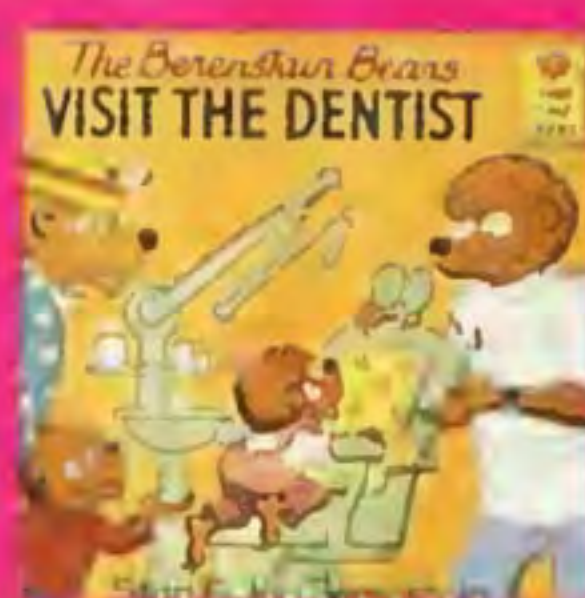




But there was still one thing
she didn't like about school.
That thing was the duck walk.

But then, nobody, but *nobody*,
likes the duck walk.

The Berenstain Bears Present



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