

# The Daddy Bear

By Christie Newell on 2/18/15

We, meaning my family and I, were just finishing a late summer supper and were still sitting around the table. At the time, I only had two siblings, a two year old brother, Jacob, and a baby brother, Titus. I was three. The homemade spaghetti sauce, still lingering in my mouth, tingled my tongue as I begged for something sweet. “Can we *please* have ice cream, Daddy?”

Jacob immediately joined in the pleading with his adorable gruff voice, “Oohh, yes! Yes! please? Can we please, please, please?!”

Daddy gave in and said that we could get the sherbet, as it actually was, as long as I went out onto the wraparound porch to fetch the treat. That was a lot to ask of a three year old girl on a dark night. But, when I protested, Momma suggested, “Jacob, why don’t you go out with Christie and protect her.”

“OK, Christie, let’s go. I’ll protect you.” His voice had gotten serious as he jumped down from his chair and came over to mine, taking my hand. I followed him over to the door.

We opened the door and stepped outside. It made me feel safe to be holding my brother’s hand. As we stepped outside, the air made me shiver, even though it was summer. We turned the porch light on and began to make our way over to the freezer on the walkway. To our right was a drop-off of only about a foot and a half. It was the woodshed and that was also where we kept our recycle and newspaper baskets.

Upon reaching the freezer, I opened the door and we peered in. At that moment, a loud “growl” sounded from further down the porch. Terrified, Jacob and I both screamed and we began to run back the way we had come. I’m not sure about how it happened, but somehow we both fell into the recycle bin. Continuing to scream, I scrambled out before Jacob and ran inside, slamming the door behind me. Sadly, I had totally forgotten about my brother. Jacob was screaming and crying as he pounded on the door. And shockingly, Momma and Daddy were both

beside themselves with laughter! I was crying too, as Daddy went over to the door and let Jacob in. He tried to comfort us by saying that he was “the bear”. Momma had suggested that he go out the front door and growl like a bear to scare us. Little did they know at the time that we would be petrified of stepping foot out of the house, even in broad daylight, for quite awhile! They, especially Momma felt pretty bad about it. It took a very long time for us to believe that Daddy was actually the bear.

Daddy went outside and got the sherbet for us, but it wasn't so appealing to either Jacob or myself after what we had just experienced.