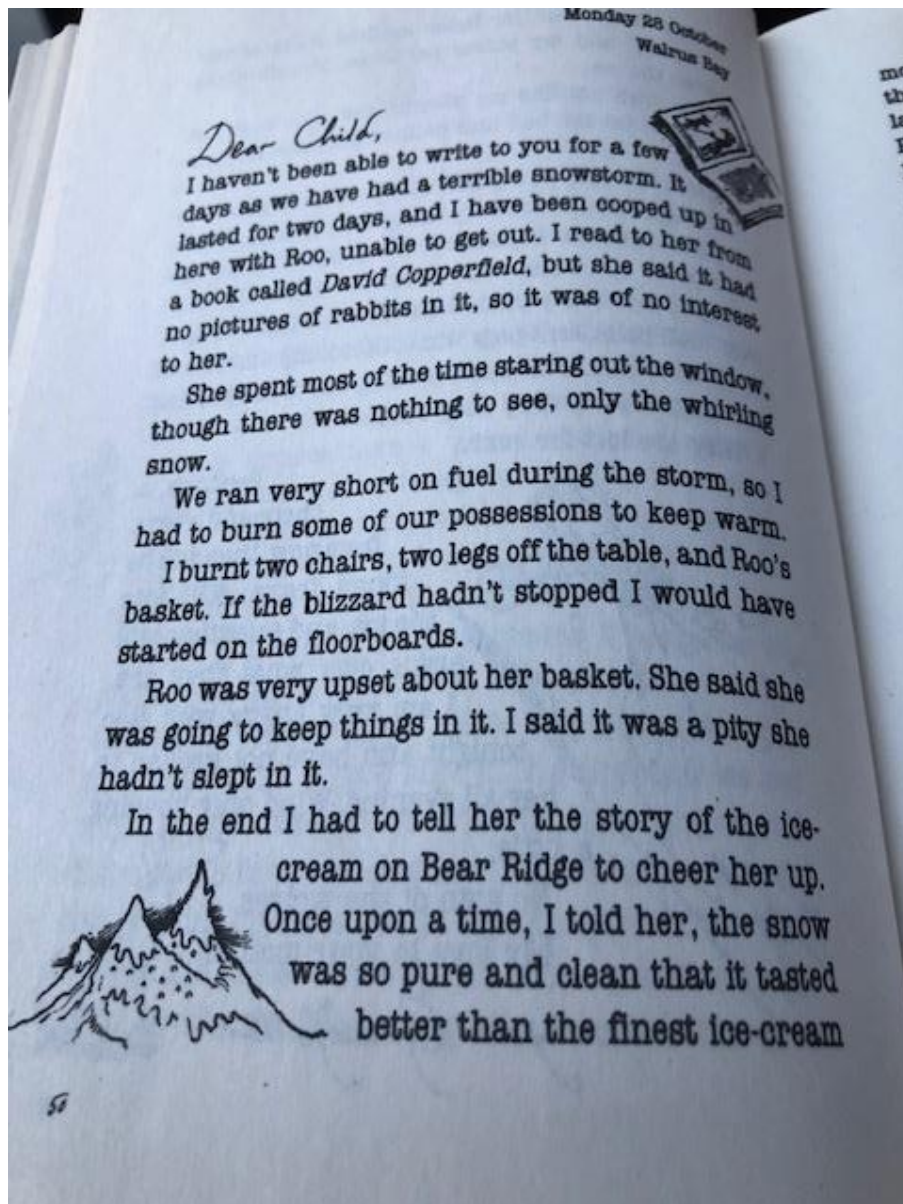


The Last Polar Bears by Harry Horse

Read the chapter and answer the questions.

Chapter 15

1. What does the word 'cooped' mean?
2. Why did Grandfather burn some of their possessions?
3. Why is Roo keen to get up to Bear Ridge now?
4. What is Grandfather going to use the golf club for?



money could buy. But as the air got dirtier from all the chemicals and fumes, the snow lost its taste. The last of the world's ice-cream lies up on Bear Ridge. Piles of it. And that's why we are going up to Bear Ridge. To get ice-cream for Roo. Roo loves to hear this story, though she has heard it many times, and I must admit that I have added bits - the fabulous chocolate mint chip, for instance, that can only be found in the shade, or the delicious strawberry split, found only at sunset. These are my own inventions.

Roo felt much better after this, and seemed keen to get up to Bear Ridge as soon as possible, to find ice-cream.

Dug our way out this afternoon and went down to Walrus to stock up on provisions. Spent a long time searching for the shops, as everything lay buried deep beneath the snow. Eventually found the mailing station after Roo fell down the chimney. Must have walked right across the roof. Roo wasn't hurt. However, she is now a black dog, rather than a yellow one. Everyone in the mailing station was much amused by this and someone even called her the Father Christmas dog, which got even more laughter. Roo went and lay beneath the counter and wouldn't come out.

I bought potatoes, porridge, oats, dried fish, tent-pegs and new wellingtons, and then discovered that the mailing



clerk had a parcel for me. Your father had sent me my old one-iron, which I, in my haste to pack, had forgotten. I was extremely cheered by this and bought Roo a yellow ball, a scarf with flowers on it and a packet of roasted peanuts as a celebration. My one-iron is my favourite golf-club. It is not only good for long shots and putting, but is also an excellent pick and walking-stick rolled into one. I am sure that with my one-iron I will now definitely make it to Bear Ridge and find the polar bears.

We walked past Grogman's on our way home, and I'm afraid it rather ruined our good cheer. There were several wolves hanging around outside drinking Old Sock, and as we went past they sang a very rude song about us. It went something like this, but I've taken the rudest bits out, as your mother wouldn't like it:



*There was an old man and a little dog,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Sock,
He was too mean to give us grog,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Sock!*

*A poor brave wolf went to his door,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Sock,
The old man booted him to the floor,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Sock!*



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This is, of course, complete nonsense. I have never booted *anything* to the floor, let alone a wolf.

Snowballs were then thrown at us, but I ordered Roo to ignore them, and we got back home without further incident.

A fine meal of roast potatoes this evening. Roo did not eat much. I am sure that she has her own food hidden away somewhere in here. She is very careful with her money, and although I only give her five pence a week (which I think is plenty enough for a small dog), I am certain that she has more money than I do, and possibly more food.

Wolves got back very late from Grogman's, and sang another sixteen verses of the song on my roof. Must go to sleep now. Very tired. Sleep well, Child.

your Grandfather.

