

Mr Ted's Story.

I'd like to tell you my story. Do you have a few minutes to spare? Make yourself a cup of coffee, and I'll get started.

Like everybody else - or I should say like every teddy-else - I didn't exist. I wasn't here. I wasn't there. I wasn't anywhere. Now that's a pretty scary place to be - nowhere. Can you imagine?

I suppose things really got started for me as just an idea in someone's mind. Apparently, a very nice lady who lives miles away from here, in another country, decided that she wanted a teddy bear. It's a very funny thing, because it must have been about that time that I started feeling all squidgy inside. She was a bit childish, of course - had to be, to want a teddy bear. Lots of ladies are quite childish, though they don't always like to admit it. Best of all she didn't want just any sad old teddy bear you might see in a shop somewhere. (*Apologies here to any sad old teddy bears lying about the place*) No - she wanted a really lovely, super-duper cute, unput-downable, huggable teddy bear. An adorable teddy bear. She wanted the best teddy bear she could possibly have. Yes, you guessed it - she wanted me.

"Me!"

Now this lady didn't just leave things there. She did something about it. What did she do? She toyed with the idea. You know, she turned it over in her mind. She thought about it, she even dreamt about it. I have to say, without her daydreams, I wouldn't even be here.

So life really started for me as just an idea - well, the germ of an idea. (See, germs aren't always a bad thing.) She probably remembered a teddy bear that she used to love and cuddle years ago. Years and years and years ago - no, much more than that. More years than she'd care to remember. He was obviously one of my famous ancestors.

Now, what did she remember? She remembered that every time she picked him up, and gave him a cuddle, she felt quite cozy - you know - *'a fuzzy inside her tummy'* kind of feeling.

"Cozy" is always good. In fact, you can't beat "cozy."

"Cozy" is basically where it's at.

"Cozy" is actually what life is all about!

Don't get me started on the benefits of "cozy" - we'll be here all day!

Next thing she did was to talk about me. Now, if you know anything about ladies, you know that they are very good at talking. They've got a talent for it. All of them. They can all do it. Every one of them! You never meet a lady that can't talk. They're masters. They get so much practice. Talk, talk, talk, talk - they never run out of stuff to talk about. And just when you think they've finished, what do they do, they start up all over again.

She even talked about me to a lady in another country, miles away. She said, "Hello, is that NonnieNoo? I've heard lots about you. People say you can make cuddly critters, as if by magic. Can you make me a really lovely, super-duper cute, un-put-downable, huggable teddy bear? I want him so bad."

NonnieNoo also caught the bug. Ideas are like germs, they can be quite catching, you know. Now NonnieNoo knows how to do magic. She can take an idea, think about it, dream about it, imagine it, and really make things happen. She knows just how to make cuddly critters like me.

So these two ladies, through a process known as telepathy, or should I say "tedd-e-pathy," got me started.

Next thing you know - I wake up in this room with gadgets and machines whirring all around me. Noisy, noisy I'll say. Pity the poor neighbours. Needles going up and down, and a bit too close for comfort.

Then gradually, bit by bit, piece by piece, I started to take shape and before you know it –

"Hey Presto - I've arrived!"

Well, I have to tell you, I had a sneaky look around. This room was something else. Oh my gosh - bits of cloth, ribbon, threads all over the place, arms and legs, tails, spare heads and bodies, other critters looking at me from the work tops, clutter everywhere, and three cats roaming about the place.

Stitch Witch Heaven!

You ladies know what I mean. You've all got a room just like it. Right? Haven't you? Might as well admit it.

But I'm not complaining. Not one little bit. You see, thanks to one lady who had an idea, and another lady who could make things happen, I'd arrived!

I looked just Super-Wham-O!

I'd made it!

And the really good news - I overheard NonnieNoo say that the rest of my family, the bigger ones, would be arriving sometime today, so I'm quite excited.

Just one thing though - it's a really funny feeling being born before your parents. Can't quite get my head around that.....