

Whistler the Orsinosaurus



A story for Mathew from his Grandpa and his Grandmas

The little Dinosaur Bear called Rx had been asleep for over fifty-five million years.

He was in hibernation, waiting for his very cold cave to heat up.

Up above his cave Yakut and his fellow workers had built a new town called Whistler to be used for the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympic Games.

Yakut used a pile driver to make a hole for a new flagpole.

The hole burst into the cave.

The cave began to heat up.

Rx wakened up after his long sleep.

He climbed out of the cave and went into a toy shop where there were Toy Bears.

He hid amongst them waiting for a boy to be born far away, in England.

Lisa found him and changed his name from Rx to Whistler.

Matthew was born later that year on 20 August, 2010.

His Grandparents bought Whistler and learned about his story.

Read it for yourself in this book.

Whistler the Bear

In the beginning the little bear was called Rx.

Later Rx changed his name to Whistler.

This is the story of how it all happened.

ooOoo

Rx was a special kind of bear. He was a tiny Dinosaur bear.

If the scientists had every discovered Rx, they would have called him an Orsinosaurus.

The word Orsinosaurus is a scientific name that means "very small Dinosaur bear".

Because Rx looks like a cuddly toy bear he might seem completely harmless.

But even though he was small Rx had a very loud roar.

And when Rx roared the earth shook and leaves fell off trees.

It was very, very scary to be near to Rx when he roared.

Some animals shout and howl when they are sad, or afraid, or when they are angry.

But Rx roared loudest of all when he was happy.

ooOoo

When this story begins Rx was in hibernation.

Whistler the Bear

This meant that the little Dinosaur bear was very deeply asleep. He was waiting for the cold weather to pass, waiting for the warmth of springtime to warm him up and bring him back to life.



Rx's cave had been in his family for millions of years. His cave was enormous and very, very cold. And Rx had been waiting in his cave for a very, very long time.

Rx had been asleep, hibernating, for more that fifty-five million years.

As he slept Rx was snoring. And the snoring sound that Rx made was:

'Uhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhurrrrr'.

Rx's snore was very loud and filled his cave with a deep rumble.

The little Dinosaur bear turned from lying on his back and over onto his side. He did this very, very, very slowly. Lying on his side Rx stopped snoring. It became very quiet inside his cave.

ooOoo

Whistler the Bear

It was very quiet for days and days and days.

Then one day Rx's cave was filled with a very different noise:

Thaaarump! Thaaarrump! Thaaarump! Thaaarrump!

This was the thumping noise that the pile-driver made as it crashed down into the hard rock above Rx's cave.

But the little bear did not hear this loud sound. Rx was far too deeply asleep. And he did not know of the danger that this noise brought.

While Rx slept the thumping sound continued:

Thaaarump! Thaaarrump! Thaaarump! Thaaarrump!

An hour later the very hard pointed tip of the pile-driver burst through into Rx's cave, filling it with dust and crumbles of rock that fell on top of Rx, completely covering him, hiding him from view.

The thumping noise stopped.

Up above, on the surface, a tall man called Yakut was standing next to the hole he had just made with his pile-driver. It was his job to make a deep hole for the huge flagpole to be put up in the centre of the Town Square.

Yakut lowered a long cable with a light on the end of it and peered down the hole. He saw a big cave and on the floor of the cave a pile of rock crumbles. He did not know that Rx was under this pile of rocks fast asleep.

Rx's cave was a big problem to Yakut.

He and the other men had nearly finished building a whole new town called Whistler, in the mountains, above Vancouver, in Canada. This new town of Whistler was needed for the Vancouver Winter Olympic Games which would start in a few weeks.

Yakut took out his mobile phone and called his big boss Robbie, who was far away in the city called Vancouver.

Whistler the Bear

Robbie told Yakut to "STOP at once!" He told Yakut to "WAIT!" until Robbie came to check by looking down the hole for himself. Robbie said it would probably mean filling the cave with tons of concrete, to make Whistler safe.

Yakut was pleased to be told to stop. He wanted to go home early and play with his kids.

Yakut switched off the light and the cave was filled with darkness again.

In his rush to leave for home, Yakut kicked his radio with his boot. The radio fell into the hole and landed next to the pile of rocks with Rx underneath.

The radio was set to Canada Radio News 24. The Newscasters gave the news over and over again, telling everyone about the discovery of a huge empty cave under the new town of Whistler, a cavern so large that needed to be filled with concrete.

Warm air came down the hole and began to heat up the cave.

All through the rest of the day the Newscasters gave the same news over and over. More and more warmer air came down into the cave through the hole.

The cave became warmer.

The little pile of rocks began to move.

Rx began to wake up from his fifty-five million year hibernation.

Rx always had done always things slowly and quietly. It was in his nature.

The rocks fell away.

Very, very slowly the little bear sat up.

Rx still kept his eyes tightly shut.

He opened his mouth and gave a long, long yawn.

His yawn lasted for nearly an hour.

Rx closed his mouth and lowered his head onto his chin.

Whistler the Bear

Then he rolled onto his back again and enjoyed another snooze.

This snooze lasted for hours.

Because he was on his back he began to snore again:

Uhuhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhuhurrrrr, Uhuhuhuhurrrrr

But his snoring now was pretend snoring.

Rx's eyes were still closed and, even though he was motionless, his brain was working well enough.

It took nearly hours and hours for Rx to fully waken up and while he was waking up, Yakut's radio gave him all the News about the Olympic Games and the big problem of the cave under Whistler Town Centre.

At the first telling Rx did not understand anything the people on the radio said.

But after many, many tellings Rx gradually came to understand Canadian.

He yawned again. This time it was just a short yawn for only ten minutes.

And then, after more than fifty-five million years in hibernation, Rx opened his eyes and ended his long, long sleep.

Lying on his back and Rx looked up and saw a bright round shape high above him.

Waving in the light was a black line, like a snake.

Rx understood from the radio that if he did not find a way out of his cave he would be buried alive by hundreds of tons of concrete.

Rx sat up, yawned, and stretched his arms out from his sides.

Then he stood up, yawned, and stretched his arms down to touch his toes.

Then Rx stood on one leg, yawned, and stretched up one leg, lifting it high above his head and held it there for a count of twenty five.

Whistler the Bear

Over the next hour the little Dinosaur bear went through his exercises to get his circulation working properly.

The radio battery suddenly ran out of energy and the cave became quieter. The cave was very dark, almost black again.

Rx looked up. Because it was night-time, the round white thing had gone.

But it was not actually silent in the cave.

Rx could hear voices coming down the hole from above; all sorts of voices. Some spoke Canadian, some spoke other kinds of English and others spoke in many different languages that Rx did not understand.

Rx kept looking towards the dark hole, where the sounds came from. While for most of the time the hole was black, but every so often there were a few flashes of light.

Rx did not understand that these were caused by people taking flash photos in the Whistler Town Square up above him. But these flashes showed Rx that the cable for the floodlight still dangled down.

That's when Rx got his idea.

Like all bears, Rx was an excellent climber.

Twenty minutes later Rx stuck his head up through the hole in the pile-driving platform and looked around.

It was quite bright, with lots of street lights and shops lit up. And it was busy and noisy with people walking about, laughing and talking.

Rx looked around for a place to hide and saw a box nearby. It was the box where Yakut kept his big thick snow jacket. Rx climbed out from his cave, rolled slowly over to the box, lifted the lid and snuggled down for another snooze.

It had been a long tough climb up the thin cable. And now that Rx had been awake for nearly nine hours, the little Dinosaur bear was ready for a nap.

Whistler the Bear

When Rx wakened the Town Square was quiet. He lifted the lid and looked around. Everywhere was covered by snow.

It was morning time and the sky was beginning to become light. Most people were still asleep or indoors having breakfast.

It was then that Rx saw the most amazing thing he had ever seen in his long, long life.

He was looking through a dark shop window at a group of bears. Some of these bears were much bigger than Rx. Only a few were smaller. These were the first bears that Rx had seen for millions of years and he was excited.

He waved at them but none of the bears waved back. Every bear had its eyes open but it is common for bears to sleep with their eyes open, except when they are hibernating.

Rx tried to shout to them. But after fifty-five million years of saying nothing his voice came as a tiny squeak, quieter than a mouse. Rx had lost his roar.

He waved again but the other bears were ignoring him.

A lady came along to the bear shop, opened the door wide and turned on all the lights.

Rx could see all the other bears really clearly now and waved again.

But even though the other bears were staring directly at Rx, not a single bear waved back to him.

Rx ambled across on his small stiff legs, entered the shop and climbed up onto the shelf beside the other bears.

"Salutations Orsi!" Rx said, speaking to them in ancient bear language.

Not a single bear said a single word.

"Hi guys", he said in Canadian.

Again no one said anything.

Whistler the Bear

"Suit yourselves, guys," said Rx. It was very warm and cosy in the shop and it smelled very interesting. Rx decided to have another nap. But like the other bears he kept his eyes open.

Later he heard a man's voice say, 'Yes, you're right Lisa, it is this one who is stinky. But he does look cute, don't you agree? Why don't you take him home and give him a good wash?'

'Yes, Dad.' It was the lady who had opened the shop who was speaking. 'Look, he's so, so cute. Look at his cheeky grin. He does look special, almost real. I've decided to call him Whistler. And I think we should make him our Mascot, and put him up there, on that wee shelf above the Sales Desk, behind the till. What do you think Dad?'

The next day Rx the Orsinosaurus, now showered, shampooed, blown dry and brushed by Lisa was placed up on the shelf, right above Lisa's head.

Above the Orsinosaurus's head was a label:

"Hi, my name is Whistler. Welcome to our very special Town."



During the next few months The Whistler Gift Shop sold thousands of toys and gifts, including many toy bears.

Stuck up on his shelf away from all the other bears Whistler began to get a bit bored.

Whistler the Bear

Lots of people tried to persuade Lisa to sell Whistler to them. Everyone could tell there was something special about Whistler. Perhaps it was because he looked so like a real bear.

But when people asked to buy him Lisa always said: "No, sorry, Whistler's not for sale, he's our Mascot."

ooOoo

Whistler the Bear

Later that year, on 20 August 2010, in a land far away called England, a special boy called Matthew was born.

On the very same day that Matthew was born, his grandparents were in The Whistler Gift Shop. Whistler the Orsinosaurus watched and listened to them as they wandered around the store.

'Well Margaret, what do you think of this bear for Matthew?'

'Mmm, no, John, not really. I'd like a really special bear, one with real character.'

'Yes, I know what you mean. I want to have a little guy that has a story in him. Maybe we should try a different shop.'

They began to move towards the door to leave.

They walked right under the shelf where Whistler was sitting.

Whistler jumped down onto the grey-haired man's head and grabbed on tightly to his big ears.

'Hi, so who are you little fella? My you are a handsome chappie!'

'Hi, sir,' said Lisa. 'Are you alright? I'm sorry Whistler fell on you.'

'This guy is very special, what did you say his name is?'

'He's called Whistler, he's our Mascot. He certainly seems to like you!'

'What do you think Margaret?'

'Yes, John, I like this one. His name is Whistler?'

'Yes', said Lisa. 'Did I hear you say your new grandson is Matthew? That's my Dad's name, he owns this shop.'

'So, how much is Whistler? We'd like to buy him for our Matthew, who was just born today, in England.'

Whistler the Bear

'We-ell, actually he is our Mascot. But OK, I will let you buy him, since he is for a boy called Matthew. That's my Dad's name too! You can have him, but only on one condition?'

'What is that, Lisa?'

'Well, you're a story writer, sir, yeah?'

'Yes, but how did you know?'

'Sorry to listen in on your conversations but you have quite a loud voice. So, will you promise to write him a story about him? So that your Matthew knows how special Whistler is, where you found him, and tell him about me and my Dad, also called Matthew?.'

ooOoo

It took some weeks before Whistler the Orsinosaurus made it all the way to Abingdon and into Matthew's life.

But nowadays Matthew and Whistler are very best friends. Whistler sleeps under the duvet with Matthew and listens to all his stories.

And every night, just before Matthew goes to sleep, Whistler gives a tiny, tiny mini-roar to remind Matthew that he is in fact cuddling into a real live Orsinosaurus and not a toy bear.

It is just as well Whistler only shouts a mini-roar.

If Rx gave a **FULL Dinosaur Bear Roar**, then it would probably shake Matthew's house into little tiny, tiny bits.