

(This series of stories is for anyone who has ever been a child)

Little Bear was bored. He wanted to go to school or to the park or maybe play with his friend next door. But Papa Bear said, "Sorry, son, but the governor said we have to stay home because of the bad virus that is going around. That's why I am home from work today. I might get some repairs to the house done. We will have a big block of time to get a lot of things done, and we might even have some fun times too."

Little Bear looked puzzled. He asked, "Block of time? Virus going around? What is a virus anyway? Does it get dizzy going around and around?" Papa Bear saw the curious look on Little Bear's face. He tried to explain, "Son, a virus is a bad bug so tiny you can't see it, but it can make you sick and even die. We can catch it by being around someone who has the virus and may not know it yet. So that is why our governor told everyone to stay inside and away from the others. A block of time means several days all together. That's something we hardly ever get to do, so it might be fun to try it."

Mama Bear looked at Papa Bear and nodded her head. "Yes, indeed, there's that leak..." and Papa Bear interrupted her, "Yes, I know. Now how about some lunch, I'm hungry." So they went into the kitchen while Mama Bear rattled some pans, fixing lunch.

Little Bear was puzzled. A block of time? He had wooden blocks to build with, and all the houses around them made a block, but how does time make a block. Guess he will find out and he went to have his lunch. That afternoon after his nap, Little Bear began learning what a "block of time" was. Mama Bear asked him, what he would like to do with his "block of time." They could make cookies, or play dough from an old recipe she had. They could draw some pictures for Grandma Bear who was in a nursing home. They couldn't make their weekly visit because of the virus. Papa Bear could rest from his repairs and read Little Bear his favorite story. They could put on a CD of exercises and all three of them follow the man on the TV screen.

So many choices. Little Bear had to think. He decided on cookies, peanut butter, his favorite kind. Soon he and Mama Bear put on their aprons. She had made a special one just his size. They found the recipe, the flour and peanut butter, and Little Bear greased the cookie sheets. He was having a good time. Maybe this "block of time" wasn't so mysterious. It might be fun. Soon the kitchen had the delicious smell of baking that brought Papa Bear up from the basement.

"Cookies? I smell cookies," he said. "I am just in time as I finished my last repair – for today, that is."

Mama Bear looked at him and shook her head. "Don't forget the other things on our list," she said and handed Papa Bear a warm cookie. "I've still got the closets to clean out and will need your help with things on the top shelf," she added.

Papa Bear sighed and took another bite of cookie. Little Bear had finished his and looked at Mama Bear to ask for another one. "Well, just this one time. I guess we will have plenty of time the next few weeks

that we have to stay home.” She laughed and took another cookie herself. This made Papa Bear laugh, so Little Bear laughed too. Isn’t that what all bears are supposed to do?