

Barbarian's Bakery

The Three Bears Adaptation

by Ethan Marck

The Bakery

There once was a windy winter for three coyotes. The moon hung high in the sky, shining its light like a flashlight on the village below. Its pleasant light contrasted with the warm light blanketing the windows of Barbarian's Bakery. Wind picked up the snow and whirled it in front of the bakery's front door. On the front door's window, a sign flipped over. It was closing time for the bakery. Three coyotes ran the bakery; the smallest coyote, Pup; the medium coyote, Mup; the biggest coyote, Barbarian. Barbarian took most of the control when it came to parenting, teaching the younger cubs how to survive, but a huge wall stood in their way.

"I don't want to go outside," Mup complained.

"Enough, Mup," Barbarian said. "I don't want to hear it. You need to start listening to your elders. Show some respect."

"Why do I have to go?" Mup asked.

"The same reason as always," Barbarian answered.

"I know how to hunt," Mup said. "I'm not a cub anymore."

Barbarian took a look at Pup who snuggled upon the floor. "Okay," Barbarian said. "You go out there and pitch a bucket of winterholly berries. We need to make more jam for the pastries."

"You mean, I'll go out . . . alone in the dark?" Mup asked.

"Yes," Barbarian responded. "Go on now. Hurry before the blizzard arrives. Go out back and into the Pine Needle Forest. You'll find the winterhollies out there."

"Well what about our treats?" Mup asked.

"We'll have our treats after you arrive with the berries," said Barbarian.

The three coyotes had a traditional night in the bakery. After their normal winter walks when they all went together, they'd eat their treats, sit on their pillows, and slept on their blankets. They all had their traditional treats; Pup loved the sprinkled vanilla donut; Mup loved the peanut butter chocolate cupcake; Barbarian loved the snickerdoodle pastry. The coyotes would then sit on their pillows; Pup rested on a fluffy pillow; Mup rested on a soft pillow; Barbarian rested on a firm pillow. And after the long day of work, they'd need a place to sleep; Pup slept on a fluffy blanket; Mup slept on a wool blanket; Barbarian slept on a fleece blanket. But Mup now understood that he needed the winterhollies in order to receive any treats for the night. He must venture out in the windy winter to the Pine Needle Forest. Alone.

Pine Needle Forest

Milk twirled in the sky full of stars. The pine trees were covered in snow. Light from the moon casted its cool over the forest. Mup trudged through the thick snow alone. Luckily, Mup had a thick coat of fur that trapped his warmth inside. The wind wouldn't stop blowing in the night. A blizzard inched closer and closer to the village. Clouds built near the village, almost covering the moon. The moon was Mup's flashlight in the dark. Barbarian ordered for the winterhollies to be back before the storm. If the storm blocked the moon, Mup would be trapped in the dark.

Something scurried in the forest, scaring Mup. Nothing made movement in the light. Mup checked the pine trees that surrounded the area. The only things that moved were the tips of the pines that wiggled in the wind. Mup was distracted but resumed with the mission. Those winterberries had to be around somewhere. They're bright with a red shell; pokes out in the night like blood on the snow after a successful hunt. While Mup marched in the forest, an owl whooped,

and something else scurried in the snow again. Something was out there. But when Mup discovered little red ornaments on a bush, all worry withered out. There awaited the winterhollies. Mup took the wooden bucket around his neck and pushed it into the snow. Once the berries filled the brim of the bucket, Mup attempted to carry it. Wearing the bucket like a necklace again, Mup's feet sunk into the snow with every step. The hike through the forest is gonna be longer than expected.

Suddenly, a shadow silhouetted over the forest, darkening the path back to the village. Storm clouds rolled in, blocking the light from the moon. The wind whistled in the pines, swinging the pine trees back and forth while the snow bulleted the ground. Mup lost his path of footprints. There wasn't a clear way back, and the darkness flooded all around. Something scurried in the snow again, and it was close. Its grey eyes glowed in the dark, staring at Mup.

Curious Customer

The snow slammed against the bakery's windows. Barbarian knew this was going to happen. Barbarian believed no one would be in the village during the storm. Mup never made an appearance at the front door. Pup was scared for Mup with the crazy storm out in the dark. Barbarian felt as if it was a mistake to let Mup go all alone before a huge blizzard. So, Barbarian decided to leave Pup in the bakery to go on a hunt for Mup.

While Barbarian got smacked with snowflakes in the storm, Pup cozied up near the bakery's oven. They used the oven for heat during the wild winters. This was the perfect night to crank it on. Time ticked on the clock, Pup anxious for the return of Barbarian and Mup. If they didn't come back, what would Pup do with the bakery? What would Pup do without an elder to

follow? Barbarian was the leader of the cubs, training them for a successful life. Mup didn't really realize that though, especially at the age between a cub and an elder.

When Pup nestled near the cozy oven, the front door of the bakery popped open. Pup peeked around the corner of the food display counter and found a stranger hopping in. The stranger was small and covered in white fluff. Unfortunately, the stranger wasn't Barbarian nor Mup covered in a thick coat of snow. It was a snowshoe hare. The curious customer wandered in the room, sniffing the snacks and delicacies around the bakery. Pup hesitated to howl at the stranger. The only thing Pup could hope for was for Barbarian's return.

The snowshoe hare leaped up upon some chairs and tables, reaching the counter where three tasty treats awaited. There sat three plates for the three coyotes, their meals prepared. The hare began to feast. The sprinkled vanilla donut, the peanut butter chocolate cupcake, the snickerdoodle pastry, it all disappeared, consumed by the snowshoe hare. When the hare soared through the air and landed on the bakery's wood floor, Pup jumped onto the counter. Crumbs littered the plates. Their treats were all gone.

After the appetizing meal, the snowshoe hare found three pillows resting by the window. The hare tested the pillows; the firm pillow was too hard; the soft pillow was too soft; the fluffy pillow was just right. Pup's fluffy ears dropped to the floor. Pup was scared by the stranger, all alone in the store, stranded in the middle of a storm while Barbarian and Mup were somewhere in the Pine Needle Forest.

The hare's feet bounced to the wooden floor again. It hopped to the blankets, the three coyote's beds. The fleece blanket was too flat; the wool blanket was too bumpy; the fluffy blanket was perfect for the cozy night. Pup walked out from behind the counter, feeling safer that

the hare was in a deep sleep. Pup moved to the window, wondering how Mup and Barbarian were doing.

The Hunt

The glowing eyes belonged to a wolf. It stared at Mup through the darting snow. Mup had never countered a wolf and didn't know how to proceed. Mup only knew one thing. Howl for help. Mup howled for help, sending an echo through the wind which whipped towards the village. Barbarian tracked the sound, sprinting through the Pine Needle Forest. When Barbarian slid next to Mup, the wolf stepped closer and closer to them.

"I'm so sorry," Mup cried.

"Now's not the time," Barbarian said. "Get on my back and wrap your paws around me." Mup followed the order from Barbarian. The wolf was almost nose to nose with Barbarian. But with one heck of a plan, Barbarian yelled, "Squirrel!" The wolf pivoted its head to the side, scanning through the pine trees for a squirrel, but the trees swayed so much, nothing could be spotted. The wolf turned its head again, but Barbarian and Mup vanished.

Barbarian dashed through the forest. Mup held on for dear life while the wind supported their travel back to the village. Once they reached the bakery, they crashed through the front door and landed in the warm, cozy heat. After the long run, the room felt more like a humid sauna, almost like they were cooking in the oven. Pup's paws danced on the floor with joy. They're all together again. And Barbarian received the bucket of winterhollies that held around Mup's neck.

"I got the winterhollies for ya," Mup said. Barbarian stood with a furry beard of snow, holding the grump in with tight lips. Mup's eyes dropped to the wooden floor.

Pup pointed a paw to the top of the food display. Barbarian lifted to the counter, discovering leftover crumbs from the treats. With furious anger, Barbarian's paws stomped the wooden floor over to Pup. "Did you eat these?" Barbarian asked. Pup's head shook side to side. Pup stepped back and faced the blankets in the back of the bakery. Barbarian's eyes discovered a snowshoe hare, sleeping on Pup's fluffy blanket. The other blankets were all wrinkled, disorganized to the three coyotes disliking. With a howl, Barbarian scared the hare out of the store, traumatizing the curious customer. The hare won't return to the bakery ever again.

In the meantime, Barbarian gave a speech to Mup and Pup for the night. "I hope you two have learned a valuable lesson today." Pup and Mup turned to each other. "What do you have to say for yourselves?" They stayed silent while the whistling of the wind snuck through the cracks in the wall. "Pup, you're still very young, but Mup is too. You both have a lot to learn. You two need to have each other's backs, especially if something were to happen to me."

"I don't like thinking about that," Mup said. "You were right. I wasn't tough enough to be alone in the forest."

"No, no," Barbarian said. "You and Pup are both tough tacklers. You just need more time with training. As long as you listen to me for now on, you'll be the best two hunters in this village. Okay?" Pup and Mup nodded their heads. "How bout I throw some treats together?"

With joy in the cozy bakery, the three coyotes bake new treats for themselves in the windy night. Pup and Mup learned a lot today. Without Barbarian, what would they do?