

It's a Doddle to Care®...



It's a Duddle to Care®...

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With original illustrations by Taryn Shrigley

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Perhaps you would like to know that:

'It's a Doodle' means: *'A very easy task'*

But within these stories the name 'Dodl' also means:

'Doing Ordinary Deeds Lovingly'

'Orb' means: *'A round ~ spherical or celestial object'*

But within these stories the name Orb is an abbreviation for:

'Original Reiki BearTM'

The word 'Reiki' is a Japanese word meaning *'Cosmic Light'*

♥ Dedication ♥

“Grandchildren give us a second chance to do things better, because they bring out the best in us.”

~author unknown~

These stories are dedicated with gratitude for and to all my amazing and much loved grandchildren.





Introduction

The Magical World of Fingley!

Did you know that when the night sky is peppered with millions of stars and constellations, there are two that are very significant indeed ~ especially to these stories?

One constellation is called Ursa Major, or Great Bear.

The other is called Ursa Minor, or Little Bear.

A long time ago, even before dragons roamed the Earth, these constellations were the homes of two very special bears.

One bear is called Dodl. The other bear is called Orb.

Orb is as old as time itself, and because of his age and wisdom, he is also a WIZARD BEAR. Why is he a wizard?

He is a wizard, because he has the incredible ability to *travel through time*.

By using this ability, Orb discovered a fascinating world called Fingley, a magical and mysterious place, hidden beneath the mists of time and surrounded by a golden light.

The Fingley Folk (as they prefer to be called), have lived there for thousands of years, and because it is timeless, they never grow old!

Late one particularly starry night, Orb suddenly announced to Dodl that they would soon be orbiting the Earth, to embark upon a very special mission.

Dodl became extremely excited at the prospect, especially when Orb then told him that his mission would be to write about these adventures, so that the stories would be recorded for all time, and never be lost.

“When can we get started Orb?” asked Dodl impatiently.

“We can begin Dodl, when we have finished our preparations. Unfortunately, as you are not yet a wizard, you do not have the protective powers to enter into dreams, or the ability to travel through time.

“Therefore we will need to remedy this situation immediately, so please, hold this amethyst crystal in your left paw, close your eyes, and repeat the following words very carefully:

“Crystalis ~ Inspiratus ~ Amulatus ~ Travelatum”

As Dodl took hold of the amethyst crystal in his left paw, he closed his eyes and repeated the words that Orb had spoken.

When Dodl opened his eyes and looked down at his small paws, he was flabbergasted to see that both his paws, and his feet, were now PURPLE!

Unable to hide his curiosity, he asked Orb the reason why he now had purple paws and feet!

“Well Dodl ~ the virtues of the amethyst crystal are well documented, and include not only the ability to travel safely, but to also bring peace and harmony within dreams, which is what we shall be doing.”

And so the magical adventures began...!





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The Magical World of

Ingleby™



RAINBOW'S END COBBLESTONES

Carefree Drive

Bumblebee Cross



Swan Lake Deer Valley Road

Field of Dreams



Crystal Cave

Dolphin Bay



Bluebird Bay



Badger Springs

Windy Ridge

Hazel Oak Wood

Daisy Mountain

The Trading Post



Aura's Stable

Eco Houses



Rock Falls



The Filter Critter

Pixileta Cove

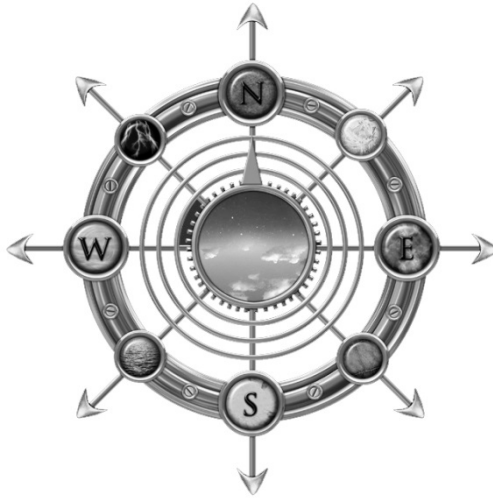




Orb's Attic Study ~ Cobblestones



“Orb has incredible powers; he is an ancient celestial bear a ‘Wizard Bear’ and because of this he has amazing magical capabilities ~ *Orb can travel through time!*”



Chapter One

From:

*Dodl,
Beside the Fireplace,
Cobblestones,
The Magical World of Fingley*

Hello young readers,

My many helpers here at Fingley have all been busy, helping me to complete my task of creating this series of books for you. Soon the printing machines will be churning away, so that your book can be printed and you can see the amazing result for yourself.

As I sit here in my special armchair, in the glow of the firelight by the little log burner, I wonder what you will make of our stories. If you enjoy reading them as much as we have had experiencing them, you are in for a real treat!

All of us have been children at some time, (even Orb and me). Having these wondrous adventures, and writing about them, has kept us very busy and happy indeed. These stories are for girls, boys, Mums, Dads, Grandmas, Grandpas, Uncles and Aunties; in fact, they are for everyone!

Some stories are of school days, and some stories are about grown-ups too. Some will make you laugh, and all of them are about life here in the Magical World of Fingley.

Here in this special series of books, we have gathered together for your enjoyment a selection of the numerous adventures that we have been on, with children and people from all around the world.

We hope that your book will become a trusted friend. It is waiting to take you on a magic carpet of adventure to Fingley, to visit myself, my friend and loyal companion Orb The Wizard Bear, The Fingley Fairies, The Bears Under The Stairs, Aura, Amber, and a host of other creatures, humans and fairies.

Let your imagination run away with you, as you snuggle down in your cosy bed or comfy sofa, either reading for yourself, or with a treasured family member, or friend.

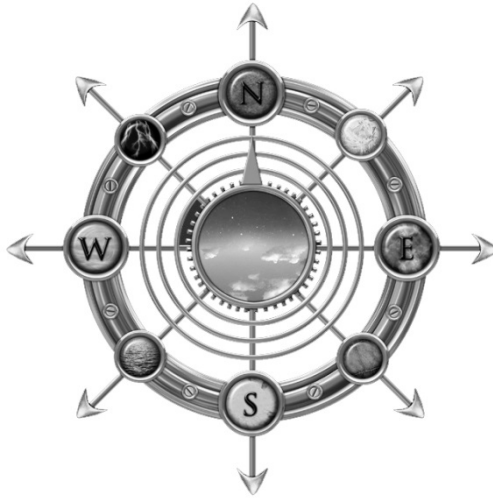
And always remember:

Dreams are the chariots of hope ~ believe in your dreams because dreams can come true. They are there to spur you on to a world of possibilities.

Yours truly and affectionately,

Dad





Chapter Two

Spending time fishing on Sunday afternoon with his Dad, gave Tom an ideal opportunity to ask him questions...

As Tom sat on the side of the river bank, munching away at the remains of his cheese sandwich, he was intently watching his Dad, who was standing in his waders, thigh deep in the water, skilfully pulling at his fishing rod, and carefully reeling the fish in.

Tom could see the fish thrashing about in the water. It was making such a splash trying to resist capture, that he felt a terrible knot in his stomach and a huge lump in his throat appear.

His Dad shouted to Tom to quickly get the keep-net and scoop it under the fish, so that he could ease it out of the water.

“Come on Tom. Hurry up and grab that net.”

Tom quickly dropped his lunch box, reached over and grabbed the landing net from the bank.

“I’ve got it Dad. I’ve got the net!”

“Quick Tom, we’ve nearly got him!” shouted his Dad.

Tom was so excited that he lost his balance and toppled over.

As he stumbled out of the lake, the cold water quickly poured over the top of his wellington boots, drenching his socks and soaking his feet, leaving him in fits of laughter.

After regaining his balance and composure, he lowered the net into the water, carefully sliding the gleaming fish into it.

“Good lad Tom,” said his Dad proudly.

“You’ve got it! We did it Tom! We did it and by the look of it, I think we’ve caught ourselves a perch.”

Tom grinned back at his Dad, his face beaming with pride. As the greenish coloured scales of the perch glinted in the afternoon sunshine, Tom watched his Dad proudly lift it out from the net to show him.

“Look at that Tom, it’s a real beauty, the biggest catch yet I reckon.”

“How much do you think he weighs Dad” asked Tom?

“Well we’ll soon see,” said Tom’s Dad, as he bent down and took his weighing scales from his fishing box.

As Tom’s Dad put the wriggling perch onto the scales, that horrible lump in Tom’s throat returned again.

“Just look at that Tom ~ what did I tell you, this is our record catch.”

Tom was ten years old and he wanted to show his Dad that he was brave and strong, and didn’t cry about silly things like a fish getting hurt!

He didn’t want to make a fuss either, especially as his Dad had enough to be concerned about, now that Tom’s Mum wasn’t around.

Sadly, Tom’s Mum had died three years ago. Since that time Tom knew that his Dad really missed her, because Tom did too, so spending time fishing together was extra special now, for both of them.

It was during their fishing trips together that his Dad patiently taught Tom how to tie his own flies, and cast his line. Tom especially loved feeling the strength of his Dad’s arms wrapped around him, as he guided the fishing line into the glistening fresh water.

His Dad was a really good angler, but he was also very good at mending, and inventing things too.

He invented things as if by magic!

Tom's Dad would scribble his ideas in his special journal, the one that said '*PLANS AND IDEAS*' on the front. He would show them to Tom, and in next to no time, they would appear.

He would take old bicycle wheels and pieces of chain, and experiment with them, making them into all kinds of wonderful contraptions.

The small workshop at the side of their house was filled with an assortment of building materials and paraphernalia. The remnants of an old motorbike were stored there, along with lengths of timber and pieces of all kinds of board.

Large rolls of string lay on top of the work bench, along with strands of copper wire, and lots of tins of paint.

It was a wonderland for Tom to explore. As soon as he opened the workshop door, the smell of paint, wood shavings and oil rose up to greet Tom's nose, and a big wide grin would spread right across his freckled face.

His Dad taught Tom how to mend his bicycle wheel when it had a flat tyre; Tom also helped his Dad put up shelves and cupboards in his bedroom, for all of his books, games and CDs.

Tom loved to help his Dad with jobs like this around the house, because he learned all about the different kinds of carpenter's tools, and how to use them correctly.

As a surprise for his 9th birthday, his Dad made Tom his very own special wooden tool box, which had his name etched on the lid. Tom couldn't believe it!

It had separate compartments for hammers and nails, a measuring tape, pliers and other bits and bobs. Tom had decided long ago that he wanted to be a carpenter just like his Dad, and now that he had his own tool box, he felt really proud and 'grown-up'.

He was eager to learn as much as he could. So spending time fishing on Sunday afternoon with his Dad gave Tom an ideal opportunity to ask him questions, and listen to stories about when he was a boy too.

Tom was suddenly jolted back from his thoughts, as he saw that his Dad still had the perch hooked on the end of the fishing line. It was still wriggling for freedom inside the keep net.

Tom pleaded with him.

"Are we going to let it go now Dad?"

"*Please*, can we let it go now?"

Tom watched anxiously as his Dad carefully took the small curved hook from the mouth of the fish, and as he did so, that lump in his throat was getting bigger and bigger.

"I won't cry. I won't. *I won't*," he thought to himself. He said it over and over again in his head, while he watched his Dad tussle with the fish.

Tom often wondered if secretly his Dad realised that he might be concerned about him hurting the fish. But his Dad had told him many times that the hook didn't hurt the fish. In any case, he always removed it straight away, and then sometimes handed the fish over to Tom, so that he could enjoy the feeling of letting it go.

Letting it go was the best bit for Tom.

“Here you go Tom, it's your turn now,” said his Dad smiling, as he handed the slippery, wriggling fish over to Tom.

Tom carefully took the fish from his Dad, knelt down and lowered his cupped hands into the crystal clear water. Then he gently opened his fingers, releasing the fish safely back to where it belonged.

Tom felt relieved and happy, as he watched it immediately disappear. He imagined how it must be for the fish to feel safe again, swimming freely into the depths of the water and hiding amongst the reeds.

But Tom was still a little bit embarrassed about the way he felt. His Dad was big and strong, and he couldn't imagine him even thinking about silly things like hurting a fish, because they were silly things really, *weren't they?*

They were silly feelings, or at least he thought they must be silly, because none of his friends seemed to worry about things like that. They enjoyed pulling the legs off spiders and treading on ladybugs on their way to school.

When Tom saw them do it, that horrible knot in his stomach would appear once again.

Even the thought of it made him shudder, but he felt that if he revealed his true feelings, his friends might ridicule him. So he always pushed his thoughts and feelings away to the back of his mind, then he didn't have to worry about them anymore.

"Come on Tom," his Dad called out.

Tom quickly turned away from the lake, to see that his Dad was already back on dry land, neatly packing away the rods and nets into the rear of his car.

"You're in that world of your own again Tom," he said, smiling.

"I don't know where you go to, but it's far away from here, that's for sure."

"I was just thinking Dad," said Tom.

"Aye Tom, day-dreaming more like!" his Dad chuckled.

"Come on now, help me get packed up and put your jacket on, because it's getting a bit cold now. We've at least an hour's drive before we get home."

As Tom watched the summer sun begin to set over the horizon, a cold chill ran down his back, so he quickly slipped on his favourite green fishing jacket, and zipped it tightly, right up to his chin.

He picked up the remains of his lunch and broke it into small pieces to feed to the birds.

As Tom began to help load his Dad's car with various bags and baskets, he thought how great it would be if his Mum was at home, waiting for them to arrive.

His Dad didn't mention his Mum very often these days, and Tom didn't like to, just in case it made his Dad feel sad. But he missed being able to talk to his Mum about all his 'funny' feelings, and he missed listening to her, when she told him all about hers.

She told Tom lots of stories about his grandparents. She said that when she was a young girl of his age, she lived in Ireland, which she told him was a large island off the north-west coast of Europe.

She showed him photographs of their little rose covered stone cottage, which was surrounded by orchards and meadows, with a tiny stream running by.

She told him that she spent most of her long, warm summer holidays there with her best friend Sally, and that when they were outdoors playing in the meadows, they would often feel they were being 'spied' on by the 'Little People,' or leprechauns as the locals called them.

Sometimes Tom didn't quite understand what his Mum told him, but he never questioned her, as he found her stories so wonderfully captivating.

She told Tom how she used to sit on a blanket with a picnic, and watch the butterflies and bees fly busily in and out of all the wild flowers.

But the best thing that she loved to do was to walk along the beach, because sometimes she would have the special treat of seeing the dolphins leaping and swimming in Dingle Bay.

He smiled as he remembered how his Mum used to sing her favourite Irish folk songs to him. She had a gentle, lilting, melodic Irish voice.

He especially liked to listen to her sing 'Paddy McGinty's Goat' because this song made him laugh so much, his jaws used to ache.

Tom's Mum read him stories from his favourite adventure books, but she would also read him pages from her own nature books too, teaching him all about the different kinds of trees and the names of all the birds.

She even knew the species of the birds by the different sounds they made. This is how Tom began to learn all about nature, what the different birds' eggs looked like and how they hatched.

One of her favourite birds was the robin. Tom used to love listening to that story time and time again.

His Mum told Tom that most birds lay their eggs at sunrise, but *not* robins!

She said that they are very clever birds, because they lay their eggs mid-morning. They use those dark early hours to hunt for worms, because worms are most available before the sun gets too high.

She told Tom that robins usually lay a clutch of four light blue eggs. They lay one egg a day, until they have a full clutch, then the female robin usually sits on the eggs for twelve to fourteen days.

Even in good weather, she rarely leaves her eggs for more than a few minutes at a time.

Tom's Mum went on to explain to Tom, that in a similar way to how he grew warm and cosy as a baby inside her, it was the female robin's job to maintain the proper incubation temperature. This kept the eggs warm during the cold weather, and shaded during really hot weather.

Tom was fascinated by his Mum's knowledge. He often thought that she knew more about nature than the teacher in his school did.

She certainly made it sound more interesting.

But he found it even more astonishing when his Mum told him the story about how the robin must rotate the eggs several times a day. She said that this was to prevent the babies from sticking to the insides of the eggshells.

She explained to Tom that the robin hops on the rim of the nest, and gently rolls the eggs with her beak. By turning them this way, it helps to keep them all at the same temperature.

It was these stories, and the time spent with his Mum that gave Tom the interest, understanding and caring that he had for little creatures, birds and nature. Yes,

Tom knew that his Mum was really special, and he missed her and her story-telling a lot.

He smiled to himself as he remembered watching her running around the yard, to rescue a mouse from the jaws of next door's cat.

He missed her leaping around the front room trying to catch a bee, so that she could let it out through the open window.

He missed her having to ask for his help to catch a spider from the inside of the bath, because it was only spiders that scared her.

However, he secretly thought that she only pretended to be frightened, so that she could ask for his help.

He smiled as he remembered her large sapphire blue eyes, that seemed to twinkle when she grinned and how the small dimples at the side of her cheeks grew even deeper when she laughed.

He thought about how the tiny freckles which were dotted all over her nose and cheeks were even more prominent in the summertime, just like his.

He missed his Mum so much, even though his Dad often told him that she would always be watching over him, and that when he looked up into the night sky, his Mum was the brightest star shining down as he slept.

As Tom's special thoughts of his Mum continued to tumble around his head, he quietly let out a yawn, stretched his arms, and looked up at his Dad.

His Dad was concentrating on his driving, with the radio tuned into his favourite programme. As they continued their journey, Tom wondered if his Dad really did understand how relieved he was at letting the fish go.

He wondered if his Dad had ever felt strongly about things the way that Tom did.

Perhaps one day, he would find the right opportunity to ask him, but for now Tom was content to sit with his memories of the day, and the wonderful feeling of letting the fish swim back to safety.

That was all that mattered to Tom.