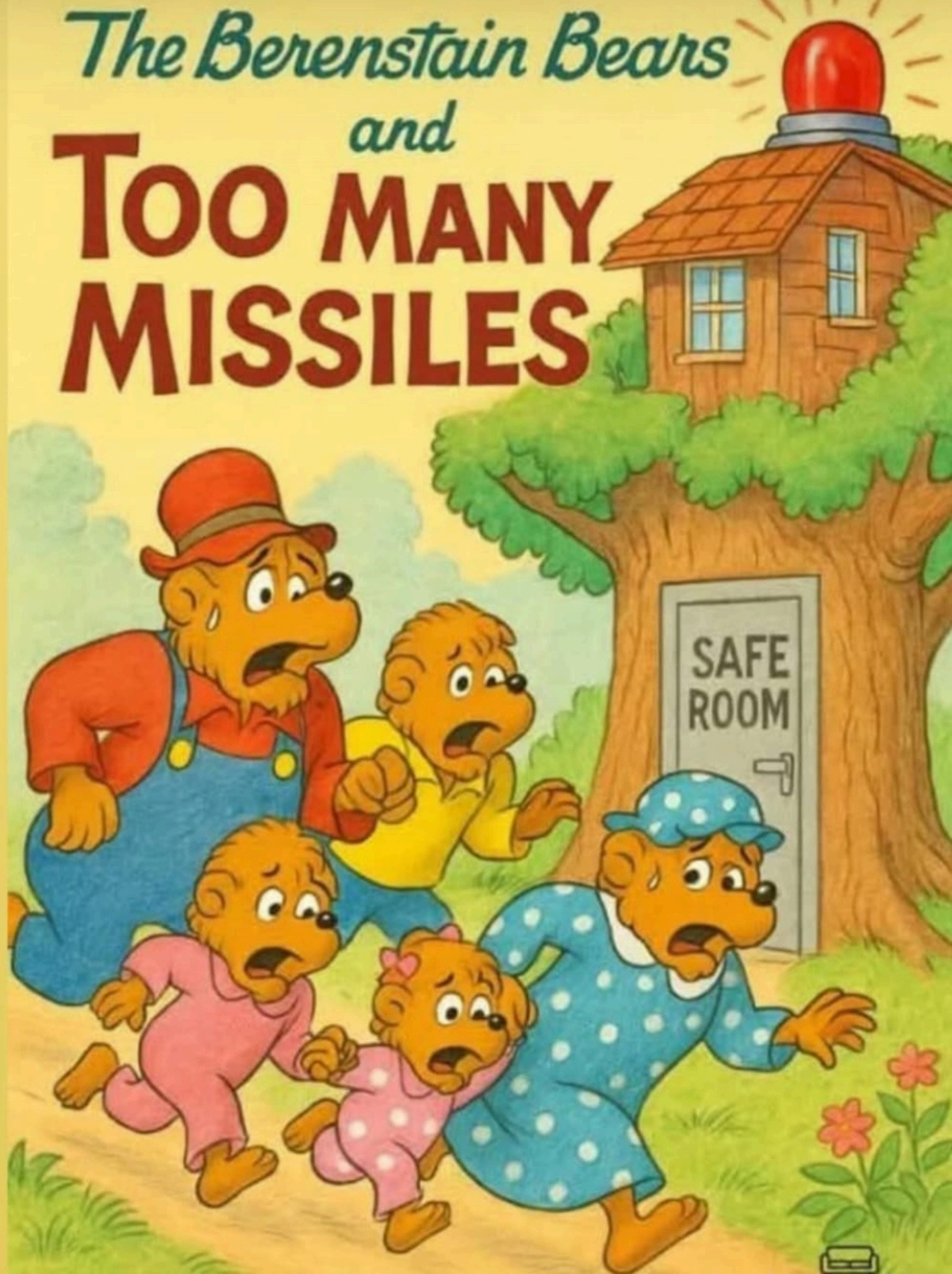


The Berenstain Bears
and
**TOO MANY
MISSILES**



Stan and Jan Berenstain



It was a warm and sunny day in Bear Country.
The cubs were laughing, skipping, and playing catch
outside their treehouse.

Mama Bear hung laundry on the line.
Papa Bear hammered away at a new birdhouse.



Suddenly—
WEOOOO! WEOOOO!

A siren wailed across the sky. Loud. Urgent. Familiar.
The cubs froze. Mama dropped the laundry. Papa stood
still.

“Oh no,” said Mama. “Too many missiles again.”



But the Bear family knew just what to do. They had practiced over and over. They didn't panic. They didn't cry.

"Hashem is watching over us," Papa said calmly. "Now let's get to the safe room."

They ran together toward the special door at the base of their treehouse. It was strong, thick, and labeled "SAFE ROOM" in big bold letters.

Brother Bear opened it. Sister Bear held Honey's hand tight. Papa helped them all inside.



CLUNK! The door locked shut.

Inside the safe room, it was quiet. They had bottles of water, books, flashlights, and a cozy blanket. But most important of all, Mama brought her little siddur.

“We’re safe here,” Mama said, “but our real protection comes from Hashem.”

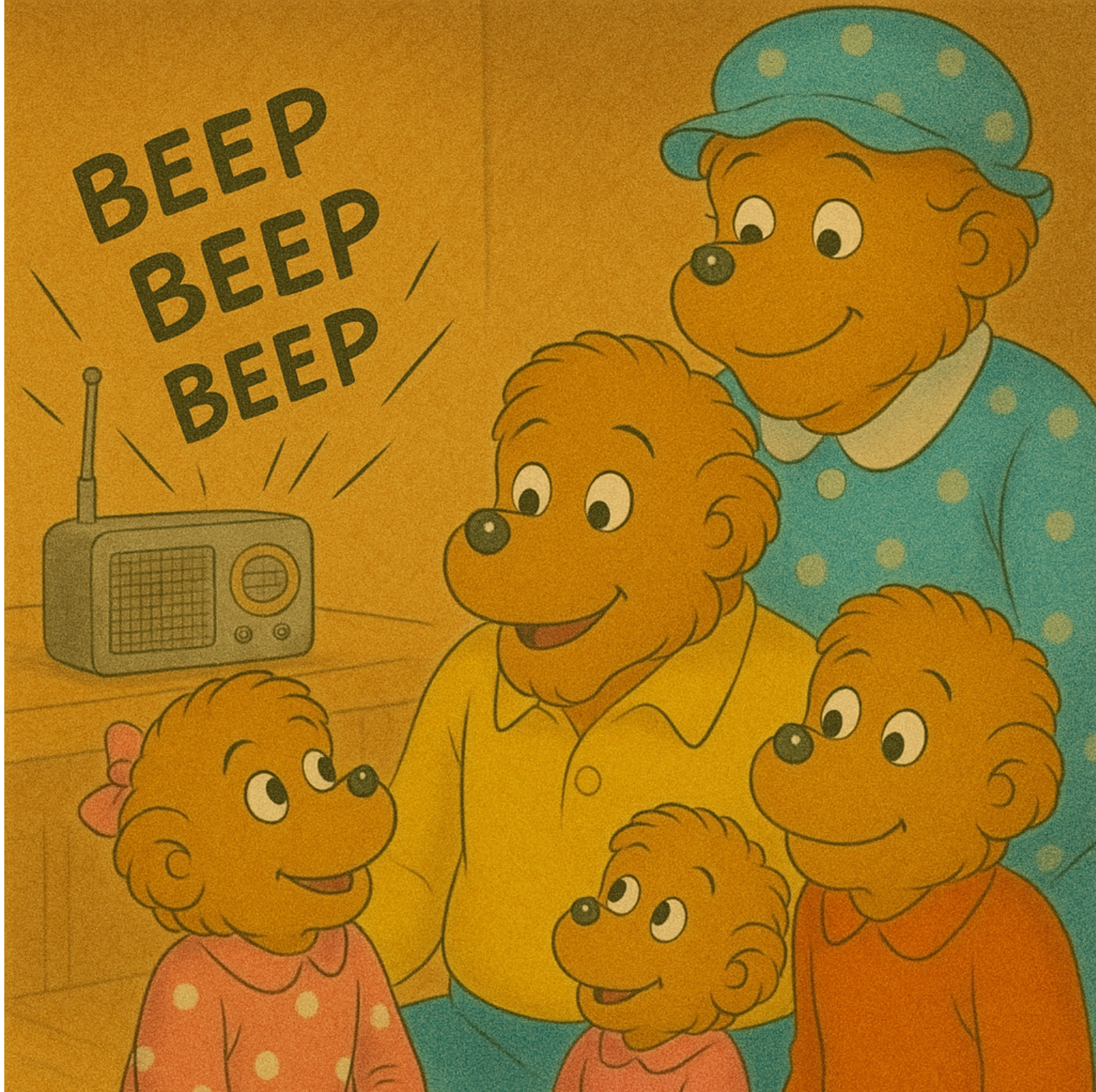
She whispered a short prayer. The cubs listened and felt a little less afraid.



“But why do people send missiles, Papa?” asked Sister Bear.

Papa shook his head.

“Some people don’t understand peace. But Hashem is stronger than any missile. He watches over Bear Country just like He watches over Eretz Yisrael.”



They listened to the radio. The sirens faded.
They waited patiently.

After a while...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!
The all-clear sounded.



They opened the door and stepped outside.
The sun was still shining.
The birds were still singing.
And the treehouse stood strong and tall.

Mama smiled.

“Even when we hear scary sirens, we remember: Hashem
is always with us.”



Brother Bear looked up.
“Even when we’re scared?”

“Especially then,” said Mama.
“He never leaves us. Not even for a moment.”

The cubs hugged each other. Then they ran off to finish
their game — this time, keeping one ear open for the siren
and one heart full of trust.



And as they played under the sky, the
Bear family knew:

Hashem is our safest shelter of all.