

EMOTIBEARS

**Peace, Poppies and a Promise
Legacy's VE Day Adventure**



Lest We Forget



Peace, Poppies and a Promise Legacy's VE Day Adventure

By Lucian Synclare

Rain tapped gently against the windows of the Emotibears' reading nook in Whispering Woods. The trees outside swayed in the wind, and the sky was the colour of grey wool. Inside, all was quiet and warm.

Legacy, the Remembrance Bear, sat curled up in his favourite armchair, a soft red scarf around his neck. He gazed out at the rainy world, deep in thought.

"I wonder what stories the rain remembers," he whispered.

Just then, the door creaked open and in bounced Buddy, the Friendship Bear, carrying a tray with two mugs of warm cocoa.

"Cheer up, Legacy!" Buddy grinned. "Nothing like cocoa on a rainy day."

Behind him padded Dotty, the Blind Bear, her paw gently resting on the harness of her colourful guide dog, Starburst.

"We brought marshmallows too," she said with a smile. "I can hear the raindrops bouncing—so many of them, like tiny dancers on the roof."

Legacy smiled as Buddy handed him a mug. "Thanks, both of you. I was just thinking about... remembering."

Dotty tilted her head. "Remembering what?"

“Just memories,” Legacy replied softly. “The kind that make your heart feel full.”

Before anyone could say more, a sudden flutter of wings made them look up. Hootz the Wise Owl swooped in through the open window and landed with a soft hoot on the windowsill.

“Emotibears,” he said in his deep, kind voice, “The Magic Storybook is glowing.”

The room lit up with golden sparkles as the enormous book on the shelf shimmered with light. Legacy stood, heart fluttering. The others gathered close as the cover creaked open and a glowing page revealed an image of people waving flags, hugging in the street, and dancing under strings of red, white, and blue bunting.

“What’s that?” Buddy asked, eyes wide.

Hootz looked at them all. “This is a page from the past. It shows a very special day in history—**VE Day**. That stands for Victory in Europe Day. On that day, the Second World War in Europe ended, and people across Britain filled the streets with joy and hope.”

Legacy reached out and gently touched the shimmering page. The scene sparkled brighter, and the bears felt a gentle pull, like the wind in the trees.

“Hold paws,” said Hootz. “It’s time for you to visit a memory worth sharing.”

As they gripped each other tightly, a swirl of golden mist wrapped around them. The room faded. The sound of rain was replaced by distant cheers, and the scent of old wood and cocoa gave way to something new—warm bread, street air, and the gentle rustle of bunting in the breeze.

When the mist cleared, the Emotibears found themselves standing on a cobbled street lined with old brick houses. People in 1940s

clothes bustled about, hanging flags and baking treats. Laughter filled the air.

Legacy looked around in wonder.

“Welcome to London,” Hootz’s voice echoed. “It’s 8 May 1945... and peace has come at last.”

The cobbled street buzzed with excitement. Children skipped with ribbons in their hair, mums baked cakes in tiny ovens, and old radios played cheerful tunes from open windows. Union Jack flags fluttered in the breeze, criss-crossing the sky in colourful lines.

“Look!” cried a voice nearby. “Teddy bears! And they’re moving!”

A young girl with curly brown hair came rushing over. Her eyes sparkled with surprise and delight. “Did you see that, Grandma? They’re real!”

The bears turned and smiled. Legacy stepped forward, his red scarf catching the sunlight.

“I’m Buddy,” said the friendly bear, waving cheerfully. “This is Dotty, and that’s Legacy.”

The girl’s grandmother chuckled warmly. “Well, I never! You’ve brought your magic to a very special day.”

Legacy gave a polite bow. “What is this special day, may I ask?”

The young girl beamed. “It’s VE Day! Victory in Europe Day! It means the war is over and we’re finally free.”

“We’ve waited so long,” said Grandma Rose, her voice soft and full of feeling. “So many tears, and now... joy.”

Dotty tilted her head. “Was it very hard?”

“It was,” nodded Grandma Rose. “We had air raid sirens at night, and blackout curtains so no light showed through the windows. There wasn’t always enough food, and we wrote letters to our loved ones far away, hoping they’d come home safe.”

Dotty reached for Starburst’s harness, listening carefully. “Even though I couldn’t see it, I can feel it must have been a hard time.”

Legacy looked down thoughtfully, placing a gentle paw over his scarf. “VE Day must have felt like hope had come back.”

Grandma Rose smiled. “It did, dear. It truly did.”

“Would you like to come inside for a bit?” Elsie asked, taking Dotty’s paw. “We’ve got fresh scones cooling, and Grandma can tell you more.”

Inside their cosy home, the walls were decorated with family photos and wartime posters. The air was warm with the smell of baking and a fire crackling gently in the hearth.

Grandma Rose settled in her chair and picked up a wooden box from the mantelpiece. “This was where we kept our ration cards,” she explained. “Ration cards were little booklets that helped families know how much food they could buy each week, because there wasn’t always enough for everyone during the war. Every family had them, and they ensured that what food was available was shared out fairly to everyone”

Dotty touched the box carefully. “It feels well-loved.”

“We made do with what we had,” said Grandma Rose. “We were all in it together. That’s what kept us strong.”

Legacy nodded slowly. “I see now. Today is more than just a celebration. It’s a day for remembering too.”

Outside, the street was filling with neighbours, music, and laughter. Someone had set up a long table in the road, covered in mismatched tablecloths, sandwiches, and jelly in wobbly shapes.

“Come on!” Elsie said, tugging Buddy’s paw. “The party’s starting!”

Legacy turned to Grandma Rose. “Would you join us?”

She smiled, her eyes misty. “I think I will, just for a little while. It’s not every day you dance with a bear.”

As they stepped back outside into the sunshine, the sound of gramophone music and cheering filled the air.

The street was alive with colour and cheer. Neighbours linked arms and danced in circles. Music crackled from a gramophone, filling the air with songs of hope. “We’ll Meet Again” played softly, and voices joined in.

Buddy helped hang more flags between lamp-posts, Dotty carefully passed around paper-wrapped sandwiches, and Legacy joined a cheerful conga line, his scarf bouncing as he moved. Elsie skipped beside him, giggling all the way.

Then, from around the corner, came a shout. “Look! It’s Peter!”

Elsie gasped and ran towards a young man in uniform. He dropped his duffel bag and scooped her into a hug.

“You came home!” she cried.

“I told you I would,” Peter said, hugging her tightly.

Grandma Rose joined them, tears in her eyes. “My boy,” she whispered, brushing a hand across his shoulder. “You’re safe.”

Legacy watched the reunion with quiet warmth. His heart swelled. “This is the happiest day I’ve ever seen,” he said.

As the afternoon sun dipped lower in the sky, Elsie led the Emotibears to a small garden behind the house. It was calm and still, with a patch of bright red poppies swaying gently in the breeze.

“This is where we remember,” she said.

Grandma Rose knelt beside the flowers and lit a single white candle. The flame danced in the growing twilight.

“This is for those who didn’t come home,” she said softly.

Legacy placed a paw over his heart and stood quietly beside her.

“Some memories,” he said, “are full of joy... and some are full of love for those we miss.”

Dotty joined them, her ears alert to the distant sound of a bugle playing. The last note echoed gently in the evening air.

“We remember,” Grandma Rose said, “so we never forget what peace truly means.”

After a while, they went back inside. Grandma Rose opened a small wooden box from her mantelpiece and gently lifted something from within—a poppy-shaped badge with a shiny brass centre.

“This,” she said, placing it in Legacy’s paws, “was my brother’s. He gave it to me on VE Day. I’d like you to have it.”

Legacy’s eyes shimmered. “I’ll carry this memory always. Thank you.”

As darkness fell, fireworks lit up the sky—bursts of red, blue and white blooming over the rooftops. The Magic Storybook began to glow once more, golden and warm.

“It’s time,” said Hootz, his voice soft on the breeze.

Elsie gave each bear a tight hug. “Tell your friends in the forest what you’ve seen!”

The Emotibears stepped into the mist, hearts full.

Back in Whispering Woods, the rain had stopped. The forest sparkled with raindrops under the setting sun.

Legacy placed the poppy badge beside the Magic Storybook. Dotty smiled and said, “Let’s make a Remembrance Garden here.”

Buddy drew a big red heart on a sign that read: “Thank You for Peace.”

Legacy looked out at the quiet woods and smiled.

“VE Day reminds us,” he said, “that even after the darkest times, light returns—and friends help keep that light shining.”

The End

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