

**RORY THE**  
**KNIGHT**  
**AND THE**  
**GRIZZLIES**

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Version 1.1

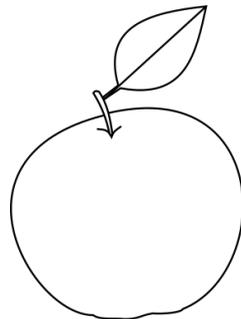
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ISBN: 9798690668679





Color in the bear paws

For Rory,

Sometimes the chaser becomes the chased,  
and the hunter becomes the hunted.

Draw Rory and his friends on their horses

**S**ometimes Rory the Knight fights monsters. Sometimes he marches straight into danger. But every hero knows that there are times when it's best to run *away* from danger, especially when there's no one around to help.

You'll soon see what I mean.

It was spring in the Rocky Mountains. Rory and two of his friends were on an expedition, surveying the wilderness for a railway company. The snow had melted and all nature was coming alive again.

As the three men rode their horses, they came upon a beautiful meadow on an unusually warm day. Bees were buzzing, birds were chirping, and flowers were blooming. The meadow was so pleasant, Rory said, "Friends, let's camp here for the night."

Draw a fox carrying Rory's wallet

The three men unsaddled their horses and turned them loose to munch on the fresh spring grass. Rory volunteered to hunt while the others set up camp. There were deer all over the valley and he shot one to eat for dinner that evening.

Around dusk, while the deer was roasting over the fire, a fox arrived at camp. The men watched as it sniffed around the saddles and scratched at the bags.

“That silly fox,” said Rory. “What’s it looking for?”

They figured the fox had some little ones back in its den to feed. But then the fox stuck its nose into Rory’s saddle bag and pulled out Rory’s wallet. Immediately, Rory jumped up and yelled, “Hey! That’s mine!”

This, of course, frightened the fox, and it ran off into the field carrying Rory’s wallet in its jaws.

Draw Rory falling into the mountain

“Come back with my money!” Rory shouted.

His friends roared with laughter as Rory chased the fox across the field. Eventually, they reached an old rockslide on the side of a mountain. The fox nimbly hopped up the boulders, while Rory scrambled over the rocks after it. But suddenly, one of the big stones gave way and a hole opened up beneath him. Before he knew it, Rory had fallen through and disappeared into the depths of the mountain, yelling all the way down.

*“WAAAHHHH!”*

Draw Rory in a cave

*“OAF!”*

Rory landed hard on his back down in the darkness.

“Where am I?” he said as he got to his feet.

Rory gazed up at the hole far above him. He had fallen straight through the roof of a cave! It was too dark to see anything down there, but he smelled something foul.

*Sniff, sniff.*

“Ugh, this place smells terrible! It smells like old underwear on a wet dog!”

However, he couldn’t reach the opening above him to climb out.

“How on earth am I going to get out of here?”

Draw Rory holding up a burning match

Rory felt in his pockets. He found three things: a box of matches, a knife, and an apple. Rory pulled out the box of matches and lit one.

*flick*

He held the flame up to see what else was in the cave. However, what he saw made his blood run cold: there, in the cave with him, were...

... big...

... furry...

... bodies...

... snoring all around him!

Rory had fallen down into a den full of sleeping ***GRIZZY BEARS!***

Draw Rory surrounded by sleeping grizzly bears

“*EEP!*” exclaimed Rory, but then he clapped a hand over his mouth.

You see, when bears hibernate, they sleep all winter. They don’t eat anything during that time, and when they wake up in the spring, they’re *very* hungry. So, this cave that Rory had fallen into, which was full of sleeping grizzly bears, was a very dangerous place to be in the spring.

Rory whispered to himself, “If these bears wake up and find me here, they’ll eat me for sure! I’ve got to get out of here!”

In the matchlight, he looked toward the far end of the cave and saw a faint light, but the match burned down onto his fingers.

“Ouch!”

He dropped it to the ground as the flame went out. The cave was dark again, but Rory started creeping slowly toward the light at the entrance.

Draw two baby bears

What Rory didn't realize was that two baby bears, which had been born through the winter, had woken up when he crashed through the roof. They were quite curious about this stranger in their cave.

As Rory snuck through the darkness, he heard something behind him.

*scratch, scratch*

He turned around quickly, but couldn't see anything, so Rory kept creeping forward.

*rustle, rustle*

He turned around again, but *still* couldn't see anything.

“Oh dear,” he whispered, “I think there's something awake down here, and I'm pretty sure it's *following me!*”

Draw a box of matches, a knife, and an apple

Rory lit another match and held it up. He saw two little bears bumbling after him, calling out for food.

*Mer, Mer*

They smelled the apple in his pocket, which had gotten squished during the fall. They clawed at his pant leg, but Rory said, “Shoo! Get out of here you silly bears!”

He couldn’t *kick* them away, nor could he *throw* them aside, or else they’d *really* make a fuss. He tried to push them away with his foot, but they just made even *more* noise!

*Mer! Mer!*

He could tell they were hungry.

“Okay, fine,” Rory said. “I’ll give you my apple. Just be quiet!”

He sliced off a piece with his knife and waved it in front of them. The little bears got excited.

*MER! MER! MER!*

Draw a big grumpy grizzly bear standing up tall

“You want it? Go get it!”

Rory threw the apple slice to the far end of the cave and the two little bears went scampering away after it.

“Oh good,” said Rory. “I finally got rid of them. Now I can get out of here!”

But as he took a step backward, he bumped into something *BIG* and *FURRY*. And something was breathing heavily above his head.

*GROWL...*

Rory looked up and saw the face of a *MASSIVE* grizzly bear staring down at him. It had been woken up by the two cubs and now *it* wanted the apple in Rory’s hand!

“Uh oh...”

Draw a grizzly roaring at Rory

Drips of drool were running down the bear's snout. It was grumpy from being woken up and hungry from its long hibernation.

Rory was in big trouble. He couldn't run – the bear was blocking the entrance. He couldn't fight – the bear would tear him to pieces. And he couldn't call for help – his friends were too far away. So he used what he had in his hands.

“Is this what you want?”

He waved the apple in front of the bear.

*ROOOOAAAR!!!*

The big grizzly roared a terrible roar straight into Rory's face, showering him with drool. Rory was so scared he nearly wet his pants. He quickly threw the apple into the far corner and the big grizzly crashed away after it.

Rory didn't waste another moment. With the bears distracted, he dashed out of the cave.

But he didn't get away that easily.

Draw twelve bears chasing Rory

Back in the cave, the roaring and crashing of the big grizzly woke up all other bears. They smelled the apple and saw Rory dash out of the cave. They didn't just want to eat his apple, they wanted to eat *him*! All twelve grizzlies burst out of the cave and started chasing after Rory.

Bears are normally faster than humans, but these ones were a bit stumbly on the rocks and snoozy from their long hibernation.

Rory reached the bottom of the rockslide and sprinted across the meadow. Soon the bears were in the meadow too, tearing up the ground after him.

All of them were running as fast as they could toward camp!

Draw a big campfire

Back at camp, Rory's two friends were wondering what had happened to him.

“He's sure taking a long time getting back.”

They heard some shouting in the distance, but they couldn't make out what was being said.

Across the field, Rory was shouting as he ran.

***“BUILD UP THE FIRE AND GRAB  
THE GUNS!”***

“That sounded like Rory?” they said. “What's he talking about?”

As they stood up and looked out across the meadow, they saw Rory running toward them,  
***WITH TWELVE ANGRY BEARS  
RIGHT BEHIND HIM!!!***

They nearly wet their pants too.

Draw the bears eating the deer

Rory burst into camp and jumped over the fire. The bears skidded to a stop when they saw the campfire. The biggest grizzly roared at the three terrified men across the fire.

*ROOOOAAAR!!!*

All the bears were hungry and angry. But just as they were about to attack Rory and his friends, they stopped.

*Sniff, sniff*

The bears could smell something. Remember what was over the fire? The deer! The big grizzly swatted the deer off the fire and into the dirt. Immediately, all twelve bears tore into it and began gobbling it up.

“Quick,” said Rory, “run away while they’re distracted!”

Draw Rory up a tree

The three friends snuck away from camp and dashed into the forest. They found a tree to climb, away from the bears in the meadow below.

Soon the deer was all eaten, bones and all. But the bears weren't done. Rory and his friends heard them tearing apart the camp. It was too dangerous to climb down, so the men spent a miserable, sleepless night up the tree.

Draw a tent torn apart by bears

When morning came, the grizzlies wandered away and the men returned to their camp. It was a mess. Every bag had been ripped open and every scrap of food eaten. Even some of their clothes had been gobbled up.

But at least the men were alive.

They salvaged what gear they could from their trashed camp, fetched their horses (who had happily spent the night eating grass in the meadow), and rode away.

And that is the story of how Rory started chasing something small but soon found himself *being* chased by something big. The legend of Grizzly Mountain was talked about for years to come, and many years later it became part of a national park where bears could live in peace, without any breathless adventurers falling into their caves.

The end.

## Hey Kids!

You've probably noticed that there are no pictures in this book. That's because kids always do a better job at imagining stories than adults. So go back and draw all the pictures. Get your parents to scan and email them to me and we'll post the best ones on our website! Be sure to include your name and age.

Enjoy!

*D. B. Ryan*

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