Paddington was very surprised when he woke up the next morning and found himself in bed. He decided it was a nice feeling as he stretched himself and pulled the sheets up round his head with a paw. He reached out with his feet and found a cool spot for his toes. One advantage of being a very small bear in a large bed was that there was so much room.

After a few minutes he poked his head out cautiously and sniffed. There was a lovely smell of something coming under the door. It seemed to be getting nearer and nearer. There were footsteps too, coming up the stairs. As they stopped by his door there was a knock and Mrs Bird’s voice called out, “Are you awake, young Paddington?”

“Only just,” called out Paddington, rubbing his eyes.

The door opened. “You’ve had a good sleep,” said Mrs Bird as she placed a tray on the bed and drew the curtains. “And you’re a very privileged person to have breakfast in bed on a weekday!”

Paddington eyed the tray hungrily. There was half a grapefruit in a bowl, a plate of bacon and eggs, some toast, and a whole pot of marmalade, not to mention a large cup of tea. “Is all that for me?” he exclaimed.

“If you don’t want it I can soon take it away again,” said Mrs Bird.

“Oh, I do,” said Paddington, hurriedly. “It’s just that I’ve never seen so much breakfast before.”

“Well, you’d better hurry up with it.” Mrs Bird turned in the doorway and looked back. “Because you’re going on a shopping expedition this morning with Mrs Brown and Judy. And all I can say is, thank goodness I’m not going too!” She closed the door.

“Now I wonder what she means by that?” said Paddington. But he didn’t worry about it for very long. There was far too much to do. It was the first time he had ever had breakfast in bed and he soon found it wasn’t quite so easy as it looked. First of all he had trouble with the grapefruit. Every time he pressed it with his spoon a long stream of juice shot up and hit him in the eye, which was very painful. And all the time he was worried because the bacon and eggs were getting cold. Then there was the question of the marmalade. He wanted to leave room for the marmalade.

In the end he decided it would be much nicer if he mixed everything up on the one plate and sat on the tray to eat it.

“Oh, Paddington,” said Judy when she entered the room a few minutes later and found him perched on the tray, “whatever are you doing now? Do hurry up. We’re waiting for you downstairs.” Paddington looked up, an expression of bliss on his face; that part of his face which could be seen behind egg whiskers and toast crumbs. He tried to say something but all he could manage was a muffled grunting noise which sounded like IMJUSTCOMING all rolled into one.

“Really!” Judy took out her handkerchief and wiped his face. “You’re the stickiest bear imaginable. And if you don’t hurry up all the nice things will be gone. Mummy’s going to buy you a complete new outfit from Barkridges — I heard her say so. Now, comb your fur quickly and come on down.”

As she closed the door Paddington looked at the remains of his breakfast. Most of it was gone but there was a large piece of bacon left which it seemed a pity to waste. He decided to put it into his suitcase in case he got hungry later on.
He hurried into the bathroom and rubbed his face over with some warm water. Then he combed his whiskers carefully and a few moments later, not looking perhaps as clean as he had done the evening before, but quite smart, he arrived downstairs.

“I hope you’re not wearing that hat,” said Mrs Brown, as she looked down at him.

“Oh, do let him, Mummy,” cried Judy. “It’s so... so unusual.”

“It’s unusual all right,” said Mrs Brown. “I don’t know that I’ve ever seen anything quite like it before. It’s such a funny shape. I don’t know what you’d call it.”

“It’s a bush hat,” said Paddington, proudly. “And it saved my life.”

“Saved your life?” repeated Mrs Brown. “Don’t be silly. How could a hat save your life?” Paddington was about to tell her of his adventure in the bath the evening before when he received a nudge from Judy. She shook her head. “Er... it’s a long story,” he said, lamely.

“Then you’d better save it for another time,” said Mrs Brown. “Now come along, both of you.” Paddington picked up his suitcase and followed Mrs Brown and Judy to the front door. By the door Mrs Brown paused and sniffed.

“That’s very strange,” she said. “There seems to be a smell of bacon everywhere this morning. Can you smell it, Paddington?”

Paddington started. He put the suitcase guiltily behind himself and sniffed. He had several expressions which he kept for emergencies. There was his thoughtful expression, when he stared into space and rested his chin on a paw. Then there was his innocent one which wasn’t really an expression at all. He decided to use this one.

“It’s very strong,” he said, truthfully, for he was a truthful bear. And then he added, perhaps not quite so truthfully, “I wonder where it’s coming from?”

“If I were you,” whispered Judy, as they walked along the road towards the tube station, “I should be more careful in future when you pack your suitcase!”

Paddington looked down. A large piece of bacon stuck out of the side of his case and was trailing on the pavement.

“Shoo!” cried Mrs Brown as a grubby-looking dog came bounding across the road. Paddington waved his suitcase. “Go away, dog,” he said sternly. The dog licked its lips and Paddington glanced anxiously over his shoulder as he hurried on, keeping close behind Mrs Brown and Judy.

“Oh dear,” said Mrs Brown. “I have a funny feeling about today. As if things are going to happen. Do you ever have that feeling, Paddington?”

Paddington considered for a moment. “Sometimes,” he said vaguely as they entered the station.

At first Paddington was a little bit disappointed in the Underground. He liked the noise and the bustle and the smell of warm air which greeted him as they went inside. But he didn’t think much of the ticket.

He examined carefully the piece of green cardboard which he held in his paw. “It doesn’t seem much to get for eighty pence,” he said. After all the lovely whirring and clanking noises the ticket machine had made it did seem disappointing. He’d expected much more for his money.

“But Paddington,” Mrs Brown sighed, “you only have a ticket so that you can ride on the train. They won’t let you on otherwise.” She looked and sounded rather flustered. Secretly she was beginning to wish they had waited until later in the day, when it wasn’t quite so crowded. There was also the peculiar business of the dogs. Not one, but six dogs of various shapes and sizes had followed them right inside. She had a funny feeling it had something
to do with Paddington, but the only time she caught his eye it had such an innocent expression she felt quite upset with herself for having such thoughts.

“I suppose,” she said to Paddington, as they stepped on the escalator, “we ought really to carry you. It says you’re supposed to carry dogs but it doesn’t say anything about bears.” Paddington didn’t answer. He was following behind in a dream. Being a very short bear he couldn’t easily see over the side, but when he did his eyes nearly popped out with excitement. There were people everywhere. He’d never seen so many. There were people rushing down one side and there were more people rushing up the other. Everyone seemed in a terrible hurry. As he stepped off the escalator he found himself carried away between a man with an umbrella and a lady with a large shopping bag. By the time he managed to push his way free both Mrs Brown and Judy had completely disappeared.

It was then that he saw a most surprising notice. He blinked at it several times to make sure but each time he opened his eyes it said the same thing: FOLLOW THE AMBER LIGHT TO PADDINGTON.

Paddington decided the Underground was quite the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him. He turned and trotted down the corridor, following the amber lights, until he met another crowd of people who were queuing for the ‘up’ escalator.

“’Ere,” said the man at the top, as he examined Paddington’s ticket. “What’s all this? You haven’t been anywhere yet.”

“I know,” said Paddington, unhappily. “I think I must have made a mistake at the bottom.” The man sniffed suspiciously and called across to an inspector. “There’s a young bear ’ere, smelling of bacon. Says he made a mistake at the bottom.” The inspector put his thumbs under his waistcoat. “Escalators is for the benefit and convenience of passengers,” he said sternly. “Not for the likes of young bears to play on. Especially in the rush hour.”

“Yes, sir,” said Paddington, raising his hat. “But we don’t have esca... esca...”

"... lators,” said the inspector, helpfully.

“... lators,” said Paddington, “in Darkest Peru. I’ve never been on one before, so it’s rather difficult.”

“Darkest Peru?” said the inspector, looking most impressed. “Oh, well in that case” — he lifted up the chain which divided the ‘up’ and ‘down’ escalators — “you’d better get back down. But don’t let me catch you up to any tricks again.”

“Thank you very much,” said Paddington gratefully, as he ducked under the chain. “It’s very kind of you, I’m sure.” He turned to wave goodbye, but before he could raise his hat he found himself being whisked into the depths of the Underground again.

Half-way down he was gazing with interest at the brightly coloured posters on the wall when the man standing behind poked him with his umbrella. “There’s someone calling you,” he said.

Paddington looked round and was just in time to see Mrs Brown and Judy pass by on their way up. They waved frantically at him and Mrs Brown called out “Stop!” several times. Paddington turned and tried to run up the escalator, but it was going very fast, and with his short legs it was as much as he could do even to stand still. He had his head down and he didn’t notice a fat man with a briefcase who was running in the opposite direction until it was too late.

There was a roar of rage from the fat man and he toppled over and grabbed at several other people. Then Paddington felt himself falling. He went bump, bump, bump all the way down before he shot off the end and finally skidded to a stop by the wall.
When he looked round everything seemed very confused. A number of people were gathered round the fat man, who was sitting on the floor rubbing his head. Away in the distance he could see Mrs Brown and Judy trying to push their way down the ‘up’ escalator. It was while he was watching their efforts that he saw another notice. It was in a brass case at the bottom of the escalator and it said, in big red letters: TO STOP THE ESCALATOR IN CASES OF EMERGENCY PUSH THE BUTTON.

It also said in much smaller letters, ‘Penalty for Improper Use - £50’. But in his hurry Paddington did not notice this. In any case it seemed to him very much of an emergency. He swung his suitcase through the air and hit the button as hard as he could.

If there had been confusion while the escalator was moving, there was even more when it stopped. Paddington watched with surprise as everyone started running about in different directions shouting at each other. One man even began calling out “Fire!” and somewhere in the distance a bell began to ring.

He was just thinking what a lot of excitement pressing one small button could cause when a heavy hand descended on his shoulder.

“That’s him!” someone shouted, pointing an accusing finger. “Saw him do it with me own eyes. As large as life!”

“Hit it with his suitcase,” shouted another voice. “Ought not to be allowed!” While from the back of the crowd someone else suggested sending for the police.

Paddington began to feel frightened. He turned and looked up at the owner of the hand.

“Oh,” said a stern voice. “It’s you again. I might have known.” The inspector took out a notebook. “Name, please.”

“Er... Paddington,” said Paddington.

“I said what’s your name, not where do you want to go,” repeated the inspector.

“That’s right,” said Paddington. “That is my name.”

“Paddington!” said the inspector, unbelievingly. “It can’t be. That’s the name of a station. I’ve never heard of a bear called Paddington before.”

“It’s very unusual,” said Paddington. “But it’s Paddington Brown, and I live at number thirty-two Windsor Gardens. And I’ve lost Mrs Brown and Judy.”

“Oh!” The inspector wrote something in his book. “Can I see your ticket?”

“Er... I had it,” said Paddington. “But I don’t seem to any more.”

The inspector began writing again. “Playing on the escalator. Travelling without a ticket. Stopping the escalator. All serious offences they are.” He looked up. “What have you got to say to that, young feller me lad?”

“Well... er...” Paddington shifted uneasily and looked down at his paws.

“Have you tried looking inside your hat?” asked the inspector, not unkindly. “People often put their tickets in there.”

Paddington jumped with relief. “I kniew I had it somewhere,” he said, thankfully, as he handed it to the inspector.

The inspector handed it back again quickly. The inside of Paddington’s hat was rather sticky.

“I’ve never known anyone take so long not to get anywhere,” he said, looking hard at Paddington. “Do you often travel on the Underground?”

“It’s the first time,” said Paddington.

“And the last if I have anything to do with it,” said Mrs Brown as she pushed her way through the crowd.
“Is this your bear, Madam?” asked the inspector. “Because if it is, I have to inform you that he’s in serious trouble.” He began to reid from his notebook. “As far as I can see he’s broken two important regulations — probably more. I shall have to give him into custody.”

“Oh dear,” Mrs Brown clutched at Judy for support. “Do you have to? He’s only small and it’s his first time out in London. I’m sure he won’t do it again.”

“Ignorance of the law is no excuse,” said the inspector, ominously. “Not in court! Persons are expected to abide by the regulations. It says so.”

“In court!” Mrs Brown passed a hand nervously over her forehead. The word court always upset her. She had visions of Paddington being taken away in handcuffs and being cross-examined and all sorts of awful things.

Judy took hold of Paddington’s paw and squeezed it reassuringly. Paddington looked up gratefully. He wasn’t at all sure what they were talking about, but none of it sounded very nice.

“Did you say persons are expected to abide by the regulations?” Judy asked, firmly.

“That’s right,” began the inspector. “And I have my duty to do the same as everyone else.”

“But it doesn’t say anything about bears?” asked Judy, innocently.

“Well.” The inspector scratched his head. “Not in so many words.” He looked down at Judy, then at Paddington, and then all around. The escalator had started up again and the crowd of sightseers had disappeared.

“It’s all highly irregular,” he said. “But...”

“Oh, thank you,” said Judy. “I think you’re the kindest man I’ve ever met! Don’t you think so, Paddington?” Paddington nodded his head vigorously and the inspector blushed.

“I shall always travel on this Underground in future,” said Paddington, politely. “I’m sure it’s the nicest in all London.”

The inspector opened his mouth and seemed about to say something, but he closed it again. “Come along, children,” said Mrs Brown, hastily. “If we don’t hurry up we shall never get our shopping done.”

From somewhere up above came the sound of dogs barking. The inspector sighed. “I can’t understand it,” he said. “This used to be such a well-run, respectable station. Now look at it!”

He stared after the retreating figures of Mrs Brown and Judy with Paddington bringing up the rear and then he rubbed his eyes. “That’s funny” he said, more to himself. “I must be seeing things. I could have sworn that bear had some bacon sticking out of his case!” He shrugged his shoulders. There were more important things to worry about. Judging by the noise coming from the top of the escalator there was some sort of dog fight going on. It needed investigating.