

Amanda Li
PROCESS BOOK

Did You Let Me Go?

Design Process



Research

Understand context and visual goals.



Creation

Develop layout and graphic elements.



Ideation

Explore concepts and visual direction.



Final Outcome

Finalize assets and prepare for final output.

Did You Let Me Go?

Book Design

Audience: Children (8–14) and adults

Design tool: Adobe Indesign, Adobe Illustrator





Design Brief

This book explores the lasting appeal of Winnie the Pooh through stories and analysis of its films. Combining childhood nostalgia with adult insight, it invites readers to rediscover the warmth and depth of the original tales and their adaptations.

Design Goal

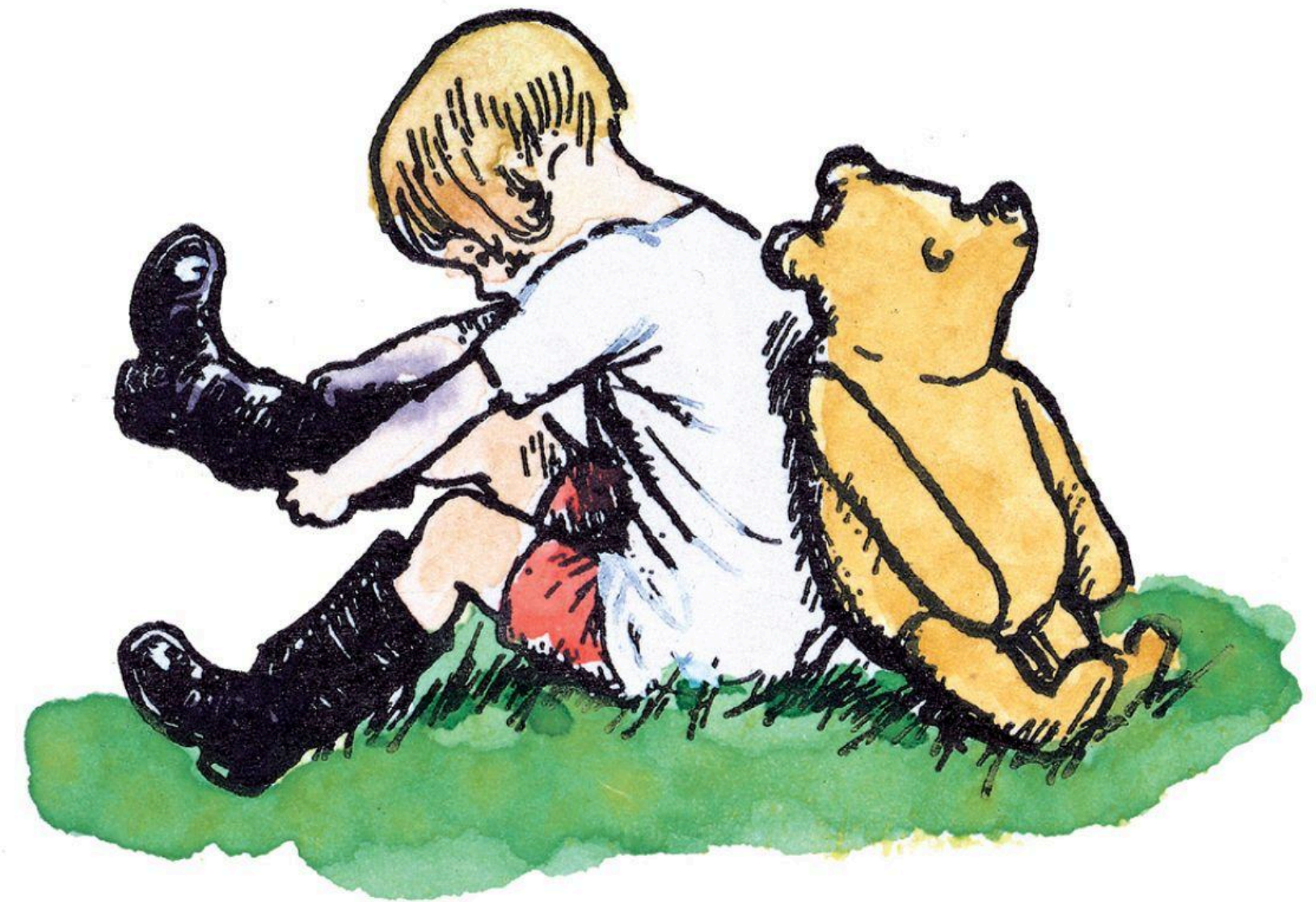
To bridge the inner child and the grown-up world through imagery that speaks to both—inviting reflection, warmth, and imagination.



Research

Topic Choice
Understand Context

I chose Winnie the Pooh as the top of this book design project because the 2018 Christopher Robin film deeply moved me. It reminded me how easily we lose touch with the sincerity, joy, and imagination of childhood as we grow up. Through this project, I want to revisit that emotional space—where simple things mattered—and explore how a familiar childhood figure can still speak to adult struggles with time, identity, and what truly matters.





- **Museum or Gallery Merchandise**

Sold as a keepsake in exhibitions focused on childhood, illustration, or animation history—offering deeper narrative context to visitors.

- **Gift Book for Cross-Generational Readers**

A thoughtful gift that connects parents and children—inviting adults to revisit childhood memories while introducing kids to timeless stories.

- **Bookstore Feature for Themed Displays**

Included in special displays for nostalgia, animation, or classic children's literature, appealing to both casual readers and collectors.



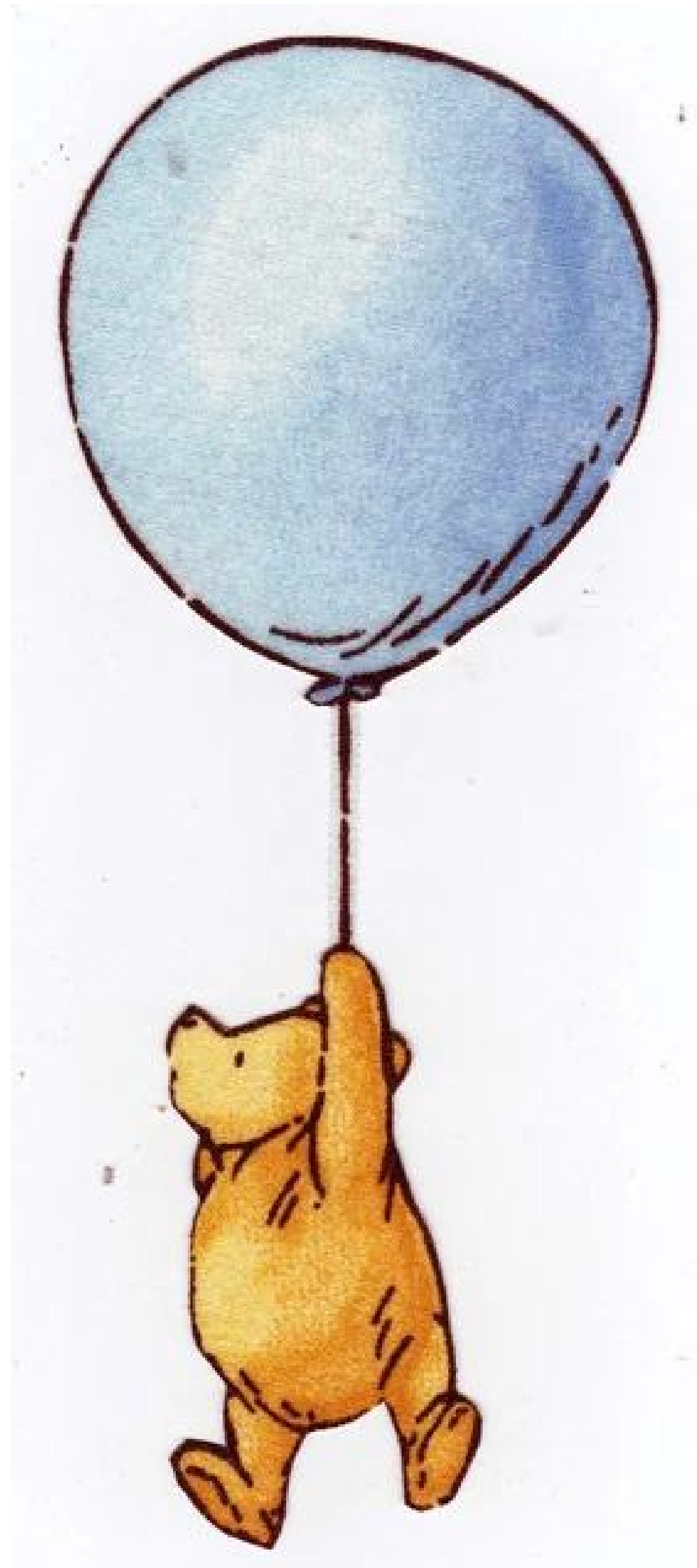
Ideation

Concept Research
Concept Sketches

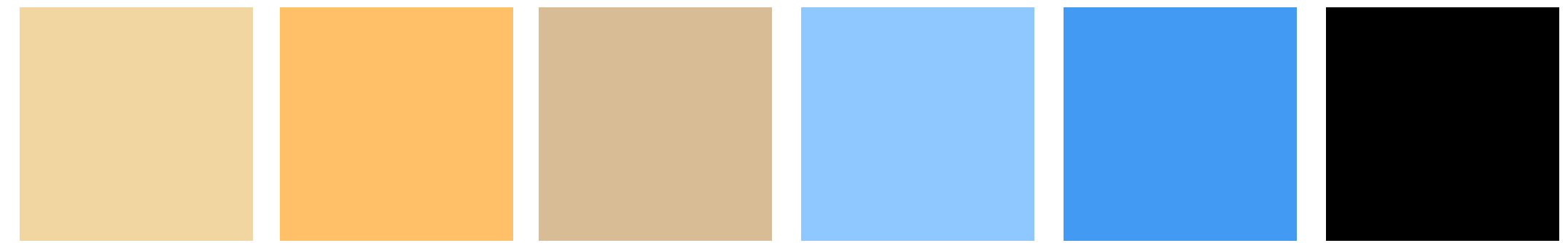
Inspiration



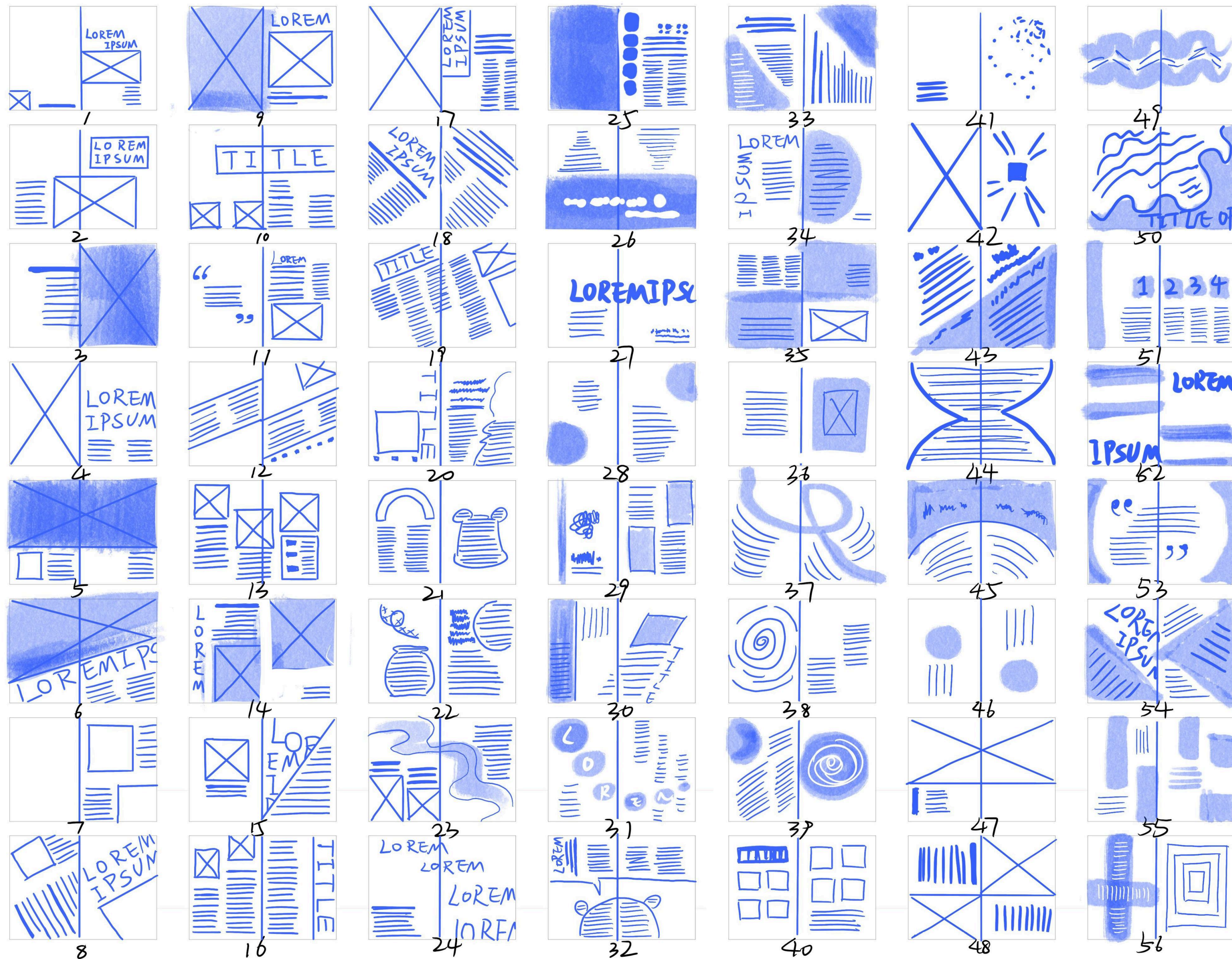
Concept Research



Inspired by the warmth and simplicity of Winnie the Pooh's world, this project adopts a gentle yet cheerful color palette. Soft wood tones, sunny yellows, playful oranges, and light sky blues reflect the nostalgic charm of childhood and the story's natural setting. These colors, combined with friendly, rounded typography, create a calm and welcoming atmosphere—echoing the emotional comfort and quiet joy found in Pooh's timeless adventures.

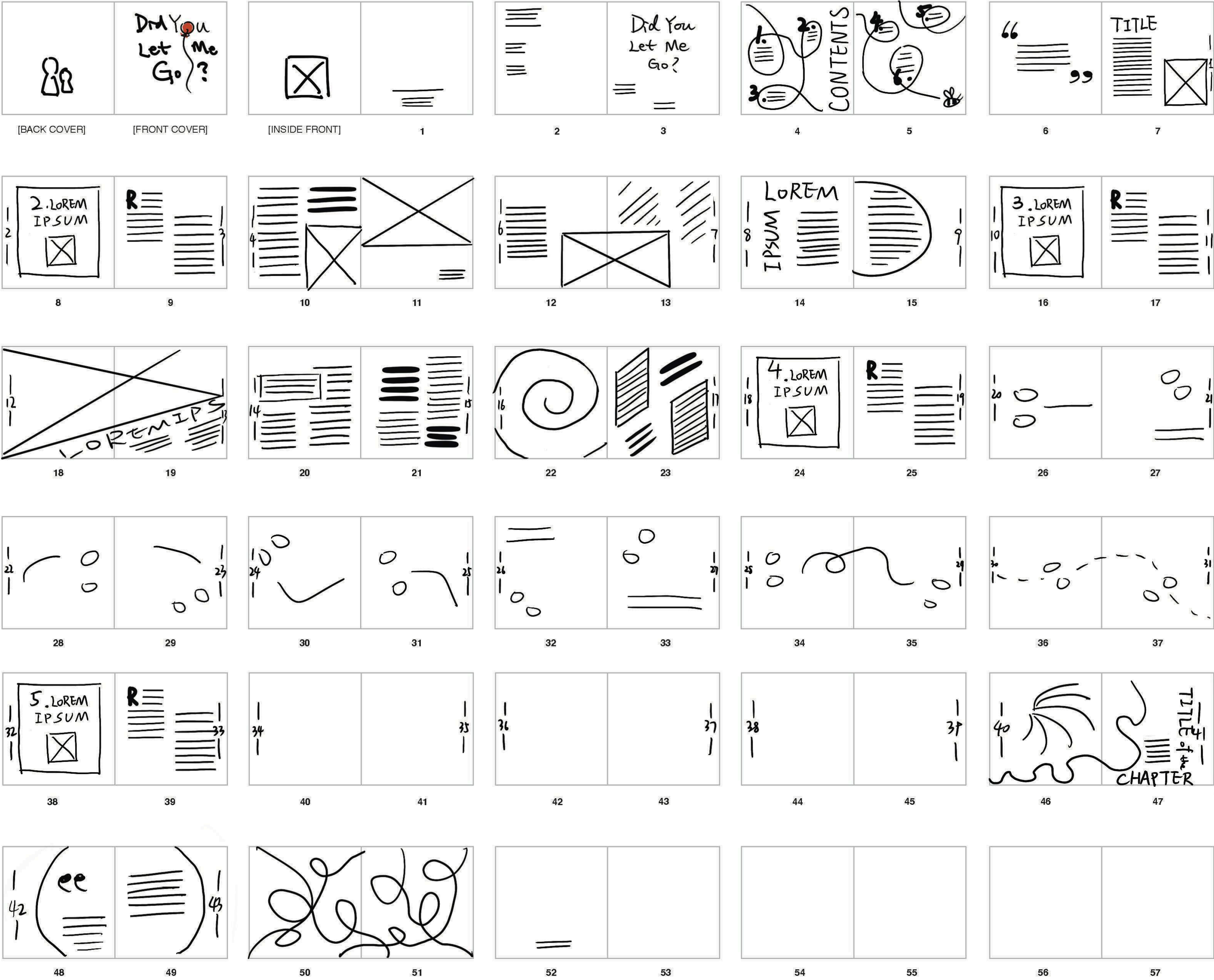


Concept Sketches



Early-stage Sketches

This phase investigates layout strategies that balance visual rhythm and narrative clarity, with an emphasis on playful expression.



Secondary Sketches

After finalizing the book size, the secondary sketches refine layout details such as page structure and text placement.



Creation

Type Explorations
Execution Options

CHAPTER 1

Bookman Old Style

Sketchy

HOW ARE YOU, POOH?

Winnie the Pooh, a beloved bear created by A.A. Milne, has enchanted generations with his timeless charm. This lovable bear, along with his friends in the Hundred Acre Wood, embodies the simplicity and joy of childhood. Pooh's adventures, filled with honey pots and heartwarming friendships, remind us of the beauty in life's simple pleasures. The endearing tales not only entertain but also impart valuable life lessons about friendship, kindness, and the importance of embracing the wonder of nature. Winnie the Pooh's enduring appeal lies in his ability to transport readers to a world where imagination and nature intertwine, leaving a lasting legacy in the hearts of both young and old.

BIZ UDPMincho Regular


Type Choice

The type choice evokes a classic, storybook feel with its serif elegance and gentle curves, aligning well with the nostalgic and literary theme of the book. It reinforces the timeless charm of Winnie the Pooh while maintaining a sense of warmth, simplicity, and narrative clarity.

2

CHAPTER 2

Our Friend,
Christopher Robin



3

Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said: "And the

only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

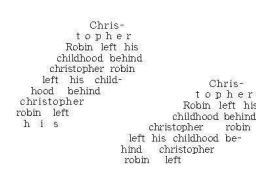
Isn't it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?
Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further ... and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees,
They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees,
And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.
He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

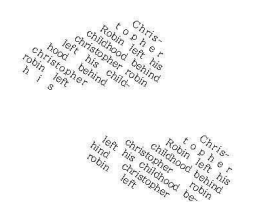
C
a
k
!

6

What should happen if you forget about me?



7



Silly old bear. I wouldn't ever forget about you, Pooh, I promise. Not even when I'm a hundred.

4

Good morning,
Winnie-the-Pooh.



Good morning, Christopher Robin,

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't—" he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch.

"You see, what I meant to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, "what I meant to do—"

"Of course, it was rather—" he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "it all comes of liking honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his

friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-ther-Pooh," said you.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon for?" you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "Honey!"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"I do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one and the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.



First Draft

Based on sketches, I explored the basic layout of images and texts.

CHAPTER 2

OUR FRIEND, CHRISTOPHER ROBIN



Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey." And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

Isn't it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?
Then he climbed a little further ... and
a little further ... and then just a little
further. By that time he had thought of
another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bees were Bees,
They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.
And that being so (if the Bees were Bees),
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.
He was getting rather tired by this time,
so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

$$C_{r_g C_k!}$$

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're suspicious!"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey."

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

“Christopher Robin!”

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old Bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely Suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

“Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?”

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing... Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

How sweet to be a Cloud

Floating in the BLUE!

Every little cloud
Always sings aloud.

"How sweet to be a Cloud

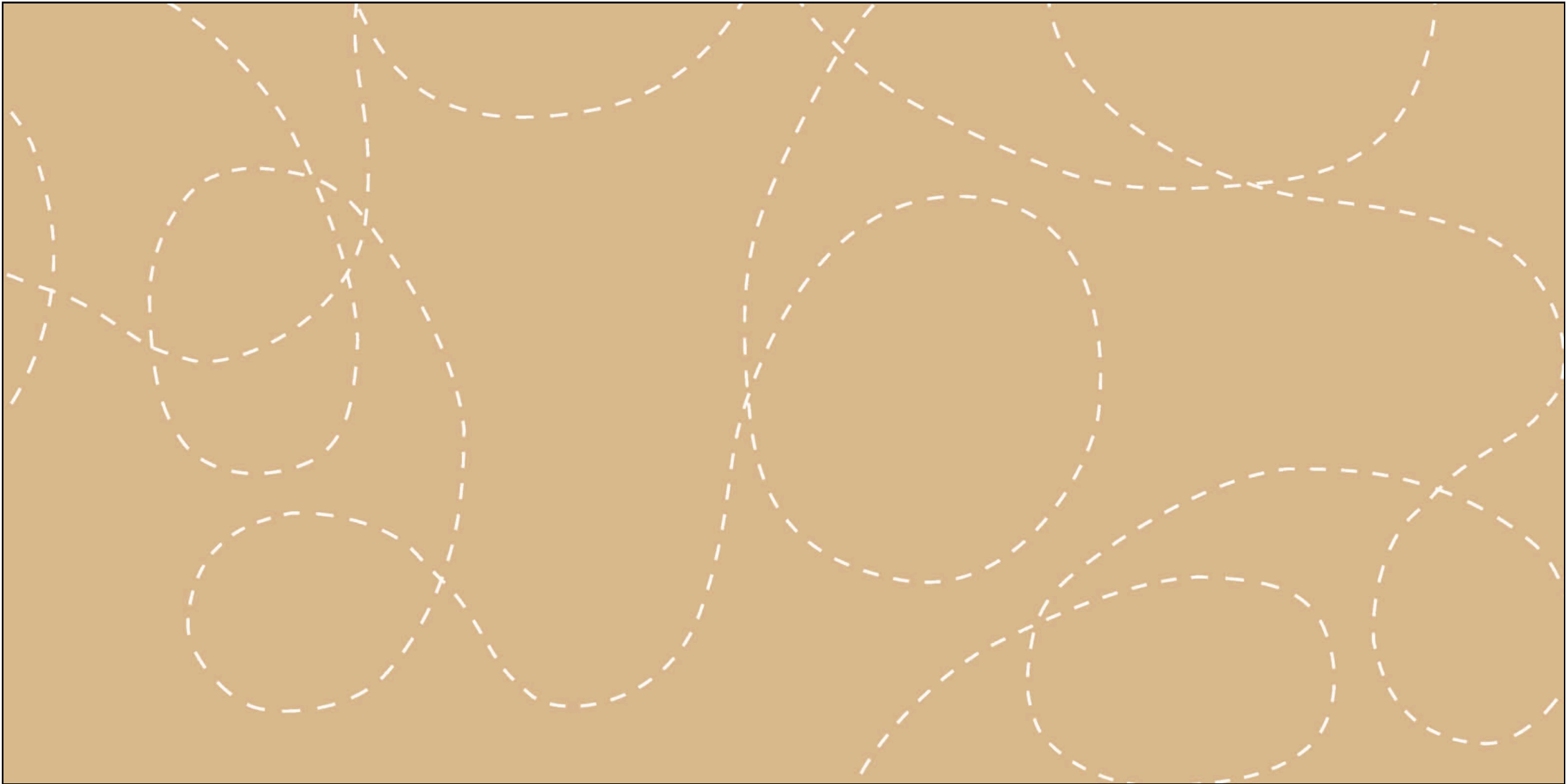
Floating in the Blue!"

It makes him very proud

To be a little cloud.

Second Draft

Further refinements broke away from rigid initial structures, bringing more energy and variety to the overall layout.



This book is an original design by Mengda Li.
Copyright © 2024. All rights reserved.

Original text and illustrations are copyright by their respective authors.


Winnie-the-Pooh
By A.A. Milne
Illustrated by E. H. Shepard
Copyright © 1926

Christopher Robin (2018) Review (with deletions)
By Odie Henderson
Copyright © 2018

Other Text & Design elements
By Mengda Li
Copyright © 2024

Created at the Savannah College of Art and Design

Did You
Let Me
GO?



A book about Winnie the Pooh,
dedicated to former kid or a
soon-to-be adult.

Final Draft (Excerpt)

CONTENTS

1.

INTRODUCTION

1

2.

OUR FRIEND,
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

3

3.


OUR INNER
WINNIE-
THE-POOH

13

4.

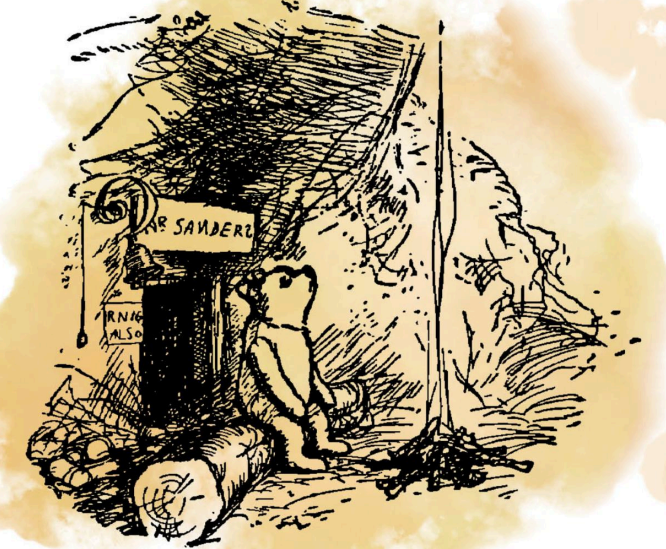
WHAT
SHOULD
HAPPEN IF
YOU FORGET
ABOUT ME?

19



CHAPTER 2

OUR FRIEND,
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN



Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey." And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

Isn't it funny
How a bear likes honey?

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

I wonder why he does?
Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further ... and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees.
They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.
And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.
He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

Crack!

Did You Let Me Go?

“

Some people care too much. I think it's called love.

”

- A.A. Milne, *Winnie-the-Pooh*



INTRODUCTION

Winnie-the-Pooh has been a beloved story series for me since the tender age of three. The warm and innocent moments within the tales, coupled with the adorable characters, have been constant companions throughout countless days and nights. However, at some point, for various reasons, I began to forget the emotions and memories of my childhood. There came a time when I even started to feel that continuing to love Winnie the Pooh as an adult was somehow childish and embarrassing.

Yet, fate intervened, leading me to stumble upon the 2018 film "Christopher Robin." The storyline resonated with my personal experiences, serving as a poignant reminder that while people can grow older, they should not lose the precious qualities that reside in the depths of their hearts. This realization prompted me to reassess myself, recognizing that in the pursuit of adulthood, I had lost some valuable virtues such as love, friendship, courage, and innocence.

Motivated by this epiphany, I decided to intertwine these reflections with my enduring affection for Winnie the Pooh. I embarked on the journey of compiling a book that not only includes original Pooh stories but also incorporates insights from "Christopher Robin" and background stories from the Winnie the Pooh series. Through this compilation, my aim is to rekindle memories of the beautiful moments of childhood for readers and to emphasize that growing up does not equate to losing one's genuine and compassionate inner self.

I hope that through this work, readers will be reminded of the enchanting times of their childhood and be inspired to hold onto that intrinsic, ever-loving, and innocent spirit.

I sincerely hope you enjoy this book and join me in celebrating the enduring love for the Winnie the Pooh series and the pursuit of a beautiful life.

Did You Let Me Go?

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't—" he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch.

"You see, what I meant to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, "what I meant to do—"

"Of course, it was rather—" he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "it all comes of liking honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.


So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-the-Pooh," said you.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"



7

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon for?" you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "Honey!"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"I do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one and the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

"It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon, they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and, if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?"

"Wouldn't they notice you underneath the balloon?" you asked.

"They might or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "You never can tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said: "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them."

"Then you had better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided.

Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there—level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

"Hooray!" you shouted.

"Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?"

"You look like a Bear holding on to a balloon," you said.

"Not," said Pooh anxiously. "—not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?"

"Not very much."

"Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you never can tell with bees."

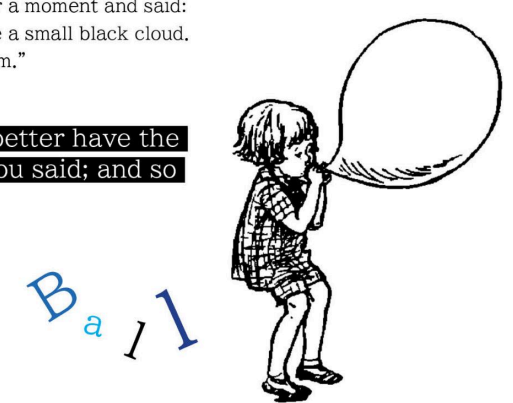
There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree, so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey.

After a little while he called down to you.

"Christopher Robin!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Hallo!"

"I think the bees suspect something!"



Did You Let Me Go?

11

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again.

"Christopher—ow!—Robin," called out the cloud.

"Yes?"

"I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. These are the wrong sort of bees."

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall—bump—and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said:

"Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," you said.

"But if you don't," said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would spoil me."

When he put it like this, you saw how it was, and you aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"Ow!" said Pooh.

"Did I miss?" you asked.

"You didn't exactly miss," said Pooh, "but you missed the balloon."

"I'm so sorry," you said, and you fired again, and this time you hit the balloon, and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground.

But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off. And I think—but I am not sure—that that is why he was always called Pooh.



Did You Let Me Go?

9

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're suspicious!"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey."

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

"Christopher Robin!"

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."


"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing—. Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!

Floating in the BLUE!
Every little cloud
Always sings aloud.
"How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!"
It makes him very proud
To be a little cloud.



Did You Let Me Go?

15

We Are Christopher, Evelyn, and Madeline: "Identification"

The first 10 minutes of this movie are tough – we see Christopher Robin as the young boy we remember, our memories about his adventures are unlocked and we feel that nice lift to our mood. But very quickly, he bids farewell to his family of felt animals and suits up to hazard the dangers of boarding school, family loss, active duty in war, and developing a career – all in a flash. As we see him grow we cannot help but think about ourselves – all of our traumas and woes that have piled up since elementary school. Seeing Christopher Robin grow into Mr. Robin, to see a timeless character affected by the sorrows of age that we've also experienced, fills us with a strange sense of mourning for childhood – his and ours.

We also recognize ourselves in him as an adult. Despite who we are now we were kids once.

We have gone through so much, too. We are generally good people and we work hard for our loved ones.

But he also grows up to be someone we might recognize from our own childhood – that loved one who seemed disconnected from us or even themselves, just out of reach when we really needed them.

We might remember what it was like to be Madeline, Christopher's daughter. We remember the sting of loneliness or neglect as a child when someone we admired never seemed to have time for us. We might also remember how badly we tried to make them proud for very little in return.

We might also have felt like Evelyn at times in our relationships. We try to be understanding, but we have grown unsure, scared, or even frustrated over miscommunications or lack of consideration.

We see Christopher's confusion and disconnection from the needs of his family with a sympathetic lens when we identify with him, we think through the puzzles that are our own personal relationships (or our complicated childhoods from which we are all still recovering) as we watch him and his family.

What's very healing is that when someone in the Robin family is upset or distant in this movie, none of them are villains. Instead we identify with each of them as confused and loving people who are trying their best, but are suffering from dashed hopes or are clouded by fear. Identifying with the Robin family helps us understand and maybe reconcile some of the pain we feel in our current family relationships. We might feel neglected, scared, or misunderstood, but this movie

gently reminds us that our loved ones are struggling, too. We are inspired by the Robin family's journey to live as they learn to – with playfulness, patience, and consideration.

The Prescription of "Nothing" + "Play"


This film and the entire philosophy behind Winnie the Pooh is that "nothing" is definitely "something" and that something is very important.

Stepping away from Media Psychology for just a moment I just want to share a quote from the Buddhist monk, Thich Nhat Hanh, who has helped thousands find peace in their daily lives through the practice of mindfulness:

"My path is the path of stopping, the path of enjoying the present moment. It is a path where every step brings me back to my true home. It is a path that leads nowhere. I am on my way home. I arrive at every step."

– Thich Nhat Hanh

(from the book 'I Have Arrived, I Am Home: Celebrating 20 Years of Plum Village Life')



Did You Let Me Go?

(Pooh was very close with his strangely profound, "I always get to where I'm going by walking away from where I've been.")

The idea of stopping – of doing "nothing" is very important. In our society, we rarely hear about the value of rest and mindfulness so to hear it so celebrated here is important – especially since one of the main demographics intended for this film are adults, most of whom (by the grace of being an adult) desperately need this reminder.

Additionally, we see an awful lot of healing in this film through "play".


This film is a firm advocate of rest, encouraging us to do nothing for a while, it tell us that it is good to not always have a plan for every minute. This can be very healing; to not always have to justify or compensate every moment of rest but to see "nothing" as a valuable way to pass some time.

we've become the Heffalump we dreaded as a child.

This film shows us something we really needed: it argues that we're not so bad. Like Christopher, we're just confused and a little lost, going in circles. What we think are unbreakable rules and standards are a lot more flimsy and less valuable than we think. But, also like Christopher, we have a wealth of wisdom and compassion from our childhood that we can tap into. We have our own figurative Poohs and Piglets who would

enthusiastically welcome us home if we pay them a visit, we just need to make the time.

Up to the final shot of the film we are reminded very softly, like a felt paw on our shoulder, that we should remember to nourish our inner child – to listen to them deeply and respectfully – and to be a little kinder to ourselves.



Did You Let Me Go?

CHAPTER 4

WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN IF YOU FORGET ABOUT ME?



Did You Let Me Go?


Embracing the lessons learned from Winnie the Pooh's timeless tales, it becomes evident that we should never let the kid inside us fade away. The whimsy, wonder, and unfiltered joy of childhood hold an enduring magic that enriches our lives. As we navigate the complexities of adulthood, it is crucial to retain that childlike essence, for it encapsulates a genuine connection to our true selves.

The poignant reminder from "Christopher Robin" serves as a beacon, urging us to reflect on our journey when we find ourselves adrift. Amidst the hustle and bustle of life, it's essential to pause and question whether we've strayed too far from our core. When faced with the confusion of life's direction, revisiting the simplicity and authenticity of childhood can guide us back to our essence.

In the tapestry of life, amidst the complexities and challenges, let us not lose sight of the vibrant hues of our childhood. Much like the way we should never forget our dreams, courage, and love, the essence of our worth extends beyond the mere utility we bring to society. It is about becoming not only a productive member of the community but also a good person—a person who exudes warmth, kindness, and empathy. Just as we strive to achieve professional success, let us equally embrace the pursuit of being interesting, authentic, and true to ourselves.

So, don't forget your childhood, just like we don't forget our dreams, courage, and love. Be a good person, an interesting person, and be ourselves.

Christopher Robin: I'm not the person I used to be. Winnie the Pooh: You saved us. You're a hero. Christopher Robin: I'm not a hero, Pooh. The fact is, I'm lost. Winnie the Pooh: It's always a sunny day, when Christopher Robin comes to play.



Did You Let Me Go?

CHAPTER 4

WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN IF YOU FORGET ABOUT ME?



Did You Let Me Go?

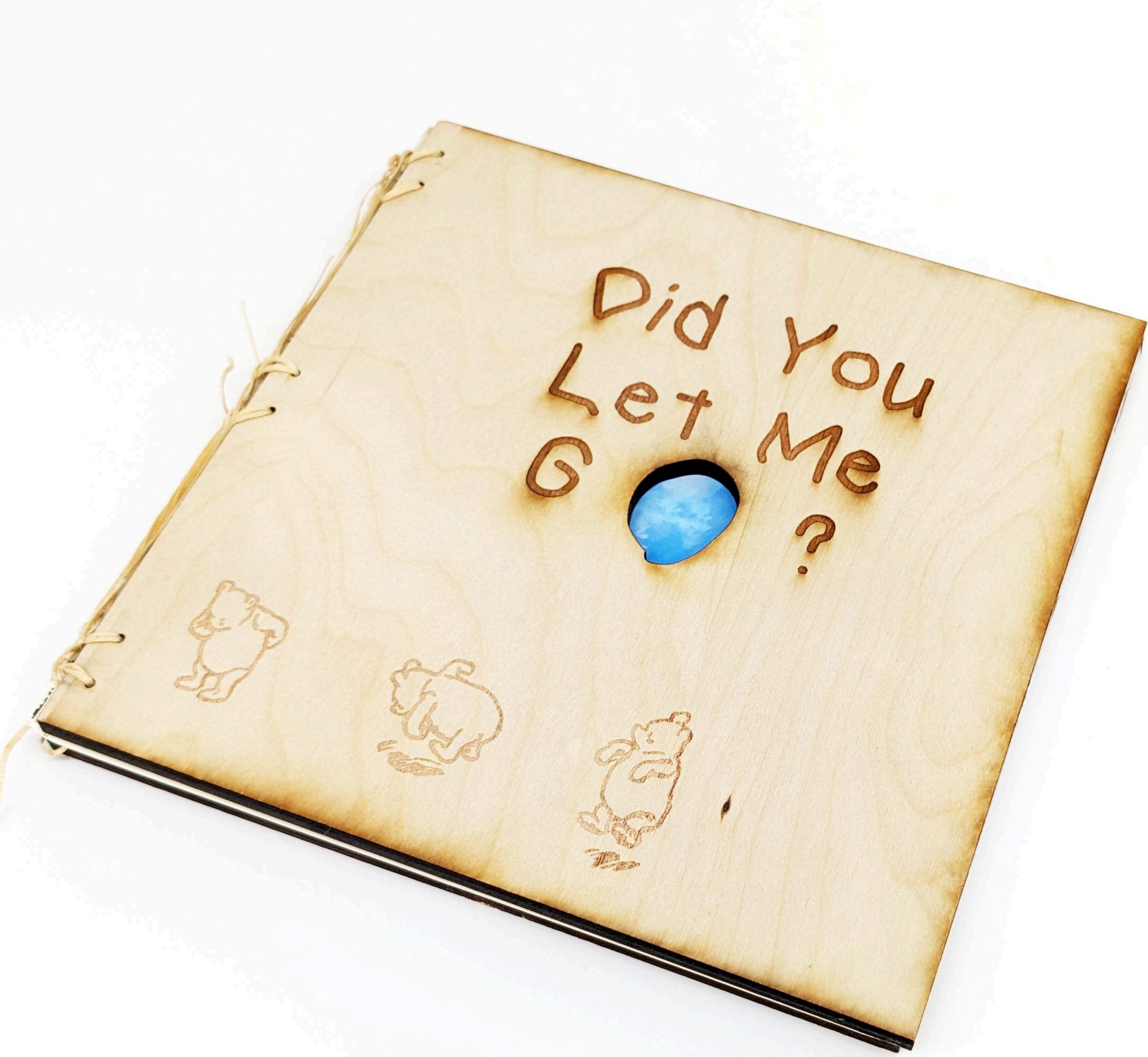
Embracing the lessons learned from Winnie the Pooh's timeless tales, it becomes evident that we should never let the kid inside us fade away. The whimsy, wonder, and unfiltered joy of childhood hold an enduring magic that enriches our lives. As we navigate the complexities of adulthood, it is crucial to retain that childlike essence, for it encapsulates a genuine connection to our true selves.

The poignant reminder from "Christopher Robin" serves as a beacon, urging us to reflect on our journey when we find ourselves adrift. Amidst the hustle and bustle of life, it's essential to pause and question whether we've strayed too far from our core. When faced with the confusion of life's direction, revisiting the simplicity and authenticity of childhood can guide us back to our essence.



Final Outcome

Book
Book Pocket



"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're suspicious!"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey."

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

"Christopher Robin!"

"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

Floating in the Blue!

Floating in the Blue!

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old Bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely Suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?"

Floating in the Blue!

Floating in the Blue!

Floating in the Blue!

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing... Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

How sweet to be a Cloud

Floating in the BLUE!

Every little cloud

Always sings aloud.

"How sweet to be a Cloud

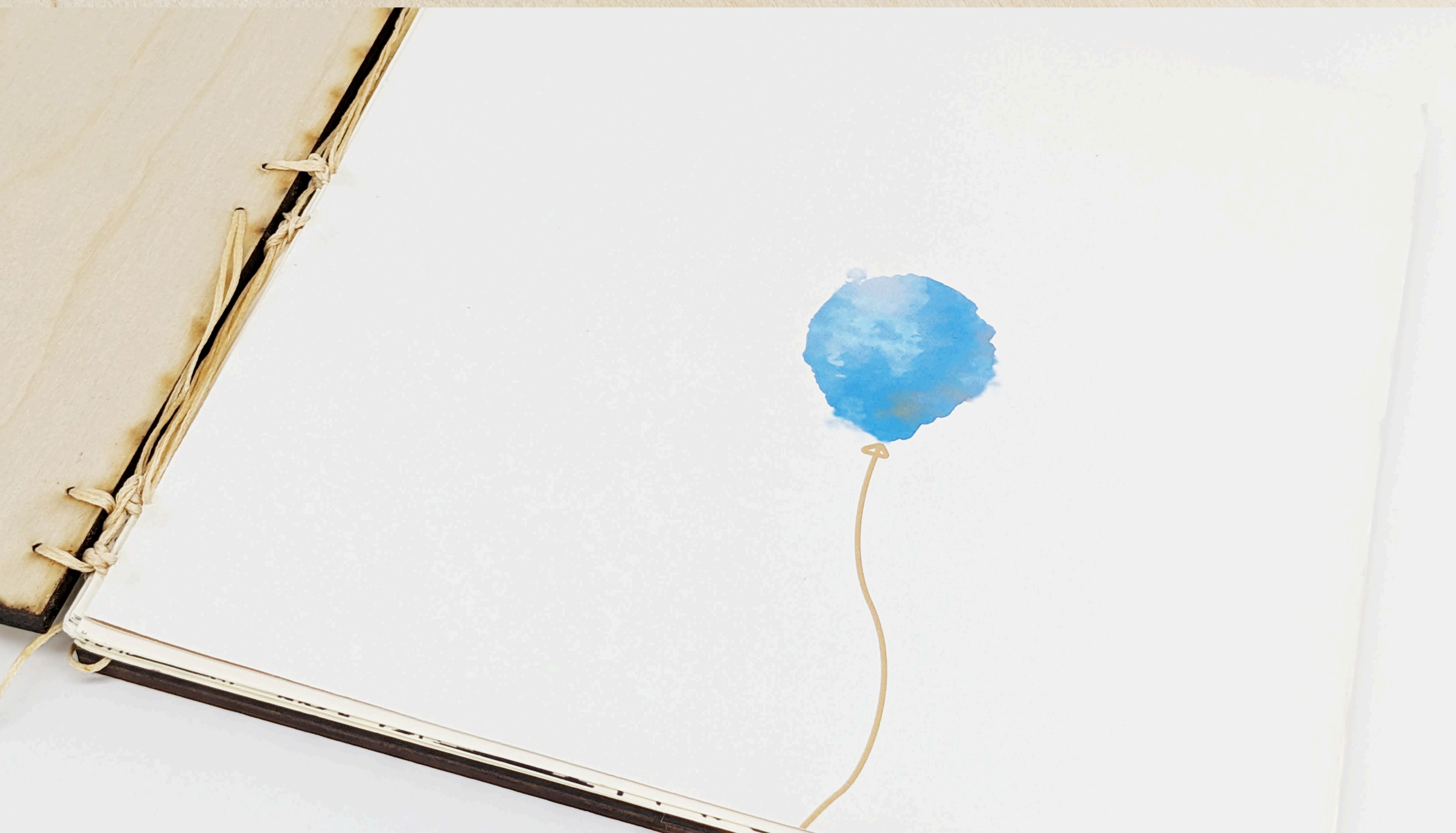
Floating in the Blue!"

It makes him very proud

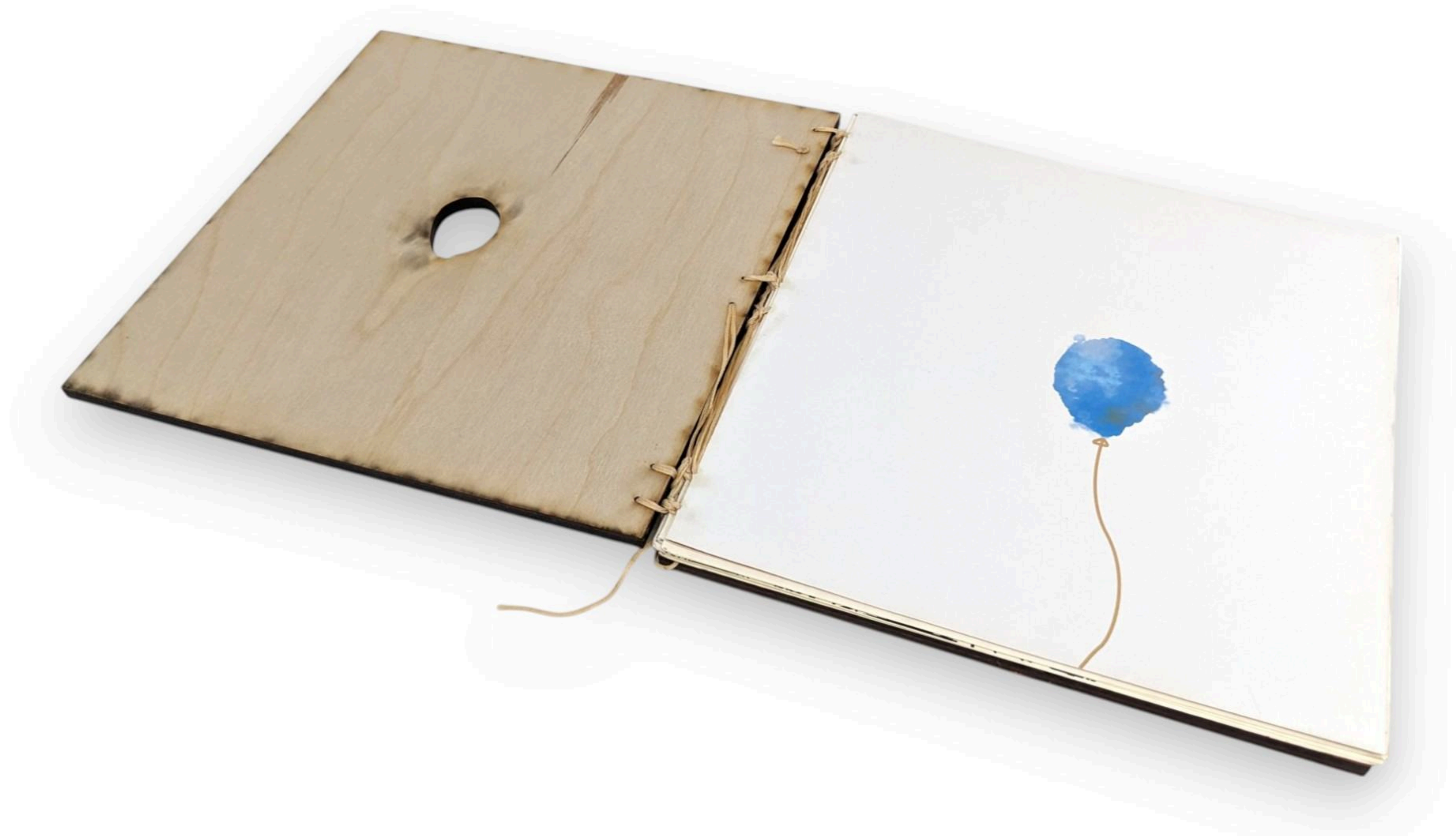
To be a little cloud.



Did You Let Me Go?







CHAPTER 2
OUR FRIEND,
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN



Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey." And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.

He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

Ian't it funny
How a bear likes honey?

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

I wonder why he does?
Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further ... and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees.
They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.

And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ...

Cr-r-a-p-p-c-k!

Did You Let Me Go?

...the mere utility we bring to society. It is about becoming not only a productive member of the community but also a good person—a person who exudes warmth, kindness, and empathy. Just as we strive to achieve professional success, let us equally embrace the pursuit of being interesting, authentic, and true to ourselves.



So, don't forget your childhood, just like we don't forget our dreams, courage, and love. Be a good person, an interesting person, and be ourselves.

Did You Let Me Go?

Phew Robin: I'm not the person I used to be.



The Pooh: Christopher R

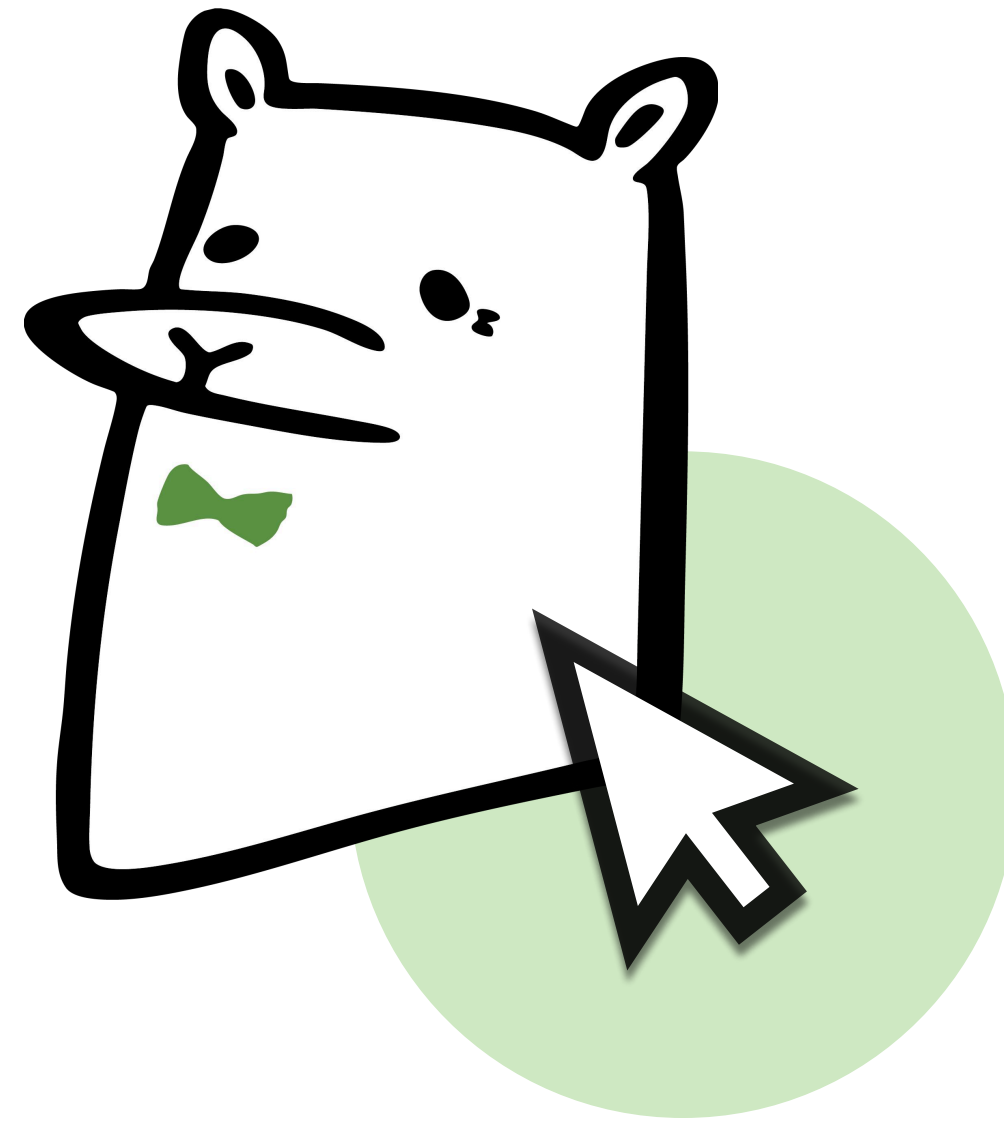
Christopher Robin: I'm not the person I used to be. Winnie The Pooh: You saved us. You're a hero. Christopher Robin: I'm not a hero, Pooh. The fact is, I'm lost. Winnie The Pooh: Christopher R

What should happen if you forget about me?

day when it was Tomorrow was

Silly old bear. I wouldn't ever forget about you.
Pooh, I promise.
Not even when I'm a hundred.

Did You Let Me Go?



Want To See More?
CLICK THE LOGO!