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Sister Bear lives with Mama Bear, Papa Bear, and brother bear in a tree house in Bear Country. Sister Bear is in preschool and liked to play with dolls, blocks, rolling clay snakes, and drawing.

Kindergarten was fun. Sister Bear was in the band and learned about numbers and the alphabet.

From the original text, Berenstain Bears and the Bad Habit, by Stan & Jan Berenstain, First Time Books
Sister Bear, who lived with her mama, papa, and brother in the big tree house down a sunny dirt road deep in Bear Country, had been going to school for quite a while.

First there had been nursery school, which was pure fun—playing with dolls and blocks, rolling clay snakes, and scribbling with crayons.
First grade is fun but some things aren't fun. There was a lot of work, spelling, number problems and other things. Sometimes you get nervous habits. Lizzy twirled her fur. Freddy scratched his head, Norman sucked his thumb, and Sister bear bit her nails.
In regular school you have to concentrate—and sometimes when you concentrate, you form little nervous habits. That’s what happened to some of the cubs in Teacher Jane’s class.

Lizzy twirled her fur.
Twirl, twirl, twirl.

Freddy scratched his head.
Scratch, scratch, scratch.

Norman sucked his thumb.
Suck, suck, suck.

And Sister nibbled her nails.
Nibble, nibble, nibble, nibble.
Before Sister Bear knew it she bit off all her nails. Sister Bear bit them so much that her fingers began to hurt. "Oh dear" Mama Bear said to Sister Bear when she got home from school. "How did this happen" Mama bear asked. "I am not exactly sure Mama Bear but some of them are hurting" Sister Bear said.
Before she knew it, she had nibbled them down to nubbins. In fact, she nibbled them down so far that some of her fingers were getting sore.
Mama Bear put medicine on the fingers that hurt and put tape on all them so Sister Bear won't bite them again. The bits of tape helped Sister Bear remember not to bite, but they got in the way of a lot of things. It was hard for Sister Bear to hold a pencil, turn on the TV or scratch an itch. But the worst part was the tape told the whole world Sister Bear was a nail biter.
“Hmm,” said Mama. “Well, here’s what we’ll do. We’ll put a little medicine on the sore ones and bits of adhesive tape on all of them. That will remind you not to nibble and will give them a chance to grow back.”
The next morning before the bus Lizzy Bruin and other bear cubs made fun of Sister Bear for the tape. It didn't take Sister Bear long to take the tape off her fingers. Without the tape, she forgot to remember not to bite. She forgot during school, on the bus and as she got off the bus.
And without the tape, she forgot to remember not to nibble.

She forgot during school.

She forgot on the bus.

She even forgot as she and Brother climbed off the bus.
"Your going to have to stop that Sis or you will turn into a full-time nail biter" Brother said. "Your brother is right" said Mama Bear who was working in the garden. "Nail biting is a hard habit to break" Mama Bear said. "Habit what's a habit?" Sister Bear asked.
"You're going to have to cut that out, Sis," said Brother, "or you'll get to be a regular full-time nail biter."
"A habit is something you do so often you don't even think about it. Some habits are good like brushing our teeth and combing your fur when you get up in the morning or looking both ways before you cross a road. But some habits aren't good Mama Bear said. "Like nail biting?" asked Sister Bear. "You would like to have your nails grow back right Sister? Mama Bear asked. "Oh, yes but I keep forgetting!!! Why is it so hard to remember?" Sister Bear said."
"That's a good question," said Mama. "Come along while I plant these tulip bulbs Grizzly Gran sent over and we'll talk about it."
"Well the more that you use your habit the harder it is to get out of," Mama explained. "How am I going to get out of the nail biting habit?" asked Sister Bear. "You will just need a little help let's ask Papa Bear when we get done with gardening" said Mama Bear.
“That’s the way it is with a bad habit—the more you use it, the harder it is to get out of it. Here, this is where I want to plant the bulbs.”

“What about my nail-biting habit?” asked Sister as she helped Mama out of the deep rut. “How am I going to get out of it?”
"Perhaps a reward system would help her" Papa Bear said to Mama Bear. "Let's say a dime for every day she does not bit her nails" said Papa Bear.

Before Mama Bear could answer sister bear who was biting her nails from the other room jumped into the room "A dime ten whole cents just for not biting my nails?" Sister Bear said. That's right said until the habit is broken said Papa Bear.
"I could read the riot act to her," suggested Papa.
"You know: 'Nail biting is an outrageous, disgraceful habit and if you don't stop it immediately—'
"Dear me, no!" said Mama. "Nail biting is a kind of nervous habit, and shouting and threatening will just make her more nervous."

"I suppose so," said Papa thoughtfully. "Perhaps some sort of reward would help. A bit of money—let's say a dime for every day she doesn't bite her nails."
"I'll never bite again," Sister Bear said. The way it turned out though she didn't get a single dime. She only got down on herself. A day is a long time and habits are hard especially bad habits. Even with the promise of a dime, Sister Bear couldn't remember not to bite. Mama Bear and Papa Bear got discouraged to.
But the way it turned out, she didn't get a single dime. All she got was discouraged.

A day is a long time and habits are powerful—especially bad habits. Even with the promise of a dime, Sister couldn't remember not to nibble.

Mama and Papa got discouraged too.
Mama Bear then called Grandma Bear to get an idea which Mama Bear thought was a good idea. So they tried Grandma Bears idea which meant Sister Bear got ten pennies at the beginning of each day one for each nail. She got to keep all 10 pennies unless she bit her nails.
“Oh, you’re very welcome, my dear,” said Gran when Mama called. “And how is everything at your house?...Is that so?...
You know, I was a nail biter when I was a cub and my mama helped me to stop. What have you tried so far?...Um...Uh-huh...
Well, I think you’re on the right track with the dime, but instead of a dime, and instead of giving it to her at the end of the day...”

“What an interesting idea,” said Mama as she listened to wise old Grizzly Gran.
With the pennies in her pocket making noises when she got on the bus, when she jumped rope it reminded her not to bite her nails. It didn’t work all the time because sometimes Sister Bear had to give pennies back.

But in ten days Sister Bear had ninety-three pennies.
"I certainly hope you're joking!"
roared Papa. "Because if you're not—"

"I'm joking, I'm joking," interrupted
Brother.

And he was—sort of.