

*Jane Hissey*  
Old Bear







‘LET’S try making ourselves into a tower,’ said Duck.

‘Good idea!’ said Bramwell.

Little Bear climbed on top of Rabbit’s head and Rabbit hopped onto Duck’s beak. They stretched up as far as they could, but then Duck opened his beak to say something, Rabbit wobbled, and they all collapsed on top of Bramwell.



‘Sorry,’ said Duck, ‘perhaps that wasn’t a very good idea.’

‘Not one of your best,’ replied Bramwell from somewhere underneath the heap.

**I** KNOW!' said Rabbit. 'Let's try bouncing on the bed.'  
'Trust you to think of that,' said Bramwell. 'You never can resist a bit of bouncing, especially when it's not allowed.'

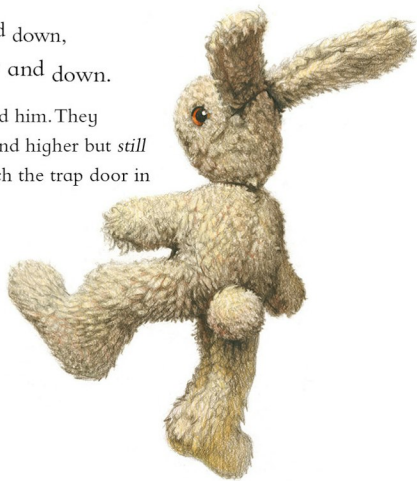
Rabbit climbed onto the bed and began to bounce

up and down,

up and down,

up and down.

The others joined him. They bounced higher and higher but *still* they couldn't reach the trap door in the ceiling.





DUCK began to cry. 'Oh dear,' he sobbed.

'What are we going to do now? We'll never be able to rescue Old Bear and he'll be stuck up there getting lonelier and lonelier for ever and ever.'

'We mustn't give up,' said Bramwell firmly.

'Come on Little Bear, you're good at ideas.'



But Little Bear had already noticed the plant in the corner of the room.





**I**'VE got it!' he cried. 'I could climb up this plant, swing from the leaves, kick the trap door open and jump in!'

In case it wobbled, Bramwell Brown, Duck and Rabbit steadied the pot. Little Bear bravely climbed up the plant until he reached the very top leaf. He took hold of it and started to swing to and fro, but he swung so hard that the leaf broke . . . **SNAP!**

He came crashing down. Luckily, Bramwell Brown was right underneath to catch him in his paws.

'That was a rotten idea,' said Little Bear.

'What I was thinking,' said Duck, 'was that it is a pity I can't fly very well, as I could have been quite a help.'

'Ah ha!' said Bramwell. 'That, my dear Duck, has given me a very good idea. I really think this one might work.'

