

Jane Hissey

Jolly Tall



“I’LL look inside,” said Bramwell, poking a little hole with his knitting needle.

“Ouch!” said the box.

“That box just talked!” said Little Bear.

“It wasn’t the box,” said Old Bear. “It was the something inside.”

“Not treasure, then?” said Little Bear.

“Perhaps something guarding the treasure,” said Rabbit, hopefully. “Let’s open the box!”



“W E ought to talk to it first,” said Bramwell. He crept over to the little hole.

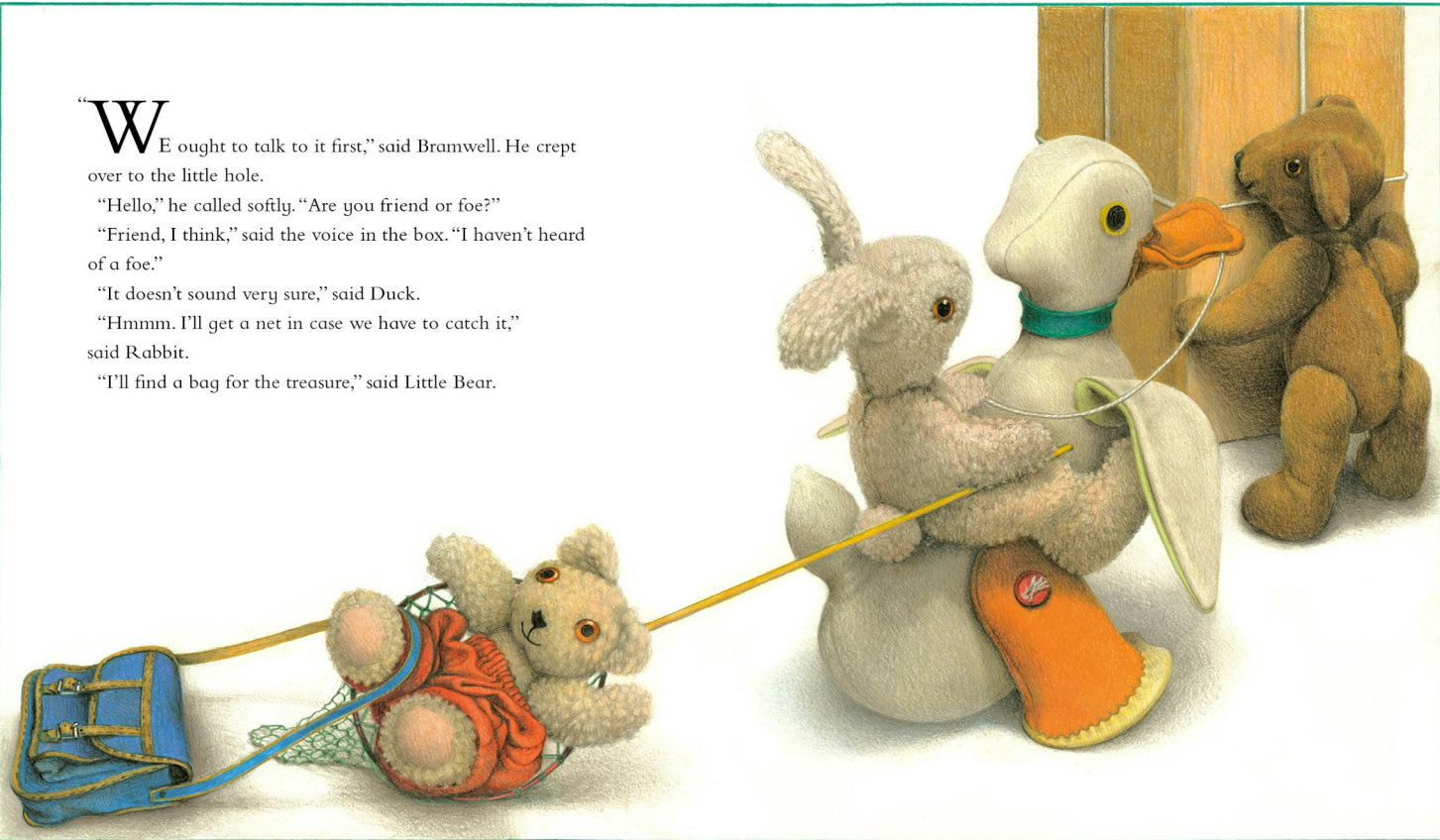
“Hello,” he called softly. “Are you friend or foe?”

“Friend, I think,” said the voice in the box. “I haven’t heard of a foe.”

“It doesn’t sound very sure,” said Duck.

“Hmmm. I’ll get a net in case we have to catch it,” said Rabbit.

“I’ll find a bag for the treasure,” said Little Bear.



VERY carefully, Bramwell and Old Bear
untied the string and opened the box.
Two little furry horns appeared first.
Then two big furry ears.
Then a friendly furry face.
“Hello, everyone,” it said.



“HELLO,” said Little Bear, “are you standing on some treasure?”

“Sorry,” said their visitor. “There’s no treasure in here.”

“What are you standing on, then?” asked Rabbit.

“Just the bottom of the box,” said the smiley face.

“You must be jolly tall!” gasped Little Bear.

“That’s right,” said the visitor. “That’s my name. But do call me Jolly. Do you like my house?”

“We thought it was just a box,” said Little Bear. “It would look better with a door and some windows.”

