

A BAD DAY FOR BEAR



DUNCAN BEEDIE

This book belongs to:

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For Matilda Sue

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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Bear strode out of his cave and felt the warm sun on his face. He was in a good mood.

Tonight it was the forest party. All his friends were coming and he had a very important job to do. He was in charge of building the bonfire!

First he set off to collect some wood.

He found a big stick that looked perfect,
but when he picked it up . . .



He got a splinter in his paw.

It hurt **a lot**.



The ladybirds heard Bear's cries.

"Ouch, that looks sore," said Daddy Ladybird.

"You need to find some wood that isn't so splintery."



Bear headed off to find some better wood.

I'm sure there'll be some in the forest, he thought, when suddenly . . .



"TIMBER!"
warned Beaver.



C-R-A-A-C-C-K!

A falling log
whacked Bear
on the head.

“Ouch!” Today was meant to be a good day,” he whimpered.
“But so far I’ve got a splinter and a big bump on my head.”

“Sorry about that,” chattered Beaver, “I’ve been chopping down trees for my dam. Here, take some of this wood for the campfire.”

“Thanks, Beaver,” Bear said, rubbing his head.



As Bear began dragging the logs, it started to rain.

"Oh dear!" he sighed. "I've got a splinter in my paw, a big bump on my head **and** now all the firewood is soaking wet too. Today really is the worst day **ever!**"



Then Bear had an idea. He would go and visit his wise friend, Frog. Frog always knew how to make everything better.



He was lugging the wood towards the pond, when . . .

S-P-L-O-O-S-S-H-H!!

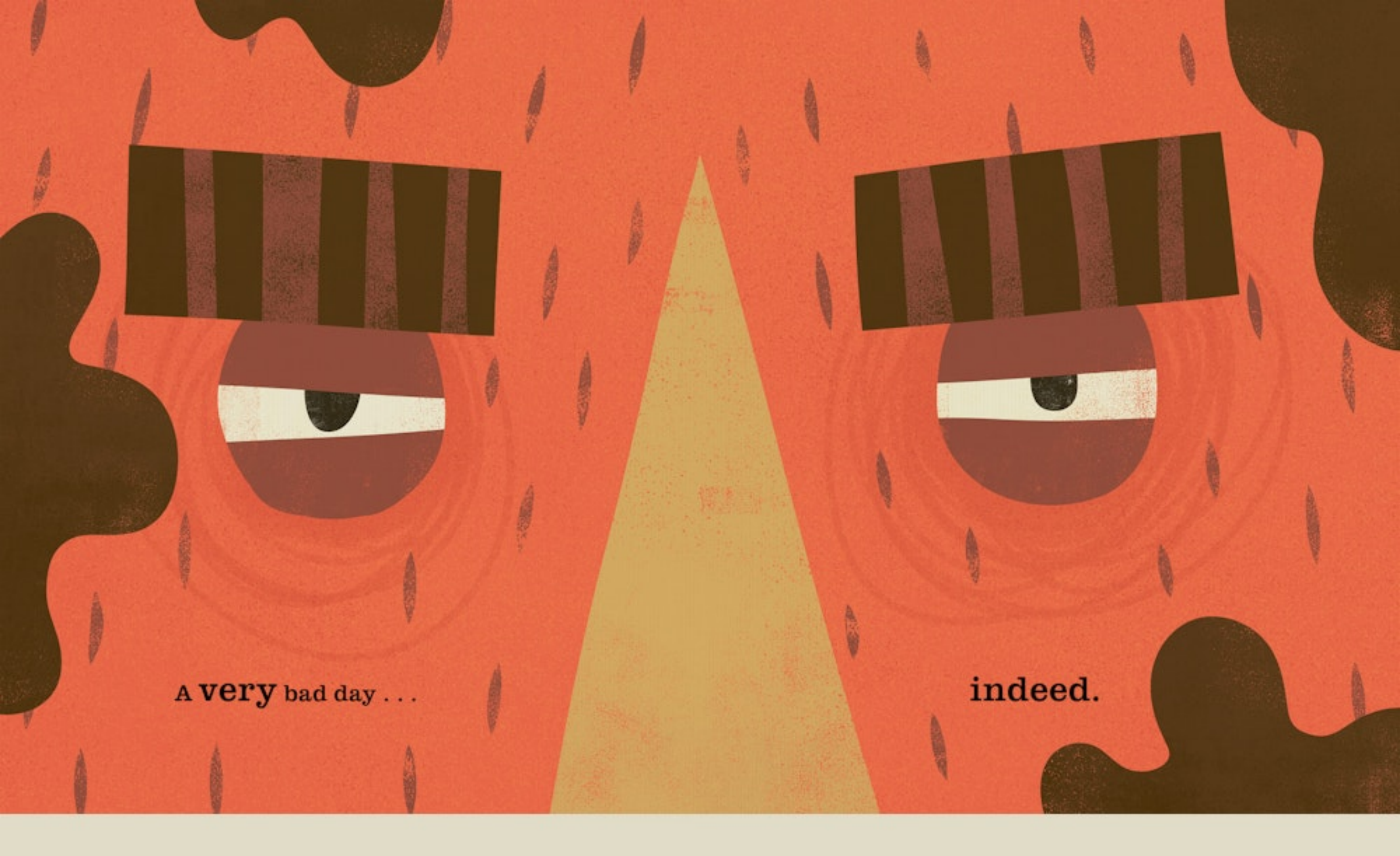


... he tumbled into an enormous muddy puddle and got covered in thick, gloopy mud from nose to tail.

“G-R-R-A-A-R-R-G-H!” he wailed.




Bear was having a **bad** day ...




A **very** bad day . . .


indeed.



“Dearie me,” gasped Frog,
as he spotted Bear trudging over.
“What’s happened to you?”



“Oh Frog! I’m having a **very bad** day!” sniffled Bear.
“I’ve been trying to collect wood for the campfire and
so far, I’ve got a splinter in my paw . . .
a **big** bump on my head . . . soaking wet logs –
and **now** I’m all covered in mud!”



Bear **burst** into tears.

"Don't worry, Bear,"
soothed Frog. "Let's start
with the first problem."



Frog inspected Bear's paw with his **big**, goggly eyes.



He plucked the splinter out.



"There!" Frog said. "Take a look at the thing that was causing you all that bother. It's actually teeny tiny."

Bear studied the splinter – it was indeed teeny tiny.

"But what about the **big** bump on my head?" he moaned.

Frog felt Bear's head.

"It's actually rather a small bump," he said.



Bear felt the bump. It did feel quite small now. *It must have shrunk,* he thought.

"And now that the sun's come out, even that great big puddle you fell in isn't so big," chimed Frog.

"Sometimes we can turn the smallest things into big problems. But when you take time to look at them, they're not really big problems at all."

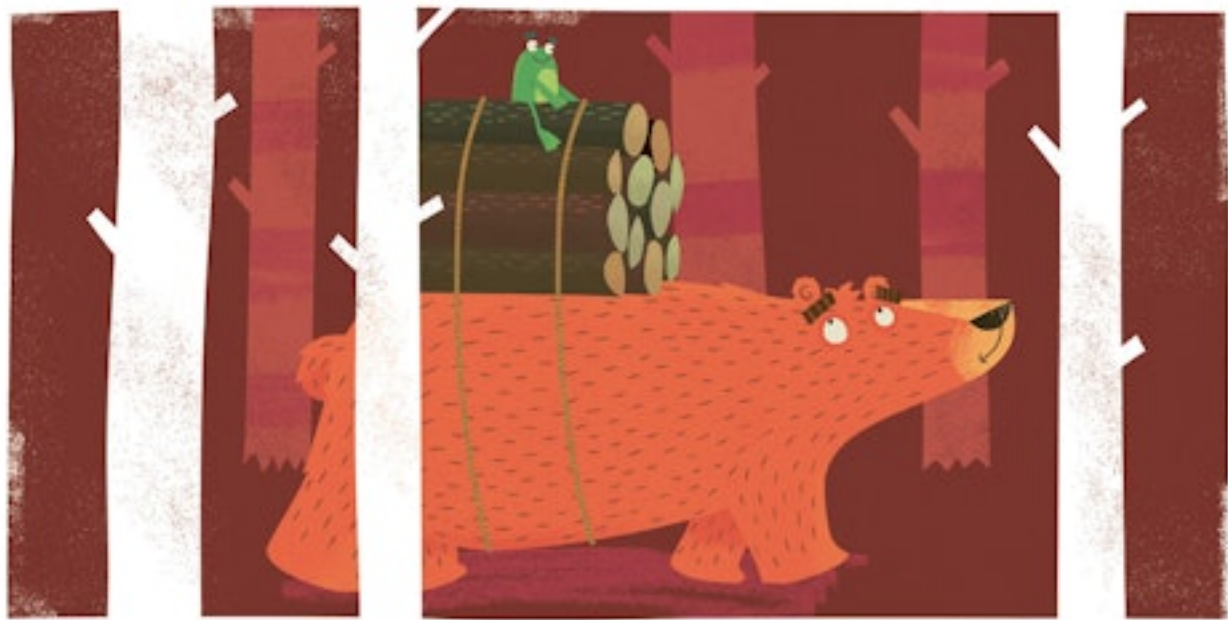


"I expect your logs have dried out now too," Frog added.

"But so has the mud on my fur!" groaned Bear. "How will I get it all off?"

"I can think of one way . . ." smiled Frog.





When all the mud was gone, they carried the logs to the clearing.



Frog helped Bear with his very important job.



Soon the campfire was lit and the party was in full swing.



"Oh drat!" barked Badger, when the fire started to go out.
"It's gone **all** dark."



"That's not a problem," answered Bear. "Look up . . .



... now you can see the beautiful night sky!"

Bear and his friends lay back and gazed at the glittering stars.

"You know what, Frog?" Bear said, licking his marshmallowy lips.

"Today hasn't been such a **bad** day after all."



THE END



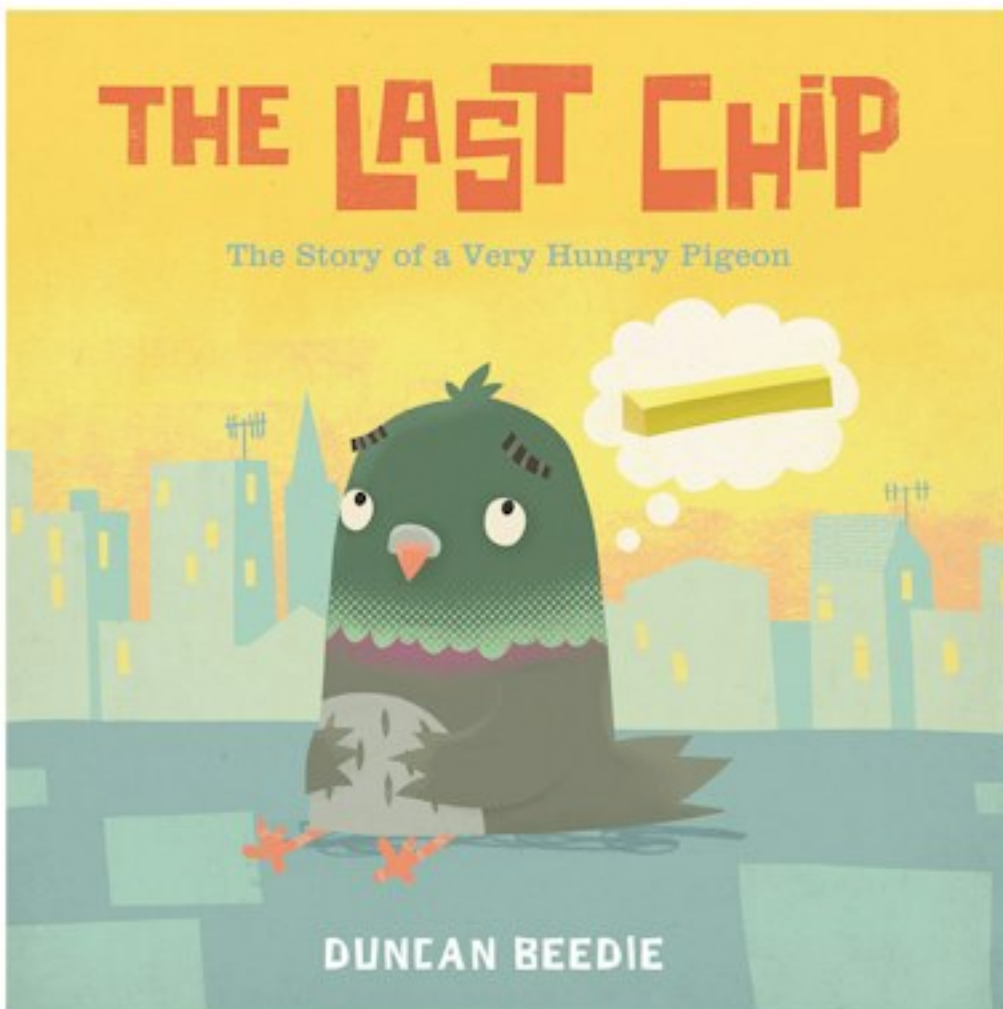
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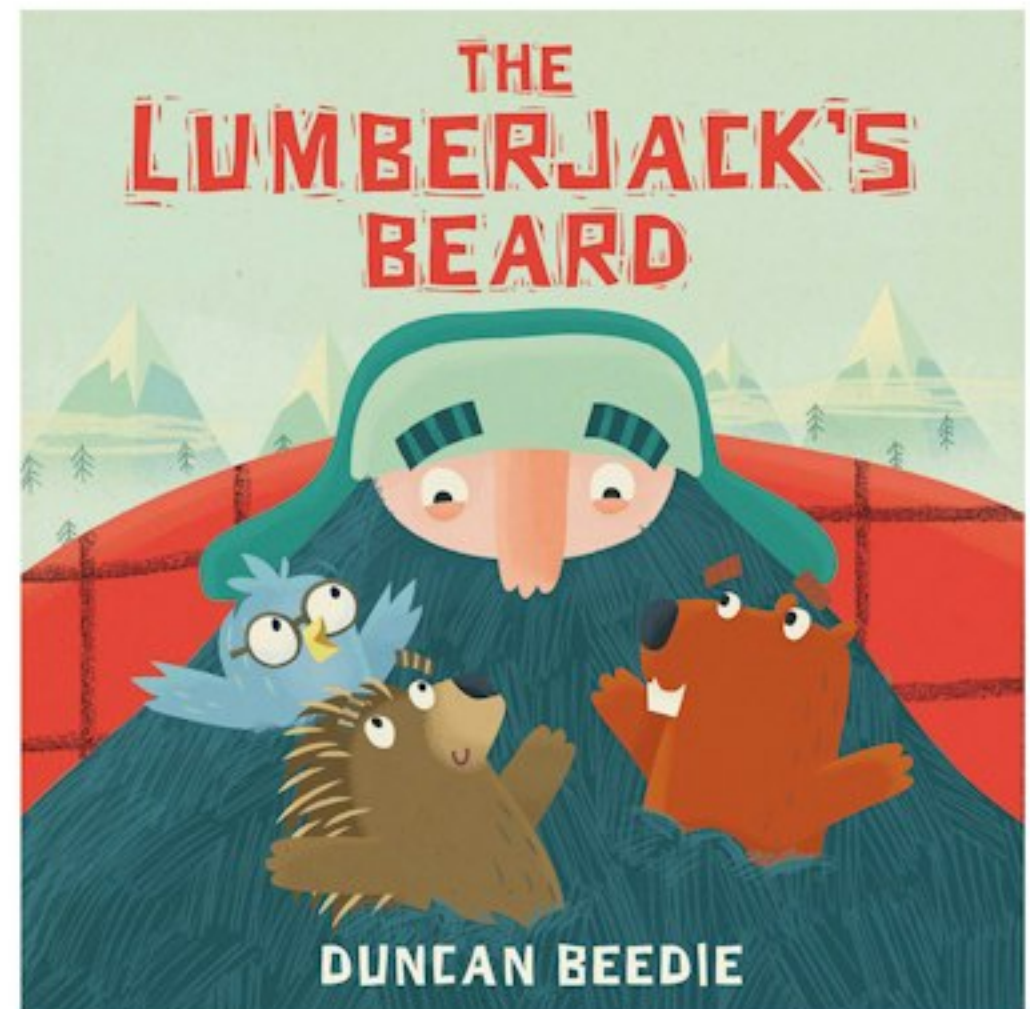
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