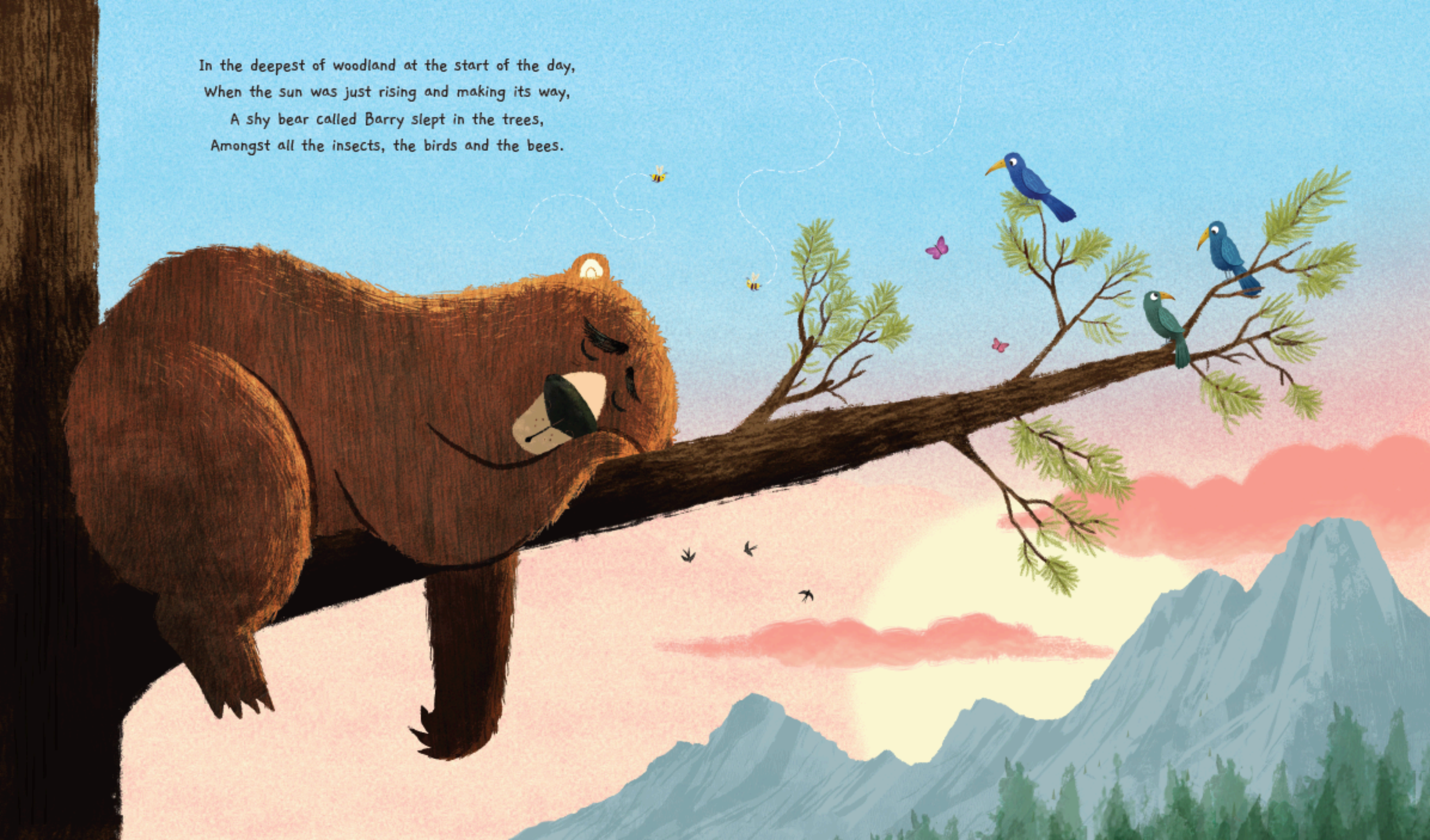
In the deepest of woodland at the start of the day,
When the sun was just rising and making its way,
A shy bear called Barry slept in the trees,
Amongst all the insects, the birds and the bees.



He snored like a lion
with rumbling roars,

Dreaming of honey
all over his paws.

The treetops were Barry's
most favourite place,
He slept with a big sleepy
smile on his face.

But when Barry woke up, he stretched
and he yawned, and growled like growly bears do.

"First job of the day," shy Barry would say ...

"I'll climb down and go for a

POO!"