We should call ourselves the **Bridge Buddies.**

Must we?

Do you really not like my barbeque breath?

Actually, it makes me rather hungry.



For Izzy, George, Eddie and Will.—M.F.
For Jess.—M.C.

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'Humm,' pondered Bear.
'Maybe. Let me see . . .
First you need to like bridges.'
'But I do! I LOVE bridges!'
bounced Dragon.
'And you need to
use bridges . . .'
continued Bear.
BOING
BOING
'I'M USING
A BRIDGE
RIGHT NOW!'
shouted Dragon, bouncing
even more bouncily.

'What else?' Bear thought for a moment. 'Ah, you'll need to know how to swim.'



'OH, COME ON!' cried Dragon. 'That's not fair! Why should a BACK-SCRATCHING FURBALL like you get to make all the rules?'



'HOW DARE YOU!' growled Bear. 'Bears are supposed to be furry, you . . . SCALY LIZARD!'



'And Dragons are supposed to be scaly, you FOREST-POOPER!'




'Well, you have BARBEQUE BREATH!' yelled Bear.
'I BEG YOUR PARDON?' growled Bear.
'And you do SALMON FARTS!' shouted Dragon.
'YOU HEARD ME!' screamed Dragon.