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opening extract from

The Bear's Water Picnic

written by

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The Bear's Water Picnic



John Yeoman Quentin Blake

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One fine spring day the pig, the squirrel, the hedgehog and the hen were making their way to the big lake at the edge of the forest.

"Hurry up," said the pig. "We mustn't be late for the bear's water picnic." And when they reached the water, there was the bear, with a large picnic basket and two straw hats. "It's just the day for a water picnic," he called, as they ran up to him.

After they had all said hello to each other, the bear showed them his special surprise – a raft he had made. “Let’s float out into the middle of the lake and have a nice quiet picnic in the sun,” he said.

Everyone was delighted. They all settled down comfortably on the raft, and the bear gently pushed them away from the shore with a long pole. The raft glided smoothly over the blue water between the dark green lily pads.



Soon they reached the middle of the lake. “Just the place for a picnic,” the bear said, lifting the lid of the basket.

There was something for everyone:



acorns for the pig,



barley for the hen,



hazel nuts for the squirrel,

dead beetles for the hedgehog



and honeycomb for himself.

What’s more, they all had a napkin with their initial on it to tie around their necks.



But no sooner had they started to eat their delicious picnic than they heard a loud croaking noise. “*Awrk*, *awrk*,” it went. They put down their food and looked over the side of the raft. And there, on a lily pad, was a fat frog. “*Awrk*, *awrk*,” he went again. “What a terrible noise!” said the pig. “He’ll spoil our water picnic, if he goes on like that.”