They travelled slowly because they ate grass all the time as they went along. It certainly tasted sweeter and fresher than the farmyard grass. Without noticing it, they nibbled their way into a dark forest.



And then suddenly, to their alarm, they looked up to find themselves face to face with a pack of lean, hungry wolves.

"Welcome ladies," said the leader of the wolves. "You are just in time for dinner. Isn't that so, boys?" And the whole pack of wolves started chuckling.

Beatrice was so frightened of them that she let go of her balloons, which went floating up and away into the forest. But she trusted her sensible friend to think of something.





"Thank you for your kind invitation, gentlemen," said Vanessa, "but I'm afraid we're on a diet at the moment. But we'd be delighted if you'd share our meal with us." She turned to Beatrice and whispered something in her ear. "My friend will just have a look to see if there is anything tasty in our bag," she said. As Beatrice, with shaking hooves, began to rummage in the bag, Vanessa added: "Not the fat one, of course. And certainly not the stale one."



Finally, Beatrice timidly lifted out the stuffed wolf's head.
"Wonderful," said Vanessa. "That's what I call a really fresh, juicy one. Have we six or seven more like that in there?"



Beatrice had no time to reply. There was an ear-splitting howl as the terrified wolves fled into the depths of the forest.

They ran and ran until at last they found their path blocked by an enormous bear.
"What's the matter?" he asked.
"Is there a fire in the forest?"