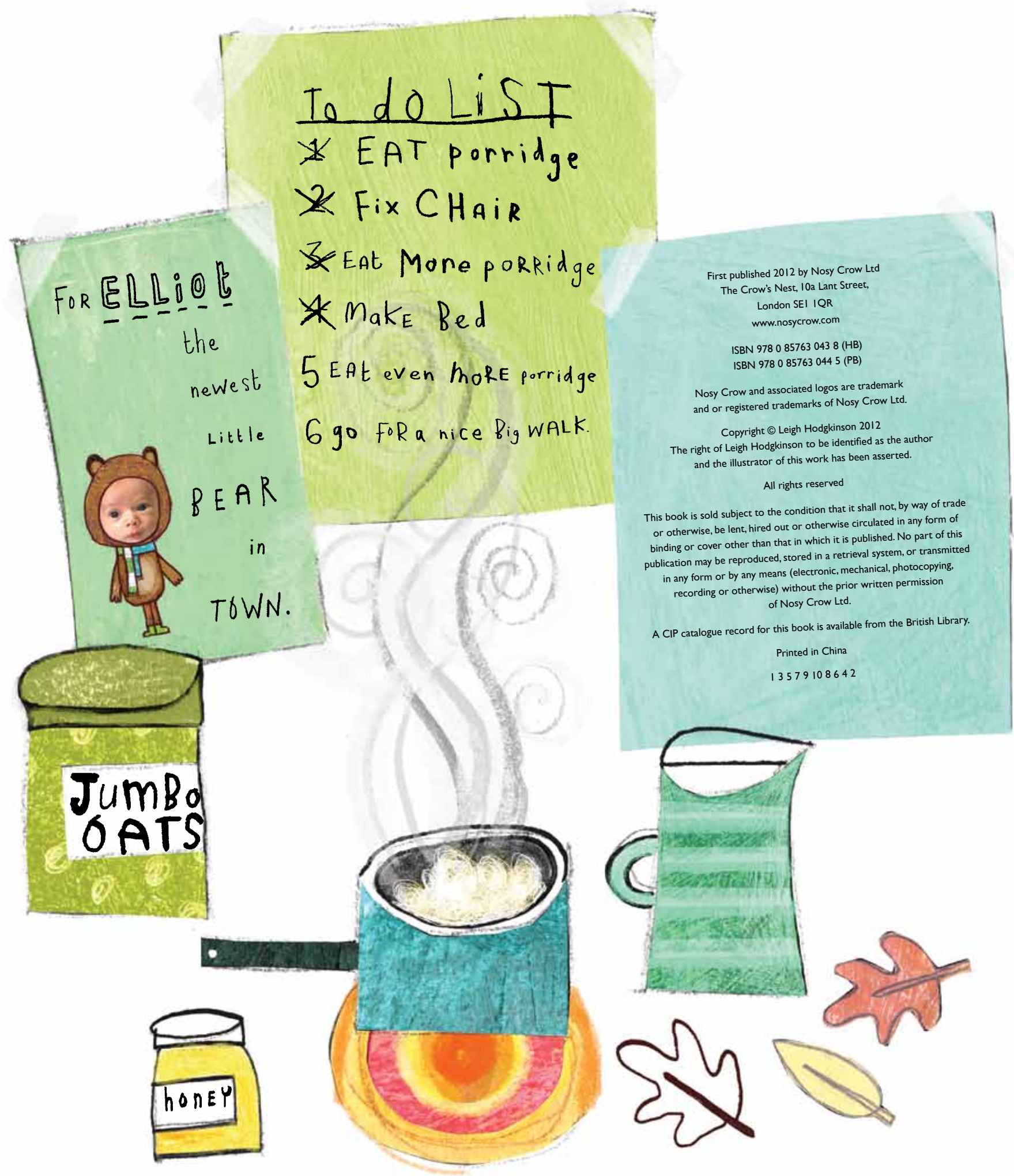






Goldilocks AND JUST THE ONE BEAR

Leigh
HODGKINSON



Once upon a time, there was this bear.

One minute, he was lolloping about in the wood
all happy-go-lucky . . .

The next minute, he hadn't a crumb-of-a-clue
where he was.

He was one

C O M P L E T E L Y
lost bear.





The bear didn't much like this place.
Too many BRIGHT lights and not enough twigs.
Too much loud HONKING and BEEPING
and not NEARLY enough owl-hooting.

The bear was also a teeny bit scared
and his furry legs had gone slightly WOBBLY.
“Maybe the thing to do,” said the bear looking
round, “is to nip into ‘Snooty Towers’ here, and
get away from this TERRIBLE racket.



But the 'Snooty Towers' spinny door made the bear feel dizzy,
and being dizzy with **WOBBLY** legs was bad news.

What the bear needed
was a little sit-down.

A little sit-down
somewhere would

DEFINITELY

see him tickety-boo.

