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Opening extract from

The Grizzly Bear with the Frizzly Hair

Written by

Sean Taylor

Illustrated by

Hannah Shaw

Published by

Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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For Karen – ST

For Penny – HS

This isn't a new story. It is my retelling of a folktale which has been around for more than 2000 years. Versions of the story have been recorded in countries as far apart as Ireland, South Africa, Iran, China and the USA. And I'd like to start by raising my hat to the storytellers who passed it on to us now. S.T.

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The Grizzly Bear with the Frizzly Hair

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FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

There was nothing left to eat in the woods.
The Grizzly Bear with the Frizzly Hair had eaten it all.
That's why he was bad-tempered and hungry.
That's why he was on the prowl.

The Grizzly Bear
with the Frizzly Hair

could frighten the feathers
off a peacock.

He could
startle the
whiskers off
a walrus.

He could scare the
stripes off a tiger.

So how do you think this
itzy-bitzy rabbit felt, when
they came face to face?

"Yipes!" blinked the rabbit.
"What are you going to do?"
"Have my lunch," growled the bear.
"And my lunch is . . . you!"

Then he opened his frizzly, grizzly mouth and dangled the rabbit inside.
"You're going to eat my toes!" said the rabbit.
"Please do not! Those toes there are the favourite ones I've got!"

"Tough!" growled the bear. "That's how it goes! I'm hungry and those look like very tasty toes!"

He opened his frizzly, grizzly mouth a little wider.

"I'm not polite!" roared the bear.

"I'm rude! Everyone knows!

And I hope you've enjoyed the story because this is as far as it goes!"

The frizzly, grizzly mouth started to close.

"My head!" squeaked the rabbit.
"Wait! Not yet! Don't bite!
Eating someone's head is really not polite!"

Our itzy-bitzy friend quivered down to his marrow bone jelly. In fact, he could have just shut his eyes, shrivelled with fright and given up.