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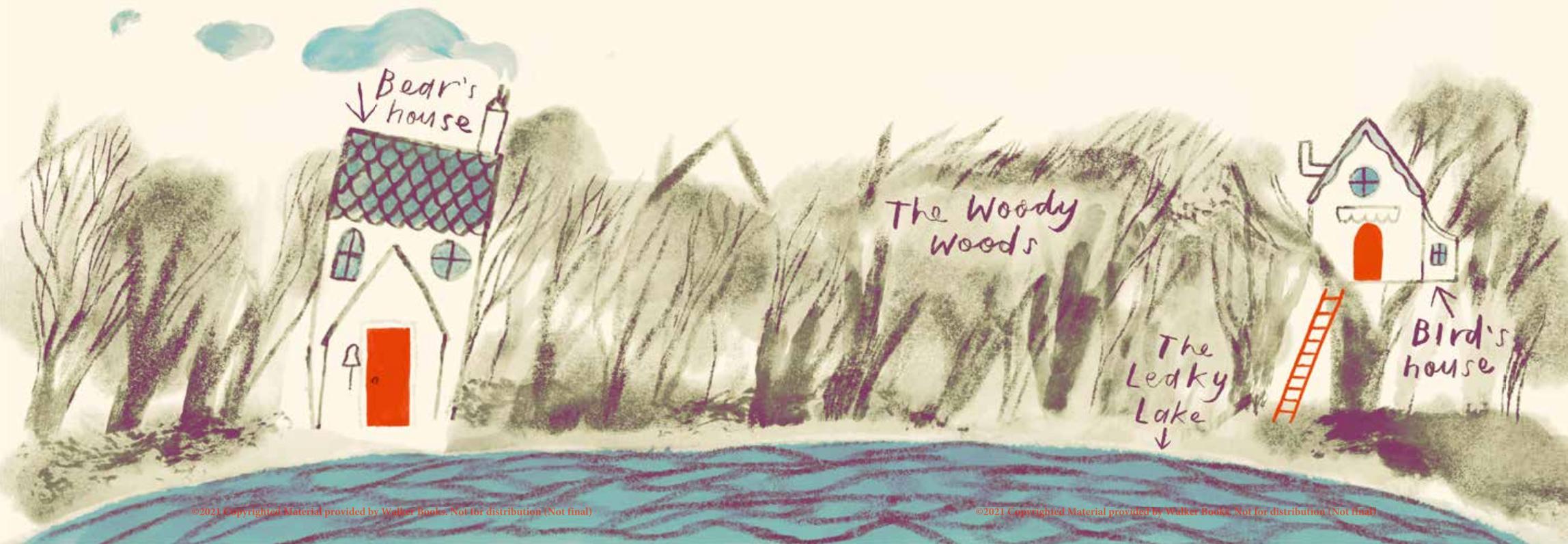
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# The Flower

*BING BONG*

Bird was early.

They had a big day planned.

“I’ll be out in a minute.

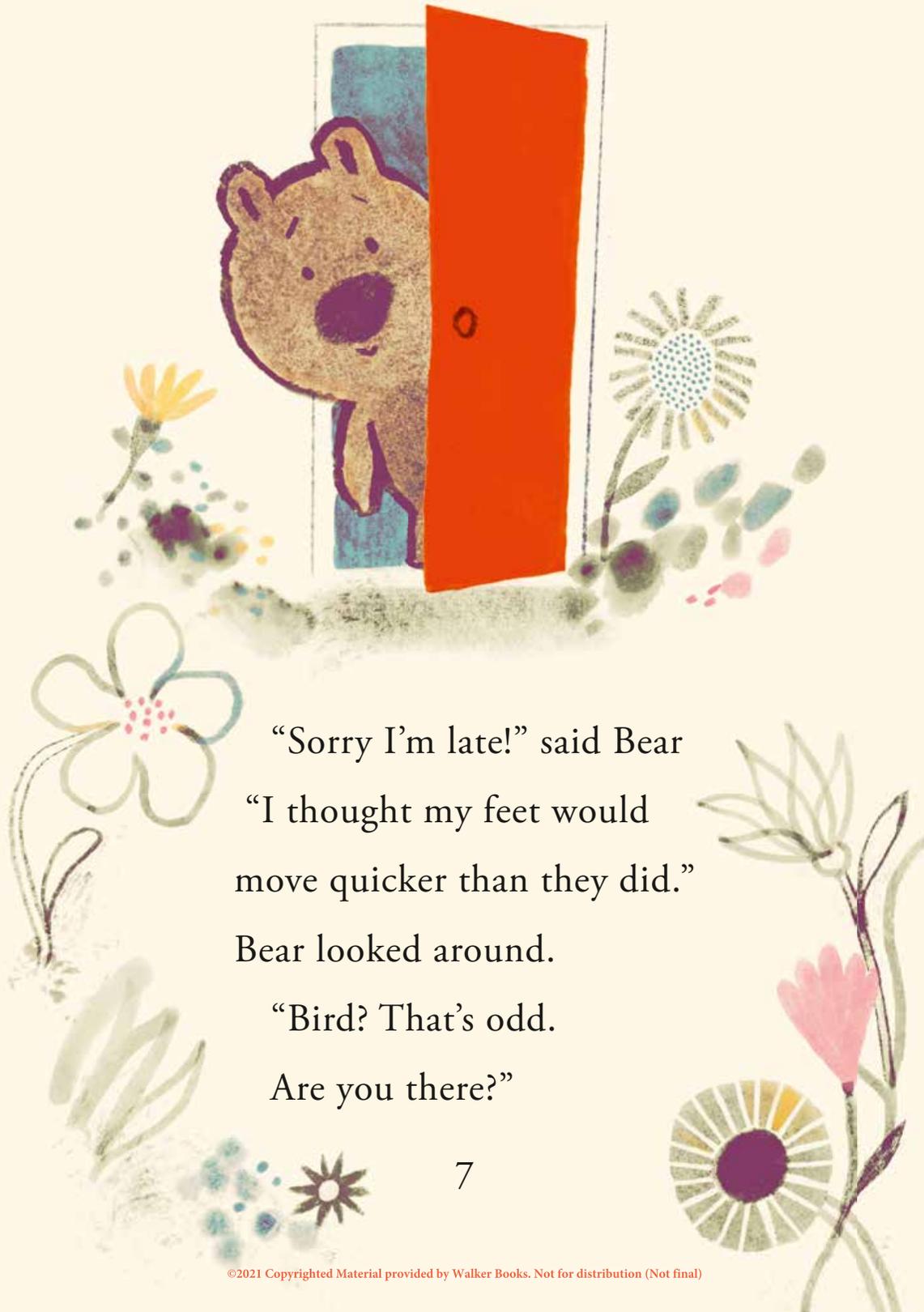
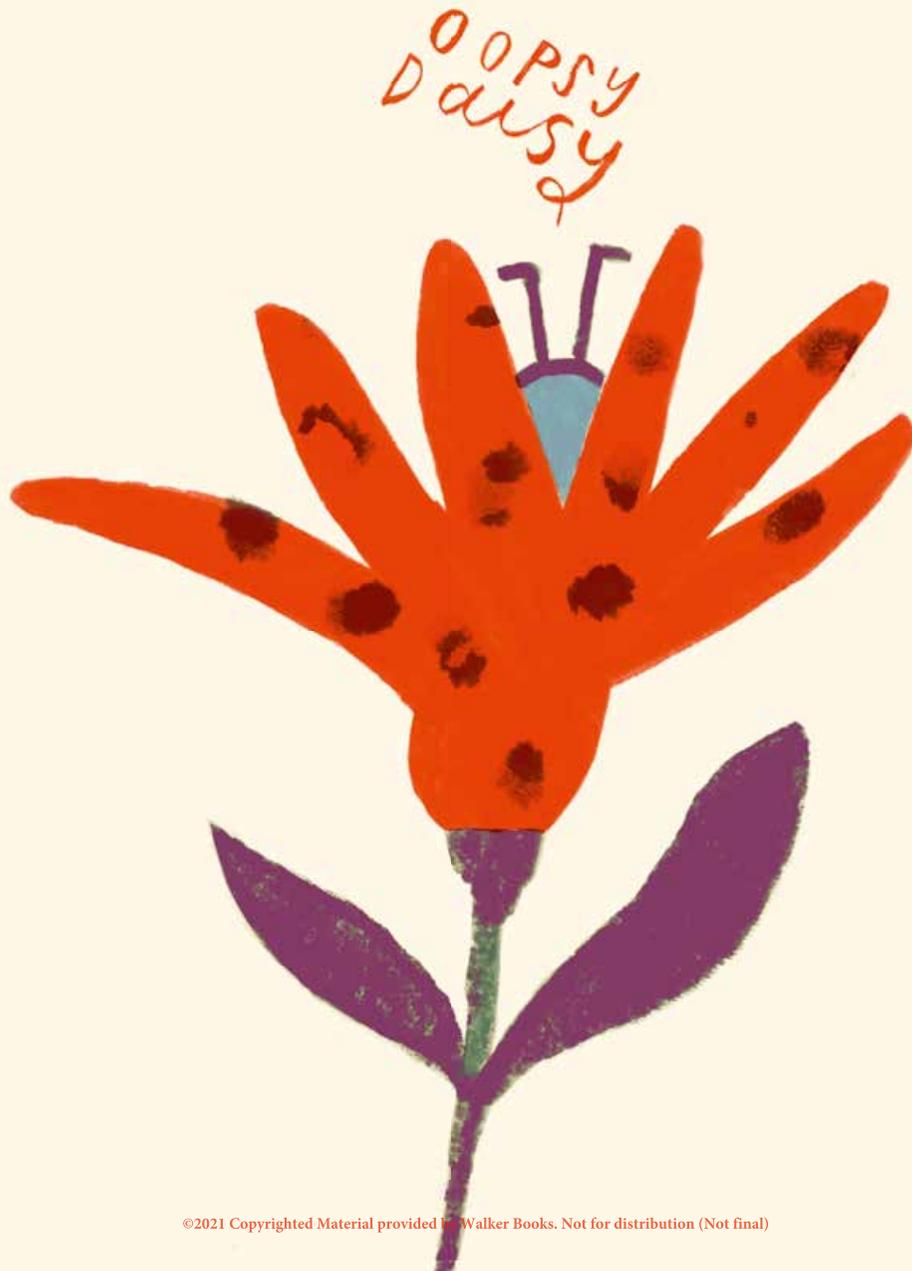
I’ve not just woken up, I promise!”

shouted Bear from his big bed.



Bird waited outside on the large comfy petals of the new flowers and wondered what kind of day they would have.

Then she fell in.  
Bird was *inside* a flower and could *not*  
get out.



“Sorry I’m late!” said Bear  
“I thought my feet would  
move quicker than they did.”  
Bear looked around.

“Bird? That’s odd.  
Are you there?”



*Surely not, thought Bear.  
It can't be. It is.  
It's a flower.  
And it's very upset.  
How can I cheer up a flower?*  
pondered Bear.  
*If only Bird was here.  
She'd know what to do.*

Bear scratched his head  
until he had an idea.

W  
A  
A  
A

Bear heard something.  
It sounded like *crying*.  
But where?  
He couldn't see anyone.  
Bear decided to ignore his eyes  
and to follow his ears.



“Hello, Flower!” said Bear.  
“I know how to cheer you up.  
Let me tell you all about  
my friend *Bird*.”



Bird is *SO SILLY* that she once thought  
that the moon had fallen into the water.  
*Teehee!*



Bird is *SO SILLY* that she once tried  
tostick all the leaves back on the trees,  
because she thought they were broken.  
*Teehee!*



Bird is  
*SO SILLY*  
that—



“Shush!” said the flower.

“Well, aren’t you rude?” said Bear.

“I was only trying to cheer you up.

In that case I’m going to find my

very best friend, Bird.

She wouldn’t talk to me like that.

Silly flower!”

And Bear stomped away.

“Don’t go! Come back! Help me!  
Help!” yelled the flower.

Bear felt bad.

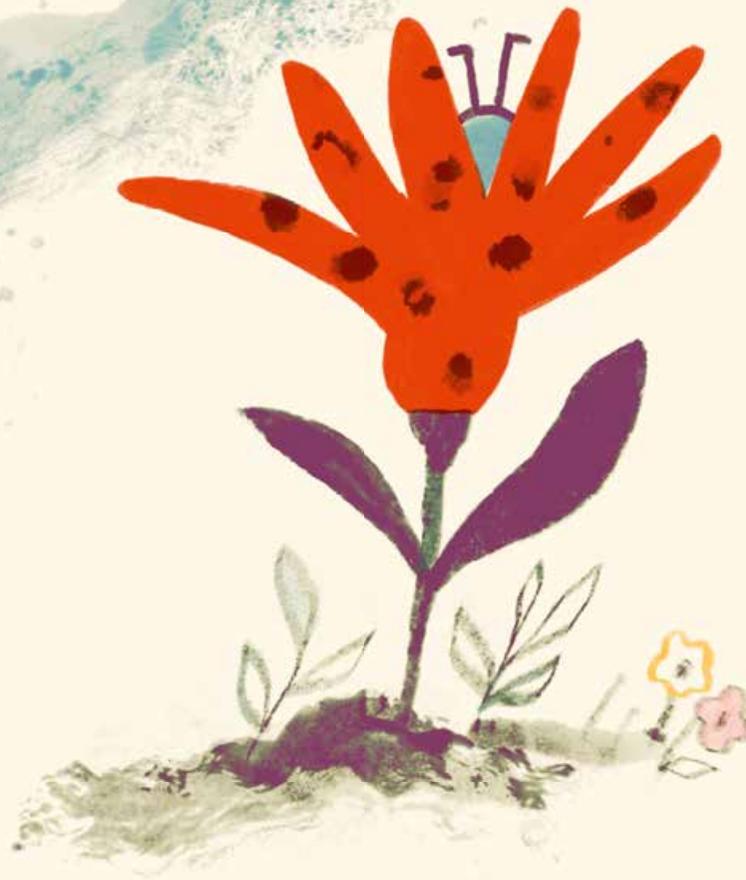
*How do I help a flower?* he wondered.

Then he remembered that flowers  
need water.





Bear filled up a bucket and came back.  
“Ah, Bear is that you?” said the flower.  
*SPLOOSSSH!*



“There we are.  
Did that help at all?” said Bear.  
“No!” said the flower. “Help! I’m stuck!”

“*Stuck?*” said Bear.  
“Aren’t all flowers stuck?  
I’ve certainly never seen any  
walking around.”

“I’m *not a flower*” said the flower.  
This made Bear laugh.

“Well you *look* like a flower”  
said Bear.  
Bear put his nose right up to the petals  
and took a big sniff.

“And you *smell* like a flower.”

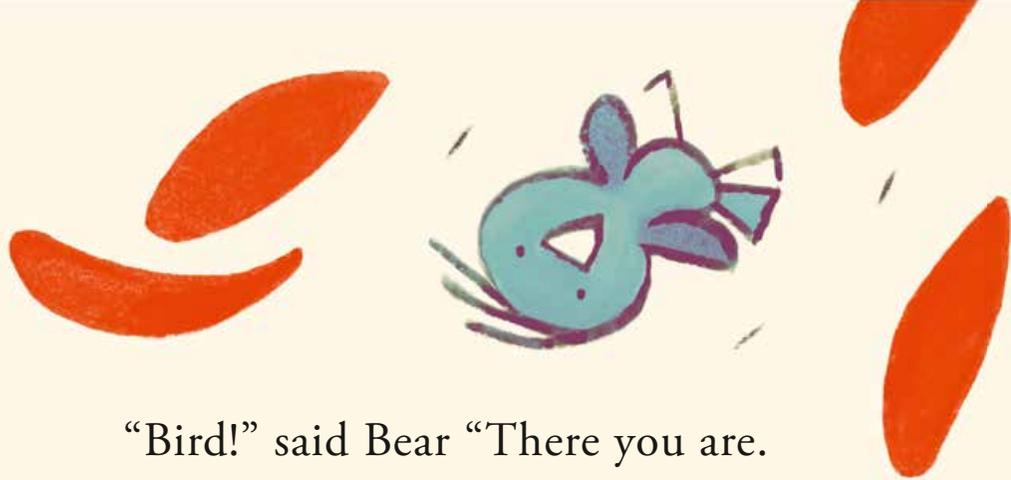


Bear’s nose was now very tickly and  
twitchy and he couldn’t help but—



Bear sneezed and blew some of the petals  
off the flower.

Bird tumbled out.



“Bird!” said Bear “There you are.  
Oh, have I got something to show you!  
Look – a *talking* flower.  
Flower, say hello to my friend, the one  
I was telling you about —Bird.” The  
flower didn’t say anything.  
Because, after all, it *was* a flower.

“Ow,” said Bear  
“It *was* talking a minute ago.  
It *really* was.”



Bird looked at Bear and  
shook her head.  
“A talking flower?” said Bird.  
“Bear, you are *SOOO SILLY.*”

