

Whatever Next! *Text only*

Can I go to the moon?' asked Baby Bear.

'No you can't,' said Mrs Bear. 'It's bathtime. Anyway, you'd have to find a rocket first.'

Baby Bear found a rocket in the cupboard under the stairs. He found a space helmet on the draining board in the kitchen, and a pair of space boots on the mat by the front door.

He packed his teddy and some food for the journey and took off up the chimney...WHOOSH! Out into the night!

An owl flew past. 'That's a smart rocket,' he said. 'Where are you off to?'

'The moon,' said Baby Bear. 'Would you like to come?'

'Yes please,' said the owl.

An aeroplane roared out of the clouds. Baby Bear waved and some passengers waved back. On and on they flew, up and up, above the clouds, past millions of stars till at last they landed on the moon.

'There's nobody here,' said Baby Bear.

'There's no trees,' said the owl.

'It's a bit boring,' said Baby Bear. 'Shall we have a picnic?'

'What a good idea,' said the owl.

'We'd better go now,' said Baby Bear. 'My bath must be ready by now.'

Off they went, down and down. The owl got out and flew away. 'Goodbye,' he said. 'It was so nice to meet you.'

It rained and the rain dripped through Baby Bear's helmet.

Home went Baby Bear. Back down the chimney and on to the living room carpet with a BUMP!

Mrs Bear came into the room. 'Look at the *state* of you!' she gasped as she led him to the bathroom. 'Why, you look as if you have been up the chimney.'

'As a matter of fact,' said Baby Bear, 'I *have* been up the chimney. I found a rocket and I went to visit the moon.'

Mrs Bear laughed. 'You and your stories,' she said. 'Whatever next?'

