

HE took off his pyjamas and looked for his trousers. He looked on the chair where he'd left them. Then he looked under the bed. Then he looked in the chest of drawers in case they were there. But they weren't. They were nowhere.

"Trousers can't disappear," cried Little Bear. "I'll see if Old Bear has seen them."





DOG was burying his bones in flowerpots when Little Bear found him.

"They kept falling through the two-bone bone-holder," he explained.

"TWO-BONE BONE-HOLDER!" cried Little Bear.

"Those were my trousers!"

"Oh, dear," said Dog. "I gave them to Rabbit to use as a skiing hat. I am sorry, Little Bear."





“WHEEE!” cried Rabbit, as he shot past Little Bear, skiing down the bannister on two lolly-stick skis. But there were no trousers on his head.

“I did have them,” he explained when Little Bear caught up with him. “They made a lovely hat with lots of room for my ears. Then they slipped over my eyes and I crashed so I gave them to Zebra. She was building herself a house.”

