

OLD Bear had been very busy all morning. He'd packed an enormous picnic for all the toys. He was just closing the lid of the basket when Little Bear dashed past and dived into a heap of books.

"Do you think anyone will find me?" he called from underneath the heap.



OLD Bear began to search for the others. First he found a sock that he had lost weeks ago. And then he found ten marbles that had rolled underneath things. He even found Cat, who wasn't really lost or hiding! But he couldn't find the other toys.

"It's no good," he sighed. "I can't see any of you. Can we tidy up a bit and start again?"





BRAMWELL showed his poster to all the toys.

"We need everyone to look for Little Bear," he said.

They all wanted to help and, within minutes, everyone was searching. They rolled up rugs and climbed up curtains. They peered behind plants and jumped into drawers. But still there was no sign of Little Bear.



BRAMWELL sat down on the floor. "I'm tired," he sighed.

"And I'm hungry," said Duck.

"Well," said Old Bear, "perhaps we need a little break. We'll have the picnic I packed this morning, then we'll carry on looking."

He led the way to the basket of food and lifted the lid. "There," he said proudly, "what do you think of that?"

