




**THE  
BRAVEST  
EVER  
BEAR**



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# The Bear

Once upon a time  
there was a bear.

That's me!



The End

Huh?



What's going on?



# The Other Bear

Once upon a time there  
was *another* bear.

**No, no, it's still me!**



The  End

**This is no fun.**



# The Three Bears



Once upon a time there were three bears

– a cottage



– some porridge



– a girl named Goldilocks



– a police chase

– a trial



– and six weeks' community service.



Serves her right!

The End



Once upon a time there were ...

# Four and Twenty

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocketful of rye,



# Black Bears

Four and twenty black bears ...  
Baked in a pie.

**The End**

**This is ridiculous.**



# The Penguin

Once upon a time  
there was a penguin.

**A penguin?**



**Yes - what's  
wrong with  
penguins?**



**The End**



**This  
is really  
ridiculous!**

# The Sausage

Once upon a time there was a —

**That's it!**



**I've had enough.**



**Can I cook  
you something?**




**I'm going to  
write the next one.**





# THE BRAVEST



Once upon a time there was a *perfect* bear. When he was a baby he won first prize in the Baby Bear Show. When he went to school he came top of the class. When he grew up he did ... hm ... lots and lots of very brave things.



He rescued Red Riding Hood – and her grandma – from the Wolf, and tied him up with a skipping-rope until the police came.



# EVER BEAR

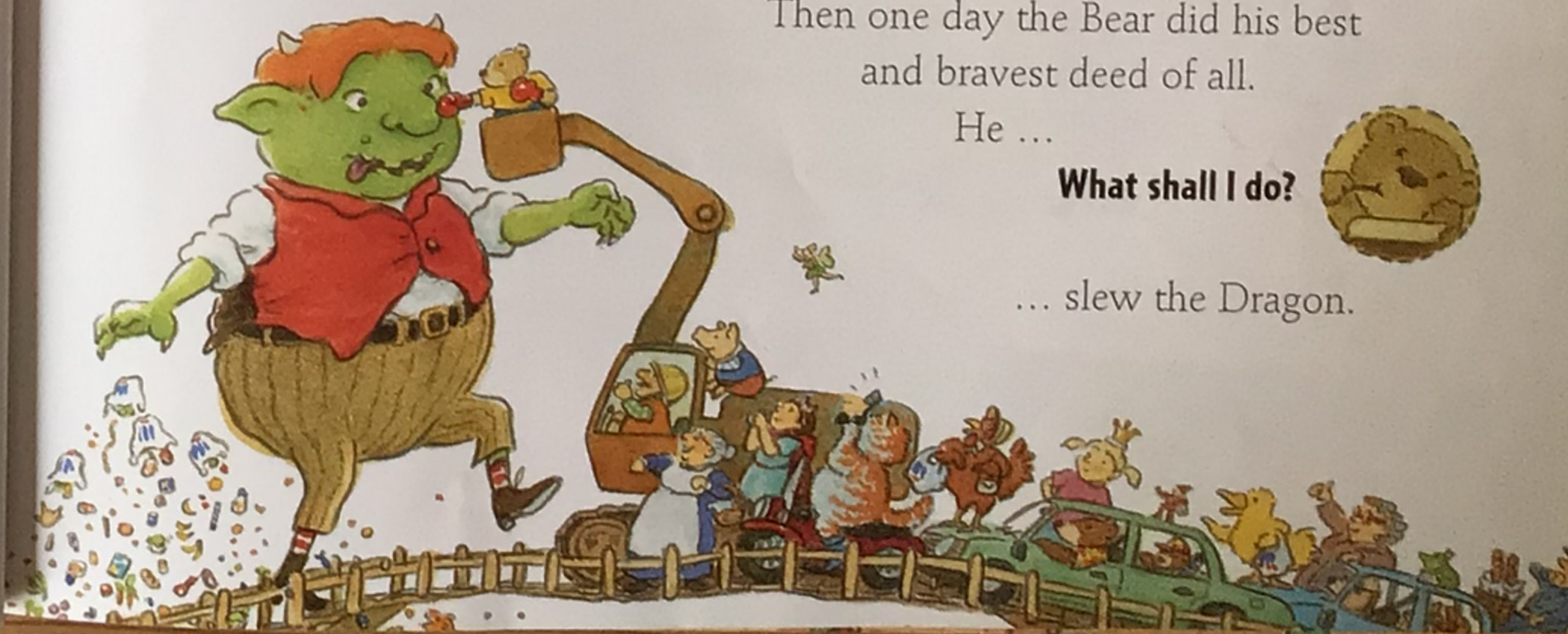
He solved the traffic problem on the Ricketty Racketty Bridge. There was a troll under the bridge. This troll was very big and very hungry. He kept stopping motorists coming back from the supermarket. He threatened to eat them for his supper unless they gave him *all their shopping*.

So people phoned the Bear and asked him to help. Well, what the Bear did was, he punched the Troll on the nose and, just to be sure, he ... er ... built *another* bridge. Then one day the Bear did his best and bravest deed of all.

He ...

**What shall I do?**

... slew the Dragon.



The Dragon's picture was in all the newspapers. He was eating everything – left, right and centre – and setting fire to things. So the King went on TV and offered a whole pile of prizes to anyone who would rid the kingdom of this dreadful dragon. The prizes included:



a fridge-freezer



a three-piece suite



a Toyota four-wheel drive

and the hand of his  daughter in marriage.

After that lots of young men – youngest sons, older brothers, visiting princes and so on – tried to slay the Dragon and rescue the Princess, whom the Dragon had previously captured. They came with swords and guns, horses and bicycles, cars and excavators and fork-lift trucks. But all to no avail.

**You can say that again.**

The Bear, though, had a better idea. He came ...



with a *fire engine!*

Anyway, in no time at all the Bravest Ever Bear had put that dragon's fire well and truly *out*, rammed him with the engine and tied him up with the hose.

**Is your name George?**



**No.**

He didn't actually slay him, though.

After that, the Bear rescued the Princess, collected his prizes, got married and ... er ... lived happily ever after.



**No, he didn't.**

**The End**



**No?**



**No – and it's not the end either.**

**It's not even the beginning.**



**It's the *wrong* story!**

**Anyway, I'm not marrying a *bear*.**



**How about a penguin?**

**Push off, Penguin!**



**No**



# The Perfectest

Once upon a time there was a princess.

**I thought this was a bear book.**

This princess was the fairest in the land – *of course* – but also smart. She had no trouble with dragons, trolls or wolves, come to that.

And no time for princes.

**Push off, Prince!**

**Aaargh!**

**Really?**

**Push off, Prince!**

**Aaargh!**

**The End**

**The End?**

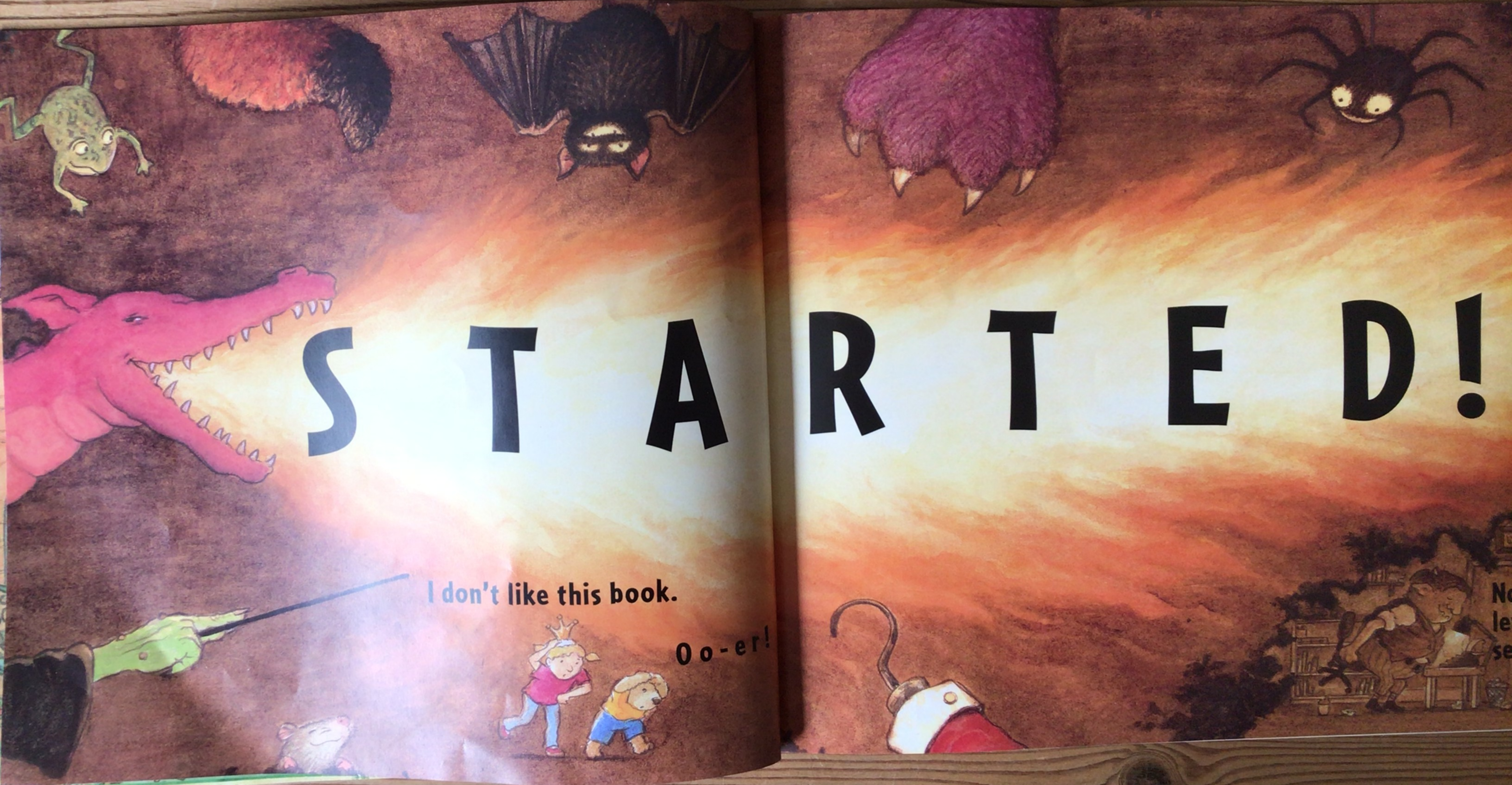
**I doubt it.**

**You can say t  
We've**

# Ever Princess

Also, she was just sick of footmen and French maids – gardeners and grooms – governesses – homework – keeping her room tidy – not having her own TV – *princes* (I mentioned them already!) and ... palace life altogether. So, one day what she did was, she ... er ... let's see ... she moved into a flat with a couple of friends, started a career in television – and went shopping.





# STARTED!

I don't like this book.

Oo-er!

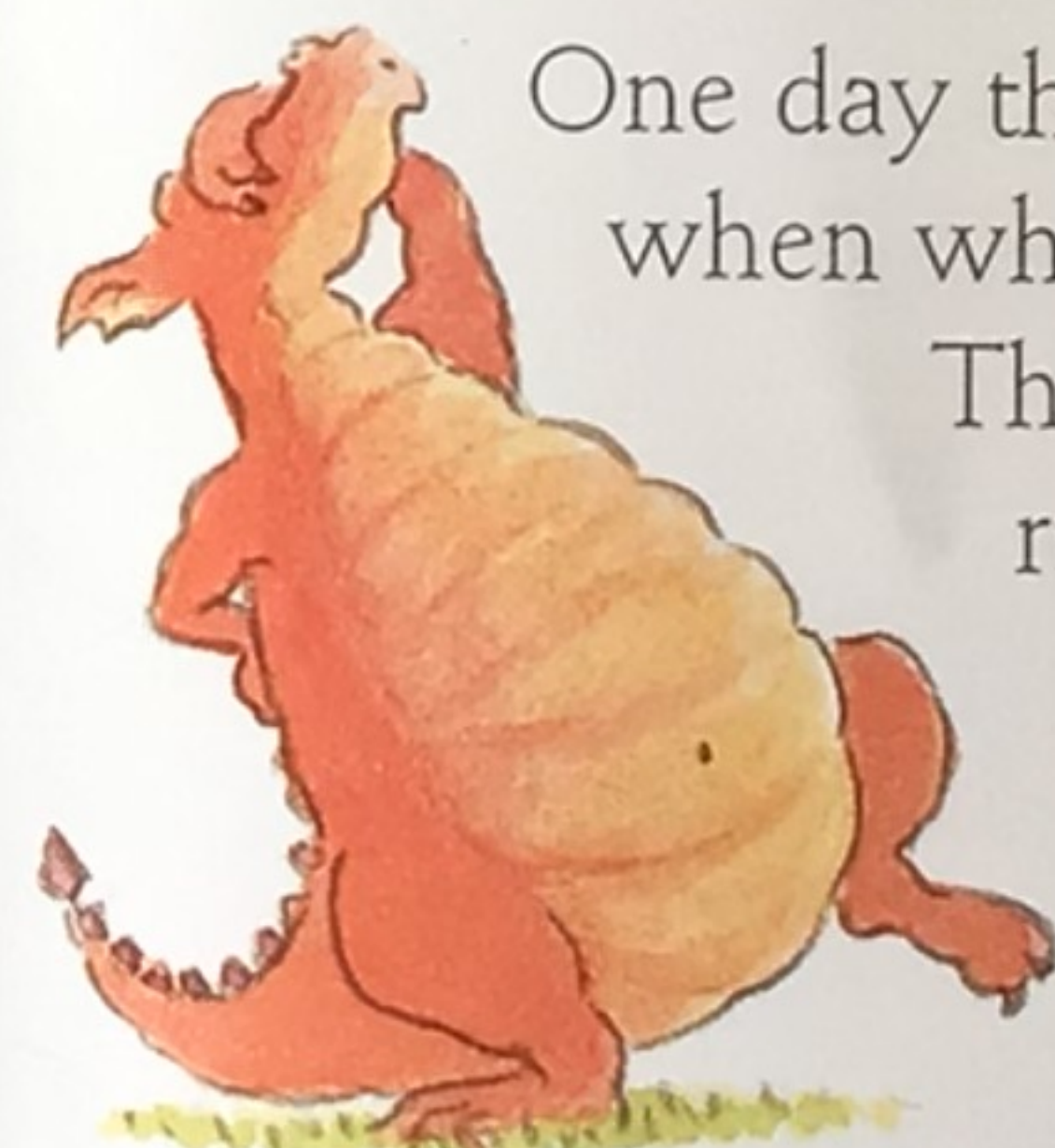
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le  
se

# The Wolf, the Troll

# and the Dragon

Once upon a time there was a happy wolf. All day long he just sat around eating little pigs (three at a time), little girls, baskets of shopping, grandmas and so on. His best pal was a troll. He ate baskets of shopping too – and shoppers. Often the Wolf and the Troll would have little snacks under the

Troll's comfortable and cosy bridge. Or they would go on a picnic.



One day the Wolf and the Troll were out with their picnic basket when who should they meet but their other old pal, the Dragon. The Dragon was in a dreadful state. He had just been run over, believe it or not, by a bear in a fire engine!

This bear was well-known to the Wolf and the Troll.

**Was he?**

They had had trouble with him themselves. So then what these three loyal companions – musketeers, you might call them – what they did was, they straight away went down into the town and got their own back.

**All for one and one for all!**



In the town there was a king and queen,  
a bride and groom, a wedding

Ah!

Not this again!



and a banquet.

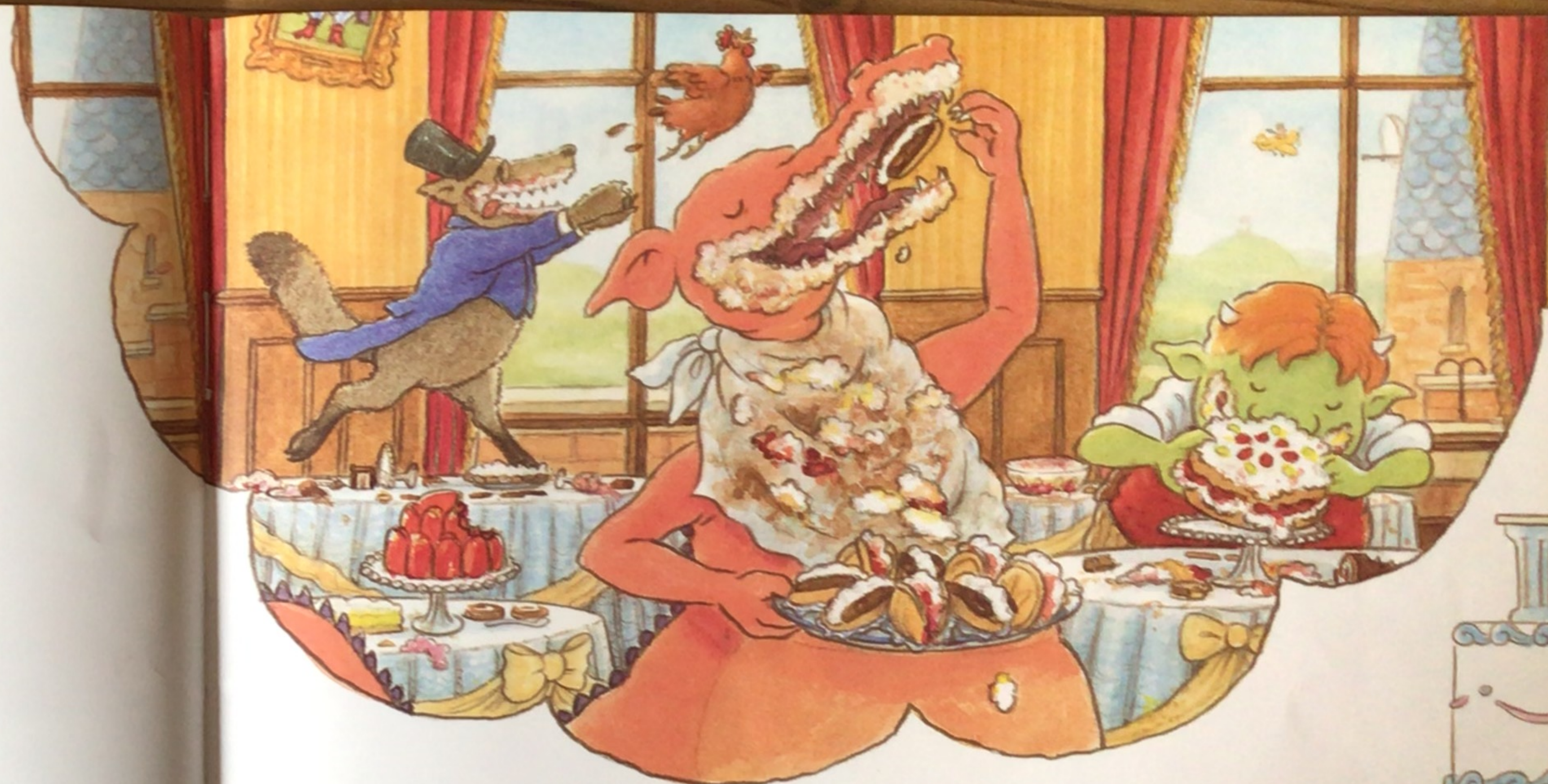
Hooray!



Also a wolf, a troll and a dragon,

That's us!

who just came strolling in ...



and ate the lot!

The **BURP!** End

Pardon me!



No, no,  
you forgot  
one thing...



## The Wedding Cake

Oh yes, the cake! Well, then – surprise, surprise! – out of the cake jumped four and twenty black bears – black *belt* bears, actually. In next to no time they had wrestled the Wolf, the Troll and the Dragon into a submission, and tied them up.



Everybody cheered. The King was so pleased that he gave the bears half his kingdom and a twenty-four-piece suite. So then, of course, the banquet could continue. The trouble was there *was* no banquet. Not a crumb. Not a drop. Not a sausage.

There again, speaking of sausages...



## The Sausage



Huh?

Once upon a time there was a sausage, there *was*, there really was. This sausage was a chef. As it happened, he had cooked the first banquet (and the first cake).

So all he had to do ... was cook another.

**Nothing to it.**

After that, everybody – black bears and princes – grandmas and Goldilocks – French maids, shoppers and little pigs – ate their fill. Soon the King was full, the Queen likewise, and the happy Bravest Ever Bear was bulging.

**The End**



# The Bed

Once upon a time  
there was a bed

**Good!**



with a bear in it.

**Better still.**



**The End**



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