

Whatever Next!

JILL MURPHY

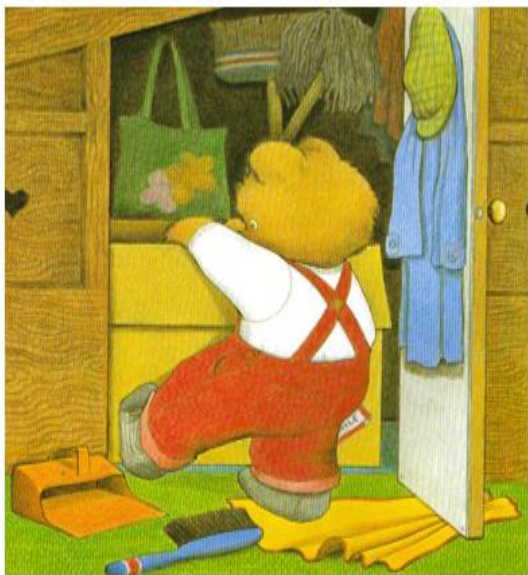




“Can I go to the moon?” asked Baby Bear.



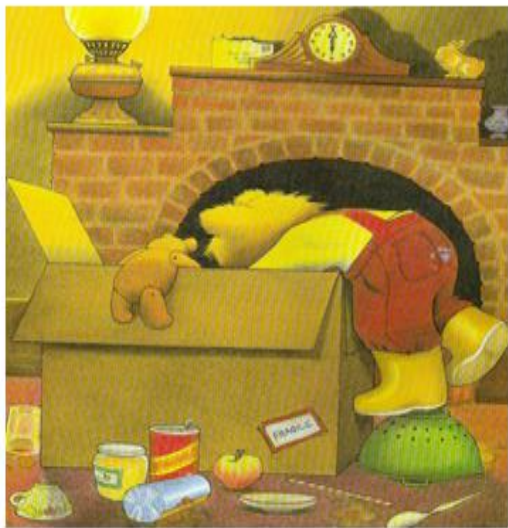
“No you can’t,” said Mrs Bear.
“It’s bathtime.
Anyway, you’d have to find a rocket first.”



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.



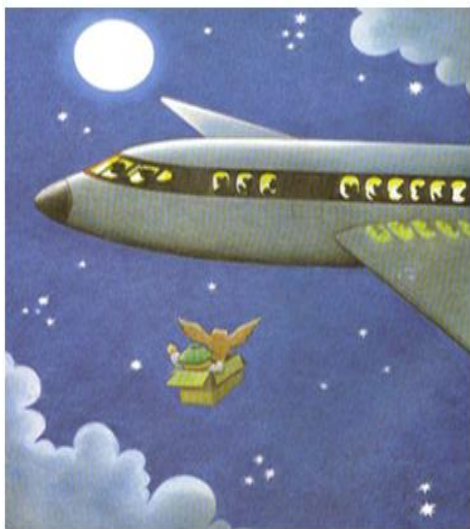
He packed his teddy
and some food for the journey
and took off up the chimney ...



....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 too?" "Yes please," said owl.



An airplane roared out of the clouds. Baby Bear waved and some of the 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 are 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," said Baby Bear. "My bath must be ready 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 away to the bathroom. "Why, you look as if you've been up the chimney."



"As a matter of fact," said Baby Bear, "I *have* been up the chimney. I found a rocket and went to visit the moon." Mrs Bear laughed. "You and your stories," she said. "Whatever next?"