



Bad Bear Day

by Jane Lovell

Mr Frisby had a grizzly
but the bear was in a tizzy,
felt his fur was way too frizzy,
all the frizzy made him dizzy
and his chin was fuzzy wuzzy.

“Don’t you stress,” said Mr Frisby,
“we can sort this in a jiffy”,
gave the bear a quick shampooey
(gosh, the soap was really whiffy –
made Bear smell all fruity-wooty).

He trimmed his fur and shaved his chinny,
combed his tail and rubbed his tummy,
said “It’s time for beddy-weddy”,
popped him in a snazzy onesy,
tucked him in and gave him kissy.

Mr Frisby had a grizzly.
Did it give him back a kissy?
Did it hunker down for sleepy?
Did it let him stroke and pet him?
No, it bared its teeth and ate him.

