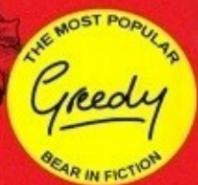


A year in the life of
GREEDY BEAR

and Percy Penguin



ARON
Piper



Peter Piper

A Year In The Life Of Greedy Bear

and Percy Penguin

by
Peter Piper

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A year in the life of
Greedy Bear

and Percy Penguin

A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear



Illustrated by Aaron Pockock

Greedy
Bear

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Spring

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Spring: Chapter One

Fathers' Day in the Bear Household

Father's Day comes around but once a year. It is a time in all good households for children to give thanks and presents to their father.

Greedy and Janie spent the day prior to Father's Day in their bedrooms preparing gifts. Greedy made a car out of cereal packets and eggs boxes and painted it red, which was his father's favourite colour for cars. Janie prepared a perfume from red rose petals, which she had soaked in water overnight. It offered a sweet familiar scent. Having bottled it in a soft drinks container, with a resealable screw top, she covered the original label with a white sticker and using a marker pen decorated it with red roses and a wreath of green leaves.

Mrs Bear knocked on Janie Bear's bedroom door.

Knock! Knock!

'Is that you Daddy?' asked Janie Bear.

'Only me dear,' answered Mrs Bear as she let herself in. Janie Bear showed her mother the bottled perfume she

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had made and asked what she thought of it. 'Is it a drink?' asked Mrs Bear.

'No, it's Daddy's present. It's a rose petal perfume.'

Mrs Bear seemed impressed and asked if she could smell it. She unscrewed the bottle top and took a sniff.

'Hm, it does smell of roses. What are you going to call it?'

'I'll show you,' said Janie Bear. She selected a thick blue marker from her tray of pens and wrote the word, "Thorn", on the bottle's new sticker. Mrs Bear thought this a very good idea. She left Janie's bedroom and knocked on the door to Greedy Bear's bedroom.

Knock! Knock!

Thinking it might be his father, Greedy panicked. He placed a chair against the door so that no one could enter. Then, looked around for somewhere to hide his cardboard car. He put it under his pillowcase. But, it made the pillow look too tall. He held it behind his back. Then, realized he might need to show his paws. So, he opened his cupboard. It was full. He looked under the bed. It wouldn't fit.

Knock! Knock!

The door handle turned, but the chair stopped the door from opening.

'Wait! Wait!' called Greedy Bear. Increasingly flustered, he opened his sock drawer. It was too small. He opened his box of toys. There was no room. He looked at the window. Then at his cardboard car.

Knock! Knock!

Fearing the door would open at any minute he threw his car out of the window. Down below, unbeknownst to Greedy Bear, Mr Bear was in his deck chair reading his

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car magazines. As usual, he was dreaming of owning a red sports car, when a large red cardboard box landed on his head.

Crunch!

'Pwah!' yelled Mr Bear. 'What the devil is this?' He rubbed his head. Meanwhile Mrs Bear made another attempt at the door.

Knock! Knock!

'Wait a minute!' Greedy called. He noticed there were a few bits of cardboard had on his bed, which he quickly stuffed into his mouth. Mrs Bear had lost patience.

'I'm coming in.' She twisted the door knob. Meanwhile Greedy was trying hard to swallow the cardboard. He removed the chair from the door and his mother to enter. 'What on earth were you doing?' demanded Mrs Bear.

Greedy gulped and looked over at the window, desperately concerned for his cardboard creation. But he had a more pressing problem. Being dry the cardboard he had attempted to swallow was now stuck in the back of his throat. He struggled to tell Mrs Bear that he couldn't breathe. Consequently his speech came out in bits.

'Aren't... 'eve!' he said.

'Aunt Eve? Are you trying to be funny Greedy?' Mrs Bear was in no mood for Greedy's games.

'Elp!' Greedy danced about hoping to dislodge the cardboard in his throat.

'Greedy, I'm warning you. Stop dancing about.' Mrs Bears protest went unheeded and Greedy clutched at his throat.

'Uh! Uh!'

'Greedy, I hope you have been making your father's present and not messing around all morning,' Mrs Bear

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walked past Greedy and looked around his bedroom. 'Where are those cardboard boxes I gave you?'

Greedy banged his chest. The ball of cardboard was now completely blocking his air duct.

'Uh! Uh!'

'Now stop aping around Greedy. Listen to me. Janie has already made her present.' Greedy fell to his knees choking. Mrs Bear looked out of the open window and noticed Mr Bear rubbing his head. He glared up at her.

'Do you mind!' he snarled.

'I'm sorry?' asked Mrs Bear, not sure what he was on about.

'And so you should be!' protested Mr Bear, picking up his deck chair and moving away from beneath the window. Mrs Bear was beginning to think that all male bears had gone quite mad today. Hearing a commotion and not wanting to miss out, Janie Bear entered Greedy's bedroom.

'What's Greedy doing on the floor?' she asked, pointing at Greedy, who was stamping the floor with one leg whilst turning all shades of purple and blue in the face.

'Come Janie. We'll leave them to it. Men!' snapped Mrs Bear. 'You'll learn this when you get older. They are completely mad!' She took hold of Janie's paw and marched her out of the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. As the door slammed the chair fell over and landed on Greedy's chest with a *Thud!* This helped Greedy dislodge the ball of cardboard from his throat. He gasped for air.

The next morning Greedy awoke early and asked that no one disturb him in the garage. Especially not Mr Bear. Mrs Bear tapped her nose, knowingly. Mr Bear took no

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notice. He was reading a review of another car, he would never afford. Janie Bear entered the living room and gave her present to Mr Bear. She dabbed some of the perfume onto Mr Bear's paw and asked him to try it. He took a sniff at his new *Thorn* rose petal perfume.

'Oh, that's wonderful,' said Mr Bear. Janie pirouetted at the side of the sofa. Mr Bear thanked her with a hug and some kisses. Then tried to trace the last line he had been reading.

By the time Mr Bear had finished reading about his dream car, Greedy burst into the living room and made an announcement.

'Right Daddy, I have a special surprise for you.'

'Oh good,' exclaimed Mr Bear. He was enjoying all the attention. 'What is it Greedy?' Janie noticed Mr Bear was wiping his paw, which had been sprayed with *Thorn*, onto his trousers. She felt let down.

'You'll see,' replied Greedy in grand tones. 'Would everyone like to follow me please,' he said. Greedy led the way to the garage. 'Your present awaits,' announced Greedy Bear as he opened the door that led through to the garage. It was very dark inside. Everyone crowded into the garage and then Greedy switched on the lights.

Mr Bear's jaw dropped. Mrs Bear screamed. Janie looked stunned.

'My car,' cried Mr Bear.

'Good, isn't it,' offered Greedy looking up and down the vehicle.

'What have you done to my car?' demanded Mr Bear.

'I've painted it red, your favourite colour,' explained Greedy, more than a little proud of himself. 'And note, the white "*go faster*" stripe down the side.' Everyone

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was so stunned that it was all they could do to follow the wobbly line along the length of the car. 'For a sporty look,' added Greedy to the silence.

'It's unbelievable,' said Mr Bear, with a quiver in his voice.

'I know,' agreed Greedy. 'Sorry Janie, puts your smelly water into place. It's the sport car you always wanted. And!' said Greedy raising an indicative finger, 'I've painted the name on the bonnet, in white!'

Mrs Bear, whose jaw was still dangling open, walked around to the front of the car, to see the letters, 'Ferrary' painted in white, on the bonnet. Janie didn't dare speak. Mrs Bear was so shocked she couldn't speak. Mr Bear was finding it hard to take in. Greedy sensed they were shocked and read this as a good sign.

'And, you always dreamed of a white leather interior. Well dream no more Daddy. Take a look!'

Bear opened the door to find his grey cloth seats dripping with white gloss paint.

'Don't sit in it yet Daddy. The paint hasn't dried,' added Greedy looking at his paw, trying to feign modesty.

Mr Bear began to shake, as if he was desperate to hold something in. Then he turned and grabbed Greedy by the throat.

'My car!', he growled, shaking Greedy back and forth. 'What have you done to my car!'

Mrs Bear slumped to her knees and cried.

'Oh Greedy, what have you done?' said Mrs Bear. Mr Bear continued to shake Greedy back and forth as Greedy made lots of gurgling noises. His throat had had a rough day.

'My car! My car! You've ruined my car!' sobbed Mr

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Bear. He put down Greedy and let his head slump into his hands. Mrs Bear stood and put her arm around Mr Bear's shoulder. Janie, who was on the verge of tears, looked at Greedy with distaste. Mr Bear began to weep openly.

'There there dear.' Mrs Bear made soothing noises as she stroked Mr Bear's back.

'You don't like it?' asked Greedy. Mr Bear stood up and tried to grab hold of Greedy. But sensing trouble Greedy ran around the car.

'Geoffrey!' called Mrs Bear. But Mr Bear took no notice.

'I'll teach you!' he shouted. Greedy ran further around the car and accidentally knocked a pile of old paint tins with his arm. The pile stacked high to the ceiling, rocked precariously. Greedy stopped. Mr Bear stood still preying they wouldn't fall on his car. When the tower appeared to have settled Greedy held up his hands.

'See?'" But as he started to run again his foot caught something on the floor and that span and hit the pile of tins at the base. The tower of tins wobbled and tumbled, bouncing off the bonnet of the car causing a cacophony of sound. Mr Bear stopped, slumped his hands on his waist and waited for the last tin to roll off his car.

'Right! That does it! When I get hold of you, you are going to get such a spanking!' said Mr Bear.

Then the oddest of things happened. Mrs Bear took a gentle hold of Mr Bear's arm.

'Look! Look! Look!' she said excitedly. 'There!' She pointed to a part of the garage floor that had previously been hidden beneath the tower of paint tins. Mr Bear followed his wife's finger.

'What is it? What!' He was still in screaming-mad

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mode.

'It's a ring. Isn't it?' exclaimed Janie Bear, as she recognised what it was Mrs Bear was pointing at.

'My engagement ring. Look it's my engagement ring,' said Mrs Bear softly. Then in harsher tones, 'that you lost years ago!' Mr Bear took a second look. He peered over the top of the bonnet of his car. There on the floor, amongst the dust and the cobwebs, exposed by the fallen paint tins, was a ring with a single diamond that gave off a sharp white twinkle.

'So it is,' said Mr Bear calmly. Mrs Bear knelt down and picked up the ring. She blew on it. Rubbed it clean on her dress. Then with a delighted look on her face, slipped it on her finger.

'It fits!' exclaimed Mrs Bear. 'After all these years. Well done Greedy!' She walked around the car and gave him a great big hug. Mr Bear was at a loss to know what to do next. He'd been out manoeuvred.

'Oh isn't he a darling?' said Mrs Bear smiling at Greedy, like he was still a baby cub.

'Oh, eh, he's... ' Mr Bear was struggling to get his words out. Mrs Bear put her arm around Greedy and walked him out of the garage past Mr Bear.

'And clean up this mess Geoffrey Bear,' ordered Mrs Bear. Janie followed Mrs Bear past Mr Bear into the kitchen. Mr Bear stood motionless, astounded. He looked at his car, dented, dripping with white paint and couldn't for the life of him work out how he had come out of this the baddie.

In the kitchen Mrs Bear gave Greedy a big kiss and promised to bake him an apple pie.

'Your father is so careless,' said Mrs Bear.

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'Isn't he?' replied Greedy Bear.



Spring: Chapter Two
The Magic Teapot

Bilberry Hall is a quiet village, until the on-set of spring that is, when the Londoners arrive. They park their large expensive cars along the streets, cluster around the local convenience store attired in smart casuals, buying post cards and cakes and asking questions. The first thing they want to know is, *where can they spend their money?* The second thing they want to know is, *how can they get to the next quaint village?* Where the first thing they will want to know is, *where can they spend their money?* And so on.

Why they bother is quite beyond those who call Bilberry Hall home. They can spot Londoners a mile away. Inhabitants of Bilberry Hall smile at each other, stop to talk, catch up on some personal chit-chat or ongoing saga they know of, spend an hour or so in pleasant conversation, before moving on their way. Nothing of any importance is said. Still, not all conversation is meant to have content. The point is, they are never lost for things to say. Townies however, don't know how to talk. They give and

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receive instructions. *Where is this? How can I go there? Who owns that?* You see? They arrive in the village full of great hope. As though something therein holds the key to their future. But within minutes of arrival, upon discovering no banks, shopping centres, cinemas or petrol stations, they lose interest and return to their world of convenience. One such individual arrived in the village and immediately began calculating ways and methods of purchasing a house within the village. *How much would a 4 bedroom home cost? What were the local facilities like? What transport connections were there?* Traipsing up and down the High Street, as though he were a Roman Emperor plotting an expansion of the village, he could be seen pacing out the breadth of one of the village's larger homes. Whilst scratching his chin he digested its relative merits. Having computed as much, he appeared at a loss to know his next move. Which was to return to the comfort of his leather seated car. Once in its deep embrace, he switched on the engine, engaged gear and drove out of the village, vowing to return. Which of course, he never did. One day, one windy spring day, when the cool north pole had sent an unusually chilly breeze across the gardens

of Greedy Bear's neighbourhood, Mrs Bear suggested they all ate some creamy mash potato. Mrs Bear set off to the shops for some cheese and milk, whilst Greedy was sent to the back garden to dig up some suitably large white potatoes from the vegetable patch. He dug his small spade into the thick heavy soil in which the King Edward potatoes grew. Soon he had unearthed a large potato. It was covered in mud. He brushed off the mud

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and dropped it into his bucket. The garden Robin appeared on the fence, waiting to search for worms unearthed by the dig. Greedy kept on digging, putting a few more potatoes into his bucket. Then, as he was taking his last pitch at the ground, with his spade, he hit something hard. He thought it was a stone, so decided to unearth it. It took a lot of effort. But eventually, he removed the large mud covered object. Scraping away at the mud he discovered it to be a silver teapot!

'A teapot!' exclaimed Greedy Bear. He put the teapot into his bucket and took them both to the outdoor tap, where he washed off all the mud. As he cleaned, the letters "Magic Tea Pot" appeared. Followed by a rhyme.

*Drink this tea, brewed in me,
And dreams come true, if this you do.*

Greedy started dreaming of all the things he wanted most. Suddenly he was filled with purpose. He ran into the kitchen and filled the kettle with cold water. Switched it on. Took the tea caddy from the cupboard. Washed out the teapot. Put several teaspoons of looseleaf tea into it. Pour boiling water into the teapot and stirred. He paced a while to let the tea brew. Then using a strainer to prevent the tea leaves from entering the cup, he poured a cup of tea. Without waiting to add milk he made his wish, then ran upstairs to his bedroom and looked on his bed. But nothing appeared. He sighed. The teapot wasn't magic after all. He emptied the teapot and threw it in the bin. Returning outside he continued to wash mud from his potatoes.

Mrs Bear returned from the shops with her cheese and

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milk. She noted the cup of tea on the sideboard and took a sip. A strange noise sounded. It appeared to be coming from upstairs. It so puzzled her that she decided to investigate.

Knock! Knock! She knocked hard at Greedy's door. There was no reply so she went in. She was surprised with what she saw...

Back in the kitchen Greedy came in from the garden with his bucket of white potatoes.

'Potatoes all clean,' he announced with some pride to his Mother in the kitchen.

'Well done Greedy. Now perhaps you'd like to tell me where you got all those pies from?'

'What pies?' asked Greedy.

'The pies Greedy. On your bed.'

'On my bed!' Suddenly Greedy realized what had happened. He raced up stairs to find his favourite type of apple pie on his bed. He picked up the nearest pie and began to eat.

'Apple pie number one. dee-licious.' He took a large bite. 'Mm... my favourite.' Soon he had eaten his first pie and continued to eat pie number two and then number three and number four. Once he had eaten seven pies he ran downstairs to tell everyone about his magic teapot, which he retrieved from the bin and washed out.

'This is my Magic Teapot.' Greedy held it up for Mrs Bear to see. She let Greedy tell her what had happened and as if to encourage his active mind decided to make another pot of tea. With Greedy instructing his mother how to make a wish, Mrs Bear poured a cup of tea then closed her eyes and made a wish. Nothing happened.

Greedy appeared disheartened. But as Mrs Bear took

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her first sip of tea, *Kaboom!* The strange noise sounded and in that moment a brand new dishwasher appeared in the kitchen.

'Oo!' squealed Mrs Bear, almost choking on her tea.

Janie Bear entered the kitchen. She received news of the Magic Teapot's powers with good humour and decided it was a game one had to play along with. It was her turn to act out the game. She made a wish and took a sip of tea.

Kaboom! Janie appeared in a sparkling pink dress.

'Oh wow! Look Mommy. Where's the mirror?' Janie ran upstairs to look at herself in the bathroom mirror. They were so amazed that they had to tell Mr Bear. He was sat in front of the telly, watching the Car Show.

'Dad,' urged Greedy, with Mrs Bear standing behind him in stunned silence.

'Not now Greedy, this is the good bit,' answered Mr Bear, waving his arm in the air, dismissively.

'But Daddy,' added Janie, who re-appeared in her pink dress. 'Look at my dress.'

'Yes, it's very nice dear. But not now,' continued Mr Bear, glancing at Janie's pink dress, which didn't seem to impress him at all. She felt let down.

'Darling,' said Mrs Bear, recovering from her state of shock, 'I think there's something you should see,' suggested Mrs Bear standing in the living room doorway.

'Oh, what is it? Why is everyone trying to ruin my time. This is the Aston Martin they're reviewing,' he stated.

'We've got a new dishwasher,' stated Janie.

'What! Oh you haven't been spending more money

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have you?' Mr Bear finally let his attention slip from the television. 'You know how tight we are on budget,' he complained.

'But darling. It just appeared,' explained Mrs Bear.

'Yes and so do the bills. As if by magic, through the letter box. But they all need paying and that's not so simple. Where is it?' Mr Bear abandoned his TV and walked through to the kitchen.

'Oh no. It's top of the range.' He held a paw to his head, apparently in some state of grief.

'I know,' replied Mrs Bear. 'Isn't it wonderful?' Janie handed Mr Bear a cup of tea.

'Now make a wish,' instructed Janie.

'Thank you Janie, but I think I will need something a little stronger to sort my head out.' Janie persisted with her request and asked Mr Bear to concentrate on something he really wanted. All three bears stared at Mr Bear as he put the tea cup to his lips.

'What's the matter? You are behaving very strange.' Mr Bear looked at Mrs Bear and added, 'this is your side of the family.' Then he took a sip of tea and *Kaboom!* 'What on earth was that?' said Mr Bear, walking towards the front door, from where the sound came.

The Bear family followed him, wondering what he had wished for.

'Good heavens! Someone has parked an Aston Martin on our driveway. Metallic blue too. Good choice.' Mr Bear didn't notice his family smiling to themselves as he headed out into the front garden to inspect the car.

Outside Mr Bear circled the car, staring in the windows.

'They've even left the keys in the ignition.' Mr Bear

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was in disbelief. 'Must be someone Harry knows. I'll knock on his door.'

'Darling. I think I should tell you something.' Mrs Bear went unheeded and Mr Bear approached the neighbours front door.

'One moment,' he replied. He knocked on Harry's door. Glancing back at his own family, who stood, with what Mr Bear could only describe as a superior and oddly amused grin on their collective faces, he wondered why it was that his family were all as mad as his wife.

'Daddy,' called out Janie. But she was called short by Mr Bear, who raised a paw to her.

'Just.' The door to the neighbours house opened. 'Ah Harry.'

'To what do I owe the pleasure?' asked Harry.

'Do you know who owns this car?' asked Mr Bear pointing back at the Aston Martin.

'You mean that car? Sitting on your driveway?'

'Yes. That. The eh, Aston Martin.'

'Oh yeah of course. It's mine,' said Harry.

'Ah,' exclaimed Mr Bear.

'I parked it on your driveway so I could make way for my other car. Which is a Rolls Royce.' There was something faintly funny about Harry's expression which told him someone was playing games with him. Mr Bear looked mystified. 'So you finally went ahead and bought it then, did you? Inherit some money did you?' asked Harry.

'It's not mine,' protested Mr Bear. For whom, things were getting stranger by the minute.

'Win the Lotto, did you?' called Harry.

Mrs Bear approached her bewildered husband and led

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him back indoors.

'Here, you'll take me for a spin, won't you? Geoff?' called out Harry, as they disappeared indoors. Once in the living room, Mrs Bear explained the story of the Magic Teapot.

'Tsh, sh, sh.' Mr Bear began to snigger. He looked around the living room, expecting people to appear from behind the sofa as part of some gigantic leg-pull.

Eventually, all members of the Bear family sat around the table staring at the Magic Teapot in silence.

'Shall I make another pot?' suggested Mrs Bear. They were soon each faced with a cup of tea. Janie drank her tea first and, 'Kaboom!' she ran upstairs to her bedroom, to find it filled with practically the entire contents of her favourite clothes shop; tops, dresses, shoes, handbags, hats, scarves, blouses, jewellery.

Greedy made a wish. *Kaboom!* He ran upstairs to find his bedroom floor covered with apple pies and boiled eggs.

Kaboom! The entire kitchen was full of all the latest equipment and appliances; fridge freezer, dishwasher, tumble dryer, food mixer, juice maker, bread maker, rice maker and every imaginable gadget covered every available work surface. Mrs Bear was delighted.

Kaboom! Mr Bear ran outside. Not one, but two Aston Martins!

Mr Bear called everyone to the lounge.

'Daddy my room is too small. Now that I have all these dresses,' complained Janie Bear.

'Maybe we could have an extension to the kitchen,' added Mrs Bear. 'I can hardly move in there with all my new appliances.' Mrs Bear sipped at her tea and *Kaboom!*

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The kitchen extended 20 feet into the garden.

Knock! Knock! There was a banging at the front door.

'Who's that?' wondered Mrs Bear. Mr Bear peeped out of the living room window.

'Ignore it,' said Mr Bear.

'Oi! Geoffrey!' called Harry, through the letterbox.

'I've got that drill I borrowed from you. Remember? Last summer?'

Mrs Bear took another sip of tea. *Kaboom!* The living room transformed into a large regal hall, with tall ceilings and golden drapes at the tall French windows.

'Oh my,' gasped Mrs Bear at her works.

'Geoff!' called Harry from the front door.

Kaboom! A white pony, with pink braids in its mane and tail, appeared in the living room.

'Janie!' rebuked Mrs Bear.

Kaboom! Greedy was instantly changed into his swimming costume. He ran outside and dive bombed into the swimming pool, that had appeared in his back garden.

'Splash!'

'Arrrgh!' cried Greedy Bear. He climbed out of the pool and stood shivering at the side of the pool. 'It's freezing cold,' he moaned.

Kaboom! The sun shone brightly and spring had turned into a perfect blue skied summers day. 'That's better,' remarked Mr Bear. 'I always wanted to live in in the sun.'

'Woo! Hoo!' Greedy ran and dived back into the pool. It was warm.

Kaboom! Janie appeared at the poolside in her pink outfit and stepped down into the pool. 'Hm it's warm.' Greedy splashed around for a minute or two then had a

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thought.

'Percy!' he called. 'I'll go and get Percy.' Greedy climbed out of the pool and went to peer over the garden fence into Percy's garden. But it had changed. It was no longer Percy's garden. But a large sun filled one, with an equally large swimming pool. Greedy Bear went indoors.

'Where's Percy's house gone?' he asked.

'Well you didn't like it cold. I thought we'd move somewhere warm,' said Mr Bear sheepishly. Mrs Bear looked out of the window.

'You mean we aren't in Bilberry Hall?'

'No,' replied Mr Bear.

'Where are we Daddy?' asked Janie Bear. Mr Bear coughed, then made a very quiet reply.

'Sydney.'

'Australia!' trumpeted Mrs Bear.

'What about my friends?' complained Janie Bear.

'How will I go to school?'

'I have a 4 o'clock meeting with the Wednesday Ladies Club today. How will I get there?' demanded Mrs Bear. Mr Bear shrank into his chair.

'Oh I want to live next door to Percy Penguin,' said Greedy.

'And so you shall. This Teapot has taken over our lives.' Mrs Bear picked up the Magic Teapot. 'I think it's about time we returned everything to the way it was before.'

'I agree,' said Janie Bear, rising to her feet.

'Mr too,' added Greedy Bear.

'Now wait a minute. This just needs a little organizing.' Mr Bear rose to his feet and added. 'Let me just go for a quick spin in the motor and we'll consider

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what to do.' Mrs Bear put the tea to her lips. 'Wait!' pleaded Mr Bear. 'One quick spin?'

Kaboom! The clouds re appeared in the sky. The lounge returned to its normal, small and cramped scale. Mr Bear slumped into his chair.

'You're right. It's not right to live that way. We must make our own way. Cut our own furrow, reap what we sow,' lamented Mr Bear. Everything was wished back to the way it had been before they had found the Magic Teapot. Janie's bedroom was no longer filled to the brim with dresses and shoes, the kitchen was back to its small unimpressive state and Mr Bear peered through the window, to find the sports car gone and his old car on the drive way. Greedy Bear went up to his bedroom to check. The floor was empty. He found no apple pies and no boiled eggs.

The Bear family sat around the table that evening to creamy mash potato, green peas and sausage. All was well in the Bear Household. As for the Magic Teapot, it was buried in the back garden with one final wish; that it disappear and reappear in someone else's garden. So the next time you are in your back garden and you are digging and you hit something hard. Be aware, it could be the Magic Teapot!

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EXTRA

Intermission

- Grip : Percy Penguin uses New McShine
Toothpaste. Take One. Chuk!
- Director : And... Action!
- Greedy : Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo.
- Director : Cut! The lines Greedy. *Hey Percy*. Let's
go again.
- Grip : Percy Penguin uses New McShine
Toothpaste. Take Two. Chuk!
- Director : And... Action!
- Greedy : Hey Percy.
- Percy : Yes Greedy?
- Greedy : How do you get your, eh, tooth.
- Director : Cut! *How do you get your teeth so
beautiful?* Teeth. Again.
- Grip : Percy Penguin uses New McShine
Toothpaste, Take Three.' Chuk!
- Director : And... Action!
- Greedy : Hey Percy.
- Percy : Yes Greedy?
- Greedy : How do you get your teeth so beautiful
and white?
- Percy : I use New McShine Toothpaste, the only
toothpaste with the revolutionary blue
stripe.
- Greedy : Your gums look so healthy.

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A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear

- Percy : Yes Greedy. That's because regular brushing with New McShine Toothpaste helps kill harmful plaque and bacteria that cause gum disease.
- Greedy : I must make sure that I ask my Mother for New McShine Toothpaste.
- Percy : And remember Greedy, New McShine Toothpaste is only available at your local chemist and all good stockists of oral hygiene products.
- Director : Smile to the camera. Show the teeth. Hold it. And. Cut!
- Greedy : Can we have the apple pie now?

FREE CHAPTER

EXTRA

Radio Interview

DJ : That's coming up after the weather. Now I have with me two celebrities who are here to promote their new single, *Here Comes Greedy Bear*, Greedy Bear and Percy Penguin. Welcome to the studio guys.

Greedy: Yeah.

Percy : Thank you.

DJ : Now you're both big stars.

Percy : That's right.

DJ : Now one thing I've always wanted to know, are you like your characters in the book in reallife?

Percy : Well Greedy is. But I'm completely different. My persona is nothing like that of Percy's. He's pedantic, a wordsmith, unable to communicate in the language of his peers. Apart from the fact that I'm about the same height and I'm a penguin, I bear no resemblance to Percy Penguin. What do you think Greedy?

Greedy: Eh... What was the question?

DJ : Ok. *A Year In The Life Of Greedy Bear* seems to have captured the imagination of the public. Why do you think that is?

Percy : I must point out that it really is a book about Greedy Bear and Percy Penguin. Percy is central

A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear

to the story line and an equally important character and it really is a dual starring role.

Greedy: Yeah, that's right. But the book's called *A Year In The Lift of Greedy Bear*.

Percy : Well that's only a marketing ploy. Percy is as loved by the public as Greedy.

Greedy: Is he?

Percy : Well one can assume so. The drama revolves around both of them.

Greedy: But I get all the fan mail.

Percy : That's because the book is named after you.

Greedy: No it's not.

Percy : Yes it is.

Greedy: Isn't.

DJ : Maybe I could interject there. Eh. Looking at the single. Tell me, why does Greedy Bear *'always eat the apple pie'*?

Percy : Well that's central to the characterization of the part. Eh, Greedy is a loveable possessive compulsive, who finds constant solace in over indulgence and who will stop at nothing to that end.

Greedy: Yeah, I'm greedy; that's why they call me Greedy Bear.

DJ : I see. Now before we play the single, let's invite our listeners to ask you some questions. So callers welcome on 'zero-one-two-one six double-eight four double-eight two.

Percy : The callers are welcome to ask, me, Percy questions too.

DJ : Yes, of course, questions to both Greedy and Percy. And now the traffic report.

FREE CHAPTER

TRAFFIC REPORT...

DJ : So we have our first caller. Tonya Woodham from Chaddersley Corbett. Tonya, go ahead.'

Tonya : Hello. I'd like to ask Greedy Bear.

Greedy: Yeah.

Tonya : Why you always eat boiled eggs?

Greedy: That's because they're dee-licious!

Tonya : Oh.

Percy : Tonya. It's Percy here. Percy Penguin.

Tonya : Hello Percy.

DJ : Do you have a question for Percy?

Tonya : No.

DJ : Right. Lets move on. Time to play the single...

HERE COMES GREEDY BEAR...

DJ : Great song.

Greedy: Yeah. My favourite.

Percy : It's a bit derivative.

Greedy: Yeah. Good ain't it?

Percy : The original was better.

DJ : Oh I thought this was an original song?

Percy : Well it's the second mix. The original had a verse about Percy Penguin in it. *Always has an enquiring mind, If anyone can resolve it, Percy can.* It was just a little bit more representative.

Greedy: They took it out.

Percy : Edited.

DJ : Right. We have another caller on the line.

Daniel Lowberry of Bromsgrove. You're speaking to Greedy Bear and Percy Penguin.

Daniel : Hello Greedy. Hello Percy.

A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear

Percy : Hello Daniel.

Greedy: Because I'm greedy, that's why they call me Greedy Bear.

Percy : He hasn't asked you a question yet.

Greedy: Oh.

Daniel : Greedy every time you meet up with Charlotte Dunning, you can't speak. Do you fancy her?

Greedy: Hoo, hoo. Ki ki. Her... pffffff. Hoo hoo.

DJ : We have another caller, Steven Massey of Belbroughton. Steven, you're through to Greedy Bear and Percy Penguin.

Steven : I have a question for Percy Penguin.

Percy : Hello Steven, how are you?

Steven : Fine thank you.

Percy : That's good.

Steven : What is Greedy's favourite food?

Percy : Well that's really a question for Greedy Bear.

Steven : What is your favourite food Greedy?

Greedy: Eh because, eh... I'm... eh, what was the question?

Steven : Do you like boiled eggs or apple pie best?

Greedy: Yeah. Because they're dee-licious!

DJ : Right sorry to stop you. And now Terry Dougall with the news.

THE NEWS...

DJ : So the books been a success, the single is expected to do well. Where do you see yourselves going from here?

Greedy: I think we're going to lunch.

Percy : ...

FREE CHAPTER

DJ : Right. I'd like to thank you both for being our guests today, Greedy Bear and Percy Penguin, everyone. Eh, the single's out soon. Good luck with that. Thanks for coming in.

Percy : Pleasure.

Greedy: Are we going now?

Percy : Yes, we're going.

DJ : Greedy and Percy. Now a song from Cold Play.

SONG FROM COLD PLAY...

[OFF AIR]

DJ : Well that went well.

Greedy: Yeah. That's why they call me Greedy.

DJ : Yes. I'm sure the listeners enjoyed that...

Percy : Would you like an autograph?

DJ : Eh..

A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear

SONG

Here Comes Greedy Bear

A D A

Here comes Greedy Bear,

D

He eats too much, he doesn't care,

A D A

He always eats the apple pie,

D

Then tries to hide it with a lie,

G F# E A D

He's so... Greedy. That's why they call him Greedy Bear.

G D A D

He will eat all you can bake,

G D A D

Gingerbread and chocolate cake,

G D A D

Blackberry and apple pie,

G D A D

Boiled eggs, potato fry,

G D A D

Yellow custard, lemon curd,

G D A D

He'll eat more than you've ever heard.

G F# E A D

He's so... Greedy. That's why they call him Greedy Bear.

A D A

FREE CHAPTER

Here comes Greedy Bear,

D

He eats too much, he doesn't care,

A D A

When he's challenged he will lie,

D

To hide the fact he's eaten pie.

G F# E A D

He's so... Greedy. That's why they call him Greedy Bear.

G D A D

He has a giant appetite,

G D A D

For anything with vegemite,

G D A D

When the apple pie has gone,

G D A D

You can bet what he has done,

G D A D

If you let him have a slice,

G D A D

He'll lick his lips and says "Mm, nice".

G F# E A D

He's so... Greedy. That's why they call him Greedy Bear.

"Mm, dee-licious... My favourite".

Words and music by Robert Salisbury

A Year in the Life of Greedy Bear

