

A NEW EUROPEAN CAUTIONARY TALE

THE BREXIT BEAR



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EIGHT-PAGE SPECIAL PULL-OUT



It was Midsummer's Eve and all the animals of the wood gathered together to bake a pie. Bear brought the flour. Fox brought the eggs. Badger brought the butter. Wolf brought the filling of plums and apples. Bear was very excited to eat the pie, but it was too hot and needed to cool down, so he went for a walk in the dark woods. Soon he met a toad, a pig and a weasel.

"How do you do, little bear?" they asked him.

"I'm very excited because I'm waiting for my pie," said Bear.

"Have you ever thought," said the Toad,

"that it's your flour? Why should the other animals have it?"

"That's true," said Bear.

"It's your flour," said the Pig.

"If you keep it all, you'll have more for yourself."

"You're right," said Bear.

"What they said," said the Weasel.

"Mr. Weasel, you're a genius!" said Bear.

"It's my flour and I should do what I want with it."



Bear was very cross. He stormed into the clearing and shouted as loudly as he could:

“I want my flour back!”

The other animals were shocked.

“But we’ve baked the pie,” they said.

“It’s too late.”

“Give me my flour!” screamed Bear.

“It’s my flour. And I want it back!”

Bear grabbed at the pie.

He fought with the other animals. He burnt his paws, and bruised his nose.



The pie spilled on the floor and was ruined.

Bear ran away into the dark woods. He was out of breath. His paws and his nose were very sore.

The Toad and the Pig and the Weasel were nowhere to be seen. Bear wondered if he had done the right thing. But then he remembered what they had said to him.



“Because of Fox and Badger and Wolf, I have no pie!” he said.

“But I will bake my own pie. And then I can have it all for myself.”

Bear looked in his cupboards.

He still had a little flour left. But he didn’t have any eggs or butter and he didn’t have any plums

or apples.

Bear went back to the clearing. Fox and Badger and Wolf were laughing together and eating a breakfast of leftovers from the feast. “Have you come to apologise?” asked Fox.

“You all spoilt my pie,” said Bear. “Give me some eggs and butter and plums and apples”.

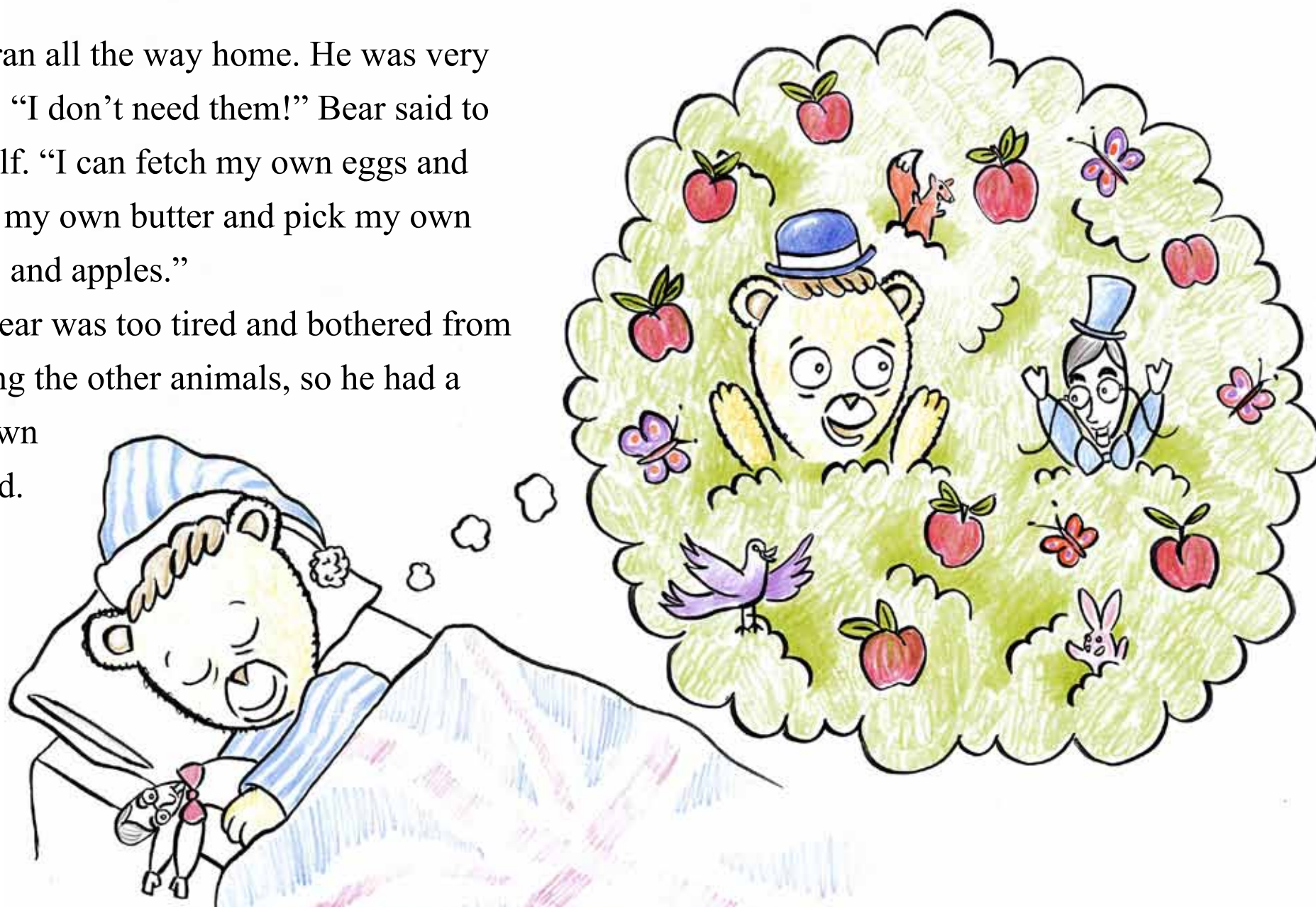
“Will you give us some flour in return?” asked Badger.

“No. It’s my flour and I can do what I want with it.”

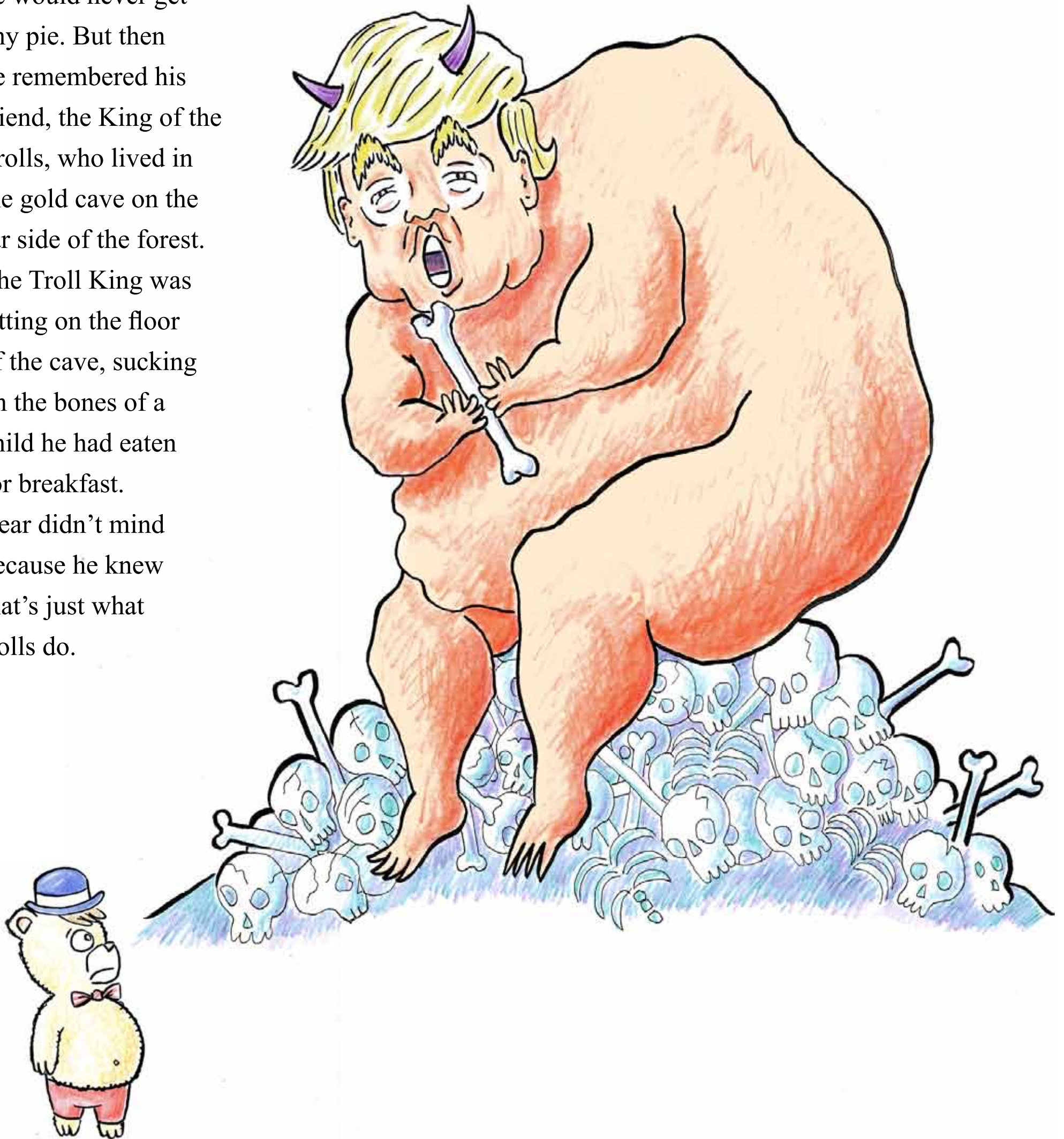
“Jog on then,” said Wolf.

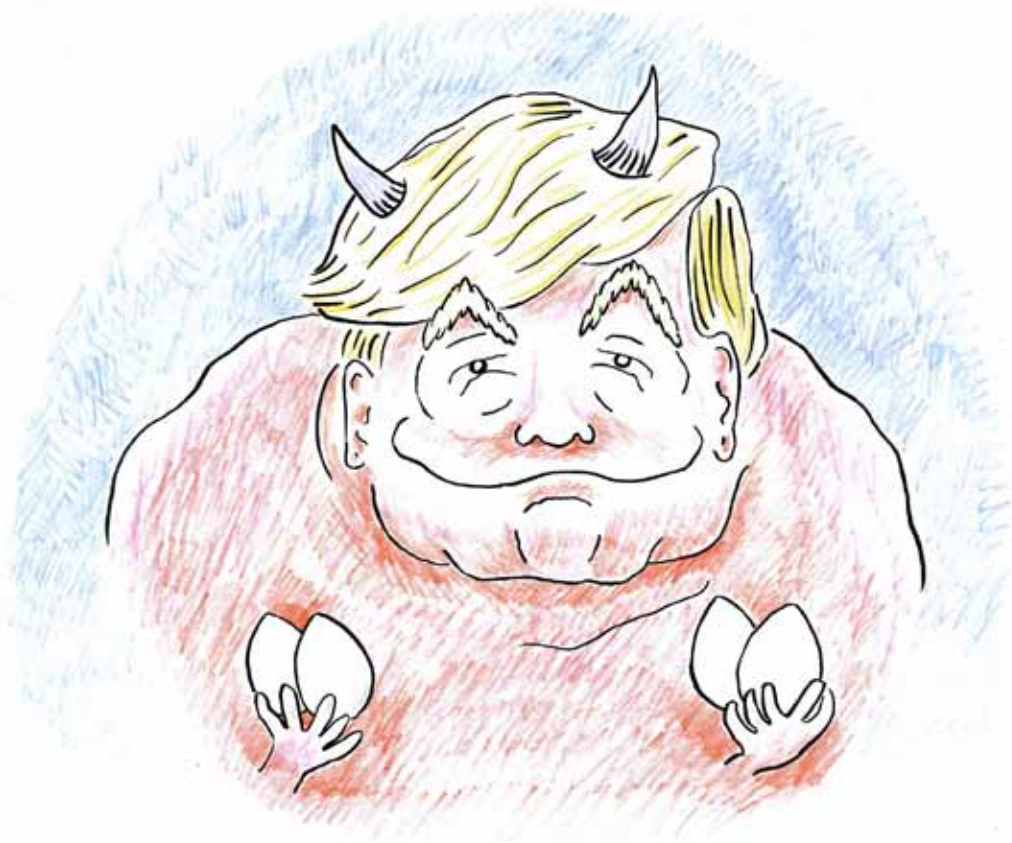
Bear ran all the way home. He was very angry. “I don’t need them!” Bear said to himself. “I can fetch my own eggs and churn my own butter and pick my own plums and apples.”

But Bear was too tired and bothered from fighting the other animals, so he had a lie down instead.



Bear was worried he would never get any pie. But then he remembered his friend, the King of the Trolls, who lived in the gold cave on the far side of the forest. The Troll King was sitting on the floor of the cave, sucking on the bones of a child he had eaten for breakfast. Bear didn't mind because he knew that's just what trolls do.





“Your Majesty, would you be so kind as to give me some eggs?” asked Bear.

“Yas!” said the Troll King. “Have all them eggse. I don’t needs ’em. And youse is a friend. My bestest friend. The bestest friend in the whole world!”

Bear was delighted. He began picking up the eggs and putting them into his basket.

“Wrong!” said the Troll King.

“I needs them eggse!”

And he grabbed them all back and began cracking them into his mouth.

Bear started to worry.

“Will there be any for me?”

“Sad!” said the Troll King.

“These is my eggse! And I needs ’em all. I would lends you some if youse was a friend. But I barely knows you.”

The Troll King turned his back on Bear and carried on shovelling the eggs into his mouth. Bear went home very disheartened.



He put on his apron and his baking hat and made his pie as best he could with the last of his flour and what he could find in the forest.

The Toad and the Pig and the Weasel arrived.

“You should be very proud,” said the Toad.



“This is your pie. You made it all by yourself,” said the Pig.

“What they said,” said the Weasel.

“Would you like a piece?” asked Bear.

“Not likely,” they all said, and disappeared again into the woods.

Bear felt as lonely as he'd ever felt.



Just then, a rich and magical squirrel passed by. She was visiting from the enchanted edge of the forest.

“Would you like to share a piece of my pie?” asked Bear.

“Yes,” said the Squirrel. “And as a reward for your kindness I will make you rich beyond your wildest dreams.”

Bear let out a squeal of delight.

He ran inside and carried out the pie.

Twigs and leaves and dirt stuck out from its pale, dry crust. “That is a disgusting pie,” said the Squirrel.

“Forget it.”

“No, it isn’t,” said Bear.

“You’re an idiot.

It’s delicious.”

And he ate every piece.



THE END