# The Bun That Would Not Fit

A very large surprise in a very small bakery.



**A short story for reading aloud**

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

# The Bun That Would Not Fit

Moss the mouse made six little buns every morning. He mixed. He kneaded. He patted the dough.

Pat-pat, puff-puff!

One morning, he tried a new recipe. The dough rose above the bowl. It rose above the spoon. It rose until it tickled his whiskers.

“Oh!” said Moss.

He baked one enormous bun. It smelled of warm apples. It looked like a golden hill.

Moss tried to put it in a bag.

Rip!

He tried to put it in a box.

Pop!

He tried to carry it to the window. He could not see where he was going.

# The Bun That Would Not Fit

Just then, someone knocked.

Tap-tap. TAP-TAP.

Outside stood a baby elephant.

“Do you have anything big enough for my birthday breakfast?” she asked.

Moss peeped around the bun. The elephant peeped around the door.

They both began to laugh.

The bun was exactly right. The doorway was not.

So Moss opened his wide serving window. The elephant held out a tray, and Moss rolled the bun towards her.

Rumble, tumble, plop!

“Will you have a piece with me?” she asked.

Moss fetched two plates: a large one and a tiny one.

Next morning, he made six little buns.

And, just in case, one slightly bigger one.

**THE END**

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