The Marmalade Mountain

A sticky problem at breakfast time.



A short story for reading aloud

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

The Marmalade Mountain

Bear put a spoonful of marmalade on his toast.

Then another. It looked like a mountain.

"A mountain needs a flag," he said.

He found a twig and a piece of paper. He planted the flag on top.

Rabbit arrived for breakfast.

"That's grand toast," she said.

Bear lifted it towards his mouth.

The mountain began to slide.

"Oh!"

He tipped the toast the other way.

The mountain slid back.

Rabbit held out a plate.

Too late.

Plop!

The marmalade landed in Bear's lap. The paper flag stood straight up on his knee.

Bear stared at it. Rabbit covered her mouth.

The Marmalade Mountain

"You may laugh," said Bear.

Rabbit laughed. Bear laughed too, although he was rather sticky.

They cleaned his lap. Then they wiped the chair and washed their paws.

"Perhaps a smaller mountain," suggested Rabbit.

Bear looked at the bread basket. There were six little pieces of toast.

"Or a mountain range."

They spread a small spoonful on each piece. Rabbit arranged them on the big plate, with gaps between the golden hills.

Bear put the paper flag beside the plate instead of in the food.

Then they sat down to eat.

Crunch went Rabbit.

Crunch went Bear.

Nothing slid anywhere.

"Much easier to climb," said Rabbit.

Bear looked at the last little piece. He looked at his clean knees.

"And much easier to wear," he said.

Outside, a bee landed on a flower. Bear watched it carefully.

"That," he said, "is someone who knows how much breakfast to carry."

THE END

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