

We should call ourselves  
the **Bridge Buddies**.

Must we?

Do you really not like  
my barbecue breath?

Actually, it makes  
me rather hungry.



For Izzy, George, Eddie and Will.—M.F.  
For Jess.—M.C.

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'Humm,' pondered Bear.  
'Maybe. Let me see ...'

First you need to like bridges.'

'But I do! I LOVE bridges!'  
bounced Dragon.

'And you need to  
use bridges ...'  
continued Bear.



**BOING BOING**  
**'I'M USING  
A BRIDGE  
RIGHT NOW!'**  
shouted Dragon, bouncing  
even more bouncily.



'What else?' Bear thought for a moment. 'Ah, you'll need to know how to swim.'



'OH, COME ON!' cried Dragon. 'That's not fair! Why should a **BACK-SCRATCHING FURBALL** like you get to make all the rules?'



'HOW DARE YOU!' growled Bear. 'Bears are supposed to be furry, you . . . **SCALY LIZARD!**'



'And Dragons are supposed to be scaly, you **FOREST-POOPER!**'







‘Well, you have  
**BARBEQUE  
BREATH!**’  
yelled Bear.

‘I BEG YOUR  
**PARDON?**’  
growled Bear.

‘And you do  
**SALMON FARTS!**’  
shouted Dragon.

‘**YOU HEARD ME!**’  
screamed Dragon.

