

The Teddy Bear's Picnic

Rachel Hutchins



The day had come,

It was finally here.

The teddy bears picnic;

Tabitha waited all year.

Up she jumped out of bed,

Carefully combed her hair,

quickly brushed her teeth,

chose what dress to wear.

Downstairs she rushed

With a hop and a spring,

To raid the cupboards.

What lunch should she bring?

In an excited hurry
With a clink, clank, chang,
Down fell the jar of honey,
which shattered with a bang.



"Oh no!" exclaimed Tabitha
As she fell to the floor.
"Where will I get more honey?"
With an idea, she ran to the door.



She trotted to the farmyard,
"Do you have honey Mrs Hen?"
"Just eggs" clucked the chicken,
She had to try again.

Off she galloped to the sheds,
"Do you have honey Mrs Cow?"
Only milk mooed the heifer,
With disappointment in her brow.



She ran to the greenhouse
And saw the farmer's wife.
"I only have fresh tomatoes"
Causing more and more strife.

She wandered across the field
And suddenly began to hear,
"Wait! is that a buzz?"
She followed with her ear.



There she found a beehive.
The beekeeper said "Come see!"
Amazed by the honeycomb,
She watched all the busy bees.

She had finally found her treasure,
Like precious jewels in a chest!
Through the searching, she
discovered,
Sometimes what is last is best.

