

The Rolling Biscuit

Grandpa John and Grandma Rita lived in a little stone cottage.

One morning they baked a perfectly round biscuit. They made it golden in the oven and left it to cool beside the window.

But the biscuit wanted to see the world.

It gave a jump.

Plop!

And away it rolled.

“Come back, little biscuit!” called the grandparents.

The biscuit laughed as it rolled down the lane.

“Round and round, away I go. Nobody can catch me!”

In the meadow it met a rabbit.

“What a tasty biscuit!” said the rabbit. “I think I shall eat it.”

“You will have to catch me first!”

And the biscuit kept rolling.

“Round and round, away I go. Nobody can catch me!”

Farther on it met a bear.

“What a crunchy biscuit!” said the bear. “I think I shall eat it.”

“You will have to catch me first!”

And the biscuit rolled even faster.

“Round and round, away I go. Nobody can catch me!”

At the edge of the wood it met a fox.

“What a lovely round biscuit!” said the fox. “Come closer. I cannot hear you.”

The biscuit remembered the rabbit and the bear.

“Oh, no! You want to eat me too!”

And it rolled straight past.

But the lane ended at a stream. The biscuit could not swim.

A little tortoise poked her head out of the water.

“Climb onto my shell,” she said. “I will help you across.”

“Do you not want to eat me?”

“No. I only want to help.”

The tortoise carried the biscuit to the other bank.

The biscuit looked at the road ahead and thought of the grandparents. Rolling was fun, but it was beginning to feel lonely.

“Will you come home with me?” it asked the tortoise.

They went back to the cottage together. The rabbit, the bear and the fox followed, but this time they did not chase. Each brought something to share: strawberries, honey and apples.

Grandpa John baked one enormous biscuit for everyone. Grandma Rita cut each guest a piece.

And the travelling biscuit? It sat safely on a plate and told the story of its adventure.

From that day on, it went rolling every morning, but it always came home in time for tea.