As everyone admired him, Spike lifted off the ground!

He drifted, shifted by the wind, and floated out of sight…

The sun went down. Away he blew into the moonlit night.

Over snowy mountains where the wild grey wolves all howl…

…Over steamy jungles where the roaring tigers prowl.

Twice around the world he went. He thought he’d never stop.

Then he saw his home!

He waved.

And his balloons went …

POP!

He dropped down to the mossy ground and landed

… with a thud.

The burst balloons, in tatters, Scattered round him in the mud.

‘Spike’s not bare!’ his friends declared. ‘He’s sharper than a tack!’

‘I popped all my balloons!’ whooped Spike. ‘My prickles have grown back!’

So Badger threw a party for him - everybody came! Prickly Spike no longer had to hang his head in shame.

And even when he turned to leave, His friends were very kind, pretending not to see the…

… cupcake stuck to his behind!