But to his great dismay…

…the sock unravelled on a thorn.

‘You’re all bare,’ teased Weasel

‘as the day that you were born!’

‘Oh, please don’t tease me Weasel!’

little Spike said with a sigh.

‘I don’t know why I have no prickles

and it makes me shy.’

But Weasel said, ‘You’ll freeze!

A chilly breeze is in the air.

You’ll catch a cold and sneeze,

So please put on some underwear!’

Spike went red and off he fled. He had no pants or vest.

He really missed his prickles and felt badly underdressed.

And just when he believed he couldn’t bear it any more…

…he saw balloons! A great big bunch!

Attached to Mole’s front door,

Spike grabbed the string.

‘They’re just the thing to cover me,’ he said.

And he wound balloons around himself

from tiny toe to head.

‘The height of fashion!’ Squirrel said.

‘So colourful and round!’