Your clue is warm and cosy
In a place where you lay your head
It’s all tucked up and sleepy
The question is – which bed?

The next clue’s in a spin
In a machine that goes round and round
Among the dirty socks and towels
He’s waiting to be found

The next clues very chilly
He hopes you’ll find him with ease
He’s behind closed doors
Near fish fingers and frozen peas

You’ll need to put your shoes on
But you don’t need to go far
Look for something zoomy
It’s hidden in the _ _ _

The next clues behind a door
Go and take a look
We hope you’ll find him quickly
Before he starts to cook

You’ll find your next clue outside
He’s just hanging around
On a line, which dries pants and socks
High above the ground