

(wind whistling)

- Honeycomb Kid, my sister's lost in the snow and night's coming.

- Come on. We'll take the polar bears. ♪ Honeycomb ♪ ♪ Breakfast sweet as honey ♪ ♪ Post Honeycomb for your own ♪

- How you gonna find her?

- Don't know yet, but I'm glad I have my Honeycomb. Post Honeycomb is now bite sized, crisper, crunchier, better than ever. I'll lasso the moon and use it for a searchlight.

- There she is.

- Honeycomb Kid, you're my hero. ♪ Now a box of treat that is really sweet ♪ ♪ Post Honeycomb ♪