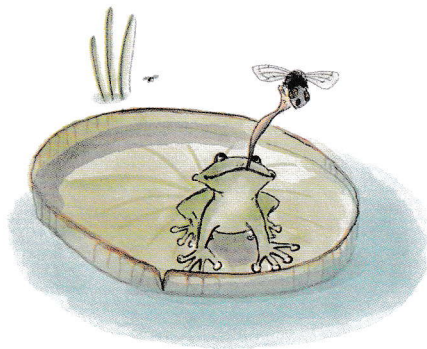
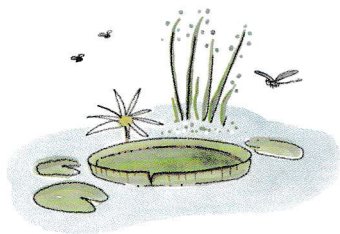


Frog Crush

Part of
The Crush Series

This book belongs to:





A frog sat on a great lily pad,
waiting to catch his lunch.
He was feeling particularly hungry
and wanted a fly to crunch.

He sat there and waited in the sun,
his eyes watching all around.
He didn't make a frog's croaking noise,
as flies knew that kind of sound.

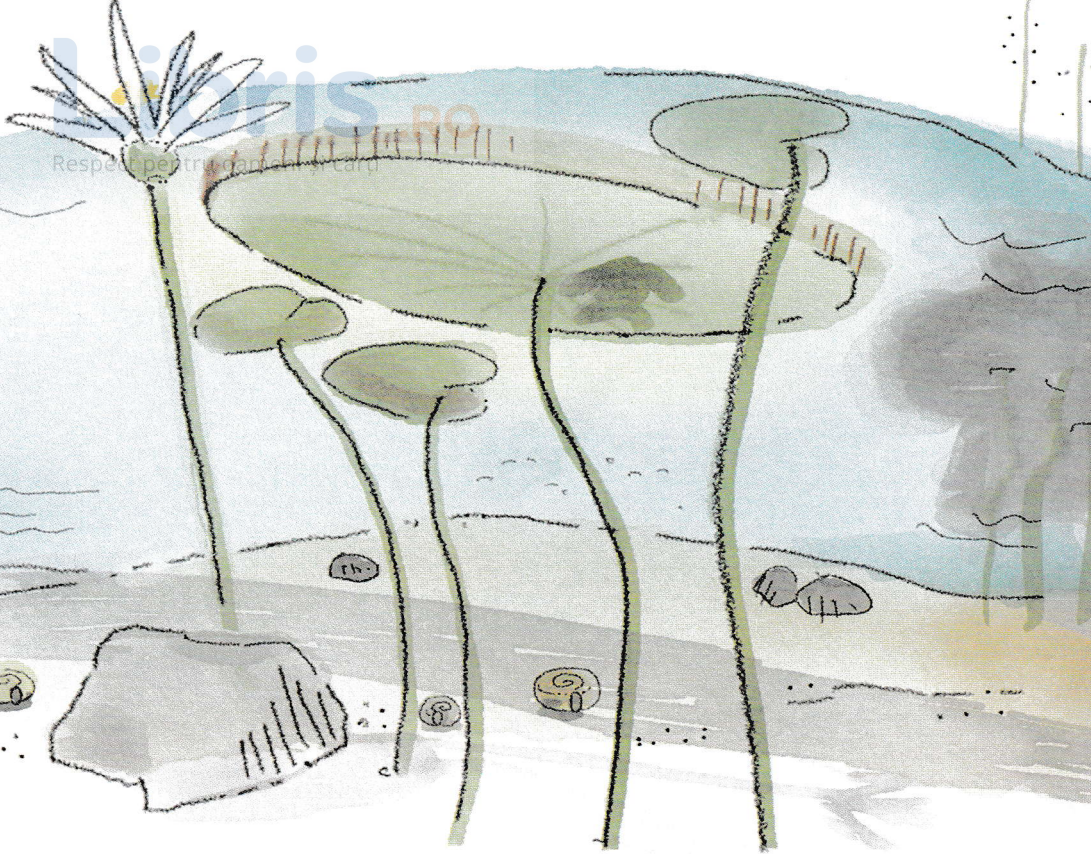
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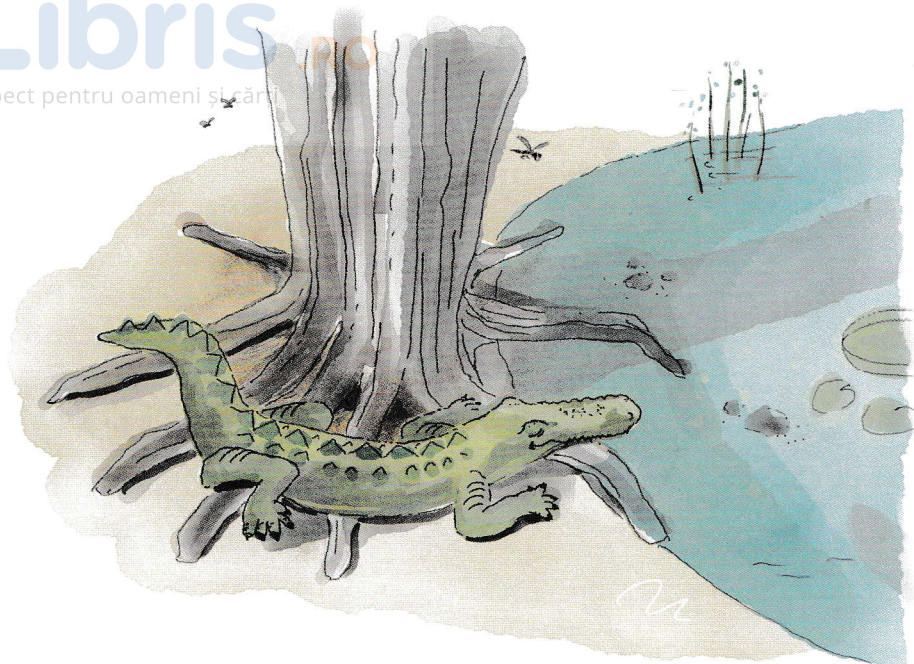




Swimming along the old river bed,
a fish was sniffing away.
He searched for a worm or maybe a frog,
but nothing came his way.
His friends had told him to swim up here,
to look by the old oak tree.
As frogs and worms play on the branches above,
as he would easily see.



As he swam he saw a great lily pad
and a green frog in the sun.
He thought he'd found his lunch for the day,
he started to rub his tum.



Hiding beneath the roots of the tree
having a midday snooze,
dreaming of a holiday in the sun
- or perhaps an ocean cruise -
there lived a crocodile two metres long.
He was the king of this pool.
And although he looked quite friendly,
he was really rather cruel.