



In the  
Swamp  
by the Light  
of the Moon

AWARD  
WINNING  
ILLUSTRATOR

Frann Preston-Gannon



In the  
Swamp  
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of the Moon





For my lovely Loredana.

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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# In the Swamp by the Light of the Moon

Frann Preston-Gannon







A little frog sat in the night-time air  
in the swamp by the light of the moon.  
He sat all alone in the little green pond,  
singing his little frog tune.





But all by himself his voice was so quiet  
so he stopped and he let out a sigh.  
"Singing alone is not much fun,  
what a lonely wee froggy am I."





So he hopped and he jumped over lily-pad leaves  
and into the blue of the night,  
to find someone else to join his song  
to make it sound just right.







He found a friendly crocodile,  
who was drumming and humming in time.  
"My friend," he called, "will you sing with me?  
Will you add your song to mine?"



So the crocodile hummed  
and beat his drum,  
while the little frog sang his tune.

But something was wrong  
as they both sang along  
in the **swamp**  
by the light of the  
**moon.**








They found some mice on a fallen log  
who were playing a miniature gong.  
Into the night they sang, "LA DE DA!"  
and froggy called, "Please sing along."

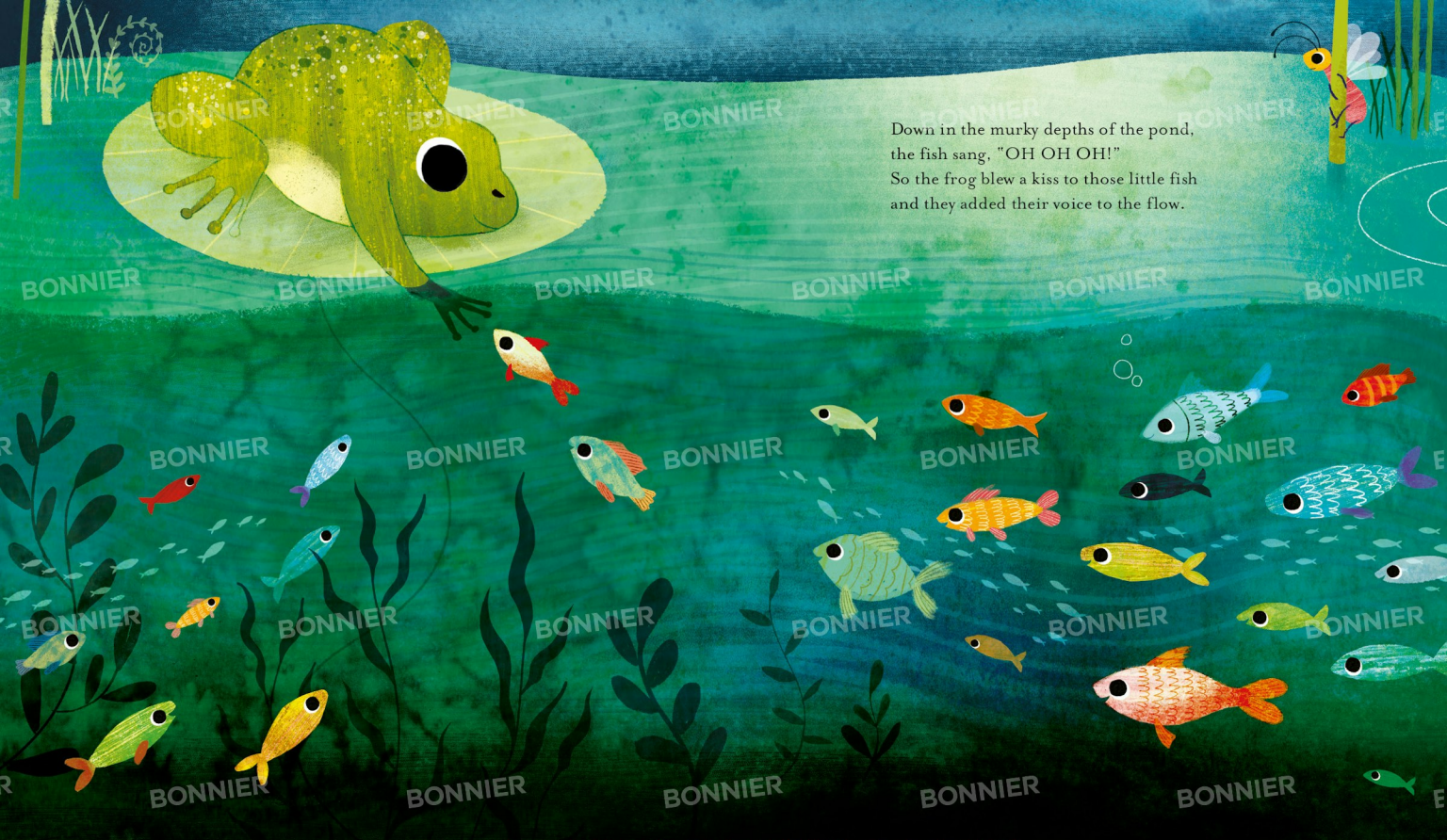




So the mice sang, "LA!"  
to the brightest star,  
the crocodile hummed  
and beat his drum,  
while the little frog sang his tune.


But something was wrong  
as they all sang along  
in the **swamp**  
by the light of the  
**moon.**






Down in the murky depths of the pond,  
the fish sang, "OH OH OH!"  
So the frog blew a kiss to those little fish  
and they added their voice to the flow.






The fish sang, "OH!"  
in the pond below.  
The mice sang, "LA!"  
to the brightest star.  
The crocodile hummed  
and beat his drum  
while the little frog sang his tune.

But something was wrong  
as they all sang along  
in the **swamp**  
by the light of the  
**moon.**







Some birds flew down from high above  
when they heard the hullabaloo.  
"We love the song you're singing,  
and we want to join in too!"





So the birds sang, "COO!"  
and the noise just grew.  
The fish sang, "OH!"  
in the pond below.  
The mice sang, "LA!"  
to the brightest star.  
The crocodile hummed  
and beat his drum,  
while the little frog sang his tune.

But something was wrong  
as they all sang along  
in the **swamp**  
by the light of the  
**moon.**







Froggy put down his small guitar.  
The song still wasn't quite right.  
But then he saw a shy little bug  
not adding her song to the night.

"What's wrong?" he said, "why are you so quiet?  
Please join our night-time ditty."  
"Not me," said the bug. "I'm far too small,  
and my voice just isn't that pretty."





"My friend," said frog, "your song's unique and important like all of the rest. Even small voices count, so let's hear yours – only you sing your song best."



So the bug sang out her very own song  
and her small voice carried far.  
She bizzed and she buzzed to the beat of the swamp  
and she lit up the night like a star.





So the birds sang, "COO!"  
and the noise just grew.  
The fish sang, "OH!"  
in the pond below.  
The mice sang, "LA!"  
to the brightest star.  
The crocodile hummed  
and beat his drum,  
while the little frog sang his tune.

And as the song spread all through the swamp,  
each voice blended in with the rest.  
Now everyone knew that the song of the swamp  
needed everyone's voice to sound best.





Together the animals, plants and the moon,  
the earth, the pond and the shining stars too,  
they all sang together their wonderful tune  
in the swamp by the light of the moon,  
the moon . . .

. . . in the **swamp**  
by the light of the  
**moon.**







