

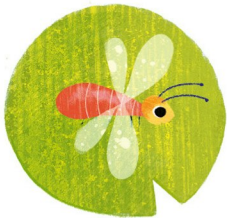
In the
Swamp
by the Light
of the Moon

AWARD
WINNING
ILLUSTRATOR

Frann Preston-Gannon



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.

