

THE FROG THAT WANTED TO FLY



Written

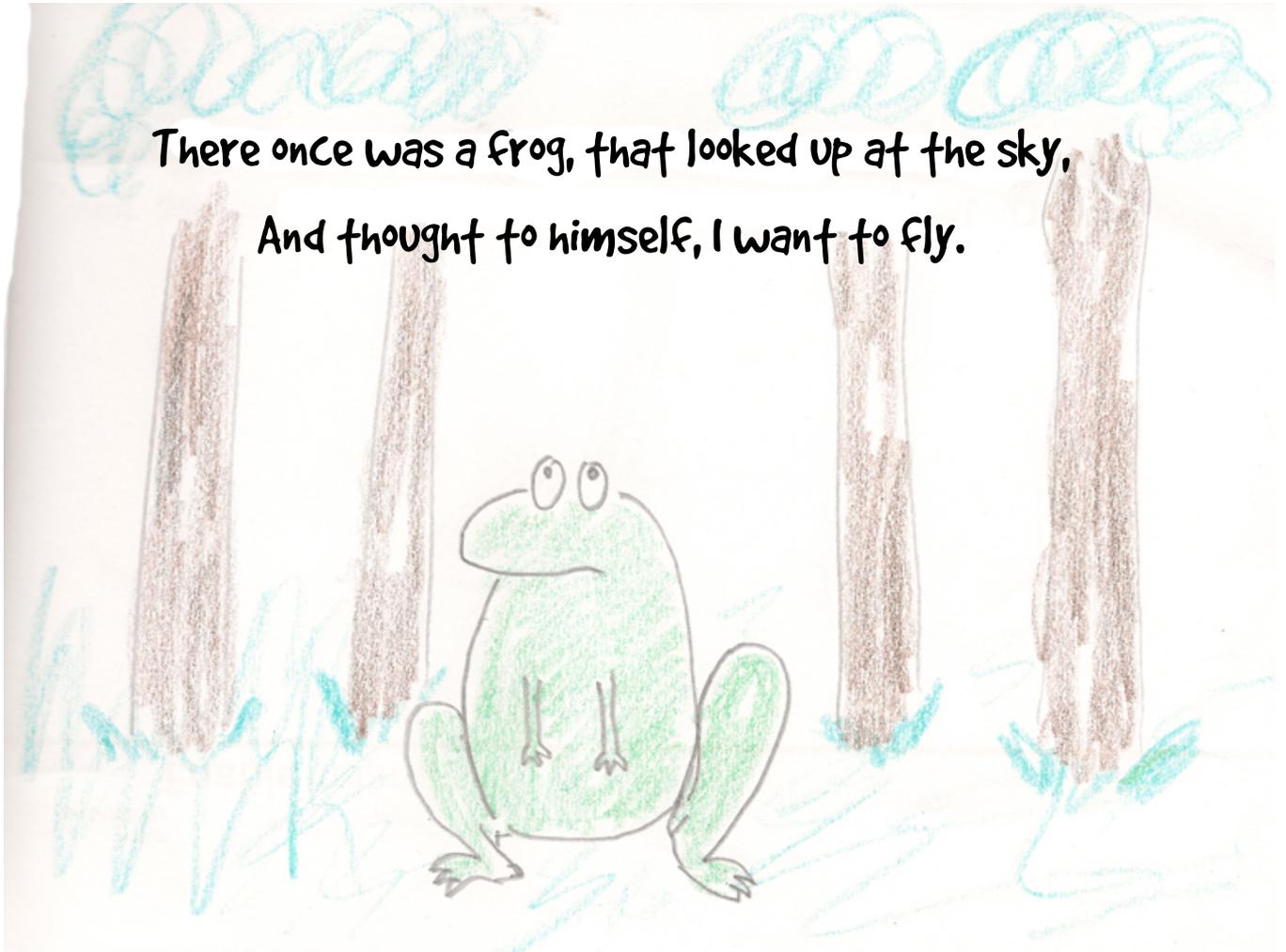
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Illustrated

By

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There once was a frog, that looked up at the sky,
And thought to himself, I want to fly.





He was Living in the jungle, where the birds were flying high,
And the frog saw these birds, and thought to himself 'oh my'.



He took out his pencil, and started to draw,
Different flying machines, he made sure no one saw.

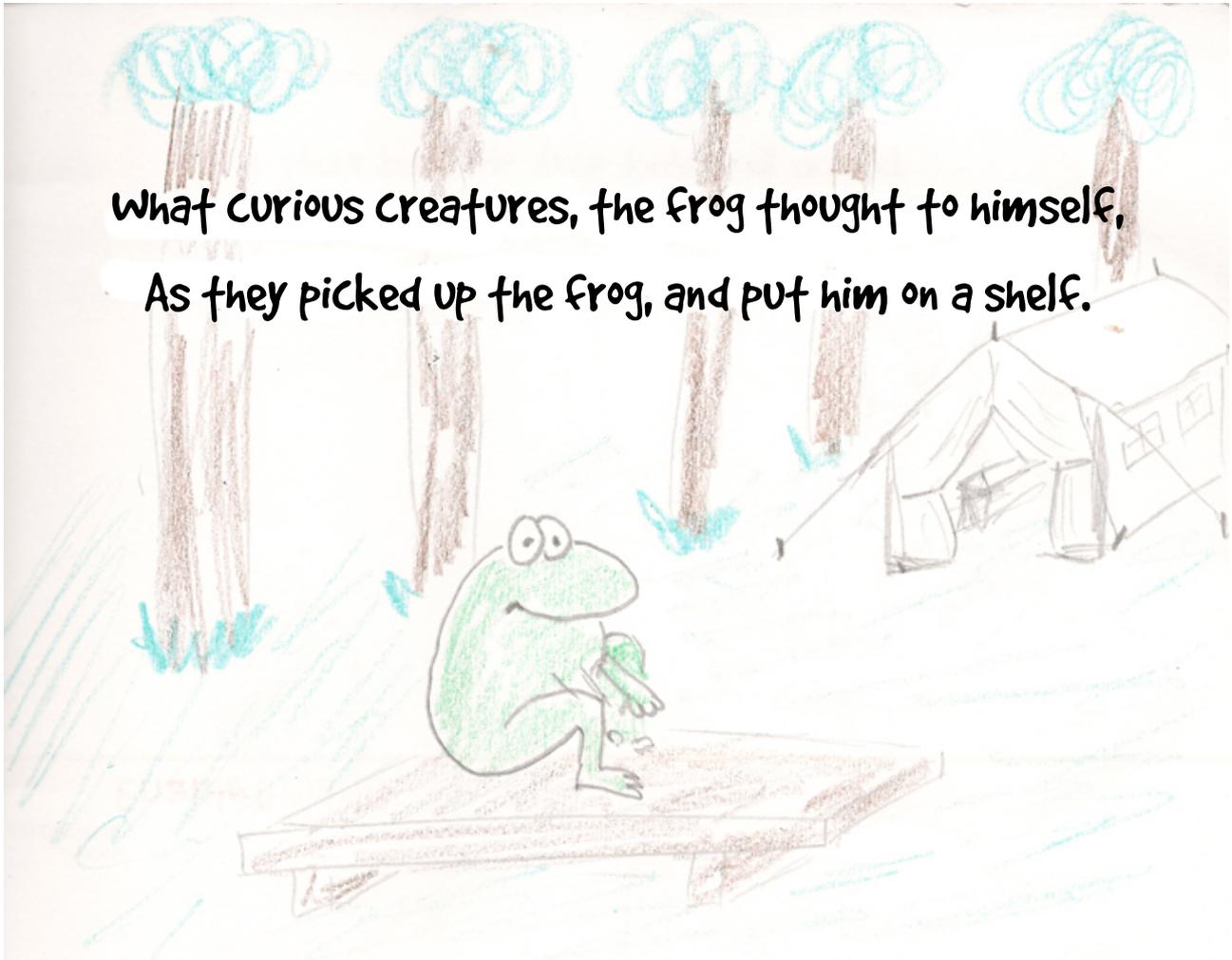


Along came some people, carrying loads of things,
They saw the frog, with drawings of various wings.

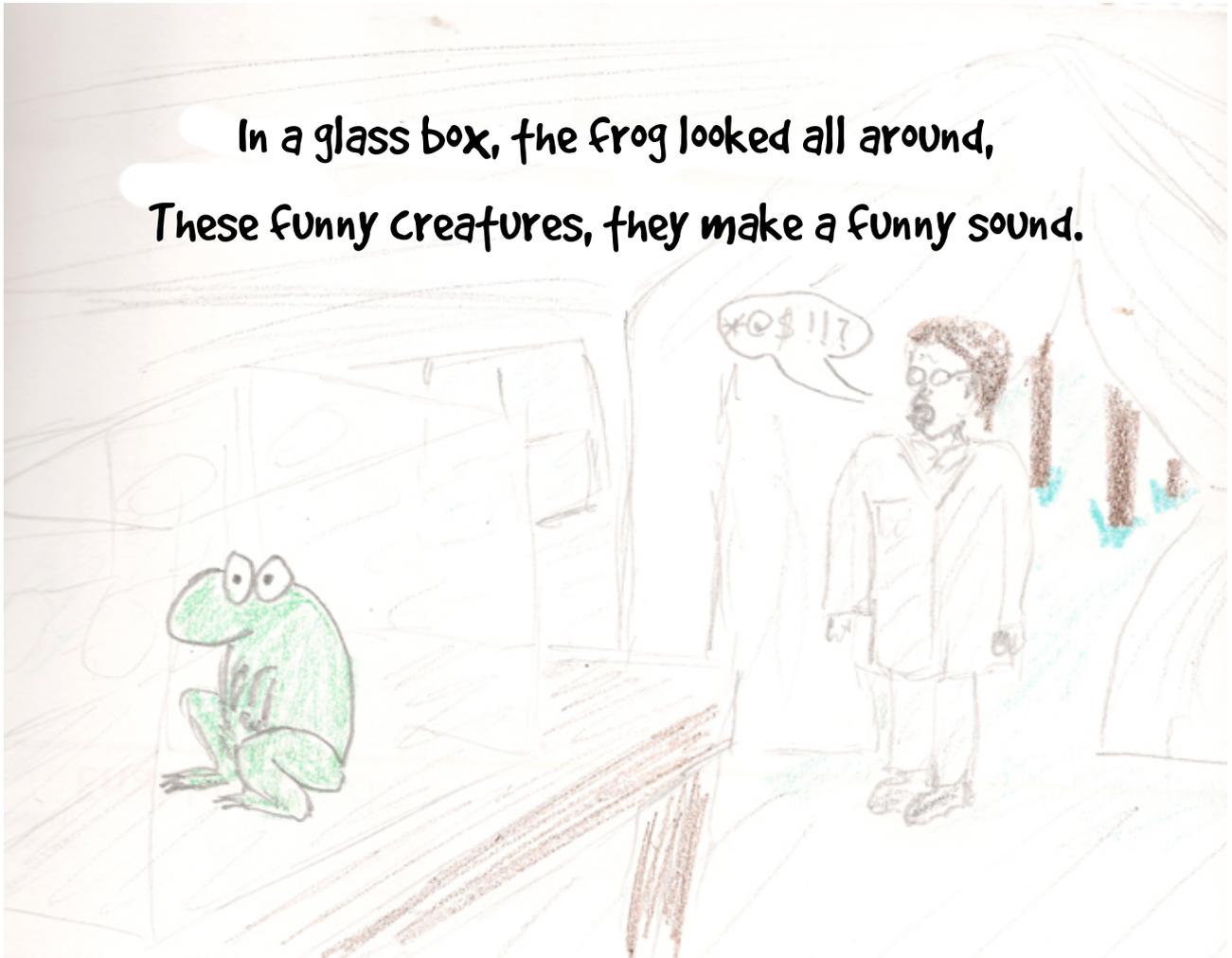


What curious creatures, the frog thought to himself,

As they picked up the frog, and put him on a shelf.



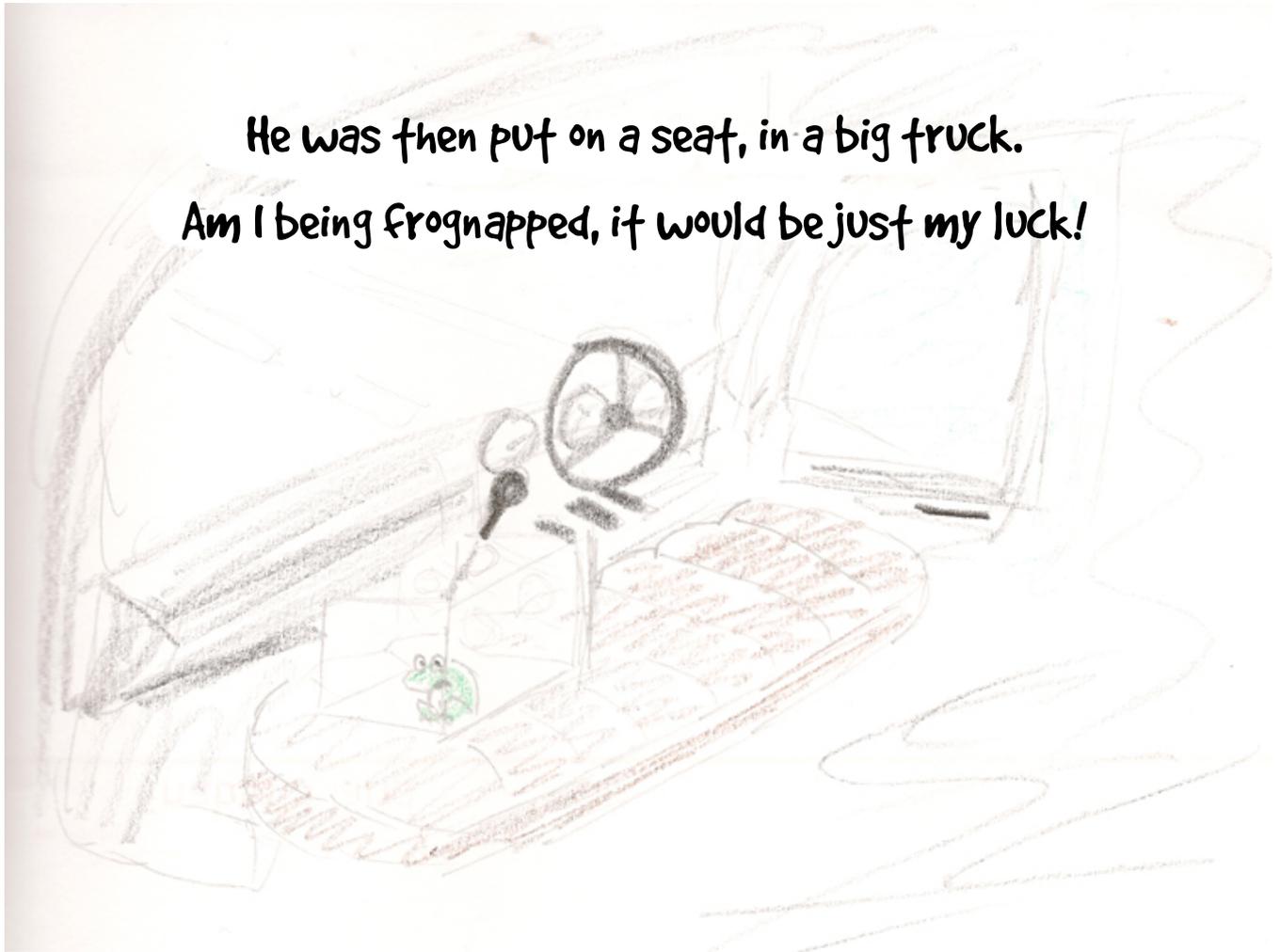
In a glass box, the frog looked all around,
These funny creatures, they make a funny sound.

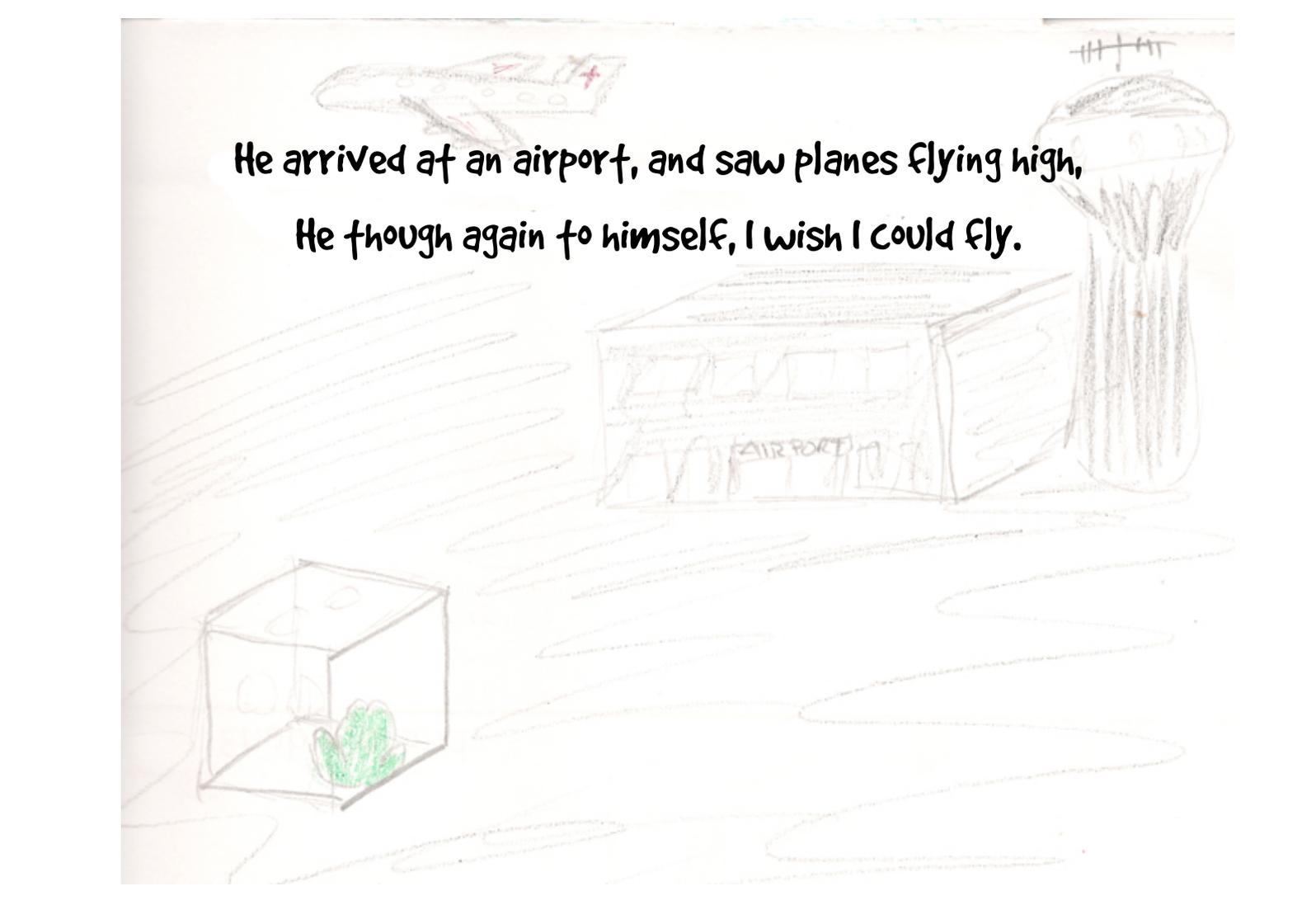


The box was put in a bag, and then a car,
The little frog wondered, I'm I going far.



He was then put on a seat, in a big truck.
Am I being froggnapped, it would be just my luck!





He arrived at an airport, and saw planes flying high,
He thought again to himself, I wish I could fly.

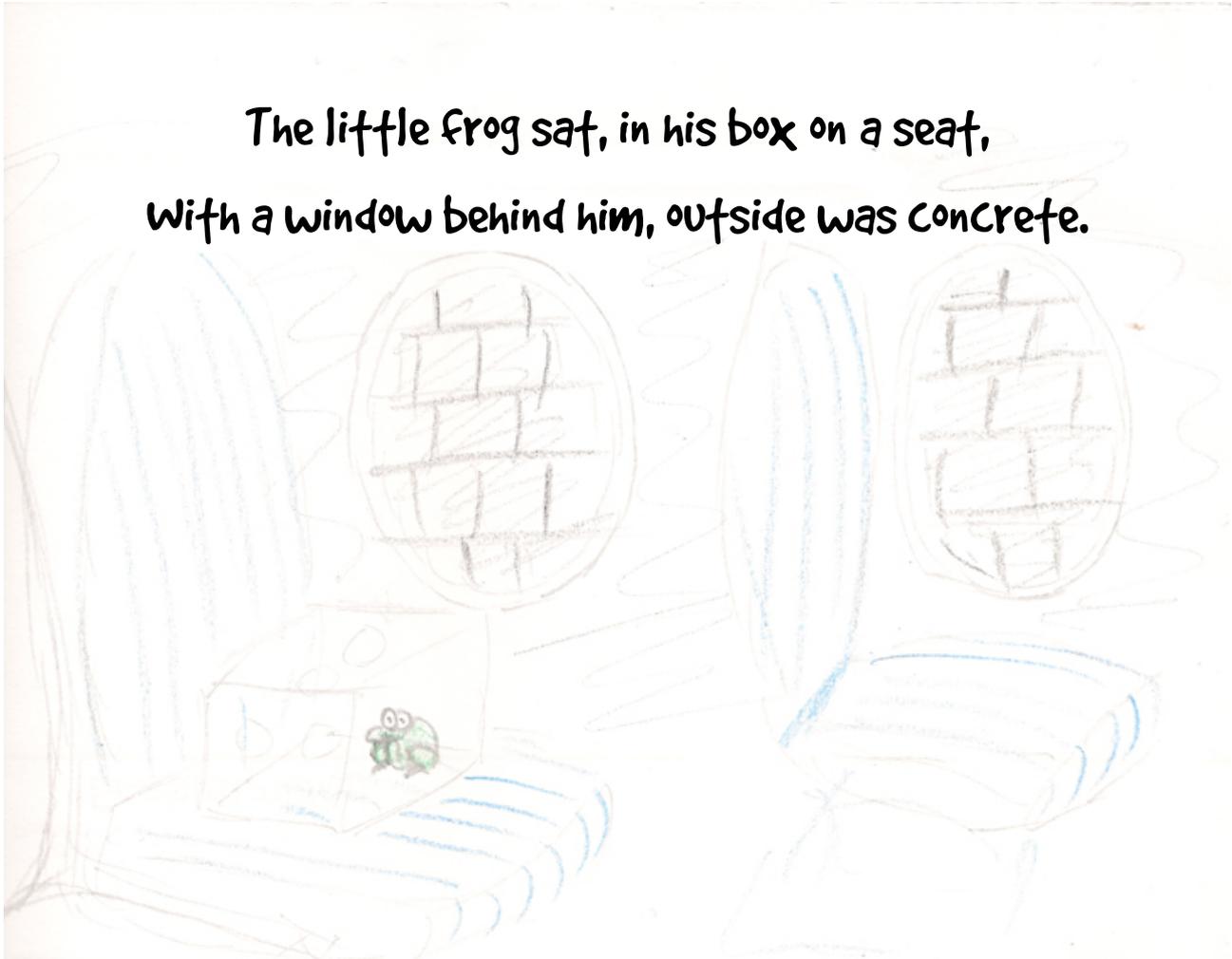
There was quite a fuss, at the security gate,
Those funny tall creatures, didn't want to be late.



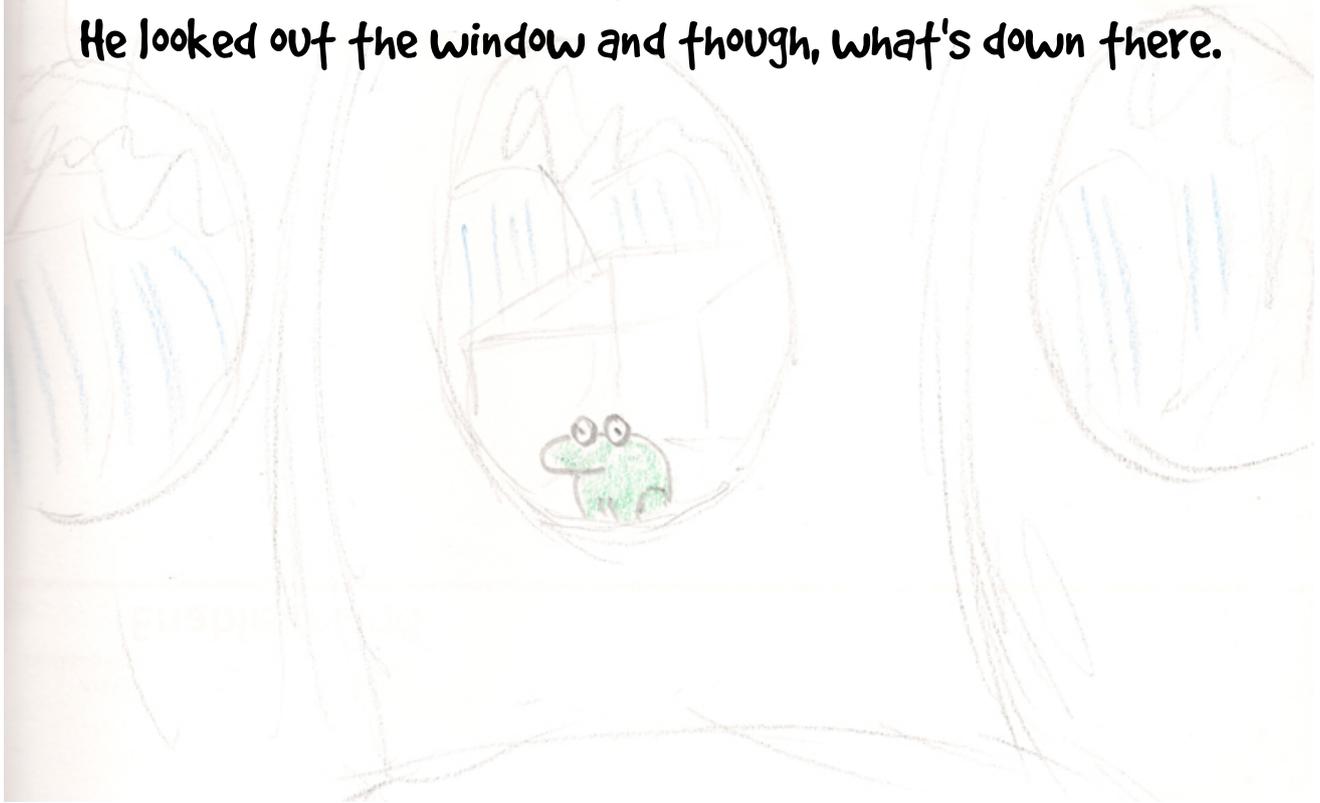
There were boxes and bags, and crates and a bun,
All left behind, all except one.



The little frog sat, in his box on a seat,
With a window behind him, outside was concrete.

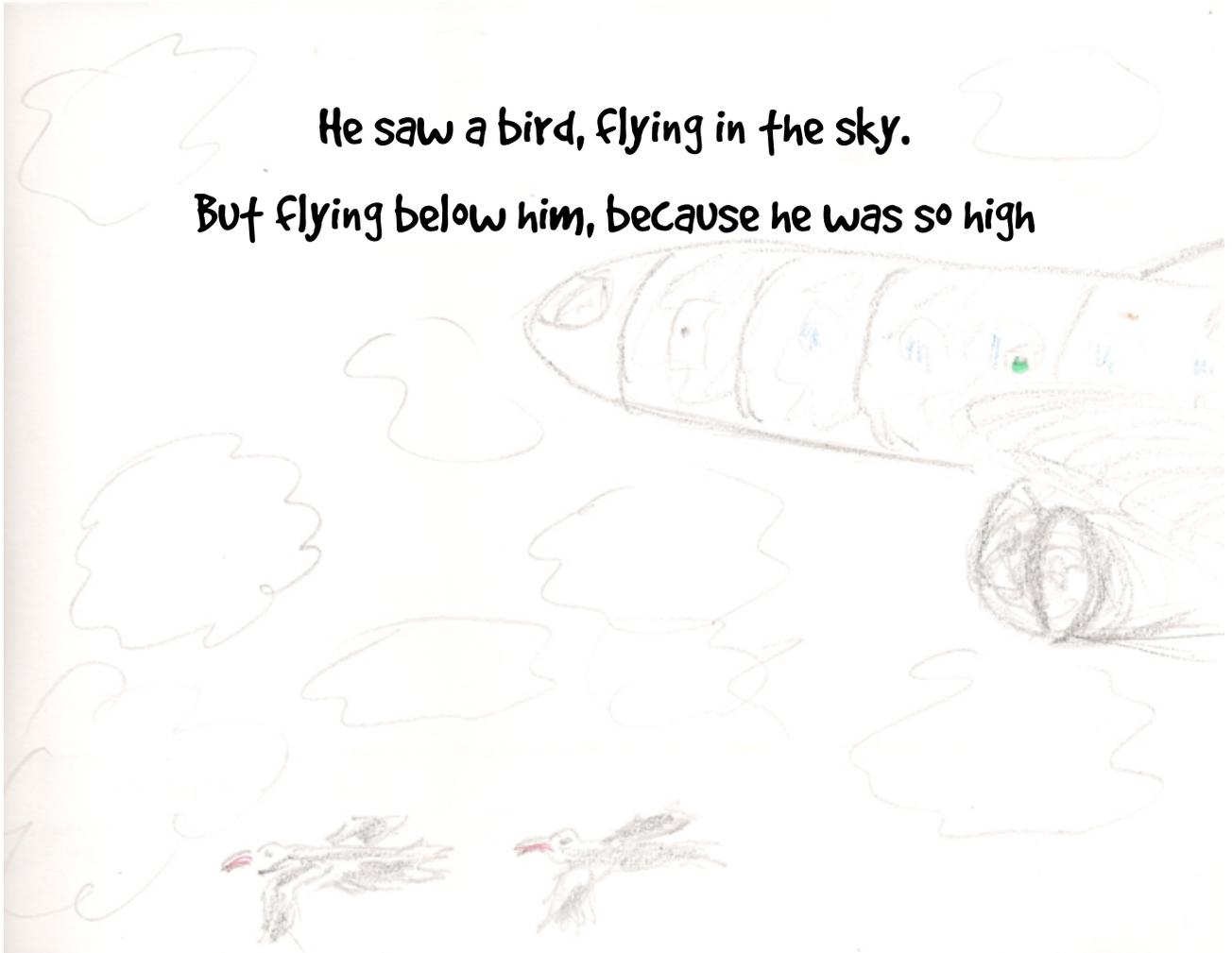


He felt everything move, as the plane took to the air,
He looked out the window and thought, what's down there.



He saw a bird, flying in the sky.

But flying below him, because he was so high



It didn't take him long, to wonder why,
At last, he exclaimed, at last I can fly.

