Frog in a Bog

By: Karma Wilson and Joan Rankin

There’s a frog on the log in the middle of the bog.

A small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog.

He flicks one tick as it creeps up on a stick.

One tick in the belly of a small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog.

And the frog grows a little bit bigger… He sees two fleas as they leap through the reeds.

One tick, two fleas in the belly of a small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog. And the frog grows a little bit bigger…

He spies three flies as they buzz through the skies.

One tick, two, fleas, three flies (Oh, my!) in the belly of a small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog.

And the frog grows a little bit bigger… He glugs four slugs as they slick through the sludge.

One tick, two, fleas, three flies (Oh, my!), four slugs (ew, ugh!) in the belly of a small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog.

And the frog grows a little big bigger…

He inhales five snails from their heads to their tails!

One tick, two, fleas, three flies (Oh, my!), four slugs (ew, ugh!), five slimy snails in the belly of a small, green frog on a half-sunk log in the middle of the bog.

And the frog grows a little bit bigger!!!

Then… that log with the frog in the middle of the bog starts to rise and the frog sees eyes!

And the frog sees claws and a big set of jaws and a mouth like a crater! And the frog screams, GATOR!
With his mouth open wide, all the bugs inside start to crawl and fly and to slither and slide. Out come five snails from their heads to their tails,

Four slugs (ew, ugh!), BUZZ BUZZ

Three flies (Oh, my!)

Two Fleas (Dear me!), on one tiny tick. ICK!

And right in the middle of his holler, that frog grows a whole lot smaller.

“See ya later,” says the gator as he romps through swamp cuz the itty-bitty frog isn’t big enough to chomp.

Now... the bus in the bog keep away from the frog, and the frog NEVER sits on a half-sunk log!