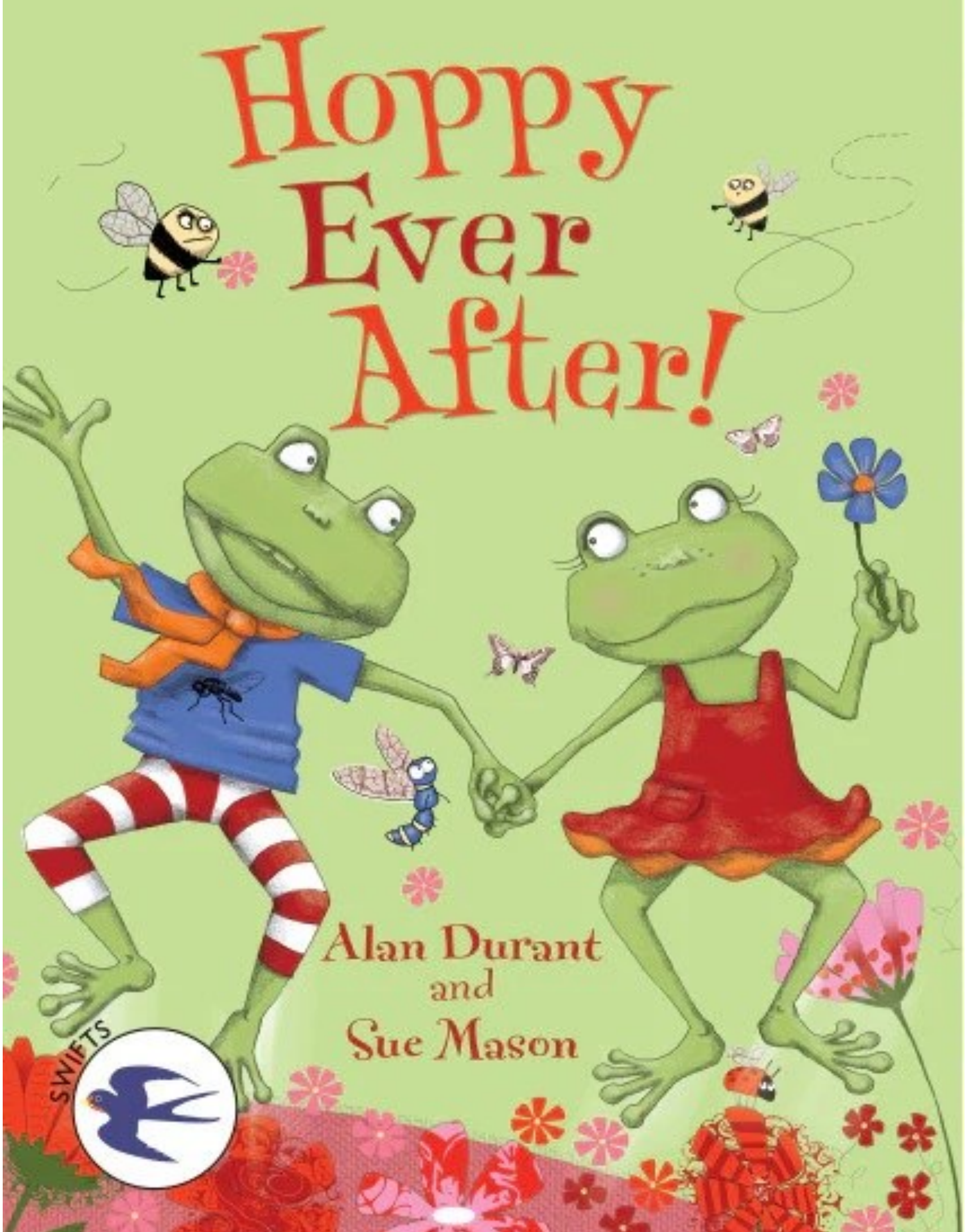
Hoppy Ever After!



Alan Durant
and
Sue Mason

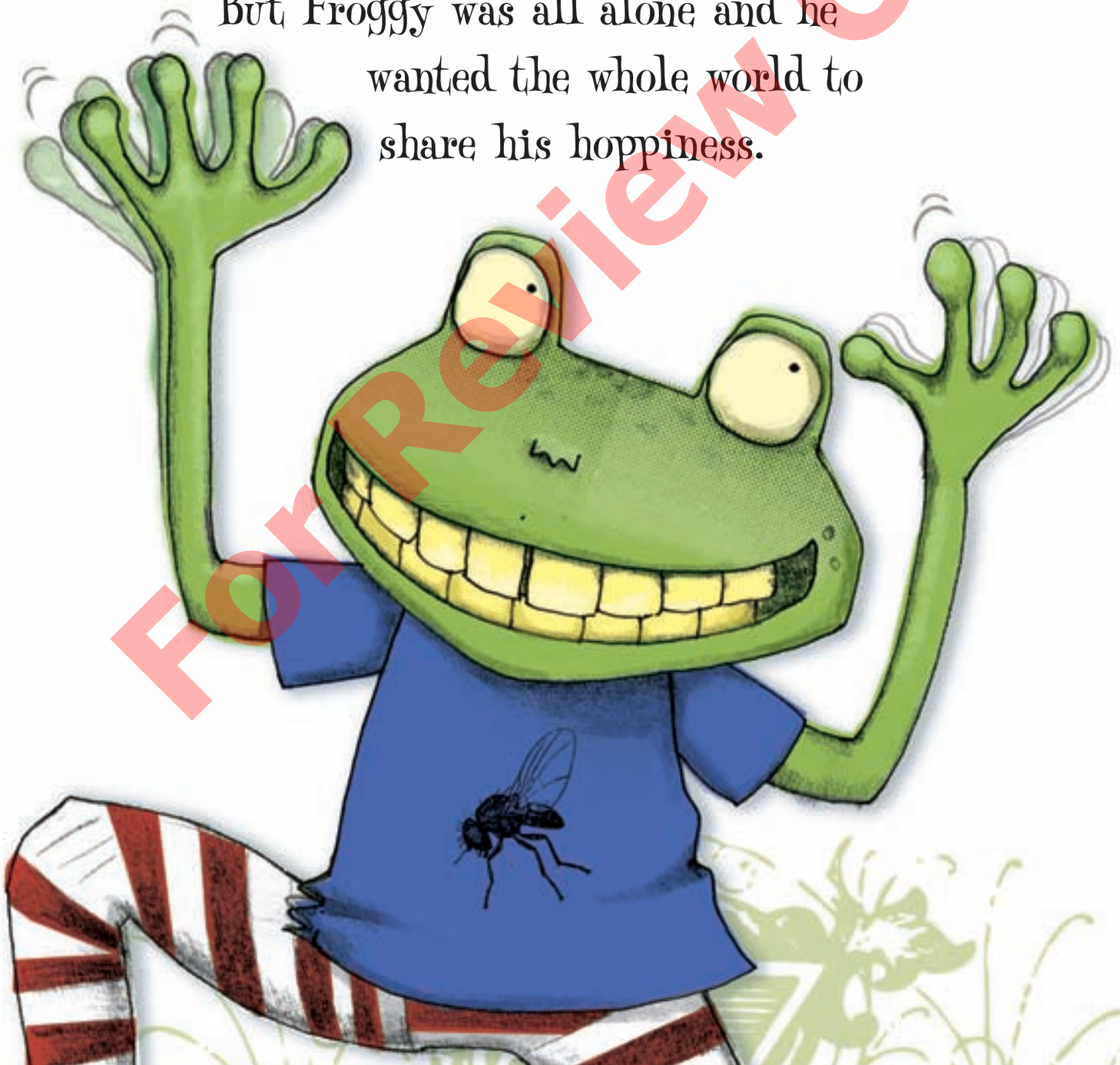
SWIFTS

It was a fine bright day and Froggy was feeling very hoppy.

His fingers itched and his webby toes twitched.

He wanted to leap and hop and spring and sing.

But Froggy was all alone and he wanted the whole world to share his hoppiness.



For Review Only


For Review Only

So Froggy hopped off his lily pad
and out into the big wide world.



For Review Only


For Review Only



Froggy hop hop hopped until he came to some trees where birds were singing. Twitter, twitter, tweet, tweet!

For Review Only



Froggy's fingers itched and his webby toes twitched.

He was so very hoppy he just had to sing too.

Croak, croak, ribbit! Croak, croak, rib...

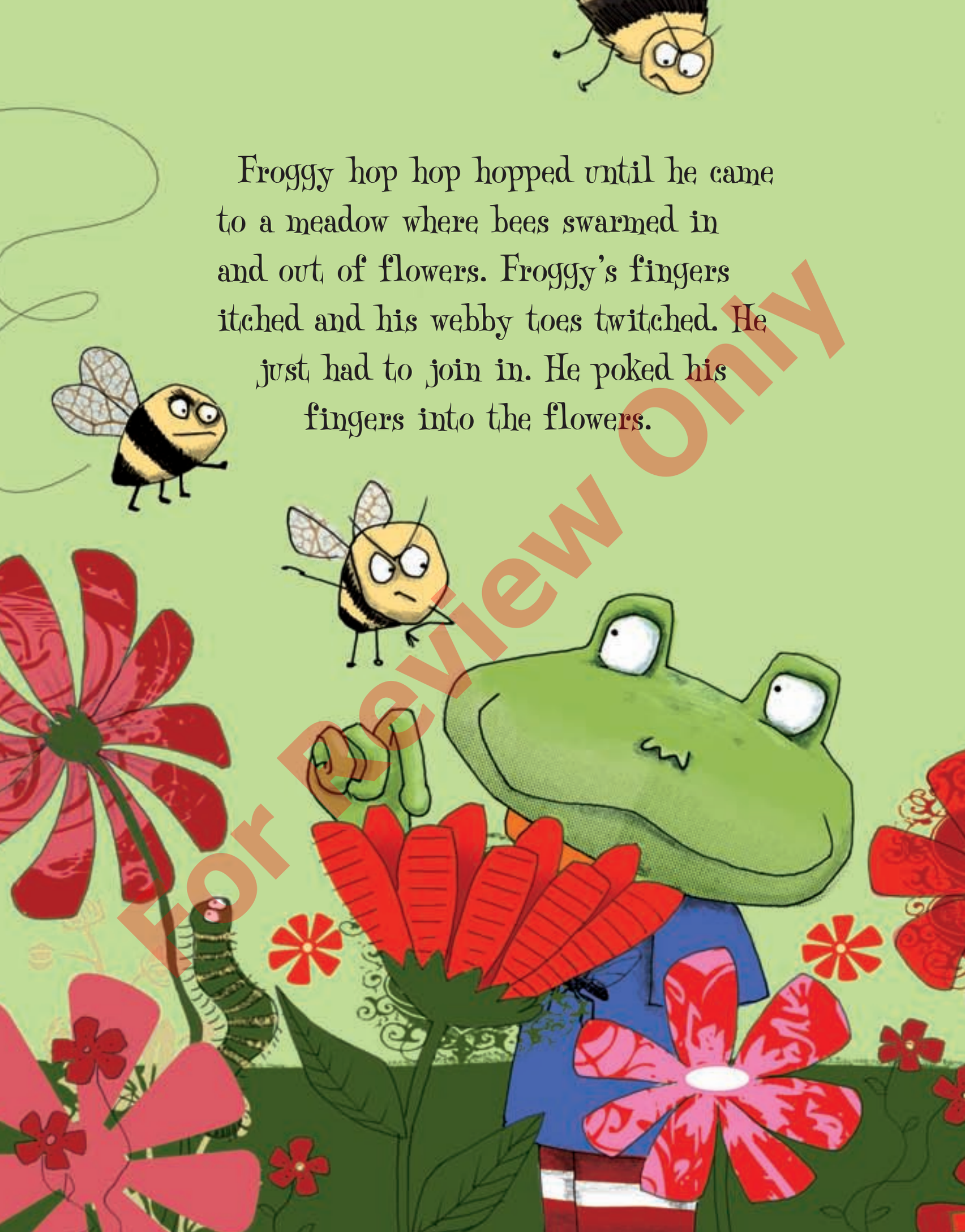
"Hey, frog!" a little bird voice piped. "You're ruining our song. Hop it!"



"Sorry," croaked Froggy and away he hopped.



For Review Only



Froggy hop hop hopped until he came to a meadow where bees swarmed in and out of flowers. Froggy's fingers itched and his webby toes twitched. He just had to join in. He poked his fingers into the flowers.

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"Hey, that's our job, frog.
Leave those flowers alone!"
buzzed the bees angrily.
"Buzz off. Hop it!"

"Sorry," said Froggy and
away he hopped.



For Review Only