

The Pollywog

A fat pollywog
In a pool in a bog
Began to feel frightfully queer.
His body felt strange,
But he didn't have pains,
He only felt solemn and drear.

His rusty black coat
Got white at the throat
And speckled with green on the back.
His tail shrank and shrank,
Then he crawled on the bank
And found that he made a queer track.

There were four legs so neat
With lovely webbed feet
Grown right to that fat pollywog.
And the first time he spoke
He cried with a croak,
"Mercy me, I've turned into a frog!"



By Shirley R. Williams

1. Feet rhymes with _____.
2. Find another word in the poem that means queer. _____
3. What did the pollywog say? _____!
4. Where does the pollywog live? _____
5. His tail _____ and _____.

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