

Budge and Me, (a Sad Little Fish).

I'm a fish, glub, glub,
I'm a fish bubble, bub,
I'm a fish swishing round,
In a tub, sob, sob..

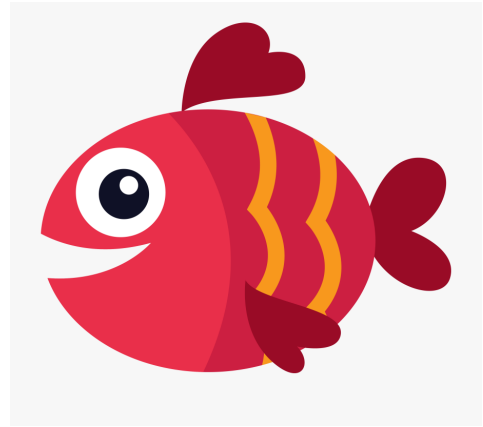
I was once, gulp, gulp,
In the sea, whoosh, whoosh
Having fun, diving down,
With my mates, lush, lush.

Then they came, oh no!
With a net, so yuk.
They swooped right in there,
I was trapped, sob, sob.

'Look at him!' they said.
'Green and red', they said.
'With a feather like quiff'
'On his head, head, head!'

'He looks good' they declared.
'In the tub, yes, yes'.
'And Budge the cat can watch him',
'If he's good, good, good!'

And he does, does, does,
Our cheeky Budge, Budge, Budge.
Dipping in his paw,
He gives a nudge, nudge, nudge.



Janet Marshall, 2020

Can you write another verse to tell us what happens next? Does the fish get back to his favourite place, the sea? I hope Budge will be kind to him!