

**WATCH OUT  
FOR  
CROCODILES!**

**BY  
PAULINE DRUMMIE**

**Especially for  
Fran, Tony, Gina, Anna & Kay**

**With love always**

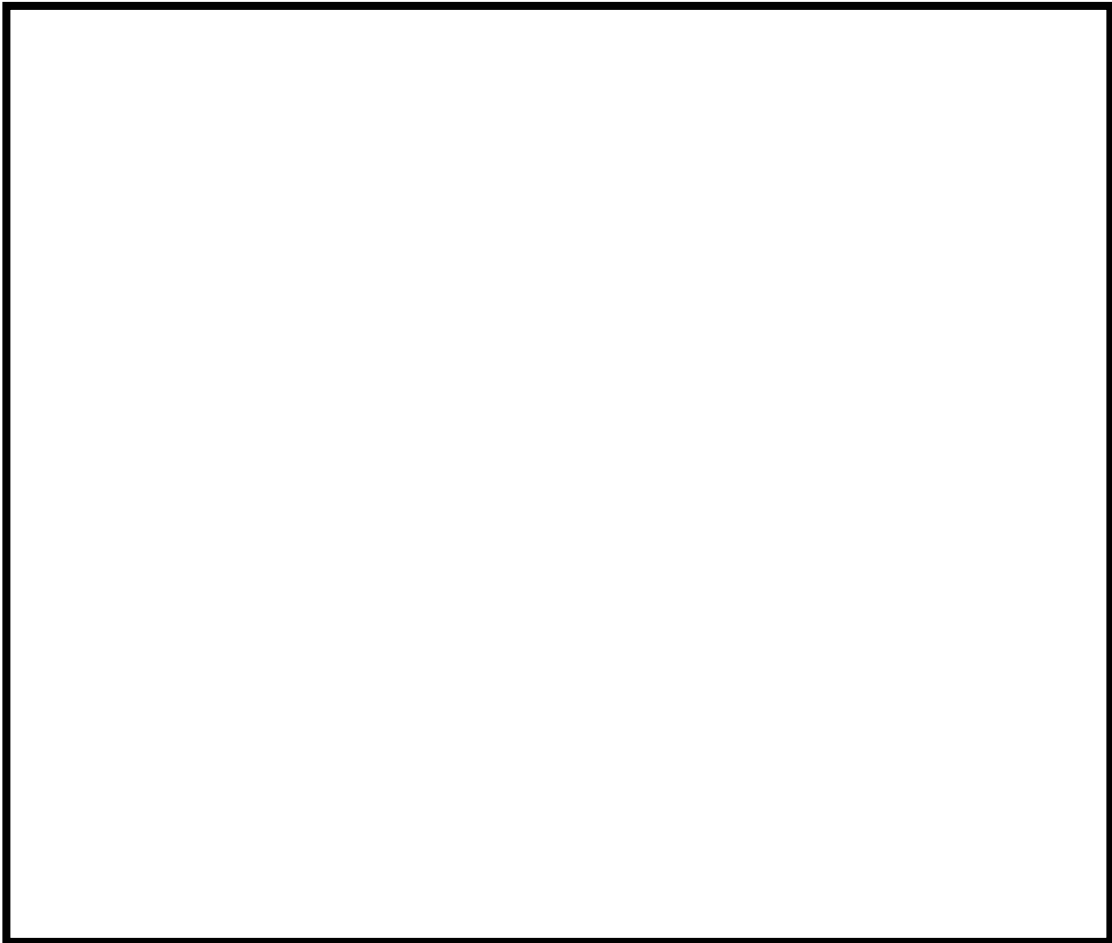
**Mum xx**

My name is Katie Rose,  
I have ten fingers and ten toes,  
My hair is the colour of an old oak tree,  
And this is a story all about me.



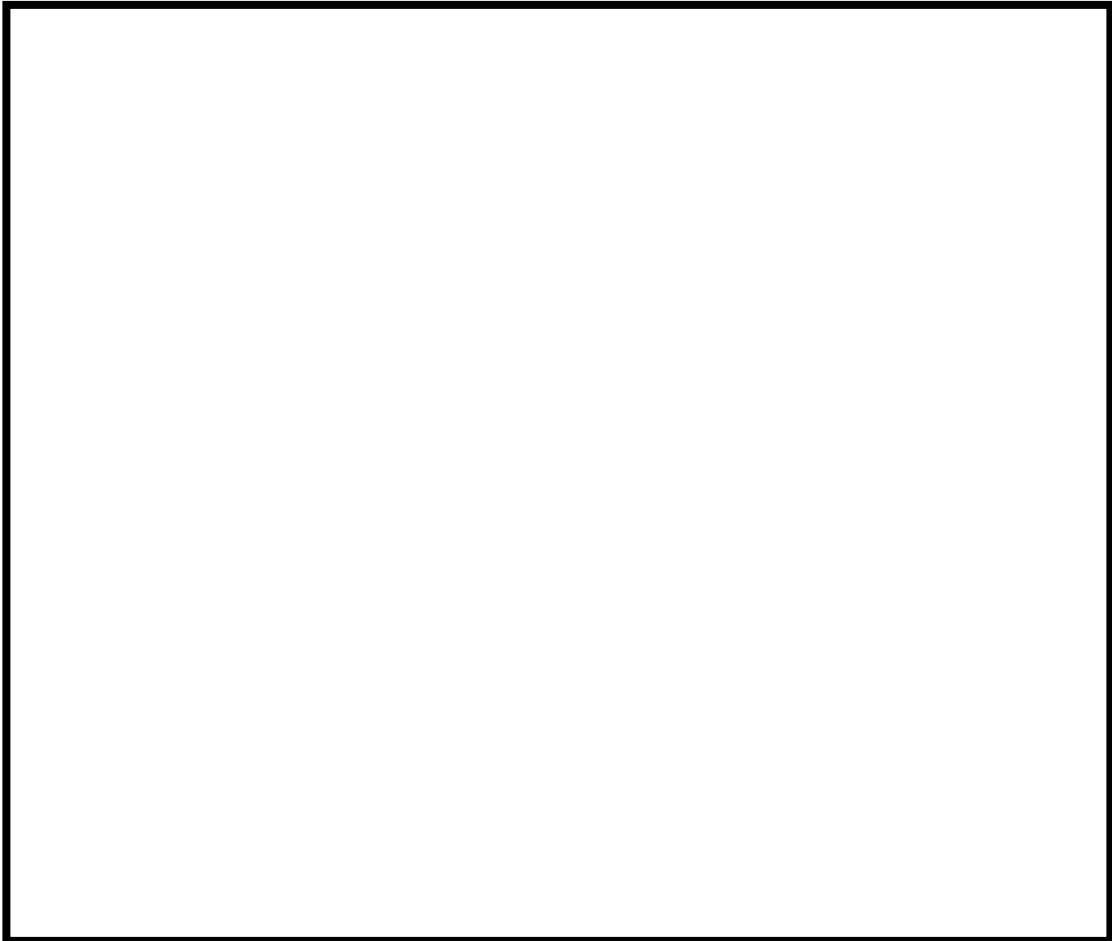
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME

"It's time for school", my mum shouted to me,  
As I slept in my bed as cosy as can be,  
School was the place I didn't really like,  
I'd rather be out riding my bike.



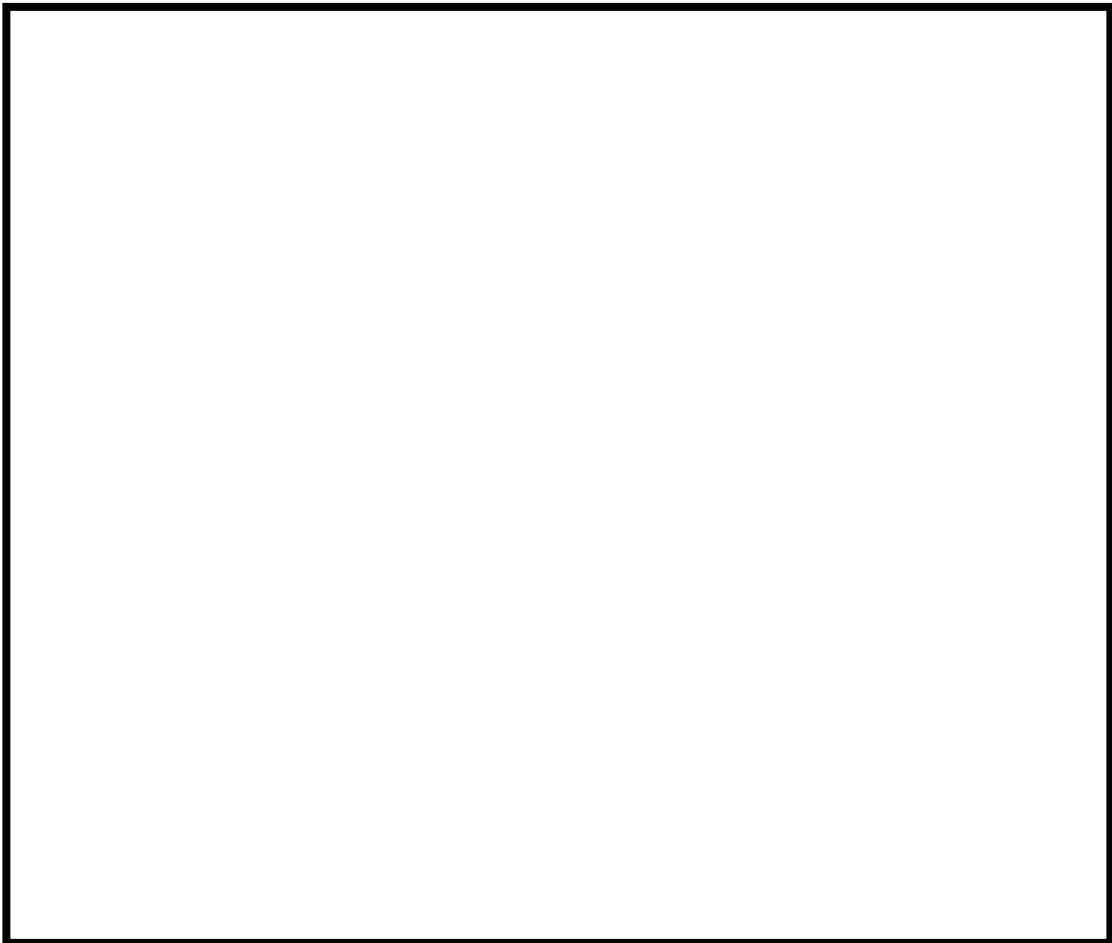
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME RIDING MY BIKE

But alas it's a place I have to go,  
I get ready for school very, very slow,  
My breakfast takes a long time to eat,  
Then I put my shoes on the wrong feet.



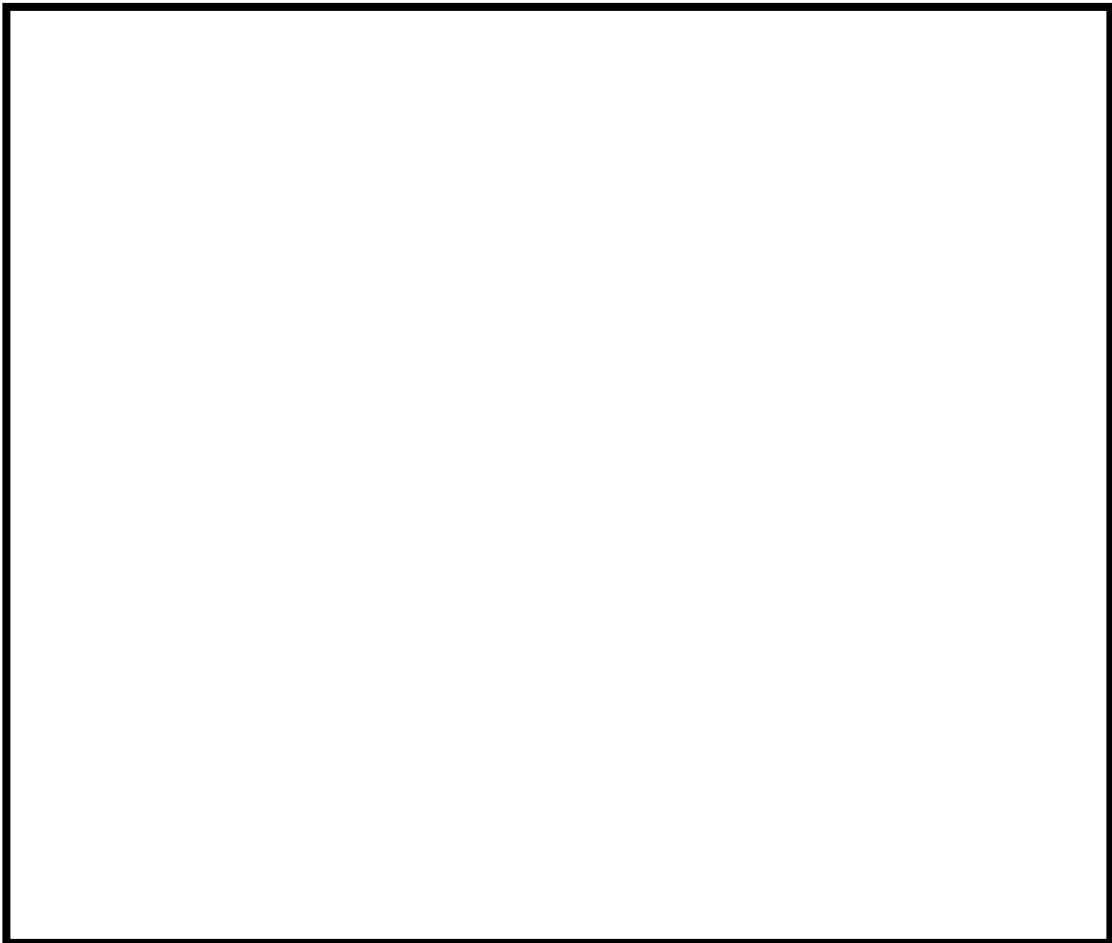
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME EATING MY BREAKFAST

My tummy first hurts, and then my ears,  
And if that doesn't work, I try the tears,  
But mum makes faces and gets rather cross,  
So I'm going to school because she's the boss.



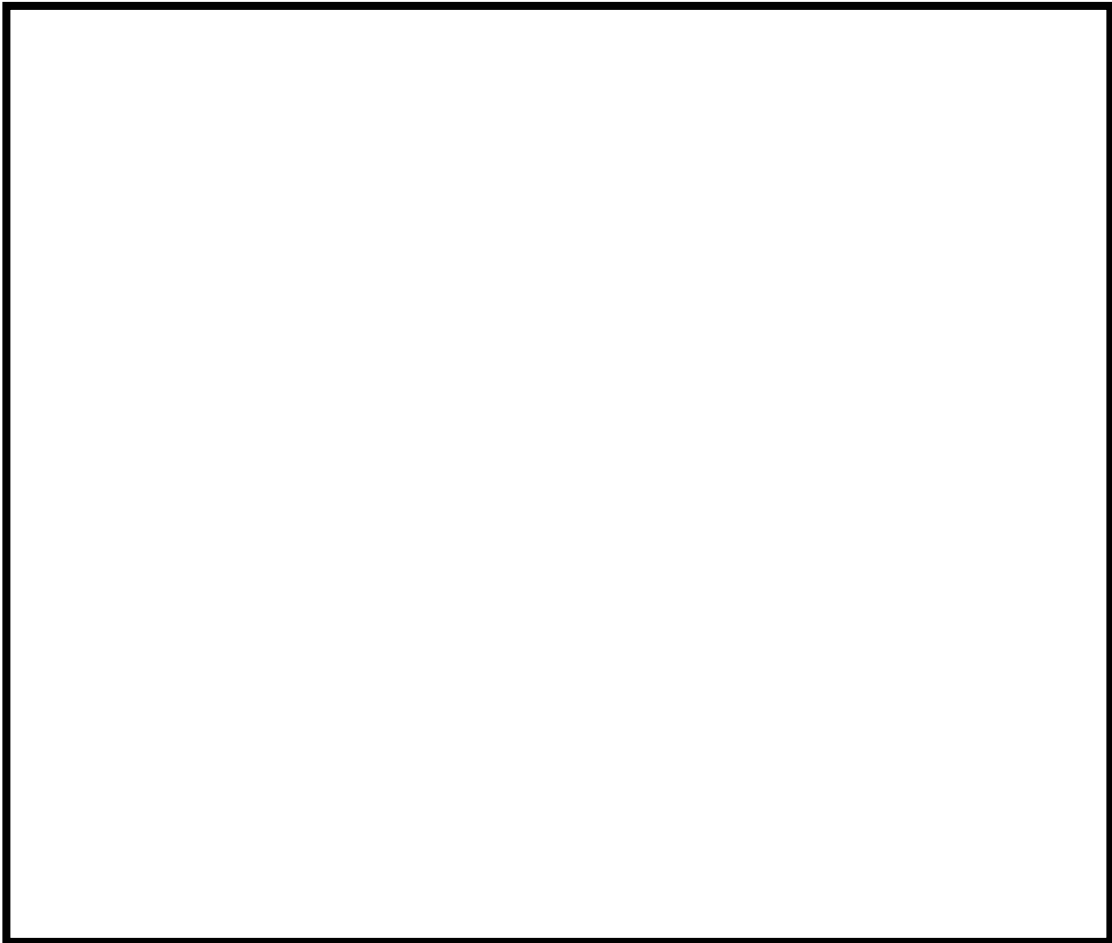
DRAW A PICTURE OF MUM MAKING FACES OR  
GETTING CROSS

I walk to school with my face in a frown,  
For the whole of the day I'm going to feel down,  
I want to tell mum and make her understand,  
As I walk to school holding her hand.



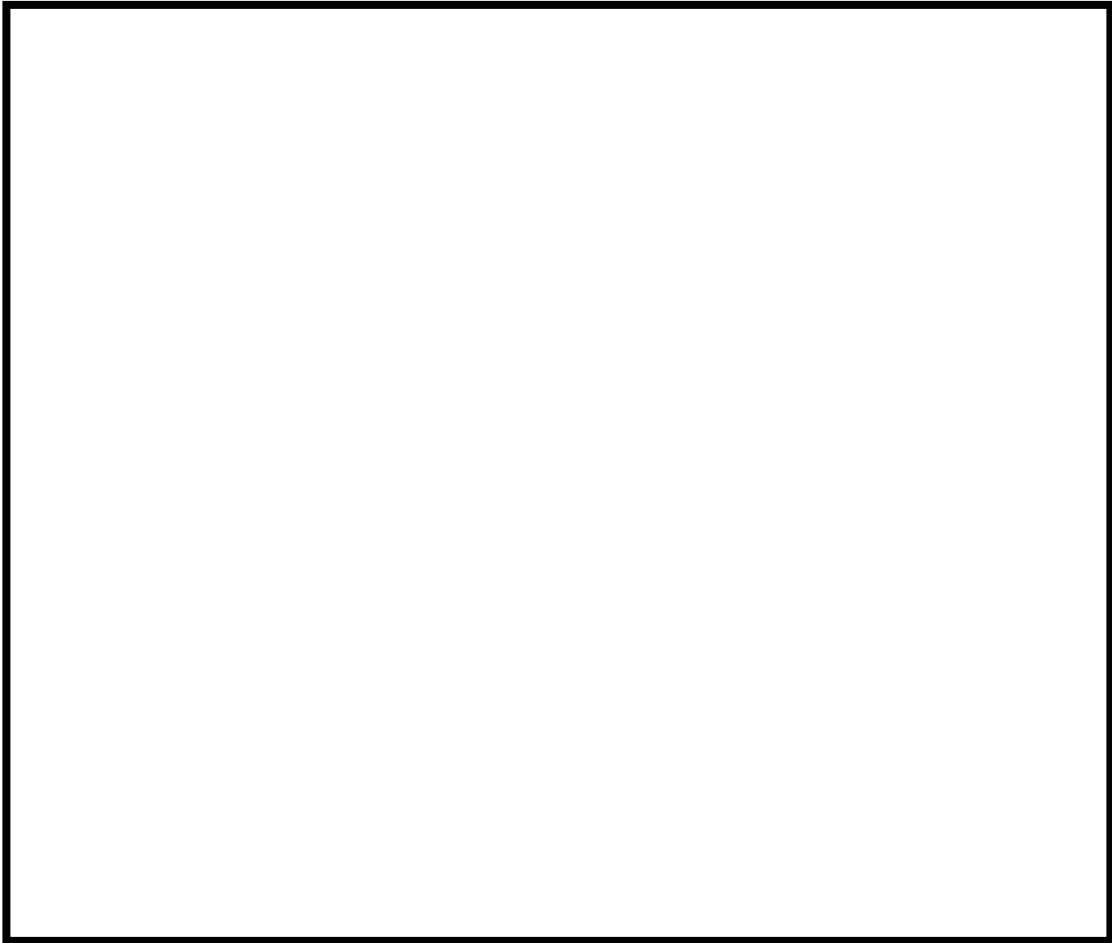
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME HOLDING HANDS WITH MY MUM

As I go into school as quiet as can be,  
Nobody wants to talk to a sad person like me,  
I really want to join in their games,  
But sometimes some children call me bad names.



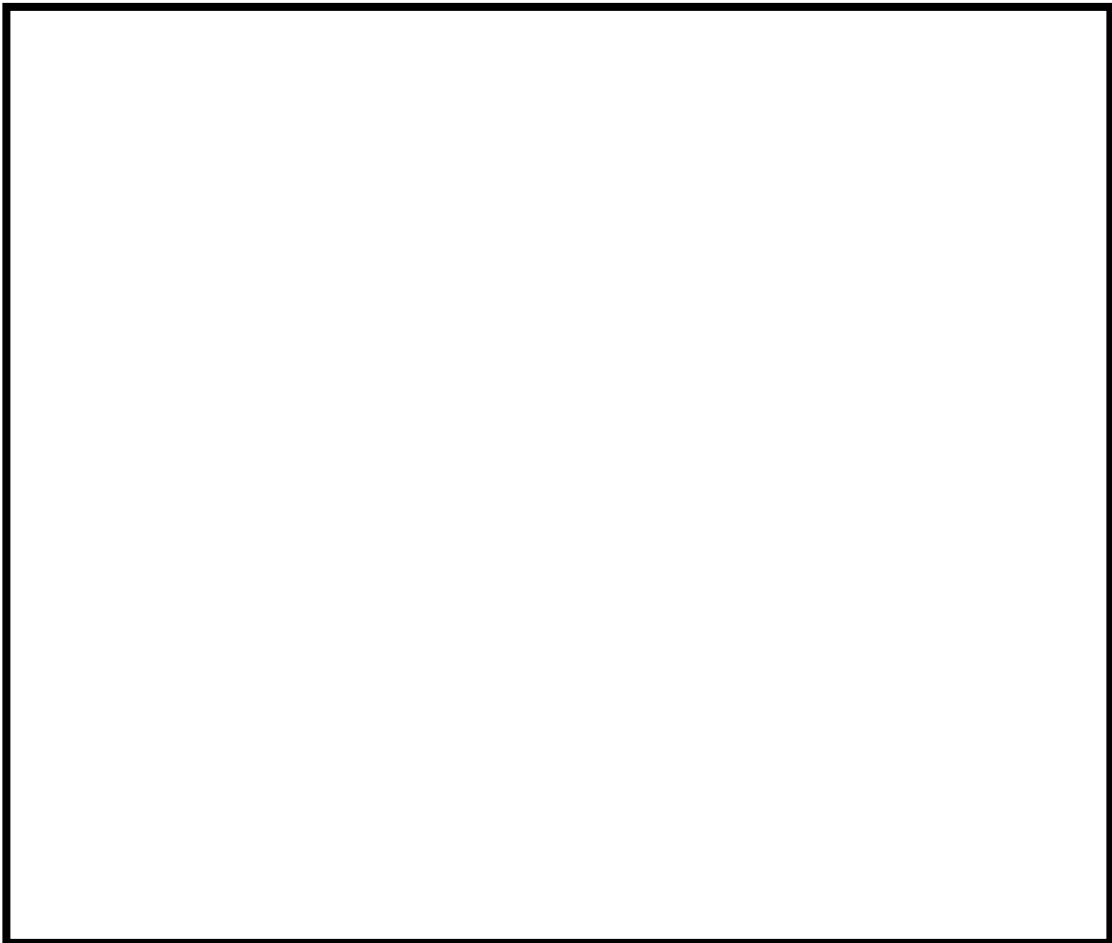
DRAW A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN PLAYING WITHOUT ME

The day is long and I have to face,  
Three playtimes out in that big open space,  
I walk around till a corner I can find,  
Where I can hide and nobody can be unkind.



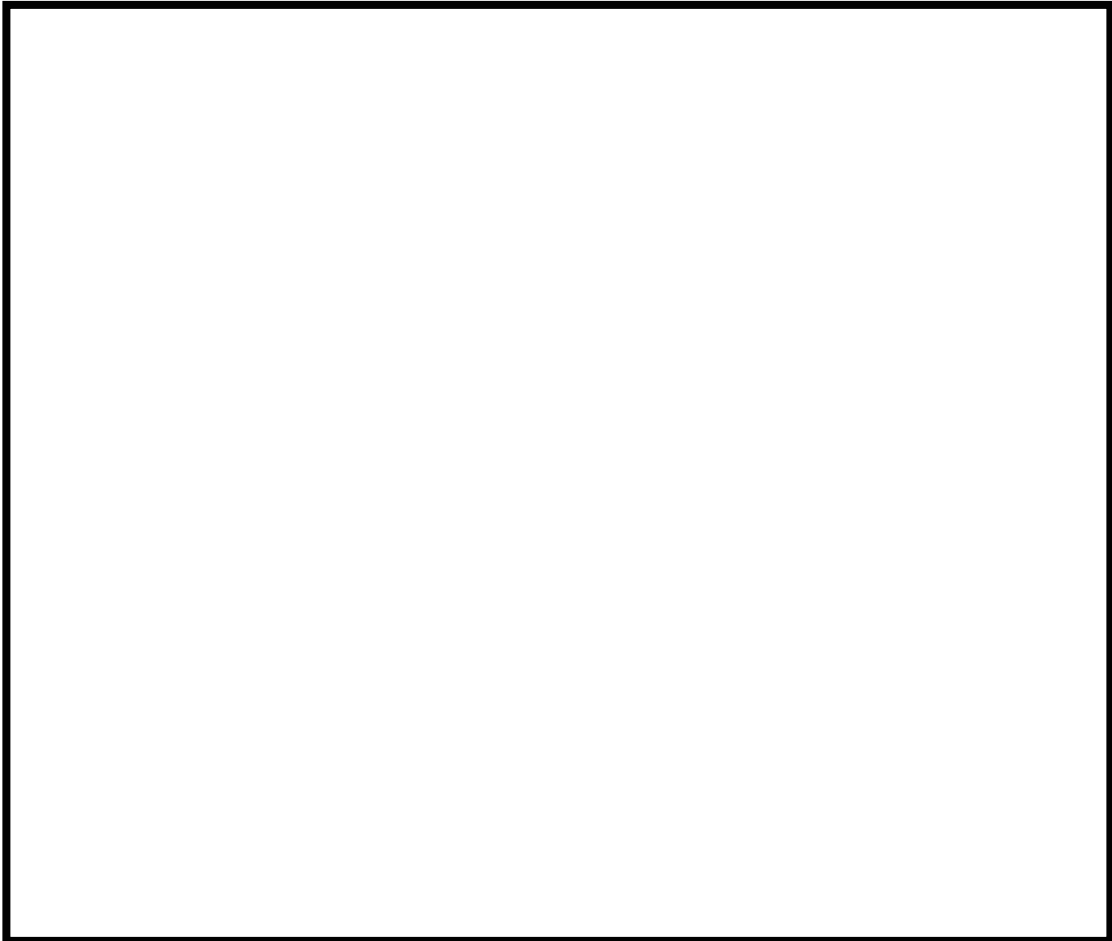
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME HIDING

One day I ended up in floods of tears,  
With children's teasing ringing in my ears,  
So my teacher came and rescued me,  
And sat me down on her knee.



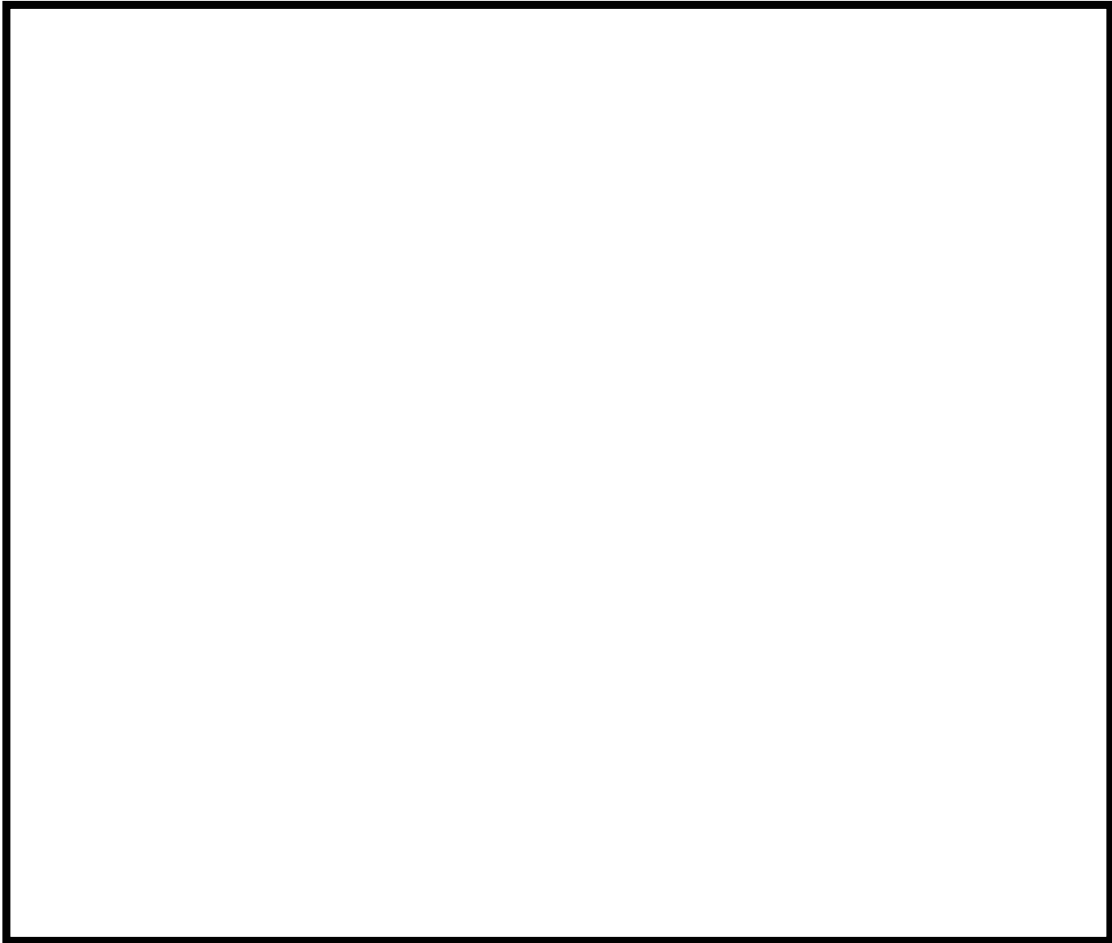
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME WITH MY TEACHER

She asked me why I was so sad,  
I told her that the children were bad,  
They called me names and made me cry,  
My teacher didn't even question why.



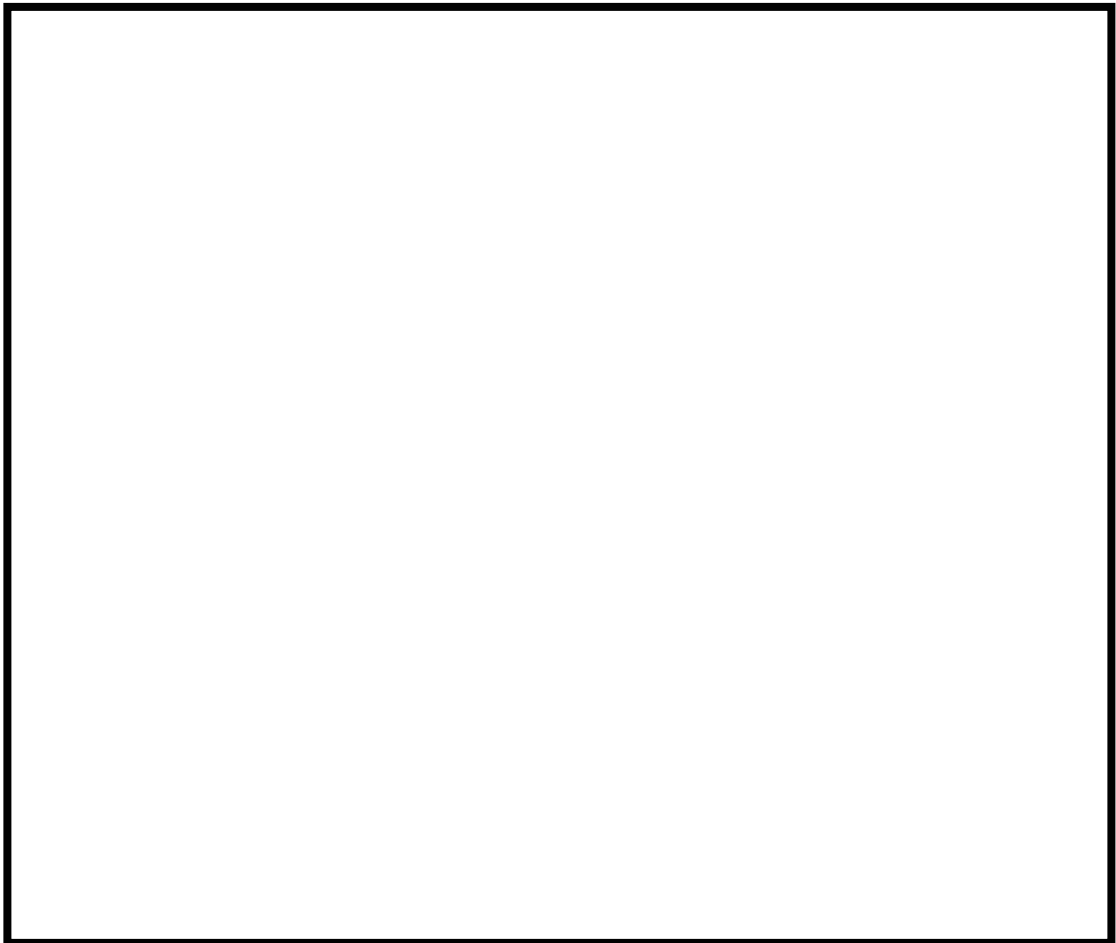
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME CRYING

She called the children as they walked on past,  
And told them all off very, very fast,  
She said that they were not very nice,  
They all went as quiet as mice.



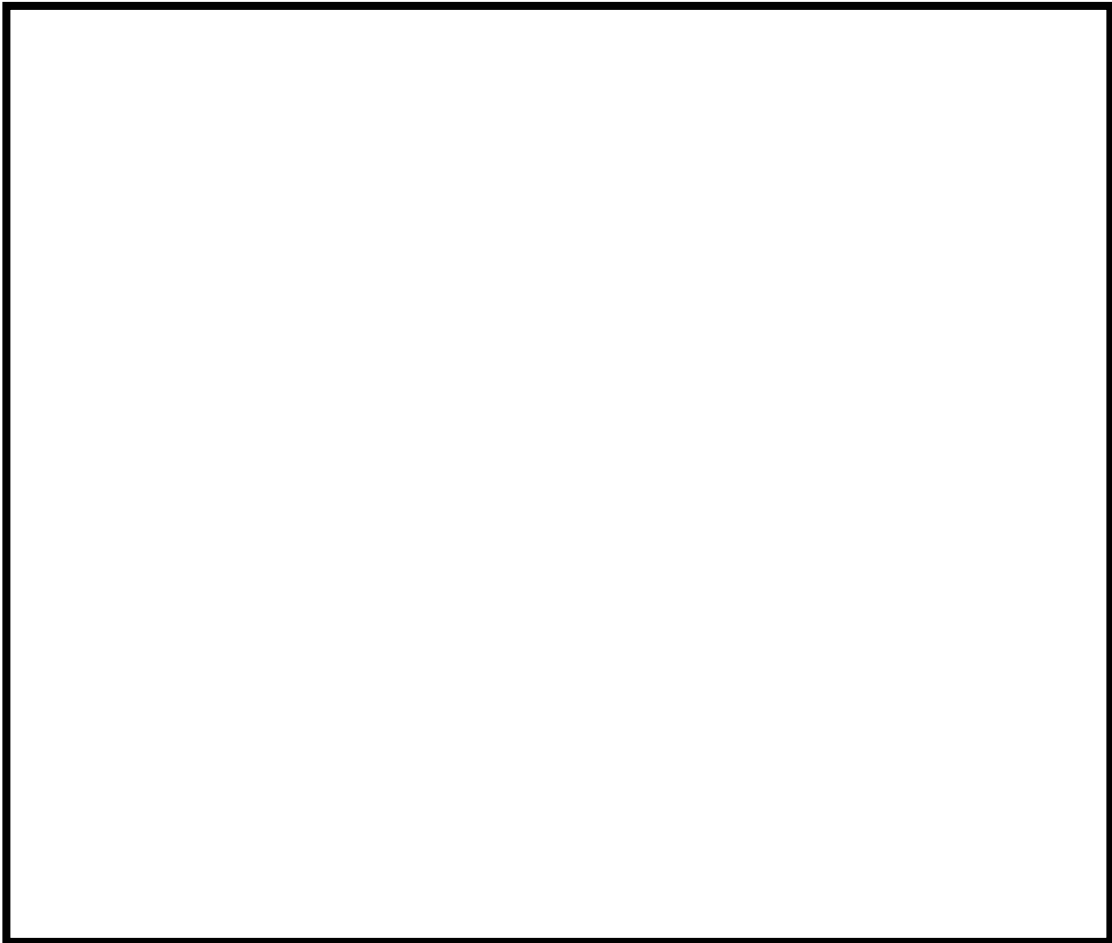
DRAW A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN LOOKING LIKE MICE

She also made them give something to me,  
That was a special long apology,  
They promised not to do it again,  
And blamed it all on someone called Gwen.



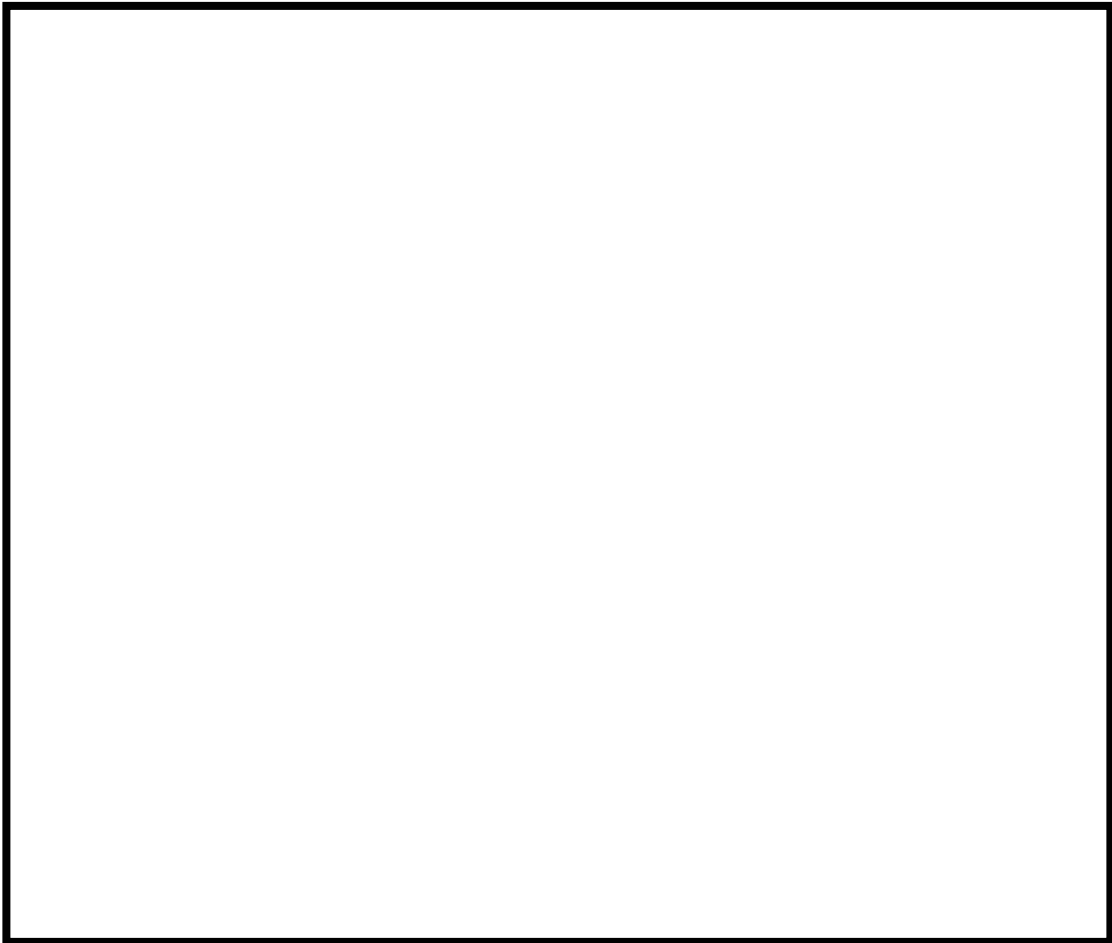
DRAW A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN SAYING  
SORRY TO ME

She sent them away and spoke gently to me,  
Why hadn't I told her or my mummy,  
I said I was afraid of what they might say,  
So I let them make me sad everyday.



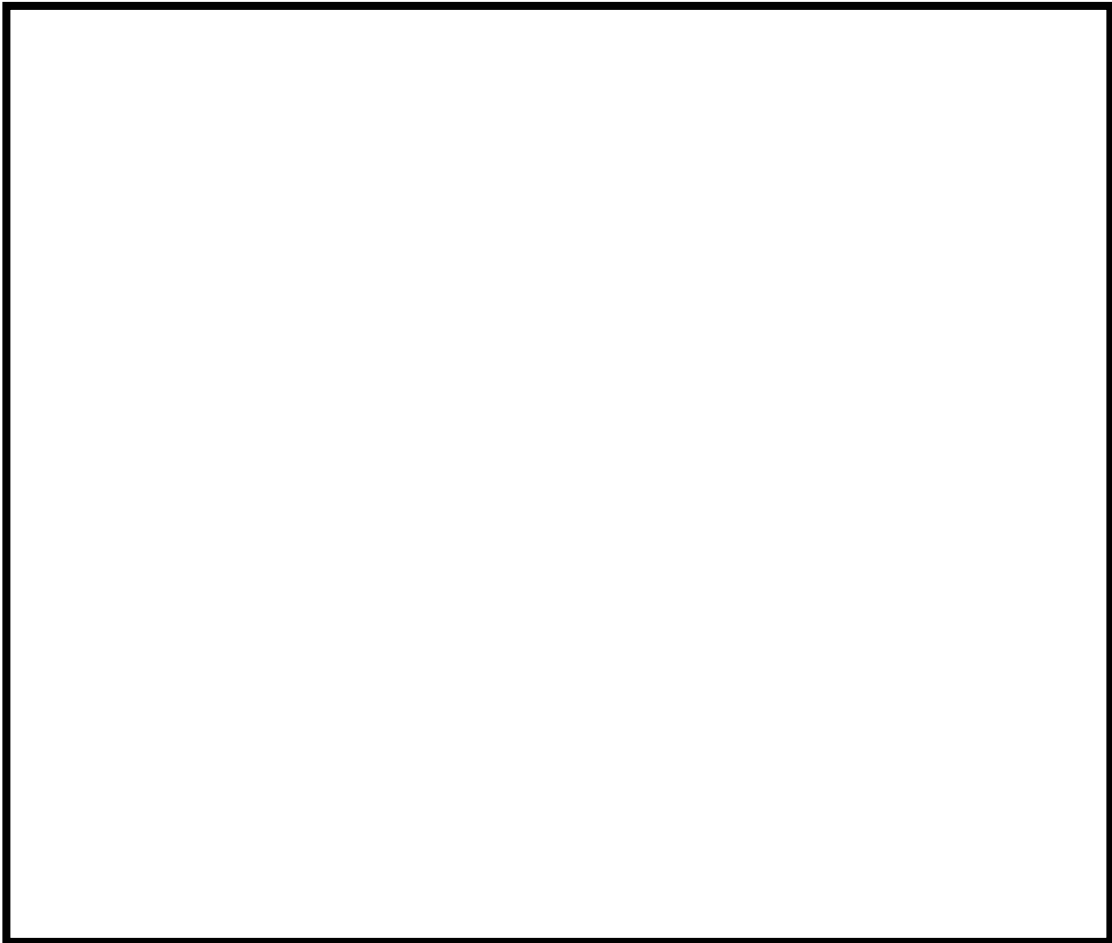
DRAW A PICTURE OF THE CHILDREN MAKING SILLY  
FACES AT ME OR DOING THINGS TO MAKE ME SAD

She said that was a silly thing to do,  
Let children pick on me like crocs at the zoo,  
As they gathered around and made me feel so scared,  
I didn't realise that my teacher actually cared.



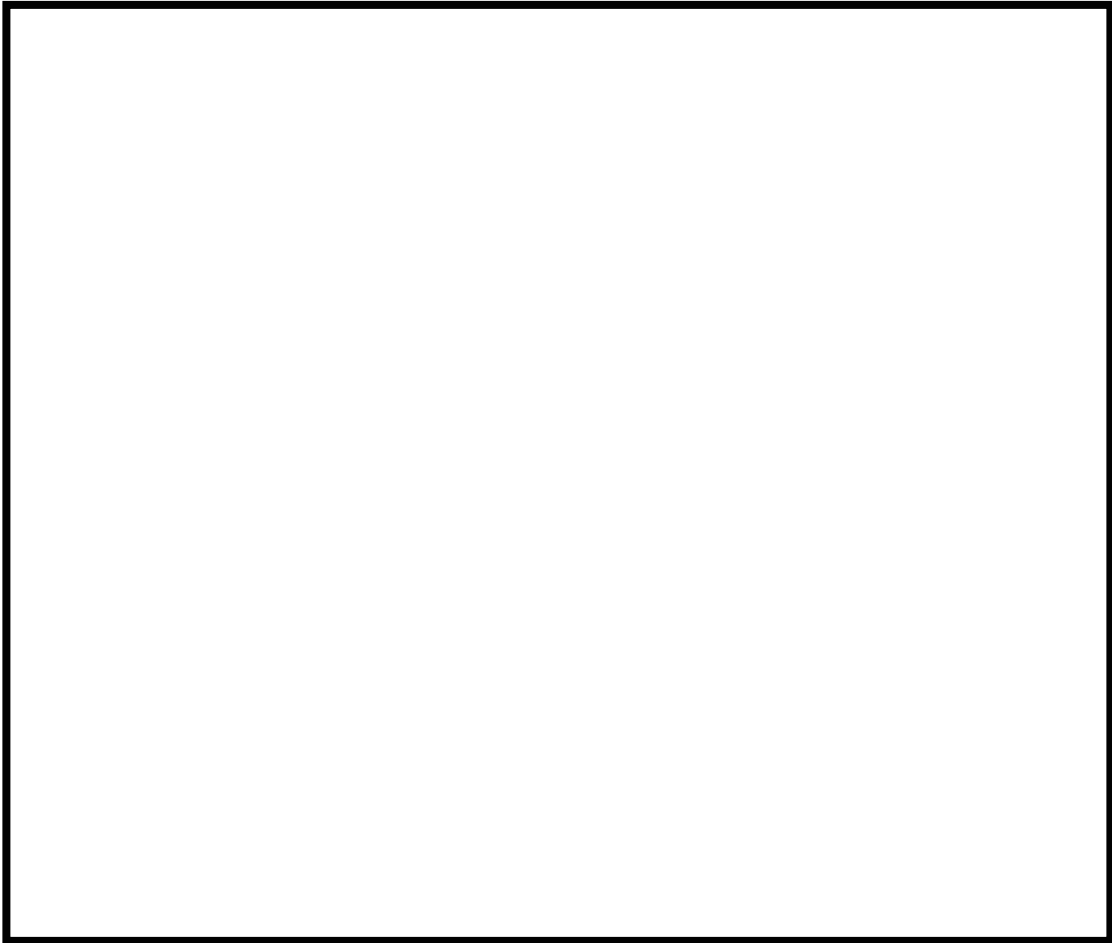
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME SURROUNDED BY CROCODILES

But she does and I know that for sure,  
Then she told mum whilst standing by the door,  
My mum said "why didn't you tell me so?"  
I shrugged my shoulders and thought she did know.



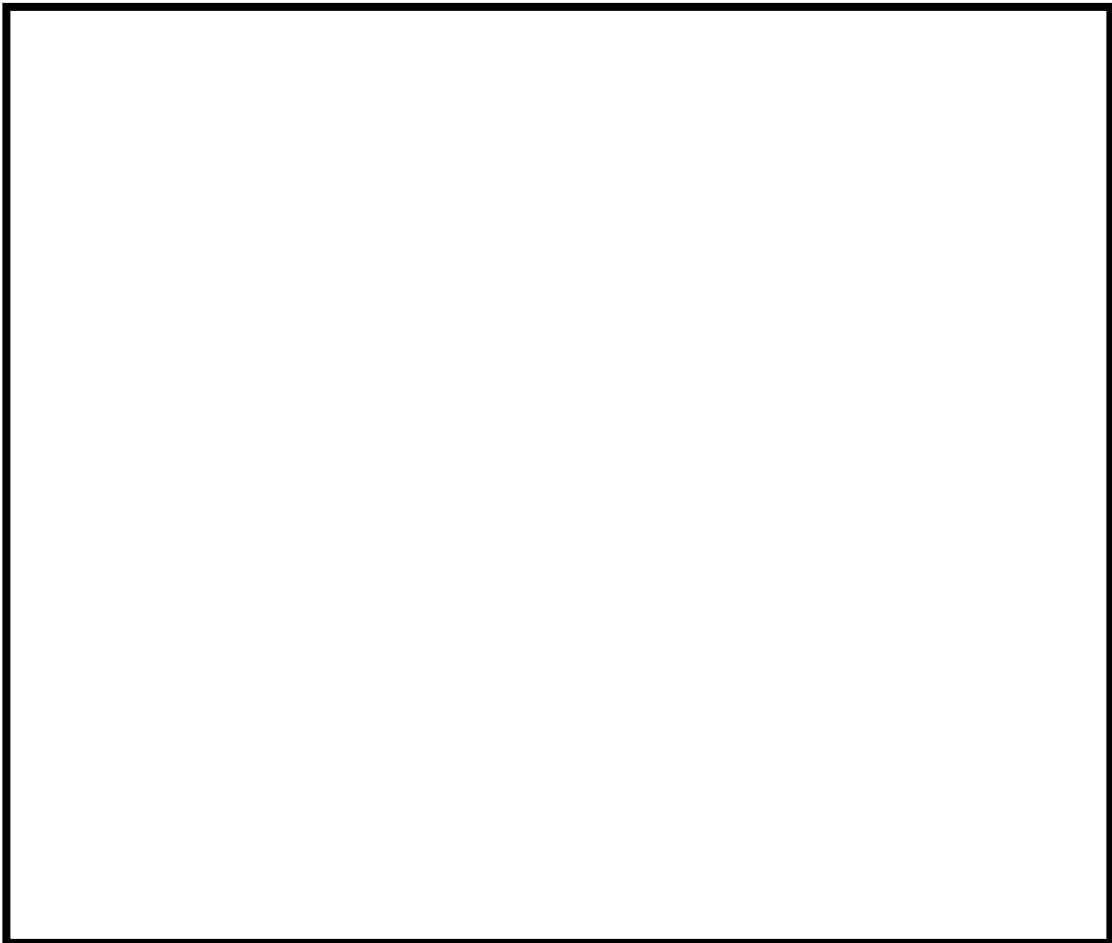
DRAW A PICTURE OF MY TEACHER TALKING TO MY MUM

It's amazing when you talk with your voice,  
That you realise that you have a choice,  
You can be sad and lonely as can be,  
By keeping quiet just like me.



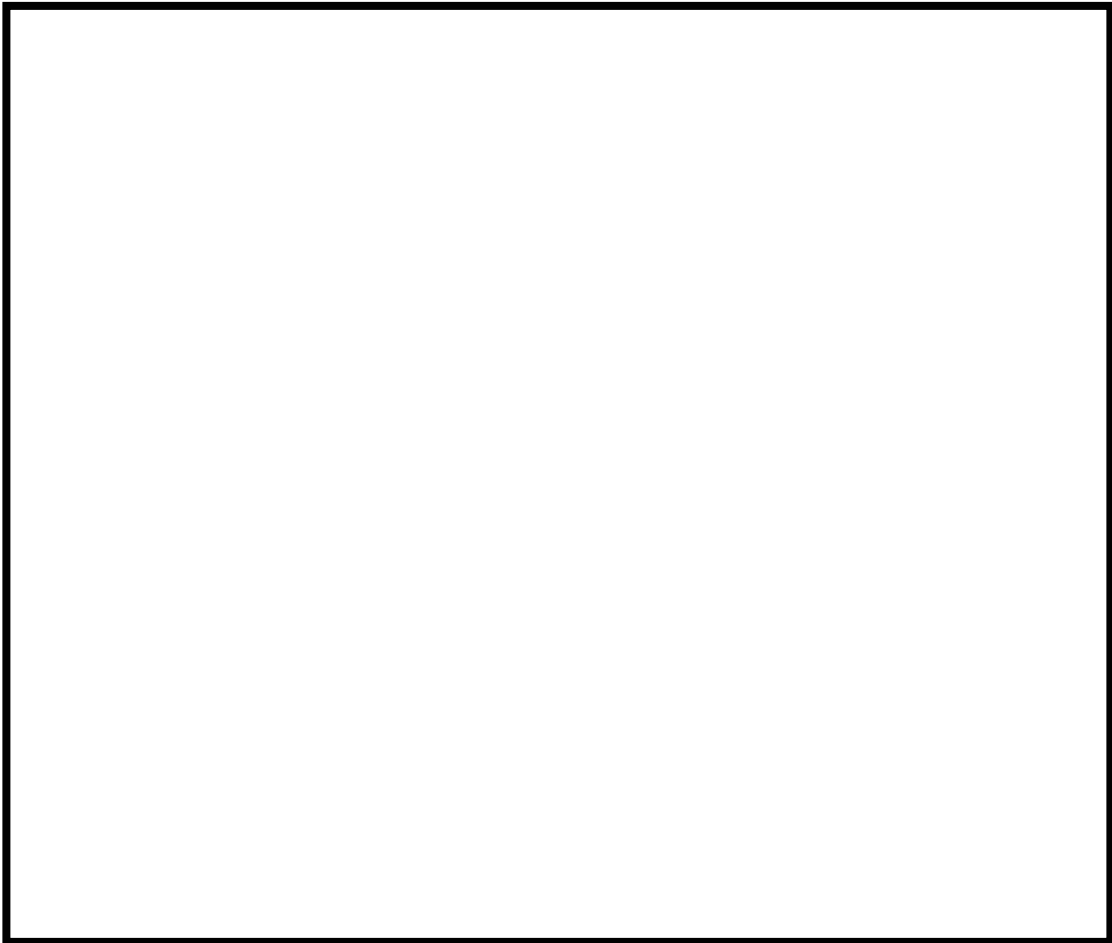
DRAW A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SAD

Or you can be happy and carefree,  
In a place where you like to be,  
Bullying can be put to an end,  
If you talk to your teacher, mum, or friend.



DRAW A PICTURE OF ME LOOKING VERY HAPPY

That's what I did finally,  
And look how happy it has made me,  
The children all ask if I'd play in their games,  
And nowadays nobody ever calls me bad names.



DRAW A PICTURE OF ME PLAYING HAPPILY WITH  
LOTS OF FRIENDS

