

## **The Lemonade Crocodile**

By Ruben Squire

Long before man invented lemonade, in the middle of The Equator, inside the thriving rainforest lived a lonely crocodile. He had gnarly, pointed teeth, ragged scaly skin and was terrifying to look at. At first sight he was unnerving but inside he was heartfelt and just wanted a friend.

Every morning, in the middle of the bamboo bridge the crocodile would set up his lemonade stall. Each time he hoped for a customer, however, many animals passed his lemonade stall quickly because they thought it was a trap. No one wanted to buy lemonade from a grimy, crawling crocodile despite the dust in the air on the hot, dry summer days.

One night, whilst the crocodile was dreaming of playing with some friends, his lemonade stall was stolen. When he awoke and discovered his entire stall and his lemonade were gone, the crocodile was so sad and lost all hope. The animals were woken by the sound of the crocodile crying and sobbing loudly.

“It’s just crocodile tears” said the Zebra.

However, the crocodile made so many puddles of tears that the animals realised he would struggle to survive.

After that, they all charged into the forest and collected handfuls, trunkfuls, wingfuls and pawfuls of lemons and brought them to the desperate crocodile. The snivelling croc was filled with new hope as the creature community rebuilt his stall. It was thirsty work and the animals were now glad to share some zingy lemonade with their new friend, the crocodile.