GARY
THE FROG PRINCE

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TALES OF RAMION

GARY
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FRANK HINKS

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Chapter Three

Scrooey-Looey floated through the sky, far far away moaning softly, "Help! Help! I'm scared of heights. Let me down." He had not floated far when a gentle breeze began to blow, to dance around him. The breeze did not normally get the chance to play with a floating rabbit.

"What fun!" murmured the breeze to itself as it spun Scrooey-Looey round and round, turned him upside down and sent him spinning just above the Crystal Sea.

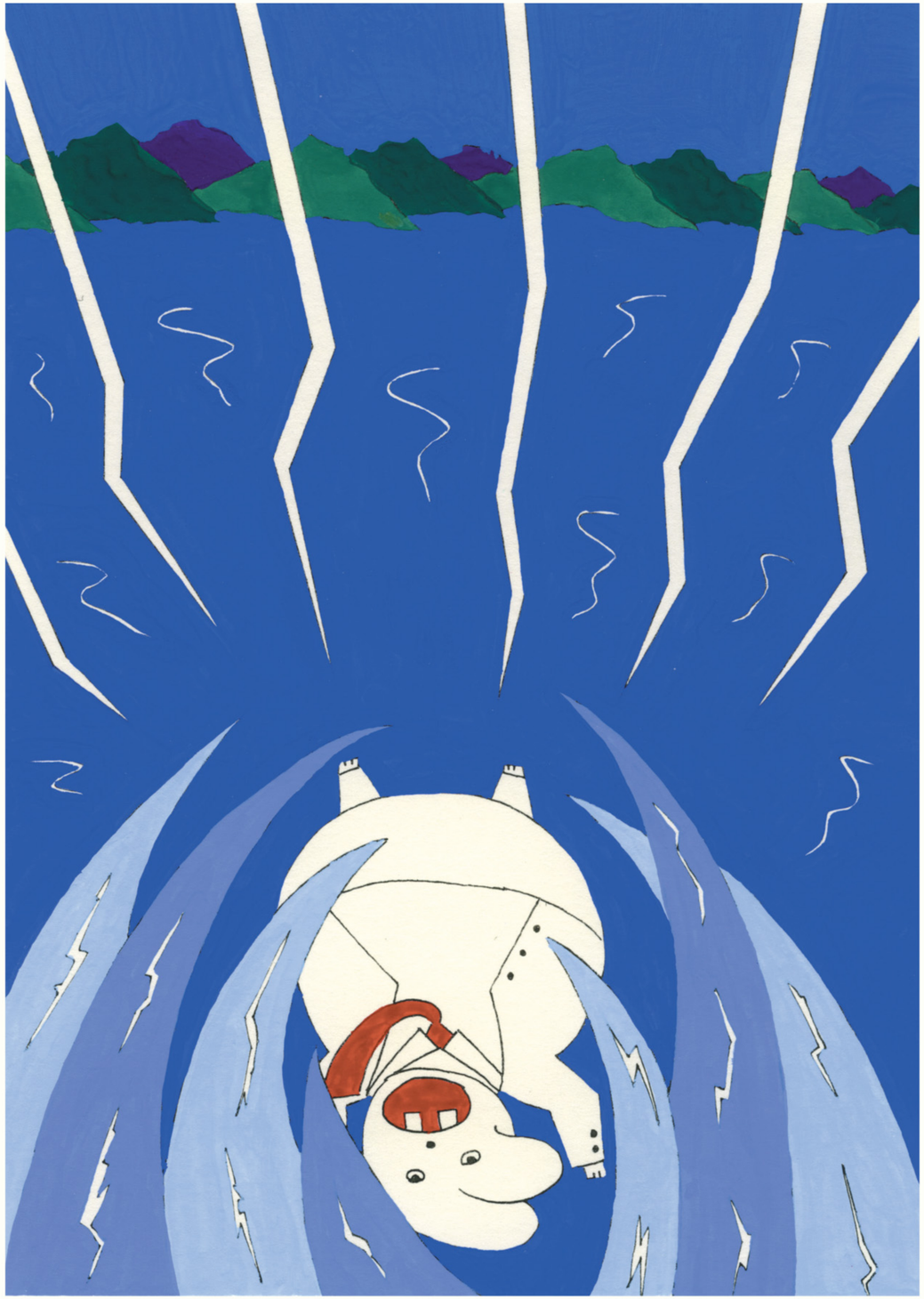
"What fun!" gasped the waves as they stretched up and tried to catch the rabbit.

"What fun!" rumbled passing clouds as they sent claps of thunder and forks of lightning which crashed and flashed all around the rabbit.

"Oh help!" cried Scrooey-Looey. "This isn't fair."

When breeze, waves and clouds had tired of their game they left the rabbit. Then the sun came out and baked him. "Not fair," complained Scrooey-Looey as he floated above the ocean and up across high mountains. After he had floated for many miles the magic began to wear off and slowly he returned to his normal size. As he got smaller he lost height and with a bump landed in a huge nest on the side of a mountain.

The nest was full of little yellow fluffy things eating lettuces and carrots. "Great! Great! Great!" squeaked Scrooey-Looey. "I'm starving, absolutely famished."



Scrooey-Looey took a lettuce from a little yellow fluffy thing and started to eat. “Give me back my lettuce,” cried the little yellow fluffy thing bursting into tears. He took a lettuce from another little yellow fluffy thing.

“Give him back his lettuce!” shrieked a terrible piercing cry. Trembling Scrooey-Looey looked up. Perched on the side of the nest was a large red eagle with great claws and beak. It was Gloria the little yellow fluffy things’ mother.

“Oh help!” cried Scrooey-Looey. “Don’t eat me. I’m only a poor poor rabbit. I’m very disagreeable. I’d give you belly ache.”

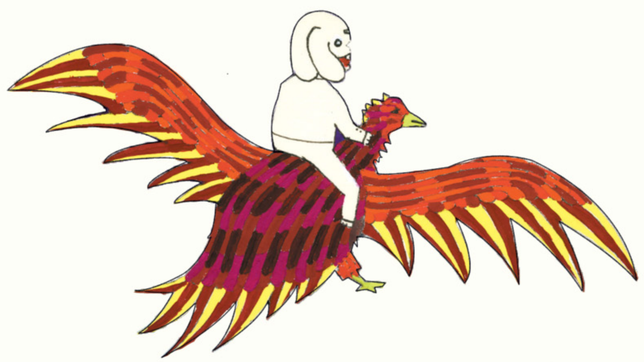
“We won’t eat you,” squawked Gloria. “You won’t?” “Of course not. We’re vegetarian.” “You’re what?” “We don’t eat meat. We’ve taken the pledge. We live on lettuces and carrots.”

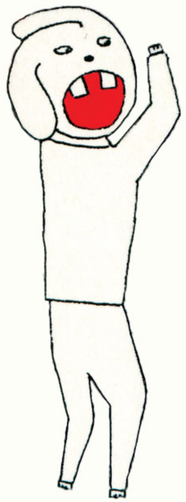
“But mummy, mummy he stole our food,” cried the baby eagles.

“I’m sure he didn’t mean to,” said Gloria solemnly. “It will teach you children that it is good to share.”

“But Mum! Mum! Mum!” cried the baby eagles. “He didn’t say please and thank you.”

“Didn’t say please and thank you!” exclaimed Gloria. “That is dreadful. What have you to say for yourself?” she asked Scrooey-Looey severely.





"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I'm too young to die," stammered Scrooey-Looey falling to his knees.

"Get up you fool. I'm not going to eat you even though your manners are dreadful. Eat a lettuce. Blow your nose. Stop snivelling." After a lettuce and a carrot Scrooey-Looey cheered up and told the eagles what had happened to him and the boys. "This Griselda. Is she a very bad witch?" asked Gloria. "Is she a meat eater?"

"She eats girls and boys."

"Those three boys are in great danger," exclaimed Gloria. "We must rescue them. Where is my husband? Ah there he is." Another large red eagle landed on the edge of the nest. He was laden with lettuces and carrots. "Archibald!" cried Gloria in a commanding voice. "You're late. Where have you been? Give the children their supper, make sure they brush their feathers and clean their teeth, and put them to bed. I'm just off to rescue three boys from a witch."

"Yes dear," mumbled Archibald giving a lettuce to each of the baby eagles as Gloria soared into the air with Scrooey-Looey on her back.