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Opening extract from
Down in the Jungle

Written by
Vivian French

Published by
Orion Children's Books

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Down in the Jungle

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Illustrated by
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Orion
Children's Books

*For Willow
with love*

Down in the Jungle originally appeared in *The Story House*
first published in Great Britain in 2004

by Orion Children's Books

This edition first published in 2011

by Orion Children's Books

a division of the Orion Publishing Group Ltd

Orion House

5 Upper St Martin's Lane

London WC2H 9EA

An Hachette UK Company

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Designed by Louise Millar

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in China

ISBN 978 1 4440 0513 4



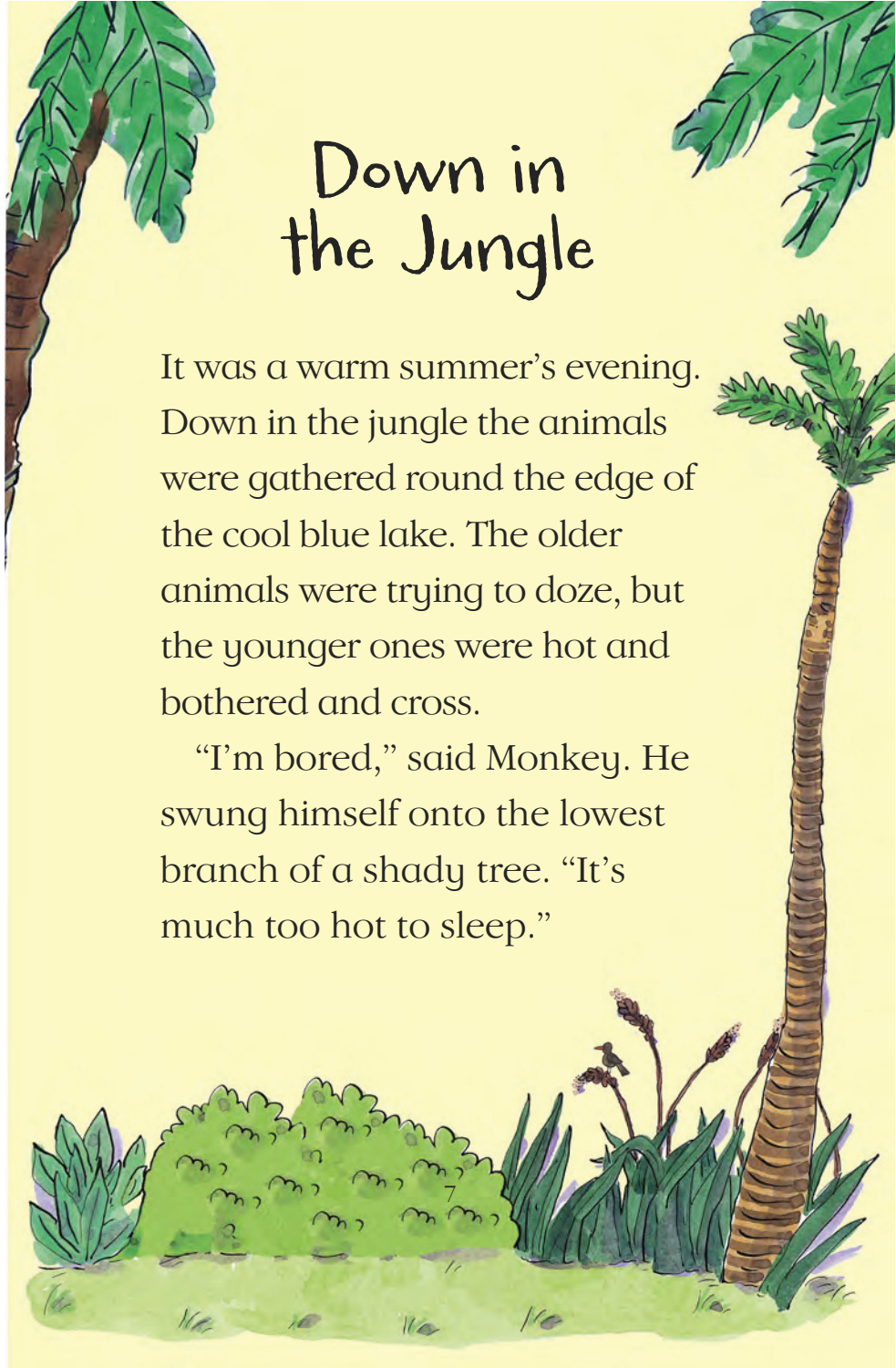
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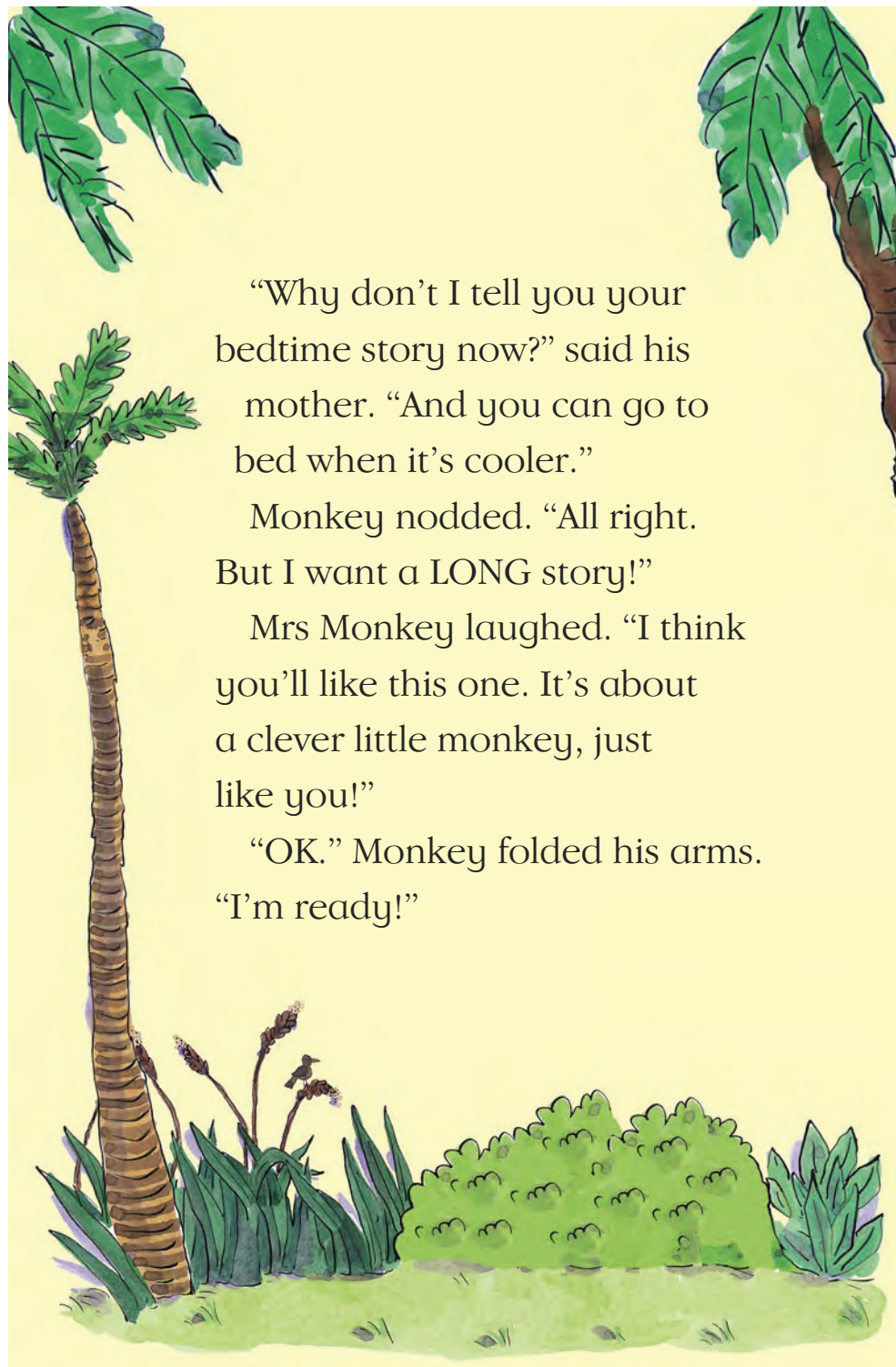
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The illustration depicts a jungle environment. On the left, a tree trunk and green leaves are visible. On the right, a tall, slender tree with a textured trunk and green foliage stands. At the bottom, there are green bushes and plants, including some with small purple flowers. The background is a solid light yellow color.

Down in the Jungle

It was a warm summer's evening. Down in the jungle the animals were gathered round the edge of the cool blue lake. The older animals were trying to doze, but the younger ones were hot and bothered and cross.

"I'm bored," said Monkey. He swung himself onto the lowest branch of a shady tree. "It's much too hot to sleep."



“Why don’t I tell you your bedtime story now?” said his mother. “And you can go to bed when it’s cooler.”

Monkey nodded. “All right. But I want a LONG story!”

Mrs Monkey laughed. “I think you’ll like this one. It’s about a clever little monkey, just like you!”

“OK.” Monkey folded his arms. “I’m ready!”



It was early in the morning, but Monkey was awake and swinging through the trees.

“I’m going fishing today!” he sang. “I’m going fishing today!”

Bear Cub was waiting for
Monkey on the river bank.
He had two fishing rods and
a bucket of worms.



“Are you ready, Monkey?”
he asked.

“Yes!” said Monkey.

They fished for **five**
minutes ...
and they caught
nothing at all.

They fished for **ten**
minutes ...
and they caught
nothing at all.

They fished for **fifteen**
minutes ...
and they caught
nothing at all.





"Where have the fish gone?"
asked Monkey.

"I don't know," said Bear Cub.
"I'll jump in the river and look."
He jumped into the water.

"Ooof!" he said. "It's very cold."

"Any fish?" asked Monkey.

"No," said Bear Cub. "Only green
weed and a long brown log."



"Maybe," said Monkey, "we'd
catch more fish if we stood on
the log?"

"Good idea," said Bear Cub.
He swam towards the long
brown log.

The long brown log opened
a huge toothy mouth ...





Snap!

Bear Cub was caught by his tail.

“Help!” he shouted. “Help!”

“Be quiet,” said the crocodile,
and he kept his teeth shut tight.
“I’m going to cook you and eat
you for my tea.”

Monkey was watching, and he
shook his head.

“Hey! Crocodile!” Monkey called.

“What do you want?” Crocodile
asked, and he kept his teeth shut
tight on Bear Cub’s tail.

“I just wondered if you knew
how to make my granny’s bear
cub stew,” said Monkey.

“What sort of stew is that?”
asked Crocodile, and he kept his
teeth shut tight on Bear Cub’s tail.

“It’s the most delicious stew
ever,” said Monkey. “But you have
to have a pineapple.”

“A pineapple?” said Crocodile.
“Where would I get a pineapple?”



Monkey swung away into the
jungle. Soon he was back with
a big yellow pineapple, and he
put it down on the river bank.