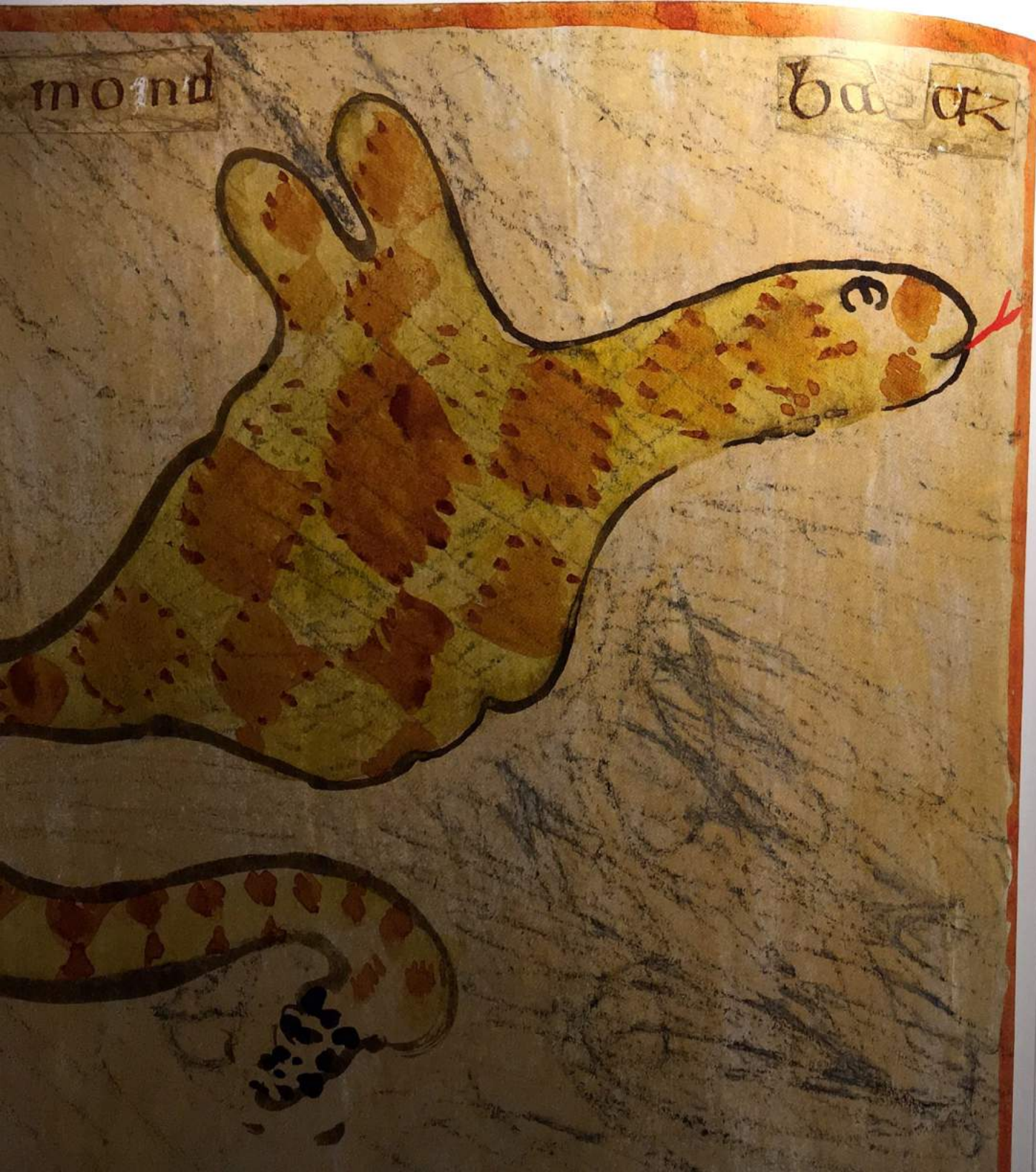


# The Chameleon

Chameleon, comedian,  
We never know which skin you're in.  
Sometimes you're yellow,  
Then you're green,  
Turquoise blue, or tangerine.  
Chameleon, you're hard to find.  
Comedian, make up your mind!

Comedian





## The Diamondback Rattlesnake

Fork in front,  
Rattle behind.  
The lump in the middle?  
Don't pay any mind.

Scales up high,  
Scales down low.  
The lump in the middle?  
You don't want to know.

Diamonds above,  
Diamonds below.  
The lump in the middle?  
A rabbit too slow.

# The Polliwogs

We polliwoggle.  
We polliwiggle.  
We shake in lakes,  
Make wakes,  
And wriggle.  
We quiver,  
We shiver,  
We jiggle,  
We jog.  
We're yearning  
To turn ourselves  
Into a frog.





## The Midwife Toad

On Dad's back the eggs are toted.  
To his kids he's *toadally* devoted.

## The Glass Frog

Upon a tree  
It's hard to see  
Which part is leaf  
And which is me  
Which part is me  
And which is leaf  
I've lost myself again—  
Good grief!





## The Newt

Orange nose.

Orange toes.

Orange chin.

Orange skin.

Orange tail.

Orange newt.

Orange you cute

In your bright orange suit.

## The Wood Frog

I am a frozen frogsicle.  
I froze beneath a logsicle.  
My mind is in a fogsicle  
Inside this icy bogsicle.

My temperature is ten degrees.  
I froze my nose, my toes, my knees.  
But I don't care, I feel at ease,  
For I am full of antifreeze.





## The Red-Eyed Tree Frog

Tomato eyes.  
Catches flies.

Orange toes.  
Loves to pose.

Matchstick legs.  
Hatches from eggs.

Swallows bugs.  
Lives on T-shirts and coffee mugs.



# The Bullfrog

Polli-wogger,  
Bobby-bogger.  
Billy-bellow,  
Mellow-fellow.  
Hedda-hopper,  
Freddy-flopper.  
Jimmy-swimmy,  
Timmy-shimmy.  
Sammy-summer,  
Jug-o'-rummer,  
Jug-o'-rummer.





## The Poison-Dart Frogs

Brown with oval orange spots.

Crimson mottled black with blots.

Neon green with blue-black bands.

Tangerine with lemon strands.

Banana yellow.

Ultramarine.

Almost any color seen.

And though their poison can tip a dart,

These frogs are Masters of Fine Art.

# The Spring Peepers

*Peep,*

*Peep—*

We steal your sleep.

In scores

Of choruses

We cheep.

Beneath our chin's

A thin balloon

To help our song

From March till June.

Each spring

We sing

To bring

A mate,

And make you stay

Awake too late.

