

"Goodness!" said the frogs.
"Why is there a pig in our pond?"

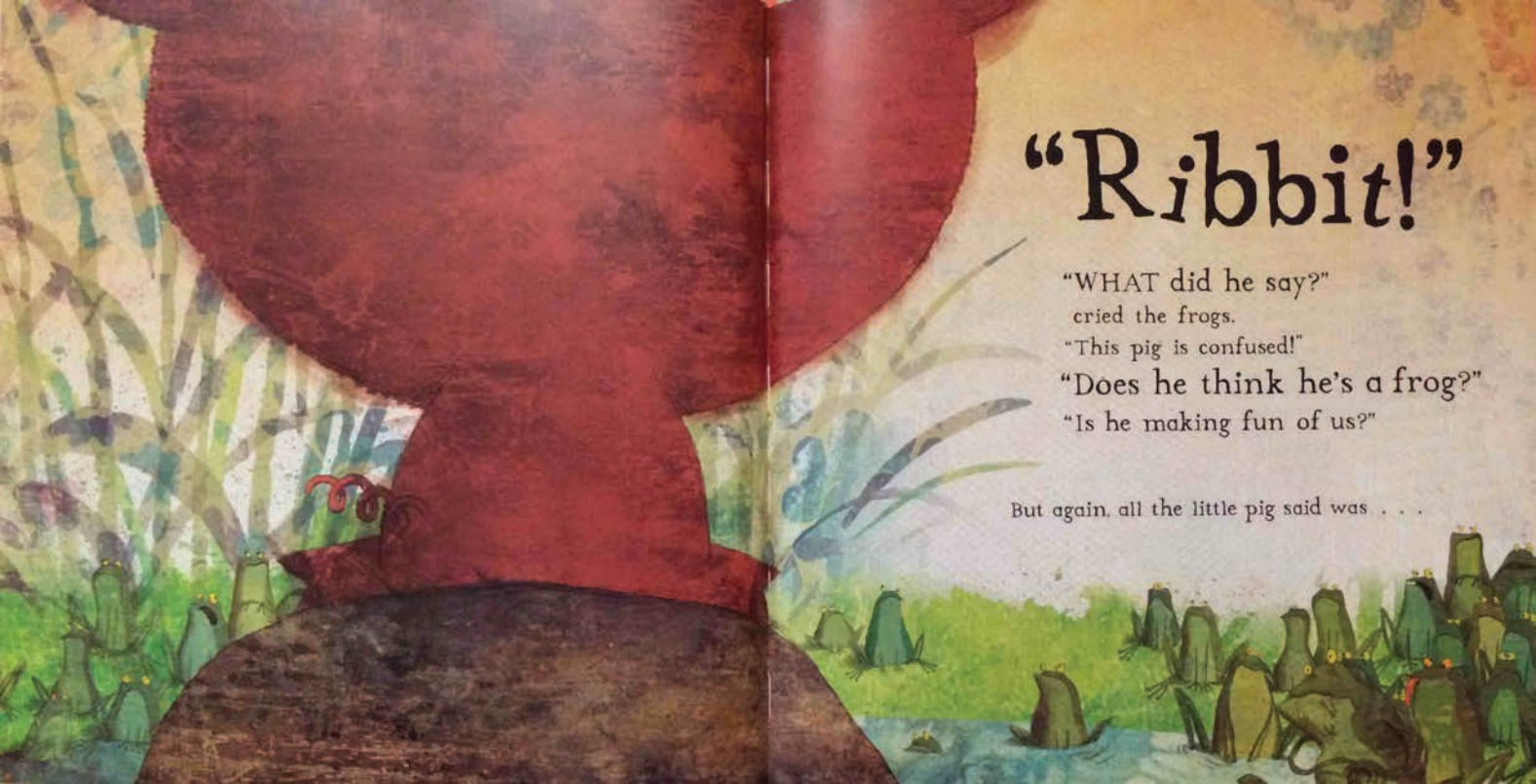
They whispered amongst themselves,
until finally the chief frog spoke up:



"Ahem. Good morning.
What can we do for you?"

And, to their amazement,
the little pig answered . . .





“Ribbit!”

“WHAT did he say?”
cried the frogs.

“This pig is confused!”

“Does he think he’s a frog?”

“Is he making fun of us?”

But again, all the little pig said was . . .

“Ribbit!”

