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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

Vivian French

Illustrated by  
Selina Young



Orion  
Children's Books

*For Willow  
with love*

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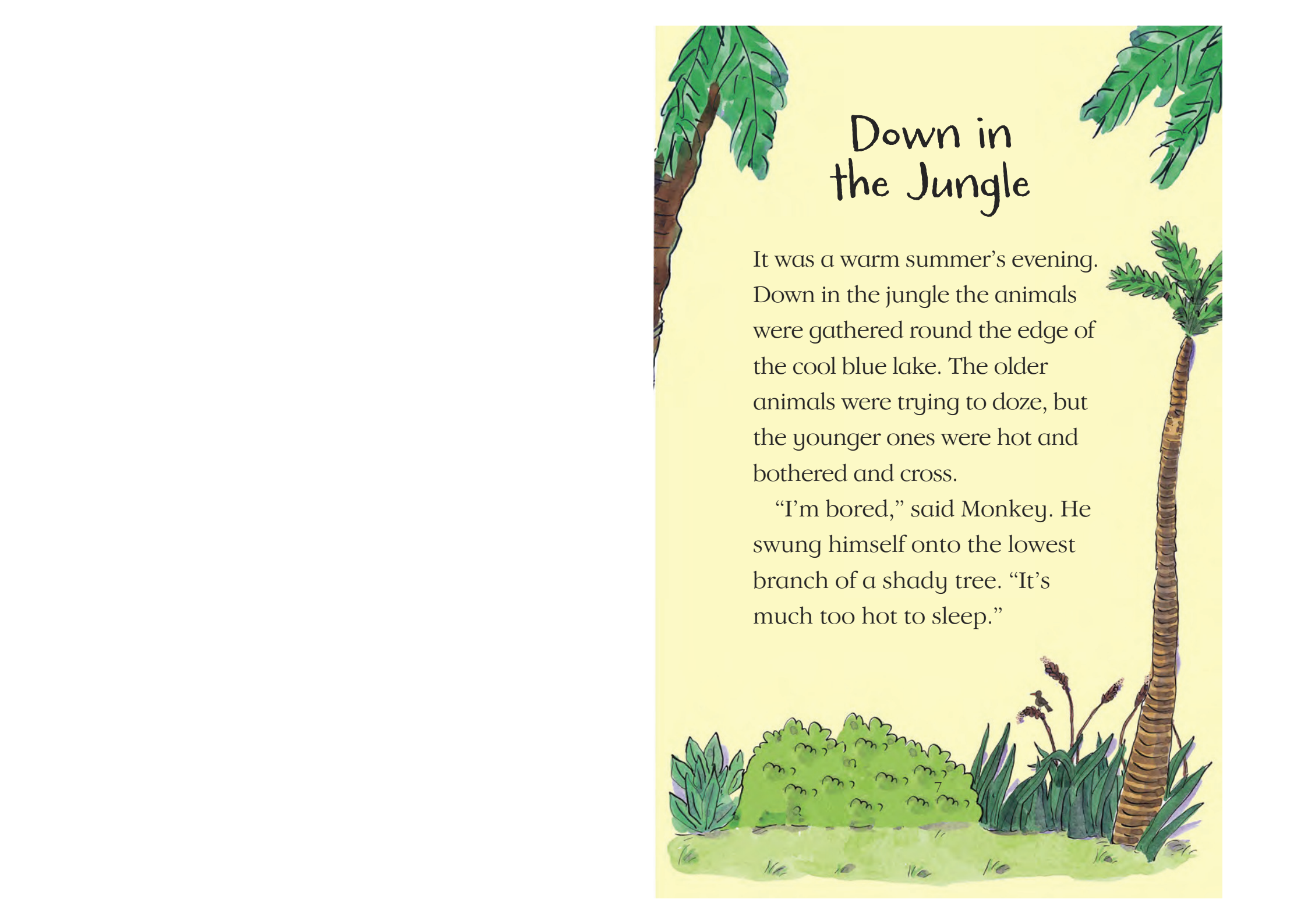
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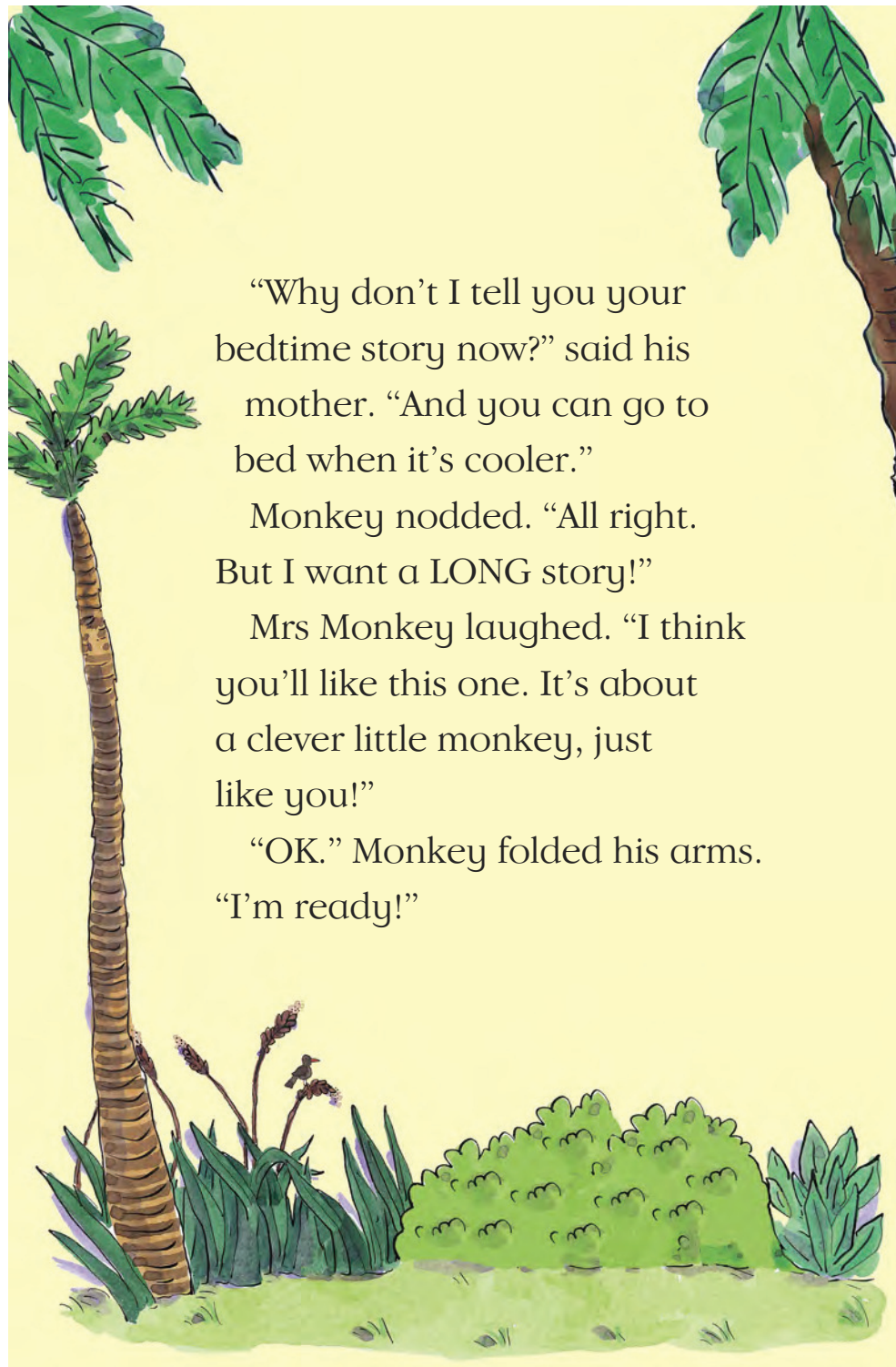
Snap!	9
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The background of the page is a light yellow-green color. On the left side, there is a partial illustration of a tree with green leaves and a brown trunk. On the right side, there is a full illustration of a tall, thin tree with a textured brown trunk and green leaves at the top. At the bottom of the page, there are several green bushes and plants, including some with small purple flowers. The title "Down in the Jungle" is written in a black, handwritten-style font in the upper right quadrant.

## 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.

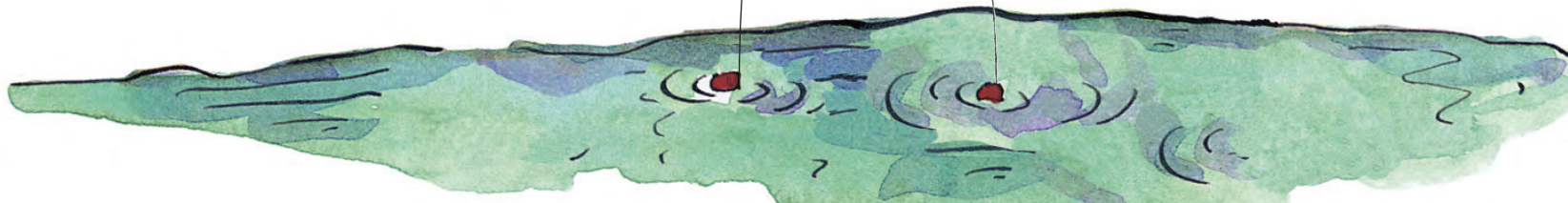
“No,” said Bear Cub. “Only green  
weed and a long brown log.”

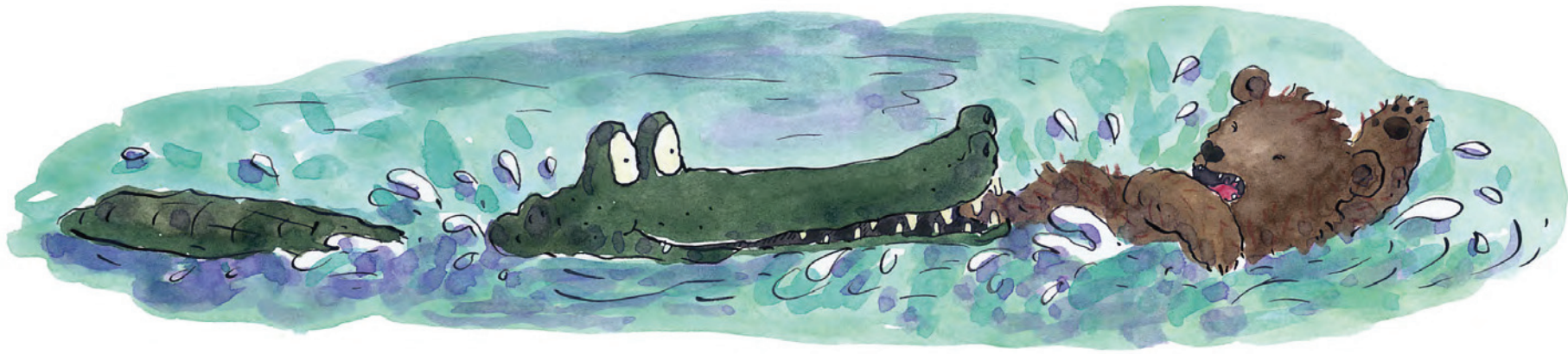


“Maybe,” said Monkey, “we’d  
catch more fish if we stood on  
the log?”

“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.