

## *The Flea speaks!*

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Once upon a time there was a bear. He was a big and strong brown bear. He growled, 'GRRRRRRRR!'

There also, once upon a time, was a dog. He was a shaggy dog with longing, liquid eyes. 'Bow-wow-wow!' he barked.

[illegible]

Along came a flea. He was never once upon a time. He was now, always. He didn't growl, or bark, or *purr* (when he was in a fine mood), but he could speak.

“Come here, big brown bear, and sit,” said the bossy flea, and the bear had to obey and come to him.

“Dog,” said the flea, “jump on the bear’s head,” and the dog had to jump onto the bear’s head.

“Cat,” said the flea, “jump on the dog’s head,” and even though the cat did not like the dog (not one little bit!) she had to obey and jump on the dog’s head.

Then the flea jumped onto the bear's head.

He jumped onto the dog's head.

He jumped onto the cat's head.

Last of all he hopped and sat on the cat's nose.

“Hey-ho!” said the flea. “Look at me! I’m King of the Pile and the Boss of Everyone,” and he went about boasting how big he was, all because he could speak.

