Hippo Wants to Dance

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This book belongs to

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Hippo Wants to Dance
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Hippo wants to dance.

She jumps up and down on the dusty ground.

Thump!

Thump!
“You’re getting dirt on me!” says Shongololo, sleeping in the sand.

“Go dance somewhere else.”
Hippo wants to dance.

She rolls into the river and splashes her arms and legs.

Splish!

Splash!
“You’re making me wet!” says Kingfisher, hunting for her breakfast.

“Go dance somewhere else.”
Hippo wants to dance.

She twirls around and around in a field, kicking her legs up high.
“Be careful! You nearly kicked me!” says Meerkat, bathing his babies.

“Go dance somewhere else.”
Hippo wants to dance.

She flops into a puddle of mud and slides around on her nice big belly.

Squish!

Squash!
“Why don’t you stop dancing?” asks Donkey, carrying his buckets.

“Why can’t you do something useful instead?”
Hippo is sad.
She is too sad to dance.

She sits on a rock and cries.
The tears roll down her cheeks and fall on the ground.
Grasshopper hears Hippo’s tears. He starts dancing around her feet.

Hop! Hop! Hop!
Hippo and Grasshopper start to dance, and the other animals come to look …