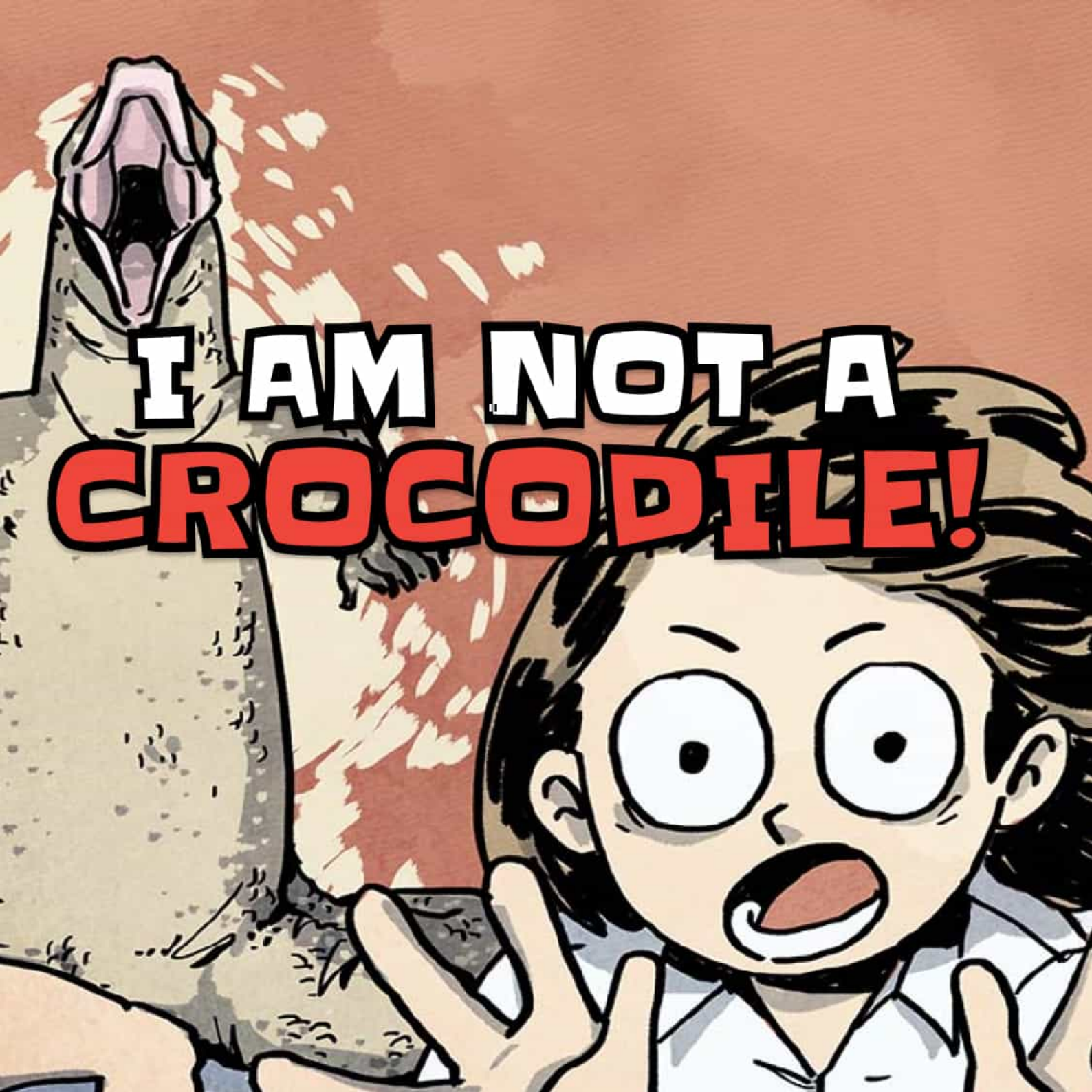
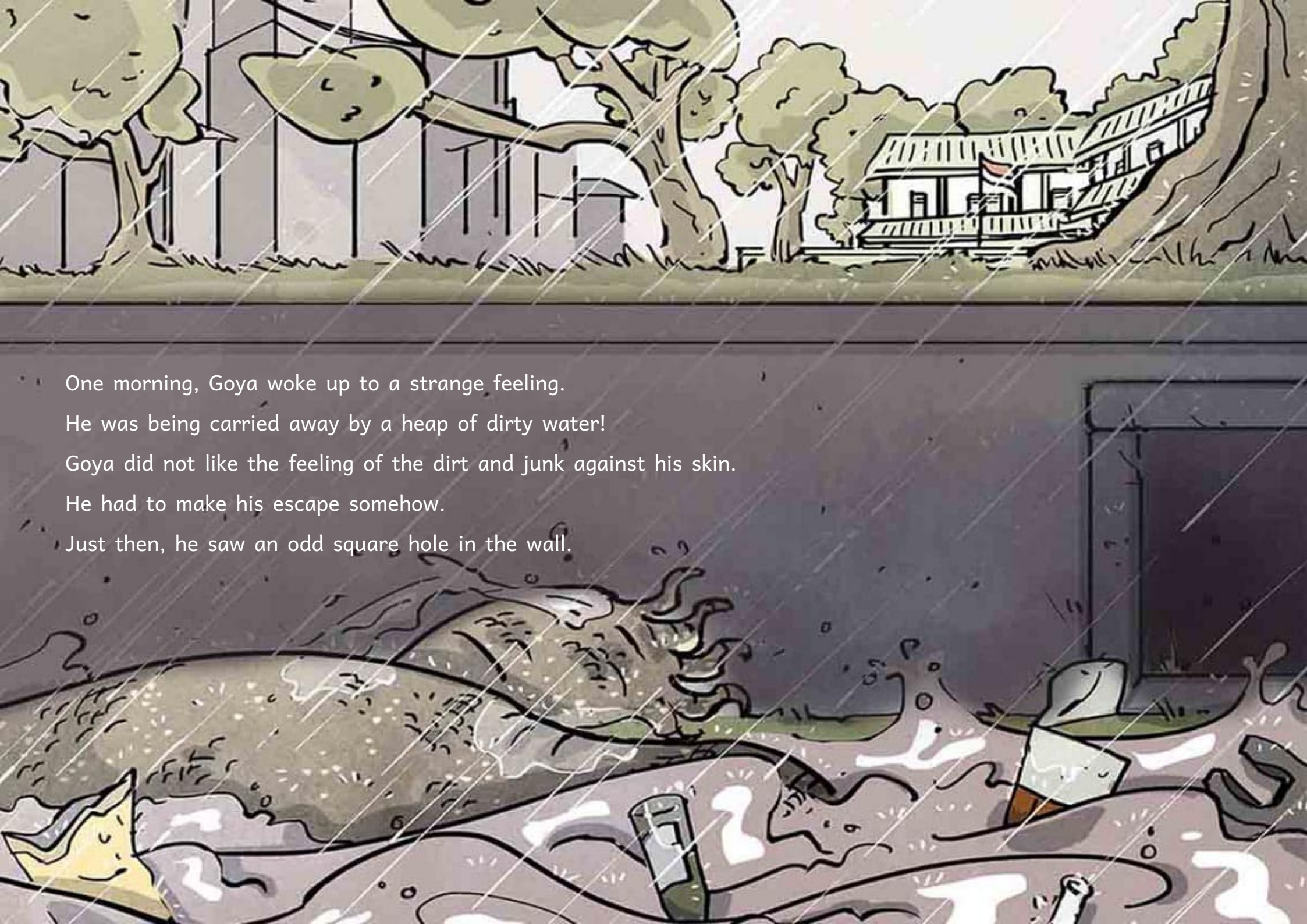

I AM NOT A
CROCODILE!



One morning, Goya woke up to a strange feeling.

He was being carried away by a heap of dirty water!

Goya did not like the feeling of the dirt and junk against his skin.

He had to make his escape somehow.

Just then, he saw an odd square hole in the wall.

It was taxing and took up a lot of his energy, but Goya dragged himself out of the water and into the hole.

It was drier in here, but it smelled pretty bad.

Goya had not been in a place like this ever before.

A long tunnel stretched ahead of him, and he could not see the end of it.

But behind him was that awful dirty water, so he had no choice but to go deeper.

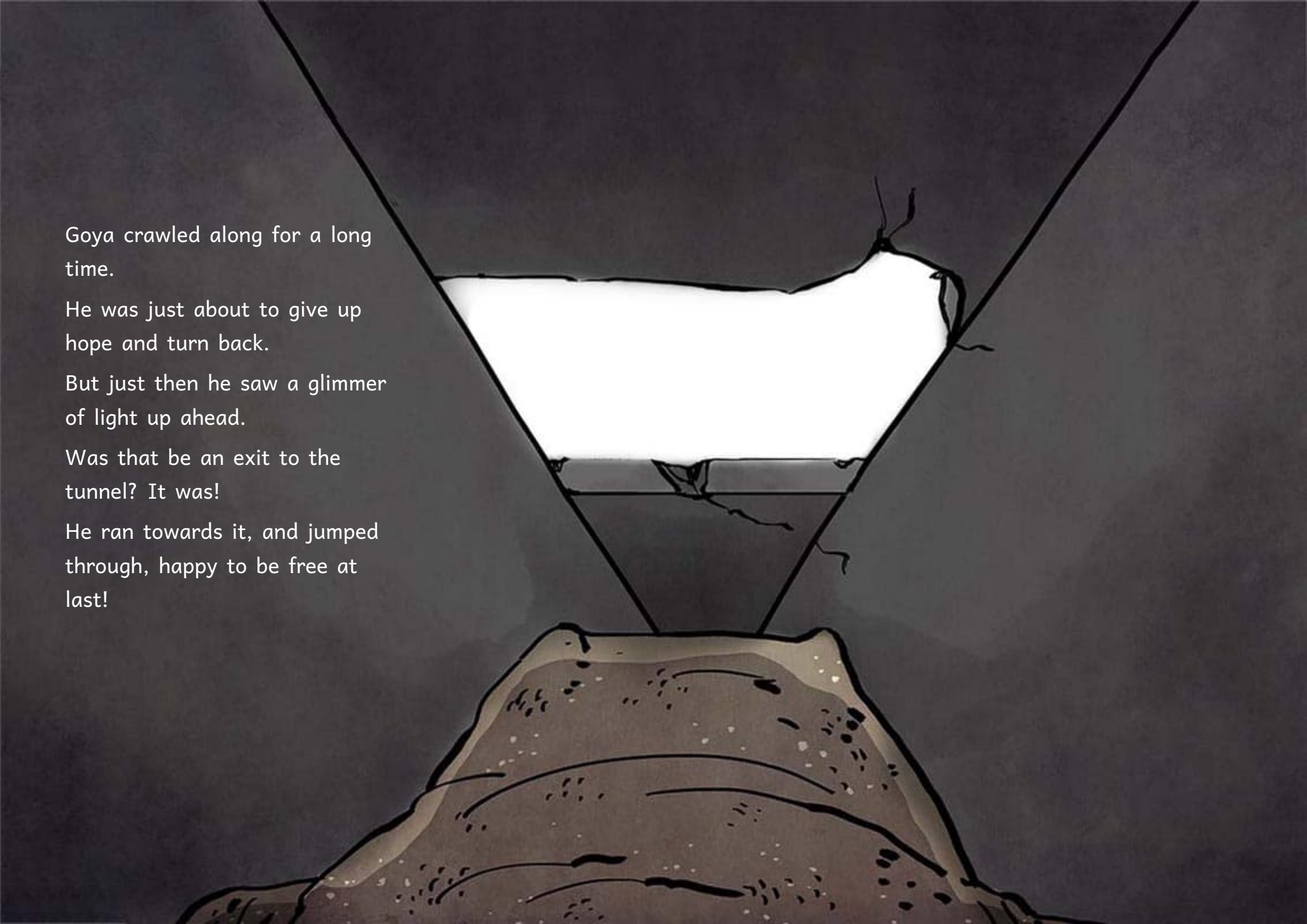
But while the tunnel was dry, it was still dark and dirty.

Goya did not like it at all.

He hoped that he would find the end of it, and it would lead to the jungle coast he called home.

He missed sunbathing on rocks and feeling the cool sea breeze against his skin.

He hated the toxic feeling of sludge and plastic in this hole.



Goya crawled along for a long time.

He was just about to give up hope and turn back.

But just then he saw a glimmer of light up ahead.

Was that be an exit to the tunnel? It was!

He ran towards it, and jumped through, happy to be free at last!

As soon as Goya's eyes adjusted to the light, he knew he had made a mistake.

Uh oh, what are all these kids doing here?

Goya did not like humans, they were loud and smelled funny.

They were the ones who made the water toxic in the first place!

But when the kids saw him, they all shouted one word. 'Crocodile!'

Goya thought he misheard them.

Crocodile? What crocodile, he couldn't see any crocodile.

But they kept shouting it, and it was getting louder, too.

'There's a crocodile loose in the school!' a boy shouted.

'Let's get rid of it, or run for the exits!' shouted a girl.

Anxiously, Goya looked to the left, and then to the right.

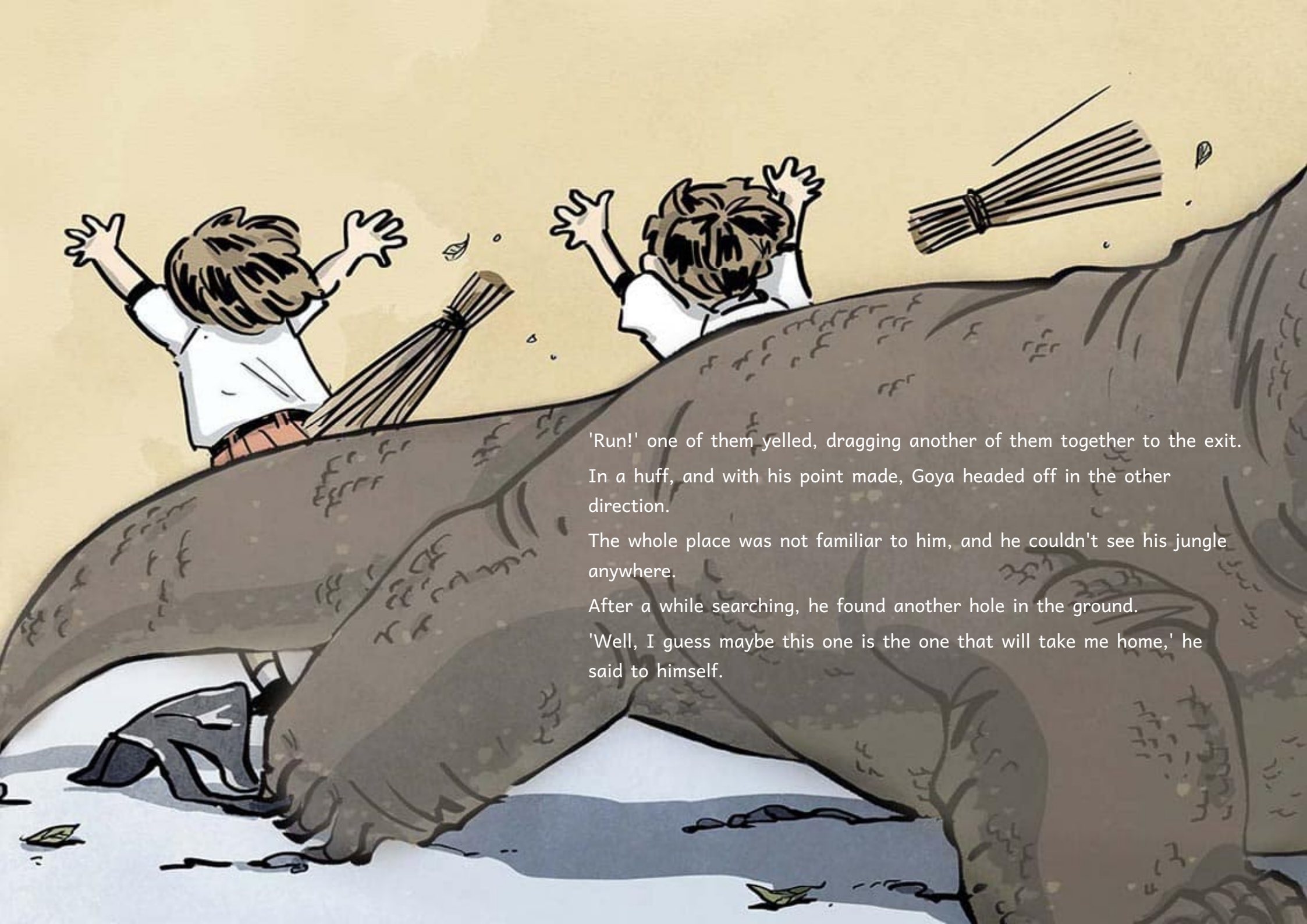
He could not see a crocodile anywhere.

But then, a horrible thought occurred to him.

Wait a minute.

They thought HE was a crocodile!

Goya stood up on his hind legs, raising himself to his maximum height.
He was angry, and he had to let the kids know their mistake!
'I AM NOT A CROCODILE!' he roared.
'I AM A KOMODO DRAGON!'
The kids were so startled!



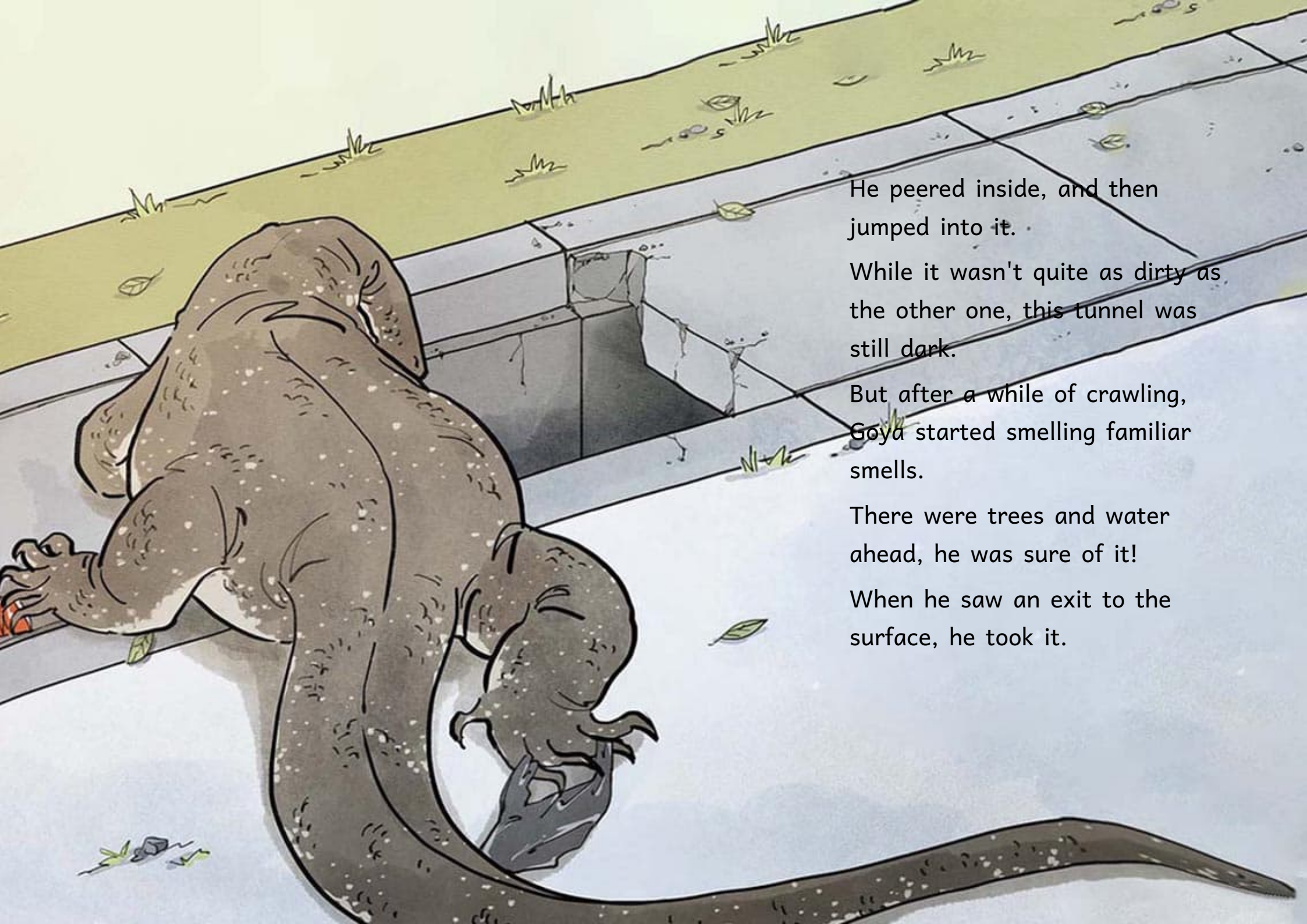
'Run!' one of them yelled, dragging another of them together to the exit.

In a huff, and with his point made, Goya headed off in the other direction.

The whole place was not familiar to him, and he couldn't see his jungle anywhere.

After a while searching, he found another hole in the ground.

'Well, I guess maybe this one is the one that will take me home,' he said to himself.



He peered inside, and then jumped into it.

While it wasn't quite as dirty as the other one, this tunnel was still dark.

But after a while of crawling, Goya started smelling familiar smells.

There were trees and water ahead, he was sure of it!

When he saw an exit to the surface, he took it.

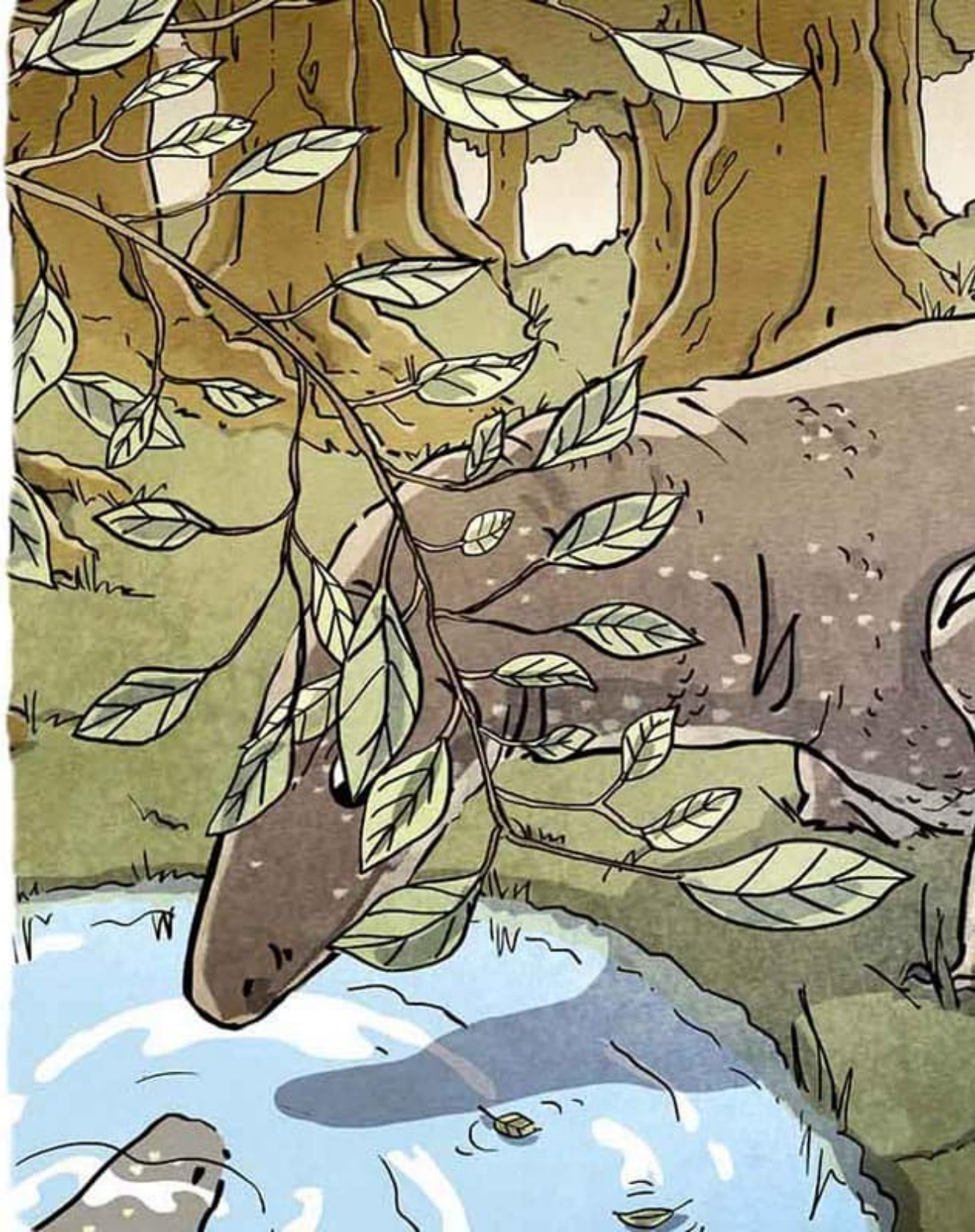
Goya was back in his jungle again.

The dirty water had been swept away, and he was glad to see that.

Goya was hungry, anxious and tired, and desperately needed a drink.

He wandered over to a pond that smelled clean, looked on its surface and saw...

Oh no, it's a crocodile!



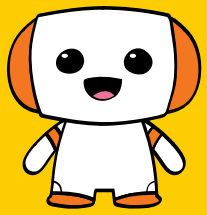
'Wait a minute, that's not a crocodile, that's just me!' said Goya.

He had no idea he looked so much like a crocodile.

Maybe those kids were right to be scared at first.

'But I am not a crocodile, I'm a komodo dragon!' he said to himself, and took a big long drink.

After the day he had, he deserved a rest!



XI

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