



**ONE, TWO, THREE...**









The honey smells sweet as a rose,  
But then a bee lands on your nose!  
If you love honey, don't you whine—  
It stings, but soon you'll feel just fine!





The beetle starts chirring  
Deep down in the grass,  
The grasshopper picks up his fiddle.  
You hear all around  
The bright, musical sound—  
Hey fiddle-de-diddle-de-diddle!





Three little frogs  
Jumped through the bog.  
They hopped and hopped  
And then they stopped.  
What did they see ahead?  
Strawberries, sweet and red!





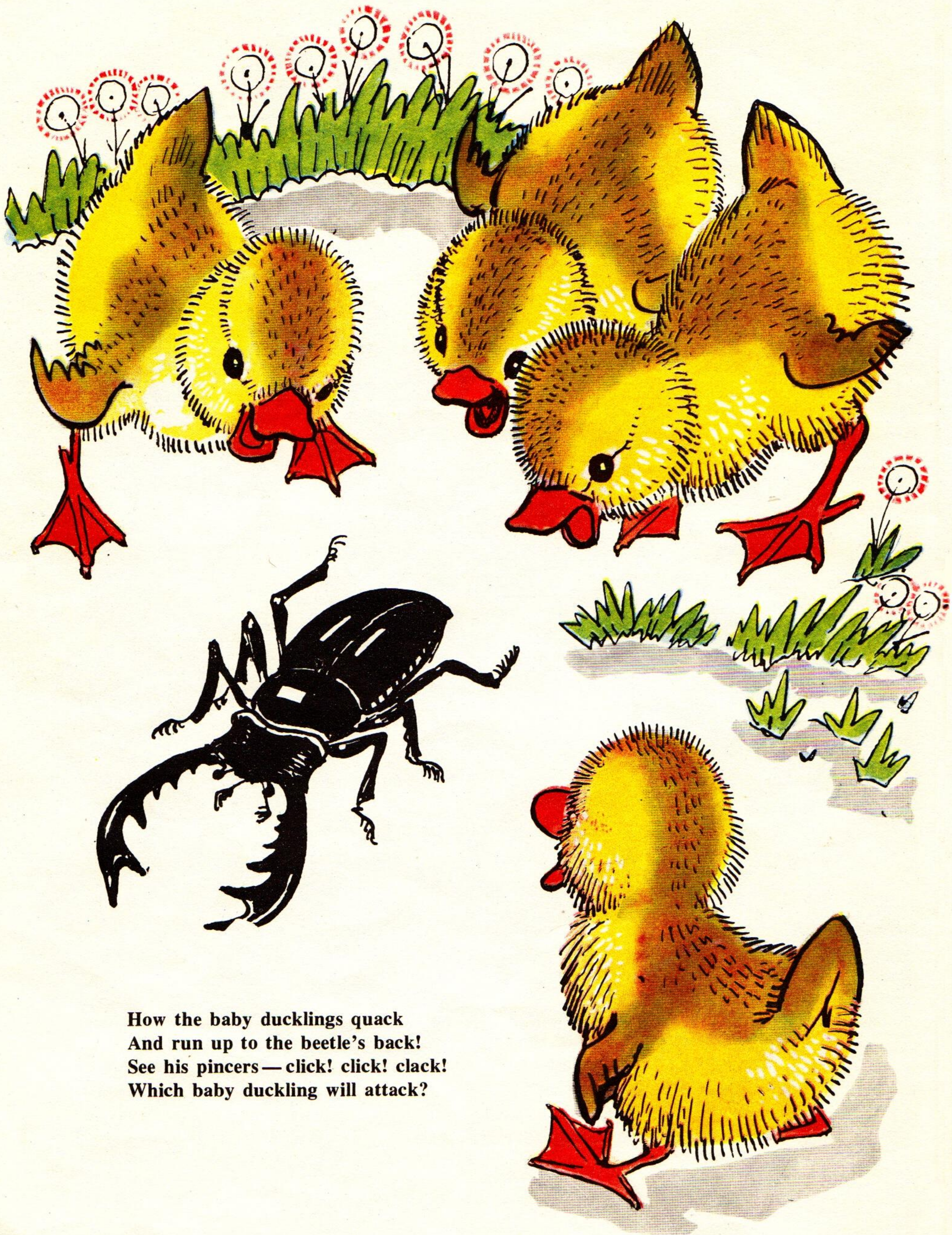
Drinking morning dew  
Is just the thing to do.  
The flower tips—  
You take a sip!





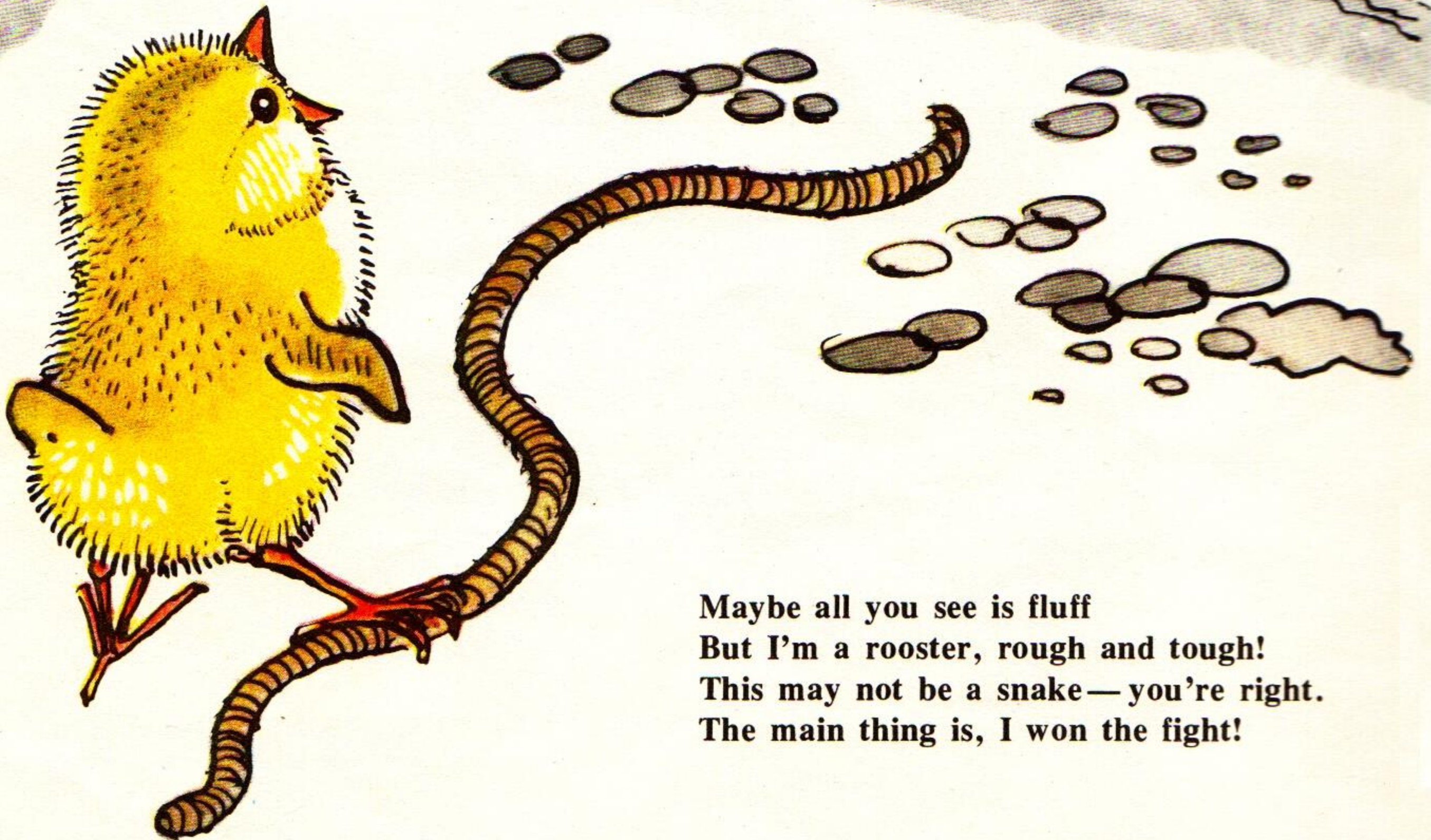
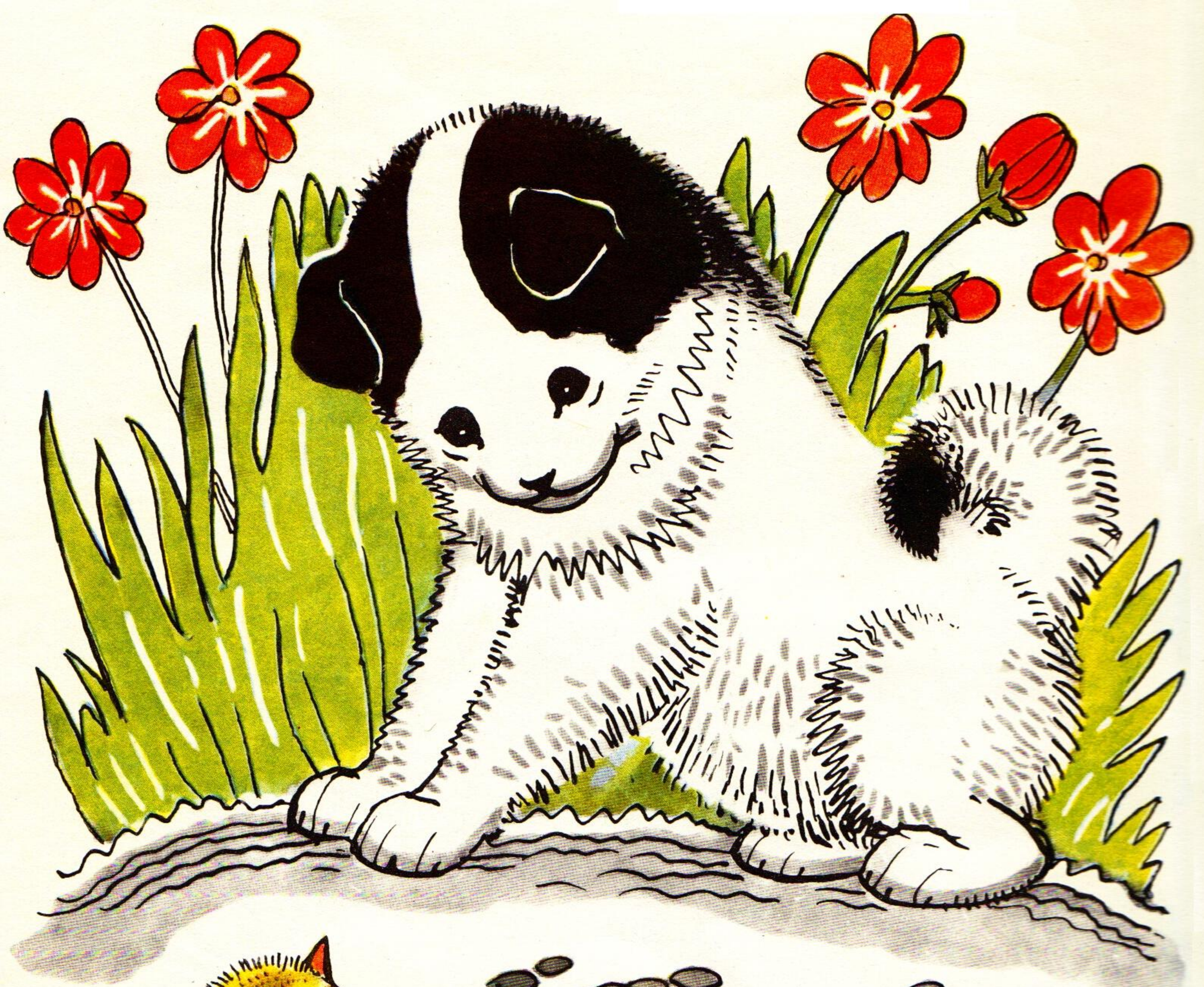
The wind was windy as could be,  
It shook the flower, it rocked the tree,  
It hustle-bustled left and right,  
It gave the rabbits such a fright!  
Look how the big-eared bunnies stare  
With great, round eyes — don't they look scared?





How the baby ducklings quack  
And run up to the beetle's back!  
See his pincers — click! click! clack!  
Which baby duckling will attack?





Maybe all you see is fluff  
But I'm a rooster, rough and tough!  
This may not be a snake—you're right.  
The main thing is, I won the fight!





What does the baby jackdaw see?  
A helicopter whizzing by.  
But if he doesn't close his beak  
A little bug could fly inside!





Two magpies start to scratch and bite.  
Like little boys, they like to fight.  
“Give me the pine cone!” “I want half!”  
They screech, but soon they’ll start to laugh.





A fisherman sits on the shore.  
The fisherman is very sad.  
What does he need a lobster for?  
He needs a fish  
To fix a tasty dish.  
But the fish  
Is just a wish!





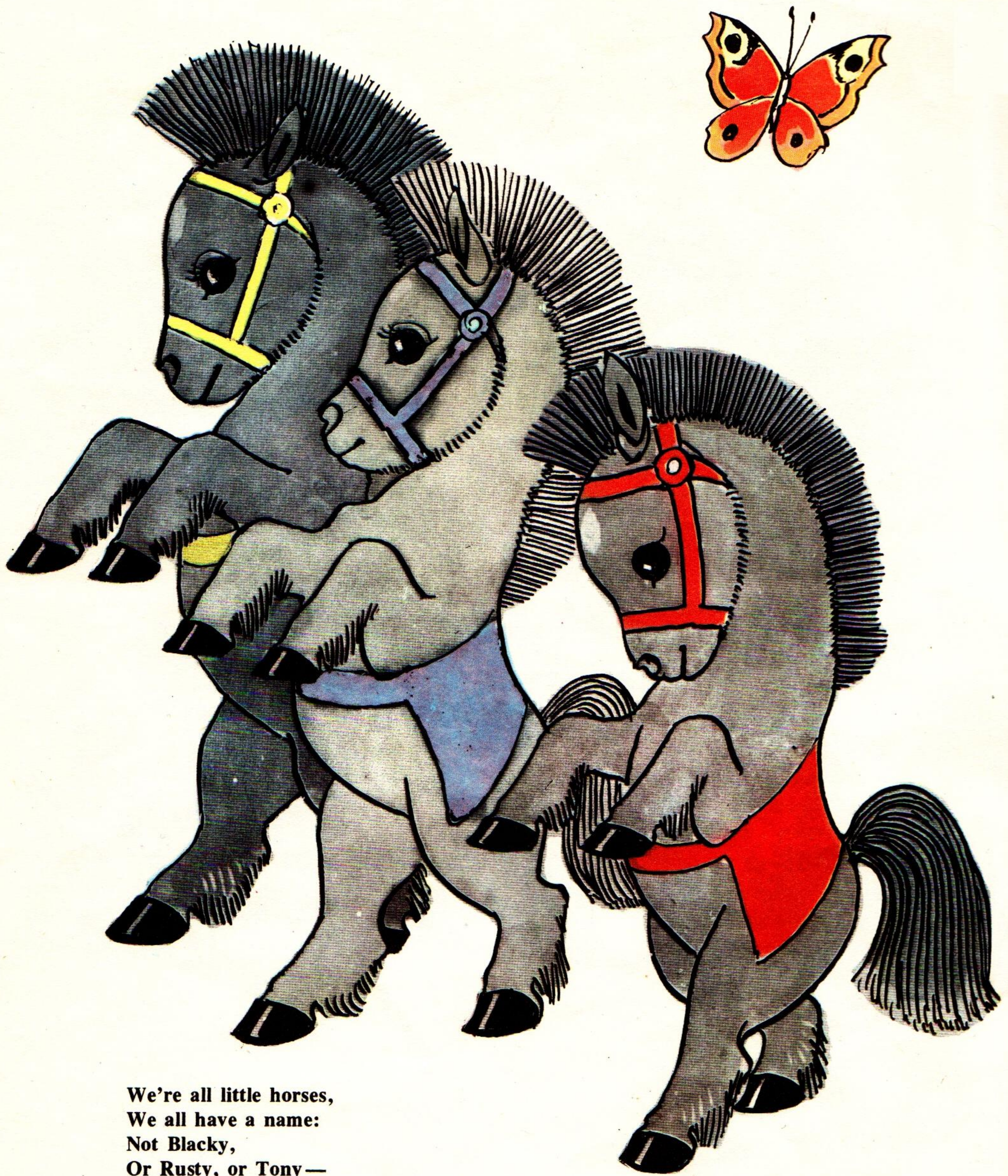
This mushroom with its orange dome  
Is our umbrella — and our home!





**I'm a racehorse, I can run  
Fast enough to catch the sun!  
Like an eagle, I can fly  
High enough to touch the sky!**





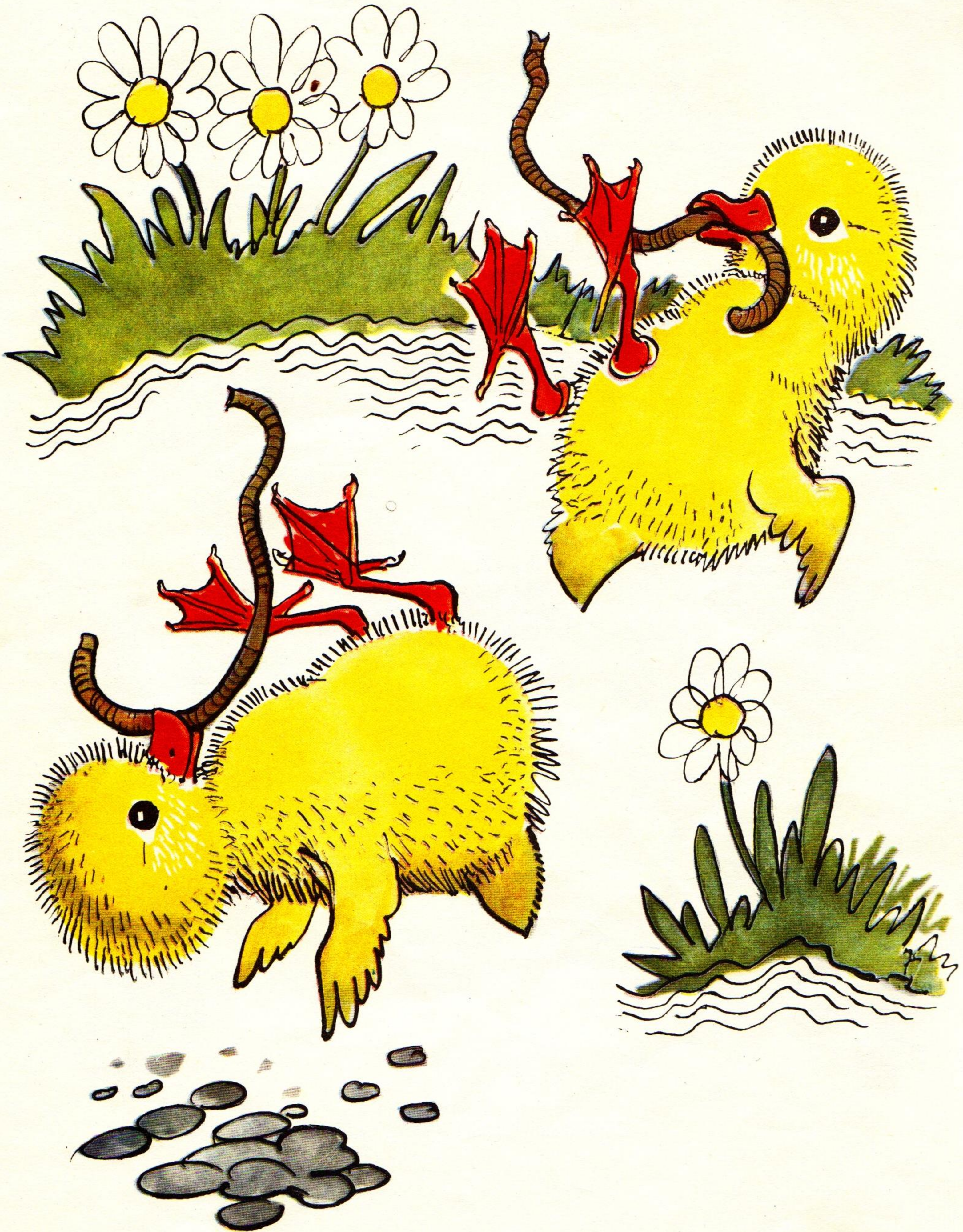
We're all little horses,  
We all have a name:  
Not Blacky,  
Or Rusty, or Tony —  
Just "pony"!





These ducklings share their lunch at noon—  
They have no fork or knife or spoon.










I'm a goat kid, grey as lead,  
Tiny horns grow on my head.  
My friend is like a little brother—  
We never fight—we love each other!









Translated by *Ronald Vroon*

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A. LAPTEV

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АЛЕКСЕЙ ЛАПТЕВ

РАЗ, ДВА, ТРИ...

*По английскому языку*

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