

I am tall and proud.  
You can stand under me.  
Animals live in my branches.  
I am a \_\_\_\_\_.

You can splash and swim,  
But be careful with your jotter,  
You wouldn't be happy,  
If you dropped it in the \_\_\_\_\_.

You might slip or squelch,  
And go down with a thud.  
I am very dirty,  
I'm a pile of \_\_\_\_\_.

Rake me and pile me,  
Roll up your sleeves.  
I've fallen from branches,  
I'm a pile of \_\_\_\_\_.

You'll come across lots of these,  
When out on a walk.  
They're like big stones,  
What's under the \_\_\_\_\_?

Do these animals woof?  
Can we tell if it quacks?  
We might be able to tell,  
By looking at its \_\_\_\_\_.

We need sunshine and rain,  
We like the warmth  
and the showers.  
We make the place look pretty,  
We are beautiful \_\_\_\_\_.

I might be big,  
I might be small,  
I might be made of bricks,  
I am a \_\_\_\_\_.

A place to warm up in the cold,  
Or a place to rest in the heat.  
We can sit and relax,  
In our own little \_\_\_\_\_.

You can walk on me,  
Play football or pass.  
I grow spiky and green,  
I'm a patch of \_\_\_\_\_.