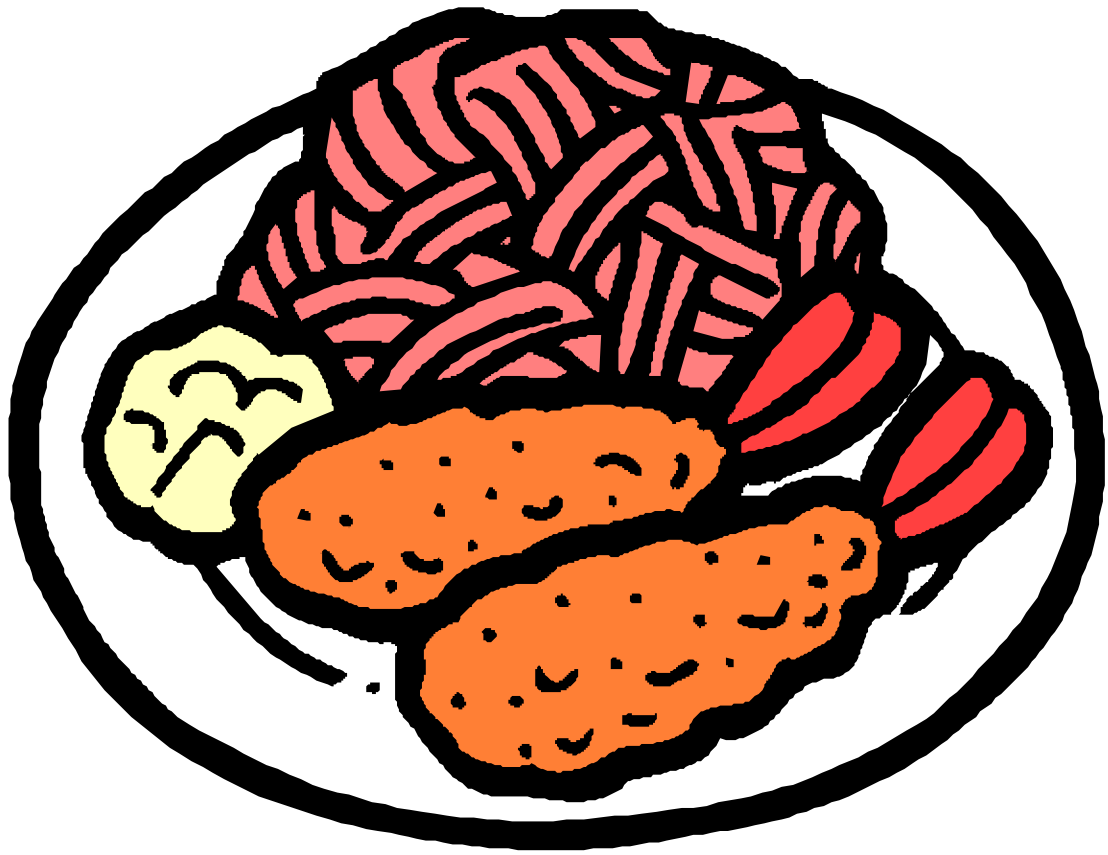


# What's for Brekkie?



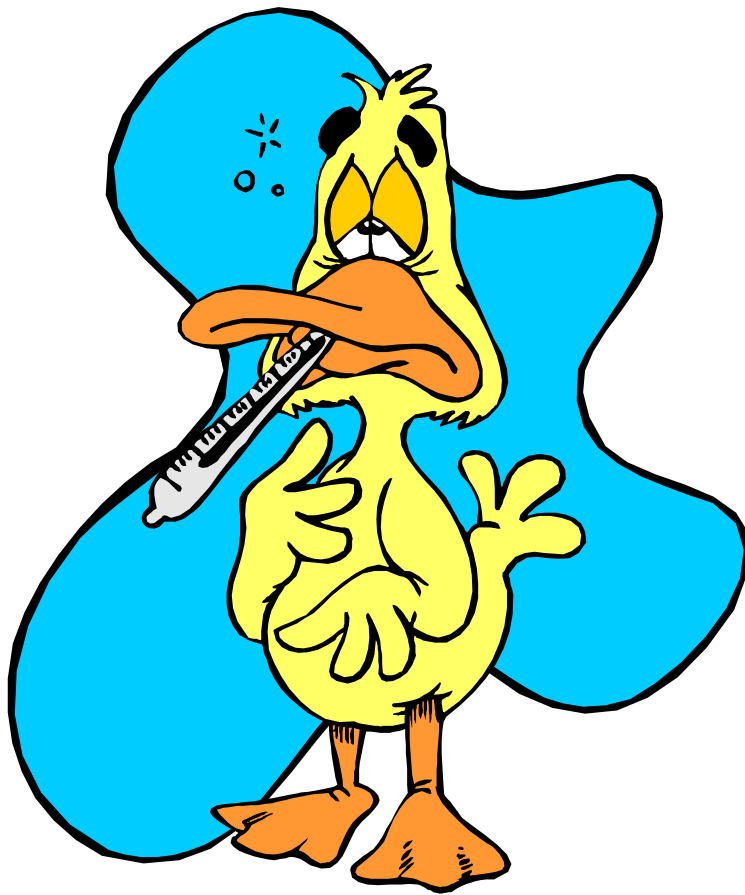
"What's for brekkie?", Sarah cried,  
sitting at the table.





Mussells, crabs, and shrimp galore,  
said Mrs. Gertie Gable.

I don't want mussels,  
I don't want crabs!  
And shrimp would make me sick!

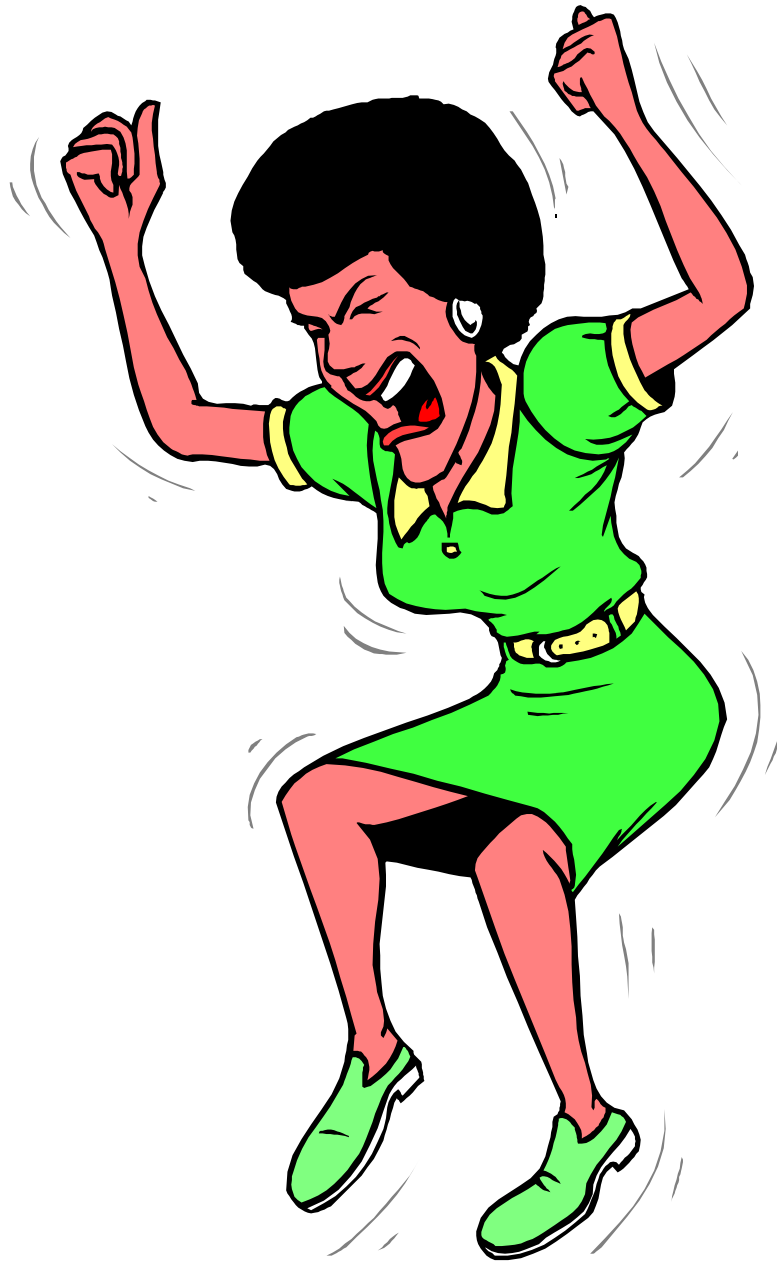


Please just serve up something nice

And I will take my pick.



What's for brekkie, Sarah yelled,  
Stamping her feet firmly.

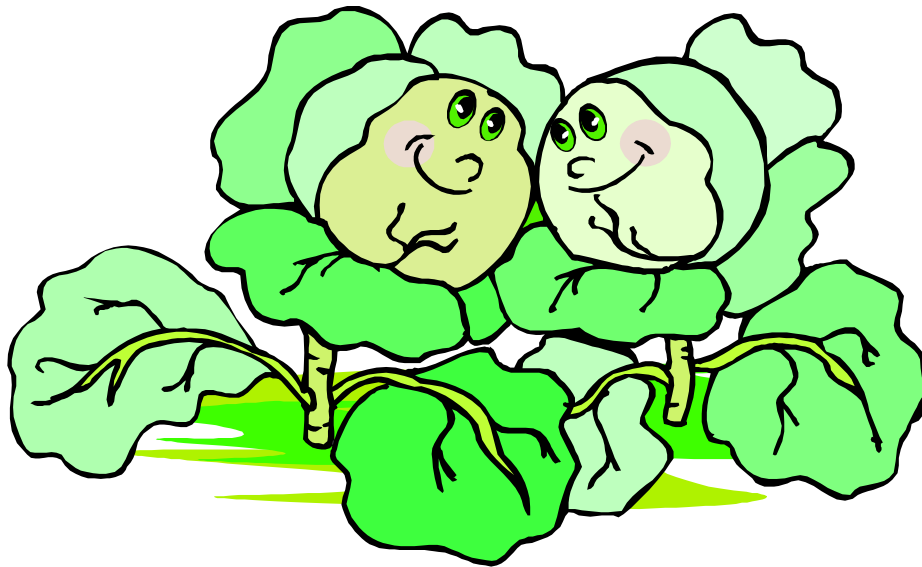


"Cabbage,

sprouts

and

big green beans," said, Mrs. Gable sternly.



I don't want cabbage.

I don't want sprouts,

And beans would be a bore!



So, please prepare something else.

I demand more!



"What's for brekkie?", Sarah said  
wanting to be fed!

And before Mrs. Gable could reply.

Sarah was off to bed.

