The Crocodile's Toothbrush Concert

Brushing time has its own rhythm.

A short story to enjoy together



Read slowly. Pause to enjoy the pictures and the words.

The Crocodile's Toothbrush Concert

READ TOGETHER

Crocodile loved making grand announcements. "Tonight," he declared, "I shall perform the Toothbrush Concerto." His sister sat on the bath mat and looked impressed.

He raised his toothbrush like a conductor's baton. Mum stopped him before the toothpaste flew. "First we brush properly," she said. "Your concert can happen while your hands do their job."

Crocodile brushed with Mum's help, using the amount of fluoride toothpaste she provided. His grand singing became a quiet humming sound. "Mmm-mmm-mmm," went the famous performer.

His sister tapped a slow rhythm on her knees. Mum reminded them to keep toothpaste in the bathroom routine, not in a game of spraying or swallowing it. Crocodile nodded solemnly.

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READ TOGETHER

When he finished, he spat, put his toothbrush away and wiped the sink. Then he took his bow. His sister applauded with two very clean hands.

"Again!" she cried. "The next performance is at the next brushing time," Mum said. Crocodile agreed. Even great musicians needed to follow the timetable.

At bedtime, he whispered his new stage name: Sir Scrub-a-Lot. His sister giggled into her pillow. It was a splendid name for a performer whose most important audience was his own teeth.

LET'S TALK

Which part of Crocodile's routine mattered more than the performance?

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