**The Gruffalo’s Child.**

Fill in the missing words:

**Gruffalo big bored snow Mouse child fast none not wind the Two cake**

The Gruffalo said that no gruffalo should ever set foot in the deep dark wood.

“Why not? Why \_\_\_\_\_\_\_?” “Because if you do

The Big Bad Mouse will be after you.

I met him once,” said the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

“I met him a long long time ago.”

“What does he look like? Tell us, Dad. Is he terribly \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and terribly bad?”

One snowy night when the Gruffalo snored the Gruffalo’s Child was feeling \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

The Gruffalo’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ was feeling brave so she tiptoed out of the gruffalo cave.

The snow fell \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and the wind blew wild.

Into the wood went the Gruffalo’s Child.

Aha! Oho! A trail in the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ !

Whose is this trail and where does it go?

A tail poked out of a log pile house.

Could this be the tail of the Big Bad \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ?

Out slid the creature. His eyes were small.

And he didn’t have whiskers – no, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ at all.

“You’re not the Mouse.” “Not I,” said the snake.

“He’s down by the lake – eating gruffalo \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.”

The snow fell fast and the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ blew wild.

“I’m not scared,” said the Gruffalo’s Child.

Aha! Oho! Marks in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ snow!

Whose are these claw marks? Where do they go?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ eyes gleamed out of a tree top house.

Could these be the eyes of the Big Bad Mouse?