



BROC THE CROC

The Lovable Grumpy Crocodile



A Complete Collection of 4 Family Stories
The lovable, grumpy crocodile who just wants a quiet nap!

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Broc's Morning Grump



FUN HIGHLIGHTS:

- Broc's cozy knitted yellow sweater and hot tea mug
- A choir of five loud, happy songbirds on the windowsill
- Broc trying to scowl, but ending up humming along

Broc the Croc was not a morning crocodile.

While the sun rose bright and golden over the green meadow, Broc preferred to stay tucked inside his cozy cottage, wearing his favorite yellow knitted sweater, sipping chamomile tea, and enjoying the absolute quiet.

"Ahhh," grunted Broc, settling into his big floral armchair. "Silence. Pure perfection."

He pulled a soft striped blanket up to his snout and closed his eyes.

TWEET! TRIIILL! CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP!

Broc's left eye snapped open.

Outside his open window, perched on a blossoming apple branch, sat five extremely cheerful songbirds. They were fluffing their feathers and singing at the absolute top of their tiny bird lungs.

"Shoo," grumbled Broc, waving a green claw toward the window. "I am napping. Go sing at the frogs."

The birds did not go sing at the frogs. Instead, a bright blue robin hopped right onto the windowsill, tilted its head, and chirped a high-pitched SOL-DO-FA! right at Broc.

"I am a terrifying apex predator," Broc reminded the robin, trying his best scowl.

The robin chirped back playfully and pecked a crumb off his tea saucer.

Broc sighed a long, heavy crocodile sigh. He reached for his plush sleeping mask, pulled it down over

his eyes, and sank deeper into the armchair. But as the birds kept singing their happy morning tune, Broc's tail began to tap softly against the rug.

Tap... tap... tap-tap-tap.

"I am NOT enjoying this," Broc muttered under his breath.

He grumbled. He shifted. And then, very quietly, so nobody in the meadow could hear, Broc started humming along with the birds.

It was a low, rumble crocodile hum that sounded a bit like a sleepy motorboat, but the birds loved it. They flew down from the branch and landed in a cozy circle around his chair.

"Fine," Broc grumped, peeking out from under his eye mask. "You can stay. But only if nobody tells the hippos I'm a softie."

The robin gave one last cheerful tweet, and Broc finally drifted off to sleep, surrounded by his noisy new choir.

— The End —

Broc and the Squeaky Rubber Duck



FUN HIGHLIGHTS:

- A clawfoot bathtub filled to the top with lavender bubbles
- A bright yellow rubber duck floating near Broc's snout
- Squeak! Squeak! sounds echoing through the bathroom

After a long day of being grumpy, there was only one thing Broc looked forward to: his evening bubble bath.

Broc adjusted his polka-dot shower cap, turned on the golden faucets, and poured in three generous capfuls of lavender bubble bath. Within minutes, the porcelain tub was a mountain of fluffy white foam.

"Magnificent," smiled Broc, sliding into the warm water with a happy sploosh.

He leaned back against the rim, resting his snout on a pillow of bubbles. But just as he closed his eyes, his claw nudged something floating under the surface.

SQUEAK!

Broc sat bolt upright, sending bubbles splashing onto the tiled floor. "What was that?!"

A bright yellow rubber duck popped out from beneath a pile of foam and bobbed right in front of Broc's nose. It had big shiny black eyes, a bright orange beak, and a cheerful little smile.

Broc narrowed his eyes. "Who invited you?"

The duck bobbed gently on a ripple.

Broc poked the duck with one claw.

SQUEAK-SQUEAK!

Broc tried to look annoyed. "I am a fearsome swamp creature. I do not play with toys."

He nudged the rubber duck away toward the far end of the tub. But the water currents swirled, and the little yellow duck floated right back, stopping against Broc's chin.

SQUEAK!

Broc looked around to make sure the bathroom door was locked. Then, very carefully, he picked up the duck, gave it three fast squeaks, and let out a hearty belly laugh that rattled the soap dish.

"Your name is Barnaby," Broc declared, placing the rubber duck right on top of his head between his crocodile ridges.

Barnaby sat proudly atop Broc's head while Broc soaked in the warm lavender water until his toes went wrinkled.

"Best bath ever," whispered Broc to Barnaby. And Barnaby, bobbing happily, seemed to agree.

— The End —

Broc Tries Gardening



FUN HIGHLIGHTS:

- A tiny seed packet labeled 'SURPRISE GIANT SEED'
- Broc wearing a straw sunhat and denim overalls
- A gigantic orange pumpkin overwhelming the vegetable patch

Broc decided he wanted fresh vegetables for his evening stew. So, he put on his denim overalls, tied on a floppy straw sunhat, and marched into the backyard with a tiny watering can.

"Gardening is simple," Broc told himself. "Dig a hole. Drop a seed. Wait."

At the garden shop, he had bought a small paper packet labeled SURPRISE GIANT SEED.

Broc dug a neat little hole in the soil, dropped the tiny black seed inside, covered it up, and gave it a generous sprinkle of water. "Grow nicely," he grumbled. "And don't take all day."

That night, a gentle summer rain fell over the valley.

When Broc opened his kitchen door the next morning, he nearly dropped his morning mug of tea.

"HOLY CROW!" gasped Broc.

Right in the middle of his garden, crushing his tomato stakes and leaning over his wooden fence, was an ENORMOUS, GIGANTIC, HOUSE-SIZED ORANGE PUMPKIN!

It was bigger than Broc's shed. It was bigger than his tractor. It was so big that a family of squirrels was already building a slide down the side of it!

Broc walked up to the giant pumpkin, his jaw hanging wide open. He gave the side of the pumpkin a tap with his claw. THUMP-THUMP. It sounded like a giant drum.

"I asked for vegetables," Broc said to himself, "not a mountain!"

Just then, his neighbor Snips the turtle waddled past the fence. "My goodness, Broc! Is that a pumpkin or a new house?"

Broc looked at the massive orange globe, then looked at Snips, and a slow smile spread across his snout.

"It's the Maple Valley Great Pumpkin Pie Contest winner," Broc announced proudly.

That weekend, Broc and the whole village baked twenty-four pumpkin pies, three giant pots of pumpkin soup, and turned the leftover shell into the coolest play fort the valley had ever seen.

"Not bad for one tiny seed," grinned Broc, taking a big bite of pie.

— The End —

The Great Swamp Picnic



FUN HIGHLIGHTS:

- A red checkered picnic blanket loaded with cucumber sandwiches
- A hungry squirrel, bear, and hedgehog sneaking up the meadow
- Broc sharing his lemonade and jam sandwiches with everyone

Broc packed his wicker picnic basket with great care.

Inside went four cucumber-and-cheese sandwiches, two strawberry jam tarts, a jar of fresh lemonade, and his favorite checkered picnic blanket.

"Today," Broc announced to his reflection in the mirror, "I am going to have a quiet, peaceful picnic all by myself under the big Oak Tree."

He marched down to the meadow, spread his red-and-white blanket across the soft grass, and unpacked the feast. The sun was warm, the breeze was gentle, and the lemonade was ice cold.

Broc picked up a sandwich and opened his mouth wide.

RUMBLE... RUMBLE...

Broc froze. "Was that my stomach?"

RUMBLE!

Broc looked over his shoulder. Peeking out from behind the oak tree trunk were three pairs of wide, hopeful eyes: Sammy the squirrel, Barnaby the bear cub, and Penny the hedgehog. All three of their tummies were rumbling in harmony.

"We smelled jam tarts," whispered Sammy the squirrel politely.

Broc looked down at his single plate. Then he looked at the three hungry little faces staring at him. He tried his best grumpy crocodile frown.

"This is MY private picnic," Broc grumbled.

"Oh," said Penny the hedgehog softly. "Sorry to bother you, Broc."

They turned to walk away sadly.

Broc groaned. "Wait! Hold on!"

He patted the empty spots on his checkered blanket. "Sit down before the lemonade gets warm. But you have to leave the crusts for me."

The three animals cheered and scrambled onto the blanket. Broc divided the sandwiches into four equal triangles, poured four cups of cold lemonade, and passed around the jam tarts.

They spent the entire afternoon telling funny stories, laughing, and watching cloud shapes drift across the blue sky.

When the sun began to dip behind the hills, Barnaby the bear cub patted his full tummy. "Thanks for the best picnic ever, Broc!"

Broc smiled warmly, packing up the empty basket. "Anytime, little guys. Next week, it's your turn to bring the jam."

— The End —