



## ARNIE THE AARDVARK FINDS HIS LUNCH.

By C. J. Glass.  
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In Mr. Glass's delightful children's poetry we follow stories like that of Mean Goat Gary finding his smile, Arnie Aardvark discovering his lunch (hint: It's a buffet!) the courageous attempt of Clarence the Catfish as he starts his journey of finding a friend and many more tales of Glass's petting zoo of animals as they figure out stuff that kids need to figure out. They are simple, gentle, visual delights that invite children to enter the adventures as, slowly and patiently, the creatures themselves find the solutions they were searching for. -- R. Marcus. [rmarcus8@comcast.net](mailto:rmarcus8@comcast.net). Thank you.

# Arnie the Aardvark Finds His Lunch.

Our story begins with the sun rise in Africa one morning,  
in the cubby of an Aardvark, while its occupant is snoring.  
He dreams of snuffling his nose into every hill and nook,  
yes, under every stone and tree, he dreams he'll have a look.

He's an eager little chap that always seems to find a way,  
so, if he has some work to do, he turns it into play.  
And you'll never see a frown upon his fuzzy face,  
but instead a peppy grin, as he hums about his pace.

I say, none on this plain have known a creature like our little friend.  
In fact, I'm sure they never will if they search from end to end.  
For he's the cutest little Aardvark that ever has been seen,  
with eyes as blue as robins' eggs, and a tuft of hair that's green.

So as his day begins this Aardvark, and his bug detecting snout,  
will soon be sucking up the bugs as they scurry all about.  
Whether hungry, or full, he loves to snuff them anyway,  
on a suck sniffing, suck snuffling, sniff sucking holiday.

His favorite are antsies as they march to their nest.  
And though he likes yellow, he loves blue ones the best.  
So, when he finds them, he gobbles until he's feeling quite ill,  
then promptly falls fast asleep on their crawly ant hill.

Then at last as he awakes it is some beetle bug chums,  
that he craves for the gurgle of his tummy tum tum.  
So, he brumpled off searching for a hole in the dirt,  
to stifle his grumbling for this dirt digging dessert.

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You can order this tale, from an online bookstore.

Ordering information coming soon.