

Frog and Toad and a Game of Three  
by Ian Hutton

•••

SMASHWORDS EDITION

•••

Frog and Toad and a Game of Three  
Publisher: A Very not ordinary Storytime  
Copyright © 2011, Ian Hutton  
Cover by Victor Novitski  
All Rights Reserved.

•••

Smashwords Edition License Notes:

This eBook is DRM-FREE.  
This eBook is licensed for your personal entertainment.  
It is not meant to be re-sold or given away to family and friends.  
Please recommend this eBook by telling people where to get  
their own copies. Thank you.

•••

This is a story to read to a friend.

•••

Prelude

I bring them my kindness,  
my recognition of their separate  
wholesome parts.

These, I've emptied into,  
now their own feet and hopping  
from heart to heart.

Hear them sing  
in their own words of beauty.

•••

Having been to a celebration  
in Frog's memory, and there,  
having heard these words:

"I am Frog because that is how  
you will remember me."

It was clear that I didn't know

the whole story  
so I set out right after lunch  
to discover it.

• • •

Frog was bound  
to where he came from  
but not being sure  
exactly where that was,  
he decided to live  
in between,  
or about the center.

This, of course,  
meant a lot of moving,  
which he did.

• • •

Frog had hopped all over.  
He'd been all the way up North  
as well as many other places,  
and having tested the length  
of each direction,

Frog knew after everything  
really, after everything,  
that there was nothing else  
like someone else.

Frog knew he didn't know much  
but he did know that,  
and that was fine.

• • •

Frog had met good friends along the way  
and on top of all,  
( it seemed like that sometimes )  
was his good friend, Toad.

When Turtle asked Frog what  
he thought about Toad,  
( a very Turtle-like question and  
questions are very like Turtle.)

Frog said:  
"I think a lot about Toad

because it's like thinking  
about everything."

• • •

It was known throughout the ponds  
that Frog had his own style of swimming.

And when Toad,  
his friend of long standing,  
offered him advice as to  
leg-strokes and breathing,

Frog let him know in certain terms  
that it wasn't needed.

Once the discussion of whether or not  
Toads knew more about Frogs  
than Frogs did, was settled,  
so were they,  
and off they went.

• • •

It wasn't that they knew  
where they were going  
they didn't,  
but they liked it anyway.

They would leap  
Frog and Toad along  
singing their traveling song:

"Oh, we don't know where we came from,  
and we don't know where we're going to,  
but that's no bother to us at all,  
because we enjoy what we're going through."

• • •

It was only a one verse song  
but it changed each time they sang it,  
which Toad liked because he  
could begin anywhere he wanted,  
even in the middle!

The chorus was composed  
of laughter and giggles  
which they visited often.

• • •

Frog leaped onto a small mossy mound  
and proceeded to recite:

"As all turns under us  
and something fine and beautiful  
is coming around  
please let it be a surprise!"

Toad was rolling around on his back,  
laughing so hard that he thought  
the sky was upside down  
and that he was falling into it.

No matter which way he turned,  
he came out frontwards,  
and that was their direction.

• • •

Turtle wondered,  
oh he wondered,  
what was Toad up to?

He could no longer contain himself  
and demanded that  
Frog tell him if  
Toad could Toad.

"Of course he can, he's Toad."  
replied Frog.

"You've seen him Turtle,  
hopping around the land  
in full Toad grace,  
saying things like:

'I have to be my own judge  
because nobody else understands me!'

Watching Toad going about Toading  
is a funny thing for sure."  
said Frog.

• • •

Sometimes, Toad

made Frog laugh heartily.  
In fact, so very heartily  
that he would get silly  
and then exhausted,  
and then  
they would rest.

Toad rested with one eye open  
so he could wink whenever he wished.

•••

Frog fell asleep so soundly  
that it made Toad wonder  
which he tried to put up with  
but just couldn't.  
So he pinched Frog on his arm  
and asked:  
Are you dead Frog?

"I am not dead!  
protested Frog.

I only have a sore arm  
exactly at the spot  
where you pinched it!"

Happy to have his friend back  
but not being sure how far,  
Toad fell deep into sleep.

•••

"It's the early morning!"  
shrieked Toad

It was so early  
that Morning herself  
was just getting up.

Frog scanned the horizons for adventures  
while Toad did his daily exercises  
which included some rather tricky Toad-kicks  
and some long distance hopping.

Then they had a delicious breakfast of bugs  
which had scooted by a little too closely  
in wonder of Toad's four-legged feats.

It was a great beginning of a great day  
and they were glad to be in it.

•••

Knowing Toad to be the holder  
of a favourite number  
among other things,  
Frog makes up a game.

"Toad, what's your favourite number?"

"3." said Toad.

"All right Toad, why don't you move 3."

Which Toad didn't,  
which is all right  
because Frog did.

•••

Refusing to be undone  
by Frog's emerald green coat,  
Toad picks a part and puts it on.

After admiring his new reflection in the pond,  
he turns to Frog and declares:

"They used to call me Toad Wart  
but now they'll call me Toad Flair!"

•••

Frog noticed that Toad  
had put his part on backwards.  
Well, perhaps not backwards,  
but it was certainly on  
the other way round  
so Frog had to go round to that side  
to hear what Toad had said.

Sometimes he sounded like:

"...mumblemumblemumblemumble..."

and other times, like:

"...mmmumblemmmmumblemmmmumble..."

One certain thing they agreed, was that  
they quite liked the way Toad  
"...mummbled..."

•••

The longer Frog knew Toad  
the more he liked him.

•••

Turtle had been following at a safe distance  
but could no longer bear it and drew up  
to hear how Frog could agree  
with Toad's mummbles.

"As easily as you agree with me."  
said Frog.

But Turtle wasn't sure  
if he agreed with himself.

"But don't you think it's Silly?"

"Yes, it is  
and that's a very good place  
for it to be."  
replied Frog.

•••

Toad suggested  
that Turtle place his head  
upside down and backwards  
where his left rear knee was  
and try walking.

"You see! You see Frog!  
He's just silly!"

Toad tried to cheer Turtle up  
by doing his favourite imitation:  
An Elephant in Full Growth!

"Did you ever see an elephant  
with such a short trunk?"  
laughed Toad,  
his nose pointing up  
as far as it wouldn't go.

• • •

But Turtle was bothered and bluntly said:

"You don't look like an elephant.  
You look like Toad pretending to look  
like an elephant! "

"But that's the trick!"  
sighed Toad.

"I have no time to discuss it!"

"I know what you mean Turtle."  
said Frog.

"I used to sit in the middle of a minute  
and watch it come and watch it go.  
Then Toad came along and now  
I sit in the middle of him  
and watch him come and go."

• • •

But Turtle, coughing, complaining,  
disappeared over a hill yelling:

"Watch out for the dark powers of newts!"  
And,  
"Toad eats amoebae!"

"Hmm, that's the trouble with Turtles,  
some of them are like that."  
sighed Frog.

• • •

They hadn't wandered far before Frog  
sat down on a smooth flat stone  
by the water's edge to ponder.

Toad hopped on to explore some bullrushes  
and handily made a bullrush flute.

He began to hop and play  
and laugh and hop.

A pure pleasure thing seemed Toad



laughing as he pleased.

• • •

Such a wonderful thing about Toad  
thought Frog and he began to sing:

"No matter how far  
no matter how near  
the presence of Toad  
will always be dear."

And feeling happy inside,  
Frog had a happy idea:

"That's what we will do!"

"Yes we will!"  
agreed Toad,  
not hesitating on  
the thoughts of Frog.

"Umm, what will we do Frog?"

• • •

"We shall build a friendly raft  
to sail the oceans free  
and sing upon the words of life  
a play of all we see."  
sang Frog.

"Oh my,  
I like that idea very much.  
As a matter of fact,  
I like it all of much  
and all of very too."  
sang Toad.

Toad was contagious at any time  
but when he was this excited  
it was ridiculous,  
and they danced  
until they could no longer stand.

• • •

Lying in a comfortable heap on the moss,  
Frog looked at Toad and said:

"Friend Toad, if it were not for you  
I could not see."

And Toad, feeling like the point of everything,  
felt happy about it indeed.

They will sail the seas on a water-ways raft  
singing and dancing for everyone.

And, as each is the audience  
of everyone else,  
everyone could come along too.

• • •

"But first,  
we must have a raft that floats!"  
said Toad.

"What rhymes with raft?"  
asked Frog.

"Beaver!"  
said Toad.

They knew, that to Beaver,  
building a raft  
was a simple form of thought.

So, off they went to find him.

• • •

Beaver was standing  
on a recently completed dam,  
which he liked to see himself do.

As Frog told him of their plans,  
Toad accompanied him  
on his bullrush flute.

Frog asked Beaver if he would please be  
the Captain of Construction?

After considerable considerations,  
Beaver felt his talents  
and the task

to be the same.

• • •

"I'll think about preparations immediately!"  
said Beaver.

"What preparations?"  
asked Frog.

"I'm... I'm not exactly sure yet."  
said Beaver.

"Well, how do you feel?"  
asked Toad.

"I feel fine, just fine."  
said Beaver.

"Well that's preparation enough."  
said Toad.

And it was.

• • •

Leaving Beaver to chew into a tree,  
they bounded down the riverbank  
to the home of Mrs. Watermouse.

"Are you in?"  
asked Toad  
with a light tap on her forehead.

"I certainly am, am I."  
she sang.

"Oh yes, it's certainly you  
which certainly pleases me."  
sang Toad in the most  
pleasing of his voices.

"Will you sit with me for a cup of tea?"  
invited Mrs. Watermouse.

"For the pleasure of both."  
said Toad,  
as he settled himself comfortably.

• • •

They sat around her fireplace  
warming themselves with tea  
and talked about the sail,  
how big and tall it should be.

Of course, they said of course.  
It should be billowy in the wind  
feathering up and down each side  
in tune with the windiest din.

Oh that's a thought  
a thought they would like to see  
a thought of Captain Frog and Toad  
with friends upon the sea.

Frog and Toad decided that Frog should be  
Captain as Toad could not possibly  
play his flute and Captain  
at the same time.

• • •

"To have a proper launching,  
we must have Mole!"  
announced Frog.

And they knew right where to find him.

Mole was rootin' round in the riverbank mud  
and Toad, feeling like himself, asked:

"Whatcha doin' Mole?"

"I'm rootin'."  
replied Mole.

"Who for?"  
laughed Toad in the only fit he had.

"For style !"  
gruffed Mole.

Which, of course, they knew was Mole  
and the reason they had come to see him.

• • •

After telling Mole of their plans  
Frog asked:

"Will you please be in charge  
of Pomp and Pageantry?"

And Mole replied:  
"Certainly, I will."

And then, of course, he was.

• • •

Frog and Toad were happy  
going round and round to see  
that all hands were on hand  
as Beaver felled a tree.

And no sooner said than done  
with just a few days in between,  
the raft was built and finished  
with Toad, the cheering team.

Down to the raft  
came Mrs. Watermouse,  
the sail against her breast.  
Toad piped her up the gangplank  
playing his very best.

Captain Frog stood royally  
decked out in his admirable blues,  
a Captain of sailing,  
with a hearty-footed crew.

And a much-thought-about  
woodchuck-tooth-carved wood-piece  
that fit the center of the wheel.

• • •

Captain Frog checked the raft  
to see it was secure.

Then strode back and forth quite officially  
nodding occasionally  
to his crew of Toad and Beaver  
who stood shoulder to shoulder

alongside the gangplank.

Noting that all was indeed well  
Captain Frog cleared his throat  
"Harummp!"  
and began to speak:

"Friends, dear friends.  
I think we should name her  
the 'S.S. Everybody'  
for whom  
she is going to sea."

It was love at the idea  
and therefore her name also.

• • •

The crowd was hushed in anticipation.  
Then, at the drop of Mole's left whisker,  
Captain Frog took the helm,  
Beaver poled them into the stream,  
and Toad played S.S. Everybody Forever  
on his bullrush flute.

• • •

"To watch them drift off  
was like watching a sunrise  
with a good friend."  
said Mrs. Watermouse.

She took me to her window  
and showed me where  
she had seen them  
sail away.

"I wash my windows everyday  
because I'll always see  
my good friends again."

• • •

As for Turtle...

THE END.

