

## Old Dark Frog

“When I was small,” said Frog, “my mother and father and I went out for a picnic. On the way home we lost our way. My mother was worried. ‘We must get home,’ she said. ‘We do not want to meet the Old Dark Frog.’”

‘Who is that?’ I asked.

‘A terrible ghost,’ said my father. ‘He comes out at night and eats little frog children for supper.’”

Toad sipped his tea. “Frog,” he asked, “are you making this up?”

“Maybe yes and maybe no,” said Frog.

“My mother and father went to search for a path,” said Frog. “They told me to wait until they came back. I sat under a tree and waited. The woods became dark. I was afraid. Then I saw two huge eyes. It was the Old Dark Frog. He was standing near me.”

“Frog,” asked Toad, “did this really happen?”

“Maybe it did and maybe it didn’t,” said Frog.