

The two Frogs

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Two frogs sat in a marsh croaking. One was green, the other brown, and they both were warty. Neither was beautiful, but they did have liquid golden eyes.

“Croak!” said Brown, “I am a princess enchanted.”

“Fat chance,” said Green. “Only green frogs were princesses, once upon a time, before the you-know-what.”

“Not true,” said Brown. “I remember being beautiful and wearing fine dresses and sparkling jewels. I was a stunner!”

“Ha!” said Green, unbelieving.

“There were princes too, and warmth and conversation.”

“And what happened next,” snapped Green, a cold glint in her eye. “If you know what happened next, then I’ll believe you were a princess, once upon a time.”

The brown and warty frog sat silent. “I can’t remember,” she croaked at last. “It’s all dark.”

“Thought so,” said Green. “Only the greens remember the you-know-what.”

“But I don’t know what happened,” said Brown, her golden eyes moist. “What happened to us all?”

But Green didn’t reply. All through the night the two frogs sat croaking, the brown trying to remember, and the green trying to forget.