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Frog ran up the path to Toad’s house. He knocked on the front door. There was no answer. “Toad, Toad,” shouted Frog, “wake up. It is spring!” “Blah,” said a voice from inside the house. “Toad, Toad,” cried Frog.
“The sun is shining!
The snow is melting. Wake up!”
“I am not here,” said the voice.
Frog walked into the house.
It was dark.
All the shutters were closed.
“Toad, where are you?” called Frog.
“Go away,” said the voice from a corner of the room.
Toad was lying in bed.

6

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He had pulled all the covers over his head.
Frog pushed Toad out of bed.
He pushed him out of the house and onto the front porch.
Toad blinked in the bright sun.
“Help!” said Toad.
“I cannot see anything.”
“Don’t be silly,” said Frog.
“What you see
is the clear warm light of April.
And it means
that we can begin
a whole new year together, Toad.
Think of it,” said Frog.
“We will skip through the meadows
and run through the woods
and swim in the river.
In the evenings we will sit
right here on this front porch
and count the stars.”