

**THE POLLYWOG WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE HE'D  
BE A FROG**

---

A young Pollywog  
Didn't believe he'd be a frog;  
He couldn't be persuaded,  
He wouldn't be told,  
"You'll be a frog  
"When you're nine weeks old."  
"The frog is no flsh",  
He would say with a sneer,  
"You're pulling my tail  
"To me it's quite clear."  
He admired his fine head,  
And he flashed his young tail:  
"I think it more likely  
"That I'll be a whale."

But he didn't worry  
His young jellyhead  
As he snuggled to sleep  
In his watercress bed  
(For nine weeks of age  
To a young Pollywog  
Is as old as the hills  
Or the moss on a log.)  
He frisked and he frolicked,  
Played "Frighten the Frog",  
And bragged about swimming  
To the end of the bog;  
He followed his brother  
And his cousin, Fat Jim;  
He talked with the neighbours,  
Made friends with a trout,  
My dear, but the things  
That young Gubby found out.  
He put on an air,  
(For he'd been around),  
Acquired a bold stare,  
Pushed minnows around;  
To his brothers and sisters  
He was turning quite red  
And **constantly** questioning  
What people said.

As the summer wound on  
He grew very wise  
(Though puzzled a bit  
By the bulge o'er his eyes.)  
He seemed to grow shorter,  
As his neighbours would shout,  
But he shouted right back,  
"So I'm just fillin' out."

On the last day of August  
Young Grubby looked grim;  
His buddy was gone,  
His cousin Fat Jim.  
Said his brothers and sisters,  
"The frogs have took him."  
With a sneer Grubby answered,  
"Don't give me that stuff - -  
He's gone over the dam,  
To escape all this guff."  
And Grubby grew bitter  
On the subject of frog,  
And fumed at the folly  
Of every dumb pollywog.  
On the subject of Jim  
He told them, quite vexed,  
"Any more of this nonsense  
And, I swear, I'll go next."

One day in September  
A Thing hit the air;  
The pollywogs mustered,  
The squirrels found their lair,  
The frogs hit their froggiest  
Tunes in the park,  
And even young Gubby  
Agreed it was dark.

On the land there was warning  
Of Carol's approach;  
Classes were cancelled  
And wives scuttled home,  
And the waves on the wharves  
Were all dashed into foam.  
And the fish and the frogs  
And the pollywogs too  
Knew Thunder was coming  
And Chain Lightning, too.  
And all Gubby's sisters,  
All clutched in a knot,



Whispered and whimpered  
As Carol grew hot,  
"The thunder will make us  
All froggies, you'll see,"  
And they hugged their poor tailies  
And wept in the sea.  
Crash went the thunder,  
The lightning stabbed in,  
And the pollywogs shuddered  
And shook at the din;  
And wailed at their future,  
As Carol swept down;  
And the fishes all scurried,  
Frog station closed down,  
And the pond stretched its surface  
All bubbly with foam,  
Took the pollywog clan  
From its watercress home  
Far into the meadow  
On the poor farmer's loam.

The brothers and sisters  
Young Gubby and all,  
Here faced with disaster  
Were starting to bawl -- -  
But soon were exhausted  
(Unaccustomed to weep)  
And the swish of the water  
Lulled them all fast asleep.

In the morning young Gubby  
Awoke with a stare:  
He reached for the water  
And only got air!  
He leaped the high blueflags  
And he heard himself croak,  
Flicked his tongue at a beetle,  
Bubbled out his loose chin,  
Took the loss of his tail  
With a Plato-like grin.

He could see his old home  
(From a goldenrod limb),  
But he fair lost his grip  
When the voice of Fat Jim  
Floated down from a log,  
"Well, Holy Saint Christmas,  
Lookit WHO is a frog."

— A. P. C.