

A Day At The Pond (part I)

Croak, ribbit, ribbit, croak, pweep, fffrrrrp!

“Oh geez, Algernon, are you tone deaf or something? The idea is that we’re supposed to calm the campers with our sounds, you know? Lulling them off to sleep at night is the effect we’re aiming for here. At the moment, you sound like fingernails on a blackboard and I’m telling you, that lady in tent seven won’t like it. You know the one? She likes the chocolate covered ants. Yeah, Alice, that’s her. If you keep that noise up mate, she’ll turn you into a herpetological hors d’oeuvre, you mark my words. Alright, let’s take five! No, on second thoughts, let’s just call it a day shall we? Oh, I see, so you all have somewhere else you’d rather be, eh? Well, go on, be off with you then! Go and do – whatever it is that you insects and other amphibians do. Just remember though, be back here at sunset tonight, okay?”

“Man, oh man, what did I do to deserve this? Oh, hehe, that’s right, I upset the thaumaturgical triumvirate, the winsome witches three, didn’t I? You’re gonna have to do something about that soon, froggy, old boy. You know if you don’t pick one of them for a kiss, they’ll leave you languishing on that lily pad for a lifetime. Oh, great, now the conscience offers advice – where were you before I upset them, hmmm? Well, maybe I’ll ask Merlin for some help on this one; he should be coming around on his daily stroll sometime soon...”

“Hey Merlin! Hail and well met, my bearded and bespectacled bard, got time to chat with me? You do? Great! Pull up a log and take a load off. Careful, CAREFUL! Sheesh Merlin, are we humans really that clumsy at times? I mean it’s been so long since I was one that I’d almost forgotten. Well of course I’m upset, fool. I’m a frog, or hadn’t you noticed? And besides, there’s a family of worms under that log that you dropped your derriere onto. You know the ones I mean, Merlin, the Wiggler couple and their new brood, all one hundred and four of them. Bet it’s a bit rowdy and cramped in there at the moment, eh?”

“So, have you looked into my, eer, current problem with form, and can you do anything about it? Aaargh! You’re kidding right? What do you mean you can’t do anything? I thought you wizards were supposed to be higher up on the evolutionary and prestidigitational scale than witches. Oh, I see, the warlocks guild advised against it and ‘suggested’ that you stick to the laid down policies regarding non-interference in cross-species transmogrification. Great, just great! Bloody unions! I’ve got half a mind to talk to the other creatures in this campsite about going on strike. Let’s see how harmonious things are around here when the campers start complaining about the lack of soothing night-time sounds, or better yet, let’s see how the wizards will like it when the witches start haranguing them about the lack of newts, bats and sundry other organic accoutrements required for their love philtres and charms and such! They’re messing with the wrong amphibian here Merlin; I’m a pretty influential frog in this pond, you know! Oh, alright, I’m counting to ten – calm – peace - serendipity. Okay, Merlin, I’m feeling much better now, thanks.”

“Well, being a frog isn’t ALL bad, Merlin. For instance, I don’t have to worry about those issues like is the toilet seat up or down? or no, you look fine in that dress, really, can we go now? And you get to see things from a whole new perspective down here too. Do you remember that party a few weeks back? Boy oh boy, you should have seen some of the things those humans got up to. It’s hard to describe but, it was like, scary and funny at the same time, you know what I mean? It was funny because the combination of naked humans, several varieties of drinks, some baked beans, jello and some string sure made me wanna hop over there and join in. But then, that’s the scary part: someone might have stepped on me or worse still, they might have tried to utilize me in some of their antics! I tell you Merlin, it was something to behold, that’s for sure. And let’s not forget Felicity over on lily pad four. Man, that is one amorous amphibian! Have you seen the long legs on her? And then there’s the size of those suction cups. Whoo-whee! I mean, I think she likes me Merlin; thing is though, if I give in to temptation and the witches find out...”

Whoosh! BOOM!

“Did you see that Merlin? Cookie just broke the sound barrier on her broomstick! Man, she’ll get a place in the Witches Book of Records for sure – I don’t think that’s ever been done before. She’s one cool witch with a millet broom. Do they have a witch Olympics or something? No? She’s be a shoe-in for a gold medal, without a doubt. Hey, you went to the future once, and you were telling me about a movie called ‘Top Gun’? Well, you should’ve seen Cookie last week. She was whizzing around the campsite and it was like...”

Campsite Tower, this is witcheypoo one, permission to buzz the Roost?

Negative, broom-rider, the pattern is full.

“But she went and did it anyway. Boy, you should have seen the look on Michael’s face when he spilled his coffee! Ron was standing at the tower window and he just shook his head. Hehe, she’s a classic, ain’t she? Hey, I know! She’s always having trouble with her broom-ends fraying and my experience as a firefighter taught me several ways to splice or whip ropes to prevent that, so, I’ll go over and show her how to make her brooms last longer! She’ll be so grateful that she’ll kiss me and then I’ll be human again, Merlin. Oh, I so want to be human again. But then the other two will be upset with me and knowing my luck, they’ll just turn me back into a frog, or maybe something even worse! Hmmm, damned if I do and damned if I don’t, sheesh!”

“Do you know much about Sparky, Merlin? She seems to be the quite one of the three and although I’ve seen her around often, I’m not sure what it is she likes. Sorry, what was that? Of course, silly me! She’s a healer and she’s been looking for ages for a Baby Belladonna plant for that colic remedy she’s working on. I’ll just race over to the south bridge, there’s a very small plant growing underneath it that she probably hasn’t seen; then I can take it to her and she’ll be so grateful. Oh hang on, the plant is poisonous to frogs so I’ll die if I touch it. I know, I’ll just go and tell her where it is and then she’ll be so happy that she’ll kiss me and make me human again! But then the other two will be upset with me...”

“And then there’s B. I’ve watched her a few times, Merlin, and she likes sitting by the campfire as she writes her spells and incantations. A couple of times now, she’s let me sit on her shoulder and watch her as she works but I made a big mistake the other day. Apparently, she hates having her spelling corrected and when I innocently pointed out that she’d spelt the word ‘flavored’ wrong (well, it was wrong, Merlin, there’s supposed to be a ‘u’ after the ‘o’), she went absolutely ballistic! I’m so glad that my bum is small at the moment because I think that is what she was aiming for with her foot. Hey, I know! Maybe if I just sat gently on her shoulder and croaked softly in her ear, and used my suction cup fingers to massage her, she might, you know, think I’m human, and then turn and inadvertently kiss me. Voila! Then I’ll be back in human form again. But then the other two will be upset with me...”

-sigh-

“Aaaaw, you’re not leaving already are you Merlin? Well, okay then. Same time, same place tomorrow? Later, dude”

“Fat lot of help he was today – why couldn’t the sagacious one tell me something I didn’t know. Oh, well, there’s always tomorrow; different day, same dilemma”

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“Good one Algernon, now look what you’ve done! I told you, didn’t I? Can you see who’s coming out

of tent seven and do you see the look on her face? Run! Every creature for themselves!”

Splash!

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