

Ice Cream

One hot summer day
Frog and Toad sat by the pond.
“I wish we had some
sweet, cold ice cream,” said Frog.
“What a good idea,” said Toad.
“Wait right here, Frog.
I will be back soon.”
Toad went to the store.
He bought two big ice-cream cones.



Toad licked one of the cones.
“Frog likes chocolate best,”
said Toad, “and so do I.”



Toad walked along the path.

A large, soft drop
of chocolate ice cream
slipped down his arm.

“This ice cream
is melting in the sun,”
said Toad.

Toad walked faster.
Many drops
of melting ice cream
flew through the air.
They fell down on Toad’s head.
“I must hurry back
to Frog!” he cried.

