

Country philosopher

She lied

by Amos Arthur Holmes

Three weeks ago, as I was walking down a dusty country road, I heard a lilting, female voice.

"Mister, could I speak to you a moment?"

I was simply amazed (and you would have been too) when I found the female voice belonged to a rather ugly frog. She was sitting on a rock and had her legs crossed.

I went over to her, and said, "I can't believe my ears. This is like a dream. I have never heard a frog talk before. In fact, I have never heard any animal talk before. Perhaps I am being affected by the sun."

"No," smiled the frog, "I am sure you are affected, but not by the sun."

"Well," I said, "you'll have to admit you aren't your everyday, run-of-the-mill frog."

"I'm not a frog."

Amos Arthur Holmes has lived on this earth for fifty-seven years and there are certain things he can recognize. He would know an elephant if he saw one. He would know a frog if he saw one.

"Gosh!" I said, "you sure look like a frog."

"No," cried the frog, "I am a beautiful princess." Ah! Two could play at this game.

"And I am Napoleon." I said.

"You are being facetious" croaked the frog.

"Look!" I said, "I admit that this situation is not ordinary. You speak lovely English and if you have a story to tell, please tell it to me."

"Well," said the frog, "two months ago I was a beautiful princess. An evil witch turned me into a frog. I will remain a frog until some handsome man takes me home and lets me spend a night in his bed. When that handsome man awakens in the morning he will find beside him a most beautiful princess whose

measurements are 86-24-36."

"You're joshing!"

"No, I am very serious. And I was wondering if you would like to be the man that takes me home. After all, you are very handsome."

"You're joshing!"

"No," said the frog, "you ARE handsome. You will be the man who breaks the witch's spell. You will be the man who turns me back to a beautiful princess. You will be the man I give my heart to forevermore."

"Did you say 86-24-36?"

"That's correct."

My friends, I was in a dilemma. I hate to be made a fool of. I hate it when people accuse me of being gullible. But this frog could be telling the truth. There was, actually, an honesty about her eyes that was quite convincing.

I took the frog home with me. It was early evening and we sat watching television. We each had a steak and salad and four martinis. The frog looked at me with misty, green eyes, and said, "Would like for me to sit on your lap?"

"Let's wait until morning" I said.

Finally, it was time for bed. We pulled the covers over us and soon the frog was asleep. It took me quite a while to drop off because of my excitement. In the morning I would be rewarded for my unselfish kindness.

Dawn came and a shaft of light illuminated my bedroom. I propped myself up on my left elbow and looked to the other side of my bed.

You know what? That damn frog had lied to me.

