

The Tales of Frisky Frog



Johann Joubert

The Tales of Frisky Frog

In the bustling town of Binglebop,
Where creatures live that crawl and hop,
Lived Frisky Frog, a jumpy friend,
Who jumped all day,
From dawn to dusk,
From his swampy home to the children's park,
he
Jumped and leapt till after dark.
Frisky lived alone, you see,
No dad or mom or brother or sister,

Or someone to show him the way,
So Frisky did whatever he liked, and
Said whatever he'd say, and
Often, this pushed his friends away.
Frisky was an odd little frog,
Who landed in trouble, more often than not,
For he jumped to conclusions, quick as a wink,
And he jumped the gun, before he would think.
Out of the frying pan into the fire,
Into the messes he made,
His impulsive actions and
Words without thought, were like
Throwing a hand-grenade.
He leapt without thinking and bounced without
care,
And his actions brought sorrow and pain
everywhere,
It wasn't that Frisky did not care,

He simply did not know,
That words can hurt like the sharpest of knives,
That words linger so,
They stay with you always
Wherever you go.
Frisky did not *mean* to hurt,
He knew his heart was good,
But the creatures turned their backs on him,
A frog, misunderstood.



So Frisky left to be alone,
His heart a heavy stone.
“Maybe there’s another town,
Somewhere down the stream,
Where frogs can be free,
To live, to love and dream.”
But every town was like the town before,
And Frisky felt a frog at war,
“Maybe it is me,” he thought,
“Something that I said.”
Loneliness is odd that way,
It gets a voice inside your head.
In the quiet forest he sat at a pool,
And stared at his own froggy face,
More to himself than anyone else, he whispered
that
Life can be cruel,

And then from out the darkness, he heard a
little voice,

“Life is what you make of it, you always have a
choice.

Life can be cruel, or

Beautiful or

Wonderful, or

Magical or

Marvelous...

Creatures can be too,

The question, then, is what are you?”



With a whistle and wobble, a cricket appeared,
Donning a suit, a hat and a cane,
The cricket looked splendid, though weird.
Frisky, as always, was ready to talk,
To comment without thought or pause,
But the cricket was first,
And raised up his hand,
His finger straight up in the air,
“Before you speak, just listen a bit,
Come closer and pull up a chair.
We have much in common, you and I,
We both like to jump, to leap through the sky,
But *your* jumps, dear Froggy, aren't all they can
be,
Your leaps bring you trouble, your jumps don't
bring joy,
But I have some good news to tell you, my boy!"

Long past the hour that children should sleep,
The cricket shared stories of daring adventures,
Of tales past the oceans,
Of friends that he met,
Of wonderful creatures he'd never forget.

And somewhere in all of these stories,
Something in Frisky changed.
The very next morning, he tried something new,
With cricket still there by his side,
To share, to steer,
To teach and to guide.

They jumped at the chances to help and to
cheer,
They jump-started friendships, and
Taught other creatures to
Leap into faith and not fear,
He learnt to ask and not assume and
Learnt to be quiet and listen instead,
And the sound that he heard was glorious,
Smiles and thanks at the joy that they spread.



Frisky Frog was learning:
Think then do,
Listen then talk,
Jump, or sometimes, be still or walk.

Frisky made his way back home,
To fix what he had done,
He knew (the cricket told him so)
It may take time for everyone,
To see that he had changed,
But that was not the point,
His jumps would now be better,
Better for everyone,
This was the heart of leaping,
The way that it should be done.

