

A Lost Button

Toad and Frog went for a walk. They walked across a large meadow. They walked in the woods. They walked along the river. At last, they went back home to Toad's house.

"Oh, no," said Toad. "My feet hurt, and I have lost one of the buttons on my jacket." "Don't worry," said Frog. "We will go back to all the places where we walked and find your button."

They walked back to the large meadow and began to look for the button in the tall grass. "Here is your button!" cried Frog. "That is not my button," said Toad. "That button is black. My button was white!" Toad put the button in his pocket.

Frog soon found another button, but Toad said, "That button has two holes. My button had four holes." Toad put the button with two holes in his pocket.

They went back to the woods and looked on the dark paths. They found many buttons, and every time they did, Frog would shout happily, "Here is your button, Toad!" They found a small button, a square button, and a thin button. However, none of the buttons were Toad's button.

Toad put each of the buttons in his pocket. He jumped up and down and screamed, "The whole world is covered with buttons, and not one of them is mine!" Then Toad ran home and slammed the door shut. There, on the floor, he saw his white, four-holed, big, round, thick button.

"Oh," said Toad. "It was here all the time. What a lot of trouble I have made for poor Frog. I must make it up to him!" So Toad took all of the buttons out of his pocket. He took his sewing box down from the shelf and sewed the buttons all over his jacket.

The next day Toad gave his jacket to Frog as a present. Frog thought that it was beautiful! Toad had sewed the new buttons on very well, and to this day not one of them has ever been lost.