

The Letter

by Arnold Lobel

Hello, everyone. My number is ____ .

Today I'm going to read you a story.

It's called "**The Letter**".

Toad was sitting on his front porch. Frog came along and said, "What is the matter, Toad? You are looking sad."

"Yes," said Toad. "This is my sad time of day. It is the time when I wait for the mail to come. It always makes me very unhappy."

"Why is that?" asked Frog. "Because I never get any mail," said Toad. "Not ever?" asked Frog. "No, never," said Toad. "No one has ever sent me a letter. Every day my mailbox is empty. That is why waiting for the mail is a sad time for me."

Frog and Toad sat on the porch, feeling sad together.

Then Frog said, "I have to go home now, Toad. There is something that I must do."

Frog hurried home. He found a pencil and a piece of paper. He wrote on the paper. He put the paper in an envelope. On the envelope he wrote "A LETTER FOR TOAD."

Frog ran out of his house. He saw a snail that he knew. "Snail," said Frog, "please take this letter to Toad's house and put it in his mailbox." "Sure," said the snail. "Right away."

Then Frog ran back to Toad's house. Toad was in bed, taking a nap. "Toad," said Frog, "I think you should get up and wait for the mail some more." "No," said Toad, "I am tired of waiting for the mail."

Frog looked out of the window at Toad's mailbox. The snail

was not there yet.

“Toad,” said Frog, “you never know when someone may send you a letter.” “No, no,” said Toad. “I do not think anyone will ever send me a letter.”

Frog looked out of the window. The snail was not there yet.

“But, Toad,” said Frog, “someone may send you a letter today.”

“Don’t be silly,” said Toad. “No one has ever sent me a letter before, and no one will send me a letter today.”

Frog looked out of the window. The snail was still not there.

“Frog, why do you keep looking out of the window?” asked Toad.

“Because now I am waiting for the mail,” said Frog. “But there will not be any,” said Toad. “Oh, yes there will,” said Frog, “because I have sent you a letter.” “You have?” said Toad. “What did you write in the letter?” Frog said, “I wrote ‘Dear Toad, I am glad that you are my best friend. Your best friend, Frog.’” “Oh,” said Toad, “that makes a very good letter.”

Then Frog and Toad went out onto the front porch to wait for the mail. They sat there, feeling happy together.

Frog and Toad waited a long time. Four days later the snail got to Toad’s house and gave him the letter from Frog. Toad was very pleased to have it.

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!