

**HOPPY TOAD  
TALES**

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*Dedicated*  
*to the Memory of*  
*ANNIE LUCY LIBBEY*



## HOPPY TOAD GETS LOST.

Hoppy Toad was a wee bit of a toad who had only recently seen the light of day.

One day he strayed away from his home—a hole in the ground, at the roots of a tree. In doing so he disobeyed Ma Toad who told him to play close to his home.

He hopped along through the woods, often stopping for a while to eat insects which happened across his path. Coming to the edge of the woods he saw a bull-frog heading his way, though he did not know what it was. He had never seen one before and was quite frightened.

“Guess I’ll turn around and go back home,” he said to himself.

He started hopping back through the woods as fast as he could, but the bull-frog, having seen him, hopped after him.

“Wonder what that young toad is doing around these parts; he is too small to be hopping through these woods,” thought the bull-frog. “Guess I’ll follow him and see what he’s up to.”

Hoppy Toad, not knowing he was followed, hopped along hurriedly. Coming to a neck of the woods where there were paths leading in all directions he became confused.

“I don’t remember coming by these paths,” he mused. “I don’t know which one to take. I wish I had obeyed mamma and played around home.”

Night was fast nearing; in fact the sun was slowly sinking below the tall trees.

The bull-frog, noticing Hoppy Toad hesitate, leaped forward and soon reached the spot where Hoppy Toad was. Hoppy Toad, on seeing him, shook all over with fright.

“Don’t be scared,” said the bull-frog. “I won’t hurt you. What is your name?”

“Hoppy Toad,” was the timid reply.

“Billy Bull-Frog is my name, Hoppy Toad. You seem to be lost. Am I right?”

“Yes! I live close to a pond. My home is a hole in the ground, at the roots of a tree.”

“How did you happen to land way over here?”

“I didn’t obey my mamma; that is how I happened to hop along through the woods. I thought I would be all right.”

“I know where you live, Hoppy Toad. I’ll show you how to get back home.”

“That makes me feel happy, Billy Bull-Frog. I had almost given up hopes of ever getting home again.”

They retraced their hops back through the woods a bit, until an opening was reached.

“There,” said Billy Bull-Frog, “you just scoot along through that opening and follow your nose. It is a short cut to your home. In the future do what your mother asks you to. She knows best.”

“I will, Billy Bull-Frog. Thank you for your kindness in showing me the way back home. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, Hoppy Toad.”

Hoppy Toad hopped along toward home as fast as he could hop. The hoot of an owl startled him at times, but he kept hopping along, finally reaching his home, tired and seeking forgiveness.

Ma Toad was happy when he hopped into his home as was Pa toad.

“Forgive me, mamma,” said Hoppy Toad.

“I will, Hoppy, but you must obey me in the future. Did you get lost?”

“Yes! If it hadn’t been for Billy Bull-Frog I never would have been back.”

Moral: Obey your parents.





## **HOPPY TOAD'S NARROW ESCAPE.**

One day Hoppy Toad was basking in the sun. So interested was he in taking his sun-bath, he failed to notice two rough-looking boys who were coming toward him.

One boy said to the other: "Go easy, Jack, maybe we can catch him. I have long wanted to get one of these toads; they make good pets; one can have lots of fun with one."

These words were spoken in a near whisper and Hoppy Toad heard him not. The biggest boy of the two crept along slowly, making as



little noise as possible. The smaller boy remained a few feet behind, prepared to give chase to Hoppy Toad should he happen to notice the attempt to capture him and make an effort to escape.

The big boy crept along so carefully that Hoppy Toad was entirely ignorant of the danger facing him. He continued to bask joyfully in the sun.

“This is easy,” said the big boy. “He doesn’t have the least idea there is a person around to disturb him. I’ll have a great time with him when I get him tamed.”

He was now within a few feet of Hoppy Toad, and ready to capture poor Hoppy, who was still enjoying the warmth of the sun’s rays.

The big boy was in the act of reaching for Hoppy Toad, when a bumblebee stung him on the arm, causing him to let out a wild scream that startled the smaller boy. As a result Hoppy Toad hopped off to safety, while the big boy, crying from the pain of the sting of the bumblebee, ran as fast as his legs would carry him for home. The small boy followed him fearful that he, too, might be stung by the bumblebee.

Hoppy Toad looked around for the bumblebee who had rescued him, for he wished to thank him for the timely rescue. He spied him on a branch of a wild rose bush nearby and hopped gleefully to the bush to give him his thanks for the rescue.

“Mr. Bumblebee,” he said, “I want to thank you for saving me from the hands of that boy.”

“That is all right, Mr. Toad,” he replied, “but hereafter keep your wits about you; there may not always be somebody around to rescue you.”

“May I ask your name?” said Hoppy Toad.

“Jimmy Bumblebee is my name,” was the reply. “What is yours?”

“Hoppy Toad.”

“Well, Hoppy Toad, I have a favor to ask of you. As a reward for my saving you I want you to promise me that you will not eat any more honeybees; they have very important work to perform in this world, and when you eat one of them there is just so much lost. They are useful because they supply the kiddies and grown folks with honey. Will you promise me?”

“I will, Jimmy Bumblebee, and I’ll tell other toads and frogs not to eat any more honeybees or bumblebees.”

“Thank you,” was Jimmy Bumblebee’s farewell as he flew off in an easterly direction.

“Well, Hoppy Toad,” said Hoppy to himself, “you are a lucky boy to be free.”

He hopped into his home and told Ma and Pa Toad of his rescue by Jimmie Bumblebee.

“Just do as Jimmie Bumblebee told you to; keep your wits about you and you will be all right,” said Pa Toad.

Moral: Always keep your wits about you.





## HOPPY TOAD TO THE RESCUE.

It was a clear, cool day in early spring; the trees were budding a wee bit, and the birds were on the wing from the South.

Hoppy Toad, who had been confined all winter to his underground home, was a happy fellow when once again he breathed the good fresh air.

He hopped into the pond joyfully and enjoyed a good long swim; then he chatted for a while with the frogs and young tadpoles.

“My, but I’m a happy boy,” he said to himself.

Hopping along the ground close to his home—he never had strayed away since he got lost in the woods and Billy Bull-Frog showed him the way home—he was startled to see Bunny Rabbit running toward him as fast as his legs would carry him.

As he neared Hoppy Toad, Hoppy shouted, “What is your hurry?”

Bunny Rabbit replied, “Tommy Ferret is chasing me; guess he is hungry and wants to make a meal off me. I can’t hold out much longer.”

Hoppy Toad said, “Scoot for that opening in yonder tree; he will never find you there.”

Bunny Rabbit wasted no time in doing what Hoppy Toad told him to, and was soon safely lodged in the tree. It was a good thing that he did, for a moment later, Tommy Ferret, with red eyes that seemed to pop right out of his head, came into view.

Noticing Hoppy Toad, he stopped, and asked, “Did you see anything of Bunny Rabbit? He came this way, I think.”

Bunny Rabbit, from within the tree, shook all over; he was afraid that Tommy Ferret might find him in his hiding place. But here was where Hoppy Toad saved him.

In reply to Tommy Ferret’s question, Hoppy Toad said, “I saw Bunny Rabbit run by here a few minutes ago; he was going like a streak when he passed me, and headed up yonder road.”

“Thank you,” said Tommy Ferret. “I’ll soon have him for a meal; he must be about all in by this time.”

He again took up the chase, and was soon lost from sight in his journey up the road where Hoppy Toad had told him Bunny Rabbit was scampering along.

“It’s all right, Bunny Rabbit,” said Hoppy Toad, “come on out, Tommy Ferret is on a wild goose chase after you.”

Bunny Rabbit, still shaking with fright, came out of his hiding place and ran to where Hoppy Toad was.

He said, "I don't know how I can ever repay you for saving me. When Tommy Ferret finds that you fooled him he is apt to make it unpleasant for you."

"I'll watch for him closely; I always keep my wits about me."

"Well, I guess I'll head for home; I live in the middle of the woods. May I ask your name?"

"Hoppy Toad is my name; I guessed yours was Bunny Rabbit. Am I right?"

"You are right."

"Does Tommy Ferret know where you live?"

"I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"I didn't know but what he might drive you out of your home if he did. He is pretty foxy. Why don't you change your home to another part of the woods? He may know where you live at that."

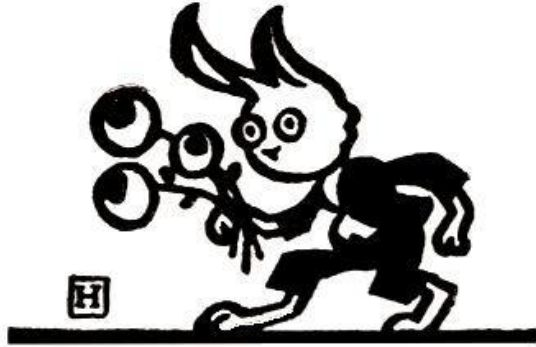
"That is a good idea, Hoppy Toad. I'll do it right away; I think Ma and Pa Rabbit want to move anyway. I guess I'll run along."

"Good-bye, Bunny Rabbit," said Hoppy Toad.

"Good-bye, Hoppy Toad," said Bunny Rabbit. "I'll always think of you as the fellow who saved me from the clutches of Tommy Ferret."

Moral: Lend a helping hand to those in need.





## **HOPPY TOAD MEETS SALLY WOODPECKER.**

Hoppy Toad was hopping along through the small stretch of woods near his home one day when he was scared out of his wits. Something fell from the branch of a tree and landed on his back, then rolling over on to the ground.

It was several minutes before Hoppy Toad recovered from the shock. Looking around, he spied a bird with a long, sharp bill lying on the ground. It seemed to be helpless.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked Hoppy Toad.

“I’ve hurt one of my wings; that is what made me fall from the branch of the tree and land on top of you. I’m sorry it happened.”

“That’s all right,” said Hoppy Toad. “I’ll see if I can’t help you get the wing fixed so you can fly again. What is your name?”



“Sally Woodpecker. It will be very kind of you if you can find someone to fix my wing. My but it hurts!”

“My name is Hoppy Toad. I’ll go get Dr. Pheasant. He will fix the wing for you in a jiffy.”

Hoppy Toad hopped off through the woods toward the pond just beyond the entrance to the woods, thinking he might find Dr. Pheasant there. Sure enough he did.

“Doctor,” said Hoppy Toad. “There is a woodpecker in the woods with a lame wing. She can’t fly. Can you help her?”

“I guess I can, Hoppy Toad,” said Dr. Pheasant, “Lead me to her.”

Hoppy Toad hopped through the woods, followed by Dr. Pheasant, until the spot where Sally Woodpecker was lying was reached.

“I’ve brought Dr. Pheasant to fix your wing, Sally Woodpecker,” said Hoppy Toad.

“That is really kind of you,” said Sally.

Dr. Pheasant looked at the lame wing and said, “I can fix it, all right.”

In a few minutes Sally Woodpecker’s wing was fixed so that she could fly again.

“I’m thankful to you, Dr. Pheasant, for fixing my wing, and I want to thank you also, Hoppy Toad, for your kindness in getting a doctor.”

“You mustn’t fly around too much, Sally,” said Dr. Pheasant. “Give it a chance to mend a bit.”

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