

AMPHIBIAN PERSISTENCE

The following prose is from an unknown author, but is profound nonetheless:

Two frogs fell into a can of cream,
or so I've heard it told.
The sides of the can were shiny and steep,
the cream was deep and cold.

“Oh, what's the use?” said number one,
“Tis fate! No help's around ...
Goodbye my friend! Goodbye, sad world!”
And weeping still, he drowned.

But number two, of sterner stuff,
dog-paddled in surprise.
The while he wiped his creamy face,
and dried his creamy eyes.

“I'll swim a while, at least” he thought,
or so it has been said,
“It wouldn't really help the world
if one more frog was dead.”

An hour or two he kicked and swam,
not once he stopped to mutter,
but kicked and swam, and swam and kicked,
then hopped out, via butter!

- *Author Unknown*