

Poor Toad cried, and said "sorry" again and again, but it didn't help him. The police took him and dressed him in prison clothes. Then they threw him into a dark prison room, and locked the door. Toad lay on the floor and cried some more. "Twenty years! When will I see my friends again?"

For two weeks he lay there and cried, and he didn't want to eat. "You poor thing," said a friendly voice. "It's not fair." It was the prison guard's daughter. She was a kind girl, and she felt sorry for Toad.

She started to bring his meals, and she talked to him about his home and his friends. "He's not a bad animal," she thought. "He shouldn't be here."

One day, she said, "Toad, do you know my aunt? She washes the prisoners' clothes. She takes them out on Mondays, and brings them back clean on Fridays. I was thinking, you look rather like her..."



"I do not!" said Toad.

"Listen to me, you silly thing. Tomorrow is Friday. I'll speak to my aunt. You can change clothes with her, and then you can escape."

"Ha ha, yes!" said Toad. "I like it! I'll do it!"





The next evening, a small person in a pink dress and hat left the prison. "Good night! Goodbye!" it said to the guards.

Away from the prison, Toad started dancing. "Clever, clever Toad! The strongest prison in England can't hold me! But it's a long way home, and I'll have to walk. Maybe I should find somewhere to rest first."