

Mr Frog

Tara sat on her bed and sniffed. She was watching Mum go through her toy box, pulling out old games, dolls and furry creatures. Mum was busy putting them in a big cardboard box with the word 'Hospital' written on it.



“Not that!” cried Tara. “Not Mr Frog!” as Mum dangled the soft, hairy creature by one of its legs.

“But you never play with him,” Mum said.

“Yes, but he’s special,” Tara protested.

“So special that you leave him at the bottom of your toy box for months on end?” said Mum with a slight smile. “Oh well, if you’re sure.”

When Mum had finished, she closed the lid of the box and smiled at Tara. “Thank you. It will make such a difference to the poorly children.”

“I’ve hardly got anything left, now,” mumbled Tara sadly.

“Hardly. Anyway, what’s happening next week?” asked Mum.

“It’s my birthday. I can’t wait for my party!”

“Exactly!” said Mum. “I have this feeling your box won’t look so empty after that.”



Tara picked up Mr Frog and gave him a little kiss on his nose. Then she tucked him inside the box as if she were putting him to bed. Mum picked up Tara and gave her a big squeeze. “I’m so proud of you,” she said.



A few days later, there was bad news. One of Tara’s best friends, Sonja, had become so ill that she had to go to hospital and would miss the party. Tara was devastated.

The day after the party, Mum took Tara to visit Sonja. She had drawn a special ‘Get Well Soon’ card and brought a balloon and some cake from her party. As they walked past the other beds, Tara noticed a familiar friend. Mr Frog was lying on the pillow next to a little boy who had a mask over his nose. The boy seemed peaceful. A look of worry flashed across Mum’s face when she noticed but Tara just smiled. “I’m proud of me too,” she said.