

TRUDI

Trudi had heard, from her friend,
Of a wish that may come true.
Kiss a toad upon its head
And a handsome prince might ensue.

She sought and caught a toad
Near to her abode,
Kissed it upon the head,
But no response from toad.

Looking in the mirror,
Much to her dismay,
Her features had turned reptilian
And her skin a peculiar shade of grey.

So beware of what you wish for,
Things do not always turn out right.
Should you yield to this temptation,
Remember this poor girl's plight.

There is however good news,
I heard the other day,
Trudi has recovered,
And the toad? He just hopped away.

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