

by Arnold Lobel

An I CAN READ Book

Down the Hill

Frog knocked at Toad's door.

"Toad, wake up," he cried.

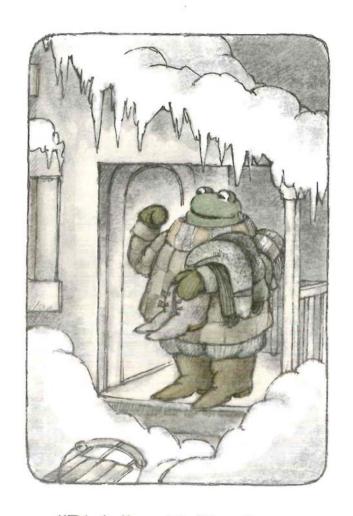
"Come out and see
how wonderful the winter is!"

"I will not," said Toad.

"I am in my warm bed."

"Winter is beautiful,"
said Frog.

"Come out and have fun."



"Blah," said Toad.

"I do not have
any winter clothes."

Frog came into the house.

"I have brought you
some things to wear," he said.
Frog pushed a coat
down over the top of Toad.
Frog pulled snowpants
up over the bottom of Toad.





He put a hat and scarf
on Toad's head.

"Help!" cried Toad.

"My best friend
is trying to kill me!"

"I am only getting you ready
for winter," said Frog.

Frog and Toad went outside.

They tramped through the snow.

"We will ride

down this big hill

on my sled," said Frog.

"Not me," said Toad.

"Do not be afraid," said Frog.

"I will be with you

on the sled.

It will be a fine, fast ride.

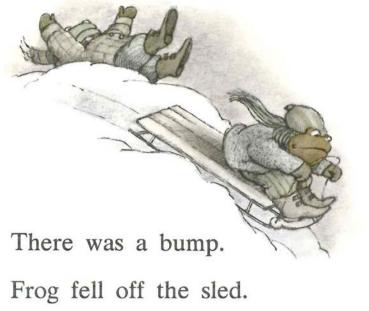
Toad, you sit in front.

I will sit right behind you."



The sled began to move down the hill.

"Here we go!"
said Frog.



Toad rushed past trees and rocks.

"Frog, I am glad
that you are here," said Toad.





Toad leaped over a snowbank.

"I could not steer the sled without you, Frog," he said.
"You are right. Winter is fun!"



A crow flew nearby.

"Hello Crow," shouted Toad.

"Look at Frog and me.

We can ride a sled

better than anybody

in the world!"

"But Toad," said the crow,
"you are alone on the sled."
Toad looked around.
He saw that Frog was not there
"I AM ALL ALONE!"
screamed Toad.





Bang!

The sled hit a tree.



Thud!

The sled hit a rock.



Plop!

The sled dived into the snow.



Frog came running down the hill.

He pulled Toad out of the snow.

"I saw everything," said Frog.

"You did very well

by yourself."

"I did not," said Toad.

"But there is one thing that I can do all by myself."

"What is that?" asked Frog.

"I can go home," said Toad.

"Winter may be beautiful, but bed is much better."





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