

Andy The Frog

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Once upon a time, there was a frog named Andy. Andy lived at the Patten Park Pond and had never hopped anywhere else his entire frog life.

He had 3 best friends.

Millie- who never left her lily pad, Billie- who was always hopping mad, and Roger- who was arrested for possession of tadpole porn.

So one day, Andy saw something hop across the grass on the other side of the pond!

"Millie, Billie, Roger, look!" said Andy.

Across the pond stood the most beautiful frog that Andy had ever seen.

"She's gorgeous!" said Millie.

"She's beautiful!" said Billie.

"BIT OLD FOR MY TASTE." said Roger.

(Classic Roger.)

And then she was gone.

"I need to go find her," said Andy, "I need to follow my little frog heart."

So Andy followed the beautiful frog's footsteps into the forest. He then came across a turtle.

"You can't pass!" said the turtle.

"Please?" said Andy.

"NO." said the turtle.

(and uh, this is the first long, convoluted simile.)

Then, there was a rustling in the bushes, and like a man who had been shot in the chest with a rifle, the turtle was shot in the chest with a rifle.

Andy kept moving, but at this point, like the doctor of a Kenyan track team, his patience ran thin.

Andy kept moving.

He then came across a giant crocodile, and the crocodile began to chant: "I woke up this morning and I sat on a log, I opened up the menu and the menu said frog!"

Andy said, "NO! No, please let go of me, I can feel myself dying, you're ripping up my insides, I'm never gonna find her am I, there's no god is there, fuck, fuck!"

The End.

(If you're curious the moral of that story is irrelevant because we're humans, and it was about a. why would it apply to us?)