

## Cane Toads

I emailed everyone. No response. I phoned. Nobody answered. I left messages. Nobody returned calls.

Maybe a flare from the sun fried everyone. Maybe super-bad weather froze everybody.

HAW! HAW! HAW! I woke laughing at my dream, or then again, was it funny? I dreamed a giant space ship landed and turned everyone into cane toads. That's why nobody communicated.

After breakfast, I walked outside. My neighbor tried to get into his pickup but couldn't, had trouble using his hands. You ever see a cane toad six-foot three? A monster. What do cane toads eat? Where do cane toads come from? I shrank back against my house.

Yet, a chance to think and then, wait. Cane toad now or not, this neighbor shoveled snow off my driveway last winter without being asked and refused payment, moved furniture for me I couldn't move, no charge, mowed my lawn when I was too stoved up to move, No charge. I wouldn't help someone do anything bad, but getting to where you can drive your pickup?

I walked over, opened his pickup door, helped him get in. He nodded at me and smiled. I think he smiled. Can I read cane toads? He shut the door, started his pickup, backed out, drove up the road.

I watched the pickup leave. Maybe I'm still dreaming. I try to pinch myself to see, but not possible to pinch with soft pads instead of fingers, flat, soft, pale tan pads.