

When the Angel Put an End to Time

By Andrew Leggett



When the angel put an end to time, she left me licking a frog that was a sponge cake clean of its green icing at the children's table at my sister's Toowoomba wedding in nineteen-sixty-six. At four, I must've been the page who was the bearer of the ring. That I know only from a photograph of little me accompanying my flower-girl cousin down the aisle behind the bridal train.

I am reliant on such photographic evidence, but when my train of thought is broken by eidetic imagery, it is always that frog that disrupts the mundane, a phantom sugar shot accompanying its lurid projection on my inner screen. Courts distrust children's memories of most events. Freud might throw his hat into the ring, regarding my frog fantasy and what went on in nineteen-sixty-six.

The Russians landed spacecraft on the moon in nineteen-sixty-six, but I wasn't there. That fact might prove useful if I need to train my mind to a new fixation. I do not remember presenting the ring. Licking the cake at the table, breaking through the skin of the frog to find its innards were sponge cake, sticks more than children's names or faces. I cannot remember other cousins accompanying.

I don't remember anything about the wedding or accompanying events, but I'm aware my grandmother died in nineteen-sixty-six the day before my birthday. Family visited, bearing children's gifts. I thought they had come for my party. There was a train set and a plastic bugle. I know my mother kept Grandma's ring. If I push beyond, all that comes are memories of licking frog,

or at least the sickly icing on the cake. Last night a green frog hopped across my concrete carport floor. The accompanying chorus from the pond fell silent. Large moths fluttered in a ring around the solar lights. My tongue was wet in nineteen-sixty-six when I licked the cake, but not so long. I promised I would train as predatory amphibian, though such prerogatives are children's.

When the angel came to reap the end of time, some children's parties were disrupted. To compensate, I hopped like a frog, blew a blast on my own plastic bugle. It was too late to train me not to lick the cakes they didn't need to be accompanying into the afterlife. Permitted to regress to nineteen-sixty-six, we all joined hands and hopped around and around the ring.

We rose beyond the air with the children's cries accompanying, joined with Grandma, bearing her ring back to nineteen-sixty-six, each catching the hem of her bridal train, reaching to lick a frog.

Image: "[Frog Cake](#)" (CC BY 2.0) by [Morgan](#)