



The Great Frog Leap

Pam Beck





Marshall and his big brother Miles spent the sunny afternoon exploring the edge of the sparkling backyard pond. Marshall clutched his small net while Miles led the way through the tall, swaying grass.



Suddenly, Marshall spotted a tiny ripple near the water's edge and tugged on Miles' sleeve. He whispered with wide, excited eyes that something was hiding deep within the green reeds.



Miles adjusted his cap and gave a confident grin, eager to show his little brother how a real explorer catches a frog. He crept forward on his hands and knees, moving as quietly as a shadow.



A magnificent green bullfrog sat perched on a large lily pad, its big eyes watching the boys curiously. It looked like a tiny king guarding his watery throne in the middle of the pond.



Miles held his breath and reached out slowly, his fingers twitching with anticipation. Marshall stayed perfectly still behind him, hardly daring to blink as the distance between the boy and the frog closed.



Just as Miles lunged forward to make the catch, the bullfrog launched itself into the air with a powerful spring. It soared through the golden sunlight like a tiny, green emerald projectile.



Instead of landing in the water, the frog landed with a wet splash right on Miles' surprised face. Miles' eyes went wide with shock as the cold, bumpy visitor clung to his nose for a split second.



Startled, Miles tumbled backward into the soft clover, and the frog hopped away toward the safety of the pond. Marshall couldn't hold it in anymore and let out a loud, bubbly peal of laughter.



Miles sat up, wiped his face, and looked at his giggling brother before he started laughing too. The expert explorer had been outsmarted by a frog, and it was the funniest thing they had ever seen.



As the sun began to set, the two brothers walked back toward the house, recounting every detail of the great leap. It was a backyard adventure they would talk about for years to come.