

A Frog Thing by Eric Drachman

Text	Thoughts/Ideas
<p>Frank wanted to fly. But he was a frog. And frogs can't fly.</p> <p>Frank was different, though. Special. Aerodynamic.</p> <p>"You can do whatever you set your mind to, Frankie," his parents had promised.</p> <p>So Frank set his mind to flying... .. but it was more like falling than flying.</p> <p>And everyone laughed at him.</p> <p>Tired and discouraged, Frank buried his head in his big webbed feet. And that's how Frank's parents found him.</p> <p>Frank explained his problem... .. and there was a long silence as they thought about how to respond.</p> <p>"Frankie..." started Frank's dad, finally, "when we said you could do anything you set your mind to, we meant any...FROG THING. See, flying is a... BIRD THING... just like staying underwater forever is a... FISH THING."</p> <p>"Yes, you should find a frog thing," said Mom. "But I want to fly!" "I'm sorry, kiddo, but frogs can't fly," explained Dad. "No," agreed Mom, "we swim and we hop, but we don't fly."</p> <p>"They don't understand," he thought. "We understand," they said, and patted Frank's shoulder.</p> <p>Frank sat in the dark, still sad, but growing more determined. "I'll show them," he thought. I'll learn to fly, and I'll fly right over the pond!"</p> <p>He jumped and ran and leapt and dove. He flapped and flapped and flapped... .. and finally just flopped on top of a leaf to rest. He soaked his sore feet and hung his heavy head until...</p> <p>...SPLASH! Something crashed into the water and started to sink. Frank leapt into action.</p> <p>"It's a little baby bird!" he thought. He swooped down... swept her up... and swam her back to shore.</p> <p>The nervous mother bird hugged her baby tight. Her baby coughed, then wheezed, then opened her eyes... safe and warm in her mother's wings.</p>	

The mother bird turned and kissed Frank right on the cheek. He was very surprised and a little embarrassed. "Thank you, thank you!" she chirped. "What a great swimmer you are! How can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, it was nothing, Ma'am," said Frank, for he was a very polite and modest frog. "Please. I want to do something for you. Anything." "Well..." suggested Frank, "I really really want to fly."

"But, frogs don't fly," said the mother bird. "I know," admitted Frank. "And you still want to fly?" Frank shrugged, "I've set my mind to it."

She looked in his eyes... then flew off in a flutter. "Wait here," she cried. "I'll be right back!"

And she did come back- with another bird, and a twig between them. "Grab on!" she called.

Before he knew it, they were high above the trees. The morning sun streamed through the sky, and the wind whistled over Frank's slick green skin.

It was a little scary at first, but soon he relaxed, as they glided and rose and swooped and dove.

Everyone hurried to see Frank fly. They watched from the bank as he and the birds passed high overhead.

"This is no ordinary frog thing!" observed Frank's mom.

When their flight was finished, the mother bird pulled Frank close. "you are a very special frog," she said, and with a whoosh of her wings, flew back to her nest.

Breathless, Frank waved. "Thank you!" "Thank you so much." Frank hopped home, somehow lighter than before.

On his way, he met his folks. "Frankie, we saw you up there!" Mom beamed. "Fantastic!" croaked Dad. "You can do anything you set your mind to!" "Anything," agreed mom.

"Well...any frog thing, maybe," Frank explained. The birds were the ones flying. I was just holding on. But I do think I could be one of the great swimmers!" He parents smiled proudly as Frank joined his friends in the pond.

Frank had wanted to fly. But he was a frog. And frogs can't fly... ... but they can swim!