

Fountas & Pinnell

Leveled Literacy Intervention



Fiction

Heinemann

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ISBN-13: 978-0-325-01702-0
ISBN-10: 0-325-01702-6



Book 93

Level L



Good Friends

by Emma Rose Benman
illustrated by Susan Lawson



Froggy and Friends Series

Good Friends

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Heinemann

361 Hanover Street
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www.heinemann.com

Offices and agents throughout the world

Fountas and Pinnell Leveled Literacy Intervention Books

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ISBN-13: 978-0-325-01702-0 ISBN-10: 0-325-01702-6

Editorial Development, Design, and Production by Brown Publishing Network

Credits

Illustrations: Susan Lawson

Printed in China

09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 RRD 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Froggy

Poor Duck! She had a broken wing.

“Don’t be sad, Duck,” said Froggy. “The doctor said your wing will get better soon.”

“I know,” Duck said. But she still looked unhappy.

“What’s the matter? Does your wing hurt?” Froggy asked.

“No,” Duck said. “I just miss flying.”

She stared up at the wide, blue sky.

“You’re a frog,” she said. “You wouldn’t understand.”





After Duck went home, Froggy looked up at the sky, too.

“Hmmm,” he said. “I wonder . . .”

The next morning, Froggy got busy. He got a lot of balloons. He moved a chair out to the edge of the pond. Then he hopped over to Duck’s house. “Come with me,” he said. “I have something to show you.”

“What are you doing with all those balloons?” Duck asked.

“You’ll see,” said Froggy.



By the pond, Duck saw a big chair with balloons tied to it.

“Why is that chair here?” she asked.



“You’ll see. Sit here,” Froggy said. He was tying more balloons to the chair. He hopped on the chair with Duck. He tied on the last balloon. Then something surprising happened.

The chair lifted off the ground. It floated up, up, up.

“There!” Froggy said. “How do you like that? We’re flying!”

Duck smiled a big duck smile.

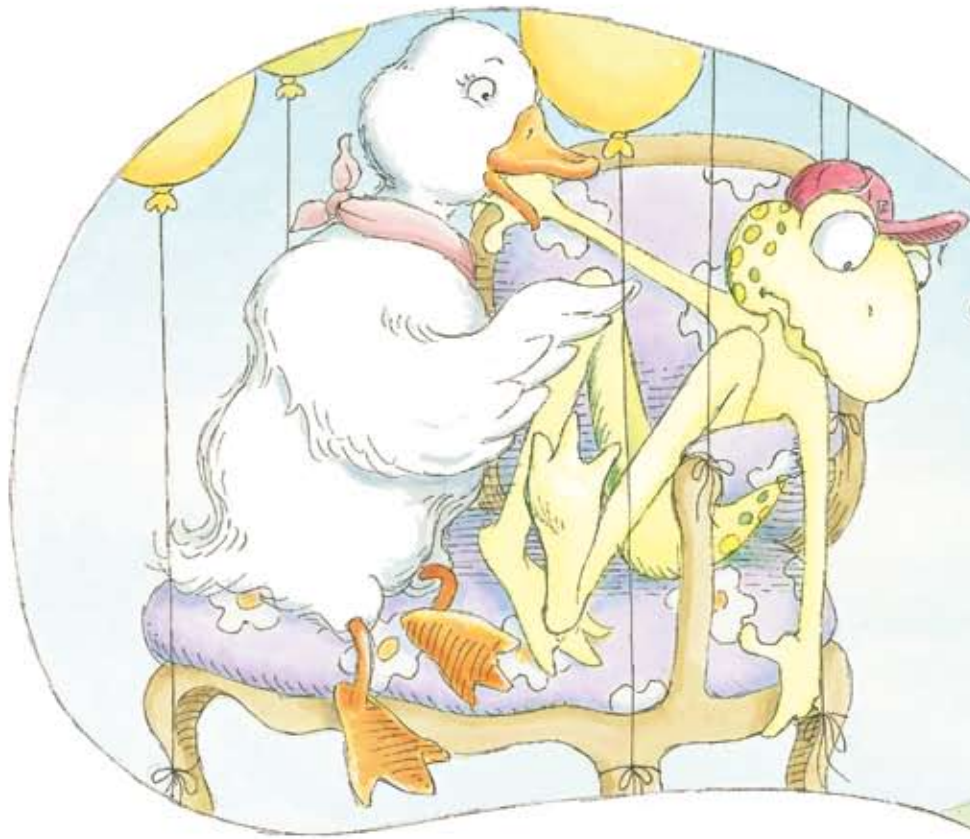
“Oh, Froggy!” she cried. “We **are** flying. This feels wonderful! Thank you so much!”

“We’re friends!” Froggy said.

“And I am glad to help.”



“Flying is so exciting and so much fun!” Duck said. “The sun is so warm. The air is so cool. And just look! You can see **everything** from up here!”



Then he cried, "Help! I'm going to fall!"

"No, no," Duck said. "Just look at the pond down there! It's so shiny and blue. It's beautiful!"



Froggy looked down, down, down. Then he gulped and turned pale green.

"What's the matter?" Duck asked.

"I just found out that I don't like high places," Froggy whispered.



But Froggy would not look down again. He squeezed his eyes shut.

“Oh, oh, oh,” he groaned. “What a foolish frog I am! I got us up here. But I don’t know how to get back down! And I think I’m going to be sick!”

Duck peered down at the ground. It looked fine to her, but for a frog, perhaps it **was** far away.

“Hmmm,” she said. “I wonder . . .” She looked around one last time at the sky she loved so much. Then she shrugged and got to work.



Duck untied the balloons and let them float away, one at a time.

The chair sank lower and lower. At last it gave a little bump.

“What was that?” Froggy asked.

“You can open your eyes now,” Duck said. “We’re on the ground.”

“Oh, Duck!” Froggy cried. “How wonderful! We **are** back on the ground. Thank you, thank you, thank you!”



“We’re friends!” Duck said. “And I am glad to help.”

