



**Fiction** 

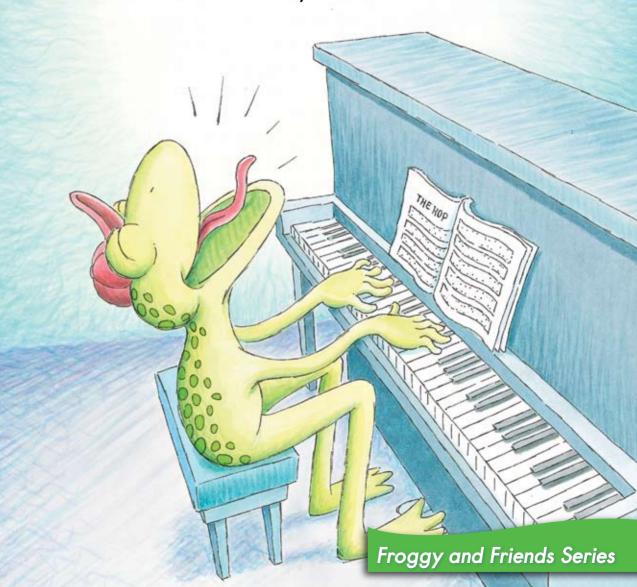








by Emma Rose Benman illustrated by Susan Lawson



## Frog Songs

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Froggy loved to sing. He sang in the shower, and he sang on his lily pad. Sometimes, he sang to the moon.





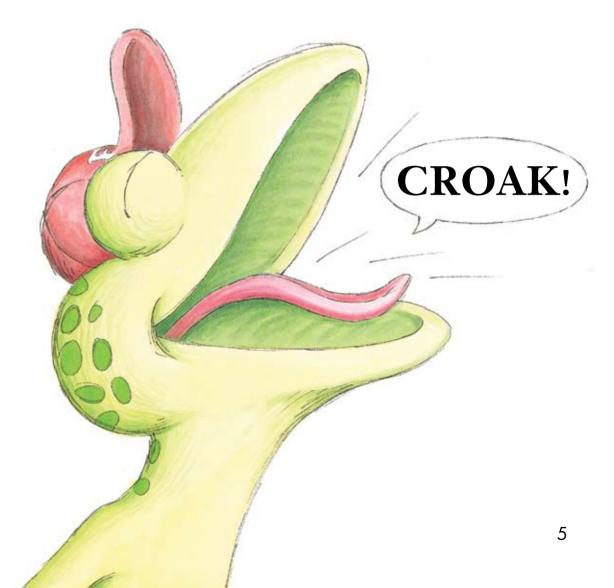


One morning, Froggy heard a song. He looked up. Some birds were sitting in the branches of a tree. They were singing a song together.



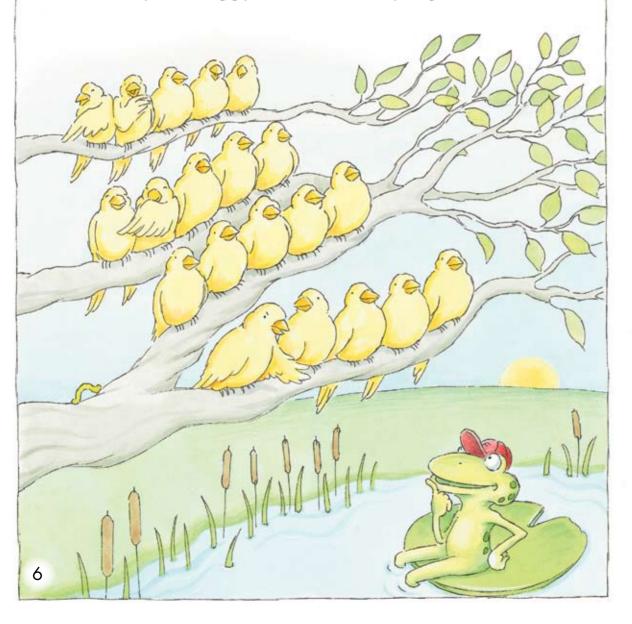
"What a beautiful song," Froggy said to himself. "I like to sing. I am going to sing with the birds."

He took a deep breath and began to sing.

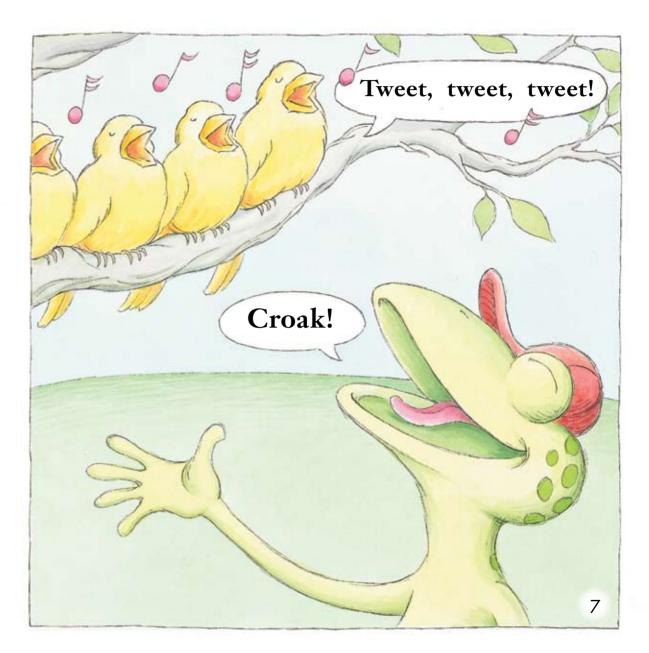


The birds stopped singing. One bird said, "That croak was too loud."

"Okay," Froggy said. "I'll try again."



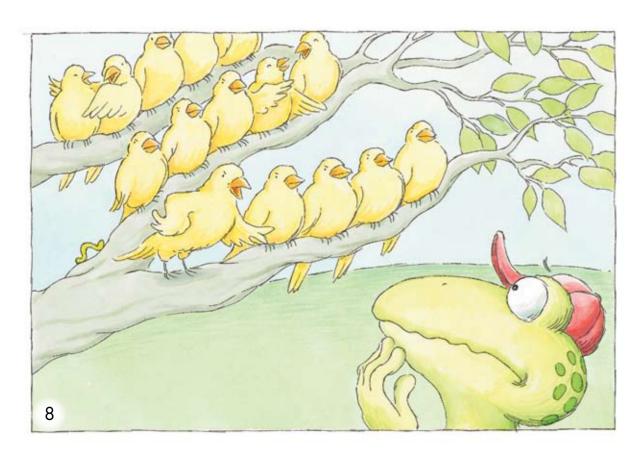
The birds started singing again. Froggy took a deep breath and sang along.



The birds stopped singing. "We are all singing the **same** song," the bird said. "And it is a **sweet** one!"

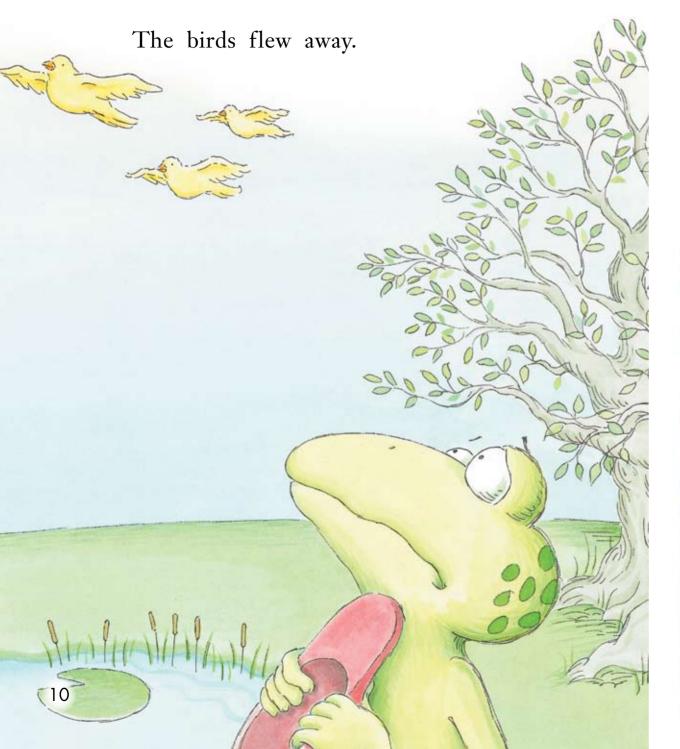
"I know," Froggy said. "I like sweet songs."

"Then sing very, very sweetly," the bird said. "And sing what we are singing."



The birds started singing again. Froggy opened his mouth. He closed it. He opened it again, took a little breath, and began to sing.





Froggy was sad. He didn't sing. He didn't play with his friends. He just sat on his lily pad all day, all by himself.

His friends missed him. Late that day, they came to see him.



"Hey, Froggy," Duck said. "What's the matter?"

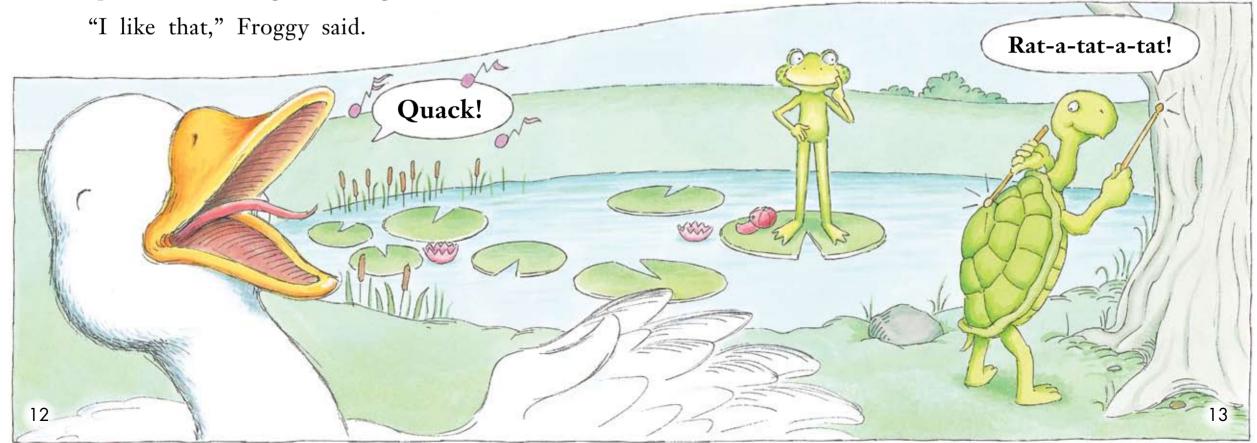
"The birds don't like my singing," Froggy said.

"They don't like my singing either,"

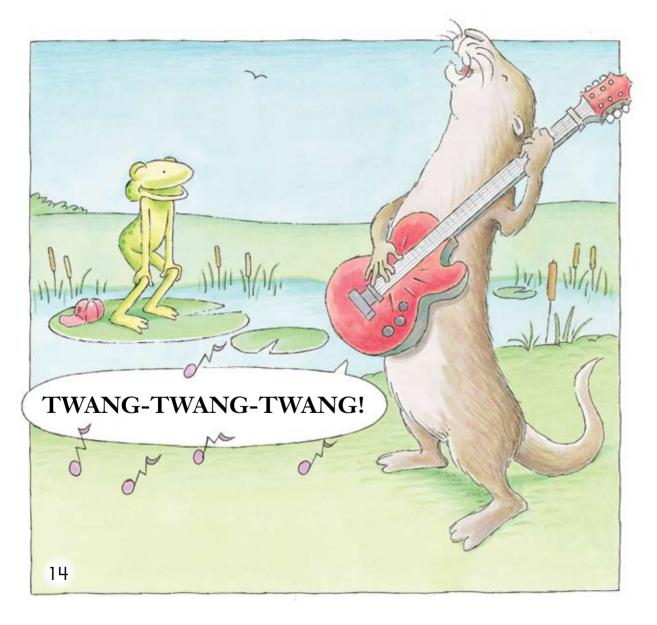
Duck said. "I don't know why." She took
a deep breath and began to sing.

"They don't like the sound of my drum either," Turtle said. "I don't know why." He picked up two sticks. He drummed on a tree. He drummed on a rock. He even drummed on his own shell.

"I like that," Froggy said.



"They don't like my playing either," Otter said. "I don't know why." Otter picked up his guitar. He played a very loud song.



Froggy said, "I have an idea. We don't need to sing with the birds. We can sing with each other! We can be a band!"

