SEQUENCE 0: Image 1

Cover page: A Frog Thing (Read to Me, Read by Myself, Autoplay) by Eric Drachman. Illustrated

by James Muscarello

SEQUENCE 1: Images 2 to 6

Frank wanted to fly.

But he was a frog. And frogs can't fly.

Frank was different, though.

Special. Aerodynamic.

"You can do whatever you set your mind to, Frankie," his parents had promised.

SEQUENCE 2: Images 7 to 10

So, Frank set his mind to flying

… but it was more like falling than flying.

And everyone laughed at him.

Tired and discouraged, Frank buried his head in his big webbed feet.

And that's how Frank's parents found him.

SEQUENCE 3: Images 11 to 15

Frank explained his problem

… and there was a long silence as they thought about how to respond.

"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.”

“Yes, you should find a frog thing,” said mom.

SEQUENCE 4: Images 16 to 18

“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.”

“They don't understand,” he thought.

“We understand,” they said and patted Frank's shoulder. [Music]

SEQUENCE 5: Images 19 to 24

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!”

He jumped and ran and leaped 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 …

… SPLASH

SEQUENCE 6: Images 25 to 28

Something crashed into the water and started to sink. Frank leapt into action.

“It’s a baby bird!” he thought.

He swooped down, swept her up, and swam her back to shore.

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.

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.

SEQUENCE 7: Images 29 to 34

“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!”

SEQUENCE 8: Images 35 to 39

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.

SEQUENCE 9: Images 40 to 42

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.

SEQUENCE 10: Images 43 to 46

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!”

His parents smiled proudly as Frank joined his friends in the pond.

SEQUENCE 11: Images 47 and 48

Frank had wanted to fly. But he was a frog. And frogs can't fly …

… but they sure can swim!