

# The Frog's Prints

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Jackson studied the frog prints on his steamy bedroom window. Every morning he hoped to meet the little climbing tree frog who'd made the marks. Jackson called him Fred. But Fred was always gone before Jackson woke up.

"Happy Pajama Day!" Mom said.

Today, Jackson and Mom were going to make pajama pants. Jackson's mom was a costume designer. She knew a lot about making clothes.

"First we need a pattern. Let's trace a pair of your pajama pants," Mom said.



She placed Jackson's pants on a big sheet of paper. Jackson held the pants while Mom traced around them. Then Mom measured the legs. She wrote down the numbers.

Mom looked at the window. "Looks like Fred came to see you again."

"Can we make pajama pants for Fred, too?" Jackson asked.

"Now *that's* a good idea," Mom said.

"How do we make his pattern?" Jackson asked.

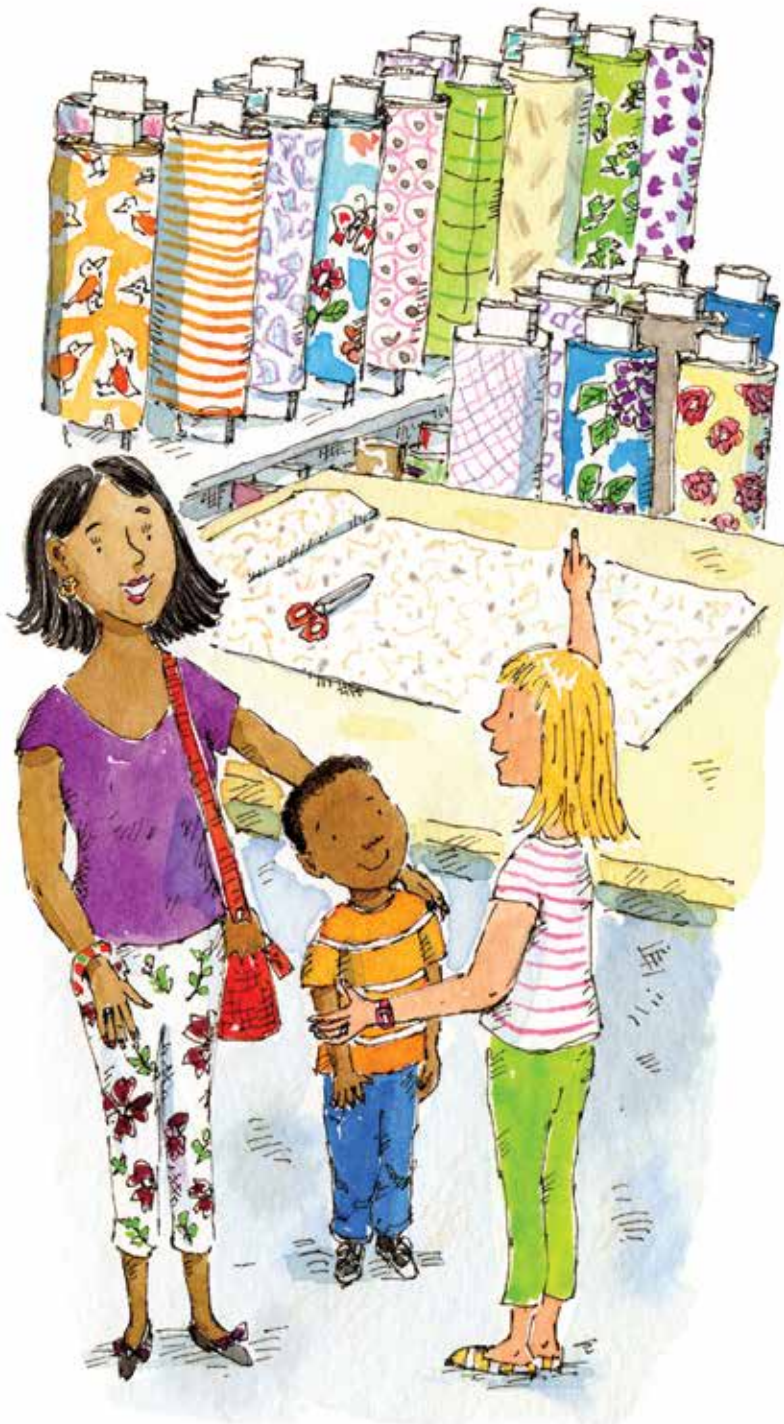
"Let's measure the prints on the window," Mom said.

Mom measured Fred's leg prints. She called out the numbers. Jackson wrote them on a sheet of paper. Then Mom drew a pattern.





"Now we'll pick out our fabric," Mom said. The fabric store was just down the street. Mom and Jackson walked there.



"How may I help you?" a friendly lady asked.

"We need some fabric, please" Jackson said.

The lady nodded. "What are you making?"

"Pajama pants," said Jackson "A pair for me and a pair for Fred. He's a frog."

"Let's start with the material," she said. "Do you want something light and cool? Or do you want something soft and warm?"

"Soft and warm," Jackson answered. Mornings were chilly. Jackson wanted Fred to be cozy.

"How about flannel?" the lady asked.

She led them to the back of the store. Jackson walked down the aisle. Then he spotted the perfect fabric.

"A frog print!" Jackson said.



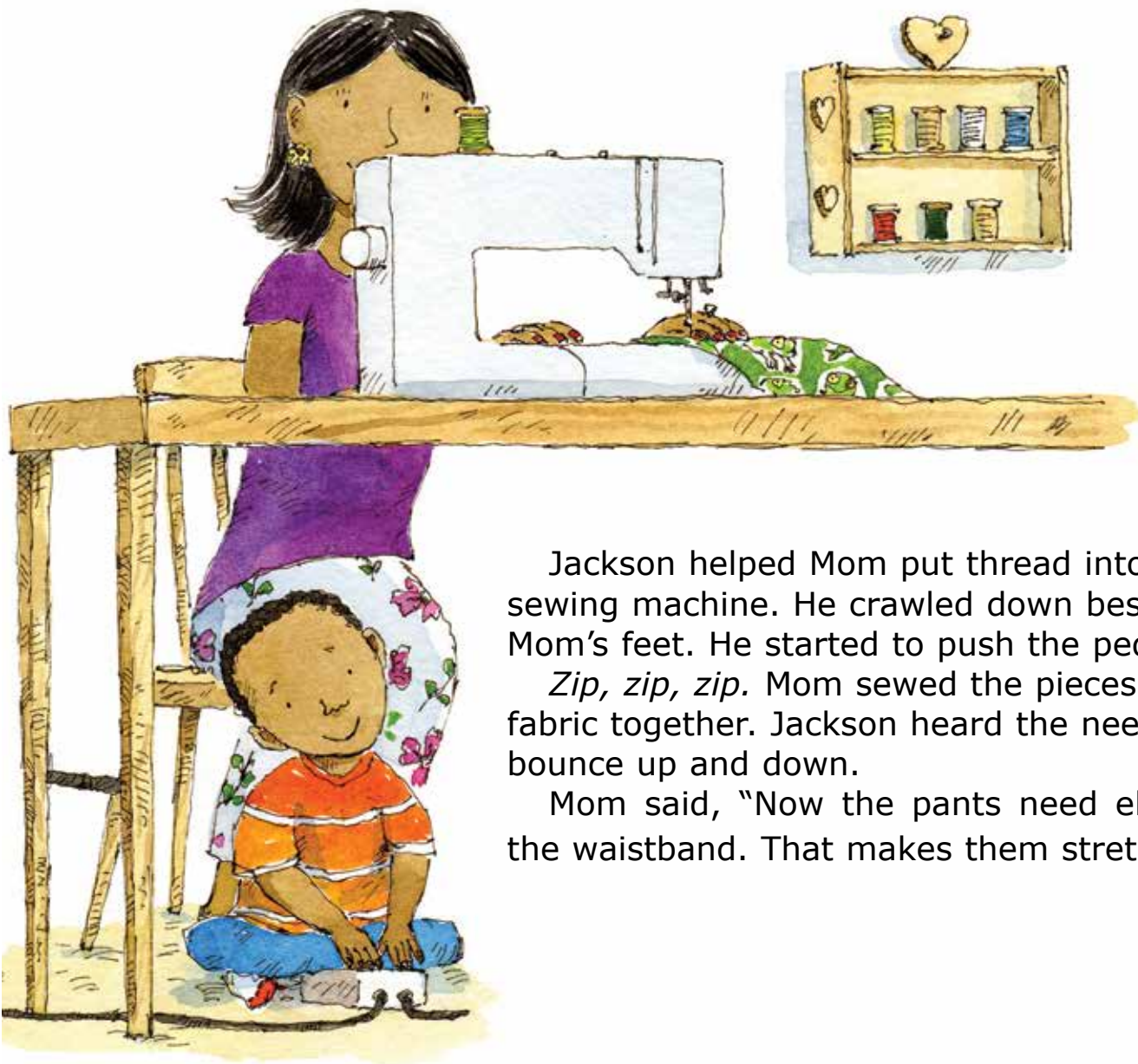
Jackson carried the fabric to a large counter. The lady measured the fabric and cut it. Mom paid for the fabric. Then, they walked home. They went to Mom's sewing room.





"I'll cut your pattern, Mom said. "Can you cut Fred's?"

Jackson cut around the pattern for Fred's pants. Next, Mom pinned the cutouts to the fabric. Then she cut around the patterns.



Jackson helped Mom put thread into her sewing machine. He crawled down beside Mom's feet. He started to push the pedal.

*Zip, zip, zip.* Mom sewed the pieces of fabric together. Jackson heard the needle bounce up and down.

Mom said, "Now the pants need elastic in the waistband. That makes them stretchy."

"Please make Fred's stretchy too," Jackson said. "So he can hop."

Mom put elastic in the pants. She held up Jackson's pants. Jackson tried them on. The waistband was nice and stretchy. But the legs were too long!



Mom sewed some more. When she was finished, Jackson tried on the pants again. Now they were perfect. So were Fred's.

That night, Jackson hung Fred's pants beside his window. He hoped Fred would see them.



"I'll shorten them," Mom said.





The next morning, Jackson sat up in bed. He ran to the window. Fred had left frog prints again!

Then Jackson heard a faint sound. *Croak. Croak.* Jackson peered through the foggy window. Staring back at him was a green and yellow frog.

"Fred!" Jackson said.

Slowly, Jackson reached for Fred's pants. He held them up to the window.

"CROAK," Fred said, looking at the pants. He hopped away.

Jackson grinned.  
"Mom!" Jackson called.  
"Fred likes his pajama pants!"

