

# Frog

By Alex Henderson

Based on "Seal" by William Jay Smith

See how he hops  
Through the grass with a spring!  
See how he soars  
Without any wings  
Through field and meadow  
Cross pond and lily pad,  
He bounds without care  
Joyful and glad!  
See how he leaps  
With a crouch and a lunge  
A kick of the hams,  
A peak and a plunge!  
Slicker than slick,  
Greener than grass,  
Prepares with a squat  
Then takes off with a flash;  
Before you can speak,  
Before you can think  
Thoughts like "Whoa Nelly"  
Or "Tickle me pink,"  
He's six feet away  
Preparing for the next  
Out goes his tongue:  
The nearest fly's vexed;  
Before you can think  
My, what a catch,  
He's sprung off to far places  
For flies of a new batch!

# Lazy Lion

By Chandler Soapes

Based on "Sunning" by James S. Tippett

Old lion lay in the scorching sun  
Much too tired to jump and have fun.  
He flipped his tail  
At a peculiar sound,  
Opened one eye  
But there was nothing to be found.  
He tried to lift himself,  
But his legs and arms were too weak.  
A rumbling noise in his stomach,  
Some fresh food he must seek.  
A cautious gazelle roaming across the way,  
A perfect source of yummy prey,  
Will he get up?  
I think not.  
Old lion lay in the scorching sun,  
Much too lazy to jump and have fun.

# He Finally Got What He Wanted

By Cameron Makeever

In the truck of his old Lincoln Town Car, I am awkwardly lying on my side, my ankles and wrists knotted behind me with a piece of rope. Warm sweat rolls across my forehead; I can almost taste it on the top of my lip. The smell of his stale cigarettes and greasy fast food containers as well as the lack of air is making me so nauseous I think I might pass out. Where is he taking me? He always threatened to kidnap me one day, but I didn't think he would get out of the asylum that he'd been sent to. Falling further into a trance, I shut my mouth and give up trying to breathe. Frantic thoughts flood my mind all at once. What do I do to deserve this? My throat is closed up when he slowly lifts the trunk and I can see a few rays of the setting sun. Surely I am dead now. I accept this horrible fate and my eyes roll back into my skull as my father, and kidnapper, lifts my clammy body out of the trunk and into the fresh air.