

Katharine Mitropoulos

Illustrated by Laura Watson

READY... SET...

FROG!



READY... SET...

FROG!



To Dimitri, Petra, and Yanni, for your support
and enthusiasm. —KM

To my mom, Lois Watson, for her endless
encouragement and love. —LW

Text Copyright © 2023 Katharine Mitropoulos. Illustrations Copyright © 2023 Laura Watson.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the publisher. For more information, contact info@setsailpress.com

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locations is coincidental.

Published by Set Sail Press LLC
PO Box 145, Troy, MI 48099
info@setsailpress.com

Printed in the United States of America

Book design by Lindsay Broderick
Edited by Brooke Vitale

Library of Congress Control Number: 2022923916
Hardcover ISBN: 979-8-9874626-0-7
Paperback ISBN: 979-8-9874626-1-4
E-book ISBN: 979-8-9874626-2-1

READY... SET...

FROG!



Katharine Mitropoulos

Illustrated by **Laura Watson**



SET SAIL PRESS



Frogathan Spots—Frog for short—loved living on Harmony Lane. He loved creating new games to play with his neighbors. He loved building obstacle courses. And most of all, he loved *challenges*.

“Well, would you look at that,” Frog’s mom said one morning. “Harmony Lane is hosting a neighborhood fair next week. And there will be an obstacle course!”

Frog perked up. “An obstacle course? **Really?** I should practice!”

And before his mother could say another word, Frog went off to do just that.



Frog gathered every stone he could find in the backyard.
Then, one by one, he piled them into a tall mountain.

Soon Frog was ready to jump.

“Ready... set...”

FROGI!





Mole's voice startled Frog, and he crashed into the rock pile.
Stones and pebbles fell all around him.

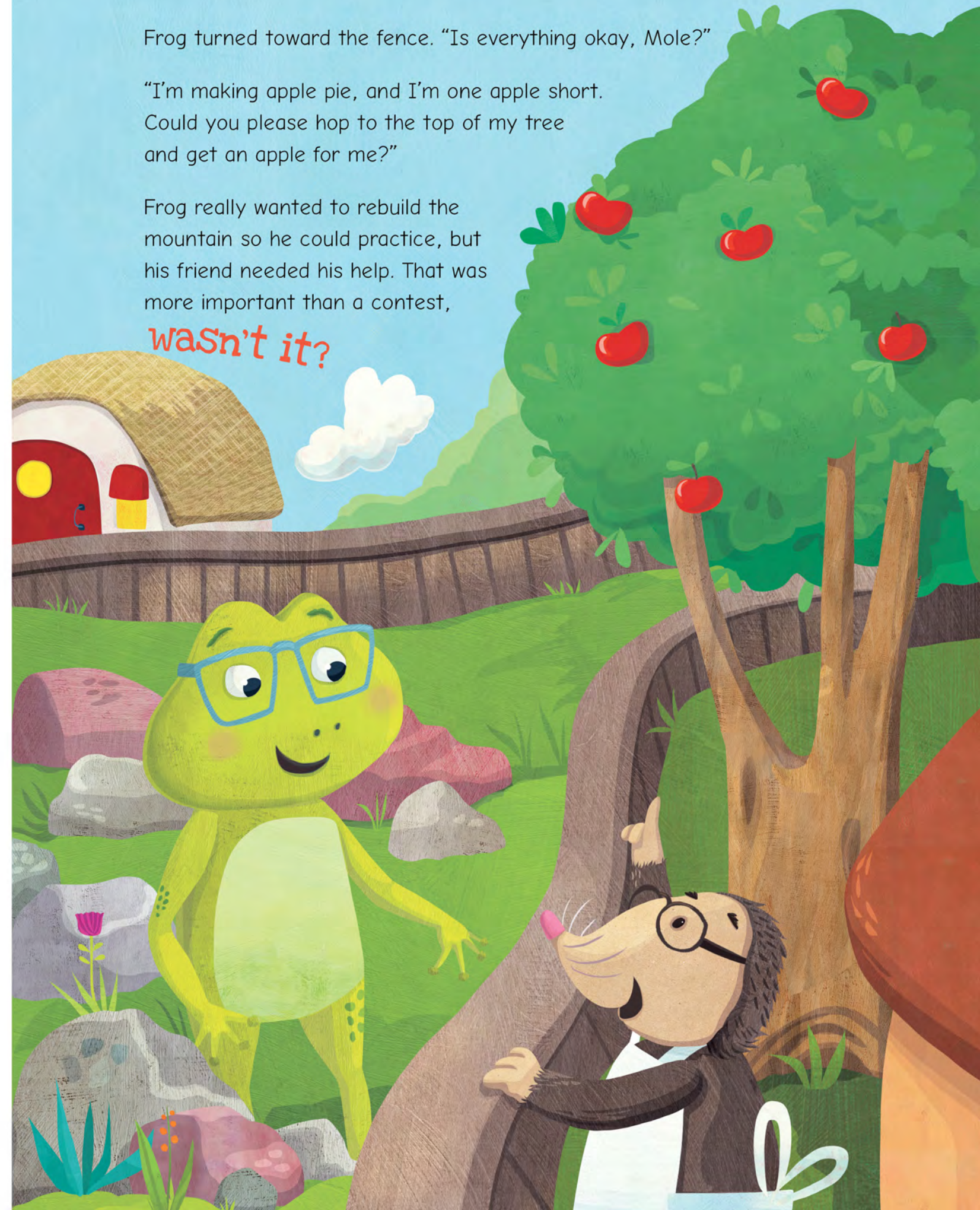
It had taken so long to stack them up! What was he going to do now?

Frog turned toward the fence. "Is everything okay, Mole?"

"I'm making apple pie, and I'm one apple short. Could you please hop to the top of my tree and get an apple for me?"

Frog really wanted to rebuild the mountain so he could practice, but his friend needed his help. That was more important than a contest,

wasn't it?



Frog took a deep breath.
He focused his eyes on
the tallest branch, then
he bent his knees.

His feet pushed off, and he
soared into the air. The wind
whipped his face as he glided

up, up, up.



Even if he wasn't practicing,
he did love hopping!

Frog hopped this way
and that, searching for
the perfect apple.



Then he saw it:
*the brightest,
plumpest apple
on the whole tree.*



“Thank you, Frog!

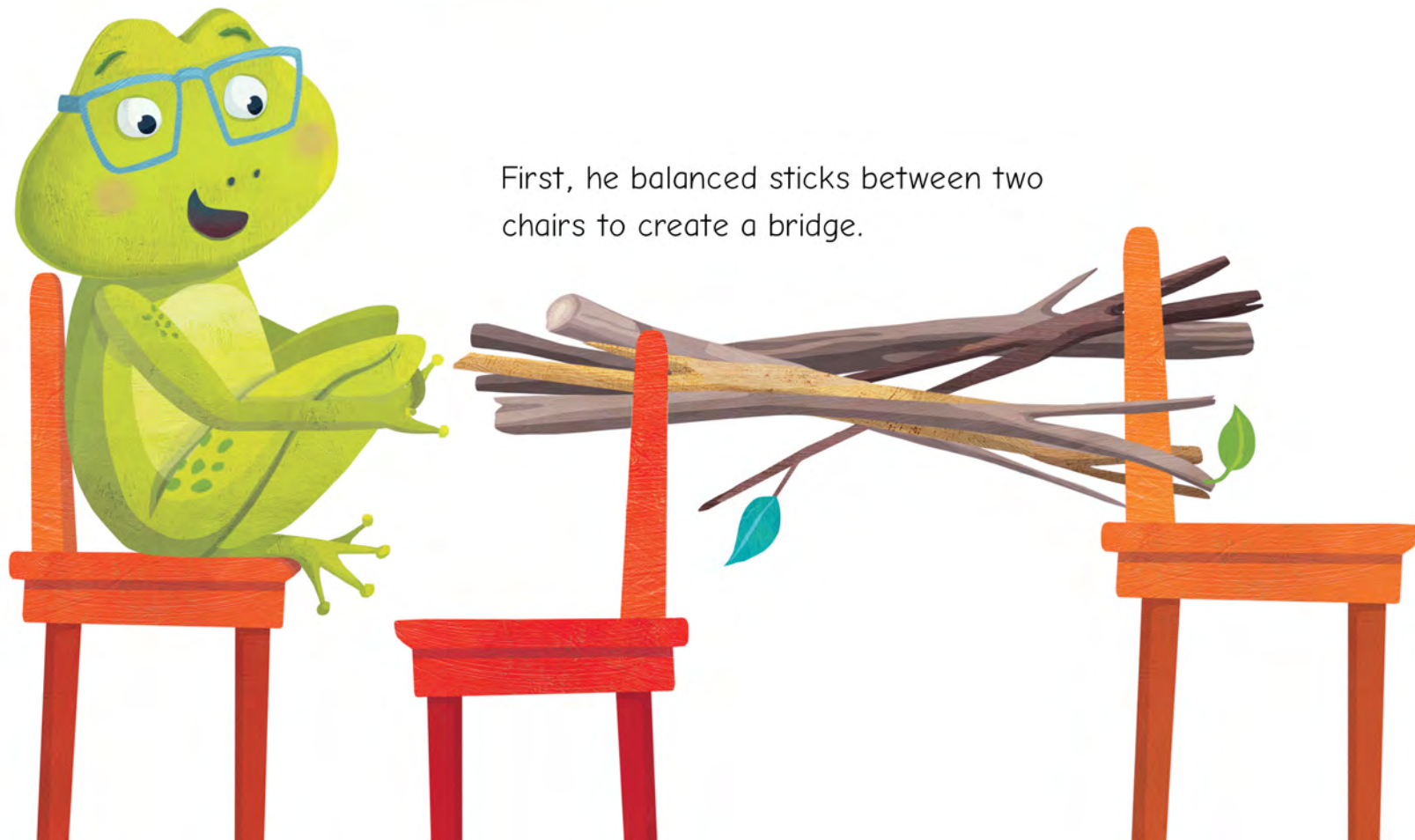
I’ll be sure to bring you a slice when the pie is done.”

The next morning, Frog went back outside to practice.

“Today is the day!” he cheered.



First, he balanced sticks between two chairs to create a bridge.



Next, he piled stone upon stone to build his rock mountain.



“Ready... set...”

“EROG!”

Frog lost his balance and tipped into his obstacle. Down went the chair, **and down went his bridge!**

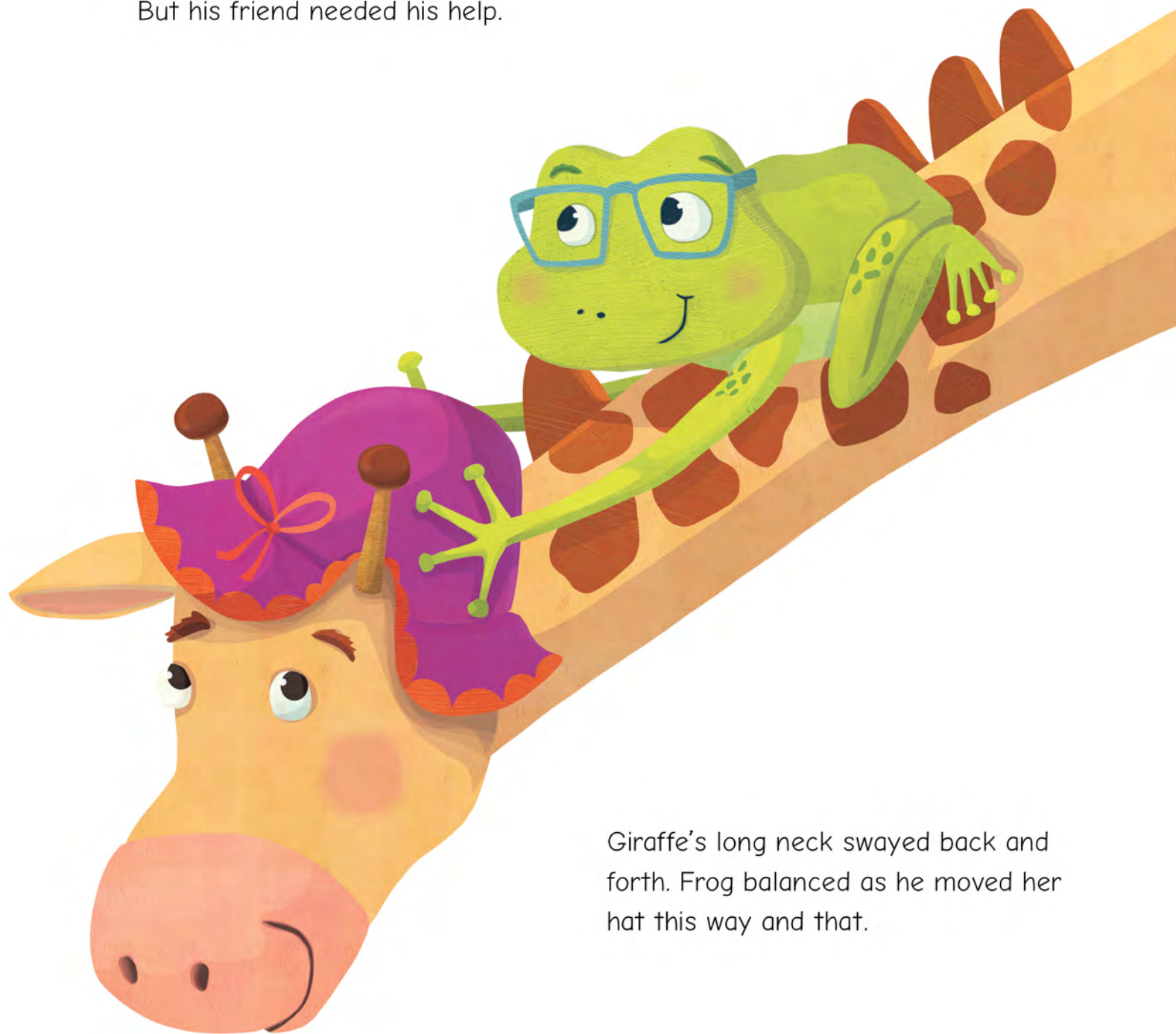
Giraffe's long neck craned over the fence.

"Frog, could you help me put on my hat?
It's awfully sunny this morning."



Frog's cheeks burned. He had worked so hard on his bridge, and now the sticks were all over the yard! Nothing was going his way!

But his friend needed his help.

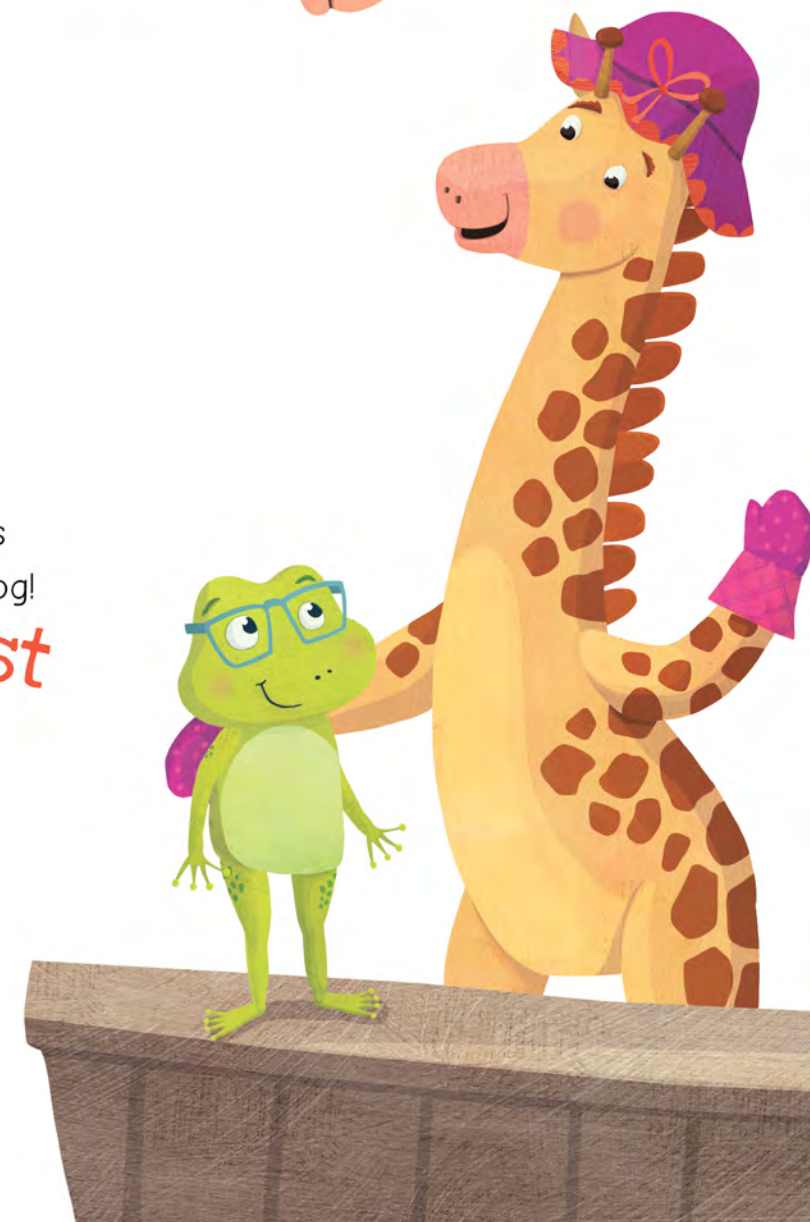


Giraffe's long neck swayed back and forth. Frog balanced as he moved her hat this way and that.

"Too high," Giraffe complained. "Too low. Too high again—the sun is in my eyes. Wait—now I can't see anything!"



At last, Giraffe was happy. "Thanks, Frog! **That's just right!**"



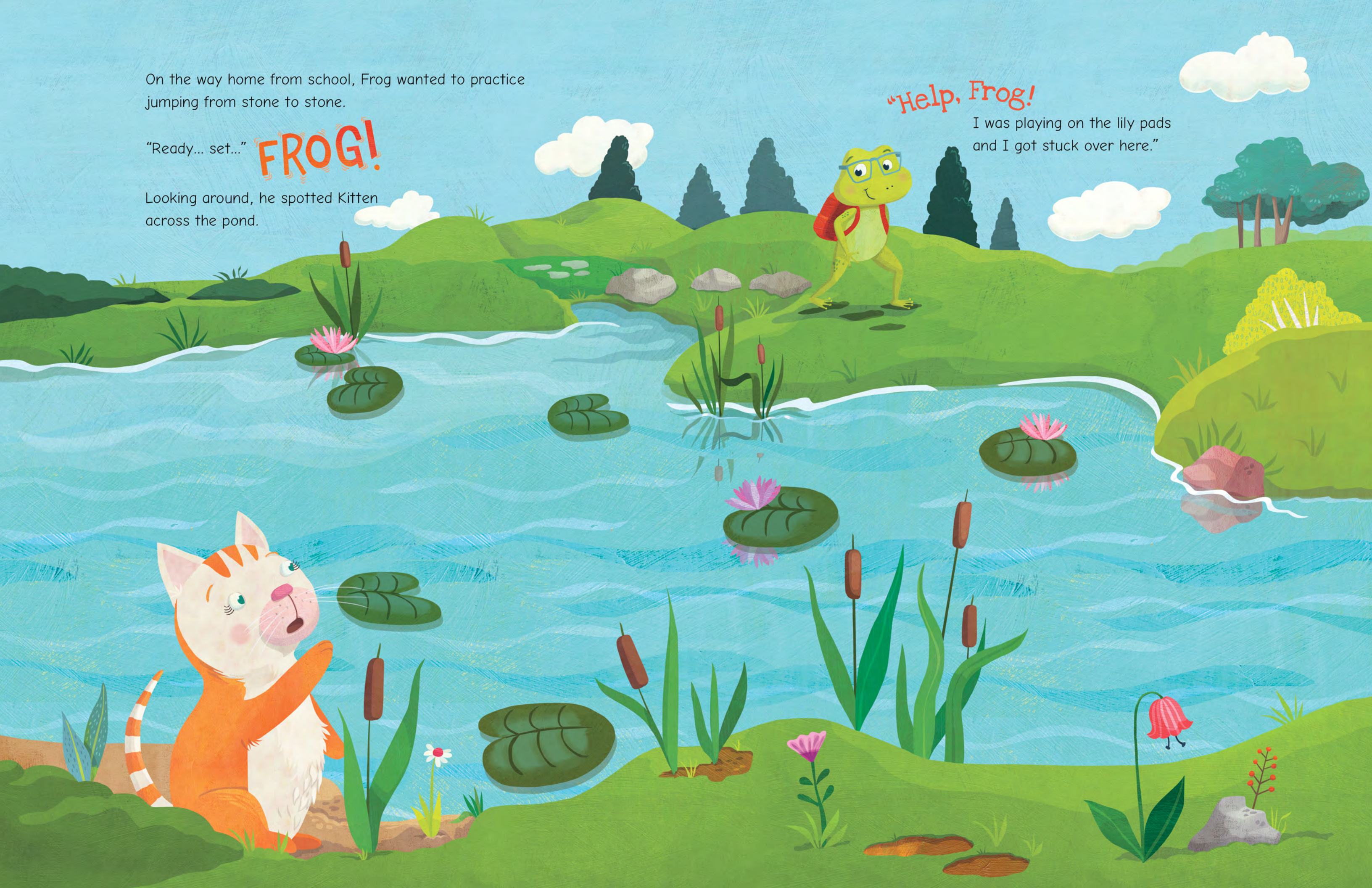
On the way home from school, Frog wanted to practice jumping from stone to stone.

“Ready... set...” **FROG!**

Looking around, he spotted Kitten across the pond.

“Help, Frog!”

I was playing on the lily pads and I got stuck over here.”



Frog still needed to rebuild his obstacle course so he could practice before it got dark. Hopping to the other side of the pond and back would take **forever!**

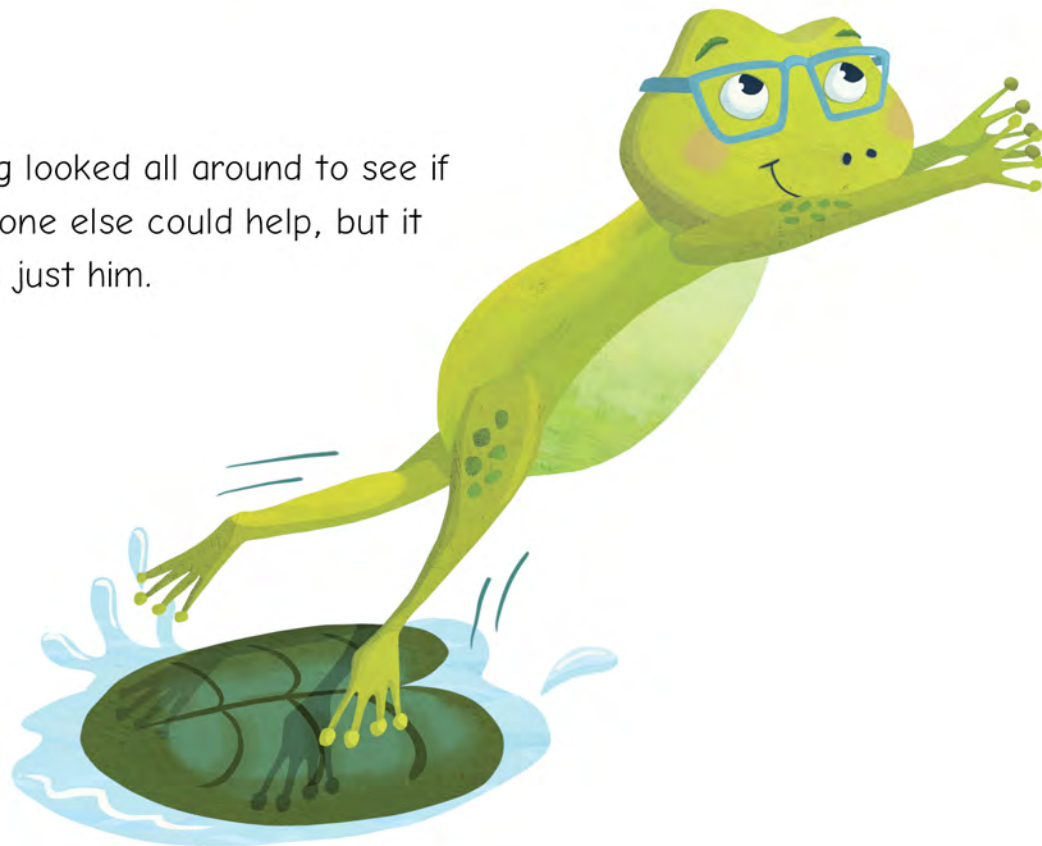


So he hopped from **lily pad**



to **lily pad**

Frog looked all around to see if anyone else could help, but it was just him.



until he reached Kitten.





That night, Frog pushed his food sadly around his plate.
"Mom, I don't want to enter the contest anymore.
I haven't had any time to practice."





Frog's mother
smiled down at
him. "How did you
help Mole?"



"And Giraffe?" Mom asked.

"I balanced on her neck to put on her hat. And I
hopped from lily pad to lily pad to help Kitten..."



"I jumped into
the tree to get
an apple."



**"You see, you've been
practicing all along.**

Just not the way you
planned to."

"It was kind of you to help your friends. But remember, it's OK to say no sometimes. It takes practice to balance helping yourself and helping others. I'm still working on it too!"

Frog thought about his day. "It felt good to help my friends. But maybe next time,

I can save some time for my own plans too."



At the fair, Frog lined up with his friends.

When the whistle blew, he hopped up the

stack of logs,



across the wobbly
bridge
of hay,

and from **rock**
to rock.

At bedtime, Frog smiled proudly at his second-place trophy. Even though he hadn't won, he was excited for next year... and maybe if he took some time for himself, **things would go a little more like he planned.**





About the Author



Katharine is a wife and a mom of two who lives with her family in Michigan.

Katharine is a trained speech-language pathologist whose degrees in psychology, speech-language pathology, and linguistics sparked her interest in children's literature. When she's not writing books about Frog and his friends, you can find Katharine building furniture in her family woodshop, eating ice cream with rainbow sprinkles, or running road races all over the state.

About the Illustrator



Laura Watson lives and works in downtown Toronto, Ontario, with her husband, teenage daughter, and a big orange dog named Red. A childhood spent drawing, painting, and making crafts led to art school to pursue studies in fine art and illustration. Since then, Laura has created lighthearted and whimsical illustrations for children's books and magazines, textiles and stationery, and various children's toys and puzzles. Laura works in her cozy studio tucked in a corner of a 130-year-old Gothic Revival office building that may or may not be haunted. In her spare time, she runs at the beach, reads, and takes long, adventurous walks with her dog.

