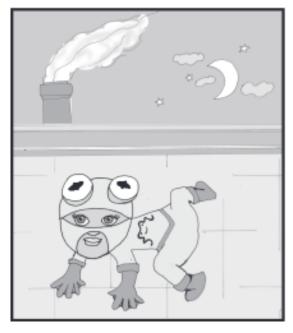




Can you keep a secret? Bullfrog Girl is really Betty Tate. I know. I was there the day she got her powers. We were playing in the bog together. Betty found a bullfrog. There was something strange about it. I swear it was glowing. Not a lot, but just a little bit. I dared Betty to lick it. I said I'd give her my new baseball bat if she did. Shoot, I really never thought I'd to have to give her that bat.

We walked back to my house. I dragged my feet. I didn't want to give her my bat. As we got close, Betty said she didn't feel too well. I couldn't understand her. She was slurring. She couldn't speak clearly. It was like her tongue had grown too big. Betty couldn't walk by the time we got to my house. She lay down in the grass. She couldn't move. Mom called Betty's parents. Soon after, her mom's car pulled up to take her home.



WHO IS BULFROG GIRL?

-by Judy Emmerson

There is a new superhero on the prowl. Maybe you've heard of her? She is going by the name of Bullfrog Girl. She can leap tall buildings in a single hop. She is able to stick to walls with just her hands



Betty didn't come to school for a few days after that. I thought she was sick. When she came back, I started seeing things. Weird things. Like today at snacktime. I was eating chips. I looked away for

a second. When I looked back, some chips were missing. Betty was on the other side of the table. She was crunching on something. But she didn't have a crunchy snack. She had a banana. When I spoke to her later, her breath totally smelled like chips!

Betty became an all-star athlete. I mean, she was always good. But now she was crazy good. Like when we played dodgeball. Betty could catch speeding balls. Balls flying so fast they could break your finger. It was like she had glue on her hands. She could also hop out of the way of speeding balls. Balls that were too fast for a regular kid to dodge.

A month later, I saw something in the news. It was about a superhero. Her name was Bullfrog Girl. She could leap over buildings in a single hop. She climbed up walls with her sticky hands and feet. She could even catch robbers with her super long tongue.

As soon as I read it, I knew who she was. I knew who Bullfrog Girl was. It was Betty Tate, my best friend. I never told anybody, until today. So now you know. I hope you can keep it a secret, too.











Can I tell you a secret? Bullfrog Girl's name is really Betty Tate. I know because I was there the day she got her powers. We were playing in the bayou together. Betty caught a bullfrog. There was something strange about it—I swear it was glowing. Not a lot, but just a little bit. I dared Betty to lick it. I said I'd give her my new baseball bat to lick it. Shoot, I really never expected to have to give her that bat.

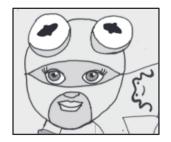
We walked home, going to my house first. I was dragging my feet. I really didn't want to give her my baseball bat. But as we got close, Betty said she didn't feel too well. I had trouble understanding her. She was slurring her words. It was almost like her tongue had grown too big for her mouth. By the time we got to my house, Betty couldn't walk. She lay down in the grass and couldn't move. Mom called Betty's parents. And soon her mom's car pulled up in the driveway to take her home.



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Well, I didn't see Betty for a few days at school. I just figured she was sick. But when she came back, I started noticing things about her. Weird things. Like, I'd be eating nacho chips at snack time. I'd look away for

a second, and when I'd look back some were missing.

And there was Betty, at the other end of the table,
crunching away on something even though she only
had a banana in her hand. And later, when I spoke to
her, she totally had nacho breath!

In P.E., Betty was suddenly a star. I mean, she normally wasn't too bad at sports, but suddenly she could catch a dodge ball coming at her at a hundred miles an hour. It was like she had glue on her hands. She was also super fast at hopping out of the way of flying balls. Balls so fast that no regular kid should be able to dodge.

A few months later, Mom was telling me about something she read in a local paper. There was a new superhero; they were calling her Bullfrog Girl. She could leap tall buildings in a single hop. She could climb walls with her sticky hands and feet. She could even catch robbers by lassoing them around the feet with her lightning fast (and super long) tongue.

As soon as Mom told me, I knew who she was talking about. It had to be Betty Tate, my best friend. I never told anybody, until today. So now I hope you'll keep her secret a secret, too.





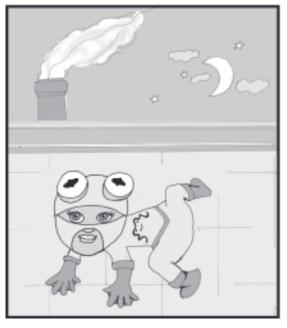






Can I tell you a secret? Bullfrog Girl's name is really Betty Tate. I know because I was there the day she got her powers. We were playing in the bayou together when Betty caught a big old bullfrog. There was something peculiar about it—I could almost swear that it was glowing. Not a lot, but just a little bit. I dared Betty to lick it and said I'd give her my new baseball bat if she did. Shoot, I really never expected to have to give her that bat.

We walked home, going to my house first. I was dragging my feet—I really didn't want to give her my baseball bat. But as we got close, Betty said she didn't feel too well. I had trouble understanding her because she was slurring her words. It was almost like her tongue had grown too big for her mouth. By the time we got to my house, Betty couldn't walk. She lay down in the grass and couldn't move. Mom called Betty's parents and a few minutes later her mom's car pulled up in the driveway to take her home.



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There is a new superhero on the prowl. Maybe you've heard of her? She is going by the name of Bullfrog Girl. She can leap tall buildings in a single hop. She is able to stick to walls with just her hands



When I didn't see Betty for a few days at school, I assumed she was sick. But when she returned, I started noticing new things about her—weird things. Like, yesterday, when I was eating nacho chips during snack time. I looked

away for a moment, and when I looked back some chips were missing. And there was Betty, at the other end of the table, crunching away on something even though she only had a banana in her hand. Later on, when I spoke to her, Betty totally had nacho breath!

In P.E., Betty suddenly became an all-star athlete. I mean, she normally wasn't too bad at sports, but suddenly she could catch an incoming dodge ball flying at about hundred miles an hour. It was like she had glue on her hands. She was also super fast at hopping out of the way of flying balls. Balls so fast that no regular kid should be able to dodge.

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