

Croak!

Squeenk!

Ribbet!

The shark was super sneaky. The shark was super slithery. The shark slid through the water like a silver streak.

Stink felt something grab his leg.
S-s-shark attack!

“AARGH!” Stink leaped out of the way, making a big, giant ker-splash!



POOL RULES
1. NO SWIMMING
2. NO SUNBATHING
3. NO BEACH BALLS
4. NO LIFE PRESERVERS
5. NO WATER!

The sneaky shark was . . . his sister,
Judy!

“Hey! No sneaking up on me like that in the pool. You scared my pants off!”

“That’s because I’m a Shark and you’re a Polliwog. You’re going to have to put your head underwater some time, Stink. You can’t stay a Polliwog forever. I’m almost a Barracuda!”

Sometimes, Stink wished he did not have to take swim lessons with Judy-the-almost-Barracuda. She was always bugging him to hold his breath and put his head underwater.

No thanks. He'd tried that one time when a kid named Dunk had dunked him. Okay, so Dunk wasn't his *real* name. But Stink still got a Major Nose Wedgie! Why would he want a geyser up his nose *on purpose*?

Riley Rottenberger was the one and only second-grade Shark. And Webster and Sophie were already Dolphins.

"I know how to swim," Stink told Judy.

"If you call doggie-paddling swimming," said Judy.

"I can swim across the pool," said Stink.

“Without a pool noodle?” Judy asked. Stink’s shoulders sagged.

“C’mon,” said Judy. “Just hold your breath and stick your face in the water.”

“Hello! Nose wedgie!” said Stink. Nose wedgies were scary. And they burned. And made you choke. Stink had been breathing air for over seven years, and he was just fine with that.

“Sharks get to dive for quarters,” said Judy.

Dive for quarters! Stink wanted to dive for quarters! But that meant holding his breath all the way to the bottom

of the pool. He shivered. “Maybe next week.”

“Stink!” called Cammy, his swim teacher. “Lesson’s over. Time to go.”

“See? Time to go,” said Stink.

“Have it your way,” said Judy. “But I’m going to dive for quarters one last time. Not pennies. Not nickels. Not dimes, Stink. Quarters.” She grinned like a sawtooth barracuda, then swam off silvery-smooth like a shark.

Stink clung to his pool noodle in the shallow end, watching the Sharks dip and dive and come up for air.

Polliwog-a-doodle-all the day.

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Then something unusual happened! Stink climbed up out of the pool. He flip-flopped his way into the boys' locker room. He flicked on the shower, turning his back to the hot water.

That's when he saw it. Something lumpy and bumpy in the corner of the shower. Something bigger than a spider. Something greener than a spider.

Stink turned off the shower and bent down to get a closer look. *SPROING!* The bumpy lump jumped!

"It's alive!" Stink yelled.

Ribbet! Ribbet-ribbet! The bumpy

lump was a frog! A teeny-weeny greeny frog.

“What are you doing in here, little guy?” Stink asked. “You’re far away from home, aren’t you?”

Wait just a frog-hoppin’ minute! Something was not right. Something was way wrong with that frog.

That frog had only one-two-three-not-four legs!



“Did you almost get eaten?” Stink asked. “Some big bad bird ate a frog leg for dinner, didn’t he?”

Stink just had to rescue the frog. He bent down and cupped his hands over the little guy. “Gotcha!”

Sproing! The little green three-legged froggy leapfrogged right out of Stink’s hands.

Stink tried again. He cupped his hands. He waited, waited, waited, and pounced. “Gotcha!”

Sproing! That froggy leaped right out of Stink’s hands again.

Stink chased that froggy in circles around the shower.

Sproing! The frog leaped onto the drain cover. *Sproing!* The frog leaped up on the wall. *Sproing!* The frog leap-frogged right inside Stink's swimming goggles.

Pounce! "Mine at last," said Stink.



Stink showed the frog to Judy. Stink showed the frog to Webster and Sophie of the Elves. Stink showed the frog to Riley Rottenberger.

"Meet King Otto," said Stink. "King of the three-legged frogs."

“More like Frogzilla!” said Riley.
Everybody cracked up.

“So cute,” said Judy.

“So tiny,” said Sophie.

“So green,” said Webster.

“So many warts,” said Riley.

Stink peeked at the frog again. He was bright shiny green with black eyes and a white racing stripe down his side.

“Those aren’t warts, those are—”

“Beauty marks,” Sophie teased.

“Ooh-la-la.”

“I was going to say freckles,” said Stink.

Everybody leaned in closer to peer at Stink's frog.

"Too bad about his leg," said Judy.

"Still, he'll make the perfect friend for Toady," said Stink.

"Yeah, if your toad wants a freak of nature for a friend," said Riley.

"You can't keep him," said Judy.

"You can't keep him," said Webster and Sophie.

"You can't keep him," said Riley Rottenberger.

"We'll see," said Stink.