



It was last week I was tell'n about the little wiggly tadpoles, remember? So one day I noticed a baby frog no bigger'n a gnat's a' crawling out of the primeval ooze in my pool cover. I mean he was little... no bigger'n a match head.

I got down real close, 'cause I wanted to inspect, tilted my head to the sky, old f's have to do that, bifocals and all. It's kind'a weird sometimes, trying to see when you get old, eyes looking where you need to look, head pointing whichaway to see with the darn glasses.

I made the mistake of buying those no-line kind`a glasses. Those kind that you don't know where to look through until you look four or five times. Anyway those toad babies were not... **THEY WERE DUCK FROG BABIES!!!**

Quickly I began scooping and placing tadpoles and babies in buckets and pans, not before dipping them three or four times to rinse off the oil slick. Man was I feeling un-

treehugger like.

You should'a seen me. Every couple'a hours I had to go out and see how they were doing. I put a couple a hundred thousand of 'em up on my deck. I was an expert duck frog daddy by then. I could scoop 'em up with a spoon quicker'n they could swish a tail. You'd be surprised how cute they were when I walked quietly out on my deck.

Thousands of little heads lined up on the edge of the buckets and bowls. I mean they know what they are... frogs in disguise. I wish I knew that much.. what it is I'm supposed to be when I grow up.

Shoot I raised tadpoles when I was just one too... still haven't grown up. Got caught using a good spoon again too, moving tadpoles from one dish to the next, just like I did way back when my wife yelled at me just like Mom did.

Doin` stuff like that makes me feel kinda like God, not the screwing up part, the spoon part, the moving critters about part.

Some things you learn okay... things like Word Perfect, Paint Shop, CorelDraw, you know the easy stuff; but using the wrong spoon... guess not.

Millions of baby frogs took up residence under my deck. Who knows what ecological disaster I created.

Anybody want duck frog

babies. I had 'em coming out my ears... and I still couldn't pump out my pool cover yet. The crazy things didn't seem to be bothered by the oil slick. Guess they're no different than we are, we can survive darn near anything... 'cept mosquitoes.

Oh well, maybe they'll invent a virtual reality swimming pool program. Man, now that's something I'd buy.. except I was stuck with the real thing, a hole in the ground so's birds, mosquitoes, and frogs can do their thing while I pour money in it. And besides that I never got in it anymore. My grandkids did though... cute little tadpoles they are... reminds me of me when I wasn't an old f'.

I think I'll build me a building over my pool.. that'll eliminate the whole problem and I can not use it all year round or maybe fill it with dirt.

So what's next?