









## Grandma's Game

By Clare Mishica

"Come on,  Grandma," said  Max. "Let's be  tops."







"OK,"  Grandma said, and they twirled like  tops by the  lake.




"Now let's be  frogs," said  Max, and they hopped like  frogs together.

"Next let's be  rocks," said  Grandma.

 "Rocks aren't fun," said  Max, but he sat on the  grass next to  Grandma. He didn't wiggle his  legs or wave his  arms. He sat very still.

Suddenly  Grandma whispered, "Look!"

 Max saw a  beaver dive into the  lake and a  frog jump by. Then a  butterfly landed on his  knee.

Finally,  Grandma said, "Time to go."  Max jumped up. "I didn't know  rocks could see so much!" he said.