

Some fireflies slipped out of Glom's pouch. They blinked weakly. "Oops," he said. Then he ran into the trees with Lucas. The other Wicked Deeds hurried after them.

They came to a mossy creek and stopped.

"Frogs!" Sally whispered.

Dozens of frogs sat on lily pads, croaking together like a moonlit choir. "Don't scare them," Cali said. "They're singing their nighttime song."

One frog plopped beside Merci. She tilted her head. "Well, aren't you brave?"

Scruples tiptoed to the edge. Another frog hopped close. "It's not afraid of me," he said.

"They trust us," Scholar added. The frogs blinked and croaked beside the fireflies. The fireflies' lights shimmered on the water.

Then the frogs slipped into the reeds.

"Time to go." Merci gave a bow. "Thanks for the tunes, little froggies."

