

TEN WORD TALES EASTER SPECIALS

# The Panama Frog

by The Story Spinner

## CHAPTER 4



Priya raced home, oranges retrieved but forgotten and, arriving breathless and bedraggled in the kitchen, showed the gold frog to her mum.

“I wonder,” said her mum and rang the police.

“I wonder,” said Sam, or as Priya thought of him now, *their* policeman.

Priya had not touched the frog once she had got it home. She had put it on the kitchen table where she and her mum had stared at it, waiting for Sam to arrive. Sam did something Priya had seen in crime dramas: taking out his special gloves, he put them on and

picked up the frog by a careful foot, dropping it into the evidence bag he produced from his pocket like conjuror.

Priya and her mother sighed as if they had been holding their breath. Sam asked Priya to show him where she had found it and soon teams of police arrived and began searching.

“Would you like to come with me to Panama Antiques?” Sam asked.

Priya’s mum gave her permission, so amazingly, less than twenty-four hours after walking grumpily home feeling bored, Priya was walking down the familiar road and through the spike-topped gates of Panama Antiques, with a policeman and a golden frog.

A very small lady, speaking what sounded like Spanish, quite madly and quickly, came rushing towards them. Sam explained that Priya had found something that might be one of the lost pieces. It had to stay in the evidence bag but could the lady examine it?

The lady took the clear bag in her long fingers, squealing with delight. In another torrent of Spanish the word *rana* came so frequently that Priya felt sure it must mean *frog*.

The lady then said, in English, that it *was* their frog, solid gold, nearly a thousand years old. She started crying and kissing Priya on both cheeks, saying *Thank you* and *Gracias*. Priya was relieved when Sam took her back home.