

"I'll have my painting staff ready ASAP, so that I can immediately let of color change!"

Mr. Frog was a professional visual artist. His paintings were widely admired by the public as well as folks living in the lake. His home has opened to all communities as Lake Superior.

For a short while, Mr. Frog's eyes fell steadily on a steady area in the shallow water nearby. Suddenly, in the steady green grass, he saw something moving at an exceptional speed. "What's that?" he's worried. He didn't noticed that "thing" until it arrived because it, as green as the woods, easily blended into the steady environment.

Then Mr. Frog witnessed a scene that could only occur in the most terrifying nightmare -- that "thing" swiftly attacked a fish, with its mouth opening in an unbelievable angle, it swallowed the head of its victim first, and then bit by bit, the rest of it. Mr. Frog couldn't believe his eyes -- the prey being swallowed was almost two thirds of the size of that "thing". "How could it be possible? Is it almost as big as its body?"

But the scene was just a vision. Before Mr. Frog realized it, the "thing" dashed towards him like an arrow, stopping just less than a foot from him. Mr. Frog finally saw his predator clearly. It was a very long fish, at least six inches in length. It had a light green face and a pale belly. Its body, even with the heavily tapered grey inside, looked a lot different. It had a hollow and lightning head, decorated by a steady large mouth. Mr. Frog immediately recalled the reason why he was in just one of the woods when happened to see the green frog a moment ago. Mr. Frog closed his eyes and waited for death to come.

However, the anticipated agony and pain never did not come. "Don't panic," Mr. Frog heard a female voice. "Although I do eat frogs and things even bigger, I never eat you and will spare your life if you can do one thing for me -- I want you to paint a portrait of me that satisfies me."

Mr. Frog opened his eyes carefully. "Let me introduce myself," the fish-looking creature continued. "I'm Ms. Moody. I just turned six years old, meaning that I'm an adult now, and I need a well made portrait to document this important moment."