

## Mother Stories Justina Wiggins

There is a frog and a ghost frog; this much is clear.  
Both like to hide behind water lapped stones and clouds of squash blossoms in the garden. Both will stretch their throats with air, feel the membrane grow thin and red before releasing.

In the first story the ghost frog eats too many spiders, falls asleep in a web, and is caught. He sits in a Trickster's palm: quivers, pees, and still refuses to jump away. In the second, the real frog is caught but plays dead, waits for the palm to open, and risks the rocks below.

In our family there are always two versions of each story.  
My grandmother wanted to be whole and my mother wanted to be free.