

Dear Frog, Iâ€™m Sorry For Killing You

Description

Weâ€™ve had a frog friend around our home for almost a year and always enjoyed searching for him when we went outside each day. Avery was a tad bit reluctant to get close to the frog at first, and Iâ€™m sure I didnâ€™t help matters much.



She was into the #frog, but then daddy went too far. #explore #amphibian #toddler #parenting #learning #outdoors

A video posted by RC Liley (@going_dad) on Sep 18, 2015 at 5:36pm PDT

As a reptile/amphibian lover, I couldn't accept her *not* liking our new froggy friend, so I would gently hold him up to her hoping she'd find the courage to pet the little guy.



I was just happy when she didn't run the other way when I held him up to her. At a safe distance, of course.



Yes, Dad, I see it. That's far enough!

Over the months, she found enjoyment searching for Mr. Frog burrowed in one of his several spots in our backyard. For a while, her and Going Mom would find him in a hole at the base of one of our trees. They'd peek down inside and tell him "hi" but he never responded.

Eventually, the frog made use of our [rain barrel](#) by seeking shelter underneath the raised water capture device while enjoying the perfect amount of shade and moisture. Every time I mowed our lawn, Avery would follow and find him venturing out from his hiding spot. Maybe to say hello, but Iâ€™m thinking the mower had something to do with it.

Sometimes heâ€™d be burrowed in a muddy spot right in front of us and we would never see him until he finally spooked and jumped away to the safety of the rain barrel cover. Then weâ€™d just get on our hands and knees, to stare at him as most likely hoped we just left him alone. Normally, we stopped trying to pester our amphibious friend, unless he reemerged from under the barrel.

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A video posted by RC Liley (@going_dad) on Apr 17, 2016 at 5:14pm PDT

Iâ€™m just happy sheâ€™s into the cold-blooded insect eater now. Every dadâ€™s dream, right?

Well, this dad I knowâ€¦aka meâ€¦put an end to our froggy fun this past weekend. I was mowing in the back like normal, careful to check all around the area Mr. Frog hung around before passing over, but never saw his bumpy skinned self in sight. So I carried on with mowing expecting to see him later when all of the sudden I hear â€œthump-a-dee-thud-thud-errrrâ€• emit from the blades.

*Sh*t*

Out of the side discharge shot Mr. Frog, or what was left of him. Apparently, he found a new spot to burrow. Unfortunately, it was not as muddy there and he couldnâ€™t burrow himself down enough to allow the mower to make a clean pass. That was the end of our backyard frog friend. At least we still have the burrow spot to keep him in our thoughts.

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Avery was there, but her attention was devoted to screaming “dandelion” at the top of her lungs as she just recently learned their name and loves picking them. Plus, she still doesn’t understand

death, even after seeing the frog's torn carcass.

So, frog, my friend (we're still friends, right?), I just want to personally say Sorry. Had I known you were in a new spot in our yard, I totally would of avoided mowing there or tried to relocate you. Most likely holding and petting you first, but still, safe and still alive. Again, sorry, and I hope you're in some sort of special froggy land catching the juiciest of flies with that extra long and sticky tongue of yours..

The good news is that we still have a frog at the front of our house. We see him sitting on our front porch each night as we finish dinner, and Avery makes sure to say goodnight to him with Mommy before her bath. Hopefully he doesn't find a new spot to hang out next time we mow!!

Have you ever killed a wild yard-dweller by accident?

What about on purpose?

Date Created

2016/05/23

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