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Still Good

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STILL GOOD Monica McFawn

One day Froggy Dagnet showed me his masterpiece and taught me his methods. "They're usually all curled up and sort of hidden in the grass by where the road ends so you have to look down for one that's still shiny and doesn't look broke. Here's a good one 'cause it's green and big and isn't broke so now we take it to the stream and wash it out. You gotta turn it inside out and swish it around real good and maybe put your hand in it to get it stretchy so it hangs better." Froggy trusted me with the job of stretching and drying, so I put my hand in it and spread my fingers as we walked to what he called his 'Magic Bounty Tree,' a big tree outfitted in about a hundred used prophylactics, some of them pulled over big branches, straining so they looked like squeaky webs, some of them filled with pinecones and rocks to help them hang low, some simply tossed up as high as Froggy could throw, and these settled on the high branches like little angel stockings snagged off during a low flight. It was an awesome sight, and I was as puzzled as Froggy when he said he didn't understand why people threw them out when they were still good.