

Cheryl Kaye Marshall

Age: 17, Grade: 12

Home School, Birmingham, AL

Educator: Elisabeth Dahl

Category: Flash Fiction

Franny the Frog

There once was a little frog. Her name was Franny. Franny was sitting in her family's log getting ready for Easter dinner at her vanity. She put on her best pearl earrings and the cutest little sunflower dress. As she hopped around, she couldn't wait to spend the night catching up with her favorite cousins.

"Franny, time to go, Sweetheart!"

"All right, Momma. Y'all go on ahead. I need to find my hat."

"Ok, try to hurry."

Franny heard the door shut as her parents went to dinner.

She looked for her hat under her bed, in her shoes called Keds, and on her mantle which was red. Wait, turns out it was on her head! Franny chuckled at her forgetfulness and looked in the mirror one last time. The neighbor Ms.

Smith had given her the new hat, and Franny was in love. She hoped to open a hat shop one day.

She began hopping down the road, but the wind was fierce.

"Ooo, I should've brought my sweater." She said to herself.

She was shivering down the road when her head felt cool. She looked to her right, and her hat was soaring through the air! She couldn't lose her favorite hat! She hopped as quickly as she could trying to get it, but the wind was faster than her. She pushed her tiny legs as fast as they could go, but the hat was going 3 times faster. Franny would not give up though. Splashing through mud, she slipped and cut her cheek. She cried out in pain. She tried to gather herself quickly, but when she stood, she was so dizzy that she couldn't even see which way the hat had gone.

"Oh phooey. I suppose I'll just go on to the Easter dinner." As she turned around, something caught the edge of her eye. It was her hat in a bush. She hopped and got it out. Oh, how delighted she was! She was wet and muddy, but at least she had not lost her precious hat.

As she started her walk back, a huge rush of water came flying through. She screamed and swam and kicked her legs. She held onto her hat as tight as she could. At least she wouldn't lose that again. The water spun her until she couldn't see straight. She was approaching a tree rapidly! She knew that if she hit her head on that, it would knock her unconscious. Franny kicked and looked for anything she could grab on to, but there was nothing. The tree was coming closer and closer. She braced herself for the impact. Her head was an inch away when she stopped. Her leg was caught in a branch. Oh, what luck she had. Ah! The branch snapped from the pressure of the water, and she hit her head. At least it wasn't as hard though. Her breath was out of control as she held on to the tree.

Franny climbed up into a little hole above the rush of the water. She sat and decided to wait for the storm to pass.

Where was she? Home was very far. But she didn't even know which way home was. Oh, boy.

She sat in the hole so sad. How would she ever get back home?

Eventually, she drifted off to sleep. When she woke up, the skies were clear and there was no more rain. Franny felt elated! She jumped out and started trying to find her way home.

"I'm pretty sure it's left." She thought. So, she hopped on down the road. She saw things that were familiar to her, so she began to feel much better. "I think I'm almost there."

Vroom! She turned around, and a huge car was right behind her. She hopped, and her heart was beating out of her chest. Her legs felt like they were going to fall. She ran and ran and ran. Her feet hit the grass once more, and she relaxed.

Oh no! The grass was in the middle of the highway. Now she was further away from home than before, and there were cars zooming every which way. How would she ever get back to the side of the road? How would she ever get home? How did she even get in the middle without getting killed? She sat down and cried until her eyes were swollen. She missed her family and by now, she would never be home for Easter, or at all.

"What's better? To get killed trying to get back or die here?" She had to try.

The cars stopped and she knew her chance was now. She hopped through the lanes. Just a couple more hops. 5-4-

3-2- BAM!

A car had hit Franny. Her body rolled to the side of the road. She slowly blinked her eyes. Her leg was broken. She would never get home now. Tears streaked her face.

“Do you need help?” A beautiful butterfly approached.

Franny hardly had the energy to answer. She whispered, “Home.”

The butterfly helped Franny onto her wings and flew high until she saw some other frogs. Franny was starting to wake up and as the butterfly landed, Franny saw her family awaiting her. Her mother embraced her; her cousins were excited; and everyone was asking what happened. Franny turned around, and the butterfly was already leaving. She yelled a big thank you!

She turned to her family and friends and said, “Well, I need a strap for my big great hat.”