

The Eventful Life of a Me --- a Frog

Hi. I *know* that I am supposed to start this story off already as a frog, and I *know* you will probably hate my story, cuz' it's about my life as a frog an' my story is basically a life cycle of a frog an' I know it's boring, and I—

Narrator: Are you done blah-blah-blah-ing? It's not like whoever's reading out there will want to listen to you babble on and on!

OMG, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR INTERRUPTING MY PERFECT TOTALLY NOT RUN-ON SENTENCE! DON'T INTERRUPT ME NEXT TIME. IT'S RUDE (YA DUMMY).

So anyways, reader, I totally wasn't just screaming at my Narrator, and let's begin.

Narrator: She screamed at me!

NO I DIDN'T JUST LET ME SPEAK IT IS MY TURN AND NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR YOU SAY A WORD CUZ' YOUR VOICE IS NASALLY AND WEIRD SO BE QUIET!!

Narrator: Jeez, kid. I'll be quiet.

I'M NOT A KID! I'M A FROG (YA DUMMY). So, yeah, um, anyways! Let's just hop right on to my delightfully delicious story.

I, as a tadpole, was happily munching on literally everything. Find an animal carcass? Eat it. Find algae? Eat it. Find mosquito larvae? Eat it. Find—

Narrator: Ohhhh, *that's* why you said your story was “delightfully delicious.”

DIDN'T I *JUST* TELL YOU TO BE QUIET?! OMG!! DO I NEED TO HIRE A NANNY TO BABYSIT YOU OR SOMETHING??!!

Narrator: Ugh, you have anger problems.

NO I DON'T NOW BE QUIET OR I'LL CALL YOU 'YA DUMMY' FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!!!

Anyways so, I was just snacking on some food, and this family just came over and stopped there. I thought they would just leave, and y'know, be a normal...monster. (They're called humans, but I call them monsters.) I ignored them. But then they dunked a tank into the water. The force sent me exploding away! I swam farther from the scary tank thing and then, with a swoosh of the tank, I was trapped. *Trapped. INSIDE THE FREAKIN' TANK.* What did I even do to these monsters?

Soon, after panicking and swimming 'round and 'round the tank, I realized that being restless was certainly not going to help. Then, I realized that I would have no food! Seriously! I panicked all over again, and when the family brought me into a cottage, I panicked harder.

What would they do to me, I remember thinking. Oh! Also, my tail hurt a lot, from when I was born, so I was kinda used to it. But all that swimming wore me out. I layed, mid-water, exhausted.

Then, I noticed that I was the only one in the tank. No fair!

Soon, the monsters left. I hated them. Way more than I could say. They *kidnapped* me, took me *away* from my *home*, and I got *nothing* good out of it!

Anyways, they sent me to this place where different monsters studied my tail, did (painful) stuff to it, blah blah blah, and then I was back in the tank. My tail got healed. It no longer hurt. These monsters had healed it, and so I entirely thought of them differently. In other words, I no longer hated them. And the embarrassing truth was, I kinda loved them.

I spent a couple more weeks there and aged from a tadpole to a young frog, and my tail disappeared. I was so strong! I could climb up and over the tank, which is why the family put a lid over it. I loved them very much, for they gave me food and a shelter, but the lid was very annoying. So much less space!

Soon, these not-so-much-monsters-anymore placed me back in the wild, in my creek. My mother had sadly passed away, so I went searching for my father. I swam in circles searching for him, and that's when it dawned on me that my father was dead, my mother was dead, I was an adult, and I would no longer need my parents to take care of me.

But I was still very sad, so when the family that healed my tail came over, I leapt on one of their shirts. One of the family members ran and brought back the tank, and I jumped into it, leaving a water stain on the girl's shirt. She giggled, which sounded like melted gold. I loved her a lot.

Soon enough, I realized that I was wrong about these humans being monsters, and wrong about not having a family.

My family was right here with me the whole time. And I can't believe I never knew that until they rescued me. But I couldn't have been happier.

Hello. My name is Abigail. I was just happily browsing the internet one day, when I found this website that shows how to see if an animal is injured and what to do with it. I searched up on the website "Tadpole" because I have a bunch of them in my backyard creek.

I discovered that one that is kind-of sort-of limping means that it is hurt. So I told my mom and dad. We searched in the creek all day until we found one. I named her Sharon because I found out later that she was female.

We brought her into our cottage, and then called the wildlife rescue center. They healed Sharon, and now, her tail moves perfectly fine!

We let her go after her tail disappeared, but one day, while visiting her, she leapt on my shirt! So cute (and messy)! My mom brought the tank over, and Sharon leapt into it. We brought her home, and we found out (from the doctor's help) that BOTH her parents were dead from eating polluted algae. So we took care of Sharon. I loved her a lot, so I was very sad when she died (of age). But, like they say, there is always a happy side of the story, right? Well, I discovered that *my* happy side of the story was that Sharon had *babies*. I learned later that our male frog, Alex, literally piggy-back-rided her, and fertilized her eggs when it was coming out. Her babies hatched just yesterday, and I realized that my love for Sharon had just become something new. And I can't believe that I had to see it to believe it. But I couldn't have been happier.

The End!

Name: Naomi/Nai Nai
Age: 10 – becoming 11!
Grade: 5th

Naomi Zhang, Age 10

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Narrator: DON'T FORGET!!!!

Abigail: Now you're the one that has anger issues.

Ghost Sharon: Yeah, man.

Narrator: I will hire the nanny *you* hired for *me* to babysit *you*.

Abigail and Ghost Sharon: NANNY-NEEDER!

Narrator: I'm outta here.