

Phoebe W.

Endless Meadow

I wonder how I got here. Laying in soft, green, delicate grass I sat up. Rubbing my eyes a few times, I tried to rethink my mind. But, I couldn't. I don't know who I am and why I'm here. My body hurt all over, as if I had fallen into this world. I am in my teens, I think. Probably 13 or 14. But, I'm pretty sure my name starts with a V. I looked up at the sky trying to find the sun. But no, there was **no** sun. The only thing in the sky is sky, no clouds or anything, just sky. I wondered how there was light without the sun. Am I in heaven? Slowly getting up, I tried to walk. I kept on walking, not really feeling my feet, just feeling numbness. But I probably should get out of here.

In the distance, I saw a weirdly shaped blob of green. Yes, I know everything here is green, but the green thing is not just a weirdly shaped blob of green, it was a frog. A HUGE frog, probably the size of my head. I have no idea how it got here, but it's just a frog. This frog was the first thing I saw other than grass, flowers, sky, meadow. I stared at the frog for a very long time and it stares back with those glassy eyes.

After a while, it's the frog who spoke first, "CROAK".

That startled me a lot. Yes, a lot that even made my body jump. Then, it started speaking some prophecy or something. This is not just a frog. Also, how do frogs even speak?

*"if you want to escape
you must explore the landscape.
with the endless meadow
you rise or fall with dark or aglow.
find that thing with a special need
for the thing you help is with a deed."*

With that, the frog went *poof* and disappeared. That was like the weirdest thing I ever experienced in my life, even though I don't remember it. Questions buzzed through my brain while I was thinking.

I thought hard about what the frog just said. At least what the frog said made some sense. Obviously, I must explore this crazy endless meadow without dying. I also probably need to help someone or something, so I could get this *thing* to bring me back home. I don't remember anything, but I will try to get out of here at least.

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I think I walked an hour or so, and I decided to stop and rest. That is when I heard something crying. I froze and stopped, and I dropped down to the ground in the long grass. Memories flooded back to me.

I was at home in bed crying at night from coming home from school in 4th grade. Tears washed on my face onto my pillow getting it all soggy and wet. Thinking about the time I was at school, at the playground, and the kids were laughing. Laughing at me.

Calling me names from Violet to Varmint, chanting, "Violet is a Varmint, Violet is a Varmint!", and after that they pushed me to the ground.

I sprawled in the mulch getting splinters in skin which became bulky red. Tears leaked all over my eyes from hurt physically and mentally. Trying to crawl away, I tried to get up.

"Ha! Go cry baby!", one kid shouted, and kicked me right in my hip.

"Stupid dum dum," another one laughed.

I blinked back my memory, and up with sweat. Still hearing someone crying, I went forward slowly, still on the ground. It was a dwarf! But a real tiny one. His head was on his knees with tears flowing down his tiny legs. He didn't notice me yet, so I came very close to it, kneeled my knees, and plopped right in front of him. This got his attention. He looked up with those red puffy eyes and screamed. The dwarf tried to scramble away, but I blocked him. This must have scared him even more, so I tried to use words.

"It's okay. I'm not going to harm you or anything," I said in my nicest voice.

"You promise?", he squeaked.

I nodded my head and smiled. His hair was messed up and tangled with a green long hat that was all crushed. The dwarf had a rosy chubby face that was mushed. He had big blue eyes with a stubby body and wore ragged clothes with bruises all over him. I wondered why.

“What's your name little one? Also, why are you dressed like that?” I asked curiosity. I crossed my fingers and hoped the last part didn't sound offensive.

“Dupris. Big bullies hurt me, they call me Dumpris,” he replied sadly.

This made sense. When I was in 4th grade, bullies hurt me and called me names. Sad, frustrated, and scared, I had nothing to do to stop them. This was probably why my family moved. Right now, I am not going to let that happen to this poor dwarf.

“Listen, my name is Violet,” that name sounded so familiar, “You are not going to sit back and let the bullies do anything bad to you. I have experienced this, and I don't want to let you make the same mistake as I did. You're going to listen to me. I didn't stand up, I let them hurt me. I didn't say anything, I let them call me names. I didn't stay strong, instead, I fell. Fell into darkness, misery, and depression. Dupris, if you are going to let them do stuff to you, then let them. It's your choice,” I don't know how I did a speech from my mind and it's not the best, but it sure did help him.

“Thank you,” he murmured and looked up at me, “If you believe in me, I can do it, but right now it's my turn to help you now,” he waved his hand in a circle that that followed with golden dust that sparkled in the light, and said, “Remember what the frog has told you.”

“Wait, wha-”

With that, I was in my bed, awakened from a dream that seemed so real.

the end