

# The Fractured Frog King

*by Eydie McDaniel*

There once lived a King whose youngest daughter was so very beautiful. One hot day as she sat on the brink of the cool well, playing with her very favorite thing, her golden cell phone, her little hand slipped and dropped it into the well. She watched it sink. She wept & wept. Then she heard a voice saying, "What ails thee, king's daughter? She looked to see that the sound came from an ugly frog stretching his ugly green head out of the water. Said she, "I weep because my golden cell phone has fallen into the well." - "Do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help you. What will you give me in return?" "Whatever you like, frog," said she, "my exquisite clothing, my jewels, or even my golden crown." - "To me these do not appeal", answered the frog. "If thou wouldst promise to love me, and have me for thy companion, beside thee at thy table, eating from thy plate, and sleeping in thy little bed, then will I dive below for your golden cell phone." - "Oh yes," she answered, "I promise it all." "Please get my phone!" He disappeared into the well.

The frog had caught her cell phone in his back feet. He quickly added her number and that of her father, the King, into his phone. Soon he appeared with the golden cell phone in his mouth. Laughing with joy the maiden quickly ran off with her phone. "Stop, stop!" cried the frog, "take me too!" He croaked loudly for good measure, and then called Jimmy John's speedy flower delivery. She forgot all about the poor frog, at the well as she reached home. But alas, a lovely bouquet of sweet red roses awaited her in the arms of her father. The frog had called the father most sincerely. So the king forbade his daughter to reject the ugly frog.

Though repulsed by the frog, she shared her table, her chair, her plate. He even slept quite well in her little silken bed. When the daughter wept, the frog knew just what to say. Soon to her surprise she found herself quite fond of his company. One fine morning she awakened to find the most handsome prince she had ever seen. He comforted her with the same sweet smile as the frog. Then he told her a wicked witch had bound him with a spell to be a frog. He explained that her love for him had broken the spell.

The delight of the king and queen blossomed with a lavish celebration of his true identity. In a few weeks they all sped away in a white carriage drawn by eight white horses, with white plumes on their heads. The new couple married in the nearby kingdom of the prince and texted happily ever after.