

Once Upon a Lilly Pad

By Joan Black

My name is Matilda and I am a frog. Just like everyone else, I read the papers and watch the news so I got really charged up when I learned about the Million Woman March that was going to take place. EVERY female, regardless of race, color, creed, sexual orientation, or species, was invited to march along and PROTEST. Didn't matter what you wanted to Protest – just whatever your particular gripe might be. If you happened to be one of the few Fortunate with nothing to protest, then just make a sign, any sign, and get in line and join in the fun. Make yourself heard even if you have nothing to say.

Now, I DEFINITELY have a gripe, and it is this: Female bullfrogs have no voice! Not just no voice in politics, wage scales, feminine health, equal opportunities blah, blah, blah...but LITERALLY - NO VOICE. WE CANNOT CROAK! Women and Girls DO NOT RULE in Frogdom. Now is this a legitimate gripe or what!?

Unable to recruit any of my female friends (they said it was too far to hop) – I determined to go it alone – so, off I went proudly brandishing my homemade sign which read "IT'S NO JOKE - I CAN'T CROAK." Hundreds of us, all yelling and singing and chanting and dancing, about our particular beef and men in general and male Politicians in particular. Oh it was spectacular! We gathered in the park across from the Capital – and that's when I became distracted.

In my peripheral vision I noticed a butterfly, a MONARCH butterfly, fluttering around. He was gorgeous and I went all of a tizz-wazz as he glided towards me. He settled on my sign and said "YOU have been chosen. I have picked you out of all the thousands of females here. I am a MONARCH and a spell has been cast on me – in order to find my Queen I have to kiss the ugliest female I can find – and you definitely take the cake." Well, I was a bit disgruntled by this back-handed compliment, but the prospect of being kissed by this dazzling creature definitely appealed to me so I puckered up and he lightly brushed my thick ol' lips ... and a miracle happened. I was immediately transformed into a beautiful butterfly!

We spiraled together, up, up and over the noisy throng of protesters and on to our own private Fairy Land and as we flew away into the Sunset I shed a silent tear for all those angry women, Ha! Ha! And Monarch and Matilda lived happily ever after. THE END