

She Frog

by T. M. Upchurch

She had a face like a frog: wide mouth, prominent eyes — and when she touched him, her fingers felt clammy on his skin. He'd noticed it before, alternately intrigued and repelled until today when, in a moment fueled entirely by curiosity, he took her swimming. He monitored her expression as she saw the water; when her eyes bulged he wondered, do frogs have fun? Before he could turn to ask, she leaped in and swam like a fish — although without a fish's grace or purpose — and he laughed to see her meaty thighs gaping wide as if to engulf the water... the world... him. And all the while, as she thrashed and splashed and even when she sank beneath the surface, her face remained an unearthly blank. Then she was gone, leaving only his baffled frown and the memory of green.

