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Obsessions

by Mia Sundby

When I first said goodnight to the frogs in the meadow it was a joke.

With the state of the world being what it is, with horrors and bigotry and pandemics at every turn, one of the best re-charging methods that presented itself to me was frogs. They are, as my internet feeds will assure me, everywhere. No, every*thing*.

It has been forty-three nights since the first "Goodnight," I whispered across the meadow that is my back garden, hoping that my well-wishing reached the wild pond at its far edge. I smiled, amused at the thought of the frogs having heard me, and trundled off to bed, their indignant throaty calls echoing even within my cottage.

On the third night, there was a frog sat on my back step. Startled, I stared down at it --bin bag in my hand, glancing between it and the row of bins on my driveway.

The frog, green, small and unassuming, stared back. In the dusk, its bugged eyes looked unnaturally large. Deciding to be entertained rather than spooked, I chucked the rubbish away and returned to the step, making idle conversation with the creature until I heard the kettle boil. It felt only right to leave the frog a saucer of some nice (cooled down) tea.

On the seventh night, there were two. I snorted at the sight, and once again set down a saucer of tea, bundled myself onto the back step and eyed them both with fascination.

On the tenth night, there were six. At this point, I thought it was unusual. If nothing else, I'd never heard of frogs enjoying tea.

Now, it is the forty-third night and I do not know how many there will be on my back step, ribbiting for conversation and tea and biscuits. Last night there were thirty-two. It has become my main social outlet. It has become, I will admit, something of an obsession; I've begun to set out little chairs and tables from an old dollhouse. They like to sit on them. I like to see them sitting on them.

As far as obsessions go, I can't say it's the worst one I've heard of; and now, with little else to fill my days, obsessions are the only things that matter.

Though, I don't remember giving them the suits...

