

An illustration of a young child with blonde hair, wearing a striped shirt and blue shorts, crouching on a mossy rock in a dense, green forest. A small green frog is visible on the rock next to the child. The forest is filled with tall trees and vibrant green foliage, with sunlight filtering through the canopy.

Freaky Frogday

With help from a special friend,
the new kid at daycare goes
from outcast to drum major in a
fantastic froggy parade.

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illustration style image: karlyjade on deviantart

About the Author

Amelia Bartlett is a writer, storyteller, and entrepreneur based in Knoxville, TN. Time in quarantine sparked this career transition from marketing strategist to author, and *Freaky Frogday* is just the beginning.

About the Story

Freaky Frogday is a story about embracing your authentic self even when all you want to do is "fit in." Being new and unaccepted can be scary, but when you can find the courage to express what makes you special, you let people fall in love with the real you.

Author Platform Information

Website: est. 2015 w/ SEO strategy
Instagram: 1.8k followers, 10% engagement
Affiliation: Bookseller at Union Ave Books, writer with Blank Newspaper (circ. 10,000)



american bullfrog, illustration by Kelzuki

Praise for Freaky Frogday

"I absolutely loved this story! I wanted to be the frog. It's so cute!"

Flossie McNabb, owner *Union Ave Books*

"This has to be a picture book, I can already see it in my head!"

Stephanie Hong-Alvarez, *parent*

Book Marketing Plan

Author Brand Growth Plan

Leveraging existing blog, socials, and established SEO foundation:

Bi-weekly blog publishing and email campaign, with SEO strategy and author network growth directives.

Authorship-focused advertorial media development for socials, web appearances, press, and features.

Book character kit collaboration with *Monsters Made with Love*, workshop.

more plan details upon request.

Book Launch Campaign

Host interactive storytelling event with giveaway and pre-order launch.

Podcast and appearances schedule.

Press:

- Blank Newspaper (circ. 10,000)
- WBIR (circ. 500,000 +)
- 30+ confirmed reviewers on Goodreads and Amazon

Book signings and readings in:

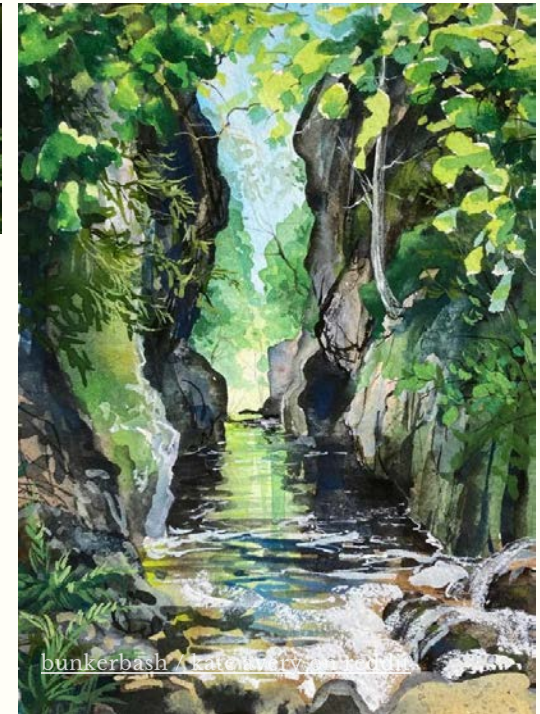
- Knoxville, TN at Union Ave Books
- Nashville, TN at Parnassus Books
- Tampa, FL at Oxford Exchange

Mood & Aesthetic

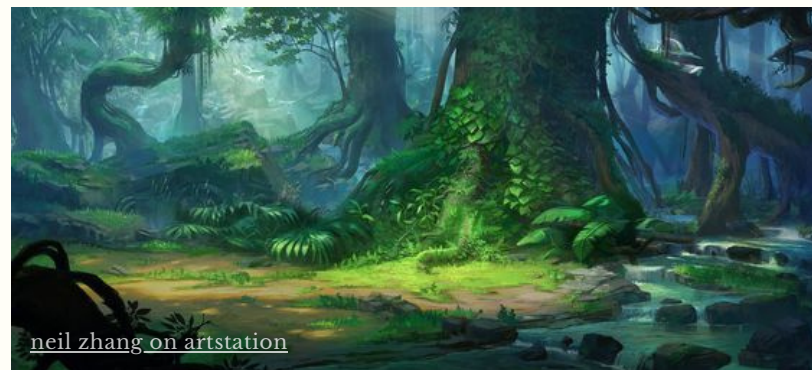
Freaky Frogday begins in a less-than-welcoming Victorian-style residence and takes the reader to a sunny, technicolor creekbed, bringing the froggy parade to an old-style playground: [Full Pinterest Board](#)



The Frog's perspective takes us to grass-level, where the minute becomes the magical.



Settings are exaggeratedly exciting, as a young child might imagine them when they're wholly focused on play.



Inspiring illustrators & works:

- Freya Hartas, *If You Go Down to the Woods Today*
- Matt Ottley, *Teacup*
- Paolo Proietti, *Before We Sleep*
- Nicolo Carozzi, *Brave as a Mouse*

Freaky Frogday

Beckett Brye was not having a very good day.

It was their first day at Pebble Creek Daycare. The other children whispered that they were the *new kid in town*. Miss Presswood told them, “Let’s help Beck feel right at home,” but they ignored her.

No one wanted to trade sandwich halves, even though their mom packed them a big, gooey fluffernutter. And no one wanted to play with them down by the creek.

So, Beck collected shiny pebbles in a bowl and looked for salamanders by themselves. They hummed ‘When You Wish Upon a Star’ and stayed out of sight so the other children couldn’t see them cry.





A loud *screech!* echoed overhead.

A huge bird circled in the sunlight. Beckett froze; that bird was as big as they were!

Clambering from the creek bed, they saw the bird's quarry, a fat green frog wriggling into a pile of rocks. Beck knew the frog wouldn't make it to safety in time.

They dumped the pebbles from their bowl; the loud splashes startling the bird. Carefully, they placed the bowl over the critter's hideaway.

Standing with their arms crossed, Beck shouted into the sky, "Get away!" The bird thrashed its wings then flew away.

Beck's heart pounded as they lifted the bowl.

"I hope I didn't scare you, little frog. I was only trying to help."

The frog emerged and blinked up at Beck.

In a high-pitched voice, the frog exclaimed, "Thank you for rescuing me! Not the first time I've seen that bird. It's so scary being this small."

Beck's mouth fell open, surprised. "You can talk?" they blurted, looking around to see if the other children had heard.

"To you, it seems!" jabbered the frog in surprise.

With a great sigh, Beck sat down in the creek bed. "I wish I were small," they complained. "Then, I wouldn't have to go to daycare at all. I could..." they considered the idea, "fit right into my dad's shirt pocket! I would stand next to his favorite pen and go to work with him..."



The frog leapt closer. “I’ve never been in a pocket before.”

Beck grinned at the frog and extended their hand. “Hop up!”

The frog reached out and touched the tip of Beck’s finger, preparing to jump.

In an instant, Beck felt like they were being squeezed through a tube. A bright light flashed before their eyes, and when they could see again, the world was changed.

Their hand had become tiny, webbed, and green! From their spot on the grass, ants were as big as kittens and the breeze brushed a flower over their back. They peered up at... themselves?

“What happened to me?” Beck exclaimed, their voice high-pitched like the frog’s.

Beck’s own voice answered in alarm, “Oh no, I think we’ve switched!”



“Frog, is that you?” Beck began to understand.

“My mom told me to never touch a human,” the frog sputtered, speaking as quickly as before, “But, she never told me why!”

Realization dawned on Beck as they flexed their long froggy legs and took their first big hop, splashing into the shallow creek.

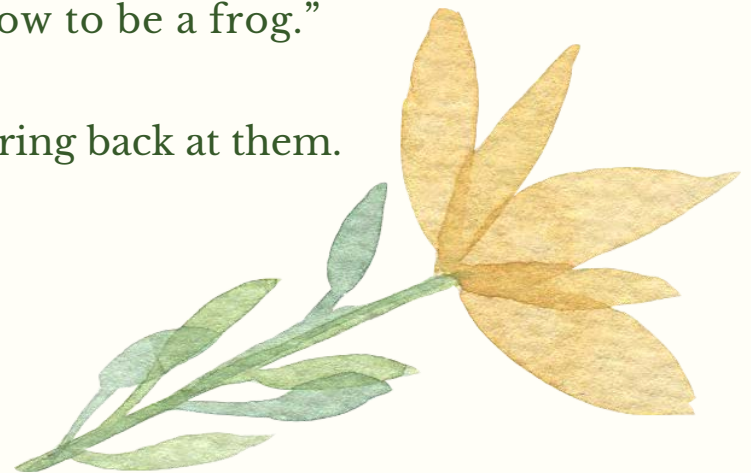
“This is so cool!” Beck bounded from pebble to pebble, sticky toes catching with every step.

“This is my first time as a human,” the frog replied in awe, sinking down into a squat.

“Well...” Beck glanced around. “I don’t really know how to be a frog.”

The frog smiled, and Beck giggled at their own face staring back at them.

“That’s easy! Like this!”



The frog leapt up and landed in the grass, squealing at such newfound strength. Beck watched for a moment then followed suit. They could jump so high for being so small!

Beck and the frog hopped around the yard, laughing loudly, before edging closer to the playground.

From the distant sandbox, a small group of children began to watch who they thought was Beck having quite a lot of fun. The children looked at each other, considering how they've been wear of Beck earlier that day.

The longer the children watched the human Beck jump around in delight, the harder it was to resist.

Thundering footsteps raced over to Beck and the frog, still marveling at the world through a human's eyes. Beck hopped just out of sight and peered nervously toward the crowd.

“Those kids weren’t very friendly to me earlier.”

The children looked at the frog in Beck’s body, waiting for the next move in this ribbeting game.

“I think we just need to show them how much fun you are. You got the hang of it, right? You lead the frog parade.”

Beck wiggled their webbed toes and smiled, a burst of confidence in their chest. Then, they leapt toward the creek!



It felt like hours of jumping and splashing, laughing and cheering. The other children tried their own froggy moves and kept asking the frog in Beck's body what game to play next.

Each time, the frog would look to Beck who, with a ribbet or a splash of their tongue, would lead the way.



A loud bell sounded from the daycare building, pulling the children from the frog parade. “Come on, Beck! That bell means our parents are here!”

“Just a second, I need to get my froggy friend back to their family.”

The two friends met to rest in the shallow creek, tired from a long day of play.

A loud *chirrup* came from the other side of the creek. A much larger frog was looking from Beck to the frog who, despite being in a human’s body, could not be mistaken by their own mother.

“Looks like I have to go, too.” The frog extended a hand to Beck, who paused.

“Will I see you tomorrow?” Beck asked.

“See you tomorrow,” said the frog, with a grin.

Beck placed one sticky green foot onto their own human hand and felt the same squeezing feeling. When they opened their eyes, they were tall and warm, and their hands were no longer webbed.

One of the other children hollered from the back door, “Come on, Beck! Jody’s mom brought cookies!”

Beck smiled, glad to have made a friend today.



Thank you!

It is a privilege to know this story has made it to the hands of an editor. This wouldn't have been possible without the help of Hannah Thiessen, published by Abrams Craft Imprint. Should you have further narrative, design, or marketing questions, please see my contact information.



Draft & Contact Information

Freaky Frogday is an unpublished short story originally submitted to the NYC Midnight Flash Fiction contest in October, 2021 with no public sharing or distribution.

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