

FULL NAMES:

Hour:

EVALUATE a FINAL Paper - SEE Related Sheet - Write on This Sheet - Frog Attack

By Mariah

My hair flying in the wind, **the water as warm as a bath** (simile) splashing up on my arms and sunglasses, the boat going faster and faster every second. It is finally summer and time to spend my days on the river. I am loving every minute of this already! All the giggles and happiness coming from my family surrounding me. I can feel myself getting more and more excited with every second that passes knowing I will be able to jump into the water and get out of this **blazing, red, burning sun** (imagery) as soon as this boat stops. As I'm cleaning off my glasses as I hear my younger cousin Grant yell, "I see it! There's the sandbar!" (TYPE of INTRO Action)

As I jump out of the boat with a cooler full of soda and food in one hand, and my towel in the other, my feet start sinking into the syrupy mud. (imagery) The coolness from the mud feels wonderful with it being terribly scorching hot out here.

"Watch out for all the frogs, there was a bunch of them out here the other night when I was down there with dad," warned my older cousin Mark.

The cooler quickly slips out of my hand as I spring at the sound of my grandma's scream of disgust as she looks around for the frogs making sure there is not any in an eyeshot of her. I am watching my brother pick up a frog and I'm expecting him to bring it up to Grandma...but now he is moving quietly like a snake as he sneaks up behind Mark only to put it on top of his head. I can not help but laugh as I am watching this happen. I know Eli is going to get himself into a tussle as soon as that slimy, mud covered frog hits Mark's head. 3...2...1... Mark bellows, "Eli! You are dead!

"Ha! You can not catch me," Eli quickly shoots back at him. "You are too old and slow!"

Eli flies past me into the woods with Mark two steps behind him sprinting as fast as his once a high school track star legs will take him. I giggled and thought to myself, "There is no way my undersized, young brother stands a chance to get away from our masculine, older cousin."

All of a sudden I hear my brother complaining about how this is not a fair match up. I can hear the weeds rustling and the breaking of tree branches crack as Mark comes flying out of the woods with Eli flung over his shoulder.

"Am I still too slow?" teases Mark as he starts trampling into the water with Eli now dangling by his feet over the water.

Before he even got the chance to fight the situation he was in, his head is dunked into the water. All I can hear right now is my family's laughter as almost everyone swiftly kicks off their sandals and clothes, hops onto the raft, and cannon balls in. Grandma takes her time getting onto her big blue blow up chair and enjoys the sun.

"Riah!" yells my cousin Grant. "Will you help me build sand castles before you get into the water?"

I think to myself, "I just want to get into the water and cool off, but how can I say no to that little cutie?"

"Please." Grant says as he grabs my hand.

"Sure can!"

We sit down with our buckets of mud and water and start digging holes, and start stacking piles of the chilled, saturated, dark sand.

"Looks like you are already getting bored with this." I mumble to him.

Grant looks at me with a smirk on his face then exclaims, "It is too hot! You finish this, I'm going to go swim."

As I am sitting here in this sopping muck while he jumps up to grab his life jacket, I do not even get the chance to protest. I just let him run away from me. I don't mind though. As he disappears into the water within seconds, Mark and his brother Matt come up to me.

"Looks like Grant has you doing his dirty work, huh?" Matt laughed.

I roll my eyes as I let out a laugh and utter, "I guess so."

I look at Mark to only see him looking at Matt with a devilish grin. I grab the mini shovels and filthy buckets and push myself off the ground and walk away as I nervously wonder, "What are they planning to do?"

"Mariah watch out!" warns my grandma.

I don't even have a second to think about what is going on and I am being picked up by my wrists and ankles while being brought back over to where I was just sitting building sand castles. Well, mud castles.

"What are you doing?!" I scream at them, "Bring me to the water instead!"

I can feel the torrid sand hitting my bottom and back as I am struggling to get away from them unaware of what was about to happen. "I feel like my skin is blistering from the sun and sand." I grumble in my mind.

"Ready for this?" questions Matt.

"Depends on what this thing is?" I reply uneasy.

As I feel myself being dropped down onto the oozing muck, it splashes up on the corner of my mouth. I use one hand to wipe it off, and the other to help break free. I shoot up and try to break away, but Mark's hand immediately grabs my ankles and I'm back into the mud.

"Stop!" I scream as Mark and Matt begin to burry me in the mud.

"Alright, this is sort of fun." I think to myself, "The cool mud feels terrific on my sunburnt back and arms."

"What is that?" I wonder as I feel something almost like bubbling surrounding my body that was nearly all buried in the mud by now.

"What the...what is moving by my ear?" I say quietly, not fully understanding what is happening to me right now.

"FROGS!" screeches Matt at the top of his lungs as I feel one hit my forehead.

"AHHH!" leaves my mouth like a piercing cry. (simile) "I can not get up! I am stuck! HELP! Omg. FROGS!"

I am tossing and turning trying to get my bottom out of the muck. The muck is holding me down. My butt feels like it is being suctioned cupped to the ground!

“You guys suck!” I scream as I fly off the ground like a pogo stick. (simile)

I fly into the water immediately as I was unstuck. I pop my head out of the water only to see everyone staring at me and laughing hysterically.

“What?” I grumble both loudly and annoyed.

“Are you forgetting something?” Mark snickers as he hold my swimsuit bottoms. (TYPE of concl: Beginning of a New Story)