



Paper Mill Press

The Adventures of Monkey Girl

Michaela Chloe Toth

And I fel

She took
hear. "M

"Mom?"

"Yes Monkey?"

"I'm going to go see Ellen, okay?"

"Sure, Monkey-girl, but dinner is going to be ready in a half hour so don't stay too long."

I hugged her leg and ran out the back door that led from the kitchen to the driveway.

Two doors down there was a swing set. That was Ellen's place.

Not knowing much about walking, I ran over and jumped up the steps to knock on the door.

I ran over to the swing set and started doggy paddling.

It was my favorite way to swing; I used my hands and legs to push myself forward. Before I knew it I was higher than I'd ever been before, but it wasn't enough for me. I wanted to swing up over the house like I did in my dreams sometimes.

I was focused on the blue sky over the rooftop when the door opened, Ellen yelled "Hey!"

I lost my balance just then.

Her voice trailed off "No one said you could go first..."

It happened so quickly. I was flying alright, but before I could touch the clouds gravity pulled me back to earth, head first. I landed on the pretty dark blue stone that surrounded the bushes in Ellen's backyard.

My dad told me later it was trap rock.

Trapped I was, too. Blood was everywhere. Ellen was screaming at the top of her lungs, that's the last I remembered as I swirled in and out of consciousness. I entered into a fuzzy haze. I stayed in that place for a good long while.

I awoke to my mother crying.





Issue I.ii, Spring 2013

And I felt a deep pang of guilt, my lip quivering.

She took my hand and whispered so I had to use all my might to hear. "Monkey's are not made for doggy paddling."

f hour

e kitch-

æ.
up the

o push
een
ver the



or

ld
I
ishes in

ring at
d in and
that

