

**Floppyopolis**

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Freddy's a rascal, but a fun Floppy kid. He's always in trouble for something he did. He never is mean toward his parents or friends. So why's he in trouble? Well, that sorta depends. Sometimes he's noisy. Sometimes he's not neat. And when he's in school, he can't stay in his seat.

For Freddy's a Floppy with big Floppy dreams. In his mind, he's an adventurer—bursting at the seams. He sees himself sailing through stormy dark seas, and fighting off monsters and climbing tall trees. While his teacher is teaching dull, boring math, he's chasing red dragons down a treacherous path. When he rescues his friends, Freddy lets out a shout—but the next thing he knows, he's sent to timeout.

One day Freddy read of a place far away. Beyond Floppy mountains and skies of blue-gray

lay a city so grand, so large, and so new—the more Freddy learned, the more his eyes grew. Floppyopolis is the name that the Floppies all called it. Freddy wrote it down neatly, on a note in his wallet.

Late that same night, Freddy gazed with such wonder, he barely could stay within the sheets he was under. He pictured wide streets packed with big movie stars, wearing Floppy tuxedos, driving big Floppy cars. Sidewalks of candy that sparkled like pearls, and Flopsicles in the hands of all boys and girls.

He saw toy stores lined down each Floppy street. Floppyskates worn on all Floppy feet. Buildings so tall, they dwarfed Floppy trees, which swayed to and fro in the warm Floppy breeze.

Freddy jumped at the chance to visit this city, when his mom offered to take him, to buy something pretty for Freddy's pet Flampster, who wore a red collar, which made her look smart like a small furry scholar.

The trip felt so long, over rivers and hills. All the while so excited, Freddy felt chills.

But when they arrived, Freddy was perplexed. He saw angry faces—some kinda looked vexed.

The streets weren't shiny. They looked dark and grimy. The buildings and walls were moldy and slimy.

Freddy searched and he searched for a fun-looking store. But not one sold toys, all were a bore.

Entering the pet store, his Flampster on a rope, Freddy felt gloomy, with not a glimmer of hope. Floppyopolis was nothing like he'd thought in his head. He felt so unhappy, he yearned for his bed.

That's when Mr. Lester, who looked weird and scary, approached him carrying a Fluppy

Freddy felt was way too hairy. He asked Freddy why he looked so glum and sad. In his store, he never wanted customers feeling bad.

Freddy told him just what he thought of this town: how it wasn't exciting and made him feel down. Mr. Lester didn't blink. He gave Freddy a grin. Then he tilted his head and tapped at his chin.

Mr. Lester led Freddy through a side door, which led to a different kind of a store.

Pictures of castles and knights lined the walls. In the center was a catapult armed with beach balls. Encircling that were rows of book shelves, and on each were green creatures in the likeness of elves.

Mr. Lester explained that he owned three small shops a pet shop, a book shop, and one that sold mops. Each shop was dream that hard work helped create, and he kept striving each day to make each one great.

Mr. Lester grabbed a book and he opened a page. He read aloud about a monster locked in a cage. He said the book's author who wrote this strange tale also worked hard until his dreams could prevail.

Mr. Lester then led Floppy Freddy outside and he showed off his city with greatest of pride.

He pointed out bankers and taxi-cab drivers, artists and joggers and Officer Kivers. Everyone had a dream and was an ambitious Floppy. They'd all built this great city to be the best it could be.

Freddy got back in the car, his Flampster on his lap. He waved good-bye to Mr. Lester, who gave a tip of his cap. Floppyopolis grew smaller as they drove down the road. Freddy's mind was busy, filled with a load of ideas and ventures that could all be his. He could be a worker. He could own his own biz. He could write a great book. He could build a toy store. And as they drove further, Freddy's head filled up more.

Floppy kids at school all gathered 'round to ask Freddy about his trip to the town. They asked if Floppyopolis was as great as it sounded. Was he amazed? Was he astounded?

Freddy leaped up and he stood on his seat. He told a story so great, kids jumped to their feet, of dragons and knights who swung Flopsicle swords and sailed chocolate boats down dangerous fjords.

They said, "Dragons and knights? How could that be?"

"Tell me the truth."

“Yeah, stop lying to me.”

But Freddy just smiled and then gave them a wink. He said, “Floppyopolis is not what you think.

It’s anything you want if you work and believe it. It just takes a dream and the will to achieve it.”

Then he said, “It’s okay if you don’t visit that city. Floppyopolis was big, and parts not too pretty.” Then he folded his hands across his blue sweater and proclaimed, “We can make our town a hundred times better.”

And they did.