



Finneas in a Suit: Unstoppable

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Finneas adjusted his tiny silk bowtie in the hallway mirror, carefully smoothing down the lapels of his tailored charcoal suit. He looked immaculate, sophisticated, and entirely ready for another ordinary Tuesday at school. But deep down inside his webbed feet, a bizarre and rhythmic tapping sensation was rapidly beginning to build.



As soon as Finneas stepped out the front door, his feet began to slide and click across the sidewalk as if they possessed a mind of their own. His best friend Barnaby, a quiet turtle carrying a bright red backpack, blinked in surprise as Finneas twirled around a lamppost with theatrical flair.



On the walk to school, Finneas tried every trick he knew to stay completely still, crossing his arms tight and taking deep, soothing breaths. Yet every three steps, he found himself executing a flawless moonwalk across the dew-covered grass. Barnaby sighed softly, pleading with Finneas to try and act normal before they reached the front steps.



Finneas stopped mid-twirl, straightened his lapels, and adjusted his tiny round glasses with absolute gravity. He placed a green finger against his chin, closed his eyes, and stood in quiet silence as if performing a deeply complex mathematical equation in his mind.



Turning toward Barnaby with total seriousness, Finneas said, "Sorry bro, I've consulted it with my brain, and stopping is just not possible, so when we get to school, I'm going to have to continue." Barnaby could only stare in utter disbelief as the sharp-dressed frog delivered his final, official declaration.



The heavy glass doors of Oakridge Elementary swung open, and Finneas slid across the polished linoleum, tipping his tiny fedora to the astonished hall monitor. Students parted like the Red Sea as the suave frog burst into a lively, spectacular jazz dance down the main hallway.



Inside the classroom, Mrs. Gable paused with her chalk in mid-air as Finneas rhythmically tapped past the chalkboard, keeping a perfect beat with his shiny dress shoes. Rather than getting upset, Mrs. Gable watched in delight as the entire classroom began giggling and clapping along to the beat.



Barnaby threw his hands up in the air, let out a chuckle, and decided that if you cannot beat them, you might as well join them. Soon, the calm little turtle was swaying side-to-side, tapping his pencil against his desk in harmony with Finneas's unstoppable groove.



Before long, the whole classroom had transformed into a magnificent celebration of movement, with squirrels, bunnies, and ducklings dancing together in pure joy. Finneas stood right in the middle, spinning a yellow pencil like a cane, his stylish suit still looking crisp and perfectly tailored.



When the recess bell rang, Finneas adjusted his cuffs, took a graceful bow, and bathed in the loud applause of his cheering classmates. He gave Barnaby a playful wink, knowing that sometimes listening to your brain means accepting that the fun simply cannot be stopped.