



Max Velthuijs

Frog is Frog

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Max Velthuijs
Frog is Frog



“How lucky I am,” said Frog, admiring his reflection in the water. “I am beautiful and I can swim and jump better than anyone. I am green, and green is my favourite colour. Being a frog is the best thing in the world.”



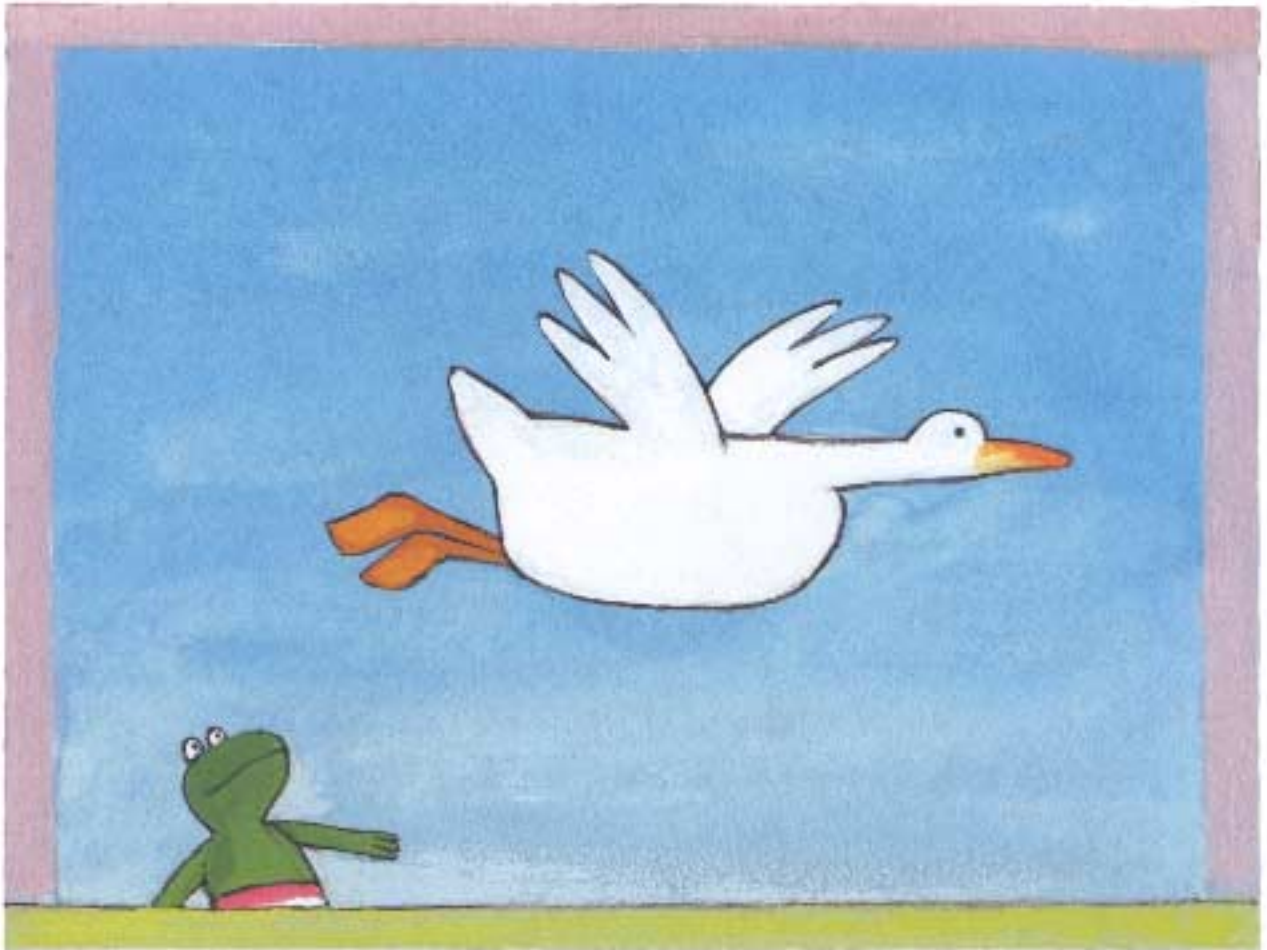
“What about me then?” asked Duck. “I am all white. Don’t you think I am beautiful too?”

“No,” said Frog. “There’s no green on you at all.”

“But I can fly,” said Duck, “and you can’t.”



“Oh, yes?” said Frog. “I’ve never seen you fly.”
“I’m a bit lazy,” said Duck, “but I *can* fly. Watch.”
She took a run up and flapped her wings noisily.



Then, suddenly Duck rose from the ground and flew gracefully into the air. She flew round a few times and then landed on the grass in front of Frog.

“Fantastic!” cried Frog, full of admiration. “I want to fly too.”

“You can’t,” said Duck. “You haven’t got any wings.”

And she went home feeling happy.



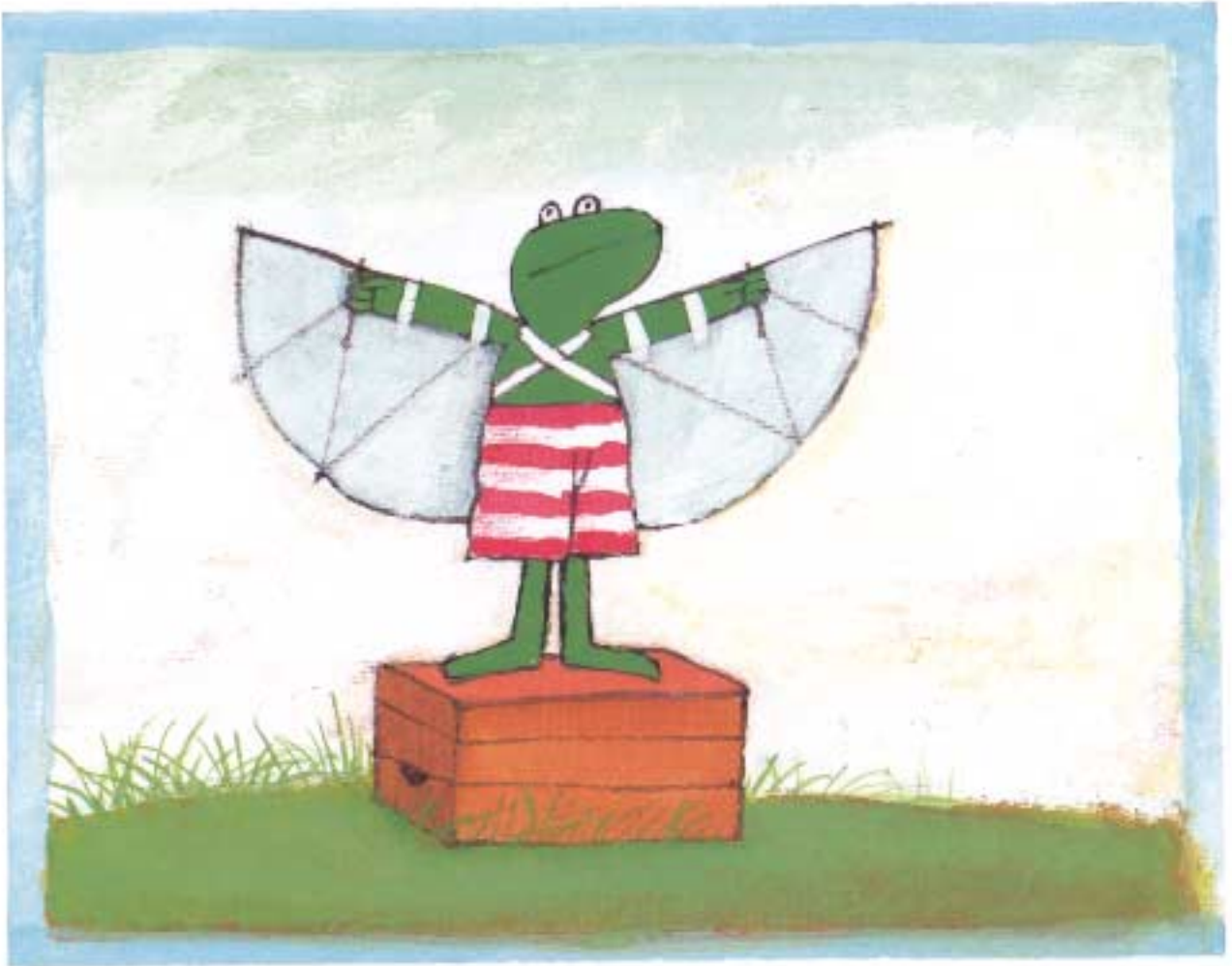
When Frog was alone again he started to practise flying. He took a long run up and flapped his arms wildly up and down. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get off the ground.



Frog was disappointed.

“I am a useless frog,” he thought. “I can’t even fly. If only I had wings.”

Then Frog had a clever idea. Whatever Duck could do, he could do too.



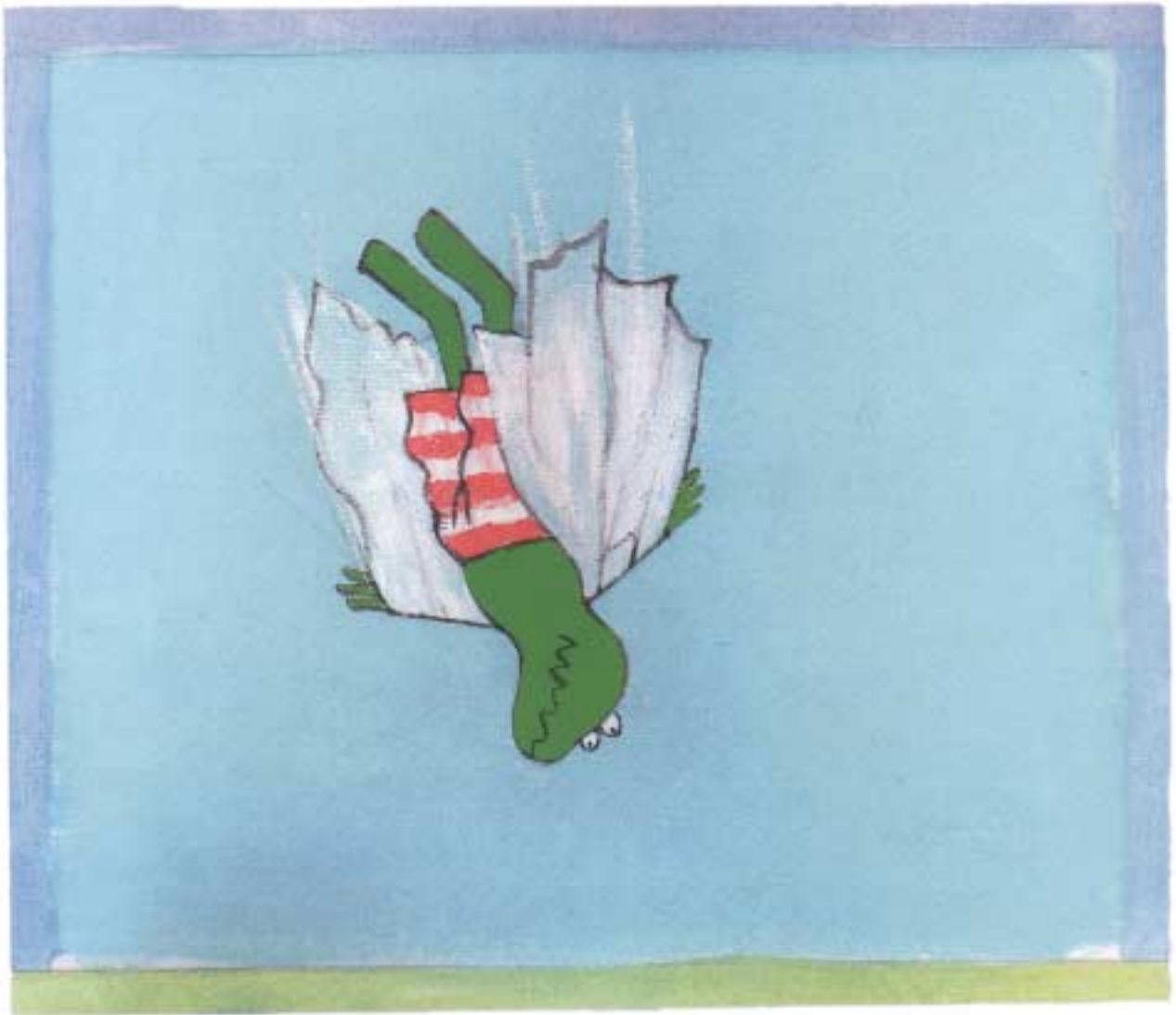
For a week Frog worked hard with an old sheet and some string. At last, he was ready for his first test flight.



He went to the hill by the river. He took a good run up, just as he had seen Duck do.



Then he leapt into the air with outstretched arms.



He hovered in the air for a few seconds, like a real bird. But then the wings ripped and he dropped like a stone. He fell in the river with a splash. At least it was a soft landing.

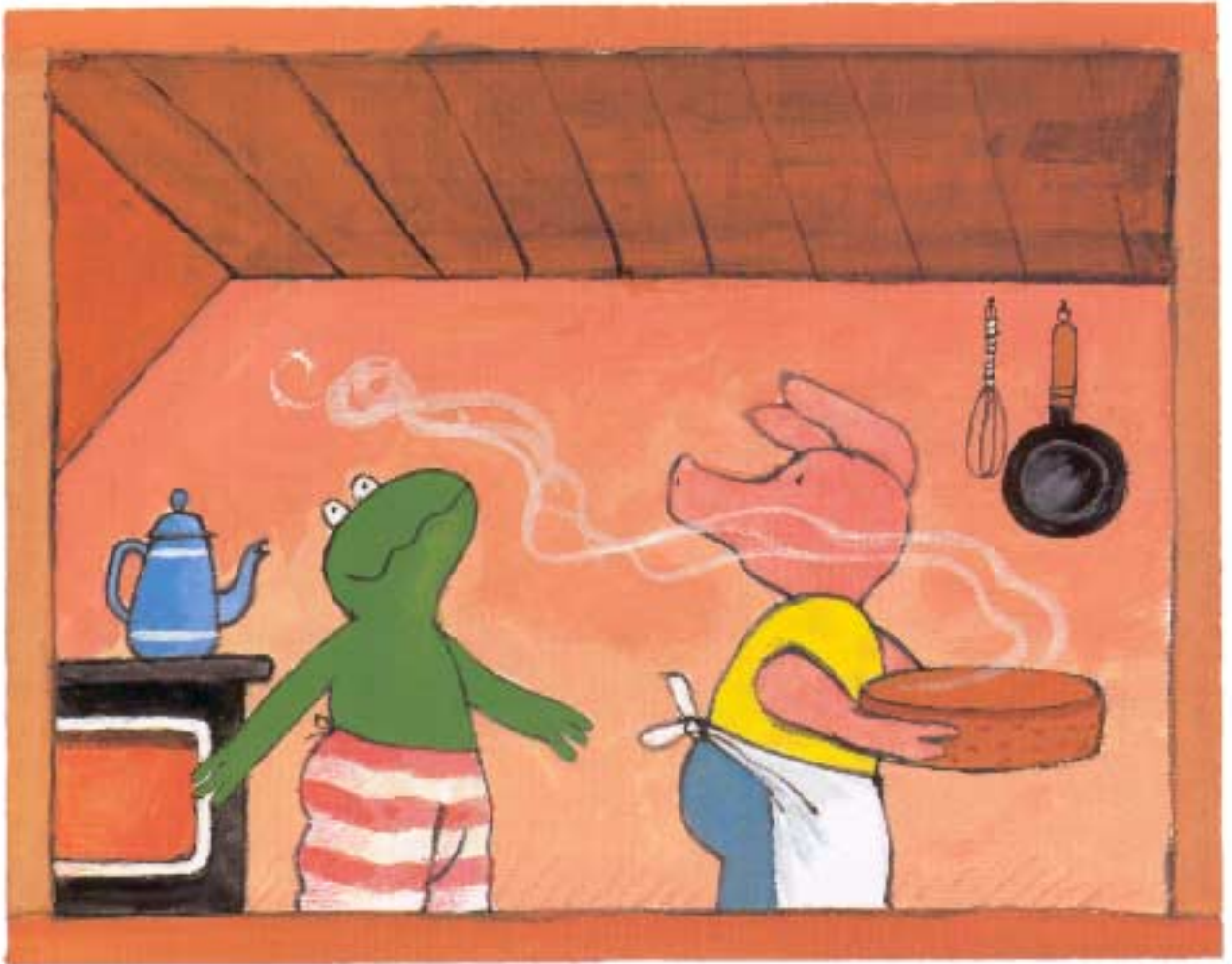


Rat saw Frog stumble out of the water.

“You must know that frogs cannot fly,” he said.

“Can you fly?” asked Frog.

“Of course not,” said Rat, “I have no wings, but I’m good at making things.”

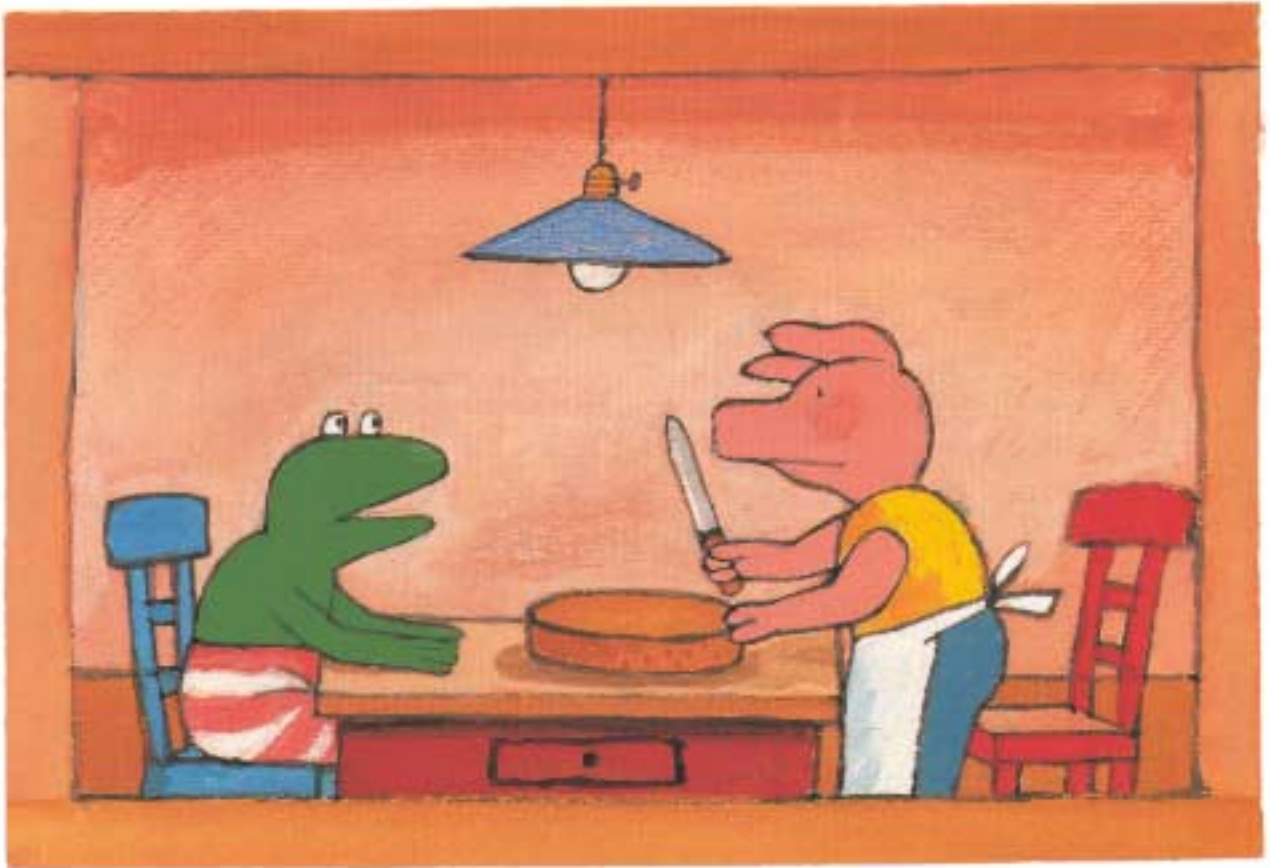


Frog thought about this on his way home. He would ask Pig as well.

Pig was taking a cake out of the oven as Frog arrived.

“Pig, can you fly?” asked Frog.

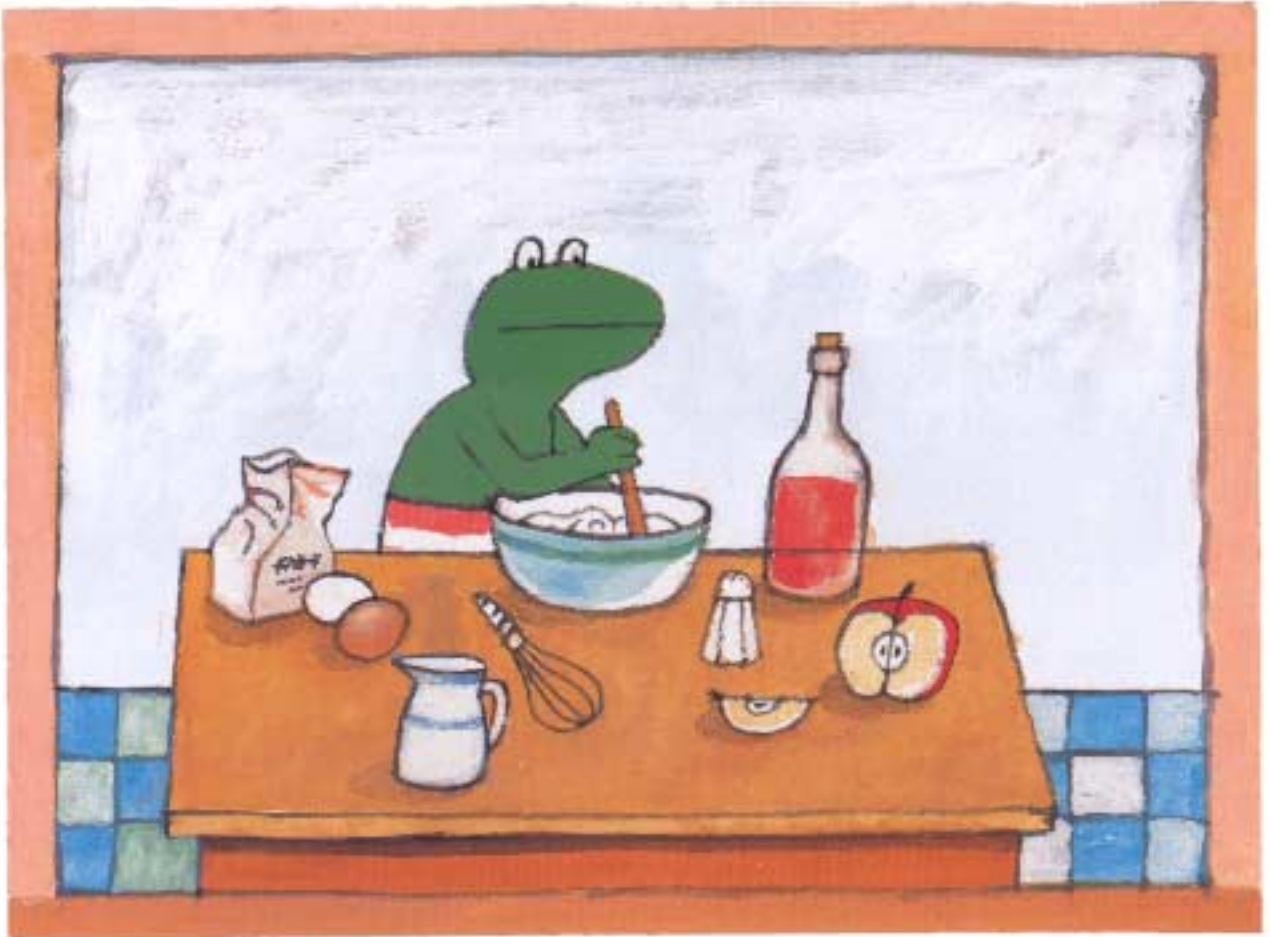
“Certainly not,” said Pig. “I would probably get airsick.”



“What can you do then?” asked Frog.

“All sorts of things,” replied Pig, indignantly. “I can make the best cakes in the world. And I am beautiful. I am pink all over, and pink is my favourite colour.”

Frog had to admit that this was true.



“I bet I can make a cake too,” thought Frog when he was back at home.

He threw everything he could find into a bowl and began to stir, just as he had seen Pig do.



Then he threw everything into a pan and put it on the stove. “There, you see,” thought Frog. “My cake will be delicious.” But after a while, smoke began to pour from the pan and it smelt awful. The cake was completely burned. “I can’t even bake a cake,” thought Frog, sadly.



He went to visit Hare.

“Hare, may I borrow a book from you?” asked Frog.

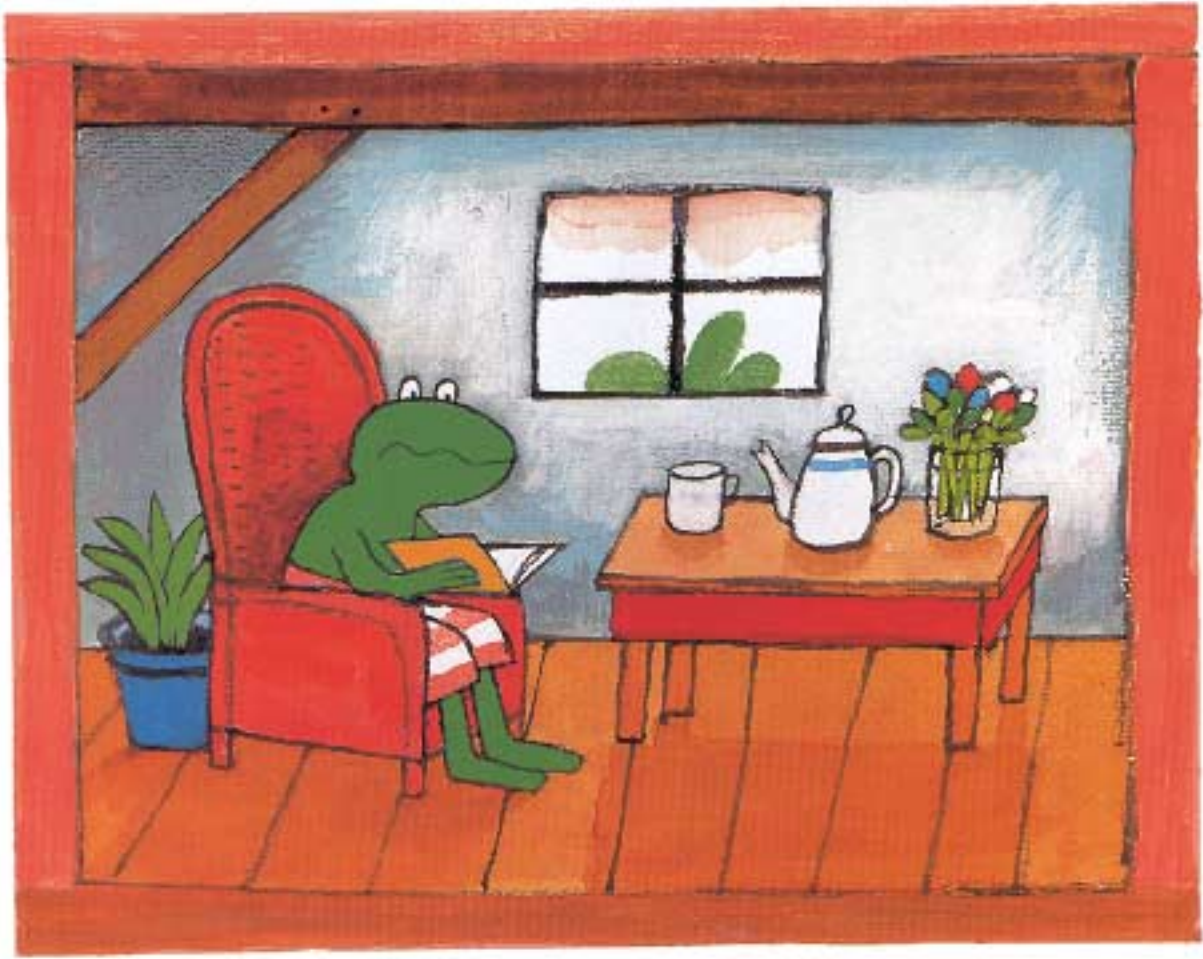
“Can you read?” asked Hare, surprised.

“No,” said Frog. “Perhaps you could tell me how.”



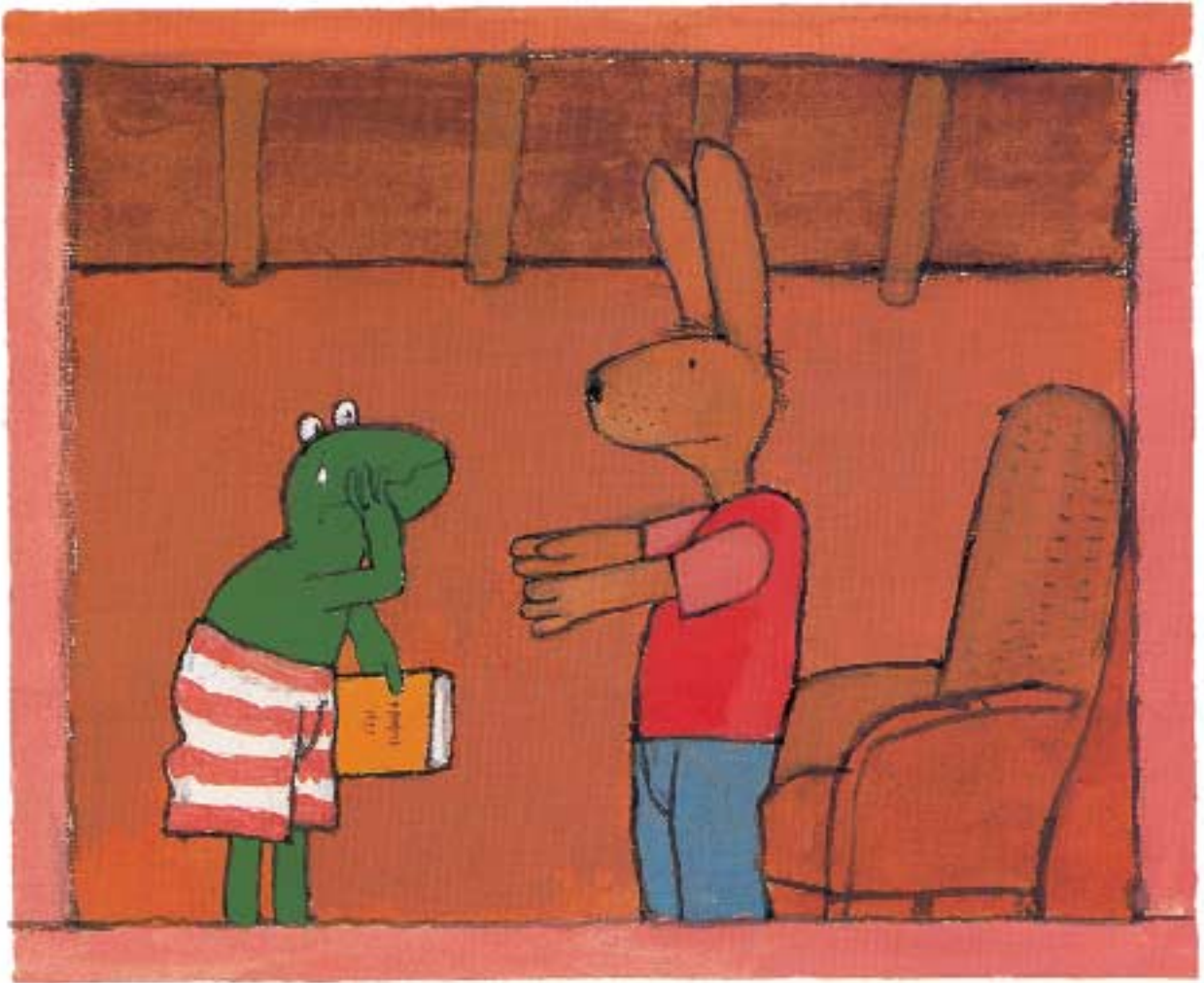
“Look,” said Hare. “This is an ‘o’ and this is an ‘a’ and this is a ‘k’ and this . . .”

“Okay, I get it,” said Frog, impatiently and he ran home with the book under his arm.



He made himself comfortable and opened the book. But the pages were full of strange scribblings. Frog couldn't understand a word. An hour later, he was none the wiser.

"I'll never read this!" said Frog. "It's much too difficult for me. I'm just an ordinary, stupid frog."

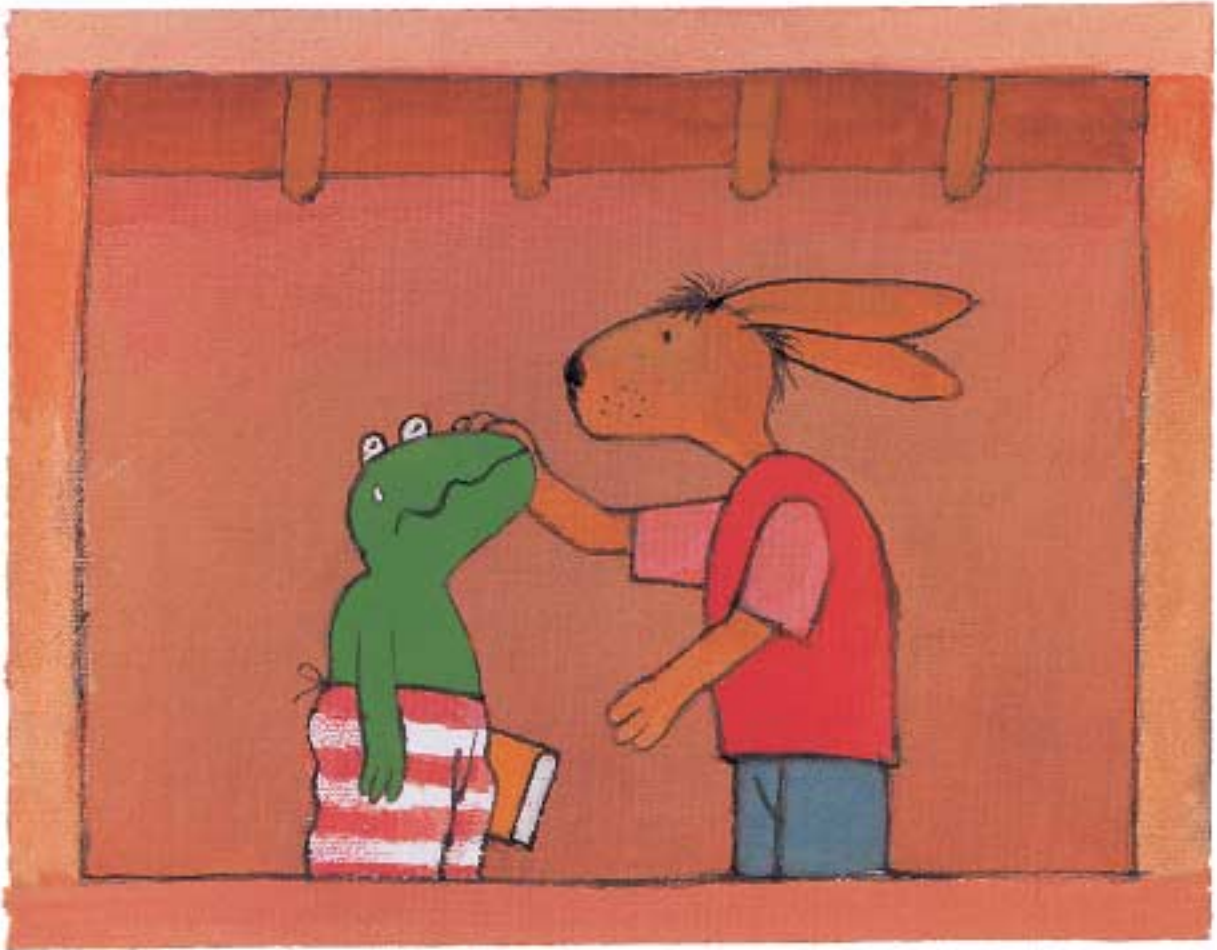


Sadly, Frog returned the book to Hare.

“Well?” asked Hare. “Did you enjoy it?”

Frog shook his head sorrowfully.

“I can’t read,” he said. “I can’t bake a cake, I can’t make things and I can’t fly. You are all much cleverer than me. I can’t do anything. I’m just an ordinary green frog,” he sobbed.



“But Frog,” said Hare, “I can’t fly either, and I can’t bake cakes or make things. I can’t swim and leap like you do. . . because I am a hare. And you are a frog, and we all love you.”



Deep in thought, Frog went to the river and looked at his reflection in the water.

“That is me,” he thought. “A green frog with stripy swimming trunks.”



Suddenly, Frog felt very happy.

“Hare is right,” he thought. “I am lucky to be a frog.”

And he leapt for joy - a big frog leap, as only frogs can do.
He felt as if he was flying.