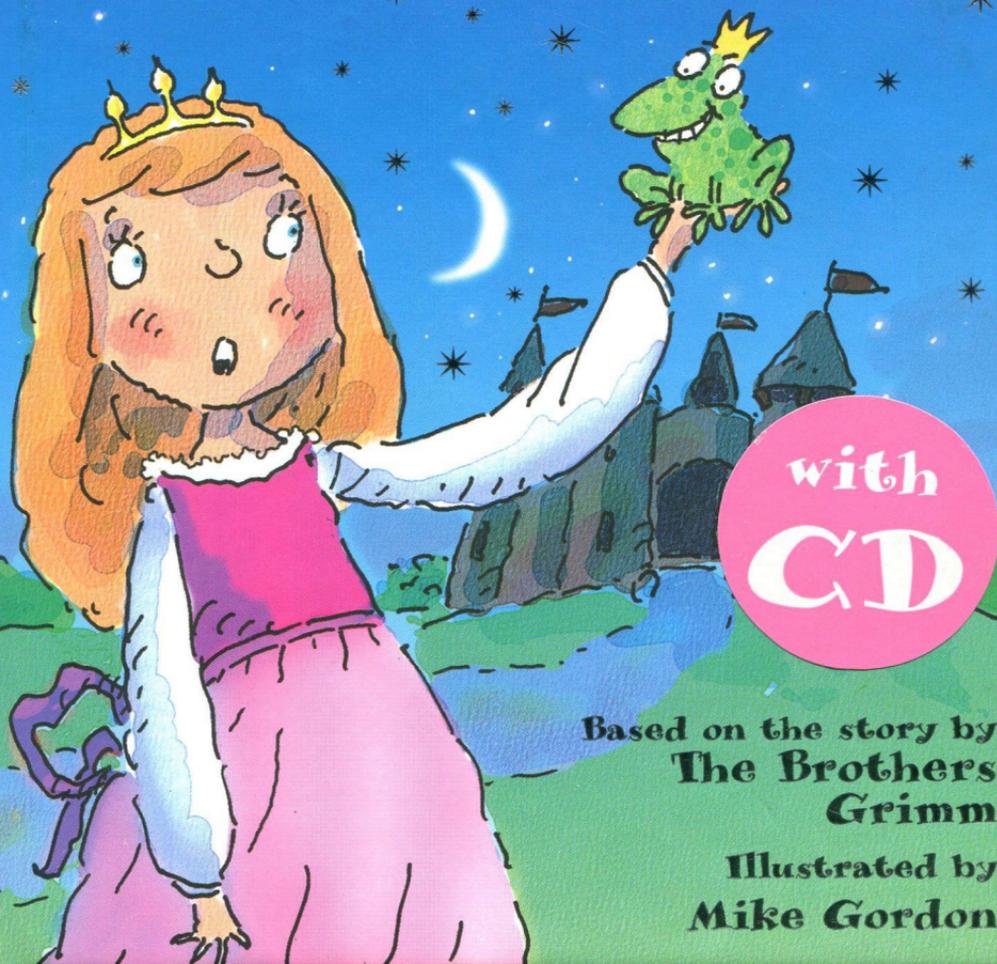


The Frog Prince



with
CD

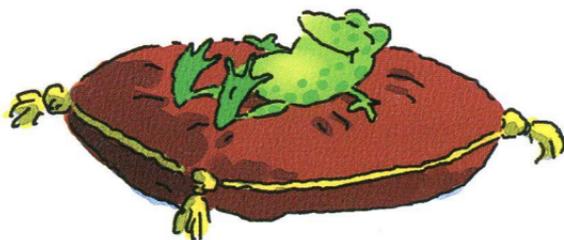
Based on the story by
**The Brothers
Grimm**

Illustrated by
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The Frog Prince

Retold by
Susanna Davidson

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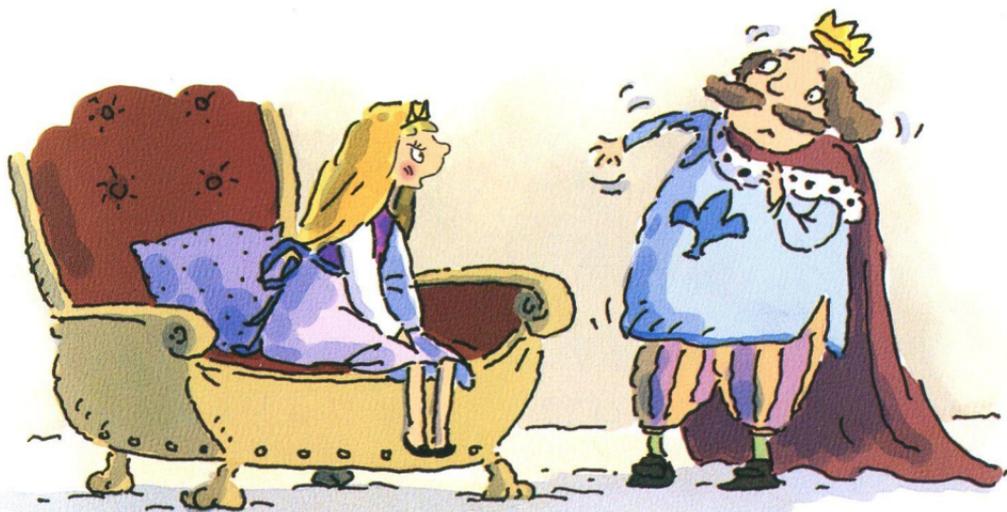
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Chapter 1

Princess in trouble



Princess Poppy was furious. “I won’t marry him, Daddy,” she said. “He’s smelly and smug and slimier than a frog.”

“You don’t have to marry Prince Humperdink now, darling,” said her mother.

“You can wait until you’re grown up.”



“I *never* want to marry him,” said Poppy. “I’d rather eat my toenails.”

“Poppy!” shouted her father.
“Don’t be so rude! You’ve been
pampered by your mother,
spoiled by your sisters...”



“Don’t be mean to Poppy,
Papa,” cried her sisters.

“And Humperdink has such
big teeth,” wailed Poppy.

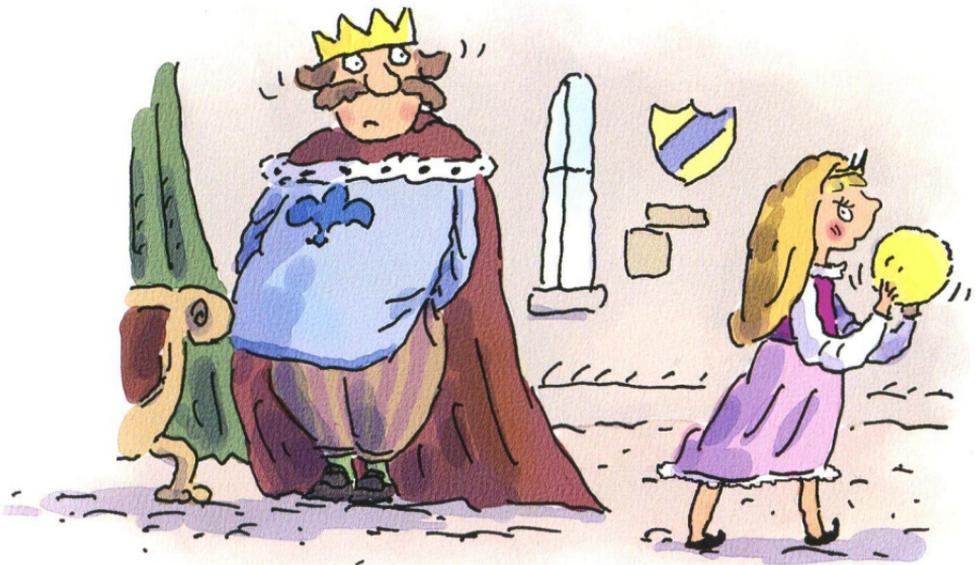
“It’s because I’m the youngest,” Poppy went on, sadly. “My sisters got all the best princes.”



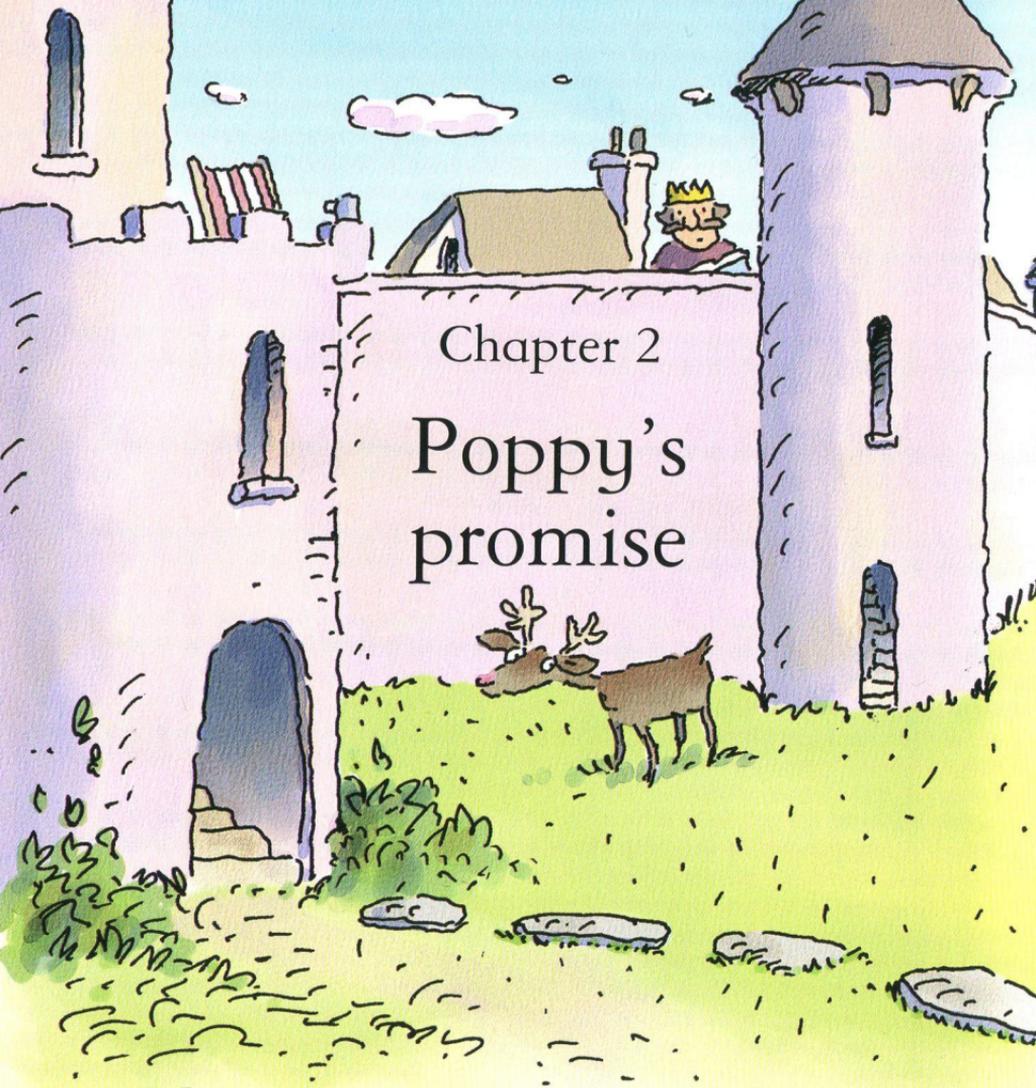
“That’s enough!” said the King. “Prince Humperdink is coming to dinner tonight and you *must* be polite to him. He is your future husband, after all.”

“I’ll find another prince to marry!” Poppy declared.

“You can have until tomorrow morning,” said the King. “But you’ll never find a prince in that time.”



“Just you wait,” said Poppy. She picked up her golden ball and stomped into the garden.

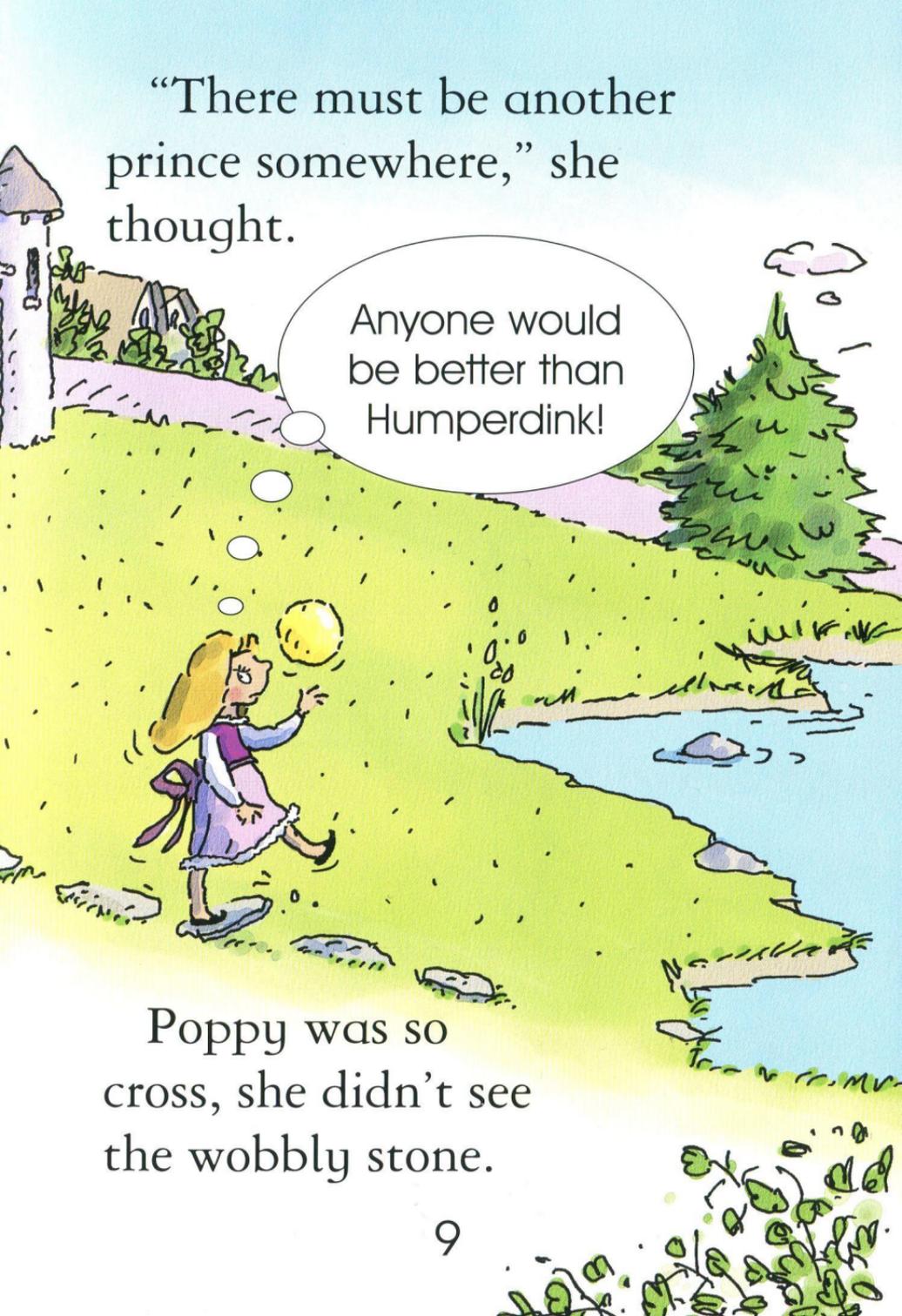


Chapter 2

Poppy's promise

Princess Poppy ran down
the path to the palace pond,
throwing and catching her
ball as she went.

“There must be another prince somewhere,” she thought.



Anyone would be better than Humperdink!

Poppy was so cross, she didn't see the wobbly stone.

She wibbled...



...she wobbled.

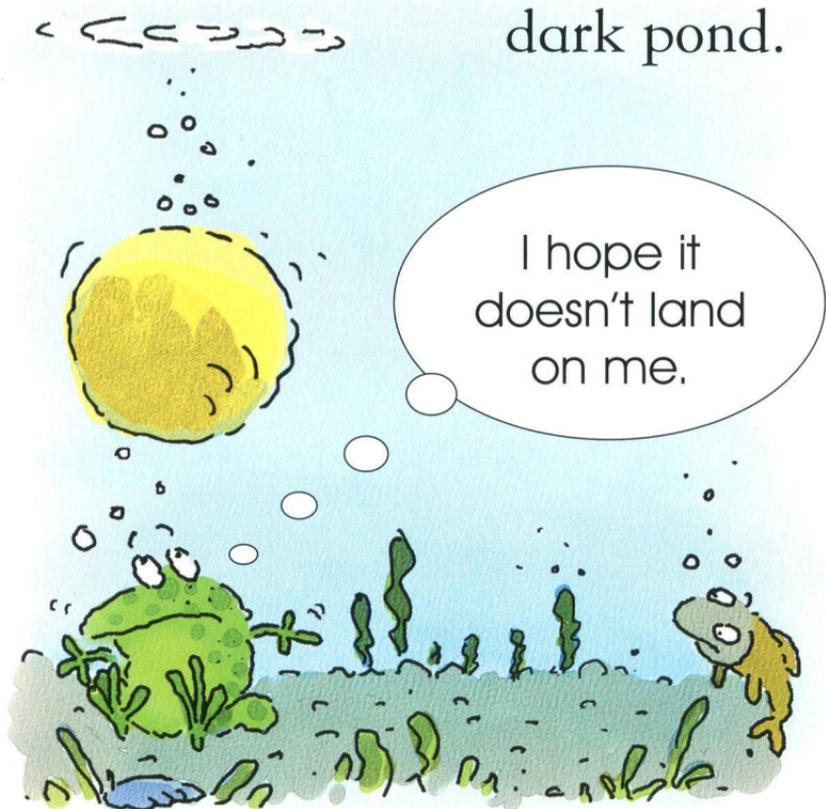


She slipped and fell...



...face-first into the pond.

Her beautiful golden ball
flew out of her hands. With
a loud splash, it disappeared
into the deep,
dark pond.



“Oh no!” Poppy groaned. “My
birthday present from Daddy.”

“I’m in big trouble now,” she thought. Poppy looked down into the pond, hoping to see her ball.



Instead, she came face to face with a pair of big, bulging eyes.

“Urgh!” she cried. “A frog.”

The frog cleared his throat.
“Princess Poppy,” he croaked.
“Let me help you.”

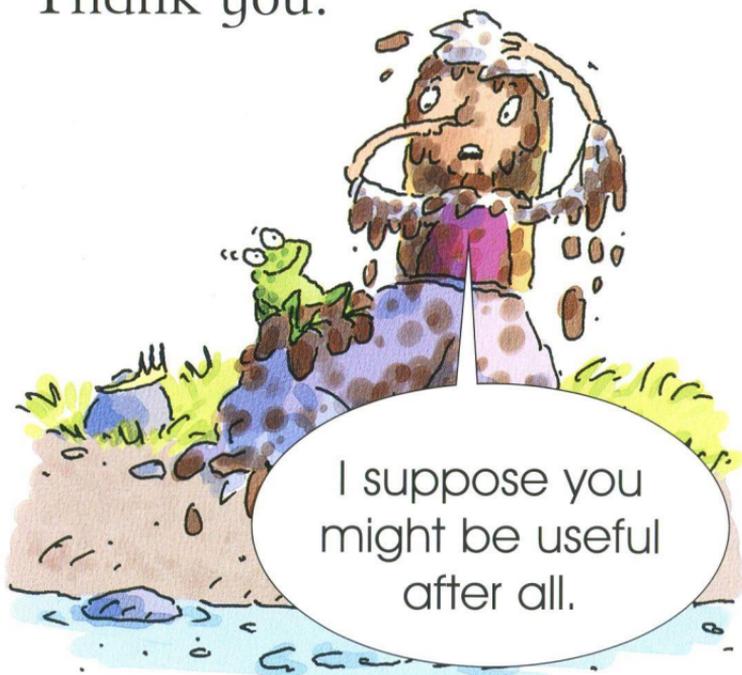


Poppy stared in surprise.
“I’ve never met a talking frog
before,” she said. “Still... I don’t
see how you could help me.”

“I can fetch your ball for you,” said the frog.

“Oh,” said Poppy.

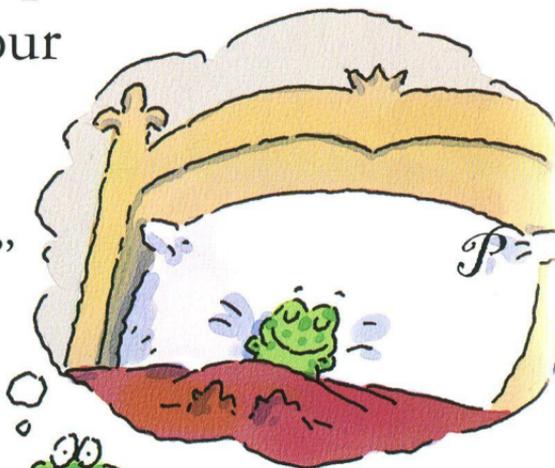
“Thank you.”



“But you must promise me something first,” he added.

“Anything, anything!”
agreed Poppy.

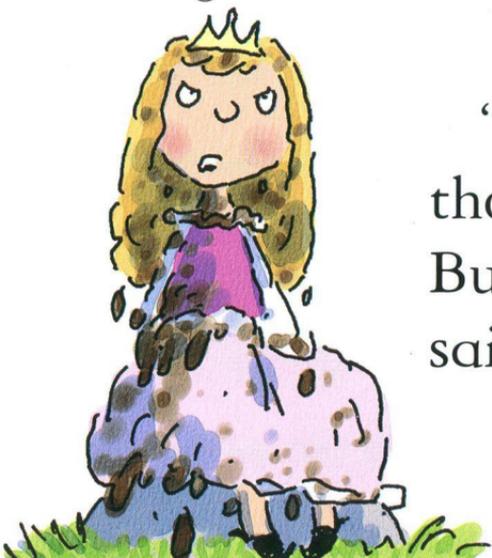
“Promise that you’ll let me live in your palace. I want to eat from your plate, drink from your glass and sleep on your silken pillow.”



Yuck.



“In your dreams,” thought Poppy. But out loud she said, “I promise.”



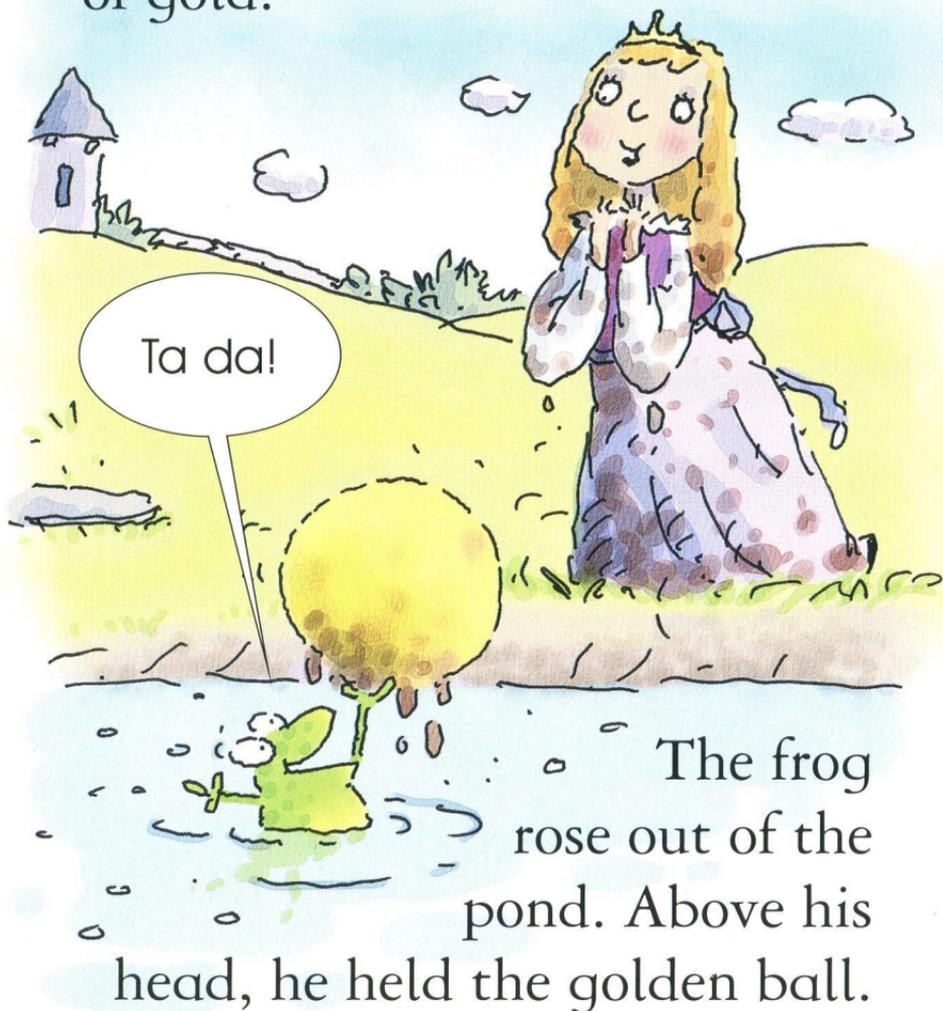
Chapter 3

Frog to the rescue



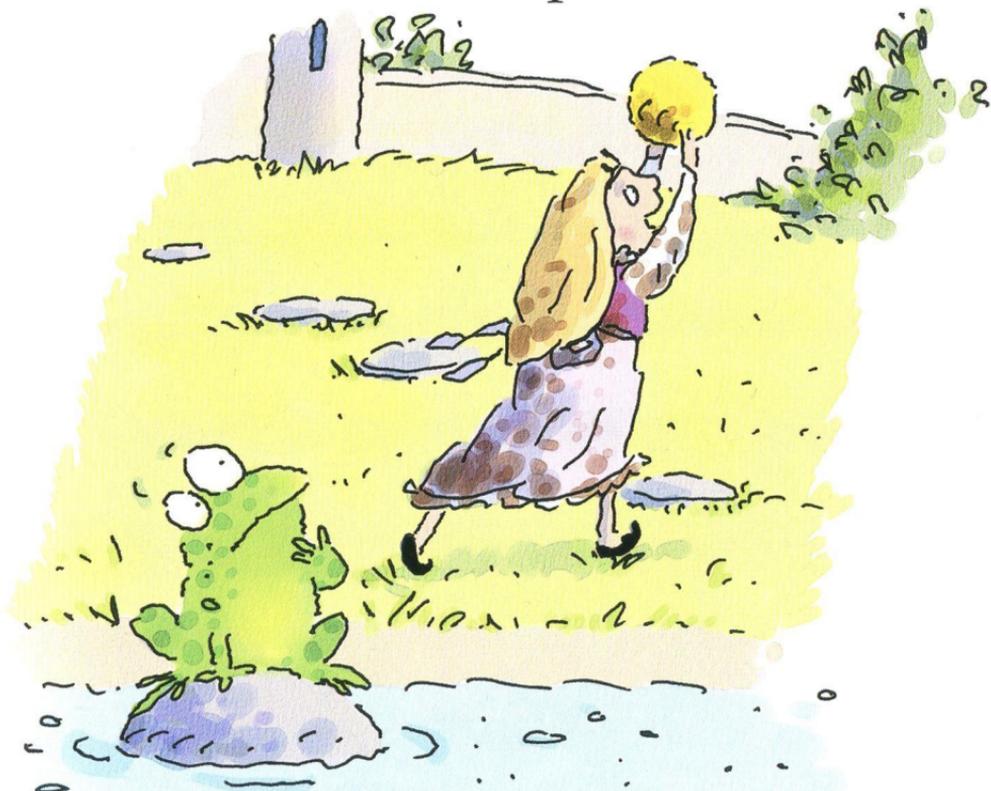
The frog pushed down on his feet, leaped up with his legs and plunged into the pond.

Princess Poppy waited.
Suddenly in the deep, blue
water, she saw a glimmer
of gold.



The frog
rose out of the
pond. Above his
head, he held the golden ball.

“Hooray!” shouted Poppy.
She snatched up the ball and
raced back to the palace.



“Hey!” the frog called
after her. “What about
your promise?”

But Poppy was already too far away to hear. The frog hopped as fast as he could, but he couldn't catch up with Poppy.





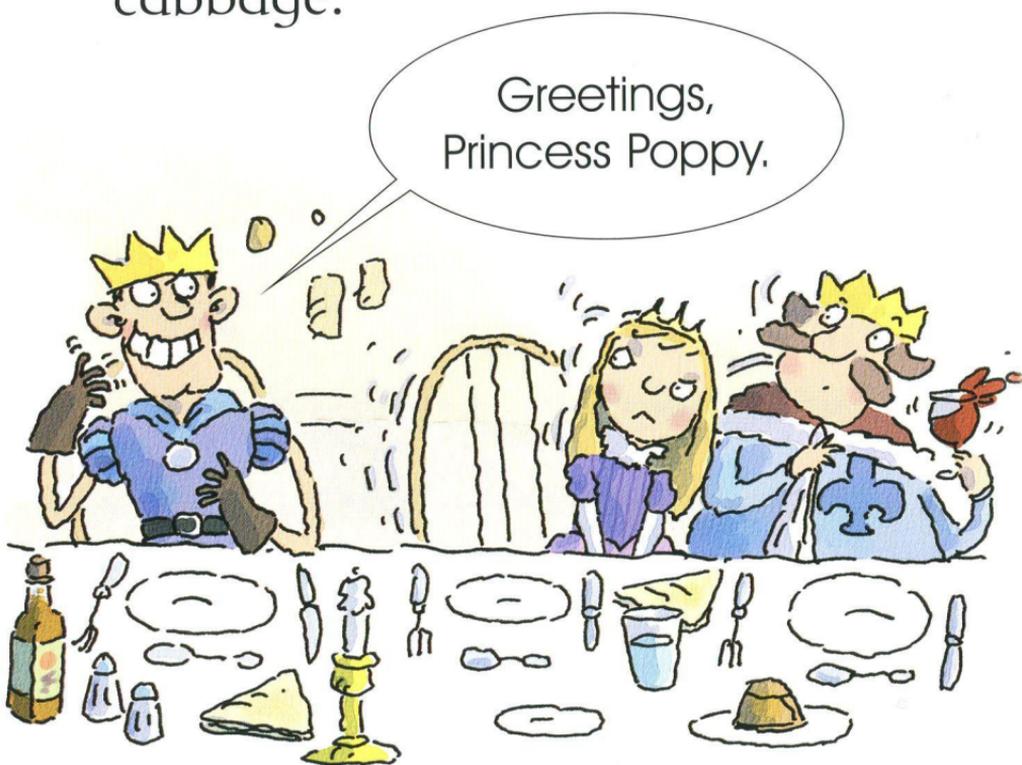
Chapter 4

Into the palace

Poppy arrived back just in time to change for dinner.



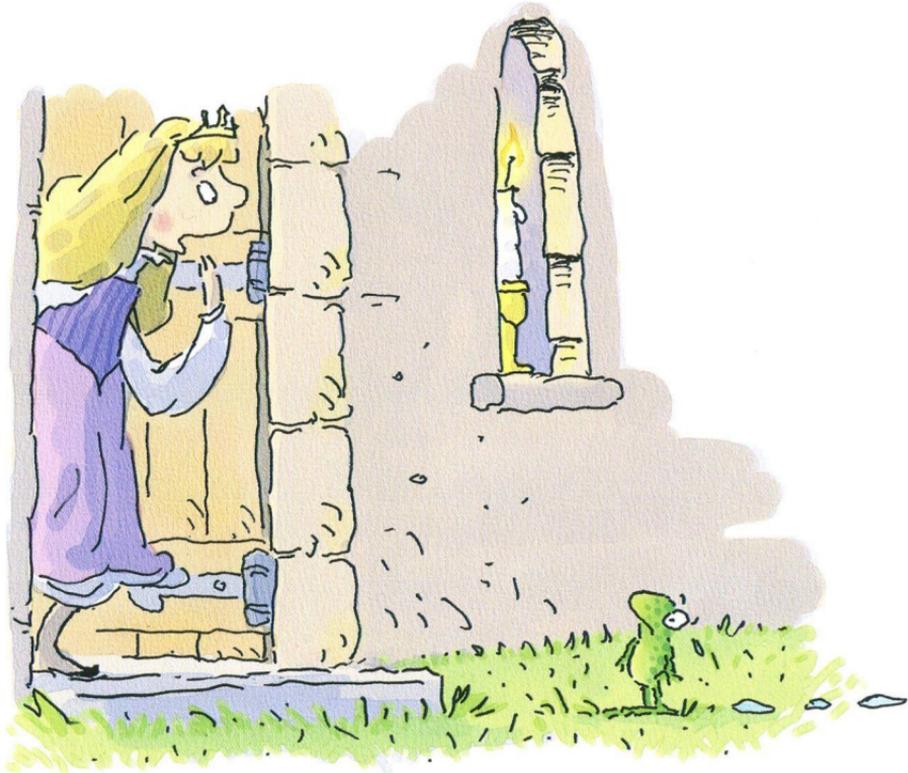
She had to sit next to Prince Humperdink, who smelled of cabbage.



Just then, there was a faint tapping sound.

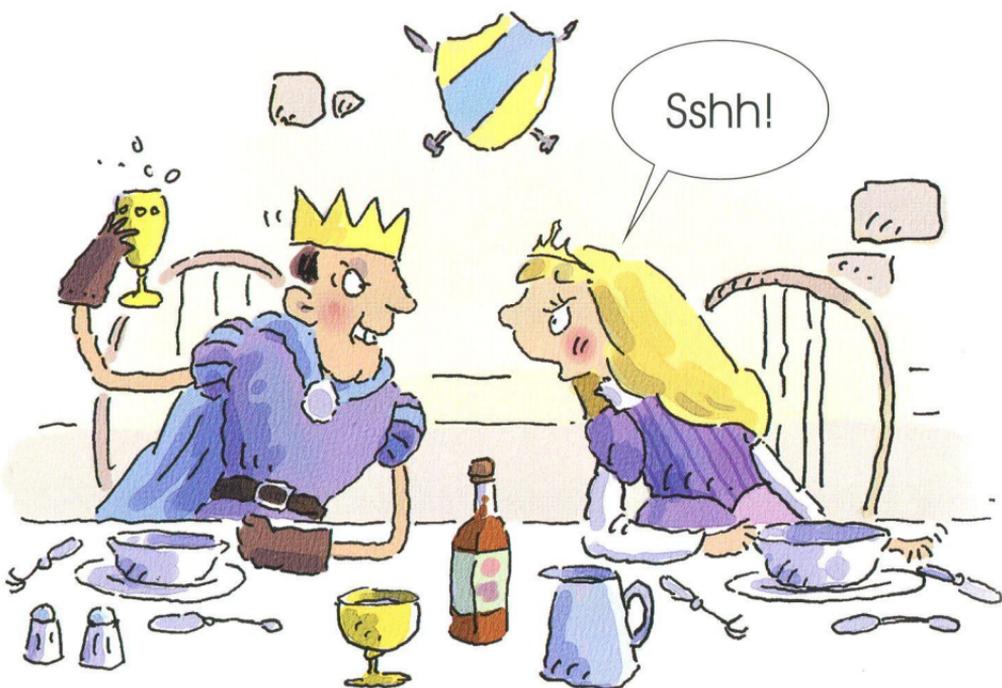
“Is someone at the door?”
asked the Queen.

Poppy had a sinking feeling. She rushed to the door, opened it and peered outside.



“Hello,” said the frog.
Poppy slammed the door
in his face.

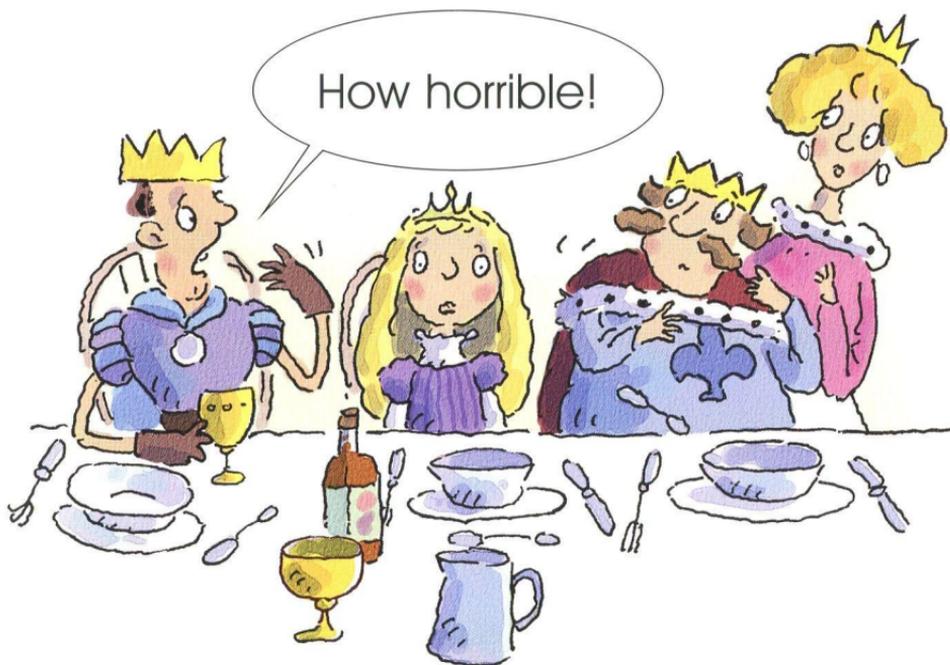
“Who was that?” said the King.
“No one,” Poppy said quickly.
“That’s funny,” said Prince
Humperdink. “I was sure I
heard someone.”



The tapping noise came again.
“Poppy, I really do think
someone’s there,” said the Queen.

“I’ll ask the footman to look,” said the King.

“No, Daddy don’t!” cried Poppy. “It’s only a frog.”



“He rescued my golden ball from the pond,” Poppy added, “and... I... sort of said he could stay with me.”

“Then you must keep your word,” bellowed the King. “Let the frog in.”



“Oh Daddy, I can’t,” said Poppy. “He’s so wet and warty...”

“Poppy!” said her father, furiously. “Let that frog in right now.”

Poppy dragged her feet to the door, praying that the frog had gone.



But as soon as she opened the door, the frog shot inside.

He followed Poppy all the way back to her chair. She could hear his wet feet going splat, splat, splat, on the floor behind her.

Poor you. He's the slimiest frog I've ever seen.

I thought I'd never make it.

“Oh dear!” said Prince Humperdink. “Suddenly, I’m not very hungry.”

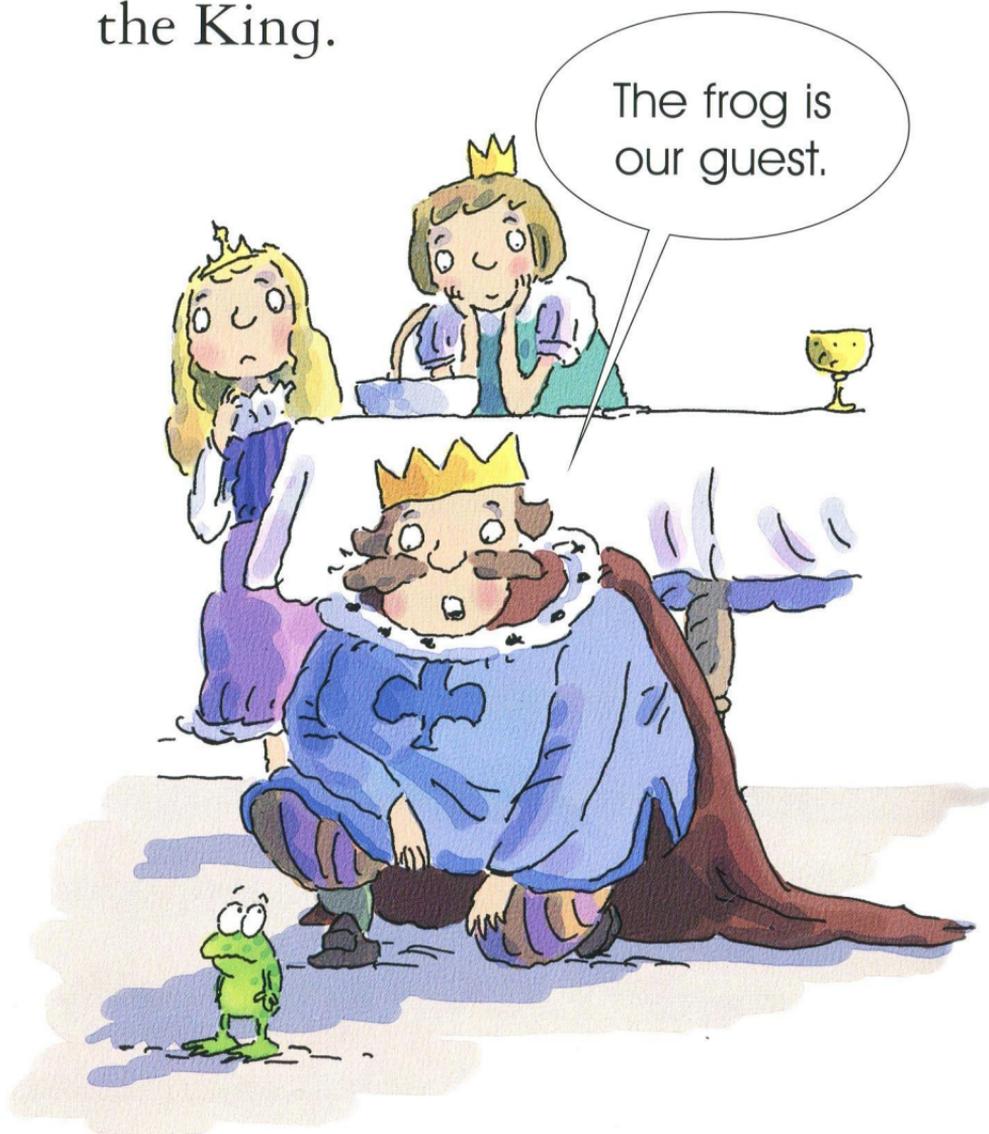
I think I might be allergic to frogs.



“Excuse me,” said the frog, “but Princess Poppy did promise that I could eat from her plate. May I sit at the table too?”

“Certainly not,” snapped
Poppy, crossly.

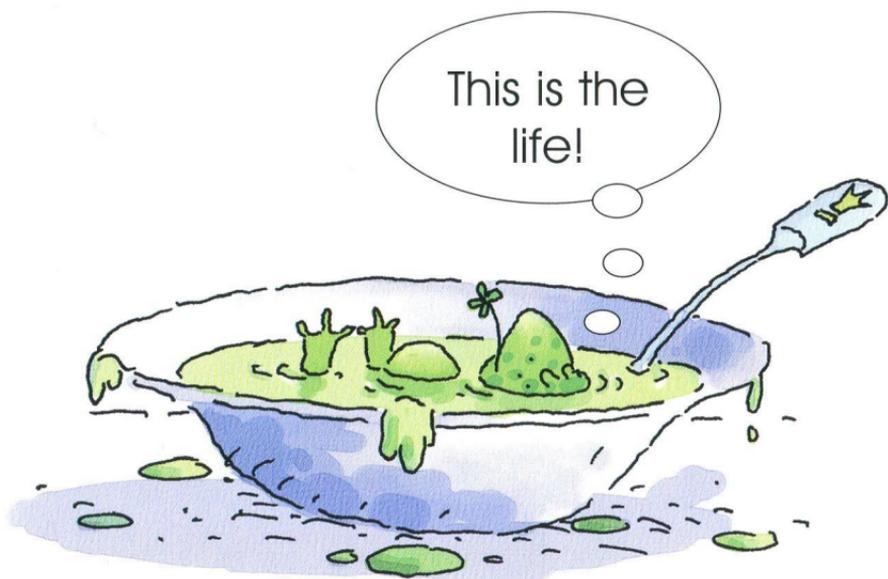
“Don’t be so rude,” said
the King.



“I’m starving,” said the frog.
“What’s the first course?”

“Cold watercress soup,” said
the King, smiling at him.

“Help yourself!”



The frog dived into Poppy’s
bowl. “This is delicious!” he
cried, between mouthfuls.

“I don’t think I’m hungry anymore,” said Poppy, as the frog slurped up the last of her soup.



“Right,” said the frog cheerfully. “What’s next?”

Poppy sighed miserably. “What is the second course?” she asked a maid.



“Um... er,” the maid began nervously.

“Come on!” said the King. “You must know what’s for supper.”



“Well you see, your highness,” the maid went on, “Cook didn’t know about our extra guest... I’m afraid... it’s frogs’ legs.”

The frog gulped. “I think I might skip this course,” he said, weakly.

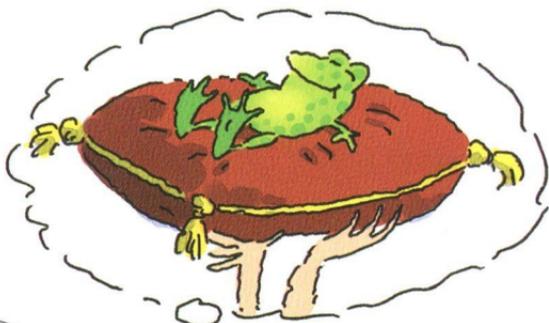
Poppy didn’t usually like frogs’ legs, but that night she had seconds.



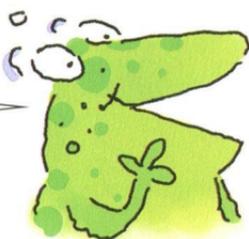
“Isn’t it time for bed, Princess?” said the frog.

“Oh no!” cried Poppy.
“You’re not coming anywhere
near my bedroom.”

“But you promised...” said
the frog.



You can
carry me on
a cushion.

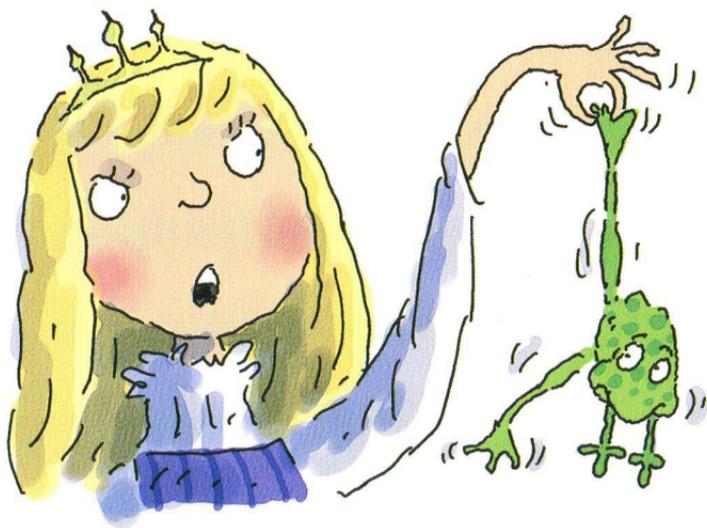


Poppy looked at her father
pleadingly.

“Come on, dear,” said the
Queen. “Don’t make Poppy
touch that green, slimy...”

“Princesses don’t break promises,” interrupted the King, sternly.

Poppy took a deep breath. Then stretching out her arm, she picked up the frog by one foot.



Her sisters gasped.

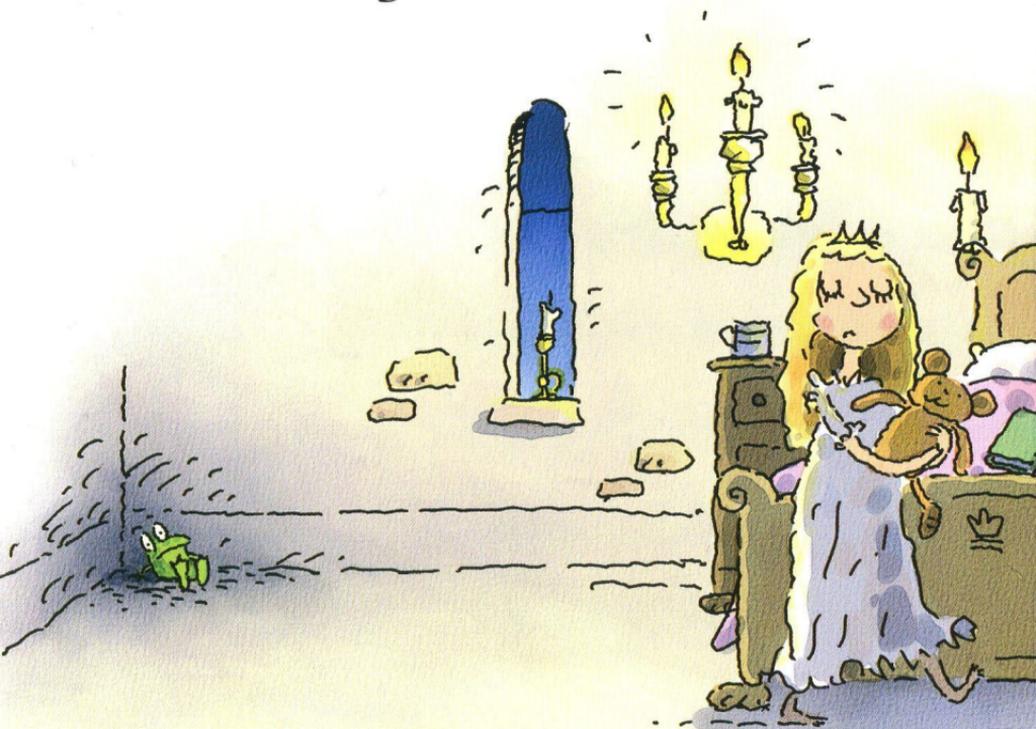
“She touched him!” moaned Prince Humperdink, and fainted.



Chapter 5

The frog prince

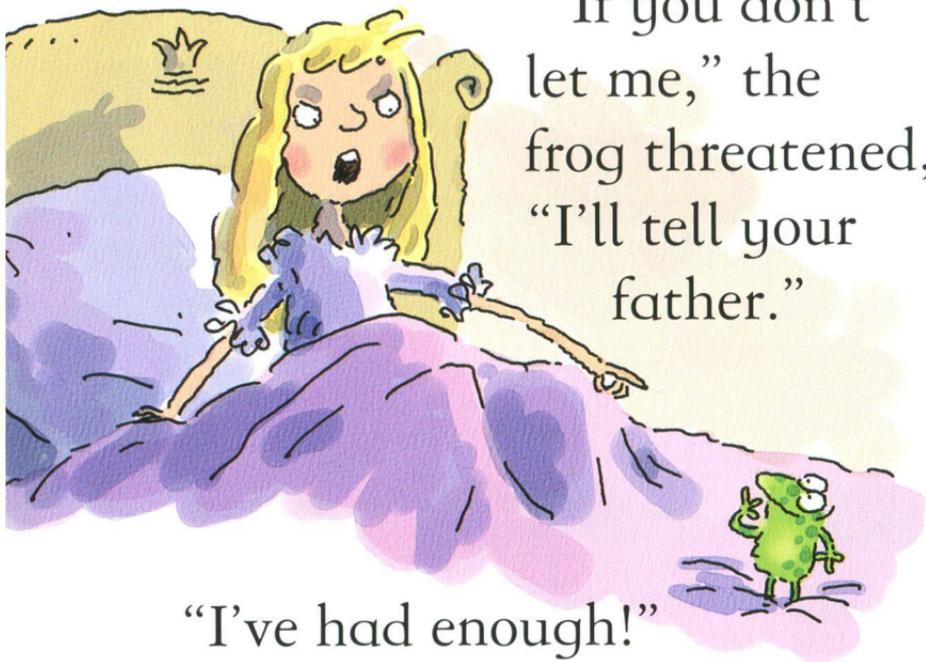
Poppy dropped the frog in the darkest, most distant corner of her room, before climbing into bed.



“But Princess Poppy,” said the frog. “You promised I could sleep on your silken pillow.”

Poppy didn’t answer.

“If you don’t let me,” the frog threatened, “I’ll tell your father.”



“I’ve had enough!” snapped Poppy.

“You’re the meanest, ugliest, most horrible frog I’ve ever met.”

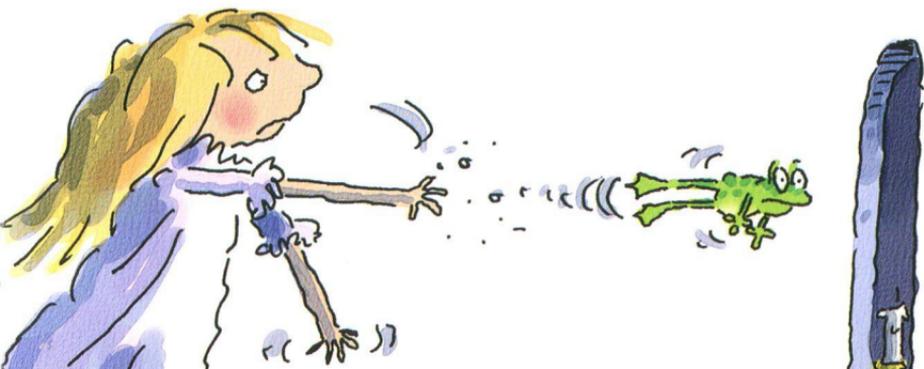
“What’s more,” she added,
“if you mention my promise
one more time, I’ll throw you
out of the window.”

“No you won’t,” said the
frog. “You wouldn’t dare.”

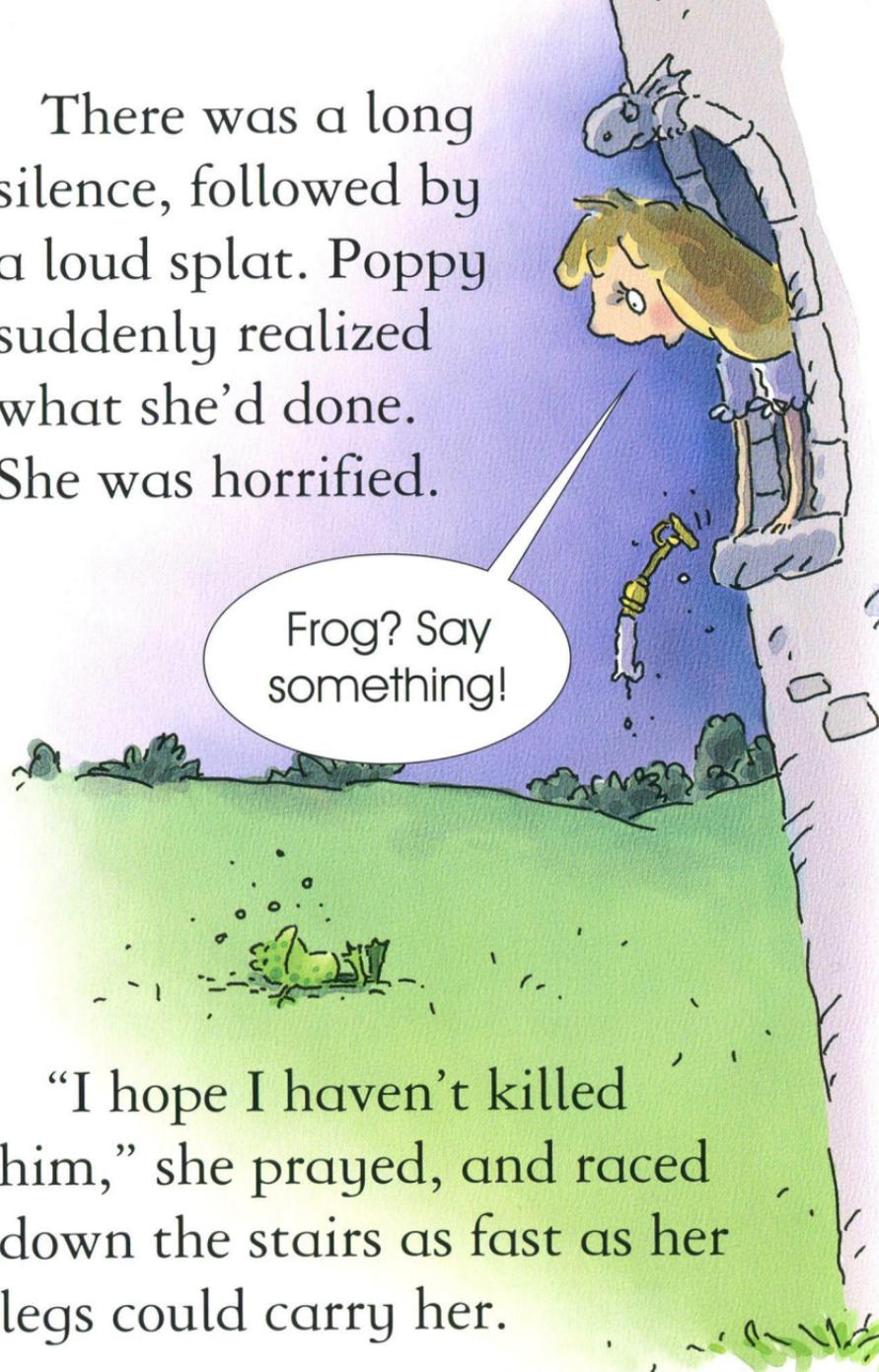
Your promise!



“I do dare,”
said Poppy. In a
fury, she strode over to the
frog, picked him up and threw
him out of her window.



There was a long silence, followed by a loud splat. Poppy suddenly realized what she'd done. She was horrified.



Frog? Say something!

“I hope I haven’t killed him,” she prayed, and raced down the stairs as fast as her legs could carry her.

Outside, the frog was lying sprawled on the palace lawn. Poppy picked him up, as gently as she could.



“Are you all right?” she whispered.

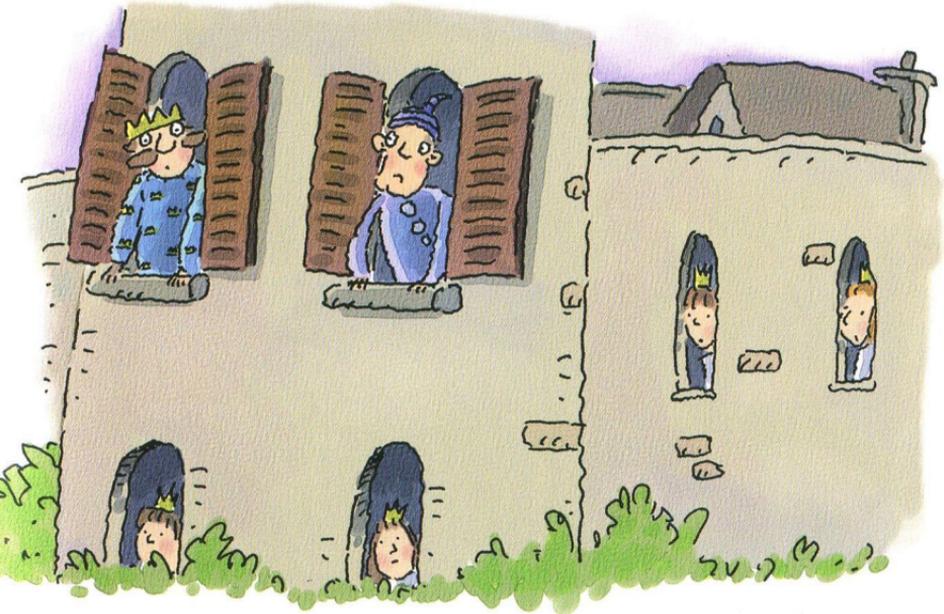
“Yes,” croaked the frog,
carefully feeling his head.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you,”
said Poppy. “I’m so sorry.” And
she bent down and kissed him.



There was a loud crash of
thunder, followed by a shower
of sparks. The frog had
vanished. In his place stood a
handsome young prince.

“At last!” shouted the Prince. “I’m human again. No more slimy skin, no more webbed feet, no more flies...”



One by one, the palace windows flew open and everyone looked out.

“What’s going on?” yelled the King. “I’m coming down.”

“What happened to you?”
Poppy asked the Prince.

“A wicked witch cast an evil spell on me,” he said. “I could only become human again if a princess kissed me.”



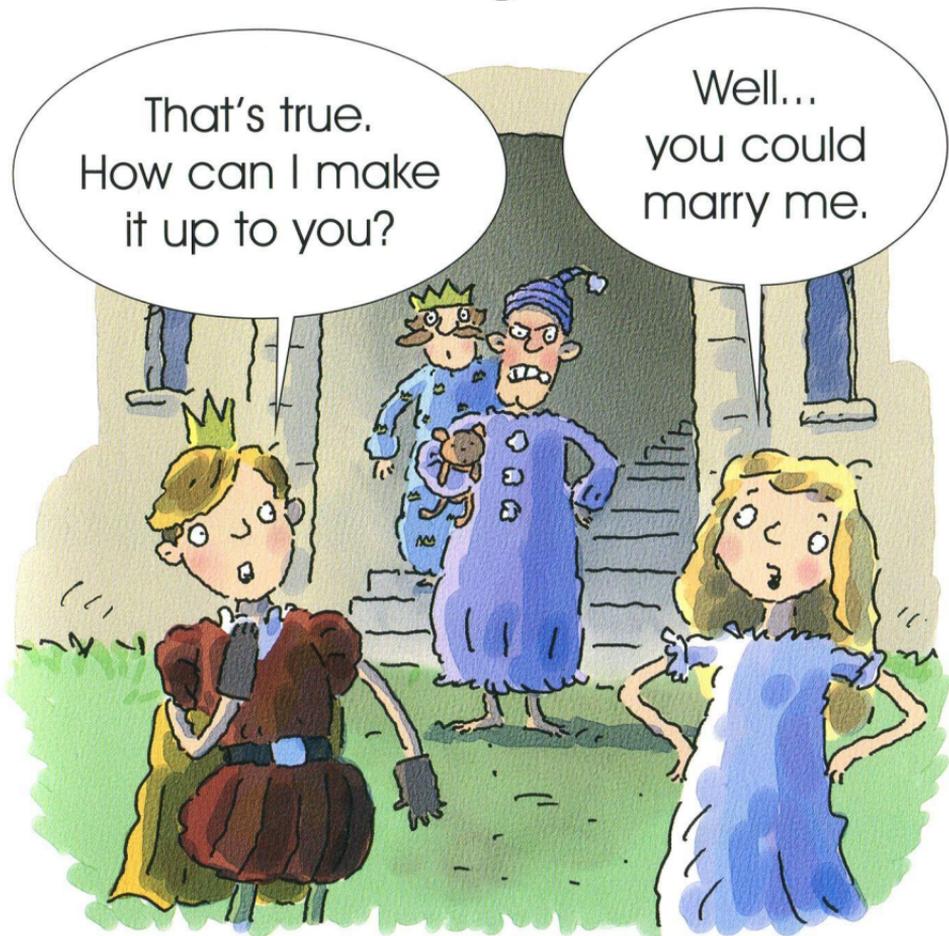
“So it’s because of me that you’re a prince again?” said Poppy, feeling rather proud.

“Well, yes,” said the Prince,
“but you did throw me out of
the window first.”

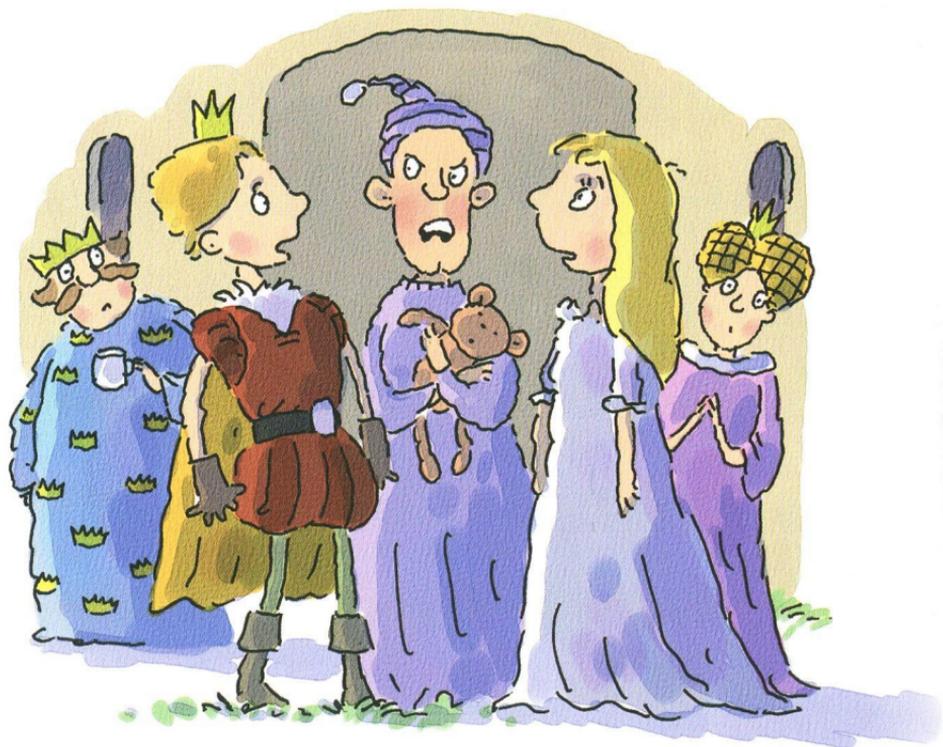
“Still,” said Poppy, “there
aren’t many princesses who
would kiss a frog.”

That’s true.
How can I make
it up to you?

Well...
you could
marry me.



“Excuse me,” said Prince Humperdink, “but Poppy is going to marry ME.”



“No I’m not,” said Poppy. “It hasn’t been arranged yet. And Daddy, you did say I could find my own prince.”

“That’s true,” said the King, with a sigh.

“In that case,” said the Prince, getting down on one knee. “If you promise not to throw me out of the window again...”



“...Princess Poppy, will you marry me?”

“I will,” said Poppy.

And she did.

The tale of *The Frog Prince* has been around since the thirteenth century. It was told by storytellers all over Europe. This version is from the retelling by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, two brothers who lived in Germany in the early 1800s.

