

The Brothers Grimm



The Frog Prince



THINK
DIGITAL ACADEMY



Once Upon a Time

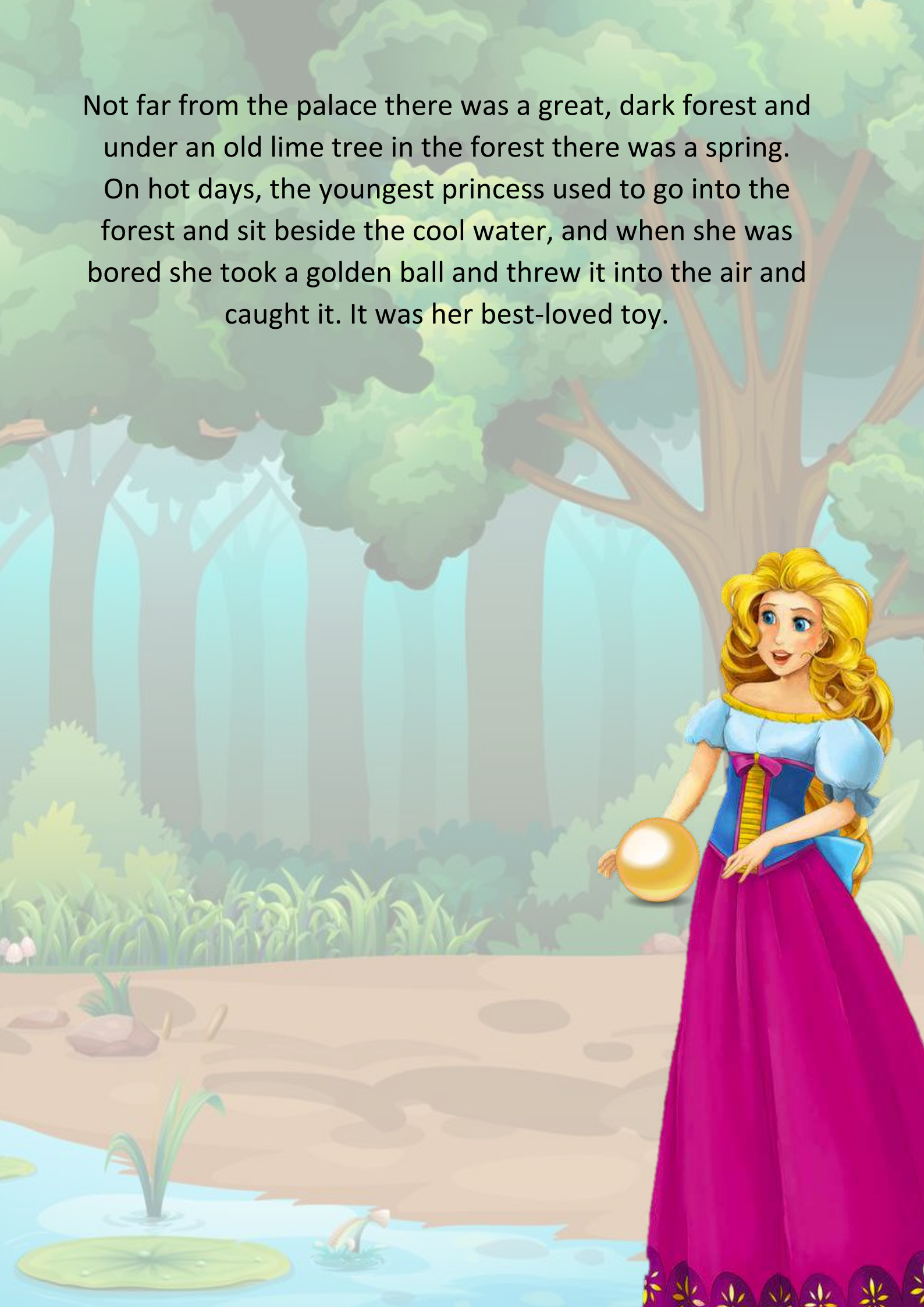
In the old days, when wishing still helped, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful ...



... but the youngest was so beautiful that even the sun,
who has seen so much, was amazed when he shone on
her face.



Not far from the palace there was a great, dark forest and under an old lime tree in the forest there was a spring. On hot days, the youngest princess used to go into the forest and sit beside the cool water, and when she was bored she took a golden ball and threw it into the air and caught it. It was her best-loved toy.



Now one day it so happened that the princess missed the ball, and it rolled into the spring. All the princess could do was watch it as it sank under the water and disappeared, for the spring was deep, so deep you couldn't see the bottom.



The princess began to cry. Her sobs grew louder and louder; she was in such distress. As she cried, she heard a voice saying, “What’s the matter, king’s daughter? You are crying so hard, even a stone would pity you.”



She looked where the voice was coming from, and saw a frog sticking its big ugly head out of the water.

“Oh! It’s you, is it, splish-splash?” she said. “I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the spring.”



“Hush then, don’t cry,” said the frog. “I can help you. But what will you give me if I bring you back your toy?”

“Anything you like, you dear frog,” she replied. “My clothes, my pearls, my jewels, even my golden crown”

“What do I care for your clothes, your pearls, your jewels or your golden crown?” said the frog. “But if you will let me be your friend, and sit with you at table, and eat from your golden plate, and drink from your golden cup, and sleep in your bed then I will dive down and fetch your golden ball.”



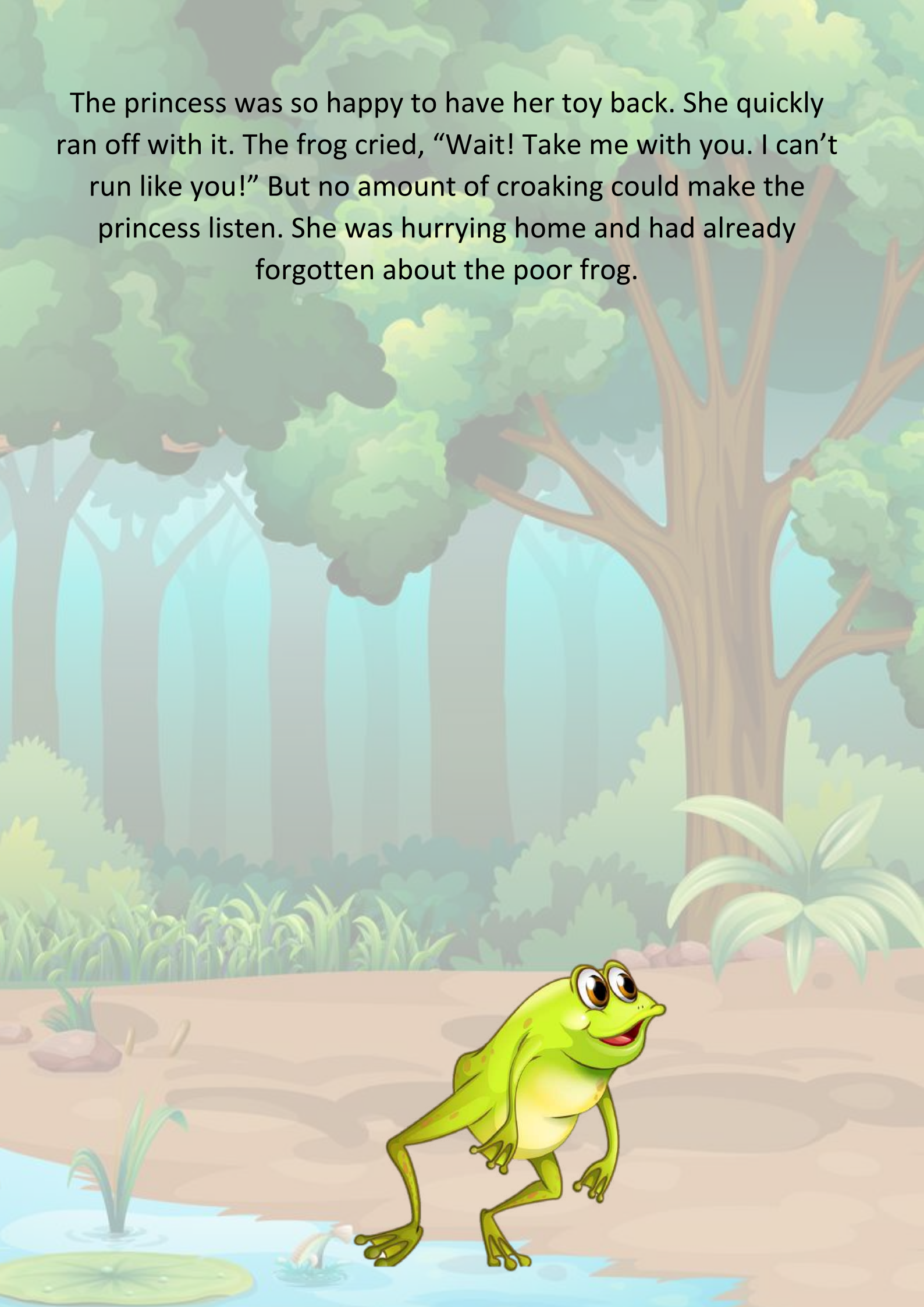
“Oh yes,” she said. “I promise!” But secretly she thought, What nonsense this silly frog talks. All he does is sit in the water and croak. How could he be my friend?



Once she had promised, the frog disappeared under the water and soon came back with the golden ball in its mouth and threw it to her.



The princess was so happy to have her toy back. She quickly ran off with it. The frog cried, “Wait! Take me with you. I can’t run like you!” But no amount of croaking could make the princess listen. She was hurrying home and had already forgotten about the poor frog.



Next day, when the princess sat down at table with the king and all the courtiers, and was eating from her golden plate, something came hopping, splish-splash, up the marble steps.



When it came to the top, it knocked at the door, crying,
“Princess, youngest, let me in.”



She ran to see who was outside, and when she opened the door, she saw the frog



She slammed the door shut as fast as she could and went back to the dining hall. Her heart was beating so fast. The king could see she was scared. He said, “What are you afraid of, child?” Is there a giant outside who wants to carry you off?”

“It’s not a giant,” she said. “It’s a nasty, slimy frog.”



“What does the frog want with you?”

“Oh, Father dear, yesterday when I was in the forest sitting by the spring, my golden ball fell into the water. Because I cried so, the frog fetched it out for me, but first it made me promise it could live with me and be my friend. I never thought it could get out the spring but now it’s outside and wants to come in.”



As they were speaking, the frog knocked a second time,
calling,

Princess, youngest princess,

Let me in.

You gave me your promise,

Down by the spring.

Princess, youngest princess,

Let me in.



Then the king said, "You must keep your promise.
Go and let it in."

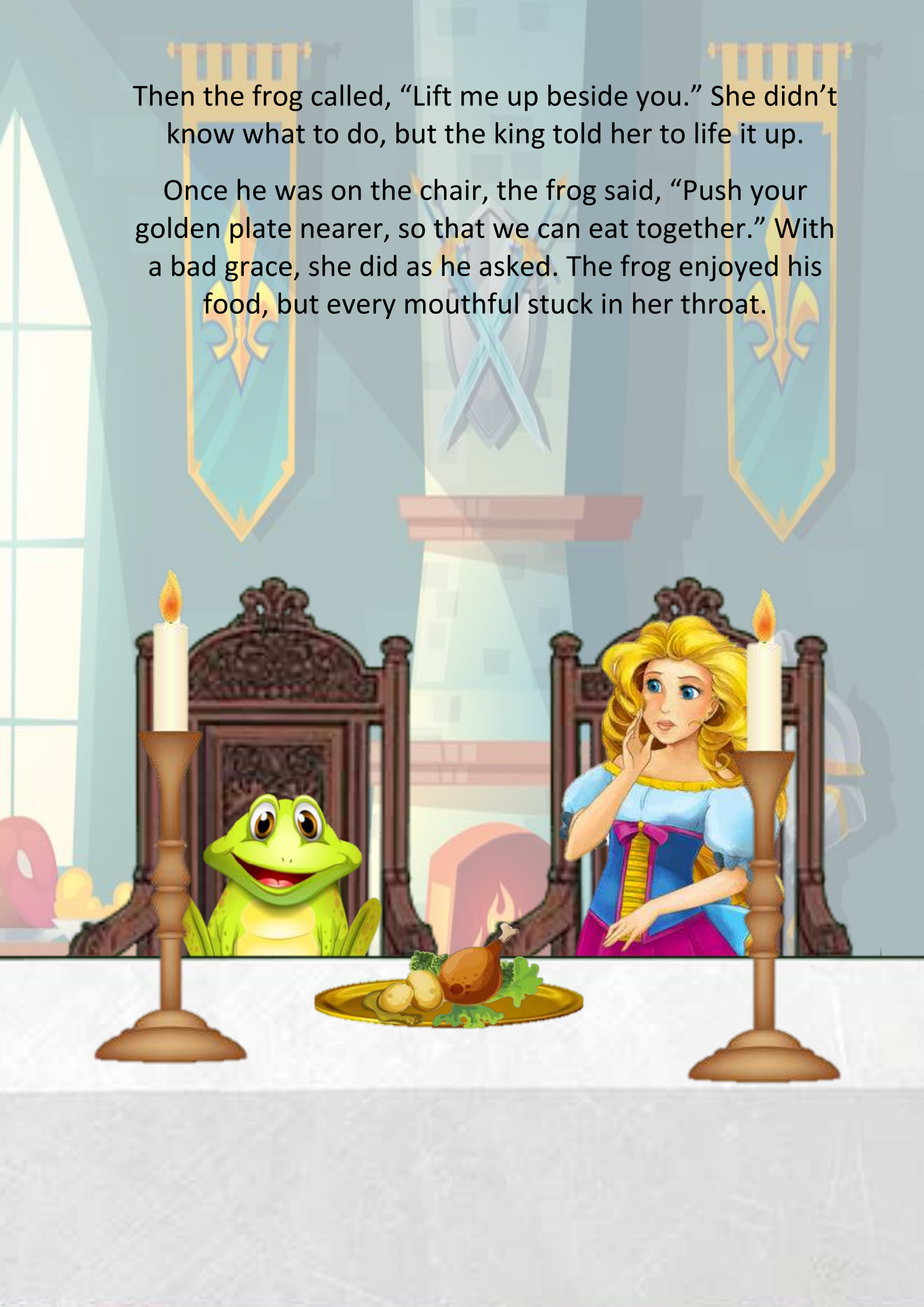


She went and opened the door and the frog hopped in and followed her, splish-splash, back to her chair.



Then the frog called, “Lift me up beside you.” She didn’t know what to do, but the king told her to lift it up.

Once he was on the chair, the frog said, “Push your golden plate nearer, so that we can eat together.” With a bad grace, she did as he asked. The frog enjoyed his food, but every mouthful stuck in her throat.



At last the frog said, “I have eaten enough. Now I am tired, so carry me to your room and prepare your silken bed. Then we’ll lie down and sleep.”

The princess began to cry, because she was afraid of the cold frog. She didn’t want to touch, yet it wanted to sleep in her pretty, clean bed.



The king said angrily, "He helped you when you were in trouble, so you mustn't despise him now."



So she picked up the frog between the tips of two fingers, carried him upstairs, and dropped him in the corner.



She got into bed and pulled the covers up tight but the frog hopped, splish-splash, across the room, calling, "I'm tired, and I want to sleep in your bed. Lift me up or I shall tell your father."

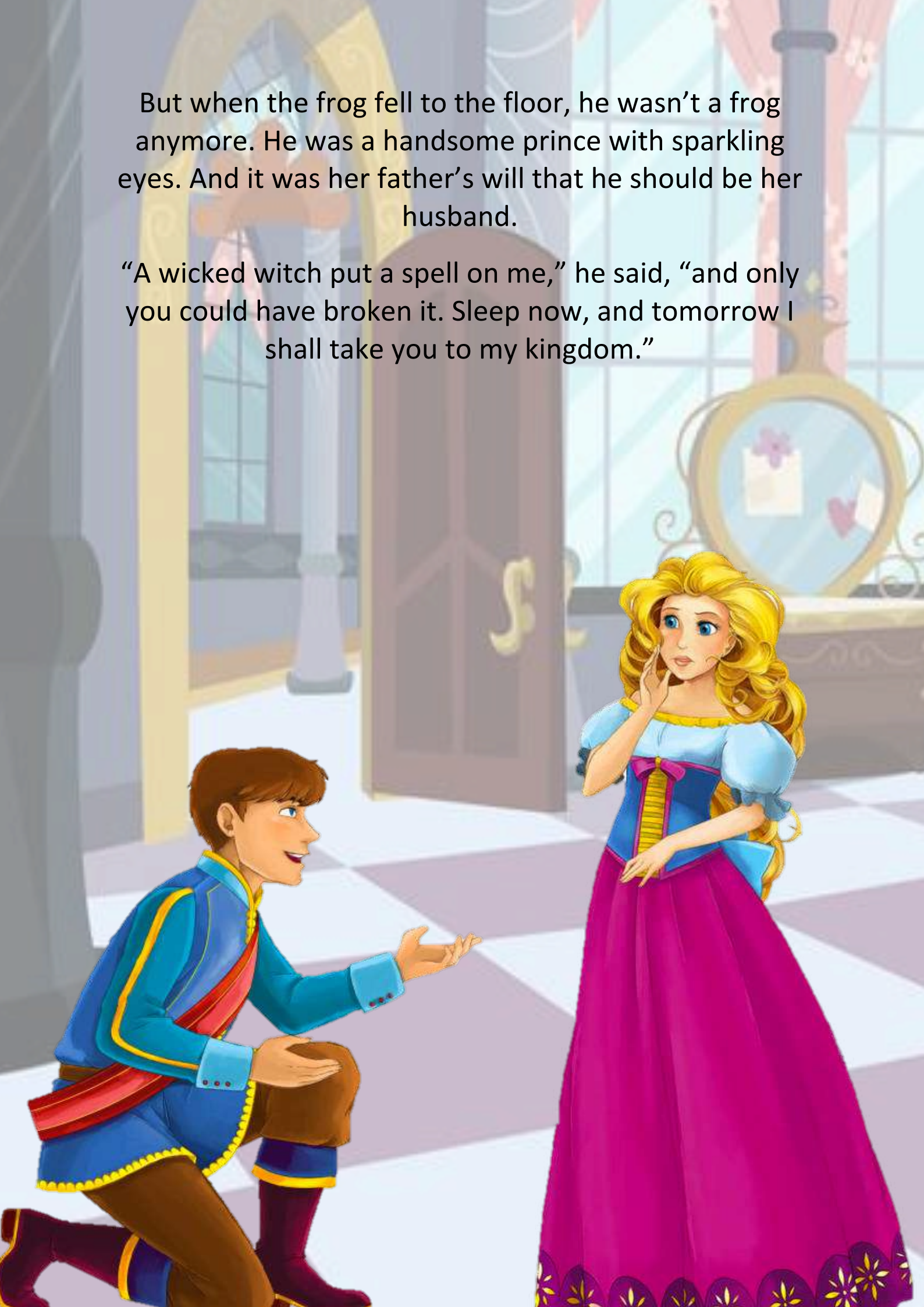


She was so angry, she lifted the frog with both hands and hurled it against the wall. "That should shut you up, you horrible frog," she said.



But when the frog fell to the floor, he wasn't a frog anymore. He was a handsome prince with sparkling eyes. And it was her father's will that he should be her husband.

"A wicked witch put a spell on me," he said, "and only you could have broken it. Sleep now, and tomorrow I shall take you to my kingdom."



In the morning, a carriage arrived, drawn by eight white horses with golden harnesses, and ostrich plumes in their headbands. Behind them stood faithful Henry, the young prince's servant.



Faithful Henry had been so sad when his master was turned into a frog that he had had three iron bands forged around his heart, to stop it from bursting with grief. Now he had come in the carriage to take his master home. He helped the princes and princess into the carriage and stepped up behind them, full of joy.



After they had driven part of the way, the prince heard a great crack! He turned around, saying, “Henry, the carriage is breaking.”

“No, master; it is an iron band that I had forged around my hear to keep it from breaking when you were turned into a frog and imprisoned in the spring.”



Twice more on their journey the prince heard a crack!
Twice more he thought the carriage was breaking. But it
was only faithful Henry's heart filling with happiness, and
snapping the iron bands of sorrow.

The End





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