

# THE ADVENTURES OF THE FROG THAT WAS ONCE A PRINCE



Author: Maria Daadouch  
Illustrator: Evan Hekmat



The adventures of the frog that was  
once a prince Author: Maria  
Daadouch Illustrator: Evan Hekmat

The original work of this book was made possible through the generous support of the All Children Reading: A Grand Challenge for Development (ACR GCD) Partners (the United States Agency for International Development (USAID), World Vision, and the Australian Government). It was prepared by Asafeer Education Technologies FZ LLC and does not necessarily reflect the views of the ACR GCD Partners. Any adaptation or translation of this work should not be considered an official ACR GCD translation and ACR GCD shall not be liable for any content or error in this translation.





Hello! Come closer my dears. I'll whisper the most wonderful secret in your ears. It's true I'm a frog. But I'm no ordinary frog. You see, there are all sorts of frogs; spotted frogs, striped frogs, red-eyed frogs, blueskinned frogs. I don't resemble any of these. I am a very special frog.



I'm a frog now, but before that I used to be a prince! A strong, tall and handsome prince. I was one of those princes who has a crown on shoulders. How do I know that I used to be a prince?





It was from a story a child had forgotten by the river bank. In it I read all about that strong, smart prince that the wicked witch turned into a frog. I'm smart and strong and that's why I guessed that I'm certainly that prince. Can you see this palace above the river bank? It must have been mine.

Do you need more evidence that I am  
that prince?





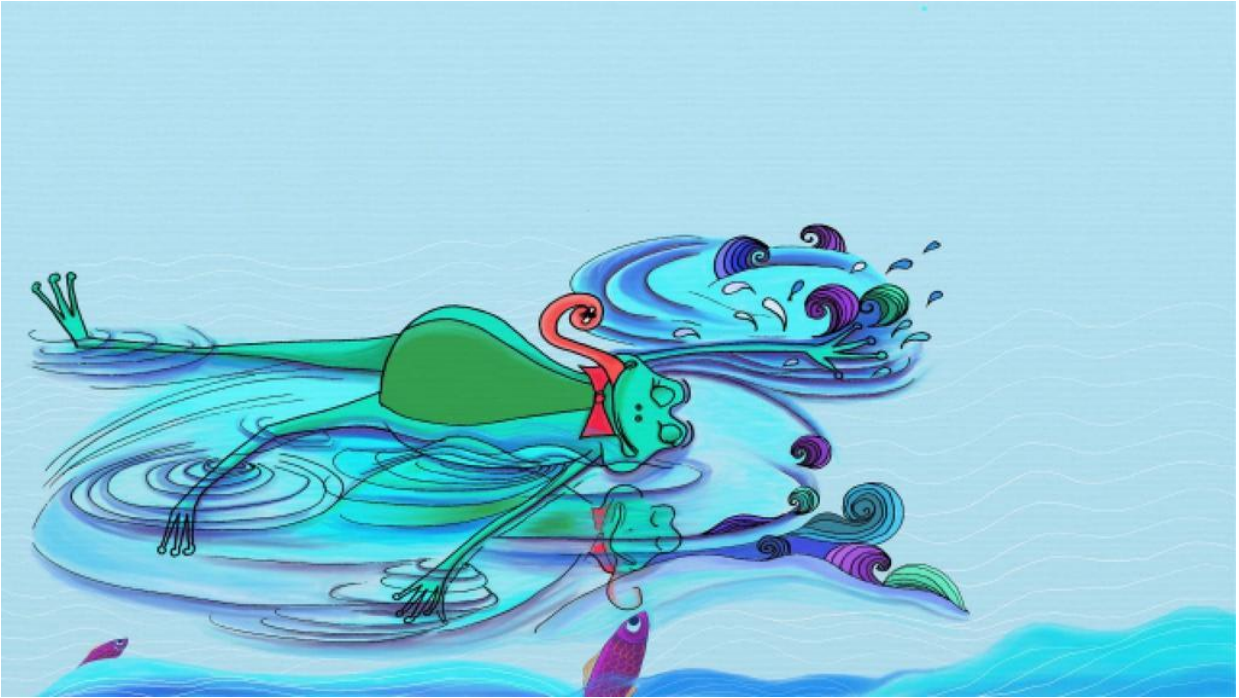
Can you see all the signs the wicked witch hung all around the place to prevent me from coming near my palace? Who else would think of doing such wicked things? But now I have a plan to become a prince again. I'm searching for a beautiful girl that would give me a kiss. Only then I shall become a prince again. But...

NO FROGS ALLOWED NO  
FROGS, NO FROGS, NO FROGS



But I'm sorry to say that I haven't found this girl yet. I mean, I've met lots of other girls of course, but not one of them wanted to kiss me. They are all so ignorant to shun such a handsome prince as I, only because they feel so disgusted to kiss my lovely sticky icky green skin. I'm really surprised, by how some girls

think sometimes. As usual, today I'm hanging around the river bank searching for a smart girl that wouldn't mind kissing me.



Today as usual I'm hanging out at the bank of the river looking for a smart girl willing to kiss me. An annoying fly, buzzes as it passes by. My tongue flings out like a rocket and gulps it up. Buzzing flies are my favorite; they're salty and crunchy. I wait to watch the reflection on my lovely face reflecting on the surface of the pure water. My

face is really beautiful. I take my morning bath, swim in circles while I sing and bathe, and bathe and bathe.





What is going on? A strong current is pulling me toward a hole deep down in the river. I can't resist it. Help! I can't stop and I'm approaching the hole quickly! I can't stop! I can't stop! Ouuuuch ... oh uh ouch ooooooh



Now what? I'm in a dark tunnel. What am I doing here? The wicked witch must have a new plan to kidnap me. First, she pulled me towards the hole, then to the tunnel, and now I have no clue where am I going.



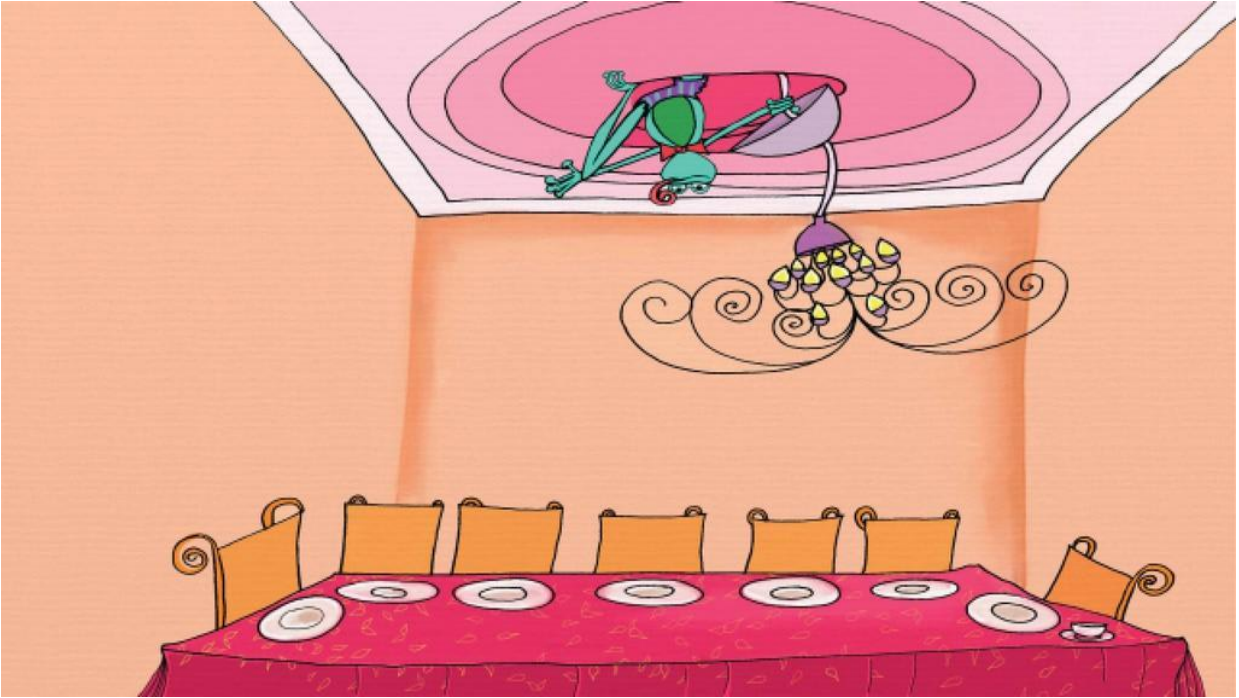
Am I heading towards a turbine?  
Wowowowowowowow... that's one  
fast stubborn turbine. I started feeling  
dizzy. I'll jump on that column, the  
one fixed on its axis. I wonder what  
I'll find at the other end? A revolving  
disc and what's written on it?  
"Hydraulic Electric generator"! Well,  
that's great. I'll use the wires fixed on

it to get out of here. Didn't I tell you  
that I'm a smart frog?





I'll follow these wires. It must be my way out of the water. Oh! my goodness, but what am I doing on this pole? There's no staircase, how will I get down? I'll just walk on the wires from one pole to another until I find some stairs. When will this terrible day be over? What a surprise! These wires end at...



...the palace. These wires supply the palace with electricity. I'll finally get to enter my palace. The one I was banned from entering my whole life. Will I remember anything inside? Did I eat delicious buzzing flies in these plates? Did I jump on these cushions? Maybe I jumped from one cushion to another saying ribit ribit? Honestly, I



can't remember anything! I'll go to the bedrooms. It might refresh my memory.



A girl is sleeping here? And she's a princess, too? How lucky am I? I'll sneak closer very quietly and hold her

hand gently. Then, I'll kiss her hand quickly before she wakes up and kicks me out. I'll finally turn to a prince again. How smooth her hands are!



A few seconds later, the princess started to scream. “A frog, a frog, a frog kissed me.” Well, there’s no need for all this fuss, even if a frog kissed her. When will this grumpy princess stop yelling in my ears?



But the princess suddenly disappeared. Where did she go? And, why do I still have four green fingers with balls at their ends? Then I listened to a nearby voice saying “ribbit, ribbit.” Is there another frog, other than me, here in the room?



A pink dotted frog is looking at me with her black eyes. When I asked her who she was? She replied, “I’m the princess, you fool. Why did you kiss my hand? I turned into a frog because of you.” Is this frog kidding? I answered her, “Actually, I’m the one who should turn into a prince, not you into a frog.”





She outrageously raised her voice and said, “When I was born, a wicked witch enchanted me by wicked spell. It was that if a frog ever kisses me, I shall turn into a frog!” Then suddenly, I realized why all these signs preventing frogs from entering the palace were there.



“But don’t worry, dear princess, all that we must do is find ourselves a prince and princess to kiss us. Only then, we shall break the spell.”



THE END