



storytime™

# THE CLEVER FROG

**O**f all the frogs who lived in the pond in the woods, Giuseppe was by far the cleverest.

He could talk for hours about the stars in the sky, the way that plants grew, or the lives of great poets and kings. He also had a very big vocabulary!

“That Giuseppe knows so many fancy words that sometimes I can’t understand what he means!” his neighbour said. “That’s **how clever he is!**”

Giuseppe was a very friendly and polite frog, but he was also proud of being the smartest in the pond. That was why he never asked for anyone’s advice or cared about their opinions!

One day, he decided to go into the woods to read.

“I want to finish my book, and it is hard to concentrate here **because of all the croaking!**” he said to himself.





So he hopped off into the forest and found a nice toadstool to read on. After reading for a few hours, though, Giuseppe felt restless.

“I might wander around for a bit!” he said. “I’ll take the long way back to the pond – who knows what I will **find along the way?**”

He hopped off down the forest path – but before long, he had lost his way.

“Have I gone past that tree stump before?” he thought. “I was sure that my pond was over here!”

Just then, a mole poked his head up **out of the earth.**

“Oh, hello Giuseppe!” the mole said.

“You’re quite far from the pond – do you need directions?”

Giuseppe didn’t want anyone to think that someone as clever as him would need help.

“Oh no, I’m fine!” he told the mole before hurrying off.

By now, it was **getting quite dark.** Would Giuseppe be able to get back home before nightfall?

He **heard a loud croak.** It was an old toad, who was staring at him.

“What’s a little frog like you doing in the woods at **this time of night?** Do you want directions?” the toad rumbled. ➡

But Giuseppe still felt too proud and embarrassed to admit that he was lost.

“Oh no, I am... **looking at the stars!**” he muttered as he hurried away,

“How can you look at the stars in a forest with so many trees?” the toad wondered. “What a **silly young frog!**”

It was now really dark, and Giuseppe had lost all sense of direction. In the darkness, he couldn't see any landmarks to guide him.

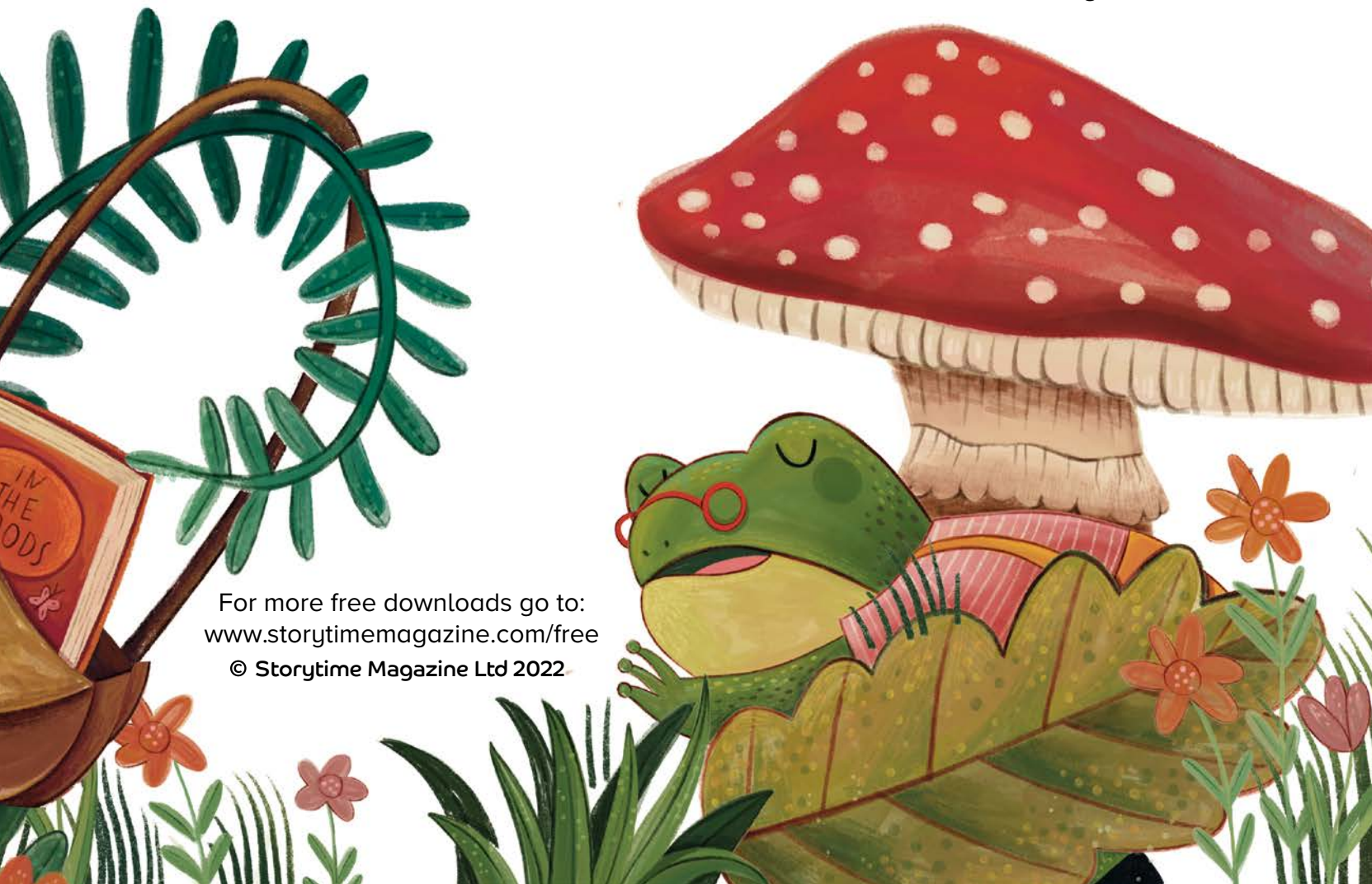
“How will I be able to **find my way home** now?” he thought to himself, feeling miserable.

He wished that he had not been so proud of his cleverness and had asked for directions instead.

“Perhaps someone will come along and help me?” he croaked hopefully.

But the woods were **dark and silent**. Not a single animal came by – and the clever frog had to spend a wet and chilly night shivering under a mushroom. Giuseppe decided that from now on, he would not be too proud to ask for advice.

“If I was *really* clever I would have listened to others!” he thought. ★



For more free downloads go to:  
[www.storytimemagazine.com/free](http://www.storytimemagazine.com/free)

© Storytime Magazine Ltd 2022