

# The Frog Girl

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Once upon a time, there lived a man and a woman who desperately wanted to have a child. But by twist of fate or lack of luck, they could not. One day the woman said, “If only I could give birth to a child, even if it was a little frog!”

At that moment, a fairy laughed, and wild dreams came true all around. And so, it came to be that the woman gave birth to a girl that was a little frog. With green skin and wide frog legs. She was kind and brave, curious and quick-witted. Her parents danced around the room when she sang beautifully. They loved her for being their daughter.

As time passed, the Frog Girl was still a little frog, and her parents were getting older and older. A Worry came to settle in their minds and could be seen in the corner of their eyes. They worried because good parents always worry about their child. How will the world treat their little frog girl?

“She is so different and little, and the world is so big,” the Worry whispered.

“It will turn out okay, somehow,” the old father said.

“Yes, it will turn out okay, somehow,” the old mother agreed.

Every day, mother and father would work in their fields and around the house, and Frog Girl would follow. But one day the mother got ill, so the father worked alone.

“I wonder how your father is doing. I should go and help,” said mother.

“No, mother, you have to rest to get better. I will go. I can carry some food to father and keep him company. And maybe even help a little.”

“But how will you carry the food to the field? You’re just a little frog,” said mother.

“Don’t worry. I am little but not powerless. Put the food in a basket and tie it to my back, and I will carry it to father.”

It wasn’t easy. She was little but not powerless, so she made it to the field and brought food for her father. There he ate his food and then continued working, and the Frog Girl asked him to lift her up and put her in the tree. In the tree branches, she sat and sang. She sang so beautifully that it made the work easier for her father. So, each day she came and sang.

One day, the youngest son of the King walked by. When he heard the Frog Girl’s song, he came to the old father.

“Good day, old sir. I’m sorry for interrupting your work, but I would love to sit here in your field for a bit. I hear an amazing song, and my heart won’t let me leave without enjoying every moment of it.”

The old man looked at his Frog Girl looking at the young Prince and allowed him to stay.

“Oh, how wonderful would it be to meet the person singing so beautifully. How wise and meaningful is her song. Sir, would you by any chance know if I could meet her?”

“I don’t know, Prince. But what if she is strange or comes from a distant land where everyone is upside down?” asked the father.

“Oh, well if that was the case, then I would seem upside down to her as well,” laughed the Prince.

For days to come, the young Prince would come to the field and listen to the song, and he and the old man would share stories. Frog Girl wondered why he was leading his horse instead of riding it. That evening, she asked her father, “Why didn’t the Prince ride his horse? Can you ask him?” So the next day he asked the Prince, while the Frog Girl listened from the tree branch. The Prince said, “My horse has an injured leg. But I couldn’t leave him behind in the barn all day. He’s always by my side.” For days to come, every evening, the Frog Girl would tell her father questions to ask the Prince the next day, and little by little she learned that the young Prince was a good and compassionate man.

One day, the Prince came and sat under the tree but was very quiet. The old father asked him what was bothering him.

“My father the King gave us, his sons, a task to find brides worthy of the kingdom. When we present them to the King, he will choose the best one and decide which one of us will rule the kingdom. And I didn’t find anybody. I don’t care about the crown. I have never much cared for ruling others, but I don’t want to insult my father when I don’t bring anybody. Oh, if only the wonderful singing girl would want to come with me,” the Prince sighed.

“But my Prince,” said the old father, “what if she comes from a distant land where everyone is green? What would your father say?”

“That doesn’t matter to me. Even my father would have to admit how special this girl is with the truths in her songs.”



At that moment, the Frog Girl jumped down from the tree in front of the Prince and smiled at him with her big green smile. And the Prince smiled back. He had, in fact, already seen her up there, hidden in the tree branches but didn't want to scare her until she was ready to come out.

And so, the two of them headed for the King's castle. The Prince was leading the horse by the reigns, and the Frog Girl was perched on the saddle.

"Do you really think your father the King won't mind you bringing me, a frog girl?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter. I am just happy you wanted to come. It was so nice to spend time with you and your father on your land, but I want you to see my home as well," said the Prince.

Now that she didn't have to wait for the evening to tell her questions to her father, the two of them talked and talked and were almost late for the big festivity the King had planned.

In the city a crowd gathered, murmuring with anticipation, and the King called his sons to present their chosen ones.

First came the oldest son. He brought forward a princess from a distant realm who was known throughout the land for her beauty. When the Prince introduced her to the King, she gave the King a rare and beautiful flower that smelled as though the fairies had grown it themselves.

Then came the second son, who brought forward a princess from a neighbouring kingdom. She was known throughout the land for her wisdom. When the Prince introduced her to the King, she gave the King a rare medicinal herb that could heal any ache or pain.

"I forgot we have to bring a flower for the King!" the youngest Prince whispered to the Frog Girl.

“Don’t worry, I have one,” she said and proudly hopped off the horse’s back and in front of the King. All the gathered people stared in shock, and the King frowned.

“Your majesty, I am not known throughout the land for my song, since I only ever sang it to my old father and mother, but to them, it is their favourite song,” said the Frog Girl and started to sing. As she sang, even the birds fell quiet to listen. When she was finished, she hopped over to the King and placed a single blade of wheat from her father’s field at his feet.

The King fell quiet in disbelief for a moment.

“My sons have not failed me. Their chosen ones are truly special. But you, Frog Girl, you are the only one who understands that there is no life without bread. You shall be the Queen and rule by my son’s side.”

All the gathered crowd started to yell. Some because they didn’t want a frog to be their Queen, and others because the Frog Girl was exactly who they wanted to be their Queen. And even the wisest of kings can’t please everybody.

“But father, this can’t be!” The two older sons were angry. “A frog can’t be the Queen!”

“Yes, I agree. That is why I will search the kingdom to find a fairy creature that will turn her into a real girl,” said the King.

The Frog Girl and the young Prince looked at each other in tacit understanding. The Frog Girl didn’t really want to change, and the young Prince didn’t really want to be King. So as the festivities began, they whispered to each other.

“I like your city, but I love my parent’s fields and singing in my tree.”

“I love my city, but I don’t want to be King.”



So that evening, they said goodbye to the King and went back to that field and that old house and spent their lives with the old father and old mother. They lived a humble but happy life.

And somewhere, a fairy laughed, and wild dreams came true all around.