

Suddenly, there was a knock on the

shed door.

'Did you catch anything?' called

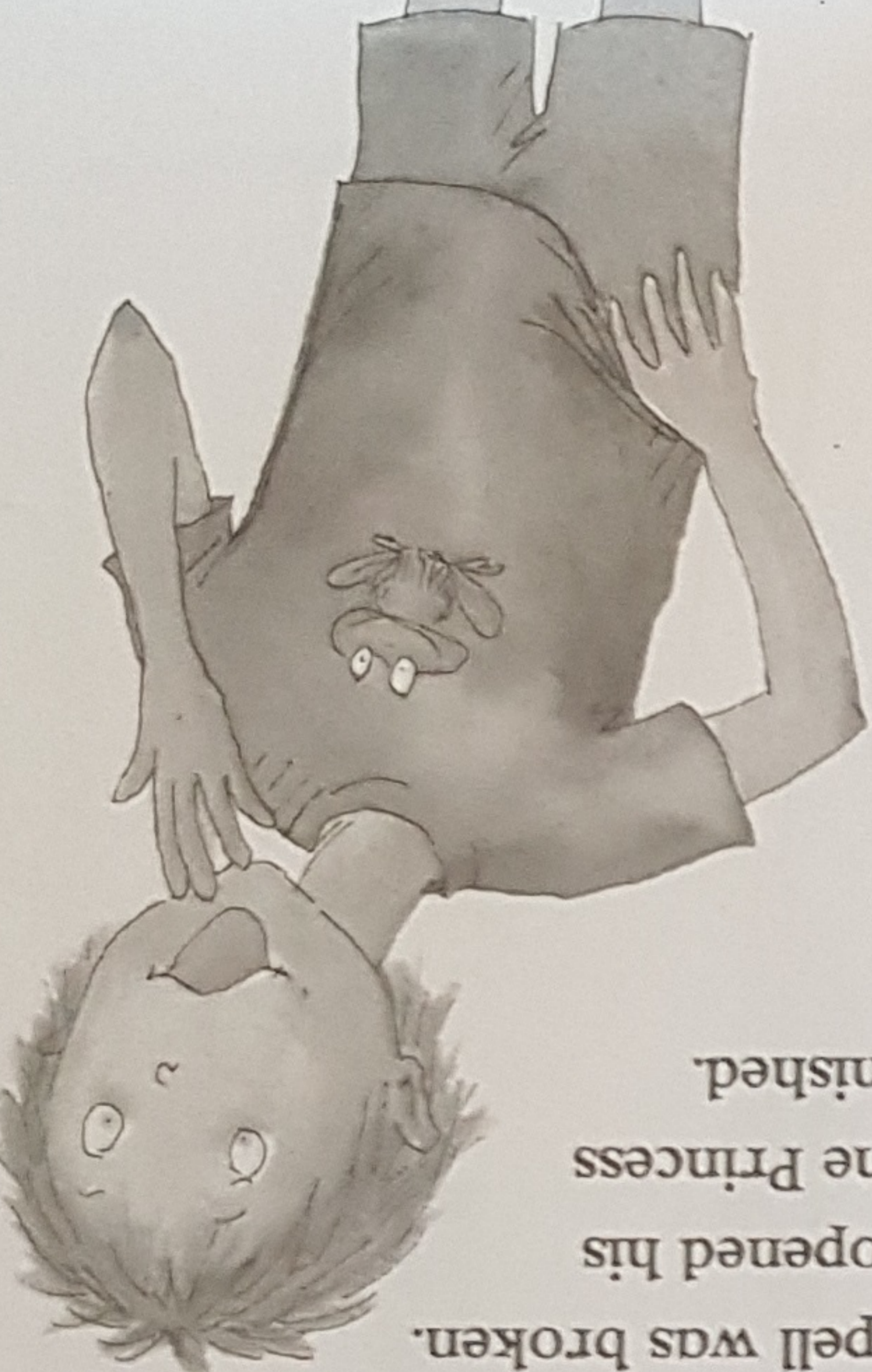
Grandpa.

The spell was broken.

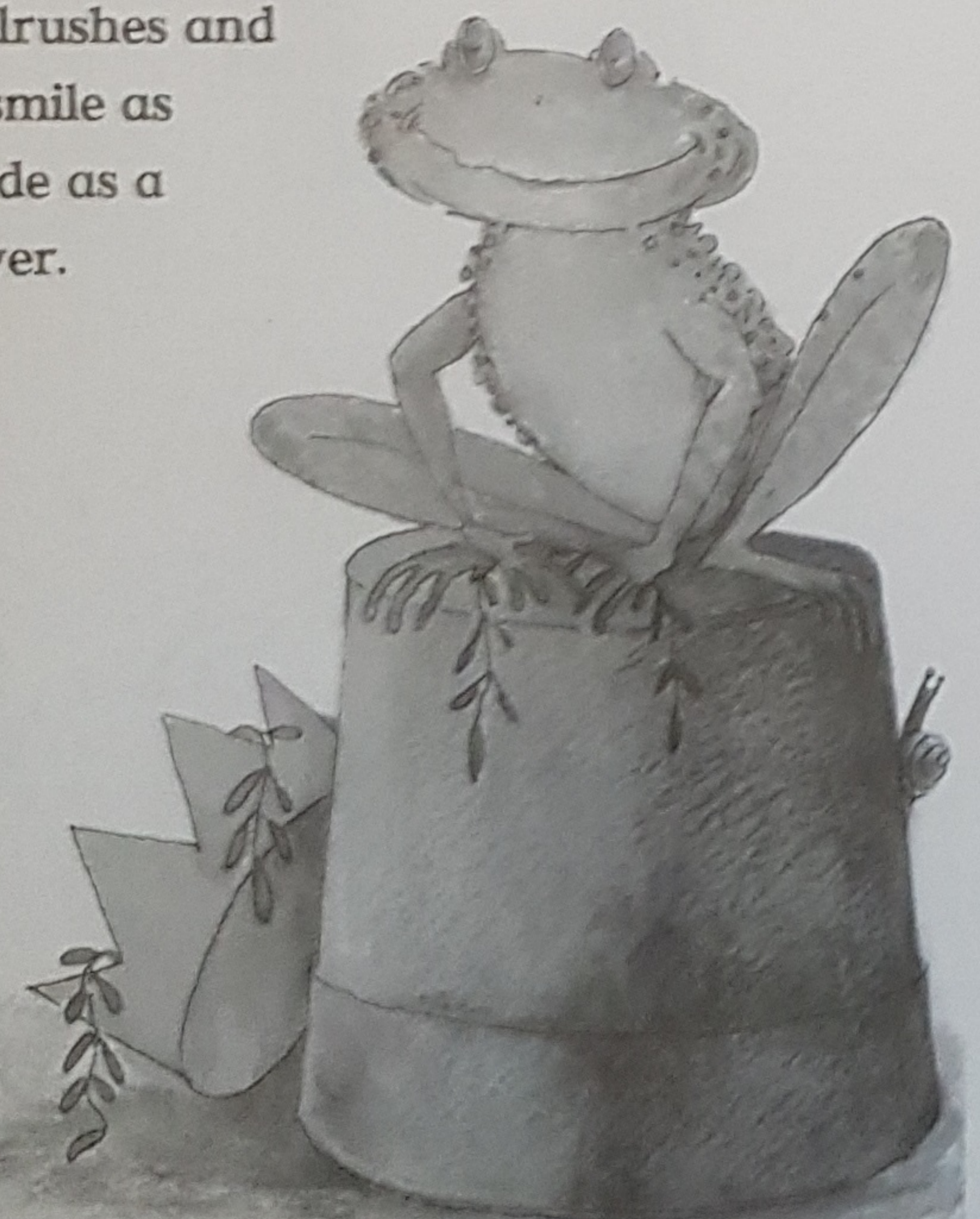
Harry opened his

eyes. The Princess

had vanished.



There, sitting on the flowerpot, was the most fantastic frog he had ever seen. It had skin as green as lily pads, eyes as brown as bulrushes and a smile as wide as a river.



Harry picked the frog up and kissed it again and again. 'Little Princess,' he cried, 'you are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen!'



He went over the bridge,

through the woods, on to

a bus and down to

the meadow.

Then he waded into

the water up to his

wellets among the

reeds, reels, nets

and gnats.

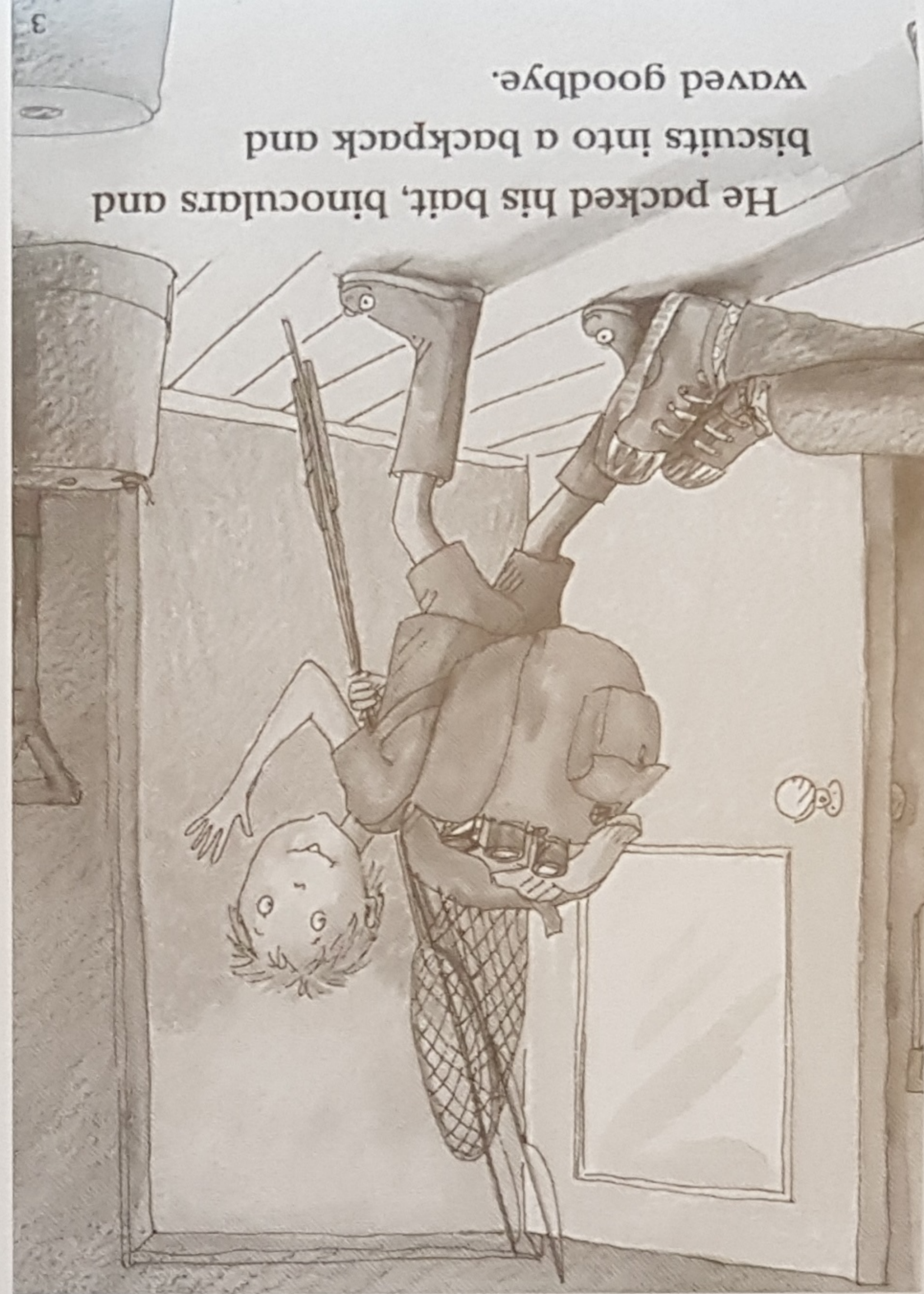


That's what he'd been fishing for all along.



He packed his bait, binoculars and biscuits into a backpack and

waved goodbye.

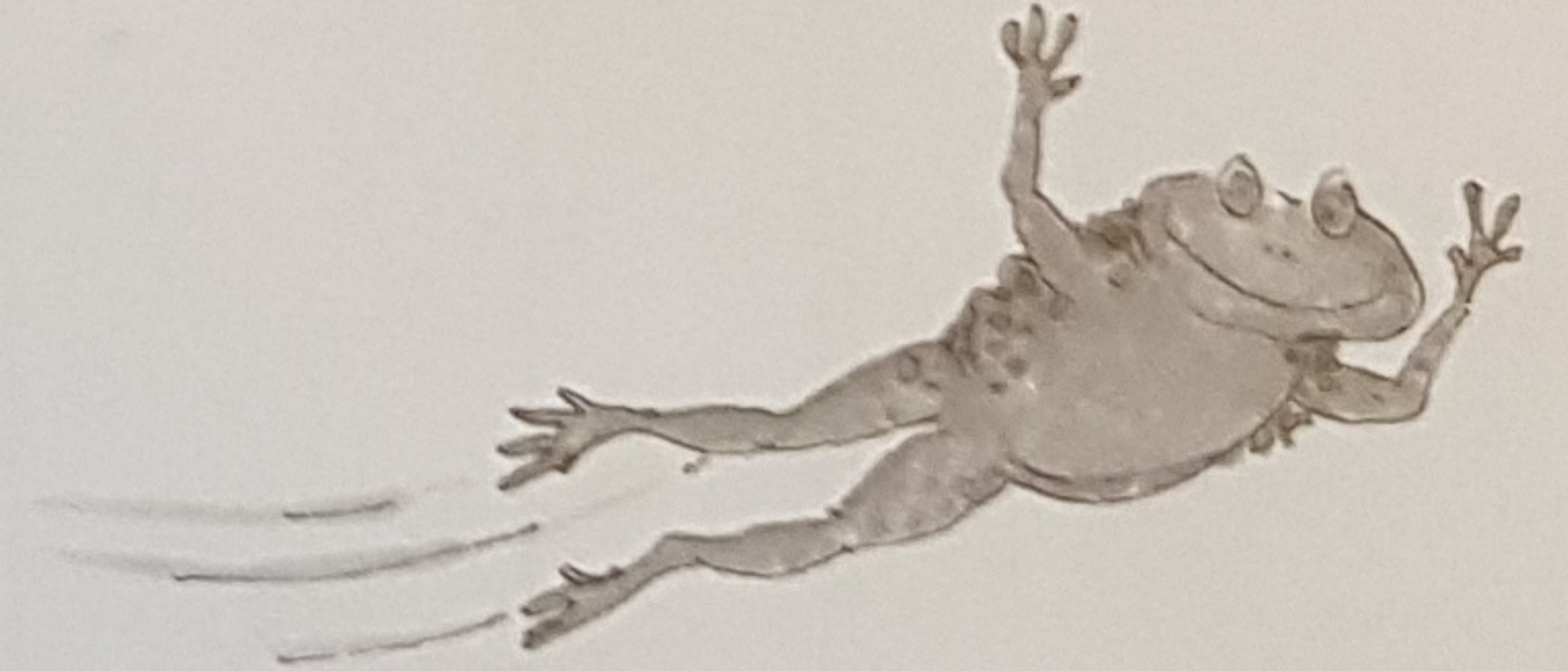


'Where are you off to?' asked Harry's grandpa.

'Fishing,' said Harry.



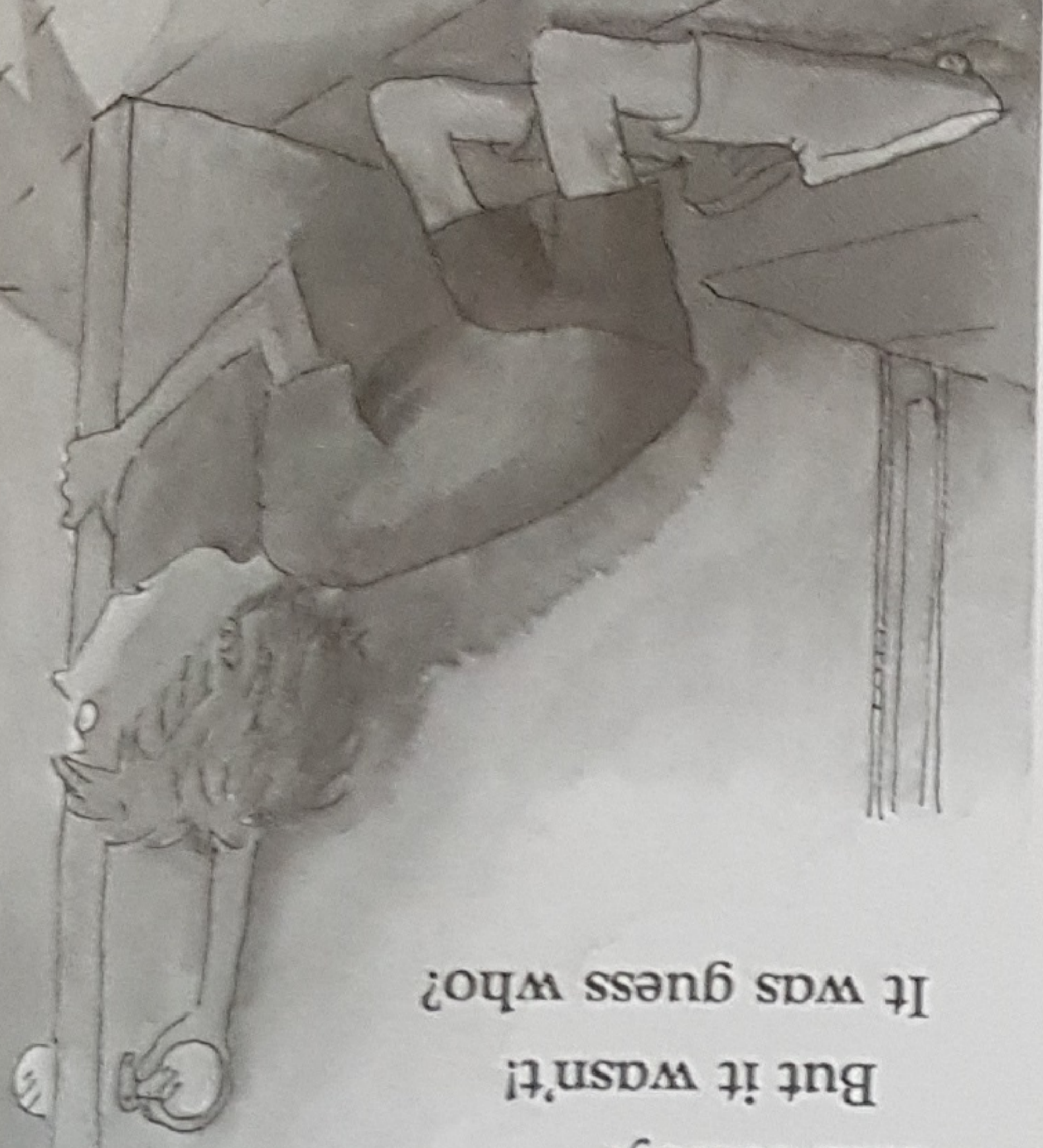
Amphibby Anne



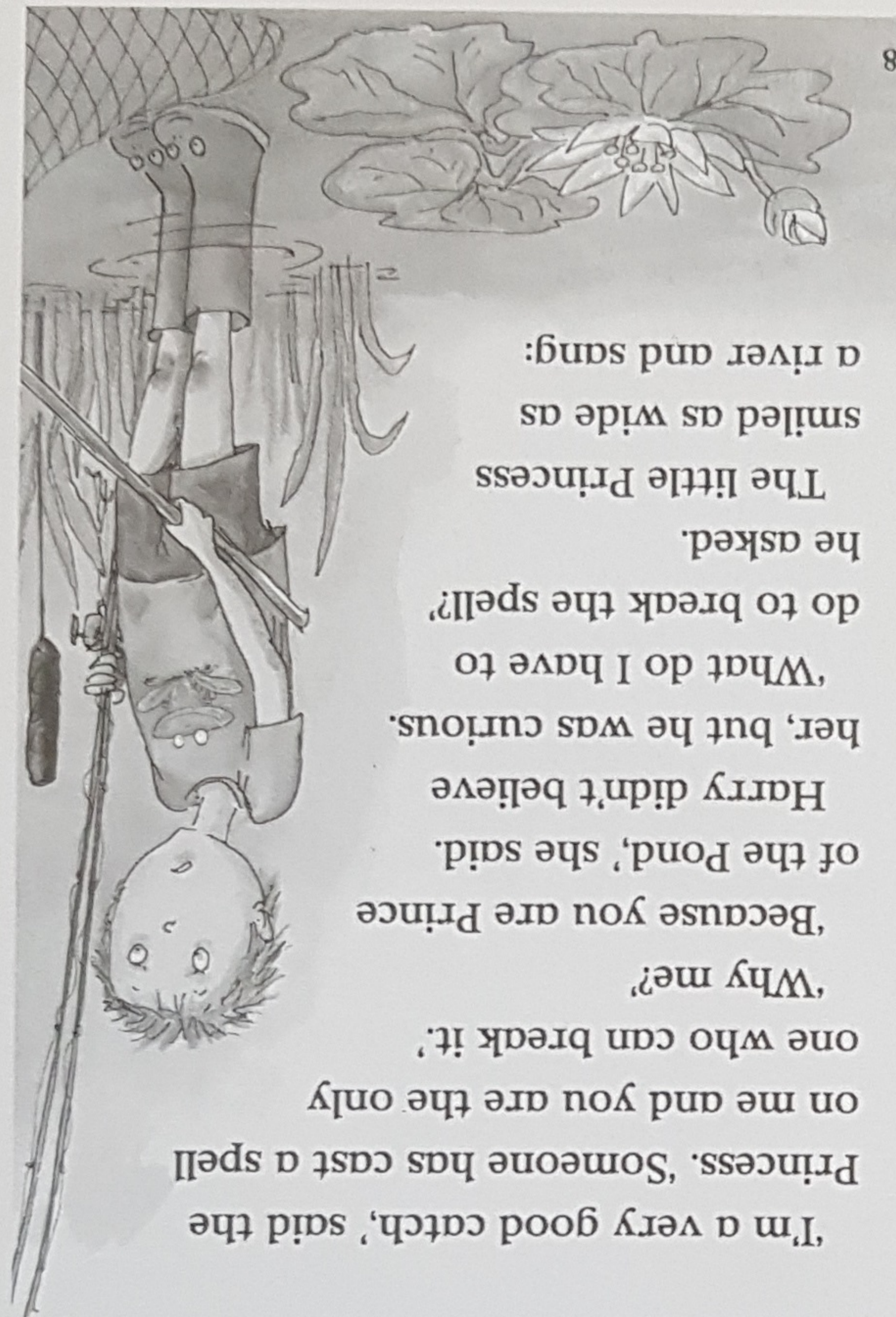
Written by
Jeanne Willis

Illustrated by
Doffy Weir

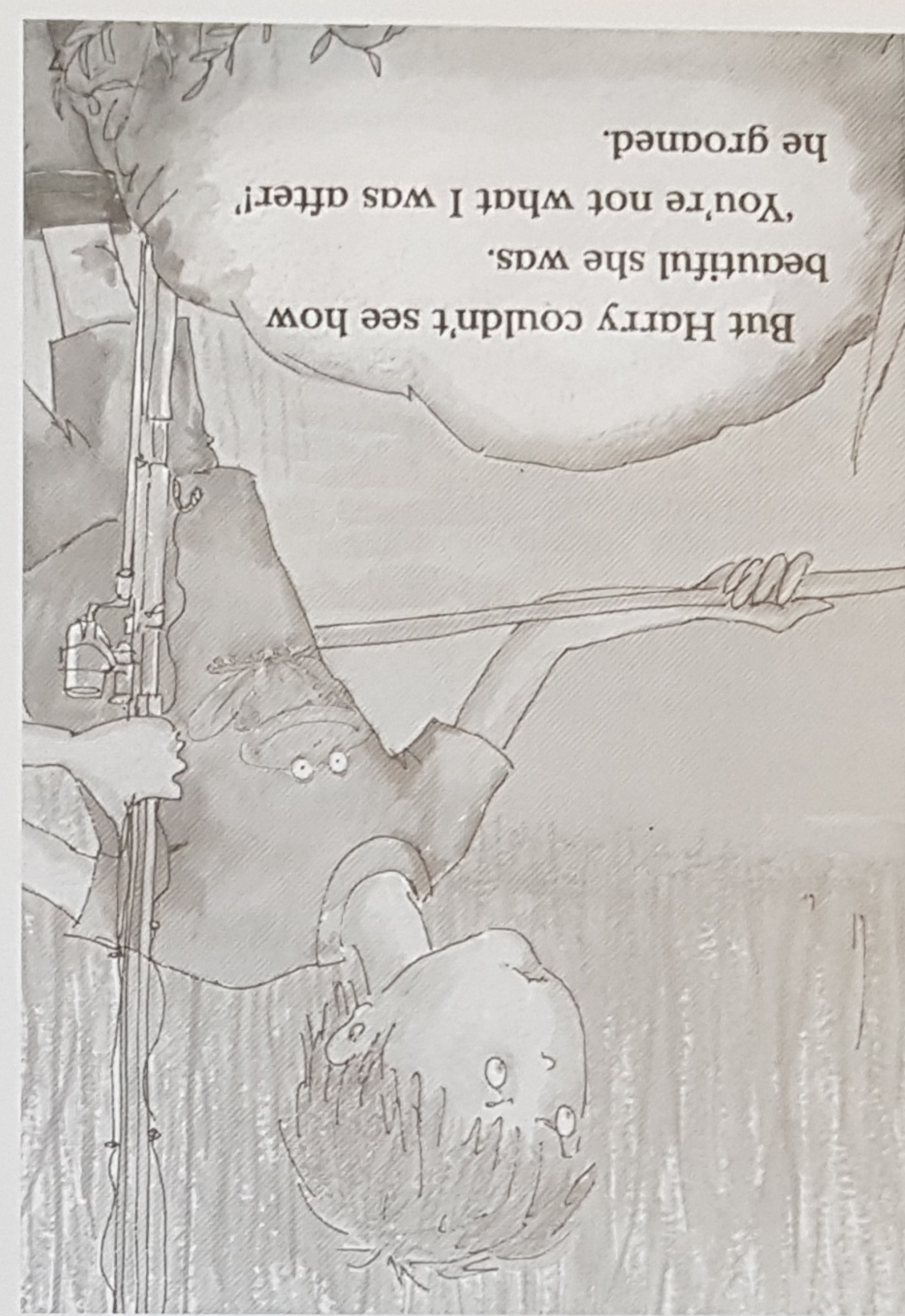




Just when he thought it was safe to come out, there was a knock at the door. 'Is that you, Grandad?' said Harry. But it wasn't! It was guess who?



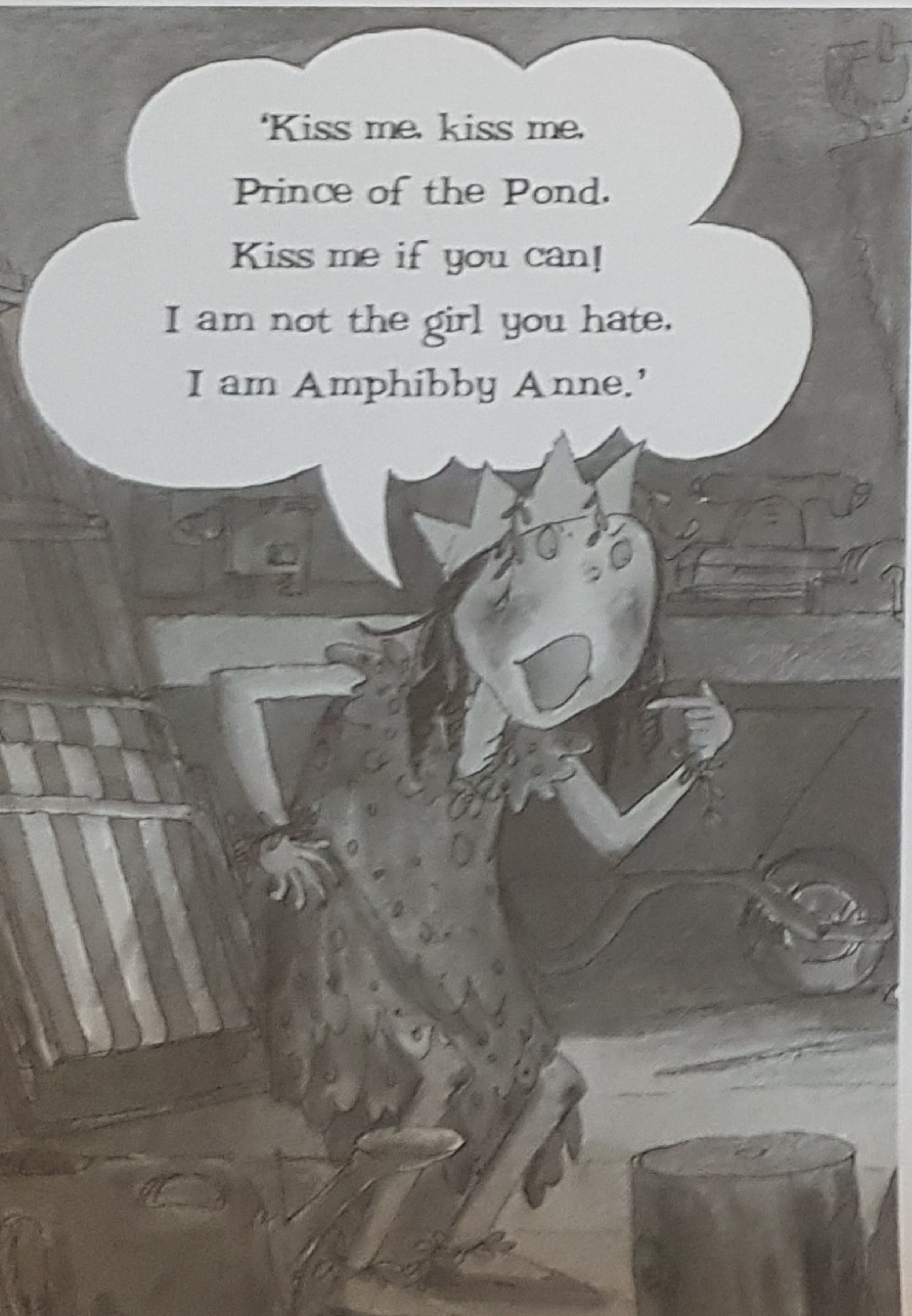
'I'm a very good catch,' said the Princess. 'Someone has cast a spell on me and you are the only one who can break it.' 'Why me?' 'Because you are Prince of the Pond,' she said. Harry didn't believe her, but he was curious. 'What do I have to do to break the spell?' he asked. The little Princess smiled as wide as a river and sang:



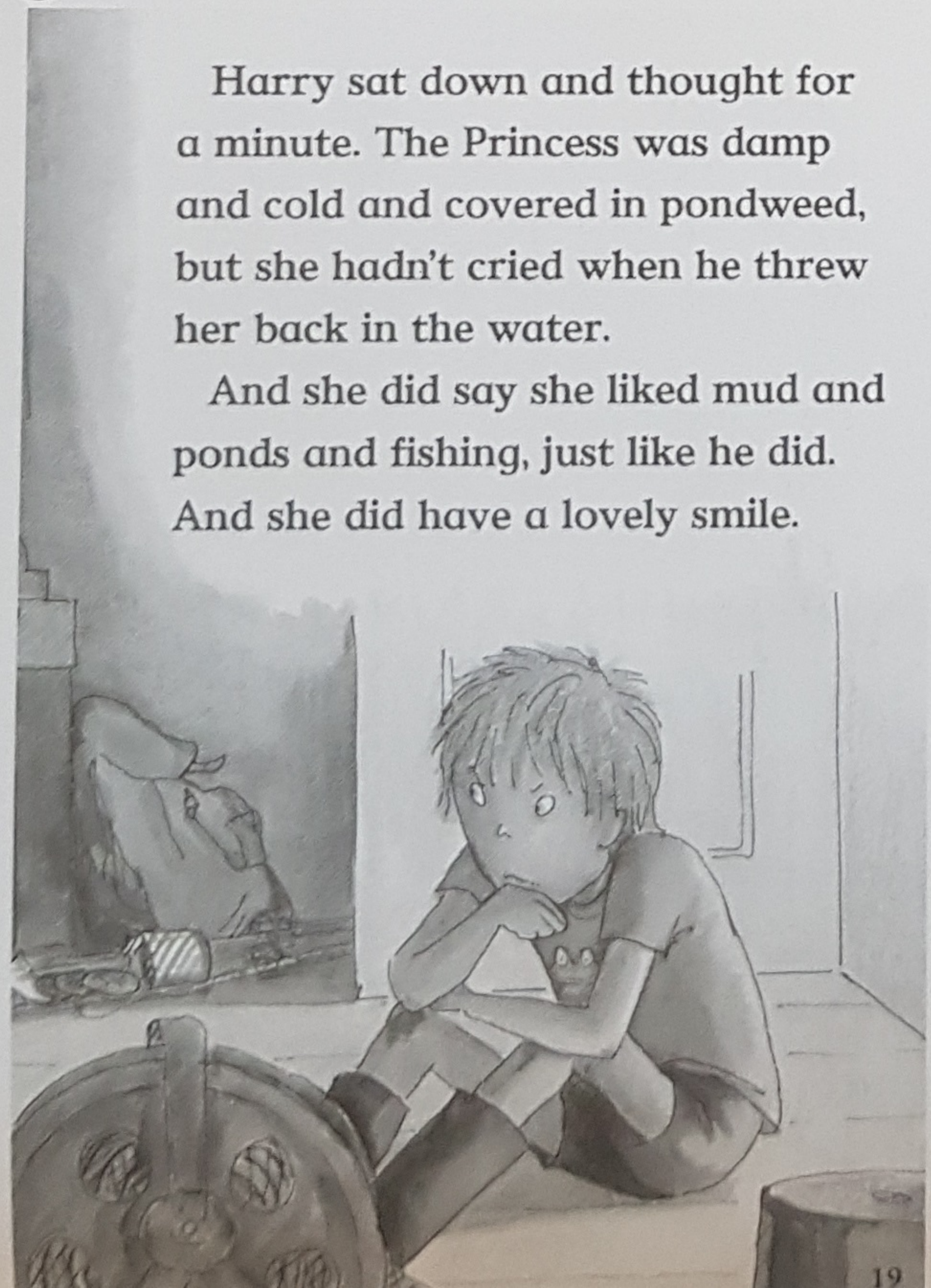
But Harry couldn't see how beautiful she was. 'You're not what I was after!' he groaned.



Only he didn't catch any of those. He caught a little Princess instead. She had eyes as green as lily pads, hair as brown as bulrushes and a smile as wide as a river.



'Kiss me, kiss me. Prince of the Pond. Kiss me if you can! I am not the girl you hate. I am Amphibby Anne.'



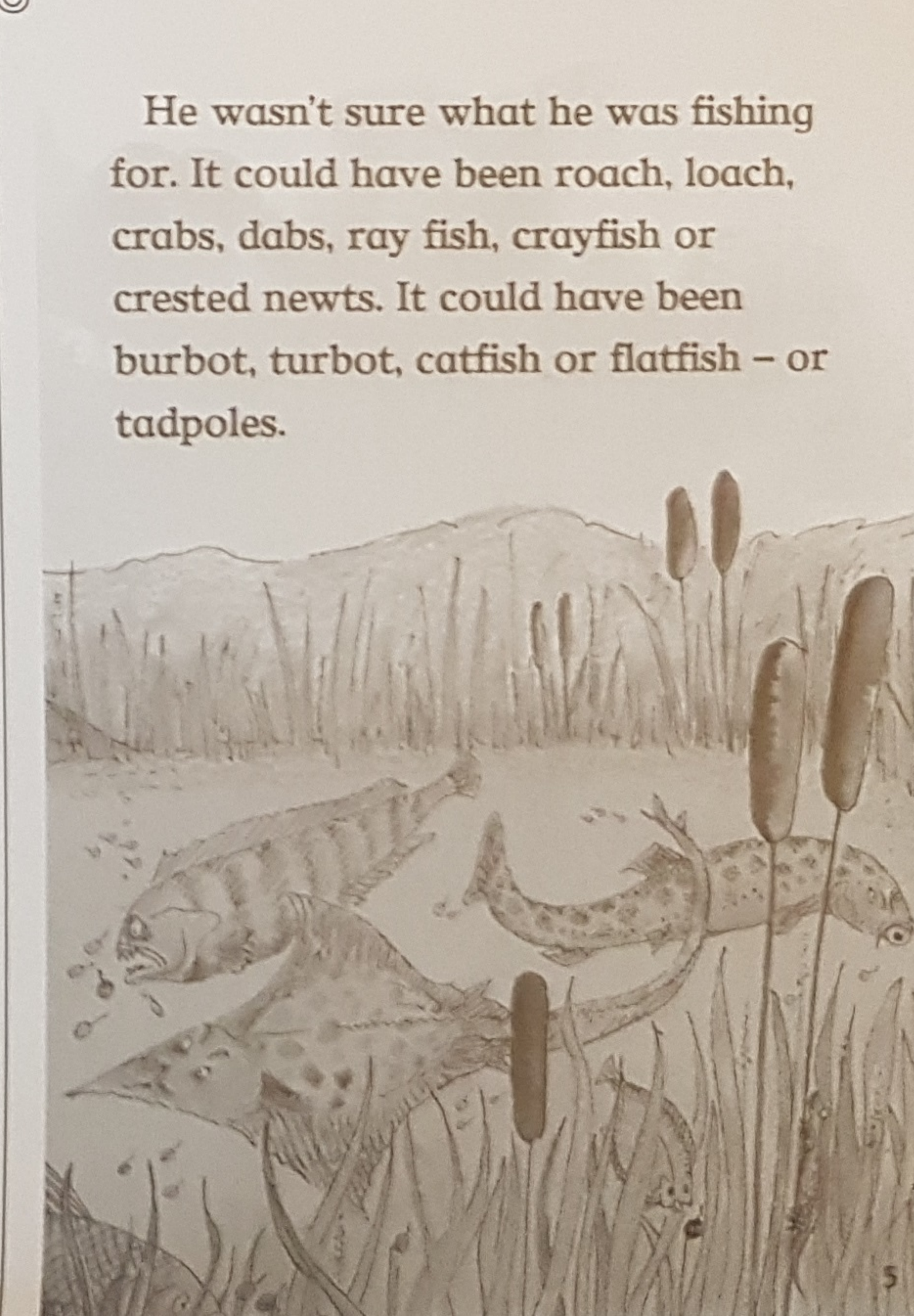
Harry sat down and thought for a minute. The Princess was damp and cold and covered in pondweed, but she hadn't cried when he threw her back in the water. And she did say she liked mud and ponds and fishing, just like he did. And she did have a lovely smile.



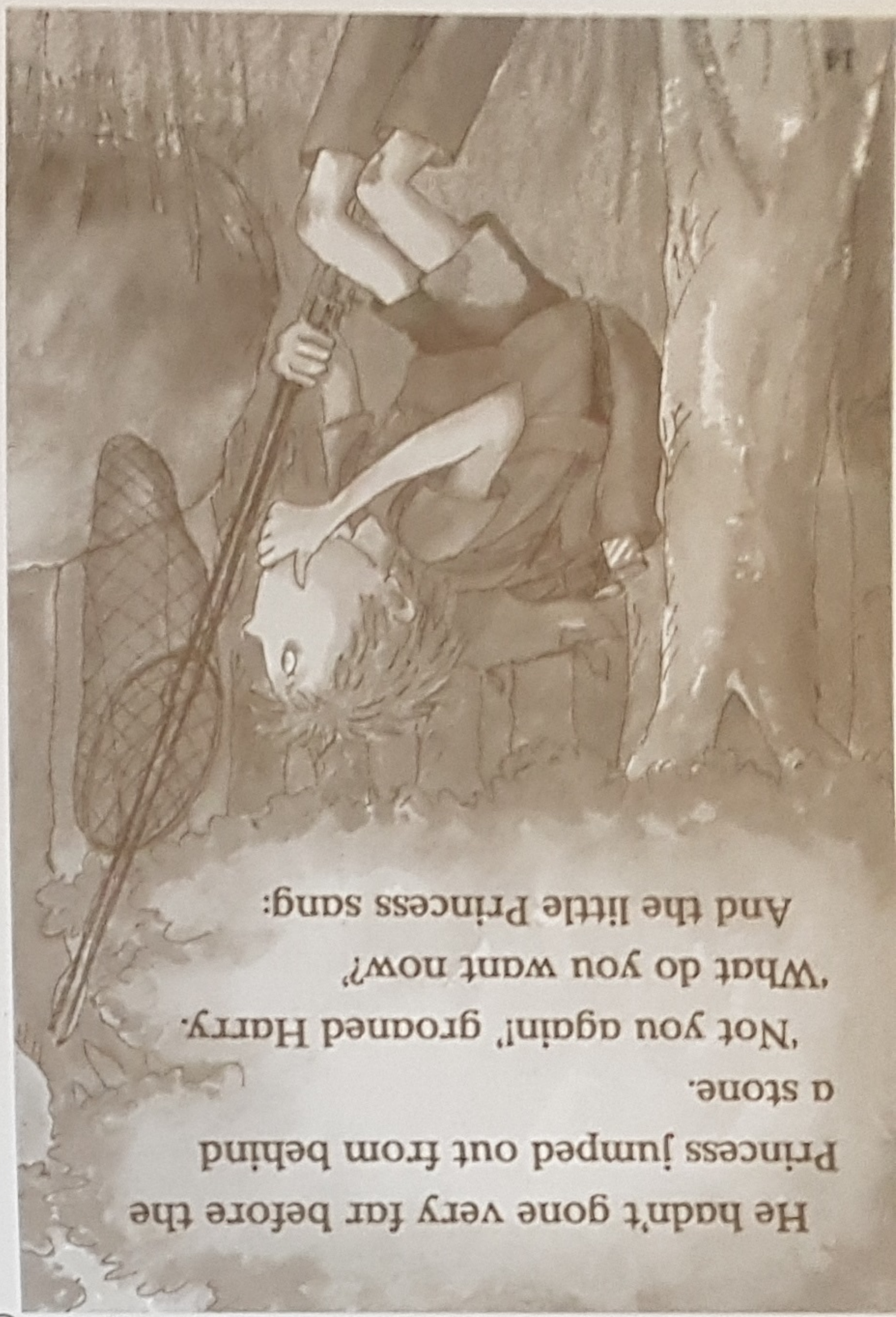
'All right,' he said. 'I'll kiss you just this once.'

The Princess climbed on to a flowerpot and Harry pinched his nose, closed his eyes and kissed her.

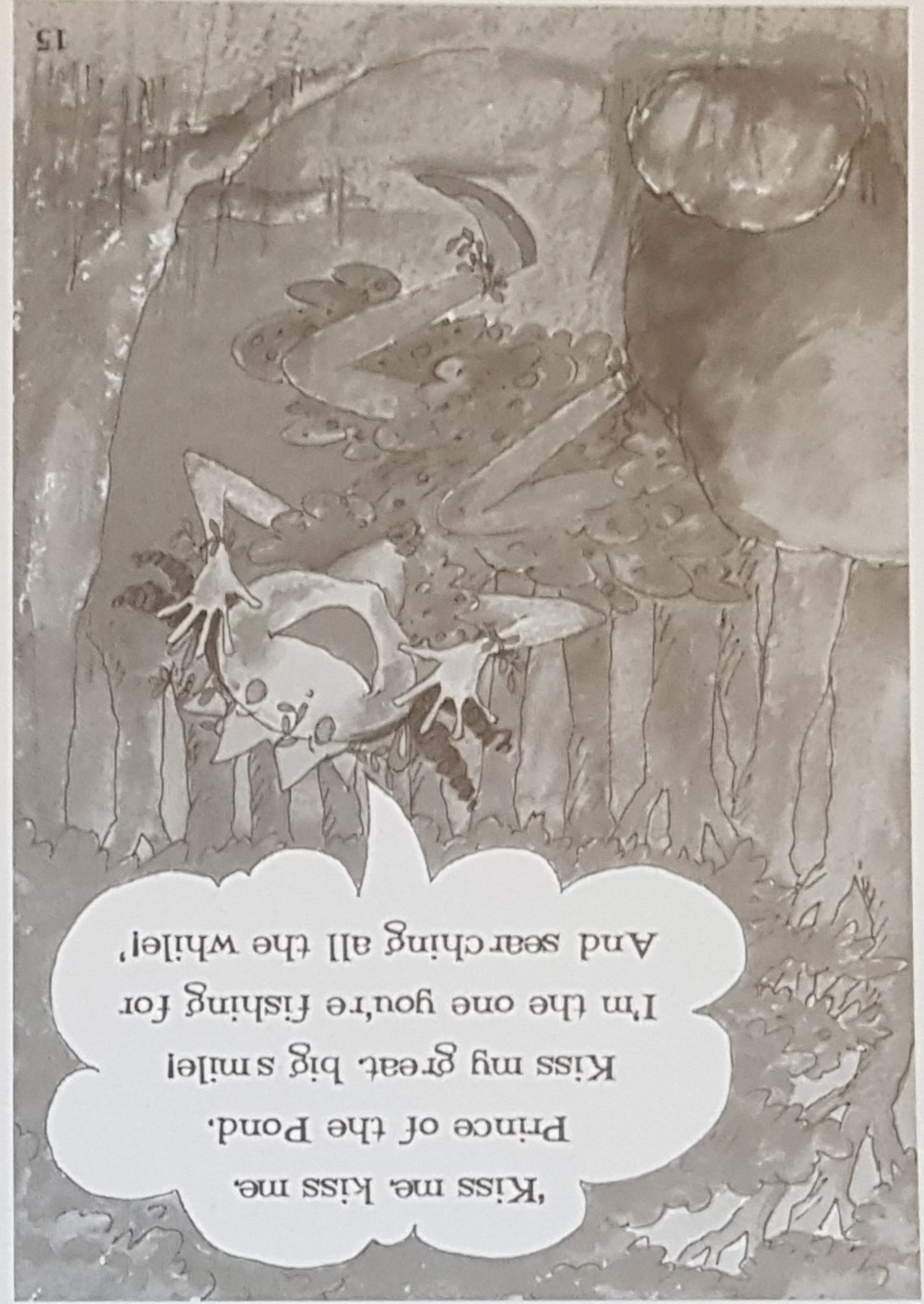
For one magical moment, he truly felt like a Prince.



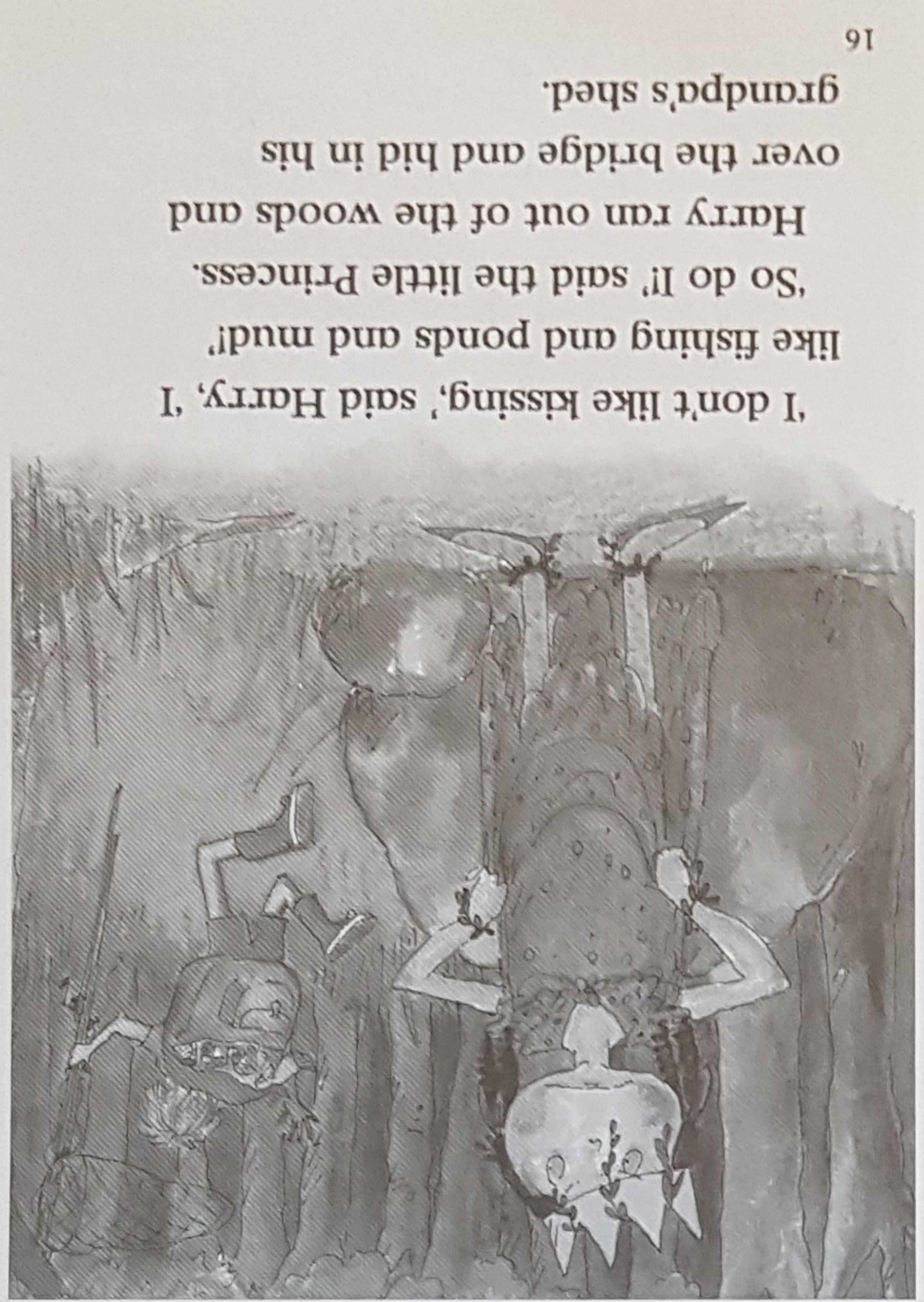
He wasn't sure what he was fishing for. It could have been roach, loach, crabs, dabs, ray fish, crayfish or crested newts. It could have been burbot, turbot, catfish or flatfish - or tadpoles.



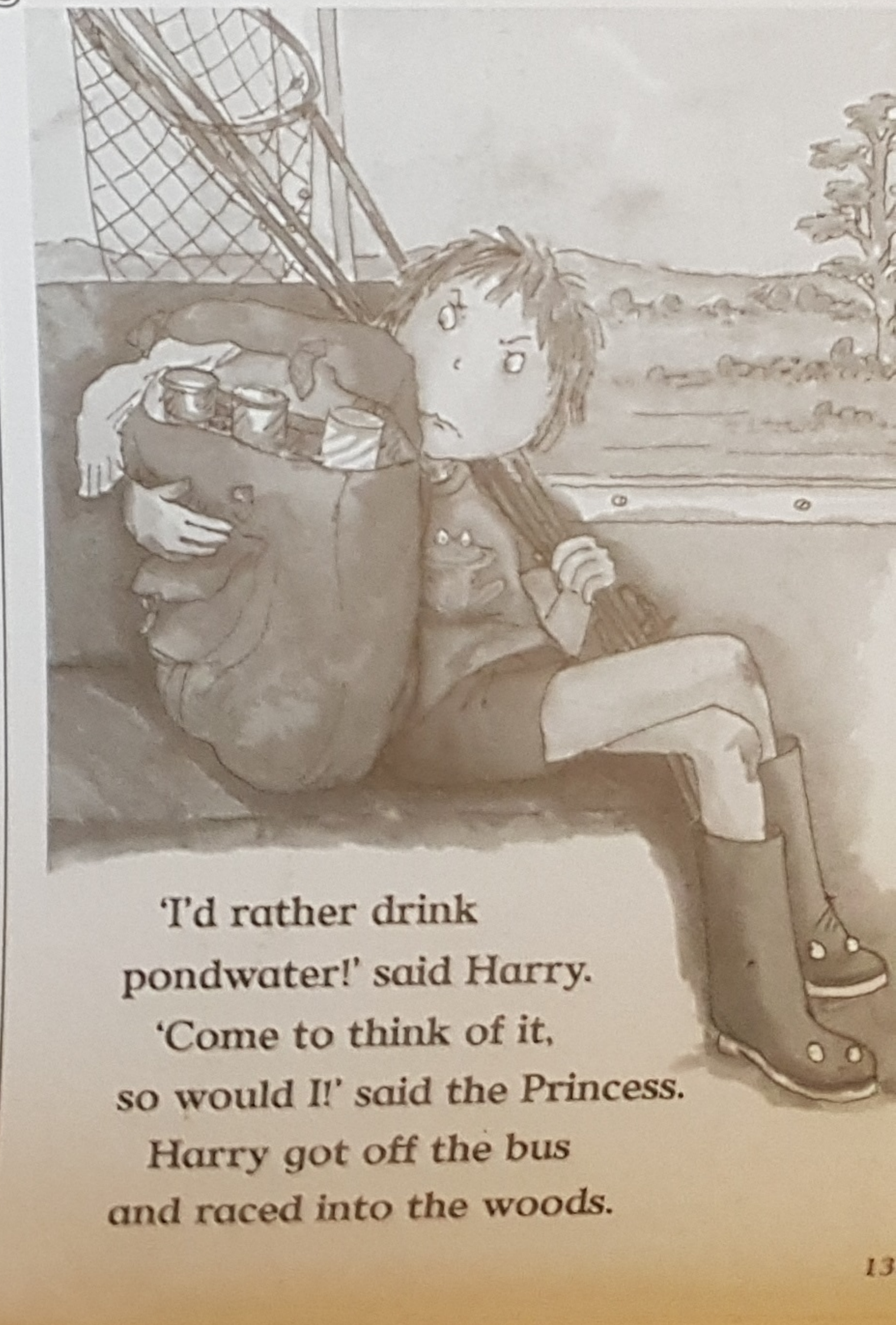
He hadn't gone very far before the Princess jumped out from behind a stone.
 'Not you again!' groaned Harry.
 'What do you want now?'
 And the little Princess sang:



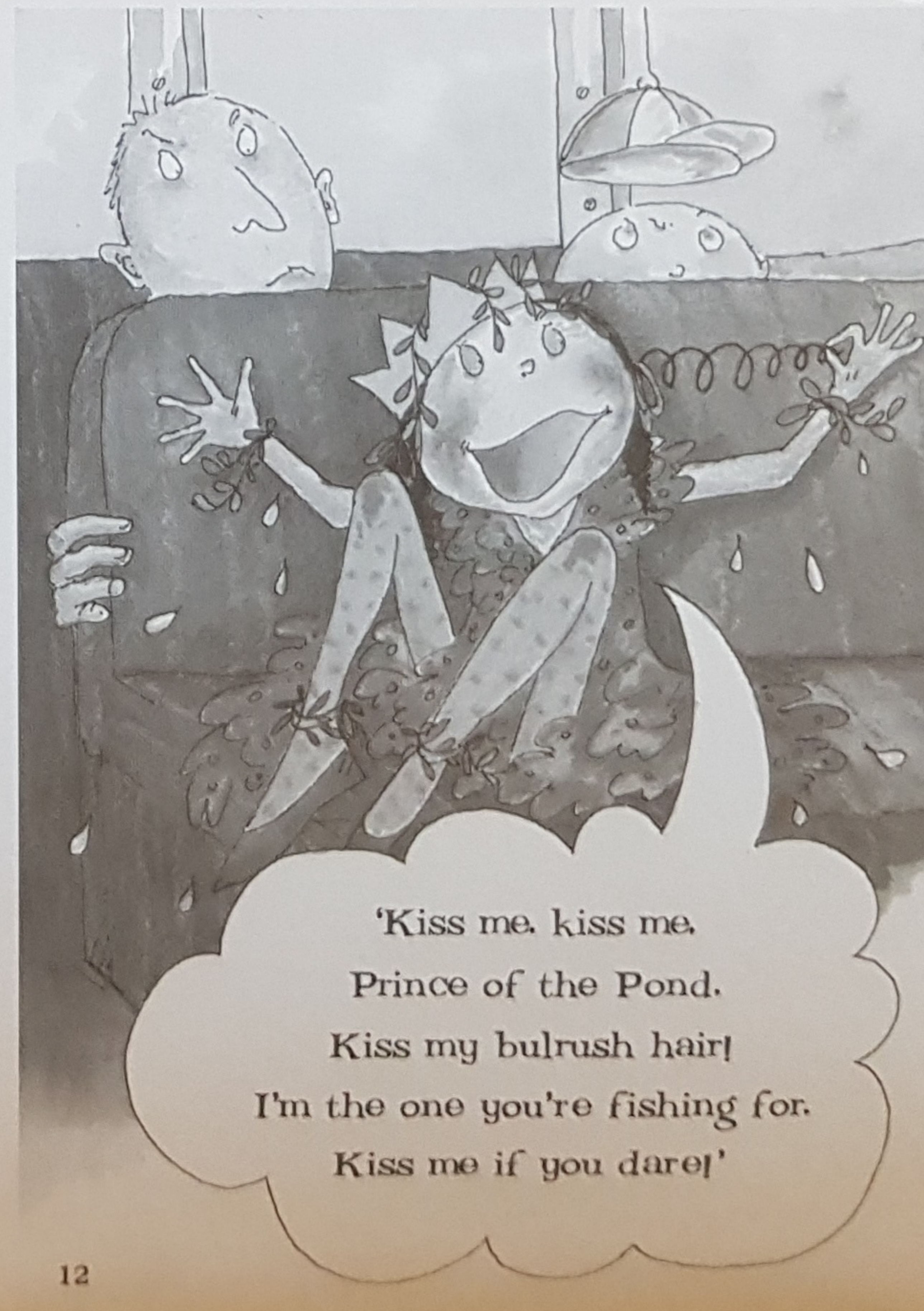
'Kiss me, kiss me,
 Prince of the Pond.
 Kiss my great big smile!
 I'm the one you're fishing for
 And searching all the while!'



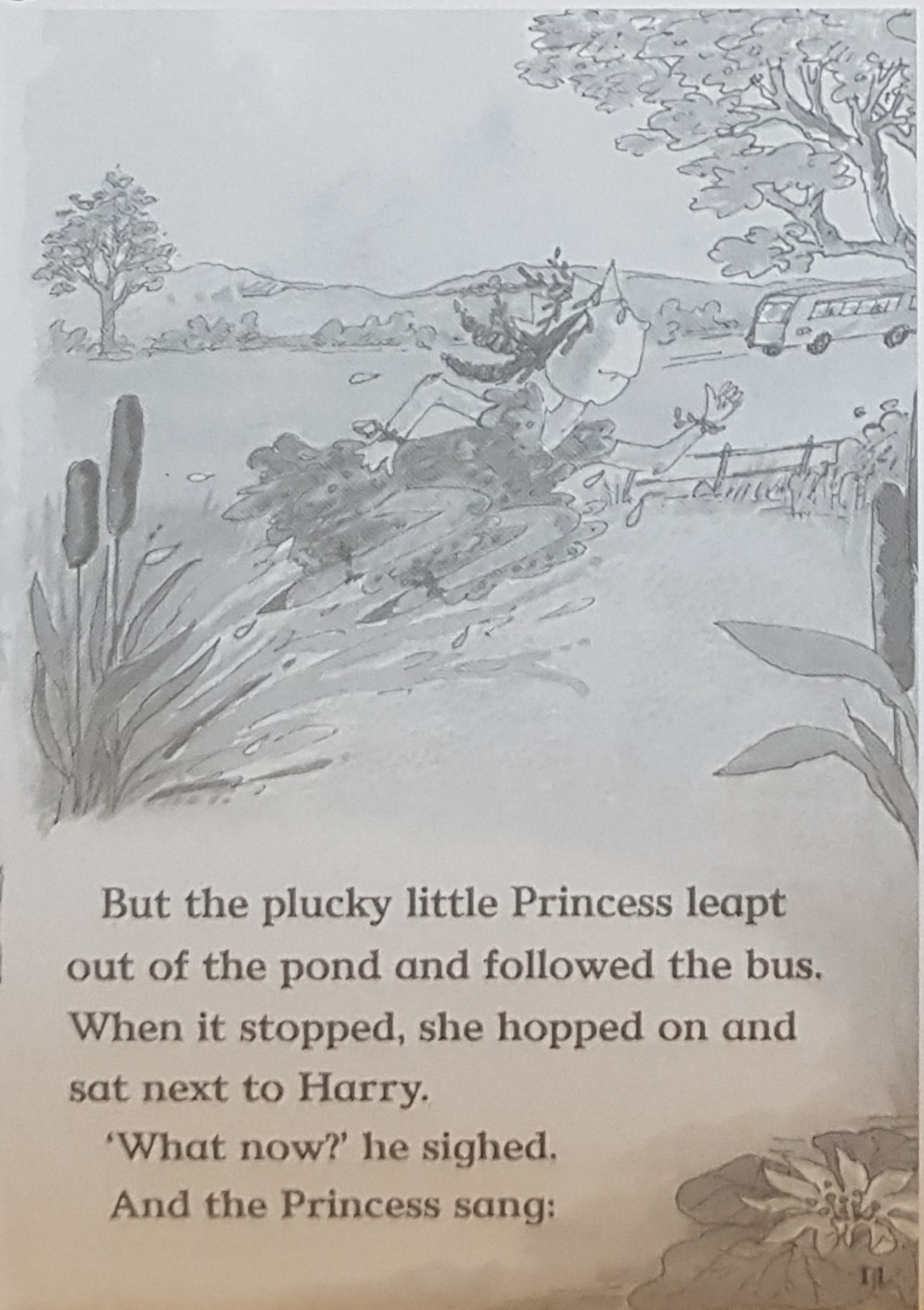
'I don't like kissing,' said Harry, 'I like fishing and ponds and mud!'
 'So do I!' said the little Princess.
 Harry ran out of the woods and over the bridge and hid in his grandpa's shed.



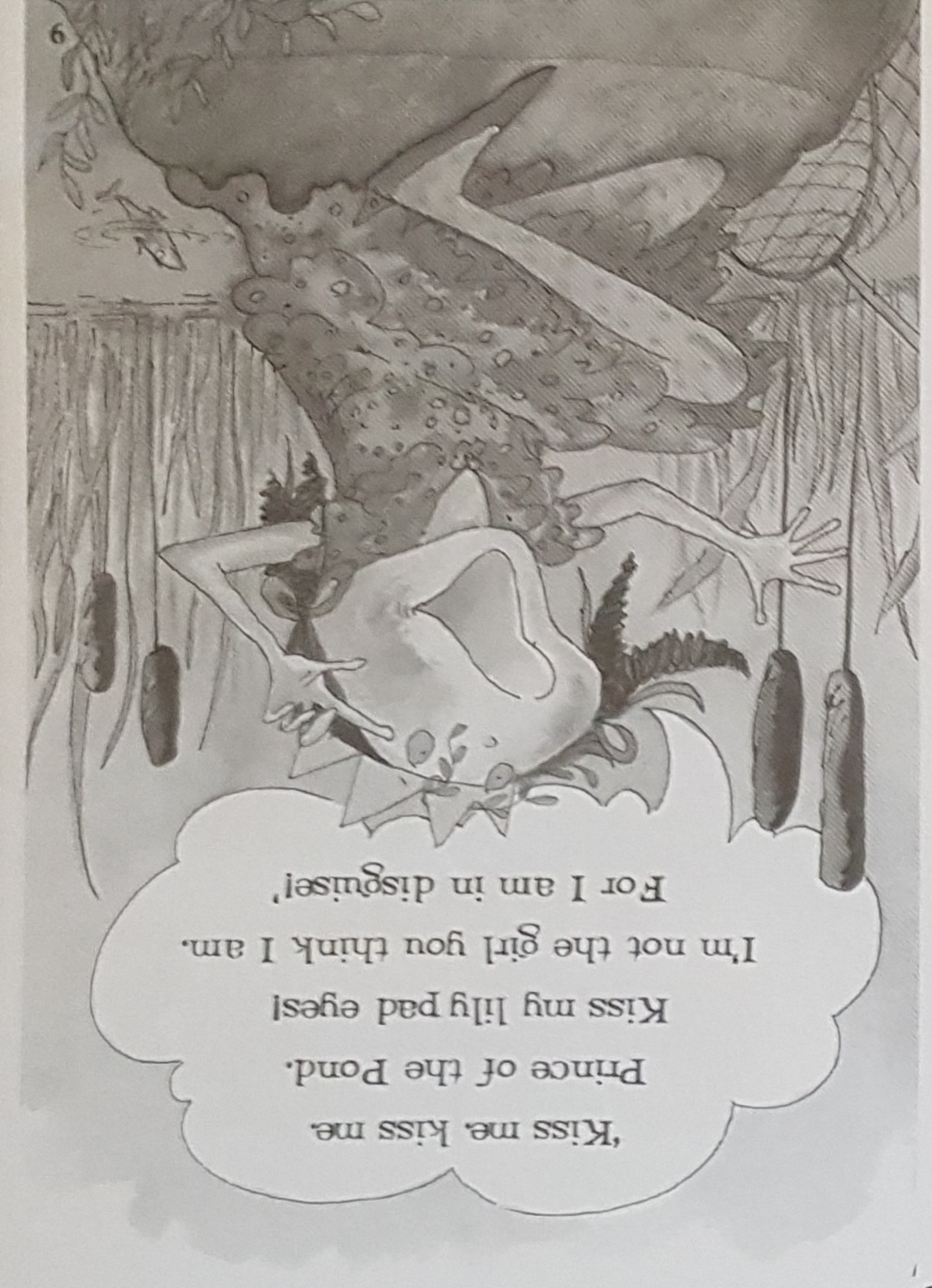
'I'd rather drink pondwater!' said Harry.
 'Come to think of it, so would I!' said the Princess.
 Harry got off the bus and raced into the woods.



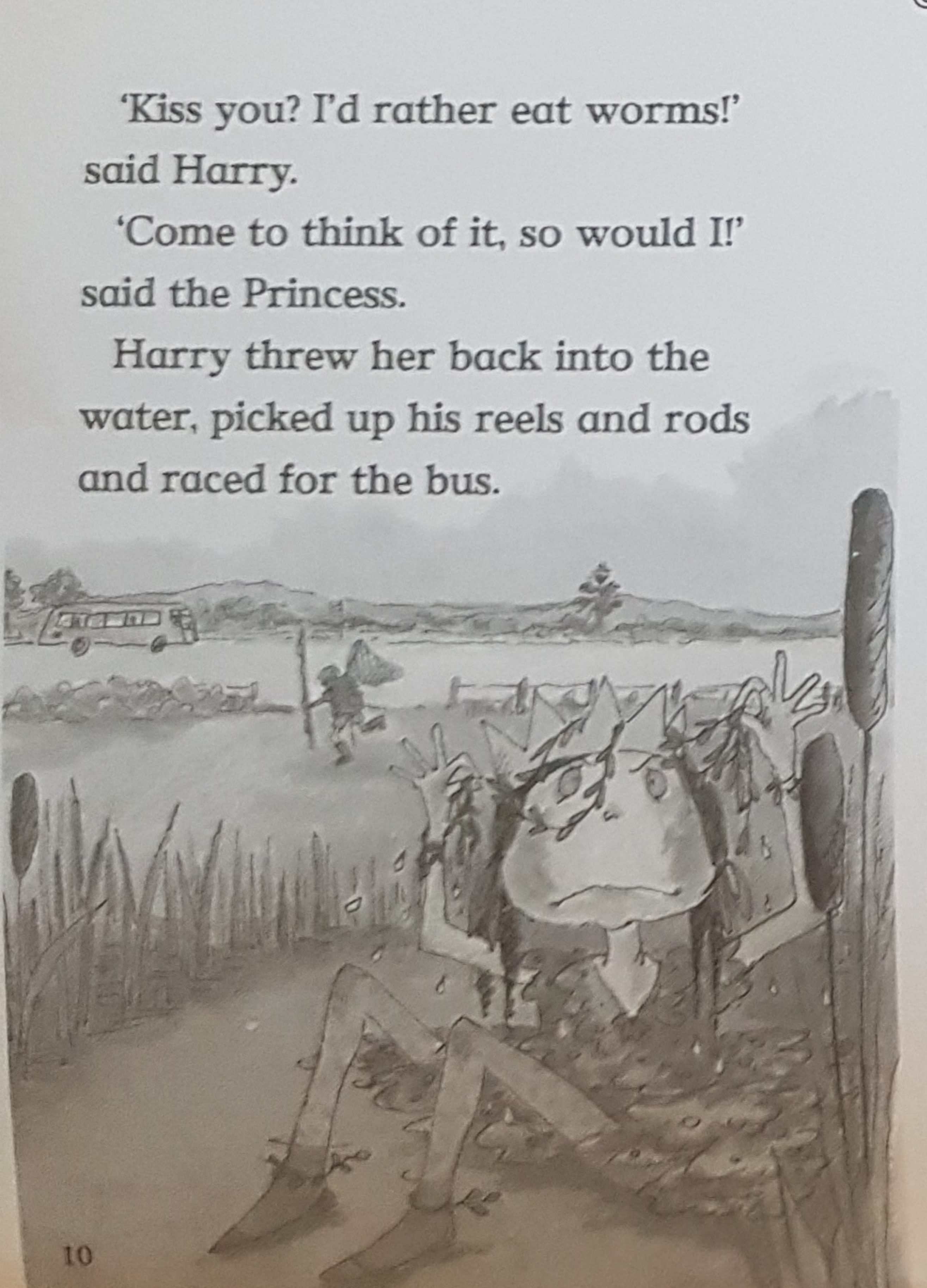
'Kiss me, kiss me,
 Prince of the Pond.
 Kiss my bulrush hair!
 I'm the one you're fishing for.
 Kiss me if you dare!'



But the plucky little Princess leapt out of the pond and followed the bus. When it stopped, she hopped on and sat next to Harry.
 'What now?' he sighed.
 And the Princess sang:



'Kiss me, kiss me,
 Prince of the Pond.
 Kiss my lily pad eyes!
 I'm not the girl you think I am.
 For I am in disguise!'



'Kiss you? I'd rather eat worms!' said Harry.
 'Come to think of it, so would I!' said the Princess.
 Harry threw her back into the water, picked up his reels and rods and raced for the bus.