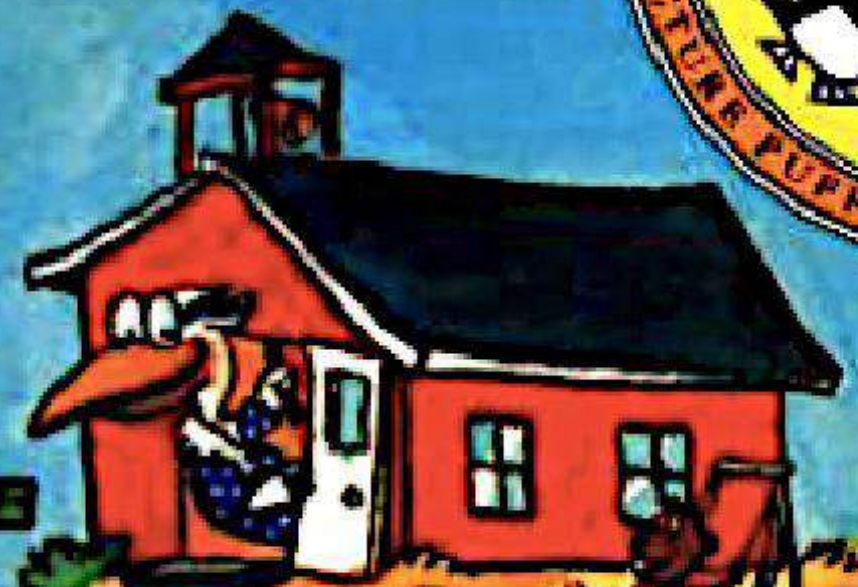


# FROGGY GOES TO SCHOOL

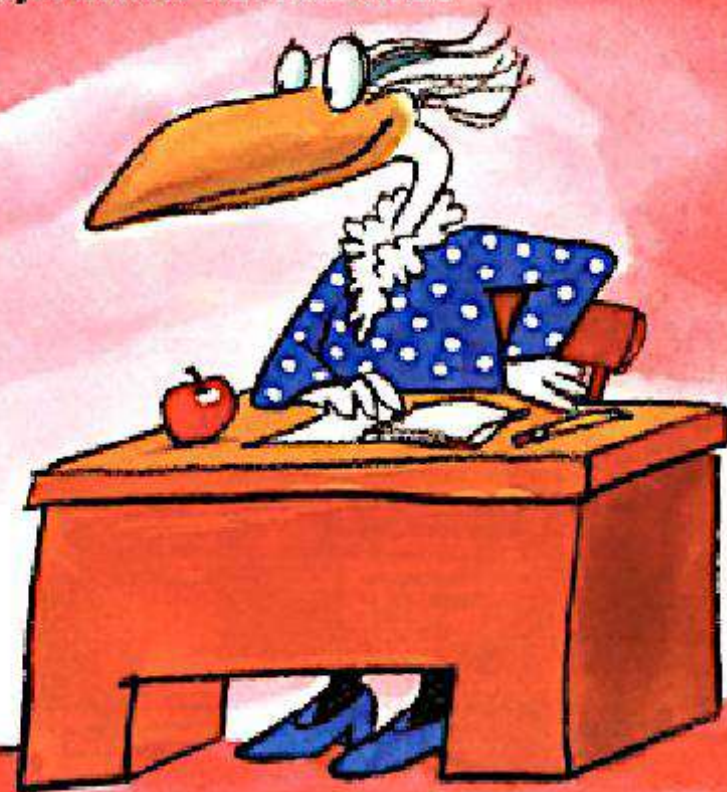
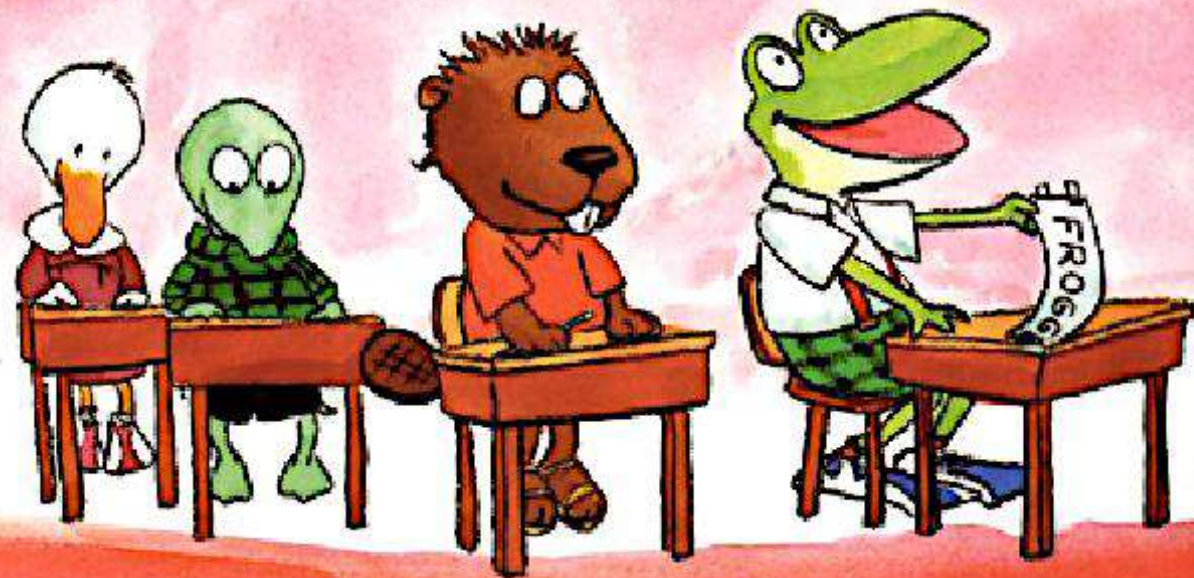


by JONATHAN LONDON  
illustrated by FRANK REMKIEWICZ



# FROGGY GOES TO SCHOOL

by JONATHAN LONDON  
illustrated by FRANK REMKIEWICZ



PUFFIN BOOKS



This one is for the teachers—  
their patience, patience, patience.

—J. L.

For Sarah and the Roadrunners

—F. R.

PUFFIN BOOKS

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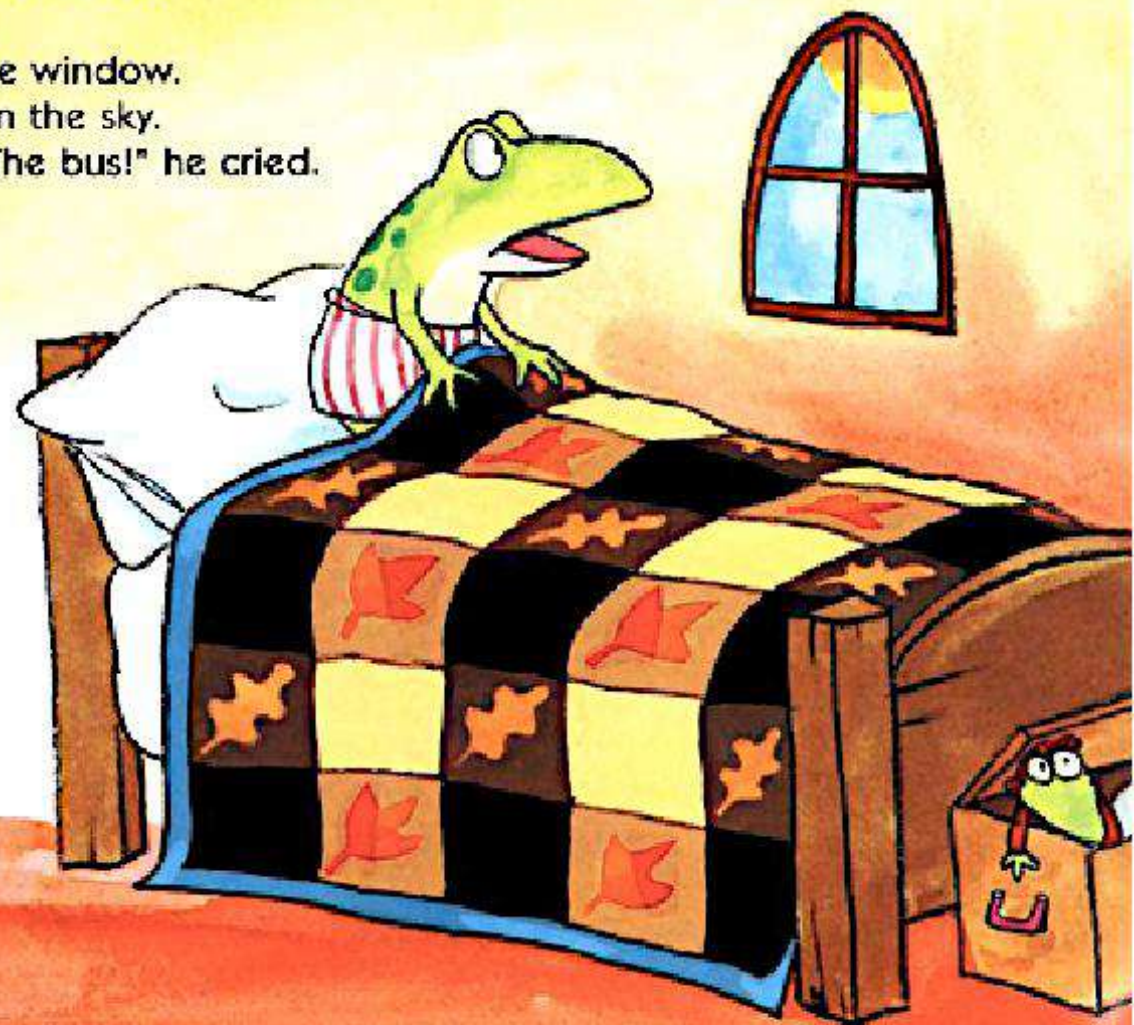
Summary: Froggy is nervous about his first day of school, but, even though it's hard to sit still, he has a wonderful time.  
ISBN 0-670-86726-8 (h.c.) 1. First day of school—Fiction. 2. Schools—Fiction. 3. Frogs—Fiction. I. Remkiewicz, Frank, ill. II. Title.  
PZ7.L84326fj. 1996 [E]—dc20 95-53751 CIP AC

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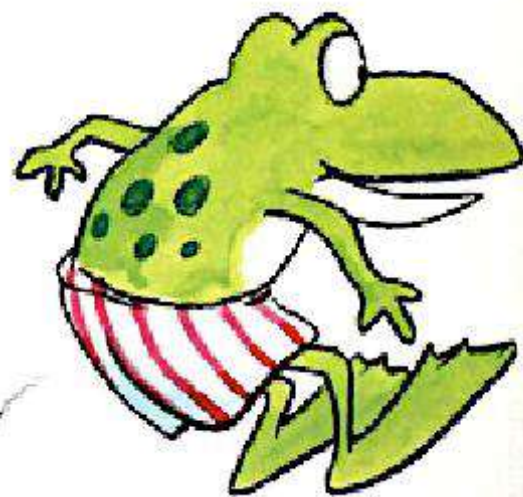
It was the first day of school.  
Froggy woke up  
and looked out the window.  
The sun was high in the sky.  
"Oh no! The bus! The bus!" he cried.  
"I'll miss the bus!"







He hopped out of bed



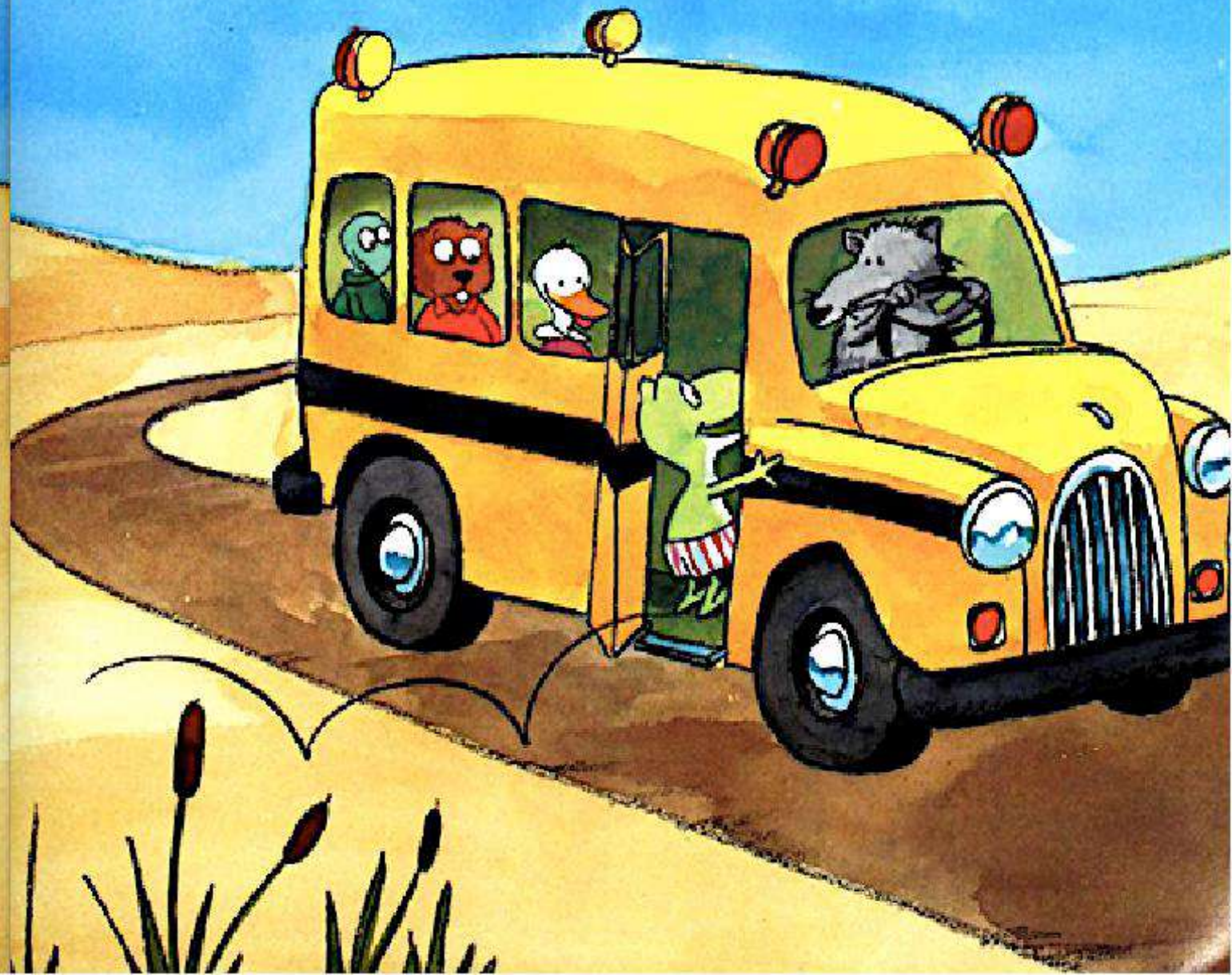
and flopped outside—*flop flop flop.*

The school bus was leaving.  
"Wait! Wait!" he yelled,  
and took a mighty hop.



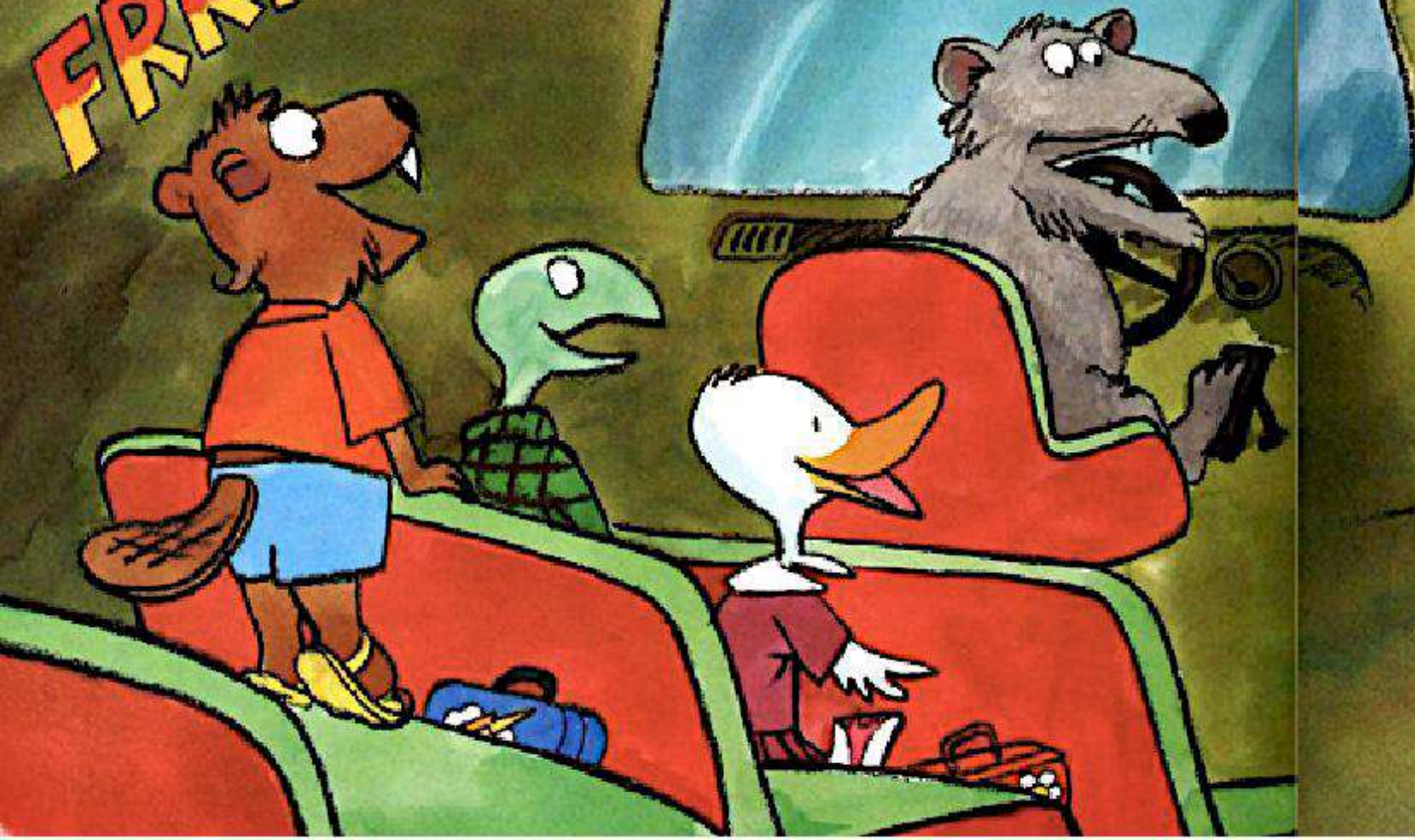


The bus hissed to a stop  
and the door folded open.  
Froggy flopped up the steps—*flop flop flop*—  
but when he reached the top  
everybody laughed  
and pointed their fingers.





FRRROOGGYY!



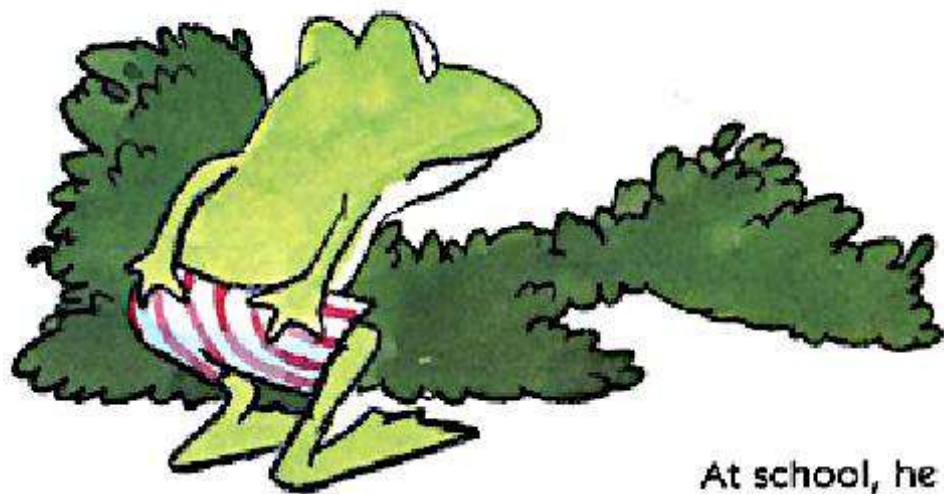
yelled his friend Max.



"Wha-a-a-a-t?"  
"Did you forget something?"  
Froggy looked down.  
"Oops!" He was in his *underwear!*

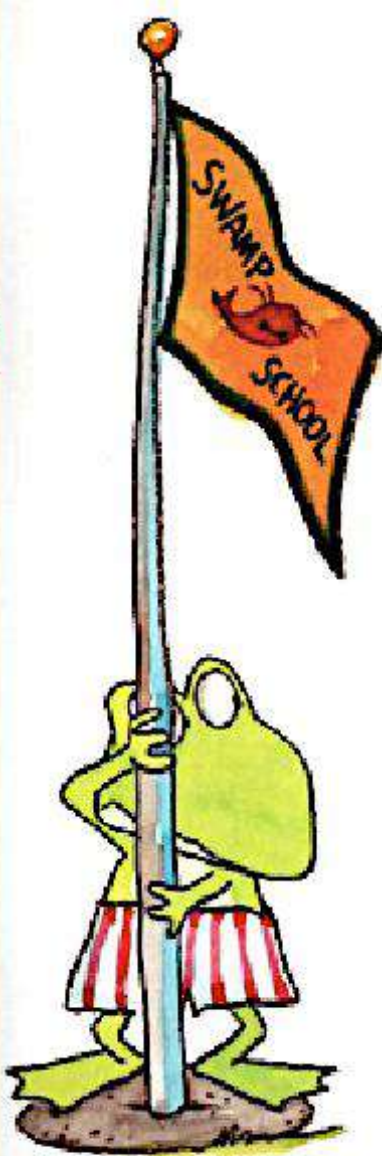


He dashed to the back of the bus and hid behind Max's umbrella all the way to school.



At school, he hopped behind bushes.

He tried to hide behind the flagpole.



He rolled down the hall like a bowling ball.



And in class, he pretended to be a flowerpot.





# FRRROOGGY!

called his teacher.

"Wha-a-a-t?"

But it wasn't his teacher at all—

it was his father!



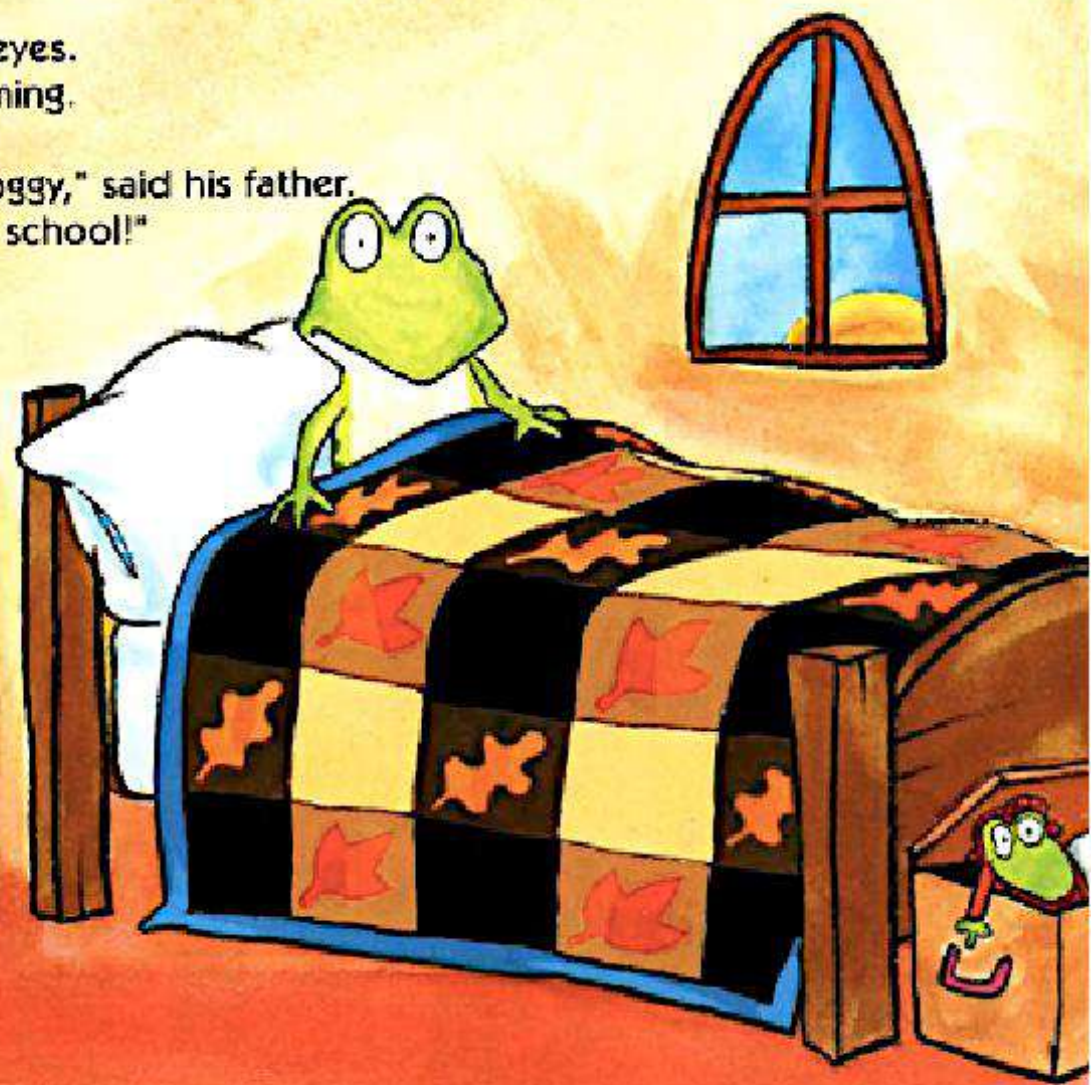
Froggy rubbed his eyes.

He had been dreaming.

He was still in bed!

"Rise and shine, Froggy," said his father.

"It's the first day of school!"

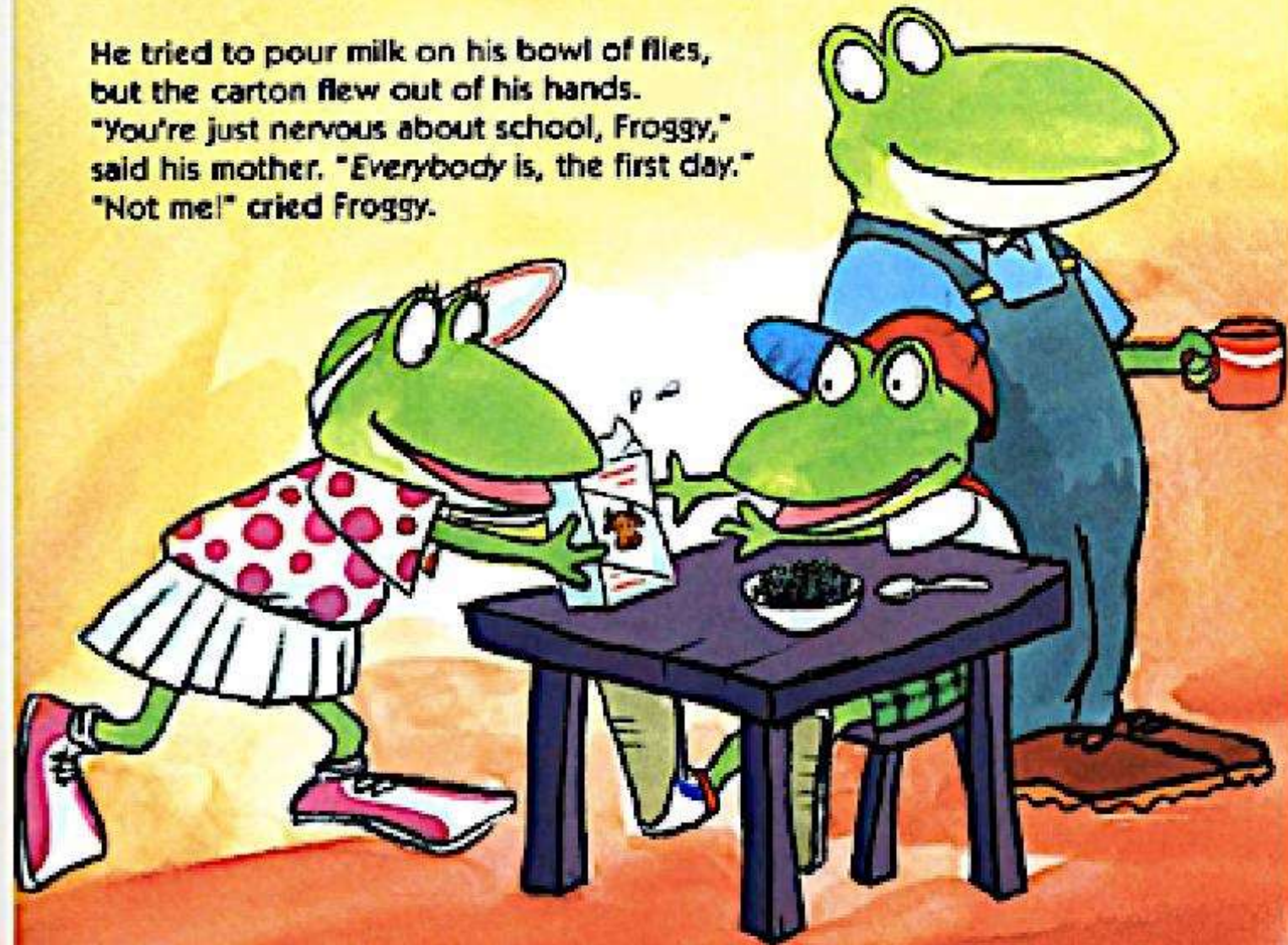




This time Froggy got all dressed—  
zip! zoop! zup!  
zut! zut! zut! zat!  
Then he flopped into the kitchen—  
flop flop flop.



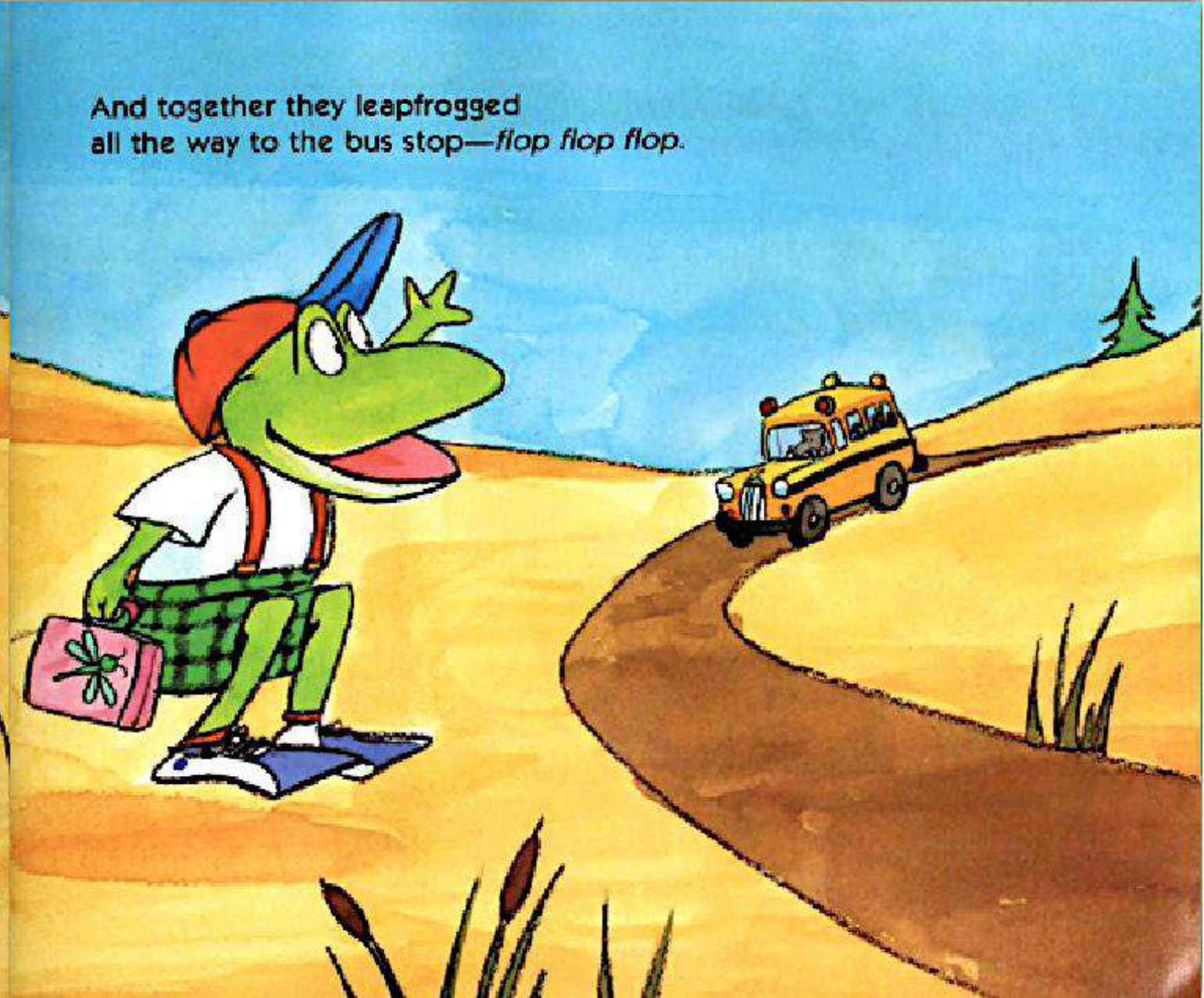
He tried to pour milk on his bowl of flies,  
but the carton flew out of his hands.  
"You're just nervous about school, Froggy,"  
said his mother. "Everybody is, the first day."  
"Not me!" cried Froggy.







And together they leapfrogged  
all the way to the bus stop—*flop flop flop.*







At school, Froggy found his name tag on his table.

He liked his name.  
It was the first word  
he knew how to read.



It was the only word  
he knew how to read.

He read it aloud, louder and louder.

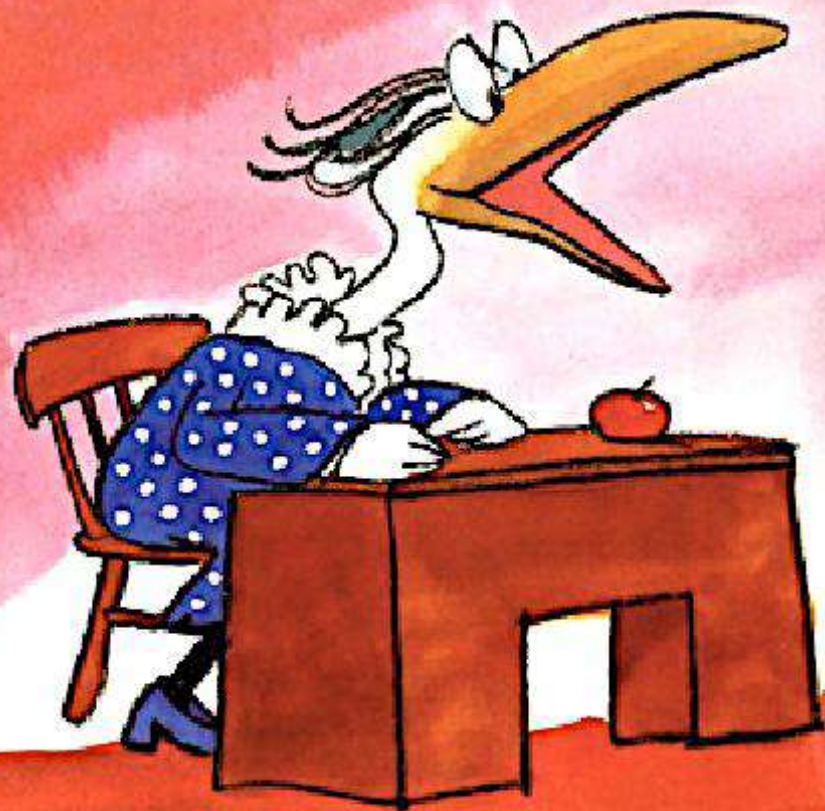
**FRRROGGY**





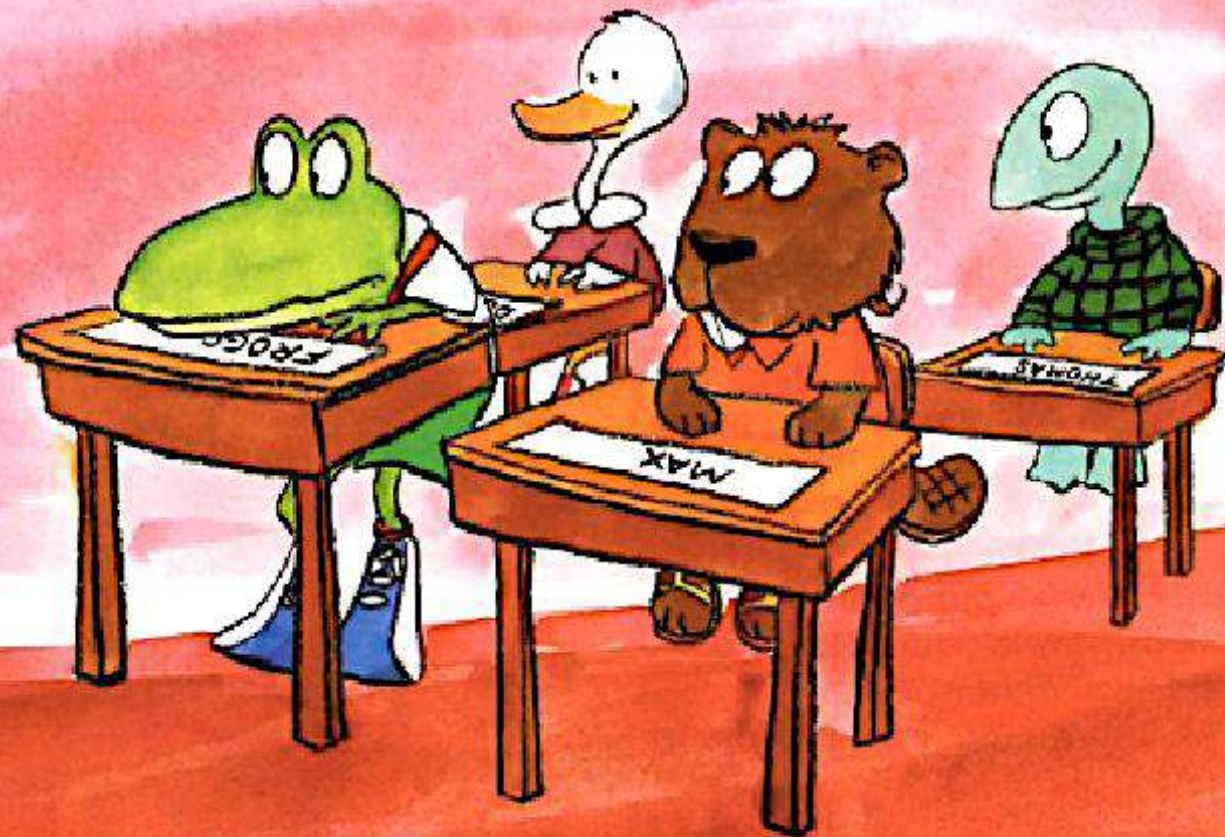
# FRRROOGGY!

cried his teacher, Miss Witherspoon.



"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Hush, dear. It's time to pay attention."







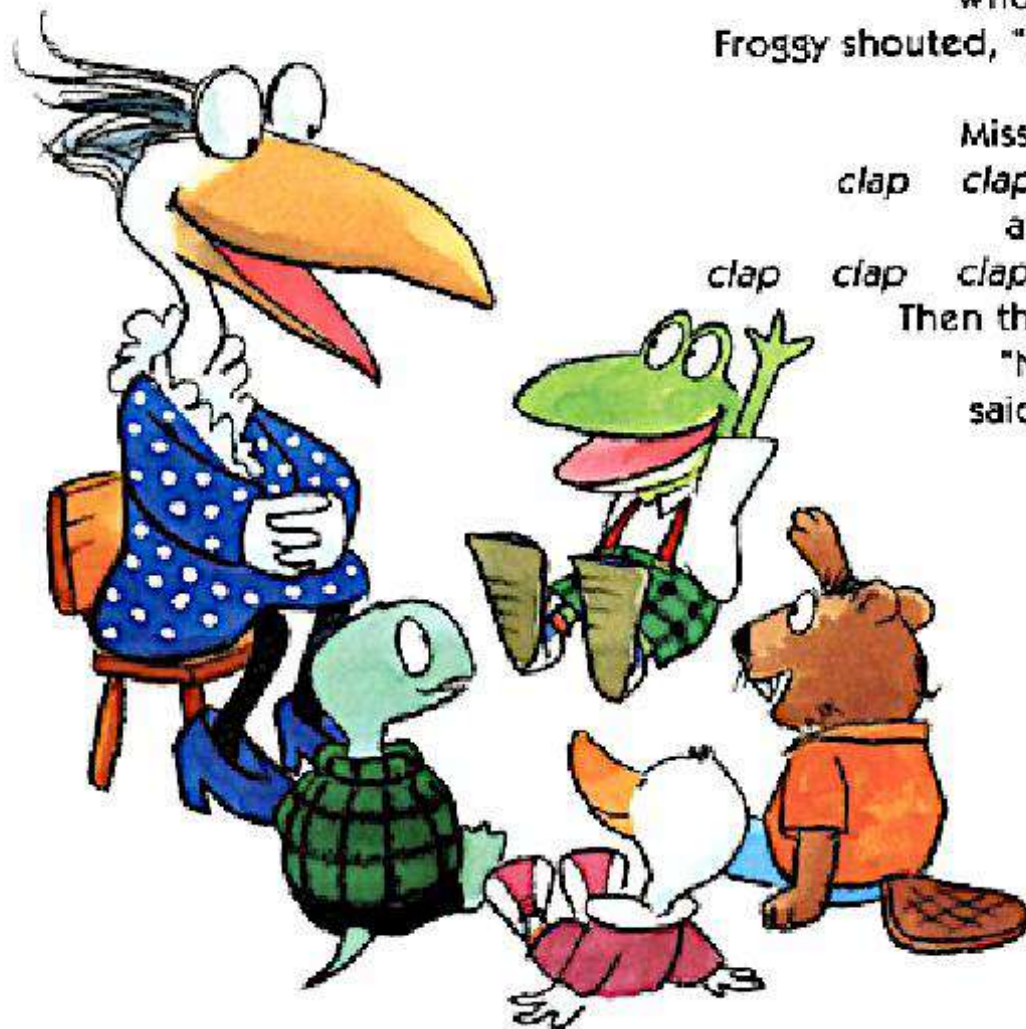
But it was hard to pay attention.  
He squirmed.

He looked out the window  
at the falling leaves.  
He felt like a leaf,  
falling . . . falling . . .

*PLOP!* He fell out of his chair. "Oops!"  
"Kindly stay in your seat, dear,"  
said Miss Witherspoon.  
"We'll sit on the floor at circle time."



At circle time, Miss Witherspoon said,  
"Now children, today I'd like you to tell us  
what you did last summer.  
Who wants to go first?"  
Froggy shouted, "Me me me me me!"  
and so did Max.  
Miss Witherspoon went  
*clap clap clap clap clap*—  
and everybody went  
*clap clap clap clap clap* with her.  
Then they grew very quiet.  
"Now one at a time,"  
said Miss Witherspoon.







When Froggy's turn came,  
he jumped up and said,  
"Last summer, I learned how to swim!"  
And he sang, "Bubble bubble, toot toot.  
Chicken, airplane, soldier."



Everybody jumped up and joined in—  
"Bubble bubble, toot toot.  
Chicken, airplane, soldier"—

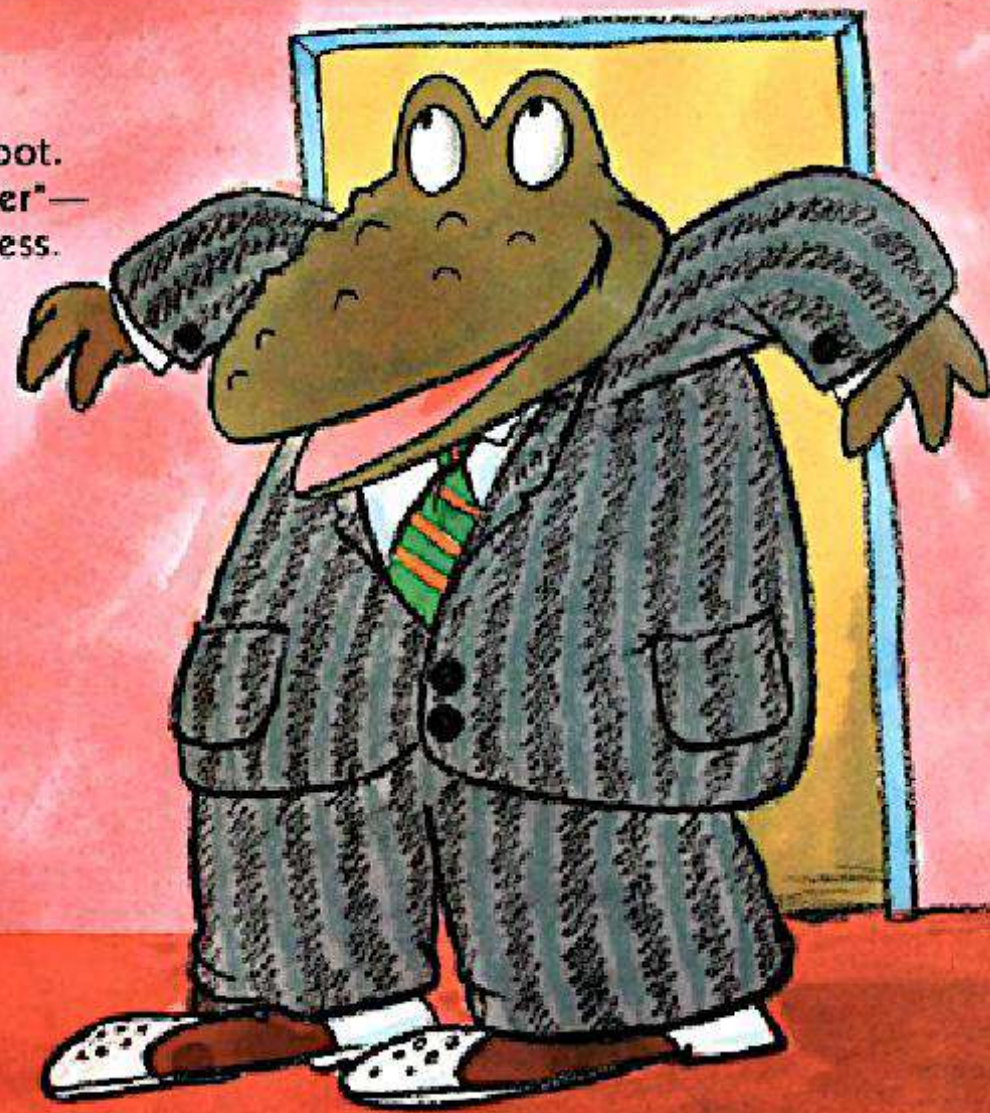




when—*uh-oh*—in walked the principal, Mr. Mugwort.  
"Bubble bubble—*oops!*" cried Froggy,  
looking more red in the face than green.  
Mr. Mugwort glared at him . . .

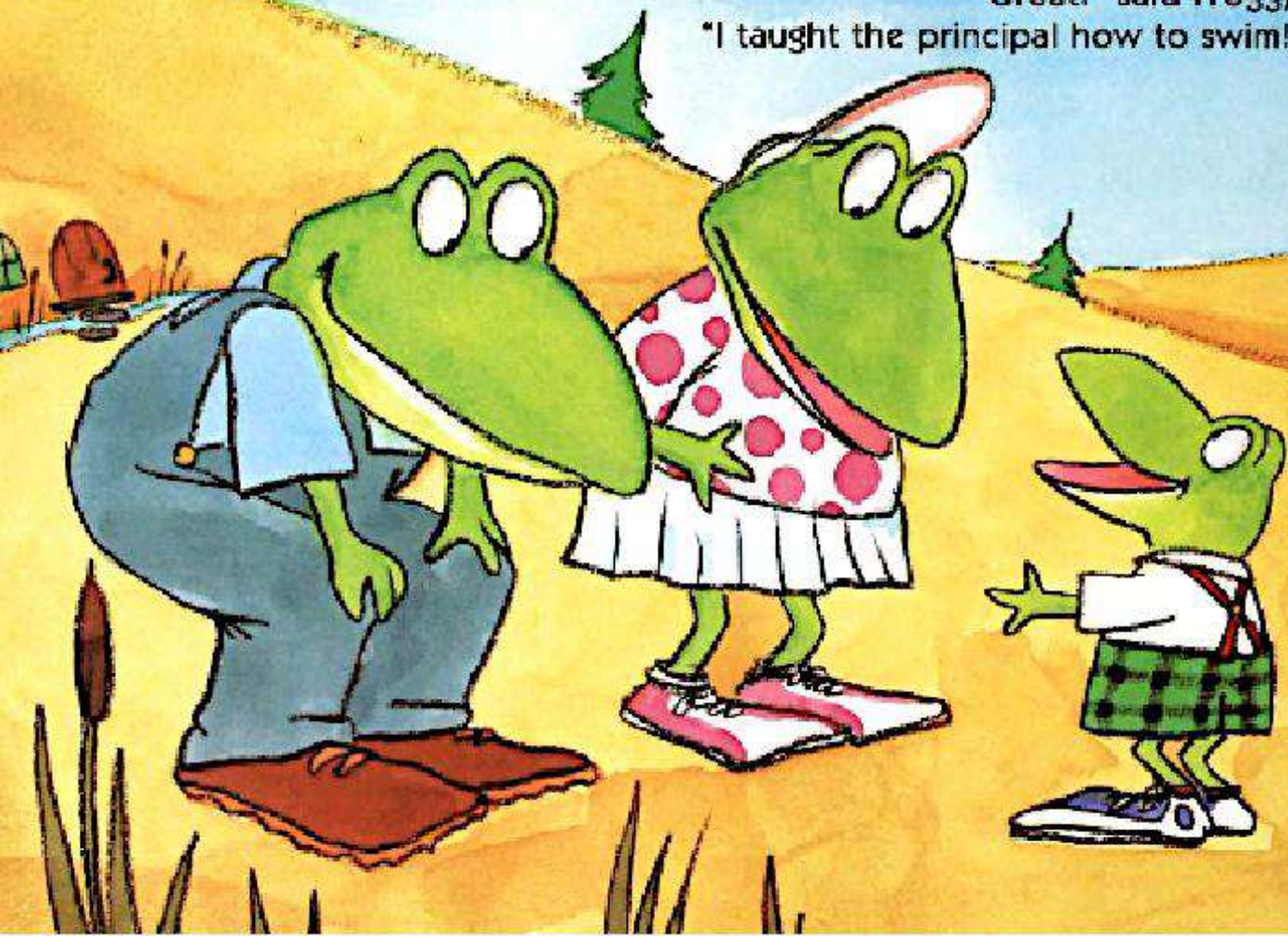


then he joined in—  
"Bubble bubble, toot toot.  
Chicken, airplane, soldier"—  
till the bell rang for recess.





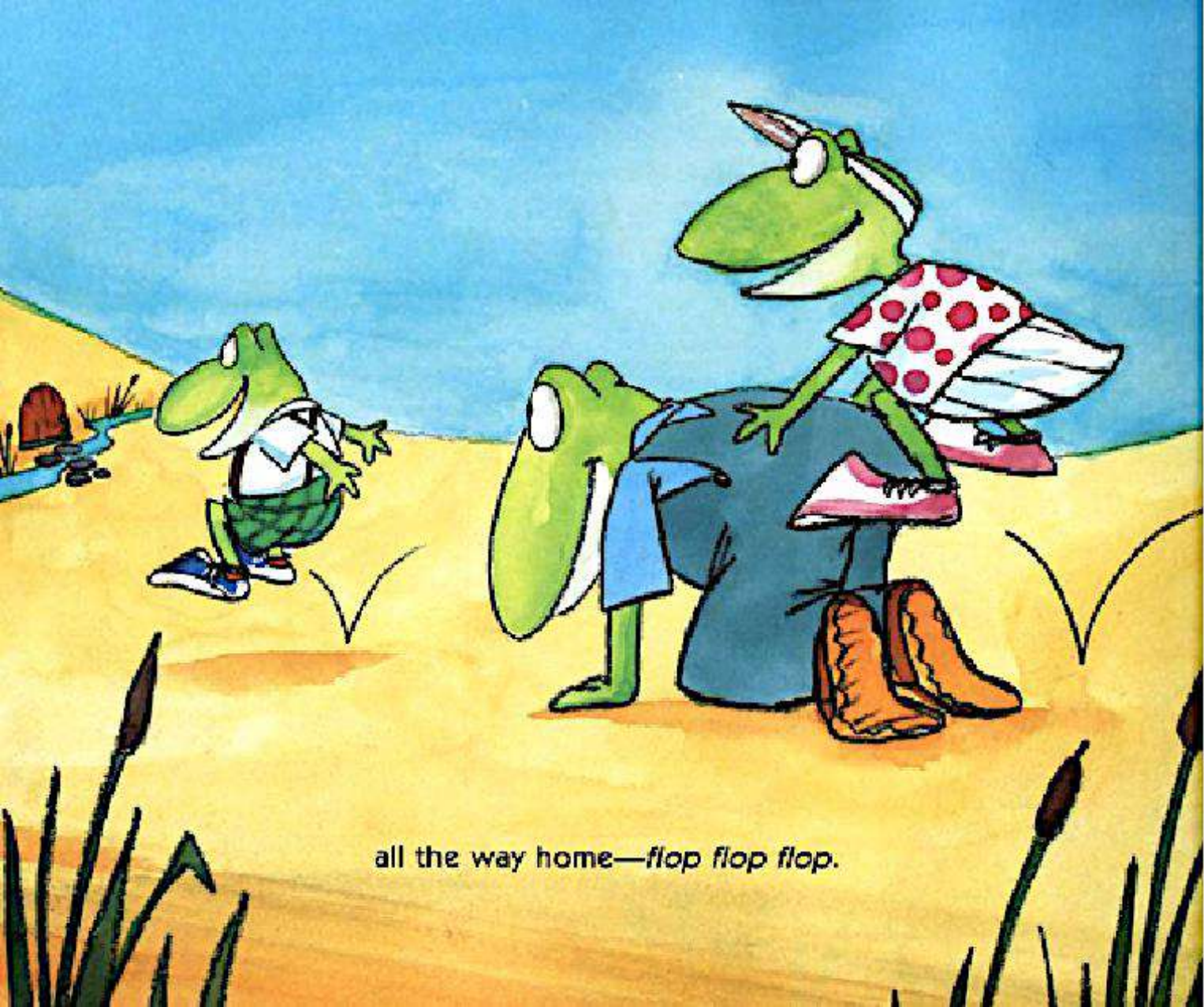
When Froggy flopped off the bus after school,  
his father said, "Froggy!  
How was your first day of school?"  
"Great!" said Froggy.  
"I taught the principal how to swim!"



"HMMMMM, that's nice," said his mother,  
"but where's your lunch box and baseball cap?"  
"Oops! I left them at school."  
"Oh, Froggy. Will you ever *learn*?" said his mother.  
"That's why I'm going to *school*, Mom!"  
And together they leapfrogged







all the way home—*flop flop flop.*

### **Froggy Titles You May Enjoy**

*Froggy Bakes a Cake*

*Froggy Eats Out*

*Froggy Gets Dressed*

*Froggy Goes to Bed*

*Froggy Goes to the Doctor*

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*Froggy Learns to Swim*

*Froggy Plays in the Band*

*Froggy Plays Soccer*

*Froggy's Best Christmas*

*Froggy's First Kiss*

*Froggy's Halloween*

*Froggy Takes a Bath*

*Let's Go, Froggy!*





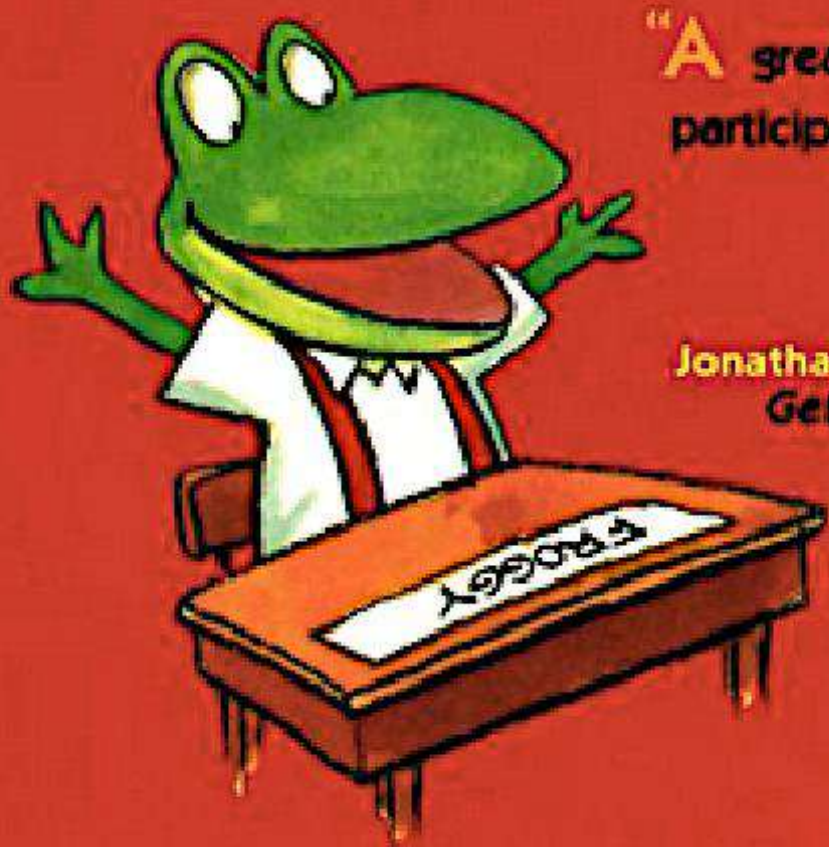
# Zip! Zoop! Zup! Off to school!

"Everybody is nervous on the first day of school," says Froggy's mother. "Not me!" says Froggy, and together they leapfrog to the bus stop—*flop flop flop*. At school, Froggy finds it's hard to sit still long enough to learn. But with a little help from one of his favorite songs, Froggy might even teach the principal a thing or two!

"A great story with sounds and words that encourage active participation."  
—*School Library Journal*

An IRA-CBC Children's Choice Book

Jonathan London and Frank Remkiewicz also collaborated on *Froggy Gets Dressed*, *Let's Go, Froggy!*, *Froggy Learns to Swim*, and most recently, *Froggy's First Kiss*.



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