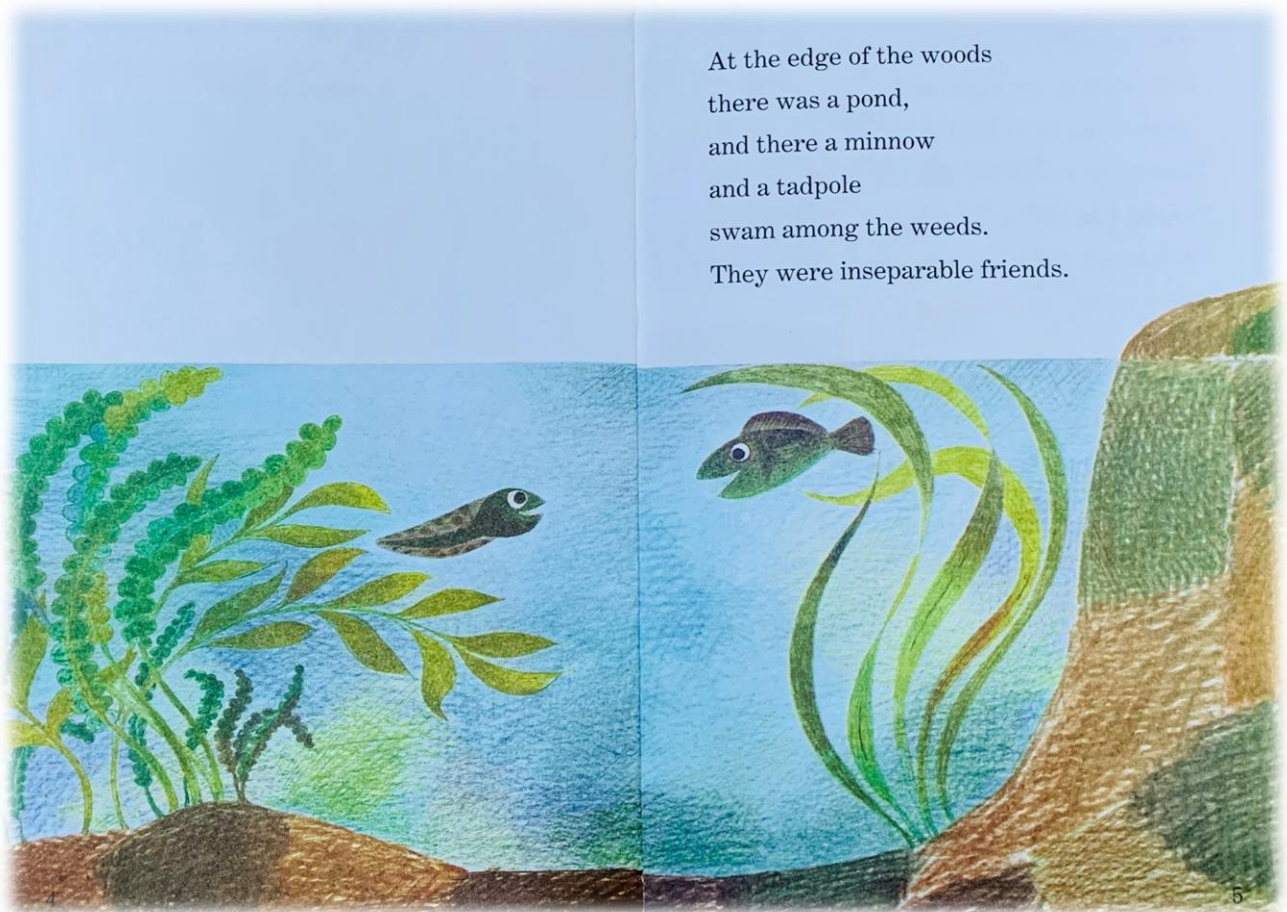
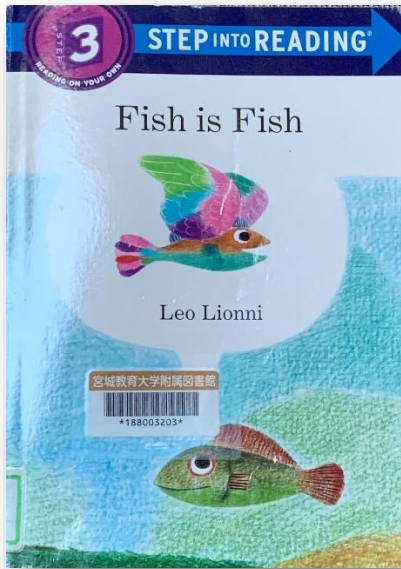


# Fish is Fish, By Leo Lionni (1970)



At the edge of the woods  
there was a pond,  
and there a minnow  
and a tadpole  
swam among the weeds.  
They were inseparable friends.

One morning the tadpole discovered  
that during the night he had  
grown two little legs.  
“Look,” he said triumphantly.  
“Look, I am a frog!”  
“Nonsense,” said the minnow.  
“How could you be a frog if only

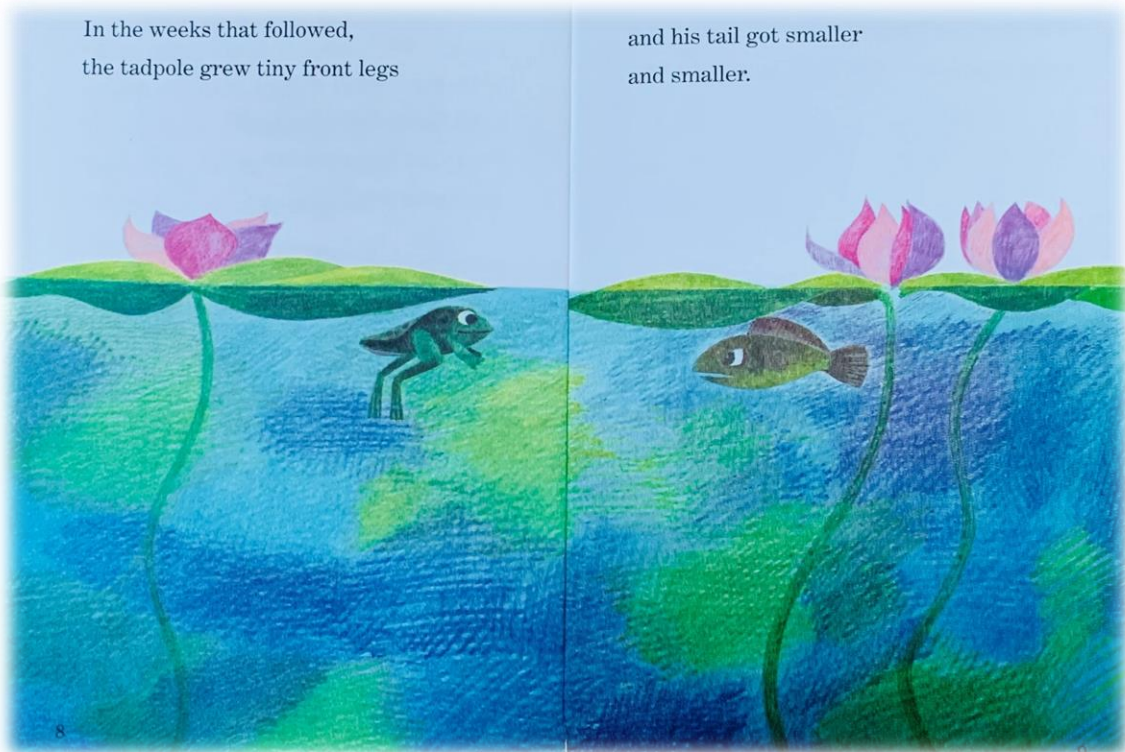
last night you were a little fish,  
just like me!”  
They argued and argued  
until finally the tadpole said,  
“Frogs are frogs and fish is fish  
and that’s that!”



P6/7

In the weeks that followed,  
the tadpole grew tiny front legs

and his tail got smaller  
and smaller.



P8/9

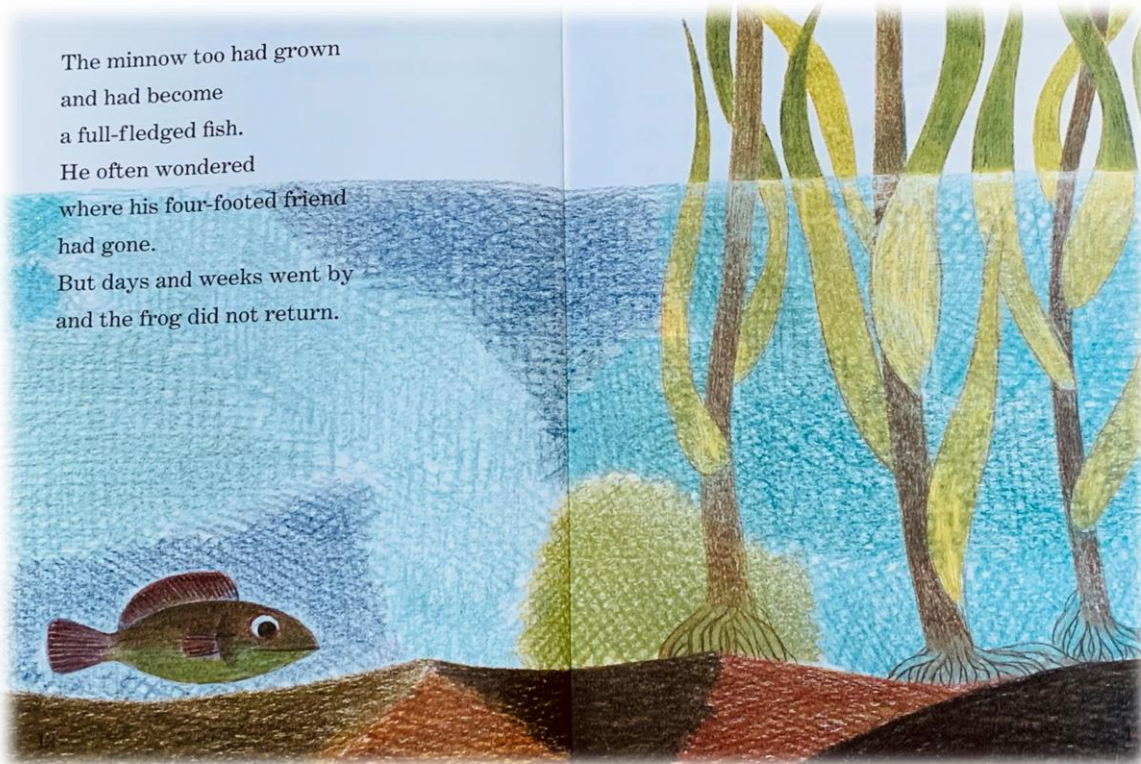
And then one fine day,  
a real frog now,

he climbed out of the water  
and onto the grassy bank.



P10/11

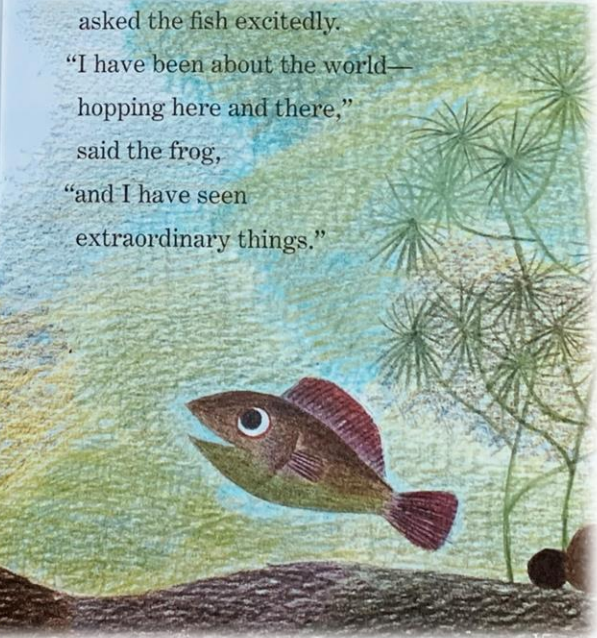
The minnow too had grown  
and had become  
a full-fledged fish.  
He often wondered  
where his four-footed friend  
had gone.  
But days and weeks went by  
and the frog did not return.



P12/13



Then one day,  
with a happy splash that shook  
the weeds,  
the frog jumped into the pond.  
“Where have you been?”  
asked the fish excitedly.  
“I have been about the world—  
hopping here and there,”  
said the frog,  
“and I have seen  
extraordinary things.”



P14/15

“Like what?” asked the fish.  
“Birds,” said the frog  
mysteriously.  
“Birds!” And he told the fish  
about the birds, who had wings,  
and two legs, and many,  
many colors.

As the frog talked,  
his friend saw the birds fly  
through his mind  
like large feathered fish.  
“What else?” asked the fish  
impatiently.



P16/17

“Cows,” said the frog.  
“Cows! They have four legs,

horns, eat grass, and carry  
pink bags of milk.”



P18/19

“And people!” said the frog.  
“Men, women, children!”  
And he talked and talked  
until it was dark in the pond.

But the picture in the fish’s  
mind was full of lights  
and colors and marvelous  
things and he couldn’t sleep.  
Ah, if he could only jump about  
like his friend and see that  
wonderful world.



P20/21

And so the days went by.  
The frog had gone and the fish  
just lay there dreaming about  
birds in flight, grazing cows,



and those strange animals,  
all dressed up, that his friend  
called people.

P22/23

One day he finally decided that  
come what may,  
he too must see them.

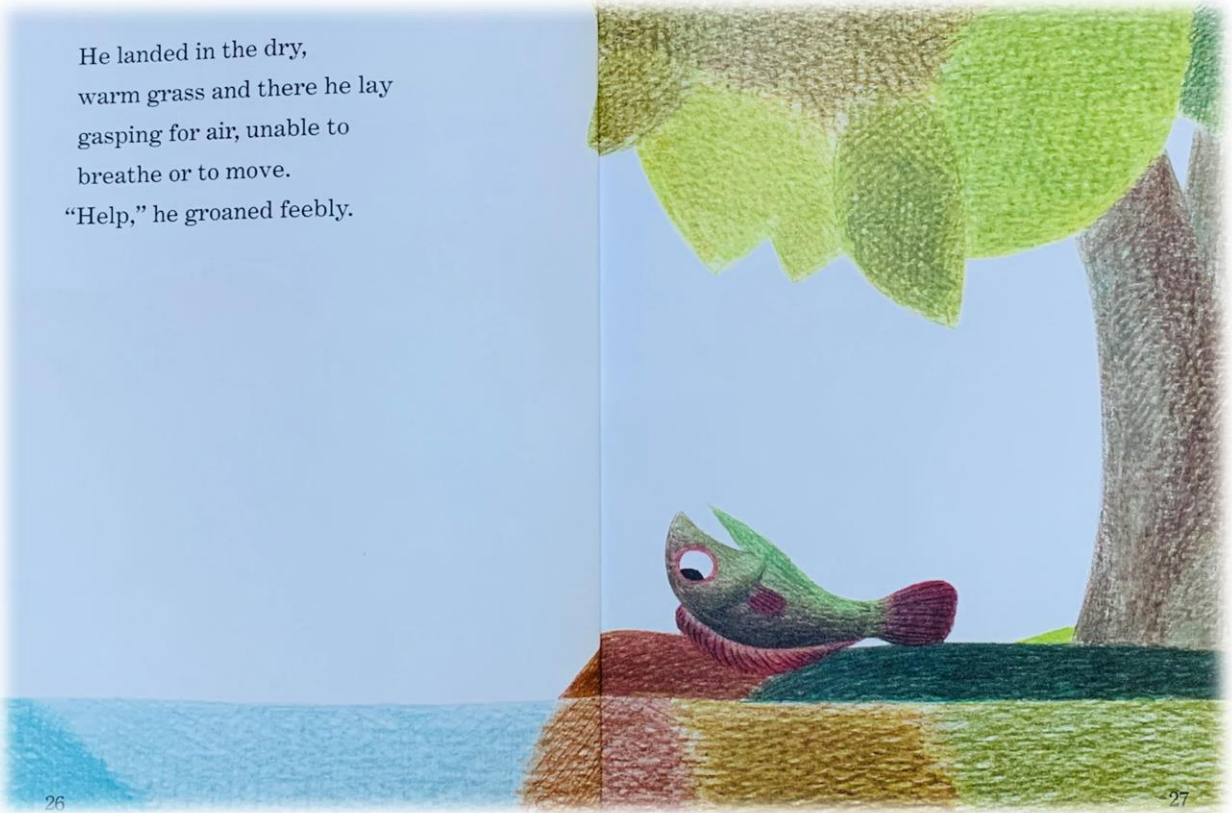


And so with a mighty whack of  
the tail he jumped clear  
out of the water onto the bank.



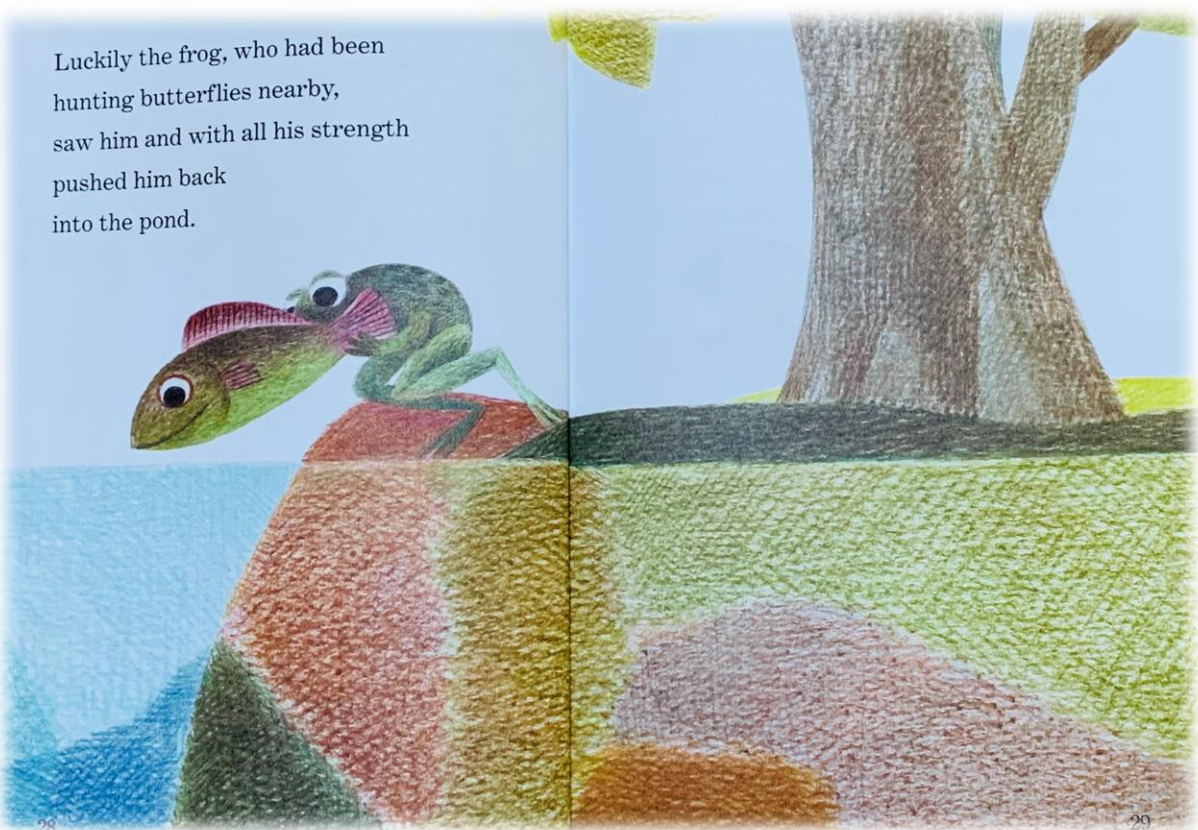
P24/25

He landed in the dry,  
warm grass and there he lay  
gasping for air, unable to  
breathe or to move.  
“Help,” he groaned feebly.



P26/27

Luckily the frog, who had been  
hunting butterflies nearby,  
saw him and with all his strength  
pushed him back  
into the pond.



P28/29

Still stunned, the fish floated about for an instant. Then he breathed deeply, letting the clean cool water run through his gills. Now he felt

weightless again and with an ever-so-slight motion of the tail he could move to and fro, up and down, as before.



P30/31

The sunrays reached down within the weeds and gently shifted patches of luminous color. This world was surely the most beautiful of all worlds.

He smiled at his friend the frog, who sat watching him from a lily leaf.  
“You were right,” he said.  
“Fish is fish.”



P32/33