

Freshly, the last drops of a stormy and dense rain had just fallen; one of such an intensity that some furrows had opened and were throwing torrents of water to the pond where Shummy lived.

Air was saturated of that wonderful scent to wet ground, to ozone. The sun recovered its protagonism, though with the humility of the one who has noticed that it can be darkened; its brightness was not the proud, overbearing and insulting light of the long and continuous days of summer, when it uses to abuse of its power, but a sweet, soft light instead, giving pastel tones to lands and vegetation.

So beautiful the calm after the storm was and so rapt Shummy was, sitting on a water lily meditated, contemplating everything.

The rest of the frogs, were already jumping joyfully, enjoying the new atmosphere; but Shummy was a very sensitive frog, an intellectual and learned one; she felt and looked for something more.

Shummy was somewhat special frog, out of the ordinary, as more perfect in its forms. Being a tadpole she had consciously wanted to develop the best as possible and achieve a perfect metamorphosis to become an unbeatable adult frog.

Shummy, although cheerful and bouncy like any other one, she kept still much worried followed about improving, about being a frog among the frogs; she wanted to be somehow more. She didn't want to live just the classic life the frogs had always brought, she wanted something different. Her pond partners criticized her and accused her of being pretentious.

In the search of knowledge she was always attentive to every new history, to every new idea that could come to her, wherever it came from; what the owl, the fox or the vixen, the deer, etc. could told her when coming to the pond for drinking, everything worked to her.