The Snail Express

One small delivery takes the long way round.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Snail Express

Snail had a message for Frog.

Come to the pond at sunset. The water lilies are opening.

She rolled the leaf carefully and tucked it under the ribbon around her shell.

"I shall deliver it myself," she said.

Rabbit bounded past. "Would you like a lift?"

"Thank you, but Frog lives under the low roots. Your ears won't fit."

Snail slid on.

At a puddle, Beetle offered to carry the message.

"Thank you, but the leaf is heavier than you are."

Snail slid on.

At last she reached the roots. There was Frog's front door, green and round and firmly shut.

She tapped it with a feeler.

The Snail Express

No answer.

She tapped again.

"Frog? There's something lovely to see."

A voice came from above. "I'm up here!"

Frog sat on a stone, watching the clouds.

"A message for you," said Snail proudly.

Frog unrolled the leaf.

"The pond! We must hurry!"

He hopped one hop, then stopped. Snail was still beside the roots.

"May I give you a lift?" he asked.

This time, Snail smiled. "Yes, please."

She settled on Frog's broad back. Hop, hop, splosh!

They reached the pond just as the first pale flower unfolded.

Then another opened. And another.

Snail gazed at the floating petals.

"I almost missed my own invitation," she said.

Frog lowered her gently onto a flat stone.

"Next time," he said, "bring the message early. We can take the slow way together."

They watched until the pond was full of stars and flowers.

THE END

Original MimoMango story. Story and illustration created with AI assistance. First edition, 2026.