

CONSTABLE

IMPRESSIONS OF LAND, SEA AND SKY



CHILDREN'S TRAIL



Help me find a place to live by looking carefully at these paintings in the exhibition.



Once upon a time, there lived a small brown frog called Frederick Forsythe. Most of the time he was pretty happy. However, there was one big problem: he lived on a lock on a river. At least once a day a man in a red jacket let all of the water out to change the level of the river, which let the boats travel up and down.

Frederick Forsythe became tired of finding himself stranded and dry when, as you know, frogs need to be hidden and damp, so he decided to find himself another home.

He climbed carefully aboard one of the boats and hid under the covers and canvas sails.

Find this painting in the exhibition and you will see the boat that Frederick climbed into.





Soon he could hear the sound of contented cows and trickling water. This sounded like a perfect place to live.

Frederick Forsythe slipped into the slimy, soggy mud. It felt so good. But the contented cows began to move closer and their large hooves sank into the mud around him. He was very nearly squashed. Jumping for his life, Frederick leapt right into the bag of the travelling gypsy who was making some tea next to her tent. He was safe from the cows, but it was hot and dark and itchy in the bag. He needed water and murky mud to cool his skin.

In the morning the gypsy picked up her bag with Frederick Forsythe hiding inside. He bumped along in this bag for ages, getting very bagsick – what he needed was fresh air.





But not this sort of fresh air! Roaring wind, thunder and the sound of waves made Frederick Forsythe forget his bagsickness and huddle down into a small and smelly corner of the bag.

He did not like the sound of the ocean. He wanted to hide in a damp, muddy corner near a quiet stream.

Look around. Can you find any streams for Frederick Forsythe to live in?





At last the bag stopped bumping. Frederick Forsythe heard the sound of laughter and the slashing of wheat. He jumped out and found himself in a very hot and scratchy place. Right beside him, lying in the grass, was a small boy minding the lunch and beside him a black-and-white dog. Being a frog, Frederick Forsythe did not like dogs, and this sheepdog made him feel very nervous. He had to get out of there. In the distance he could hear the soothing sound of a tinkling stream. **Can you help him find it in this painting in the exhibition?**

He waited until it was cooler and the coast was clear. In the dead of night Frederick Forsythe jumped and jiggled his way to the stream, where he caught hold of a passing stick.



This was the perfect place. The grass was wet and soggy, and the mud was muddy and sticky. Oh no, what's this? A cow! Frederick Forsythe made a quick decision. As he loved his new home so much, he would just have to learn to love cows too.



The Glebe farm c. 1830 (detail) oil on canvas Tate, London Bequeathed by Henry Vaughan in 1900





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