

CALICO *ILLUSTRATED* CLASSICS
The Brothers Grimm's

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES



ADAPTED BY:
Karen Kelly

ILLUSTRATED BY:
C.B. Canga

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The Frog Prince

Originally Named *The Frog King*



In olden times when wishing still worked, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful. But the youngest was so beautiful the sun itself was astonished whenever it shone on her face.

Close by the king's castle lay a great dark forest. Under an old lime tree in the forest was a well. When the day was very warm, the king's youngest child went and sat down by the side of the cool fountain. And when she was bored, she took a golden ball and threw it up high and caught it. This ball was her favorite plaything.

On one occasion, the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand she was holding

up for it. It landed on the ground beyond and rolled straight into the water.

The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but the ball vanished. The well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. She began to cry, and then she cried louder and louder.

"What ails you, king's daughter?" someone said to her. "You weep so that even a stone would show pity." The princess looked round to the side from where the voice came and saw a frog. He stretched forth his big, ugly head from the water.

"Ah! Old water splasher, is it you?" the princess said. "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet and do not weep. I can help you. But what will you give me, if I bring your plaything up again?"

"Whatever you will have, dear frog," the princess said. "My clothes, my pearls and jewels, or even the golden crown I am wearing."

“I do not care for your clothes, your pearls and jewels, nor for your golden crown. If you will love me and let me be your companion, and sit by you at your table, and eat off your little golden plate, and drink from your little cup, and sleep in your little bed, I will go down below and bring your golden ball up again.”

“Oh, yes,” the princess said. “I promise you all you wish.” But she thought, *How the silly frog does talk! All he does is sit in the water with the other frogs and croak. He can be no companion to any human being!*

When the frog had received the promise, he put his head in the water and sank down. In a short while he came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth. He threw it on the ground. The king’s daughter was delighted to see her plaything once more. She picked it up and ran away with it.

“Wait, wait!” said the frog. “Take me with you. I can’t run.” She did not listen, but ran



home. She soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well.

The next day, the princess was seated at the table with the king and the nobles. She was eating from her little golden plate. Something came creeping *splish splash, splish splash*, up the marble staircase. When it got up to the top, it knocked at the door. It cried, "Princess, youngest Princess, open the door for me."

The princess ran to see who was outside. When she opened the door, there sat the frog. She slammed the door closed and sat down to dinner again, but she was quite frightened.

"My child, what are you so afraid of?" the king said. "Is there a giant outside who wants to carry you away?"

"It is no giant, but a disgusting frog," the princess replied.

"What does the frog want with you?"

"Dear Father, yesterday I was in the forest sitting by the well and playing. My golden ball

fell into the water. The frog brought it out again for me. Because he insisted, I promised him he would be my companion. I never thought he would be able to come out of his water!”

The frog knocked a second time and cried:

“Princess! Youngest princess!

Open the door for me!

Do you not know what you said to me

Yesterday by the cool waters of the well?

Princess, youngest princess!

Open the door for me!”

Then said the king, “That which you have promised, you must perform. Go let him in.”

The princess opened the door. The frog hopped in and followed her to her chair. There he sat and cried, “Lift me up beside you!” The princess delayed until the king commanded her to do it. Once the frog was on the chair, he wanted to be on the table.

When he was on the table, he said, “Push your little golden plate nearer to me that we

may eat together.” She did, but it was easy to see she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate. But almost every mouthful she took choked her.

At length the frog said, “I have eaten and am satisfied. Now I am tired. Carry me into your little room and make your little silken bed ready. We will lie down and go to sleep.”

The king’s daughter began to cry. She was afraid of the cold frog that was now to sleep in her pretty, clean bed. But the king grew angry.

“He who helped you in your trouble should not afterward be despised by you,” he said.

So, she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed, he crept up to her.

He said, “I am tired and want to sleep as well as you. Lift me up or I will tell your father.”

The princess was terribly angry. She threw him with all her might against the wall. “Now will you be quiet, horrid frog,” she said.

But when he fell down, he was no frog but a king's son with kind and beautiful eyes. He told her he had been cursed by a wicked witch. No one could have delivered him but herself. By her father's will, he was now her dear companion and husband. Tomorrow they would go together into his kingdom. Then they went to sleep.

The next morning a carriage came driving up with eight white horses. They had ostrich feathers on their heads and were harnessed with golden chains. Behind stood the young prince's servant, Faithful Henry.

Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was turned into a frog. He had three iron bands laid around his heart. The bands were to keep his heart from bursting with grief and sadness.

The carriage was to conduct the king's son into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in and placed himself behind. He was full

of joy because of this deliverance. When they had driven a part of the way, the king heard a cracking behind him. He turned round and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No, master, it is not the carriage. It is the band from my heart. It was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well."

Again and once again something cracked. Each time the prince thought the carriage was breaking.

But it was only the bands springing from the heart of the Faithful Henry because his master was set free and happy.



Sleeping Beauty

Originally Named *Little Briar-Rose*



A long time ago there were a king and queen who said every day, "If only we had a child!" They did not have one. But once when the queen was swimming, a frog crept out of the water on to the land. It said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. You shall have a daughter before a year has gone."

What the frog said came true. The queen had a pretty little girl. The king could not contain his joy and ordered a great feast.

He invited not only his kin and friends, but also the Wise Women. He hoped they might be kind and generous toward the child. There were thirteen of the Wise Women in his

kingdom. But as he only had twelve golden plates for them, one of them had to be left at home.

The feast was splendid. The Wise Women bestowed their magic gifts upon the baby. One gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on. The princess soon had everything one can wish for.

When eleven of the Wise Women had made their promises, the thirteenth entered. She wished to avenge herself for not being invited. She cried out, "The king's daughter shall prick herself with a spindle in her fifteenth year and fall dead." Without saying a word more, she left the room.

The guests were all shocked. The twelfth Wise Woman came forward. She could not undo the evil sentence, but only soften it. She said, "The princess shall not fall into death, but a deep sleep of a hundred years."

The king ordered that every spindle in the whole kingdom be burned.



The gifts of the Wise Women were amply fulfilled in the young girl. She was so beautiful, modest, good-natured, and wise that everyone who saw her loved her.

On the very day she turned fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home. The maiden was left in the palace alone. She went around to all sorts of places and looked into rooms as she pleased. At last she came to an old tower.

She climbed up the narrow, winding staircase and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock. When she turned it, the door sprang open. There in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her yarn.

“Good day, old mother,” said the king’s daughter. “What are you doing there?”

“I am spinning,” said the old woman and nodded her head.

“What sort of thing is that, that rattles round so merrily?” The girl took the spindle and wanted to spin, too. But the magic was fulfilled and she pricked her finger with it. That very moment, she fell down upon the bed there in the room and lay in a deep sleep.

This sleep spread over the whole palace. The king and queen, who had just come home, began to sleep. The whole court slept with them. The horses went to sleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons upon the roof, even the fire on the hearth became quiet and slept.

The cook was just going to pull the hair of the kitchen boy because he had forgotten something. The cook let go and went to sleep. The wind blew but not a leaf on the trees fell.

Round about the castle a hedge of thorns began to grow. Every year it became higher. At last it grew so that nothing of the castle could be seen, not even the flag upon the roof.



But the story of the beautiful sleeping Briarrose went about the country.

From time to time, kings' sons came and tried to get through the thorny hedge into the castle. But they found it impossible. The thorns held fast together, as if they had hands. The youths were caught in them, could not get loose, and died a miserable death.

After long, long years, a king's son came again to that country. He heard an old man talking about the thorn-hedge and the castle behind it. He heard, too, of the beautiful Briar-rose and the many kings' sons who had already come.

The youth said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-rose." The good old man tried to change his mind, but he would not listen.

By this time, the hundred years had just passed. The day had come when Briar-rose was to wake again. When the king's son came near the thorn-hedge, it was nothing but large, beautiful flowers. They parted from each other and let him pass unhurt. Then they closed again behind him like a hedge.

In the castle yard, he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep. On the roof sat the pigeons with their heads under their wings.

When he entered the house, the flies were asleep upon the wall. The cook in the kitchen was still holding out his hand to seize the boy.

He went on farther. In the great hall he saw the whole of the court lying asleep. Up by the throne lay the king and queen. All was so quiet a breath could be heard.

At last he came to the tower and opened the door into the little room where Briar-rose was sleeping. There she lay, so beautiful he could not turn his eyes away. He stooped down and gave her a kiss. As soon as he kissed her, Briar-rose opened her eyes and looked at him sweetly.

Then they went down together. The king, queen, and court awoke and looked at each other in amazement. The horses in the courtyard stood up and shook themselves. The hounds jumped up and wagged their tails. The pigeons pulled their heads from under their wings and flew into the open country.

The flies on the wall crept again. The fire in the kitchen burned up and flickered. The cook gave the boy a box on the ear and the maid finished plucking the fowl.

Then the marriage of the king's son and Briar-rose was celebrated with splendor. And they lived contented to the end of their days.



Snow White



Once upon a time in winter, the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky. A queen sat sewing at a window. The frame of the window was made of black ebony wood. While she was sewing and looking out the window, she pricked her finger. Three drops of blood fell upon the snow.

The red looked pretty upon the white snow. The queen thought, *I wish I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window frame.*

Soon after, she had a little daughter. The daughter was as white as snow, had a mouth as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony. She was called Little Snow White. When the child was born, the queen died.

After a year passed, the king took another wife. She was beautiful, but she was proud and vain. She could not bear that anyone else should eclipse her in beauty. She had a wonderful looking glass. She stood in front of it and said:

“Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

The looking-glass answered:

“Thou, O Queen, are the fairest of all!”

Then she was satisfied, for she knew the looking glass spoke the truth.

But Snow White was growing up. She grew more and more beautiful. When she was seven years old, she was as beautiful as the day and more beautiful than the queen herself. The queen asked her looking glass:

“Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

It answered:

“You are fairer than all who are here,
Lady Queen.
But more beautiful still is Snow White,
I have seen.”

The Queen turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow White, she hated the girl. Envy and pride grew higher and higher in her heart like a weed. She had no peace day or night.

She called a huntsman and said, “Take the child away into the forest. I will no longer have her in my sight. Kill her and bring me back her lung and liver as a token.” The huntsman obeyed and took Snow White away.

But when he drew his knife, Snow White began to weep. “Dear huntsman, leave me my life!” she begged. “I will run away into the forest and never come home again.”

The huntsman took pity on her and said, “Run away, you poor child.”

A young boar just then came running by. The huntsman stabbed it and cut out its lung and liver. He took them to the queen as proof that the child was dead. The cook salted them and the wicked queen ate them.

Now the child was all alone in the great forest. She was terrified and did not know what to do. She began to run. She ran over sharp stones and through thorns. The wild beasts ran past her, but they did her no harm.

She ran until it was almost evening. She saw a little cottage and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the cottage was small but neat and clean.

There was a table set with a white cover and seven little plates. On each plate was a little spoon. There were also seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. Against the wall stood seven little beds with white quilts.

Snow White was so hungry and thirsty that she ate some vegetables and bread from each

plate. She drank a drop out of each mug. She did not wish to take all from only one.

She was tired, so she laid herself down on one of the beds. But she could not find one to suit her. One was too long, another too short. At last she found that the seventh one was right. She remained in it, said a prayer, and went to sleep.

When it was dark, the owners of the cottage came back. They were seven dwarfs who dug in the mountains for ore. They lit their seven candles and saw someone had been there. Everything was not in the same order in which they had left it.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?"

The second said, "Who has been eating off my plate?"

The third, "Who has been taking some of my bread?"

The fourth, "Who has been eating my vegetables?"

The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?"

The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?"

Then the first looked round and saw there was a little hollow on his bed. "Who has been getting into my bed?" he asked.

The others checked their beds and each called out, "Someone has been lying in my bed, too." When the seventh looked in his bed, he saw Snow White.

He called the others and they brought their seven little candles. The light fell on Snow White.

"Heavens! What a lovely child!" they cried. They did not wake her up, but let her sleep in the bed.

When it was morning, Snow White awoke. She was frightened, but the dwarfs were friendly. They asked her what her name was.

"My name is Snow White," she answered.



“How have you come to our house?” asked the dwarfs. Snow White told them about her stepmother and the huntsman.

The dwarfs said, “If you will take care of our house and keep everything neat and clean, you can stay with us. You will want for nothing.”

“Yes, with all my heart,” said Snow White and she stayed.

In the mornings, the dwarfs went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold. In

the evenings, they came back and their supper was made ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her, “Beware your stepmother. She will soon know you are here. Be sure to let no one enter.”

Meanwhile, the queen could not but think she was again the most beautiful of all. She went to her looking glass and said:

“Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

The glass answered:

“Oh, Queen, you are fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs
 dwell,
Snow White is still alive and well,
And none is so fair as she.”

The queen knew the looking glass never spoke falsely. She knew the huntsman had betrayed her and Snow White was still alive.

The queen thought and thought how she might kill Snow White. At last she thought of something. She painted her face and dressed like an old peddler woman. No one could have known her. By the help of witchcraft, she made a poisonous comb.

The queen went over the seven mountains to the house of the seven dwarfs and knocked on the door.

“Good things to sell, cheap, cheap!” she cried.

Snow White looked out and said, “Go away. I cannot let anyone come in.”

“I suppose you can look,” said the old woman. She pulled the poisonous comb out and held it up. It pleased the girl so well she let herself be tricked and opened the door. When they had made a bargain, the old woman said, “Now I will comb you properly.”

Poor Snow White let the old woman do as she pleased. She had hardly put the comb in

Snow White's hair when the poison took effect. The girl fell down senseless.

"You, perfection of beauty, you are done," said the wicked woman. And she went away.

Thankfully, it was almost evening. When the seven dwarfs came home, they saw Snow White lying as if dead. At once they suspected the stepmother.

The dwarfs looked and found the poisoned comb. As soon as they took the comb from her hair, Snow White recovered.

She told them what had happened. They warned her once more to be upon her guard and to open the door to no one.

Back at the castle, the queen went in front of the looking glass and said:

"Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

Then it answered as before:

"Oh, Queen, you are fairest of all I see,

But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs
dwell,
Snow White is still alive and well,
And none is so fair as she.”

The queen trembled with rage. “Snow White shall die, even if it costs me my life!”

She went into a secret room where no one ever came. There she made a very poisonous apple. Outside it looked pretty, but whoever ate a piece of the red cheek must surely die.

The queen painted her face and dressed up as a farmer’s wife. She went over the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door.

Snow White put her head out of the window. “I cannot let anyone in. The seven dwarfs have forbidden me.”

“It is all the same to me,” answered the woman. “I shall soon get rid of all my apples. I will give you one.”



“No, I dare not take anything.”

“Are you afraid of poison?” said the old woman. “Look, I will cut the apple in two pieces. You eat the red cheek and I will eat the white.”

Snow White longed for the fine apple. When she saw the woman eat part of it, she could resist no longer. She stretched out her hand and took the poisonous half. She had hardly a bite in her mouth when she fell down dead.

The queen laughed aloud. “White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony wood! This time the dwarfs cannot wake you up again.”

Soon, the queen asked again of the looking glass at home:

“Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

It answered at last:

“Oh, Queen, in this land you are fairest
of all.”

Then her envious heart had rest, so far as an envious heart can have rest.

The dwarfs came home and found Snow White lying on the ground. She breathed no longer. They looked for anything poisonous, but it was no use. The poor child was dead.

All seven sat around her and wept for three days. They had a transparent coffin of glass made. They laid her in it and wrote her name upon it in golden letters.

They put the coffin out upon the mountain and one of them always stayed by it. Birds came and wept for Snow White, too. First an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

Snow White lay a long time in the coffin. She did not change, but looked as if she were asleep. It happened that a king's son came into the forest. He went to the dwarfs' house to spend the night. He saw the coffin and the beautiful Snow White.

He said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin. I will give you whatever you want for it."

But the dwarfs answered, "We will not part with it for all the gold in the world."

"Then let me have it as a gift, for I cannot live without seeing Snow White. I will honor and prize her as my dearest possession." As he spoke in this way, the good dwarfs took pity upon him and gave him the coffin.

The king's son had Snow White and her coffin carried away by his servants on their shoulders. As they marched, one man stumbled over a tree stump. The poisonous piece of apple came out of Snow White's throat by the shock! Before long, she opened her eyes.

"Heavens, where am I?" she cried. The king's son told her what had happened. He said, "I love you more than anything in the world. Come with me to my father's palace. You shall be my wife."

Snow White was willing and went with him. Their wedding was held with great splendor. Snow White's wicked stepmother was invited to the feast. When she had arrayed herself in

beautiful clothes, she went before the looking glass. She said:

“Looking glass, Looking glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

The glass answered:

“Oh, Queen, of all here the fairest is you,
But the young Queen is fairer by far, it is
true.”

The wicked woman uttered a curse. She was so utterly wretched she knew not what to do. At first she would not go to the wedding at all. But she had no peace and had to go see the young queen.

When she went in, she recognized Snow White. She stood still with rage and fear. But iron slippers had already been put upon the fire. They were brought in with tongs and set before her. Then she was forced to put on the red-hot shoes and dance until she dropped down dead.



Hansel and Gretel



By a great forest dwelled a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children. The boy was called Hansel and the girl Gretel.

Once when a famine fell on the land, the poor woodcutter could no longer provide even daily bread. He thought over this in his bed at night, tossing about in his anxiety.

The woodcutter said to his wife, "What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children when we have nothing even for ourselves?"

"I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman. "Early tomorrow morning we will take the children out into the thickest part of the forest. We will light a fire for them and give each of them one more piece of bread. Then

we will go to our work and leave them. They will not find their way home and we shall be rid of them.”

“No, wife,” said the woodcutter. “How can I bear to leave my children alone in the forest? The wild animals would soon come and tear them to pieces.”

“You fool! Then we must all four die of hunger. You may as well make the planks for our coffins.” She left him no peace until he agreed.

“I feel very sorry for the poor children all the same,” he said.

The children had also not been able to sleep for hunger. They had heard what their stepmother said to their father.

Gretel wept and said to Hansel, “All is over for us.”

“Do not distress yourself. I will find a way to help us,” said Hansel. When the old folks had fallen asleep, he got up and put on his coat. He opened the door and crept outside.

The moon shone brightly. The white pebbles in front of the house glittered like silver pennies. Hansel stuffed the pocket of his coat with as many as he could fit. Then he went back to Gretel.

“Dear little sister, sleep in peace. God will not forsake us,” he said.

When the day dawned, the woman came and woke the two children. “Get up, you lazybones! We are going into the forest to fetch wood.” She gave each of them a piece of bread. “There is something for your dinner, but do not eat it up before then.”

Gretel put the bread under her apron, as Hansel had the pebbles in his pocket. They all set out into the forest. When they had walked a short way, Hansel stood still and peeped back at the house. He did so again and again.

His father said, “Hansel, what are you looking at there? Pay attention and do not forget how to use your legs.”

"I am looking at my little white cat, Father," said Hansel. "It is sitting up on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me."

The wife said, "Fool, that is not your cat. That is the morning sun shining on the chimney." Hansel had not been looking back at the cat. He had been constantly throwing one of the white pebbles out of his pocket onto the road.

When they reached the middle of the forest, the father said, "Children, pile up some wood and I will light a fire."

Hansel and Gretel gathered brushwood together as high as a little hill. The brushwood was lighted.

The woman said, "Children, we will go into the forest and cut some wood. When we are done, we will come back and fetch you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire. When noon came, each ate a little piece of bread. They had been sitting such a long time that their eyes closed. They fell fast asleep.

When they awoke, it was already dark night. Gretel began to cry. “How are we going to get out of the forest now?” Hansel comforted her.

“Just wait until the moon has risen. Then we will soon find the way,” he said.

When the full moon had risen, he took his sister by the hand. They followed the pebbles that shone like new silver coins and showed them the way.



Hansel and Gretel walked the whole night long. By the break of day they came once more to their father's house. They knocked at the door.

The woman opened it. "You naughty children, why have you slept so long in the forest?" she said. The father rejoiced. It had cut him to the heart to leave them behind.

Not long afterward there was again a famine throughout the land. The children heard the woman speaking to their father at night.

"Everything is eaten again," she said. "We have one half of a loaf left. The children must go, for there is no other way of saving ourselves."

The man's heart was heavy but the woman would not listen to anything he said. She scolded him until he yielded.

When the old folks were asleep, Hansel again got up. He wanted to pick up pebbles as he had done before. But the woman had locked the door.

Nevertheless, he said to his sister, "Gretel, do not cry. The good God will help us."

Early in the morning, the woman took the children out of their beds. Their piece of bread was given, but it was smaller than the other time. On the way to the forest, Hansel crumbled his in his pocket. He often stood still to throw a morsel on the ground.

"Hansel, why do you stop and look round?" said their father.

"I am looking back at my little pigeon sitting on the roof," answered Hansel.

"Fool, it is not your pigeon. That is the morning sun shining on the chimney," said the woman. Hansel threw all the crumbs on the path, little by little.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest, where they had never been. A great fire was again made.

The woman said, “Just sit there. We are going into the forest to cut wood. When we are done, we will come fetch you.”

When it was noon, Gretel shared her piece of bread with Hansel. Then they fell asleep and evening passed. No one came for the poor children. They did not awake until it was dark night.

Hansel comforted his sister. “Gretel, just wait until the moon rises. Then we shall see the crumbs of bread. They will show us the way home again.” When the moon came, they set out.

But they found no crumbs. The many birds that fly about in the woods had picked them all up. Hansel said to Gretel, “We shall soon find the way.” But they did not.

They walked the whole night and the next day too, but did not get out of the forest. They were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but two or three berries. They were so weary

their legs would no longer carry them. They lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It was now three mornings since Hansel and Gretel had left their father's house. They began to walk again. If help did not come soon, they would die of hunger and weariness.

When it was midday, they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a branch. It sang so delightfully they stood still to listen to it.

When its song was over, it spread its wings and flew away before them. They followed it until they reached a little house. They saw the house was built of bread and covered with cakes. The windows were made of clear sugar.

"We will set to work on that and have a good meal," said Hansel. "I will eat a bit of the roof. Gretel, you can eat some of the window. It will taste sweet."

Hansel reached up and broke off a little of the roof to see how it tasted. Gretel leaned

against the window and nibbled at the panes.
Then a soft voice cried from the parlor.

“Nibble, nibble, gnaw,
Who is nibbling at my little house?”

The children answered.

“The wind, the wind,
The heaven-born wind.”

They went on eating. Hansel liked the taste of the roof and tore down a great piece of it. Gretel pushed out a whole round window pane, sat down, and enjoyed herself.

Suddenly, the door opened and a woman as old as the hills came creeping out on crutches. Hansel and Gretel were so terribly frightened they let what they had in their hands fall.

The old woman nodded her head. “You dear children, who has brought you here? Do come in and stay with me. No harm shall happen to you.”

Inside, good food was set before them. There was milk and pancakes with sugar, apples, and nuts.

Afterward two pretty little beds were covered with clean, white linen. Hansel and Gretel lay down and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman had only pretended to be kind. She was a wicked witch, who had built the little house of bread to lure children there. When a child fell into her powers, she killed, cooked, and ate it. That was a feast day for her.

Witches have red eyes and cannot see far. But they have a keen sense of smell like the beasts and know when human beings draw near. When Hansel and Gretel came into her neighborhood, she had spitefully laughed. "I have them. They shall not escape me!"

Early in the morning before the children were awake, the wicked witch was already up. She saw them sleeping and looking so pretty.

“That will be a dainty mouthful!” she muttered. Then she seized Hansel with her shriveled hand and carried him into a little stable. She locked him behind a grated door.

The woman then went to Gretel and shook her awake. “Get up, lazy thing. Fetch some water and cook something good for your brother. He is in the stable outside and is to be made fat. When he is fat, I will eat him.”

Gretel wept bitterly. But she was forced to do what the wicked witch commanded. Now the best food was cooked for Hansel, but Gretel got nothing but crab shells.

Every morning the woman crept to the stable. She cried, “Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel if you will soon be fat.”

But Hansel stretched out a little bone to her. The old woman with her dim eyes thought it was Hansel’s finger. She was astonished that there was no way of fattening him. When four

weeks had gone by, she would not wait any longer.

“Gretel, bring some water,” she cried to the girl. “Let Hansel be fat or thin, tomorrow I will kill him and cook him.”

How the poor sister did grieve. “Dear God, help us!” she cried. “If the wild beasts in the forest had devoured us, at least we would have died together.”

“Just keep your noise to yourself,” said the old woman. “It won’t help you at all.”

Early in the morning, Gretel had to go out and hang up the cauldron filled with water. Then, she lit the fire.

“We will bake first,” said the old woman. “I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough.”

She pushed poor Gretel out to the oven. Flames were already darting from it. “Creep in and see if it is properly heated.”

The wicked witch intended to shut the oven once Gretel was inside and let her bake in it. Then she would eat her, too. But Gretel saw what she had in mind.

Gretel said, “I do not know how I am to do it. How do I get in?”

“Silly goose. The door is big enough. Just look, I can get in myself!” She crept up and thrust her head into the oven. Then Gretel



gave her a push that drove her far into it and shut the iron door. Gretel fastened the bolt.

Oh! Then the woman began to howl. But Gretel ran away and the witch was burned to death.

Gretel ran like lightning to Hansel and opened his little stable. "Hansel, we are saved! The old witch is dead!"

Hansel sprang like a bird from its cage when the door opened. How they did rejoice and dance about! They no longer had any need to fear and so went into the witch's house. In every corner there stood chests full of pearls and jewels.

"These are far better than pebbles!" said Hansel. He thrust into his pockets whatever could fit. Gretel filled her pinafore full.

"Now we must get out of the witch's forest," Hansel said.

When they had walked for two hours, they came to a great stretch of water. "We cannot cross," said Hansel. "I see no bridge."

“There is no ferry but a white duck is swimming there,” answered Gretel. “If I ask her, she will help us over.” She cried out:

“Little duck, little duck, do you see,
Hansel and Gretel are waiting for thee?
There’s never a plank or bridge in sight,
Take us across on your back so white.”

The duck came to them and Hansel seated himself on its back. He told his sister to sit by him.

“No,” replied Gretel. “That will be too heavy for the little duck. She shall take us across, one after the other.”

The good little duck did so. When they were safely across, they walked some more. The forest seemed to be more and more familiar to them.

After a time, they saw from afar their father’s house. They began to run, and rushed into the parlor to throw themselves round their father’s neck.

The man had not known one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest. The woman, however, was dead.

Gretel emptied her pinafore until pearls and precious stones ran about the room. Hansel threw one handful after another out of his pocket to add to them.

Then all anxiety was at an end. They lived together in perfect happiness. My tale is done, there runs a mouse. Whoever catches it may make himself a big fur cap out of it.



Rumpelstiltskin



Once there was a miller who was poor but had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the king. In order to make himself appear important, he said to the king, “I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold.”

The king said to the miller, “That is an art which pleases me well. Bring your daughter tomorrow to my palace and I will put her to the test.”

When the girl was brought to him, he took her into a room that was quite full of straw. He gave her a spinning wheel and a reel.

“Now set to work,” the king said. “If by tomorrow morning you have not spun this straw into gold, you must die.”

The king himself locked up the room and left her in it alone. There sat the poor miller's daughter. For the life of her she could not tell what to do. She had no idea how straw could be spun into gold. She grew more and more frightened, until at last she began to weep.

The door opened and in came a little man. "Good evening, Mistress Miller," the little man said. "Why are you crying so?"

"Alas!" answered the girl. "I have to spin straw into gold and I do not know how to do it."

"What will you give me if I do it for you?" asked the man.

"My necklace." The little man took the necklace and seated himself in front of the wheel. *Whirr, whirr, whirr*, three turns and the reel was full. Then he put another on and *whirr, whirr, whirr*, three times round and the second was full, too.

And so it went until the morning. All the straw was spun. All the reels were full of gold.



By daybreak, the king was already there. When he saw the gold, he was astonished and delighted. But his heart became only more greedy.

The king had the miller's daughter taken into a larger room full of straw. He commanded her to spin that in one night, if she valued her life.

The girl knew not how to help herself and was crying when the door opened again. The little man appeared.

"What will you give me if I spin that straw into gold for you?" he asked again.

"The ring on my finger," answered the girl. The little man took the ring. Again he began to turn the wheel. By morning he had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The king rejoiced beyond all measure at the sight. But still he had not enough gold. He had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw.

“You must spin this, too, during the night,” the king said. “But if you succeed, you shall be my wife.”

When the girl was alone, the little man came for the third time. “What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?”

“I have nothing left,” answered the girl.

“Then promise to give me your first child, if you should become queen.”

Not knowing how else to help herself, she promised the man what he wanted. He once more spun the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage. The pretty miller’s daughter became a queen.

A year later, the queen brought a beautiful child into the world. She never gave a thought to the little man. But he suddenly came into her room.

“Now give me what you promised,” he said.

The queen was struck with horror. She offered him all the riches of the kingdom, if he would leave her the child.

But the man said, "No, something alive is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world."

The queen began to cry so that the man pitied her.

"I will give you three days," he said. "If you find out my name, then you shall keep your child."

The queen thought the whole night of all the names she had ever heard. She sent a messenger far and wide over the country to inquire for any other names.

When the man came the next day, she began with Casper, Melchior, and Balthazar. She said all the names she knew, one after another.

But to every one the little man said, "That is not my name."

On the second day she had the people nearby asked about their names. She repeated

to the man the most uncommon and curious ones. "Perhaps your name is Shortribs or Sheepshanks or Lacelegs?" she said.

But he always answered, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back again. He said, "I have not been able to find a single new name. But as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, I saw a little house. Before the house a fire was burning. Round the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping. He hopped upon one leg and shouted:

"Today I bake, tomorrow brew,
The next I'll have the young queen's child.
Ha! Glad am I that no one knew
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled."

How glad the queen was when she heard the name! Soon afterward the little man came in. He asked, "Now, Mistress Queen, what is my name?"

At first she asked, "Is your name Conrad?"

"That is not my name."

"Is your name Harry?"

"That is not my name."

"Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil has told you that!" shouted the little man. In his anger, he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in. Then in his rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.



Little Red Riding Hood Originally Named *Little Red-Cap*



Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone, but most of all by her grandmother. There was nothing the grandmother would not have given the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet. It suited her so well she would never wear anything else. So she was always called Little Red-Cap.

One day her mother said to her, “Little Red-Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother. She is ill and weak and they will do her good. Do not run off the path or you may fall and break the bottle. When you go into her room, don’t forget to say, ‘Good morning’.”

"I will take great care," said Little Red-Cap.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, a mile and a half from the village. Just as Little Red-Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her. Red-Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was and was not at all afraid of him.

"Good day, Little Red-Cap," said he.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Where are you going so early, Little Red-Cap?" he asked.

"To my grandmother's," Red-Cap replied.

"What have you got in your apron?"

"Cake and wine. Yesterday was baking day. Poor, sick grandmother is to have something good to make her stronger."

"Where does your grandmother live?"

"A good three-quarters of a mile farther on in the wood. Her house stands under the three large oak trees. The nut trees are just below, as you surely must know," replied Little Red-Cap.

The wolf thought, *What a tender young creature! She will be better to eat than the old woman. I must catch both.*

So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Cap. Then he said, "See how pretty the flowers are here? Why do you not look round? I believe you also do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing. You walk along as if you were going to school. Everything else out here in the wood is merry."

Little Red-Cap raised her eyes. She saw the sunbeams dancing through the trees and pretty flowers growing everywhere. She thought, *Suppose I take grandmother a fresh bouquet. That would please her. I shall still get there in good time.*

And so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. Whenever she picked one, she fancied she saw a still prettier one farther on. She ran after it and got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked on the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red-Cap bringing cake and wine," said the wolf in a little-girl voice. "Open the door."

"Lift the latch," called the grandmother. "I am too weak and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch. The door sprang open. He went straight to the grandmother's bed without a word and devoured her. He put on her clothes and cap, closed the curtains, and climbed in the bed.

When Little Red-Cap had gathered so many flowers she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother. She set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage door standing open. When she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling.

“Good morning,” Little Red-Cap called out. But she received no answer. So she went to the bed and drew back the curtains.

There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face and looking very strange.

“Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“The better to hear you with, my child,” was the reply.



“But, Grandmother, what big eyes you have!” she said.

“The better to see you with, my dear.”

“But, Grandmother, what large hands you have!” Little Red-Cap said.

“The better to hug you with.”

“Oh but, Grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!”

“The better to eat you with!”

With one bound the wolf was out of the bed. He swallowed up Little Red-Cap. When the wolf had satisfied his appetite, he lay down again in the bed. He fell asleep and began to snore very loudly.

A huntsman was just passing the house. He thought, *How the old woman is snoring! I must see if she wants anything.* So he went into the room. When he came to the bed, he saw the wolf was lying in it.

“Do I find you here, old sinner?” he said. “I have long sought you!” He was going to fire at

him but realized the wolf might have eaten the grandmother. So he took a pair of scissors and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

When he had made two snips, he saw Little Red-Cap. Two snips more and the girl sprang out.

“How frightened I have been!” she exclaimed. “How dark it is inside the wolf!”

After that the grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe.

Little Red-Cap quickly fetched some large stones. She and the huntsman filled the wolf’s belly with them. When the wolf awoke, he wanted to run away. But the stones were so heavy he collapsed at once and fell dead.

All three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf’s skin and went home with it. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine that Little Red-Cap had brought.

Little Red-Cap thought, *As long as I live, I will never leave the path by myself to run into the wood when my mother has forbidden me to do so.*

On another outing, Little Red-Cap was again taking cakes to the old grandmother when another wolf spoke to her. He tried to lure her from the path.

Little Red-Cap was on her guard. She went straight on her way. She told her grandmother she had met the wolf and he had said “good morning” to her. But he had such a wicked look, she was sure he would have eaten her up had they not been on a public road.

The grandmother said, “Well, we will shut the door so he may not come in.” Soon after the wolf knocked, and cried, “Open the door, Grandmother. I am Little Red-Cap with some cakes for you.”

They did not speak or open the door. So the graybeard stole round the house and jumped

on the roof. He planned to wait until Little Red-Cap went home in the evening. Then he would devour her in the darkness.

The grandmother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough. She said to the child, "I made some sausages yesterday. Take the pail and carry the water that I boiled them in to the trough."

Little Red-Cap carried the water until the trough was full. The smell of the sausages reached the wolf. He sniffed and peeped down. At last, he stretched out his neck so far that he began to slip. He slipped down the roof straight into the trough and drowned.

Little Red-Cap went joyously home and no one ever did anything to harm her again.



Rapunzel



Once there were a man and a woman who had long wished for a child. The woman hoped God was about to grant her desire.

These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen. It was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs.

A high wall surrounded the garden and no one dared go in because it belonged to an enchantress. The enchantress was dreaded by all the world.

One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden. She saw the most beautiful rapunzel planted in a bed. It looked so fresh and green that she

longed to eat some. She knew she could not get any of it and pined away. She began to look pale and miserable.

Her husband was alarmed. He asked, "What ails you, dear wife?"

"If I can't eat some of the rapunzel in the garden behind our house, I shall die," she said.

At twilight, the man clambered over the wall into the garden of the enchantress. He clutched a handful of rapunzel and took it to his wife. She made a salad of it for herself and ate greedily.

The rapunzel tasted so good to her that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before. If he was to have any rest, the man must once more descend into the garden.

In the gloom of the evening the man let himself down. He became terribly afraid, for he saw the enchantress standing before him.

"How dare you descend into my garden and steal my rapunzel like a thief?" said she with an angry look. "You shall suffer for it!"

He answered, "Let mercy take the place of justice. I only did it out of necessity. My wife saw your rapunzel from the window. She felt such a longing for it she would have died, if she had not got some to eat."

The enchantress allowed her anger to be softened. "You may take away with you as much rapunzel as you will. Only I make one condition. You must give to me the child that your wife will bring into the world. It shall be treated well and I will care for it like a mother."

The man, in his terror, agreed to everything. When the woman gave birth, the enchantress appeared at once. She gave the child the name Rapunzel and took her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the enchantress shut her in a tower in the forest. The tower had neither stairs nor door but there was a little window at the top.

When the enchantress wanted to go in, she placed herself beneath it and cried:



“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair!”

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, as fine as spun gold. When she heard the voice of the enchantress, she unfastened her braids. She wound them round one of the hooks of the window and then the hair fell all the way down. The enchantress climbed up by it.

After a year or two, the king's son rode through the forest and passed by the tower. He heard a song so charming that he stood still and listened.

In her solitude, Rapunzel passed time by letting her sweet voice sing out. The king's son looked for the tower's door but none was to be found.

He rode home, but the singing had deeply touched his heart. Every day he went into the forest and listened to it.

Once when he was standing behind a tree, he saw the enchantress approach the tower. He heard how she cried, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!" He saw Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair and the enchantress climb up to her.

"I, too, will try my fortune," he said. The next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!" he cried.

Immediately the hair fell down and the king's son climbed up.

At first, Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man came to her. But the king's son began to talk to her like a friend. He told her his heart had been so stirred he had been forced to see her. Rapunzel lost her fear.

The prince asked her if she would take him for her husband. She saw that he was young and handsome. She thought, *He will love me more than old Dame Gothel does.* She said yes and laid her hand in his.

She said, "I am willing to go away with you, but I do not know how to get down. Bring with you a coil of silk every time you come. I will weave a ladder with it. When that is ready, I will descend and you will take me on your horse."

Rapunzel and the prince agreed he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day. The enchantress noticed nothing of this, until Rapunzel said one day, "Dame

Gothel, how is it that you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the king's son? He is with me in a moment."

"You wicked child!" cried the enchantress. "I thought I had separated you from all the world and yet you have deceived me."

She clutched Rapunzel's beautiful braids and wrapped them twice around her left hand. She seized a pair of scissors and *snip snap*, they were cut off. The lovely braids lay on the ground. Gothel was so pitiless that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert, where she had to live in grief and misery.

On the same day, the enchantress fastened the braids to the hook of the window. The king's son came and cried, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

The enchantress let the hair down. The king's son climbed up, but instead of finding his dear Rapunzel, he found the enchantress.

"Aha! You would fetch your dearest, but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing in the

nest,” the old dame said. “The cat has got it and will scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to you.”

In his despair, the king’s son leaped down from the tower. He escaped with his life. But the thorns into which he fell pierced his eyes. He wandered blind about the forest, eating nothing but roots and berries. He did nothing but moan and weep over the loss of his dearest wife.

He roamed in misery for some years. He then came to the desert where Rapunzel lived in brokenness with her twins, a boy and a girl. He heard a voice. It seemed so familiar to him that he went toward it.

When he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears touched his eyes and they grew clear again. He could see with them as before.

The prince led Rapunzel to his kingdom, where he was joyfully received. They lived for a long time, happy and contented.



CHAPTER 8

Cinderella



The wife of a rich man fell sick. She felt her end was drawing near, so she called her only daughter to her.

“Dear child, be good and holy,” she said. “Then the good God will always protect you. I will look down on you from heaven and be near you.”

She closed her eyes and departed. Every day the maiden went out to her mother’s grave and wept. She remained good. When winter came, the snow spread a white sheet over the grave. By the time the spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought with her two daughters. They were beautiful and fair of face

but hateful and black of heart. Now began a bad time for the poor stepchild.

“Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlor with us?” they said. “He who wants to eat bread must earn it. Out with the kitchen wench.” They took her pretty clothes away from her, put an old gray bedgown on her, and gave her wooden shoes.

“Just look at the proud princess, how decked out she is!” they cried and laughed. They led her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work from morning till night. She got up before daybreak to carry water, light fires, cook, and wash.

Besides this, the sisters did her every imaginable injury. They mocked her and emptied her peas and lentils into the ashes. She was forced to sit and pick them out again.

When she had worked until she was weary, she had no bed. She had to sleep by the hearth in the cinders. On account of that she

always looked dusty and dirty. They called her Cinderella.

The father was once going to the fair. He asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring back for them.

“Beautiful dresses,” said one.

“Pearls and jewels,” said the second.

“And you, Cinderella, what will you have?” said he.

“Father, break off for me the first branch that knocks against your hat on your way home.”

So he bought dresses, pearls, and jewels for his two stepdaughters. On his way home a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat as he rode through a thicket. He broke off the branch and took it with him.

When he reached home, he gave his stepdaughters the things that they had wished for. To Cinderella he gave the branch from the hazel bush.

Cinderella thanked him. She went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it. She wept so much the tears watered it.

It grew and became a handsome tree. Three times a day Cinderella sat beneath it to weep and pray. A little white bird always came to the tree. If Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

Then the king gave orders for a three-day festival. All the beautiful young girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose himself a bride. When the two stepsisters heard they were to appear among the girls, they were delighted.

They called Cinderella and said, "Comb our hair for us, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles. We are going to the festival at the king's palace."

Cinderella obeyed, but wept. She would have liked to go with them to the dance. She begged her stepmother to allow her to go.

“You?” the stepmother said. “Covered in dust and dirt as you are? You have no clothes or shoes and yet you would dance!”

Cinderella went on asking. The stepmother said at last, “I have emptied a dish of lentils into the ashes for you. If you have picked them out again in two hours, you shall go with us.”

The maiden went through the back door into the garden. She called, “You tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds beneath the sky! Come and help me to pick the good into the pot, the bad into the crop.”

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen window, and then the turtledoves, and at last, all the birds beneath the sky. They came whirring and crowding in and alighted among the ashes.

The pigeons nodded with their heads and began to *pick, pick, pick*. The rest also began to *pick, pick, pick* and gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly an hour had passed before they had finished and all flew out again.

The girl took the dish to her stepmother and was glad. She believed now she would be allowed to go with them to the festival.

But the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, You have no clothes and you cannot dance. You would only be laughed at."

Cinderella cried at this. The stepmother said, "If you can pick two dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, you shall go with us."

The stepmother thought, *That she most certainly cannot do.*

When the stepmother had emptied the two dishes of lentils among the ashes, the maiden went into the garden. She cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come! Help me to pick the good into the pot, the bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen window, and then the turtledoves. At length all the birds beneath the sky came

whirring and crowding in and alighted among the ashes.

The doves nodded their heads and began to *pick, pick, pick*. And the others began also to *pick, pick, pick* and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes. Before half an hour was over they had already finished and all flew out again.

The maiden was delighted. She carried the dishes to the stepmother, for she believed she might now go with them to the festival.

“All this will not help,” said the stepmother. “You cannot go with us, for you have no clothes and cannot dance. We would be ashamed of you!”

She turned her back on Cinderella and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

No one was now at home. Cinderella went to her mother’s grave beneath the hazel tree. She cried, “Shiver and quiver, little tree. Silver and gold throw down over me.”

Then the bird threw down to her a gold and silver dress and slippers embroidered with silk

and silver. She put on the dress with all speed, and went to the festival.

Her stepsisters and stepmother did not know her. They thought she must be a foreign princess, for she looked so beautiful in the golden dress. They never once thought of Cinderella.

The prince approached her, took her by the hand, and danced with her. He would dance with no other maiden and never let loose of her hand. If any one else came to invite her, he said, "This is my partner."

She danced till it was evening and then she wanted to go home. The king's son said, "I will go with you and keep you company." He wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged. She escaped him, however, and sprang into the pigeon house.

The king's son waited until her father came. Then the prince told him the unknown maiden had leaped into the pigeon house.



The old man thought, *Can it be Cinderella?* He had an ax brought to him that he might chop the pigeon house to pieces. No one was inside it.

When they got home, Cinderella lay in her dirty clothes among the ashes. A dim little oil lamp was burning on the mantle. Cinderella had jumped quickly down from the back of the pigeon house and run to the hazel tree. There she had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave. The bird had taken them away again.

The next day the festival began afresh and her parents and the stepsisters had gone once more. Cinderella went to the hazel tree. She said, "Shiver and quiver, my little tree. Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful dress than the previous day. When Cinderella appeared at the festival in this dress, everyone was astonished at her beauty.

The king's son had waited until she came and instantly took her by the hand. He danced with no one but her. When others came to invite her, he said, "This is my partner."

When evening came, she wished to leave. The king's son followed her to see to which house she went. But she sprang away from him and into the garden behind the house. There stood a beautiful tall tree on which hung the most magnificent pears. She clambered like a squirrel between the branches so the king's son did not know where she had gone.

The prince waited until her father came. He said, "The unknown maiden has escaped from me. I believe she has climbed up the pear tree."

The father thought, *Can it be Cinderella?* He had an ax brought and he cut the tree down, but there was no one on it.

When they went into the kitchen, Cinderella lay there among the ashes. She had jumped down on the other side of the tree and taken the beautiful dress to the bird on the hazel tree.

On the third day when her parents and sisters had gone away, Cinderella went once more to her mother's grave. She said to the little tree, "Shiver and quiver, my little tree. Silver and gold throw down over me."

Now the bird threw down to her a dress more splendid and magnificent than any she had yet worn. And the slippers were golden.

When she went to the festival in the dress, no one knew how to speak for their amazement. The king's son danced with her only. If any one invited her to dance, he said, "This is my partner."

When evening came, Cinderella wanted to leave. The king's son was anxious to go with her. But she escaped from him so quickly he could not follow her. The king's son, however, had made a plan. He had the whole staircase smeared with tar.

When the maiden ran down it, her left slipper remained stuck. The prince picked it up. It was small, dainty, and golden. The next morning he went with it to the father.

“No one shall be my wife but she whose foot this golden slipper fits,” he said.

The two stepsisters were glad, for they had pretty feet. The eldest went with the shoe into her room and wanted to try it on. But she could not get her big toe into it. The shoe was too small for her.

Her mother gave her a knife and said, “Cut the toe off. When you are queen, you will have no more need to go on foot.”

The maiden cut her toe off and forced her foot into the shoe. She swallowed the pain and went out to the king’s son.

The prince took her on his horse as his bride and rode away with her. However, they had to pass the grave. There on the hazel tree sat the two pigeons. They cried:

“Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There’s blood within the shoe,
The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you.”

The prince looked at her foot and saw how blood was trickling from it. He turned his horse around and took the false bride back home. He said she was not the true one and that the other sister was to put on the shoe.

This one went into her chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe. But her heel was too large. So her mother gave her a knife.

“Cut a bit off your heel,” she said. “When you are queen, you will have no more need to go on foot.”

The maiden cut a bit off her heel and forced her foot into the shoe. She swallowed the pain and went out to the king’s son.

He took her on his horse as his bride and rode away with her. But when they passed the hazel tree, the two pigeons cried:

“Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There’s blood within the shoe,
The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you.”

The prince looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running out of her shoe. It had stained her stockings quite red. He turned his horse and took the false bride home again.

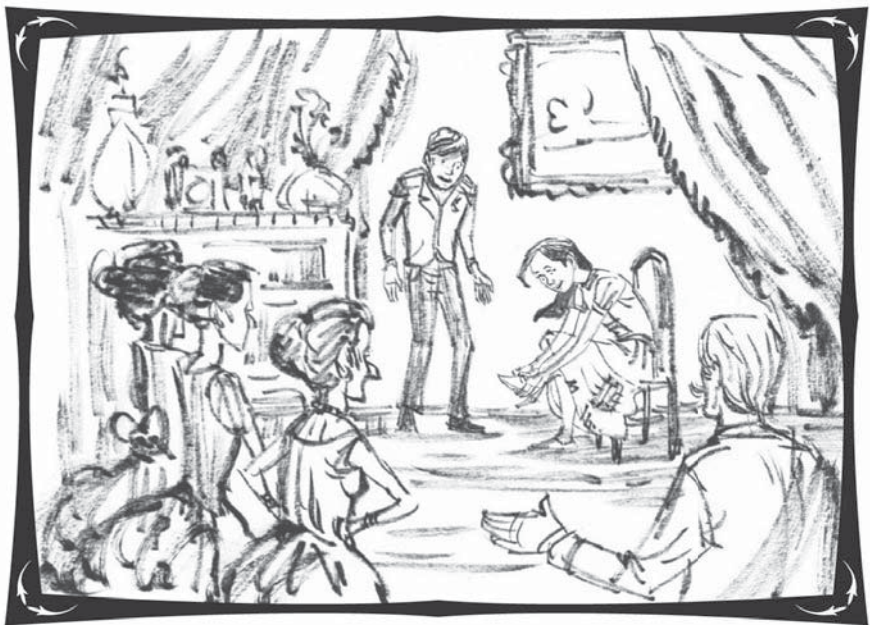
“This is also not the right one,” he said. “Have you no other daughters?”

“There is still a little scrawny kitchen lass that my first wife left. But she cannot possibly be the bride,” said the man.

The king’s son said he was to send her to him. The stepmother answered, “Oh no, she is much too dirty. She cannot show herself!”

But the prince absolutely insisted on it and Cinderella had to be called.

Cinderella first washed her hands and face clean. When she bowed down before the king’s son, he gave her the golden shoe. She seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper. It fit like a glove.



When the king's son looked at her face, he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him.

"That is my true bride!" he cried. The stepmother and the two sisters were horrified and became pale with rage. The prince took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed the hazel tree, the two white doves cried:

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
No blood is in the shoe,

The shoe is not too small for her,
The true bride rides with you.”

They came flying down and placed themselves on Cinderella’s shoulders, one on the right and the other on the left. They remained sitting there.

When the wedding of the king’s son was to be celebrated, the two false sisters came. They wanted to get into favor with Cinderella and share her good fortune.

When the bridal couple went to the church, the elder sister was at the right side and the younger sister at the left. The pigeons pecked out one eye from each of them.

Afterward as they came back, the elder was at the left and the younger at the right. Then the pigeons pecked out the other eye of each.

Thus, they were punished for their wickedness and falsehood with blindness for all their days.



The Shoemaker and the Elves



A shoemaker had become so poor that he had nothing left but the leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening, he cut out the shoes he wished to make the next morning. He lay down quietly in his bed, entrusted himself to God, and fell asleep.

In the morning after he had said his prayers, he was going to sit down to work. The two shoes stood quite finished on his table. He did not know what to think. He took the shoes into his hands to observe them closer.

They were neatly made with not one bad stitch in them. It was as if they were meant to be a masterpiece. Before long a buyer came.

The shoes pleased him so much that he paid more for them than usual. The shoemaker was able to purchase the leather for two pairs of shoes with the money.

He cut them out at night. The next morning he was about to set to work with fresh courage. He had no need to do so. When he got up, the shoes were already made. Buyers gave him enough money to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

Again the following morning the shoemaker found four pairs of shoes were made. And so it went. What he cut out in the evening was finished by the morning. He soon had his honest independence again and at last became a wealthy man.

One evening not long before Christmas the man said to his wife, "What if we were to stay up tonight to see who lends us this helping hand?"

The woman liked the idea and lit a candle. They hid themselves in a corner of the room behind some hanging clothes and watched.

When it was midnight, two little naked men came and sat down by the shoemaker's table. They began to stitch, sew, and hammer so skillfully and quickly that the shoemaker could not stop watching. They did not stop until all was done. Then they ran quickly away.

The next morning the woman said, "The little men have made us rich. We really must show we are grateful for it. They run about and have nothing on. They must be cold. I will make them little shirts, coats, vests, and trousers. And I will knit them each a pair of stockings. You make them two little pairs of shoes."

"I shall be very glad to do it," said the man. When everything was ready, the shoemaker and his wife laid their presents on the table. Then they hid to see how the little men would behave.

At midnight, the little men came bounding in and wanted to get to work. They did not find any leather cut out, only the pretty little pieces of clothing.

They were at first astonished and then delighted. They put on the beautiful clothes and sang:

“Now we are boys so fine to see,
Why should we longer cobblers be?”

They danced and skipped and leaped over chairs and benches. At last they danced out of door. From that time forth, they came no more. But as long as the shoemaker lived, all went well with him and all his efforts prospered.



Tom Thumb

Originally Named *Thumbling*



There was once a poor peasant who sat in the evening by the hearth and poked the fire. His wife sat and spun thread.

“How sad it is that we have no children!” the man said. “All is so quiet. In other houses it is noisy and lively.”

“Yes,” replied the wife. “Even if we had only one and it was only as big as a thumb, I should be quite satisfied. We would still love it with all our hearts.”

Now it happened that the woman fell ill. After seven months she gave birth to a child who was perfect but no longer than a thumb.

They said, "It is as we wished it to be. He shall be our dear child." Because of his size, they called him Thumbling.

Though they gave him plenty of food, the child did not grow taller. However, he soon showed himself to be a wise and nimble creature. Everything he did turned out well.

One day the peasant was getting ready to go out into the forest to cut wood. He said to himself, "How I wish there was someone who would bring the cart to me!"

Thumbling cried, "Oh, Father, I will soon bring the cart. It shall be in the forest at the appointed time."

The man smiled and said, "How can that be done? You are far too small to lead the horse by the reins."

"If Mother will only harness it, I will sit in the horse's ear and call out to him how he is to go."

“We will try it once,” answered the man.

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse. She placed Thumbling in its ear. Then Thumbling cried, “Gee, up! Gee, up!”

The horse went quite properly as if with its master. The cart went the right way into the forest. Just as it was turning a corner and the little one was crying, “gee, up,” two strange men came toward him.

“My word!” said one of them. “What is this? There is a cart coming and a driver is calling to the horse. Still, he is not to be seen!”

“That cannot be right,” said the other. “We will follow the cart and see where it stops.” The cart drove right into the forest and exactly to the place where the wood had been cut.

When Thumbling saw his father he cried, “Father, here I am with the cart. Now take me down.” The father took hold of the horse with his left hand. With his right hand he took his little son out of the horse’s ear.

Thumbling sat quite merrily on a straw. When the two strange men saw him, they did not know what to say in their astonishment.

Then one of them took the other aside. "Listen, the little fellow would make our fortune. We could exhibit him in a large town for money. We will buy him."

They went to the peasant and said, "Sell us the little man. He will be well treated with us."

"No," replied the father. "He is the apple of my eye. All the money in the world cannot buy him from me."

When Thumbling heard of the bargain, he crept up the folds of his father's coat. He placed himself on his shoulder and whispered in his ear, "Father, do give me away. I shall soon come back again."

Then the father parted with him to the two men for a handsome sum of money.

"Where will you sit?" one of the men asked Thumbling.

“Oh, just set me in the rim of your hat. Then I can walk forward and backward and look at the country and still not fall down.”

They did as he wished. When Thumbling had taken leave of his father, they went away with him. They walked until it was dusk.

Then the little fellow said, “Do take me down. It is necessary.”

“Just stay up there,” said the man on whose hat he sat. “It makes no difference to me. The birds sometimes let things fall on me.”

“No,” said Thumbling. “I know my manners. Take me quickly down.”

The man took his hat off and put the little fellow on the ground by the wayside. He leaped and crept about a little. Then he slipped into a mouse hole.

“Good evening, gentlemen. Just go home without me,” he cried.

The men stuck their sticks into the mouse hole, but it was in vain. Thumbling crept still

farther in. It soon became quite dark. The men were forced to go home with their vexation and empty purses.

When Thumbling saw they were gone, he crept back out of the hole. "It is so dangerous to walk on the ground in the dark," he said. "How easily a neck or leg is broken!"

Fortunately, he stumbled against an empty snail shell and got into it. "I can safely pass the night in this."

Not long afterward, Thumbling heard two men go by. One of them was saying, "How shall we get a hold of the rich pastor's silver and gold?"

"I could tell you that," cried Thumbling, interrupting them.

"What was that?" one of the men said in a fright. "I heard someone speaking." They stood still and listened. Thumbling spoke again, "Take me with you and I will help you."

"But where are you?"



“Look on the ground and see from where my voice comes,” he replied. The thieves found him and lifted him up.

“You little imp, how will you help us?” they asked.

“I will creep into the pastor’s room through the iron bars. I will reach out to you whatever you want.”

“Come then, and we will see what you can do,” the thieves replied.

When they got to the pastor’s house, Thumbling crept into the room. He instantly cried out with all his might, “Do you want everything that is here?”

The thieves were alarmed. One said, “Do speak softly so as not to waken anyone!”

Thumbling, however, behaved as if he had not understood them. He cried out again, “Do you want everything that is here?”

The cook, who slept in the next room, heard this and sat up to listen.

The men whispered to him, "Be serious and reach something out to us."

Thumbling again cried as loud as he could. "I really will give you everything. Just put your hands in." The maid heard this quite distinctly. She jumped out of bed and rushed to the door.

The thieves took flight as if the Wild Huntsman was behind them. The maid could not see anything and went to light a match.

Thumbling went to the barn unnoticed. The maid examined every corner and found nothing. She lay down in her bed again and believed she had only been dreaming with open eyes and ears.

Thumbling climbed among the hay and found a beautiful place to sleep. He planned to rest until day and then go home to his parents. But when day dawned, the maid arose from her bed to feed the cows. She laid hold of an armful of hay, the very one in which poor Thumbling lay asleep.

Thumbling was sleeping so soundly that he did not awake until he was in the mouth of the cow. He took care not to let himself go between the teeth. But he was forced to slip down into the stomach with the hay. His quarters were especially unpleasant to him. More and more hay was always coming and the space grew smaller and smaller.

He cried as loud as he could, "Bring me no more fodder!" The maid was milking the cow. When she heard someone speaking, she was so terrified she slipped off her stool. She ran in great haste to her master.

"Oh heavens, Pastor! The cow has been speaking!"

"You are mad," replied the pastor, but he went to the barn to see what was there. He had hardly set his foot inside when Thumbling again cried, "Bring me no more fodder!"

Then the pastor was alarmed. He thought an evil spirit had gone into the cow. He ordered

her to be killed. Her stomach was thrown on the trash heap.

Thumbling had great difficulty working his way out. But just as he was going to thrust his head out, a hungry wolf ran up and swallowed the whole stomach in one gulp.

Thumbling did not lose courage. He called to the wolf from the belly, "Dear wolf, I know of a magnificent feast for you."

"Where?" said the wolf.

He described to him exactly his father's house. "You must creep into it through the kitchen sink. You will find cakes and bacon and sausages and as much of them as you can eat."

The wolf did not need to be told twice. He squeezed himself in at night through the sink and ate to his heart's content.

When he had eaten his fill, he wanted to go out again. But he had become so big he could not go out the same way. Thumbling had counted on this. He began to rage and scream as loud as he could in the wolf's body.

“Will you be quiet! You will wake up the people!” said the wolf.

“What do I care?” Thumbling began to scream again with all his strength. His father and mother were roused by the noise. When they saw a wolf was inside the room, they ran. The husband fetched his ax and the wife the scythe.

They entered the room. “I will give him a blow. If he is not killed by it, you must cut him down,” said the man. Thumbling heard his parents’ voices.

“Dear Father, I am in the wolf’s body,” he cried.

“Thank God, our dear child has found us again,” said the father. He told his wife to take away the scythe so Thumbling might not be hurt by it. Then he struck the wolf such a blow on his head that he fell down dead.

The peasants got knives and scissors and cut open the wolf’s body and drew forth the little fellow.

“What sorrow we have gone through for your sake,” said the father.

“Thank heaven, I breathe fresh air again! I have been in a mouse’s hole, in a cow’s belly, and then in a wolf’s paunch. Now I will stay with you.”

“And we will not sell you again—not for all the riches in the world,” said his parents. Then they embraced their dear Thumbling.