



STORYTELLING COMPETITION  
GOO BMD 2014

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CP : Arum Widyastuti (081915564541)

King Thrushbeard  
Brothers Grimm

A king had a daughter who was beautiful beyond all measure, but so proud and haughty that no suitor was good enough for her. She sent away one after the other, and ridiculed them as well.

Once the king made a great feast and invited, from far and near, all the young men likely to marry. They were all marshaled in a row according to their rank and standing. First, came the kings, then the grand-dukes, then the princes, the earls, the barons, and the gentry. Then, the king's daughter was led through the ranks, but to each one she had some objection to make. One was too fat, the wine-barrel, she said. Another was too tall, and long and thin has little in. The third was too short, and short and thick is never quick. The fourth was too pale, as pale as death. The fifth was too red, a fighting cock. The sixth was not straight enough, a green log dried behind the stove.

So she had something to say against each one, but she made herself especially merry over a good king who stood quite high up in the row, and whose chin had grown a little crooked. Look, she cried and laughed, he has a chin like a thrush's beak. And from that time he got the name of King Thrushbeard.

But the old king, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock the people, and despised all the suitors who were gathered there, was very angry, and swore that she should have for her husband the very first beggar that came to his doors.

A few days afterwards a fiddler came and sang beneath the windows, trying to earn a few pennies. When the king heard him he said, let him come up. So the fiddler came in, in his dirty, ragged clothes, and sang before the king and his daughter, and when he had ended he asked for a trifling gift. The king said, your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter there, to wife.

The king's daughter shuddered, but the king said, I have taken an oath to give you to the very first beggar-man and I will keep it. All she could say was in vain. The priest was brought, and she had to let herself be wedded to the fiddler on the spot. When that was done the king said, now it is not proper for you, a beggar-woman, to stay any longer in my palace, you may just go away with your husband.

The beggar-man led her out by the hand, and she was obliged to walk away on foot with him. When they came to a large forest she asked, to whom does that beautiful forest belong.

"It belongs to king Thrushbeard. If you had taken him, it would have been yours."

"Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken king Thrushbeard."

Afterwards they came to a meadow, and she asked again, to whom does this beautiful green meadow belong.

"It belongs to king Thrushbeard. If you had taken him, it would have been yours."

"Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken king Thrushbeard."



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Then they came to a large town, and she asked again, to whom does this fine large town belong.

"It belongs to king Thrushbeard. If you had taken him, it would have been yours."

" Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken king Thrushbeard."

" It does not please me", said the fiddler, "to hear you always wishing for another husband. Am I not good enough for you?"

At last they came to a very little hut, and she said, "Oh goodness. What a small house! To whom does this miserable, tiny hovel belong?"

The fiddler answered, "That is my house and yours, where we shall live together." She had to stoop in order to go in at the low door. "Where are the servants?", said the king's daughter.

"What servants?" answered the beggar-man. "You must yourself do what you wish to have done. Just make a fire at once, and set on water to cook my supper, I am quite tired."

But the king's daughter knew nothing about lighting fires or cooking, and the beggar-man had to lend a hand himself to get anything fairly done. When they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed. But he forced her to get up quite early in the morning in order to look after the house.

For a few days they lived in this way as well as might be, and came to the end of all their provisions. Then the man said, wife, we cannot go on any longer eating and drinking here and earning nothing. You must make baskets. He went out, cut some willows, and brought them home. Then she began to make baskets, but the tough willows wounded her delicate hands.

"I see that this will not do", said the man. "You had better spin, perhaps you can do that better." She sat down and tried to spin, but the hard thread soon cut her soft fingers so that the blood ran down.

"See, said the man, you are fit for no sort of work. I have made a bad bargain with you. Now I will try to make a business with pots and earthenware. You must sit in the market-place and sell the ware."

"Alas", thought she, "if any of the people from my father's kingdom come to the market and see me sitting there, selling, how they will mock me." But it was of no use, she had to yield unless she chose to die of hunger. For the first time she succeeded well, for the people were glad to buy the woman's wares because she was good-looking, and they paid her what she asked. Many even gave her the money and left the pots with her as well. So they lived on what she had earned as long as it lasted, then the husband bought a lot of new crockery. With this she sat down at the corner of the market-place, and set it out round about her ready for sale. But suddenly there came a drunken hussar galloping along, and he rode right amongst the pots so that they were all broken into a thousand bits. She began to weep, and did not know what to do for fear.

"Alas, what will happen to me?", cried she. "What will my husband say to this? She ran home and told him of the misfortune.



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"Who would seat herself at a corner of the market-place with crockery?" said the man. "Leave off crying, I see very well that you cannot do any ordinary work, so I have been to our king's palace and have asked whether they cannot find a place for a kitchen-maid, and they have promised me to take you. In that way you will get your food for nothing."

The king's daughter was now a kitchen-maid, and had to be at the cook's beck and call, and do the dirtiest work. In both her pockets she fastened a little jar, in which she took home her share of the leavings, and upon this they lived.

It happened that the wedding of the king's eldest son was to be celebrated, so the poor woman went up and placed herself by the door of the hall to look on. When all the candles were lit, and people, each more beautiful than the other, entered, and all was full of pomp and splendor, she thought of her lot with a sad heart, and cursed the pride and haughtiness which had humbled her and brought her to so great poverty.

The smell of the delicious dishes which were being taken in and out reached her, and now and then the servants threw her a few morsels of them. These she put in her jars to take home.

All at once the king's son entered, clothed in velvet and silk, with gold chains about his neck. And when he saw the beautiful woman standing by the door he seized her by the hand, and would have danced with her. But she refused and shrank with fear, for she saw that it was King Thrushbeard, her suitor whom she had driven away with scorn. Her struggles were of no avail, he drew her into the hall. But the string by which her pockets were hung broke, the pots fell down, the soup ran out, and the scraps were scattered all about. And when the people saw it, there arose general laughter and derision, and she was so ashamed that she would rather have been a thousand fathoms below the ground. She sprang to the door and would have run away, but on the stairs a man caught her and brought her back. And when she looked at him it was king Thrushbeard again.

He said to her kindly, "Do not be afraid, I and the fiddler who has been living with you in that wretched hovel are one. For love of you I disguised myself so. And I also was the hussar who rode through your crockery. This was all done to humble your proud spirit, and to punish you for the insolence with which you mocked me."

Then she wept bitterly and said, I have done great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife. But he said, be comforted, the evil days are past. Now we will celebrate our wedding. Then the maids-in-waiting came and put on her the most splendid clothing, and her father and his whole court came and wished her happiness in her marriage with king Thrushbeard, and the joy now began in earnest. I wish you and I had been there too.





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The Flying Trunk  
Hans Christian Andersen

There was once a merchant who was so rich that he could have paved the whole street, and perhaps even a little side-street besides, with silver. But he did not do that. He knew another way of spending his money. If he spent a shilling he got back a florin-such an excellent merchant he was till he died.

Now his son inherited all this money. He lived very merrily. He went every night to the theatre, made paper kites out of five-pound notes, and played ducks and drakes with sovereigns instead of stones. In this way the money was likely to come soon to an end, and so it did.

At last he had nothing left but four shillings, and he had no clothes except a pair of slippers and an old dressing-gown.

His friends did not trouble themselves any more about him. They would not even walk down the street with him.

But one of them who was rather good-natured sent him an old trunk with the message, 'Pack up!' That was all very well, but he had nothing to pack up, so he got into the trunk himself.

It was an enchanted trunk, for as soon as the lock was pressed it could fly. He pressed it, and away he flew in it up the chimney, high into the clouds, further and further away. But whenever the bottom gave a little creak he was in terror lest the trunk should go to pieces, for then he would have turned a dreadful somersault-just think of it!

In this way he arrived at the land of the Turks. He hid the trunk in a wood under some dry leaves, and then walked into the town. He could do that quite well, for all the Turks were dressed just as he was-in a dressing-gown and slippers. He met a nurse with a little child.

"Hallo! you Turkish nurse," said he, "what is that great castle there close to the town? The one with the windows so high up?"

"The sultan's daughter lives there," she replied. "It is prophesied that she will be very unlucky in her husband, and so no one is allowed to see her except when the sultan and sultana are by."

"Thank you," said the merchant's son, and he went into the wood, sat himself in his trunk, flew on to the roof, and crept through the window into the princess's room.

She was lying on the sofa asleep, and was so beautiful that the young merchant had to kiss her. Then she woke up and was very much frightened, but he said he was a Turkish god who had come through the air to see her, and that pleased her very much. They sat close to each other, and he told her a story about her eyes. They were beautiful dark lakes in which her thoughts swam about like mermaids. And her forehead was a snowy mountain, grand and shining. These were lovely stories.

Then he asked the princess to marry him, and she said yes at once.



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"But you must come here on Saturday," she said, "for then the sultan and the sultana are coming to tea with me. They will be indeed proud that I receive the god of the Turks. But mind you have a really good story ready, for my parents like them immensely. My mother likes something rather moral and high-flown, and my father likes something merry to make him laugh."

"Yes, I shall only bring a fairy story for my dowry," said he, and so they parted. But the princess gave him a sabre set with gold pieces which he could use.

Then, he flew away, bought himself a new dressing-gown, and sat down in the wood and began to make up a story, for it had to be ready by Saturday, and that was no easy matter.

When he had it ready it was Saturday. The sultan, the sultana, and the whole court were at tea with the princess. He was most graciously received.

"Will you tell us a story?" said the sultana, "one that is thoughtful and instructive?"

"But something that we can laugh at," said the sultan.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, and began, "Now, listen attentively. There was once a box of matches which lay between a tinder-box and an old iron pot, and they told the story of their youth."

"We used to be on the green fir-boughs. Every morning and evening we had diamond-tea, which was the dew, and the whole day long we had sunshine, and the little birds used to tell us stories. We were very rich, because the other trees only dressed in summer, but we had green dresses in summer and in winter. Then the woodcutter came, and our family was split up. We have now the task of making light for the lowest people. That is why we grand people are in the kitchen."

"My fate was quite different," said the iron pot, near which the matches lay.

"Since I came into the world I have been many times scoured, and have cooked much. My only pleasure is to have a good chat with my companions when I am lying nice and clean in my place after dinner."

"Now you are talking too fast," spluttered the fire.

"Yes, let us decide who is the grandest!" said the matches.

"No, I don't like talking about myself," said the pot.

"Let us arrange an evening's entertainment. I will tell the story of my life.

"On the Baltic by the Danish shore-"

"What a beautiful beginning!" said all the plates. "That's a story that will please us all."

"And the end was just as good as the beginning. All the plates clattered for joy"

"Now I will dance," said the tongs, and she danced. Oh! How high she could kick!

"The old chair-cover in the corner split when he saw her."

"The urn would have sung but she said she had a cold. She could not sing unless she boiled."



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"In the window was an old quill pen. There was nothing remarkable about her except that she had been dipped too deeply into the ink. But she was very proud of that.

"If the urn will not sing," said she, "outside the door hangs a nightingale in a cage who will sing."

"I don't think it's proper," said the kettle, "that such a foreign bird should be heard."

"Oh, let us have some acting," said everyone. "Do let us!"

"Suddenly the door opened and the maid came in. Everyone was quite quiet. There was not a sound. But each pot knew what he might have done, and how grand he was.

"The maid took the matches and lit the fire with them. How they spluttered and flamed, to be sure! Now everyone can see," they thought, "that we are the grandest! How we sparkle! What a light!"

"But here they were burnt out."

"That was a delightful story!" said the sultana. "I quite feel myself in the kitchen with the matches. Yes, now you shall marry our daughter."

"Yes, indeed," said the sultan, "you shall marry our daughter on Monday." And they treated the young man as one of the family.

The wedding was arranged, and the night before the whole town was illuminated. Biscuits and gingerbreads were thrown among the people, the street boys stood on tiptoe crying hurrahs and whistling through their fingers. It was all splendid.

"Now I must also give them a treat," thought the merchant's son. And so he bought rockets, crackers, and all the kinds of fireworks you can think of, put them in his trunk, and flew up with them into the air.

Whirr-r-r, how they fizzed and blazed!

All the Turks jumped so high that their slippers flew above their heads; such a splendid glitter they had never seen before.

Now they could quite well understand that it was the god of the Turks himself who was to marry the princess.

As soon as the young merchant came down again into the wood with his trunk he thought, 'Now I will just go into the town to see how the show has taken.' And it was quite natural that he should want to do this. Oh! what stories the people had to tell! Each one whom he asked had seen it differently, but they had all found it beautiful. "I saw the Turkish god himself," said one. "He had eyes like glittering stars, and a beard like foaming water."

"He flew away in a cloak of fire," said another. They were splendid things that he heard, and the next day was to be his wedding day.

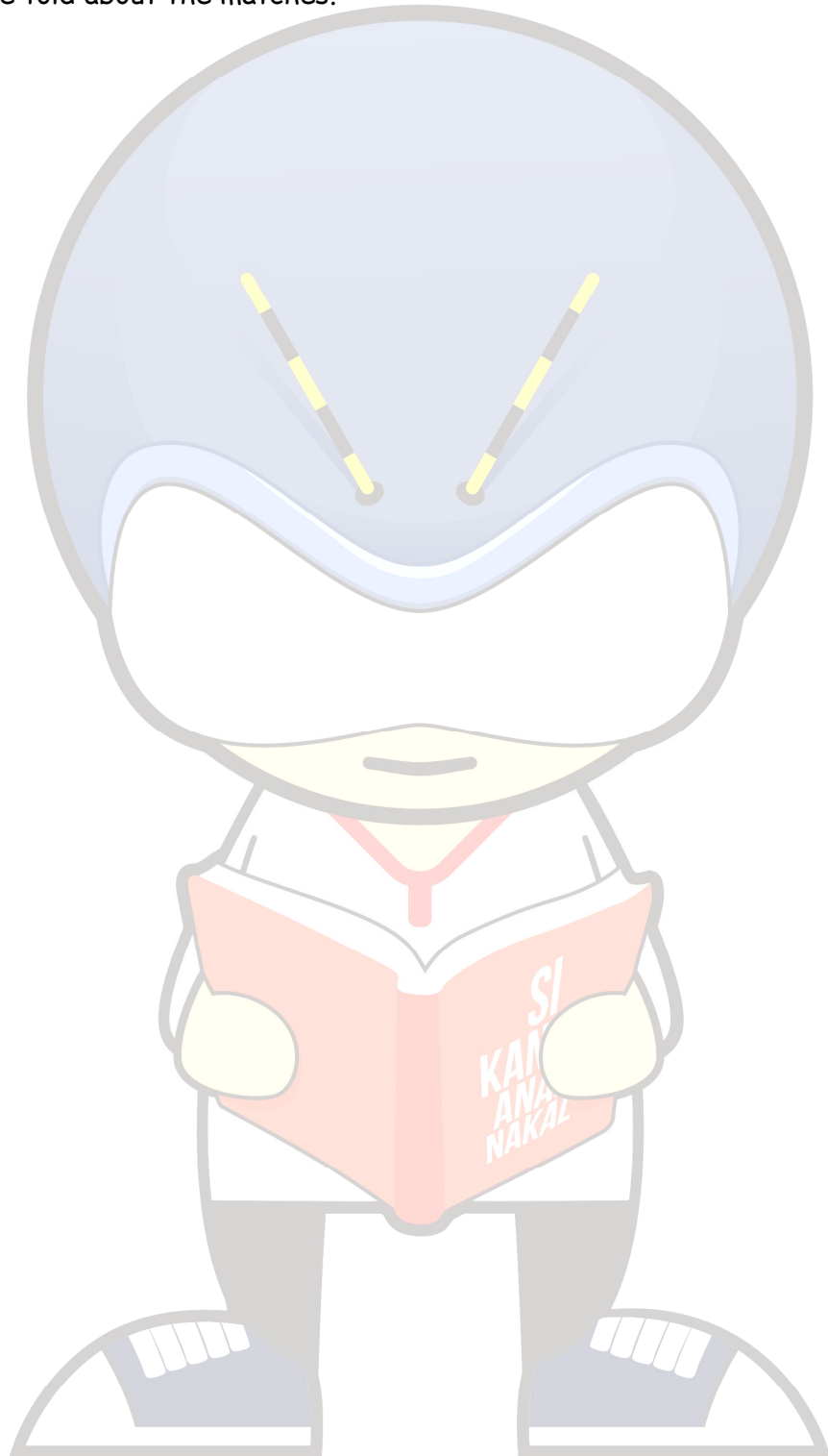
Then he went back into the wood to sit in his trunk; but what had become of it? The trunk had been burnt. A spark of the fireworks had set it alight, and the trunk was in ashes. He could no longer fly, and could never reach his bride.



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She stood the whole day long on the roof and waited. Perhaps she is waiting there still. But he wandered through the world and told stories. Though they are not so merry as the one he told about the matches.







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The Frog Prince  
Brothers Grimm

In olden times, when if you made a wish, it would always come true, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the King's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the King's child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain, and when she was dull she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it, and this ball was her favorite plaything.

Now it so happened that on one occasion the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. On this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she was complaining some one said to her, "What troubles you, King's daughter? You weep so that even a stone would show pity."

She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its thick, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water-splasher, is it you?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help thee, but what wilt you give me if I bring thy plaything up again?" "Whatever you will have, dear frog," said she—"My clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing."

The frog answered, "I do not care for thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, or thy golden crown, but if you will love me and let me be thy companion and play-fellow, and sit by thee at thy little table, and eat off thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy little cup, and sleep in thy little bed—if thou wilt promise me this I will go down below, and bring thee thy golden ball up again."

"Oh yes," said she, "I promise thee all you wish, you will but bring me my ball back again." She, however, thought, "How the silly frog does talk! He lives in the water with the other frogs, and croaks, and can be no companion to any human being!"

But the frog when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down, and in a short while came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it.

"Wait, wait," said the frog. "Take me with thee. I can't run as thou canst." But what did it avail him to scream his croak,





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croak, after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day when she had seated herself at table with the King and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splish splash, splish splash, up the marble staircase, and when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me."

She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to, in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened. The King saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said, "My child, what art thou so afraid of? Is there perchance a giant outside who wants to carry thee away?"

"Ah, no," replied she. "It is no giant but a disgusting frog."

"What does a frog want with you?"

"Ah, dear father, yesterday as I was in the forest sitting by the well, playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog brought it out again for me, and because he so insisted, I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water! And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

In the meantime it knocked a second time, and cried, "Princess! youngest princess! Open the door for me! Dost thou not know what thou said to me yesterday by the cool waters of the fountain? Princess, youngest princess! Open the door for me!"

Then said the King, "That which you have promised, you must do. Go and let him in."

She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat and cried, "Lift me up beside you."

She delayed, until at last the King commanded her to do it. When the frog was once on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said,

"Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together."

She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her.

At length he said, "I have eaten and am satisfied. Now I am tired, carry me into thy little room and make thy little silken bed ready, and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the King grew angry and said, "He who helped thee when thou wert in trouble ought not afterwards to be despised by thee."



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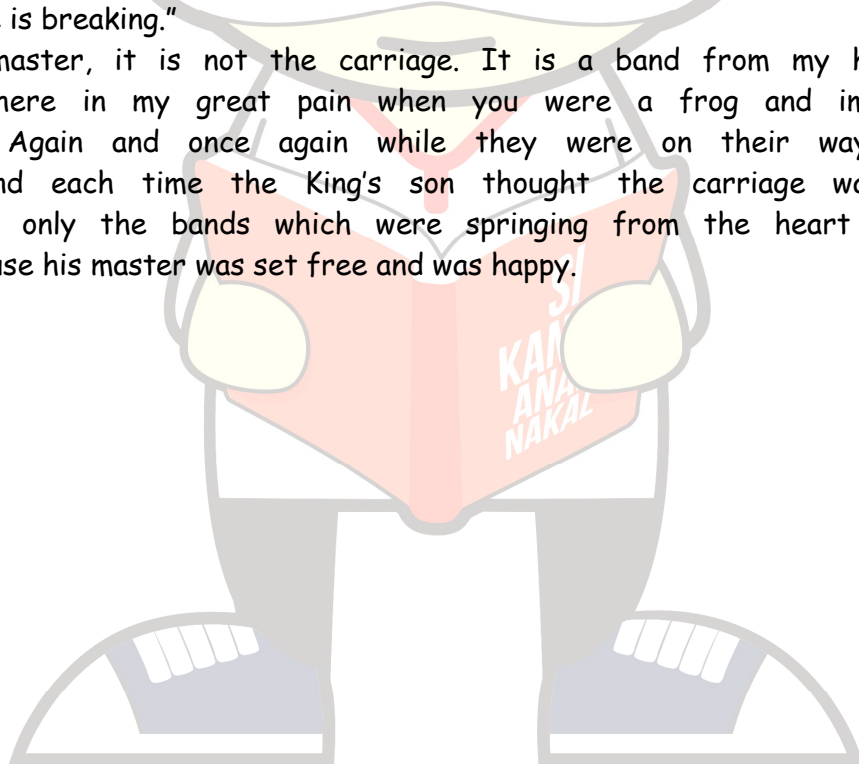
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So she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to her and said, "I am tired, I want to sleep as well as thou, lift me up or I will tell thy father."

Then she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall.

"Now, you will be quiet, you horrible little frog," said she. But when he fell down he was no frog but a King's son with beautiful kind eyes. He by her father's will was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked witch, and how no one could have delivered him from the well but herself, and that to-morrow they would go together into his kingdom. Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young King's servant Faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron bands to be laid round his heart, in case it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to conduct the young King into his Kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this wonderful end to their troubles. . And when they had driven a part of the way the King's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No, master, it is not the carriage. It is a band from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the King's son thought the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.





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Puss in Boots  
Charles Perault

Once upon a time there was a poor miller who had three sons. The years went by and the miller died, leaving nothing but his mill, his donkey, and a cat. The eldest son took the mill, the second-born son rode off on the donkey, and the youngest son inherited the cat.

"Oh, well", said the youngest son, "I'll eat this cat, and make some mittens out of his fur. Then I will have nothing left in the world and shall die of hunger."

The Cat was listening to his master complain like this, but he pretended not to have heard anything. Instead, he put on a serious face and said, "Do not look so sad, master. Just give me a bag and a pair of boots, and I will show you that you did not receive such a poor inheritance in me."

The Cat's master had often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice, as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the grain, and pretend to be dead. Thinking this over, he thought that it wasn't impossible that the cat could help him after all. And so he gave the cat his bag and spent his last pennies on ordering a fine pair of boots to be made especially for the cat.

The cat looked very gallant in his boots, and putting his bag around his neck, he held the strings of it in his two forepaws and lay by a rabbit warren which was home to a great many rabbits. He put bran and corn into his bag, and stretching as if he were dead, he waited for some young rabbits, still not acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage in his bag for the bran and corn.

Not long after he lay down, he had what he wanted. A rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss, immediately drew close the strings and caught him. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shown upstairs into the King's apartment, and, making a low bow, said to him: I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren, which my noble lord the Marquis of Carabas" (for that was the title which puss was pleased to give his master) "has commanded me to present to your majesty from him."

"Tell thy master," said the king, "that I thank him and that he does me a great deal of pleasure."

Another time he went and hid himself among a corn field, holding still his bag open, and when a brace of partridges ran into it he drew the strings and so caught them both. He went and made a present of these to the king, as he had done before of the rabbit. The king, in like manner, received the partridges with great pleasure, and ordered him some money for drink.

In this way, the Cat continued for two or three months to bring presents to the king, always saying that they were from his master, the Marquis of Carabas. One day in particular, he heard at the palace that the King was planning to drive in his carriage along the river-bank, taking with him his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world. Puss in Boots said to his master.





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"If you will follow my advice your fortune is made. You have nothing else to do but go and wash yourself in the river, in the place that I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."

The miller's son did what the Cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore. While he was washing the King passed by, and the Cat began to cry out: "Help! help! My Lord Marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned."

At this noise the King put his head out of the coach- window, and, finding it was the Cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his Lordship the Marquis of Carabas. While they were drawing the poor Marquis out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach and told the King that, while his master was washing, there came by some rogues, who went off with his clothes, though he had cried out: "Thieves! thieves!" several times, as loud as he could.

This cunning Cat had hidden the clothes under a great stone. The King immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the Lord Marquis of Carabas.

The King was very pleased to meet the Marquis of Carabas, and the fine clothes he had given him suited him extremely well, for although poor, he was a handsome and well built fellow. The King's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances but she fell in love with him to distraction. The King invited him to sit in the coach and ride along with them, with the lifeguards in glittering uniform trotting along side. The Cat, quite overjoyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and, meeting with some countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he said to them:

"Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the King that the meadow you mow belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, those soldiers will chop you up like herbs for the pot."

The King did not fail asking of the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged.

"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas," answered they altogether, for the Cat's threats had made them terribly afraid .

"You see, sir," said the Marquis, "this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year."

The Master Cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them: "Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the King that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped up like herbs for the pot."

The King, who passed by a moment after, wished to know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong.

"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers, and the King was very well pleased with it, as well as the Marquis, whom he congratulated.

Then the King said, "Let us now go to your castle."



STORYTELLING COMPETITION  
GOO BMD 2014

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The miller's son, not knowing what to reply, looked at puss who said: "If your Majesty will but wait an hour, I will go on before and order the castle to be made ready for you."

With that she jumped away and went to the castle of a great ogre and asked to see him saying he could not pass so near his home without having the honor of paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do, and made him sit down.

"I have been assured," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures as you wish; you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like."

"That is true," answered the ogre very briskly; "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion."

Puss was so terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he immediately climbed up the curtains, not without difficulty, because his boots were no use to him for climbing. A little while after, when Puss saw that the ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down, and admitted he had been very much frightened.

"However," said the cat, "I fear that you will not be able to save yourself even in the form of a lion, for the king is coming with his army and means to destroy you." The ogre looked out of the window and saw the king waiting outside with his soliders, and said, "What shall I do? How shall I save myself?"

Puss replied: "If you can also change yourself into something very small, then you can hide".

And in an instant, the ogre himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner saw this but he fell upon him and ate him up.

Puss, who heard the noise of his Majesty's coach running over the draw-bridge, ran out, and said to the King: Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of my Lord Marquis of Carabas."

"What! my Lord Marquis," cried the King, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please."

The Marquis gave his hand to the Princess, and followed the King, who went first. They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent rum punch, which the ogre had prepared for his friends, who were there every day to visit him. The friends, however dared not to enter, knowing that the King was there. His Majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my Lord Marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter, who had fallen violently in love with him, and, seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him, after having drunk five or six glasses: "If you do not, my Lord Marquis, become my son in law, it will be of your own choosing."

The Marquis, making several low bows, accepted the honor which his Majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more, except for pleasure.



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**The Steadfast Tin Soldier**  
Hans Christian Anderson

There were once upon a time five-and twenty tin-soldiers-all brothers, as they were made out of the same old tin spoon. Their uniform was red and blue, and they shouldered their guns and looked straight in front of them. The first words that they heard in this world, when the lid of the box in which they lay was taken off, were: 'Hurrah, tin-soldiers!' This was exclaimed by a little boy, clapping his hands; they had been given to him because it was his birthday, and now he began setting them out on the table. Each soldier was exactly like the other in shape, except just one, who had been made last when the tin had run short; but there he stood as firmly on his one leg as the others did on two, and he is the one that became famous.

There were many other playthings on the table on which they were being set out, but the nicest of all was a pretty little castle made of cardboard, with windows through which you could see into the rooms. In front of the castle stood some little trees surrounding a tiny mirror which looked like a lake. Wax swans were floating about and reflecting themselves in it. That was all very pretty; but the most beautiful thing was a little lady, who stood in the open doorway. She was cut out of paper, but she had on a dress of the finest muslin, with a scarf of narrow blue ribbon round her shoulders, fastened in the middle with a glittering rose made of gold paper, which was as large as her head. The little lady was stretching out both her arms, for she was a Dancer, and was lifting up one leg so high in the air that the Tin-soldier couldn't find it anywhere, and thought that she, too, had only one leg.

'That's the wife for me!' he thought; 'but she is so grand, and lives in a castle, whilst I have only a box with four-and-twenty others. This is no place for her! But I must make her acquaintance.' Then he stretched himself out behind a snuff-box that lay on the table; from thence he could watch the dainty little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When the night came all the other tin-soldiers went into their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the toys began to play at visiting, dancing, and fighting. The tin-soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to be out too, but they could not raise the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the chalk ran about the blackboard; there was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk to them, in poetry too! The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin-soldier and the little Dancer. She remained on tip-toe, with both arms outstretched; he stood steadfastly on his one leg, never moving his eyes from her face.

The clock struck twelve, and crack! off flew the lid of the spice- box; but there were no spices inside, nor any hot curry powder, only a little imp-that was the beauty of it. Now an imp is a magical creature, a little like a fairy, only more naughty.

'Hullo, Tin-soldier!' said the imp. 'Don't look at things that aren't intended for the likes of you!' She meant that he shouldn't look at the little dander. But the Tin-soldier took no notice, and seemed not to hear.





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'Very well, wait till to-morrow!' said the imp.

When it was morning, and the children had got up, the Tin-soldier was put in the window; and whether it was the wind or the little imp, I don't know, but all at once the window flew open and out fell the little Tin-soldier, head over heels, from the third-storey window! That was a terrible fall, I can tell you! He landed on his head with his leg in the air, his gun being wedged between two paving-stones.

The nursery-maid and the little boy came down at once to look for him, but, though they were so near him that they almost trod on him, they did not notice him. If the Tin-soldier had only called out 'Here I am!' they must have found him; but he did not think it fitting for him to cry out, because he had on his uniform.

Soon it began to drizzle; then the drops came faster, and there was a regular down-pour. When it was over, two little street boys came along.

'Just look!' cried one. 'Here is a Tin-soldier! He shall sail up and down in a boat!'

So they made a little boat out of newspaper, put the Tin-soldier in it, and made him sail up and down the gutter; both the boys ran along beside him, clapping their hands. What great waves there were in the gutter, and what a swift current! The paper-boat tossed up and down, and in the middle of the stream it went so quick that the Tin-soldier trembled; but he remained steadfast, showed no emotion, looked straight in front of him, shouldering his gun. All at once the boat passed under a long tunnel that was as dark as his box had been.

'Where can I be coming now?' he wondered. 'Oh, dear! This is the imp's fault! Ah, if only the little lady were sitting beside me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for all I should care!'

Suddenly there came along a great water-rat that lived in the tunnel.

'Have you a passport?' asked the rat. 'Out with your passport!'

But the Tin-soldier was silent, and grasped his gun more firmly.

The boat sped on, and the rat behind it. Ugh! how he showed his teeth, as he cried to the chips of wood and straw: 'Hold him, hold him! he has not paid the toll! He has not shown his passport!'

But the current became swifter and stronger. The Tin-soldier could already see daylight where the tunnel ended; but in his ears there sounded a roaring enough to frighten any brave man. Only think! at the end of the tunnel the gutter discharged itself into a great canal; that would be just as dangerous for him as it would be for us to go down a waterfall.

Now he was so near to it that he could not hold on any longer. On went the boat, the poor Tin-soldier keeping himself as stiff as he could: no one should say of him afterwards that he had flinched. The boat whirled three, four times round, and became filled to the brim with water: it began to sink! The Tin-soldier was standing up to his neck in water, and deeper and deeper sank the boat, and softer and softer grew the paper; now the water was over his head. He was thinking of the pretty little Dancer, whose face he should never see again, and there sounded in his ears, over and over again:



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'Forward, forward, soldier bold! Death's before thee, grim and cold!'

The paper came in two, and the soldier fell-but at that moment he was swallowed by a great fish.

Oh! how dark it was inside, even darker than in the tunnel, and it was really very close quarters! But there the steadfast little Tin-soldier lay full length, shouldering his gun.

Up and down swam the fish, then he made the most dreadful contortions, and became suddenly quite still. Then it was as if a flash of lightning had passed through him; the daylight streamed in, and a voice exclaimed, 'Why, here is the little Tin-soldier!' The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook had cut it open with a great knife. She took up the soldier between her finger and thumb, and carried him into the room, where everyone wanted to see the hero who had been found inside a fish; but the Tin-soldier was not at all proud. They put him on the table, and-no, but what strange things do happen in this world!-the Tin-soldier was in the same room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys on the table; and there was the same grand castle with the pretty little Dancer. She was still standing on one leg with the other high in the air; she too was steadfast. That touched the Tin-soldier, he was nearly going to shed tin-tears; but that would not have been fitting for a soldier. He looked at her, but she said nothing.

All at once one of the little boys took up the Tin-soldier, and threw him into the stove, giving no reasons; but doubtless the imp in the spice-box was at the bottom of this too.

There the Tin-soldier lay, and felt a heat that was truly terrible; but whether he was suffering from actual fire, or from the ardour of his passion, he did not know. All his colour had disappeared; whether this had happened on his travels or whether it was the result of trouble, who can say? He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he remained steadfast, with his gun at his shoulder. Suddenly a door opened, the draught caught up the little Dancer, and off she flew like a fairy to the Tin-soldier in the stove, burst into flames-and that was the end of her! Then the Tin-soldier melted down into a little lump, and when next morning the maid was taking out the ashes, she found him in the shape of a heart. There was nothing left of the little Dancer but her gilt rose, burnt as black as a cinder.