**ELA 20: History of Fairy Tales and Fables** Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**What is the difference between a fable and a fairy tale?**

“A fable is explained as a short narrative making an edifying or cautionary point and often employing as characters animals that speak and act like human beings, or a story about legendary persons and exploits. Examples of fables are those of *Aesop's Fables* with more than 600 narratives, including "The Goose with the Golden Eggs" and "The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." The word fable is derived from *fabula*, which is Latin for 'discourse', and is used in literary criticism to refer to the actual events that take place in a narrative. "The Lion King" is another notable fable.

A fairy tale is described as a fanciful tale of legendary deeds and creatures, usually intended for children, or a fictitious, highly fanciful story or explanation. It usually involves mythical characters such as elves, fairies, giants, goblins, or trolls. A famous collection of fairy tales is that of Hans Christian Andersen, including "The Emperor's New Suit," "The Princess and the Pea," and "The Ugly Duckling." Another collection of fairy tales is that of the Brothers Grimm” (Dictionary.com).

**Aesop**

Aesop was a Greek slave and story-teller famous for his popular fables. It is believed that he lived from approximately 620 to 560 B.C.

Read the following stories taken from Aesop’s collection at [www.aesopfables.com](http://www.aesopfables.com) and <http://www.aesops-fables.org.uk/> and answer the questions associated with the story.

**The Fox and the Grapes**

One hot summer's day a Fox was strolling through an orchard till he came to a bunch of Grapes just ripening on a vine which had been trained over a lofty branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," quoth he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning round again with a One, Two, Three, he jumped up, but with no greater success. Again and again he tried after the tempting morsel, but at last had to give it up, and walked away with his nose in the air, saying: "I am sure they are sour."

1. What is the moral of this fable?
2. Have you ever heard of the idiom “sour grapes?” What does this idiom mean? **Idiom**- A group of words established by usage as having a meaning not deducible (to reach conclusion from meaning) from those of the individual words (e.g., raining cats and dogs).
3. Brainstorm, and write down at least two other idioms you have heard and explain their meaning.

**The Milk-Woman and Her Pail**

 A FARMER'S daughter was carrying her Pail of milk from the field

to the farmhouse, when she fell a-musing. "The money for which

this milk will be sold, will buy at least three hundred eggs.

The eggs, allowing for all mishaps, will produce two hundred and

fifty chickens. The chickens will become ready for the market

when poultry will fetch the highest price, so that by the end of

the year I shall have money enough from my share to buy a new

gown. In this dress I will go to the Christmas parties, where

all the young fellows will propose to me, but I will toss my head

and refuse them every one." At this moment she tossed her head in

unison with her thoughts, when down fell the milk pail to the

ground, and all her imaginary schemes perished in a moment.

1. What is the moral of this fable?
2. Have you heard of this moral before? Give an example of when you may say this to someone.

 **The Peacock and the Crane**

 A PEACOCK spreading its gorgeous tail mocked a Crane that passed by, ridiculing the ashen hue of its plumage and saying, "I am robed, like a king, in gold and purple and all the colors of the rainbow; while you have not a bit of color on your wings." "True," replied the Crane; "but I soar to the heights of heaven and lift up my voice to the stars, while you walk below, like a cock, among the birds of the dunghill."

1. What do you think is the moral of this fable? Explain why you think this.

**The Goose with the Golden Eggs**

One day a countryman going to the nest of his Goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was as heavy as lead and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thoughts, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the Goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find nothing.

1. What do you think is the moral of this fable? Explain why you think this?

**The Hare and the Tortoise**

The Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge any one here to race with me." The Tortoise said quietly, "I accept your challenge." "That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance round you all the way." "Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?" So a course was fixed and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise:

1. What is the moral of this fable?
2. As previously stated, there is a difference between a fable and a fairy tale. In your own words, write out what a fable is:
3. In your own words, write out what a fairy tale is:

**Hans Christian Andersen**

Hans Christian Andersen was a Danish author, poet, and fairy tale writer from 1805- 1876. His works were translated from Dutch.

Read the following fairy tales taken from <http://www.andersen.sdu.dk/index_e.html>

**The Princess and the Pea**

Once there was a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess. Only a real one would do. So he traveled through all the world to find her, and everywhere things went wrong. There were Princesses aplenty, but how was he to know whether they were real Princesses? There was something not quite right about them all. So he came home again and was unhappy, because he did so want to have a real Princess.

One evening a terrible storm blew up. It lightened and thundered and rained. It was really frightful! In the midst of it all came a knocking at the town gate. The old King went to open it.

Who should be standing outside but a Princess, and what a sight she was in all that rain and wind. Water streamed from her hair down her clothes into her shoes, and ran out at the heels. Yet she claimed to be a real Princess.

"We'll soon find that out," the old Queen thought to herself. Without saying a word about it she went to the bedchamber, stripped back the bedclothes, and put just one pea in the bottom of the bed. Then she took twenty mattresses and piled them on the pea. Then she took twenty eiderdown feather beds and piled them on the mattresses. Up on top of all these the Princess was to spend the night.

In the morning they asked her, "Did you sleep well?"

" Oh!" said the Princess. "No. I scarcely slept at all. Heaven knows what's in that bed. I lay on something so hard that I'm black and blue all over. It was simply terrible."

They could see she was a real Princess and no question about it, now that she had felt one pea all the way through twenty mattresses and twenty more feather beds. Nobody but a Princess could be so delicate. So the Prince made haste to marry her, because he knew he had found a real Princess.

As for the pea, they put it in the museum. There it's still to be seen, unless somebody has taken it.

There, that's a true story.

1. Have you heard of this fairy tale?
2. Have you read this exact version before?

Did you know that Andersen is famous for a lot of fairytales? Besides the ones you have read he is the original writer of works such as: Thumbelina, The Emperor’s New Clothes, The Steadfast Tin Soldier, The Little Mermaid, The Nightingale, The Ugly Duckling, The Fir Tree, and The Snow Queen.

As a child, do you remember reading or watching any of these fairy tales? If you said yes, have you ever heard of Hans Christian Andersen? Why do you think you haven’t?

**The Brothers Grimm**

Jacob Grimm (1785 – 1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786- 1859) were German brothers famous for collecting and writing folklore, including fairytales. They published several of their collections in a work called Children’s and Household Tales, which is commonly referred to today as Grimms’ Fairy Tales.

First, in order to refresh your memory, let’s take a look at some of the Fairy Tales you may have watched.

**Snow White:**

 <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-_fF6P_PQqQ> (Heigh Ho)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l9GJtM9lN-I&feature=related> (The Evil Queen’s Transformation)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0niwn2pOEno> (Someday my Prince will come)

**Rumpelstiltskin:**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-8kxS-bqckE&feature=results_video&playnext=1&list=PL8D5157A1678164CA>(Grimm Fairy Tales)

**Rapunzel**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UU6US5Rm0Kc> (When will my Life Begin Tangled)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rRVqh3U73MQ&feature=related> (Healing Incantation)

**Little Red Cap**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EmvuAn3mz5E&feature=related> (Rabbit riding hood)

**Choose from the following: Snow** White, Rumpelstiltskin, Rapunzel, or Little Red Cap, and read the printed version of the Original Fairy Tale by the Grimm Brothers. Upon completion, fill out the following worksheet entitled compare and contrast.

As a child, do you remember reading or watching any of these fairy tales? If you said yes, have you ever heard The Grimm Brothers? Why do you think you haven’t?

**Compare and Contrast Using a Venn diagram /25**

Name:

Fairy Tale Chosen:

You are comparing the Grimm Brothers Original version of the Fairy Tale to:

**Similarities**

**Differences**

 **Grimm Brothers**

**Differences:**

 **Your Versions**

Write a paragraph explaining which version of the Fairy tale you prefer and why? (Remember, a proper paragraph has a topic sentence, is grammatically correct, and has enough sentences to completely cover your topic in detail) **(10)**

The fable **answers:**

Hair and tortoise- *Plodding wins the race.*

*Fox and the grapes- It is easy to despise what you cannot get (sour grapes comes from here)*

*The idiom means* sour grapes

*Fig.* something that one cannot have and so disparages as if it were never desirable. *of course you want to buy this expensive jacket. Criticizing it is just sour grapes, but you still really want it.*

*Goose and golden eggs- Greed oft o'er reaches itself*

*Milk maid- do not count your chickens before they are hatched.*

*Peacock-* Fine feathers don't make fine birds

Various idioms: blessing in disguise, chip on the shoulder, a dime a dozen, a leapord cannot change its spots, a taste of your own medicine, actions speak louder than words, add fuel to the fire, all bark and no bite, back seat driver,between a rock and a hard place, bite off more than you can chew, bite your tongue, new York minute, no dice, on the fence, practice makes perfect, rise and shine, start from scratch, tie the knot, tongue and cheek.... etc.

Compare and contrast fyis

In Cinderella- the sisters mutilate, cut and skim the skin off of their feet in order to fit the slippers. Once prince realizes that she is the one, birds peck out sisters and mothers eyes for their wickedness

Snow white- the queen does not fall off the cliff- she dances in red hot iron shoes until she dies, also queen wants to eat her heart. Her age is 8. She marries and sees a prince at 8?

Rumpelstiltskin- he cuts himself in two

**Snow-white**

|  |
| --- |
| Snow-white |

The brothers Grimm - KHM 053

**I**t was the middle of winter, and the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, and a queen sat at her window working, and her embroidery-frame was of ebony. And as she worked, gazing at times out on the snow, she pricked her finger, and there fell from it three drops of blood on the snow. And when she saw how bright and red it looked, she said to herself, “Oh that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the embroidery frame!” Not very long after she had a daughter, with a skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony, and she was named Snow-white. And when she was born the queen died. After a year had gone by the king took another wife, a beautiful woman, but proud and overbearing, and she could not bear to be surpassed in beauty by any one. She had a magic looking-glass, and she used to stand before it, and look in it, and say,

“Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And the looking-glass would answer,

“You are fairest of them all.”

And she was contented, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth. Now, Snow-white was growing prettier and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as day, far more so than the queen herself. So one day when the queen went to her mirror and said,

“Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

It answered,

“Queen, you are full fair, 'tis true,
But Snow-white fairer is than you.”

This gave the queen a great shock, and she became yellow and green with envy, and from that hour her heart turned against Snow-white, and she hated her. And envy and pride like ill weeds grew in her heart higher every day, until she had no peace day or night. At last she sent for a huntsman, and said, “Take the child out into the woods, so that I may set eyes on her no more. You must put her to death, and bring me her heart for a token.” The huntsman consented, and led her away; but when he drew his cutlass to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep, and to say, “Oh, dear huntsman, do not take my life; I will go away into the wild wood, and never come home again.” And as she was so lovely the huntsman had pity on her, and said, “Away with you then, poor child;” for he thought the wild animals would be sure to devour her, and it was as if a stone had been rolled away from his heart when he spared to put her to death. Just at that moment a young wild boar came running by, so he caught and killed it, and taking out its heart, he brought it to the queen for a token. And it was salted and cooked, and the wicked woman ate it up, thinking that there was an end of Snow-white.

Now, when the poor child found herself quite alone in the wild woods, she felt full of terror, even of the very leaves on the trees, and she did not know what to do for fright. Then she began to run over the sharp stones and through the thorn bushes, and the wild beasts after her, but they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet would carry her; and when the evening drew near she came to a little house, and she went inside to rest. Everything there was very small, but as pretty and clean as possible. There stood the little table ready laid, and covered with a white cloth, and seven little plates, and seven knives and forks, and drinking-cups. By the wall stood seven little beds, side by side, covered with clean white quilts. Snow-white, being very hungry and thirsty, ate from each plate a little porridge and bread, and drank out of each little cup a drop of wine, so as not to finish up one portion alone. After that she felt so tired that she lay down on one of the beds, but it did not seem to suit her; one was too long, another too short, but at last the seventh was quite right; and so she lay down upon it, committed herself to heaven, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, the masters of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs, whose occupation was to dig underground among the mountains. When they had lighted their seven candles, and it was quite light in the little house, they saw that some one must have been in, as everything was not in the same order in which they left it. The first said, “Who has been sitting in my little chair?” The second said, “Who has been eating from my little plate?” The third said, “Who has been taking my little loaf?” The fourth said, “Who has been tasting my porridge?” The fifth said, “Who has been using my little fork?” The sixth said, “Who has been cutting with my little knife?” The seventh said, “Who has been drinking from my little cup?” Then the first one, looking round, saw a hollow in his bed, and cried, “Who has been lying on my bed?” And the others came running, and cried, “Some one has been on our beds too!” But when the seventh looked at his bed, he saw little Snow-white lying there asleep. Then he told the others, who came running up, crying out in their astonishment, and holding up their seven little candles to throw a light upon Snow-white. “O goodness! O gracious!” cried they, “what beautiful child is this?” and were so full of joy to see her that they did not wake her, but let her sleep on. And the seventh dwarf slept with his comrades, an hour at a time with each, until the night had passed. When it was morning, and Snow-white awoke and saw the seven dwarfs, she was very frightened; but they seemed quite friendly, and asked her what her name was, and she told them; and then they asked how she came to be in their house. And she related to them how her step-mother had wished her to be put to death, and how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run the whole day long, until at last she had found their little house. Then the dwarfs said, “If you will keep our house for us, and cook, and wash, and make the beds, and sew and knit, and keep everything tidy and clean, you may stay with us, and you shall lack nothing.” “With all my heart,” said Snow-white; and so she stayed, and kept the house in good order. In the morning the dwarfs went to the mountain to dig for gold; in the evening they came home, and their supper had to be ready for them. All the day long the maiden was left alone, and the good little dwarfs warned her, saying, “Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know you are here. Let no one into the house.” Now the queen, having eaten Snow-white's heart, as she supposed, felt quite sure that now she was the first and fairest, and so she came to her mirror, and said,

“Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And the glass answered,

“Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair.”

Then she was very angry, for the glass always spoke the truth, and she knew that the huntsman must have deceived her, and that Snow-white must still be living. And she thought and thought how she could manage to make an end of her, for as long as she was not the fairest in the land, envy left her no rest. At last she thought of a plan; she painted her face and dressed herself like an old pedlar woman, so that no one would have known her. In this disguise she went across the seven mountains, until she came to the house of the seven little dwarfs, and she knocked at the door and cried, “Fine wares to sell! fine wares to sell!” Snow-white peeped out of the window and cried, “Good-day, good woman, what have you to sell?” “Good wares, fine wares,” answered she, “laces of all colours ;”and she held up a piece that was woven of variegated silk. “I need not be afraid of letting in this good woman,” thought Snow-white, and she unbarred the door and bought the pretty lace. “What a figure you are, child!” said the old woman, “come and let me lace you properly for once.” Snow-white, suspecting nothing, stood up before her, and let her lace her with the new lace ; but the old woman laced so quick and tight that it took Snow-white's breath away, and she fell down as dead. “Now you have done with being the fairest,” said the old woman as she hastened away. Not long after that, towards evening, the seven dwarfs came home, and were terrified to see their dear Snow-white lying on the ground, without life or motion; they raised her up, and when they saw how tightly she was laced they cut the lace in two ; then she began to draw breath, and little by little she returned to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said, “The old pedlar woman was no other than the wicked queen; you must beware of letting any one in when we are not here!” And when the wicked woman got home she went to her glass and said,

“Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And it answered as before,

“Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair.”

When she heard that she was so struck with surprise that all the blood left her heart, for she knew that Snow-white must still be living. “But now,” said she, “I will think of something that will be her ruin.” And by witchcraft she made a poisoned comb. Then she dressed herself up to look like another different sort of old woman. So she went across the seven mountains and came to the house of the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried, “Good wares to sell! good wares to sell!” Snow-white looked out and said, “Go away, I must not let anybody in.” “But you are not forbidden to look,” said the old woman, taking out the poisoned comb and holding it up. It pleased the poor child so much that she was tempted to open the door; and when the bargain was made the old woman said, “Now, for once your hair shall be properly combed.” Poor Snow-white, thinking no harm, let the old woman do as she would, but no sooner was the comb put in her hair than the poison began to work, and the poor girl fell down senseless. “Now, you paragon of beauty,” said the wicked woman, “this is the end of you,” and went off. By good luck it was now near evening, and the seven little dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying on the ground as dead, they thought directly that it was the step-mother's doing, and looked about, found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they drawn it out of her hair than Snow-white came to herself, and related all that had passed. Then they warned her once more to be on her guard, and never again to let any one in at the door. And the queen went home and stood before the looking-glass and said,

“Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And the looking-glass answered as before,

“Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair.”

When she heard the looking-glass speak thus she trembled and shook with anger. “Snow-white shall die,” cried she, “though it should cost me my own life!” And then she went to a secret lonely chamber, where no one was likely to come, and there she made a poisonous apple. It was beautiful to look upon, being white with red cheeks, so that any one who should see it must long for it, but whoever ate even a little bit of it must die. When the apple was ready she painted her face and clothed herself like a peasant woman, and went across the seven mountains to where the seven dwarfs lived. And when she knocked at the door Snow-white put her head out of the window and said, “I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs told me not.” “All right,” answered the woman; “I can easily get rid of my apples elsewhere. There, I will give you one.” “No,” answered Snow-white, “I dare not take anything.” “Are you afraid of poison?” said the woman, “look here, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you shall have the red side, I will have the white one.” For the apple was so cunningly made, that all the poison was in the rosy half of it. Snow-white longed for the beautiful apple, and as she saw the peasant woman eating a piece of it she could no longer refrain, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken a morsel of it into her mouth than she fell to the earth as dead. And the queen, casting on her a terrible glance, laughed aloud and cried, “As white as snow, as red as blood, as black as ebony! this time the dwarfs will not be able to bring you to life again.” And when she went home and asked the looking-glass,

“Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

at last it answered,

“You are the fairest now of all.”

Then her envious heart had peace, as much as an envious heart can have. The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying on the ground, and there came no breath out of her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her up, sought if anything poisonous was to be found, cut her laces, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but all was of no avail, the poor child was dead, and remained dead. Then they laid her on a bier, and sat all seven of them round it, and wept and lamented three whole days. And then they would have buried her, but that she looked still as if she were living, with her beautiful blooming cheeks. So they said, “We cannot hide her away in the black ground.” And they had made a coffin of clear glass, so as to be looked into from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote in golden letters upon it her name, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always remained by it to watch. And the birds came too, and mourned for Snow-white, first an owl, then a raven, and lastly, a dove. Now, for a long while Snow-white lay in the coffin and never changed, but looked as if she were asleep, for she was still as' white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. It happened, however, that one day a king's son rode through the wood and up to the dwarfs' house, which was near it. He saw on the mountain the coffin, and beautiful Snow-white within it, and he read what was written in golden letters upon it. Then he said to the dwarfs, “Let me have the coffin, and I will give you whatever you like to ask for it.” But the dwarfs told him that they could not part with it for all the gold in the world. But he said, “I beseech you to give it me, for I cannot live without looking upon Snow-white; if you consent I will bring you to great honour, and care for you as if you were my brethren.” When he so spoke the good little dwarfs had pity upon him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son called his servants and bid them carry it away on their shoulders. Now it happened that as they were going along they stumbled over a bush, and with the shaking the bit of poisoned apple flew out of her throat. It was not long before she opened her eyes, threw up the cover of the coffin, and sat up, alive and well. “Oh dear! where am I?” cried she. The king's son answered, full of joy, “You are near me,” and, relating all that had happened, he said, “I would rather have you than anything in the world ; come with me to my father's castle and you shall be my bride.” And Snow-white was kind, and went with him, and their wedding was held with pomp and great splendour. But Snow-white's wicked step-mother was also bidden to the feast, and when she had dressed herself in beautiful clothes she went to her looking-glass and said,

“Looking-glass upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

The looking-glass answered,

''O Queen, although you are of beauty rare,
The young bride is a thousand times more fair.”

Then she railed and cursed, and was beside herself with disappointment and anger. First she thought she would not go to the wedding ; but then she felt she should have no peace until she went and saw the bride. And when she saw her she knew her for Snow-white, and could not stir from the place for anger and terror. For they had ready red-hot iron shoes, in which she had to dance until she fell down dead.

Directly Taken from <http://grimmstories.com/en/grimm_fairy-tales/snow-white>

**Rumpelstiltskin**

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| RumpelstiltskinImage:

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The brothers Grimm - KHM 055

**T**here was once a miller who was poor, but he had one beautiful daughter. It happened one day that he came to speak with the king, and, to give himself consequence, he told him that he had a daughter who could spin gold out of straw. The king said to the miller, “That is an art that pleases me well; if thy daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to my castle to-morrow, that I may put her to the proof.”

When the girl was brought to him, he led her into a room that was quite full of straw, and gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, “Now set to work, and if by the early morning thou hast not spun this straw to gold thou shalt die.” And he shut the door himself, and left her there alone. And so the poor miller's daughter was left there sitting, and could not think what to do for her life: she had no notion how to set to work to spin gold from straw, and her distress grew so great that she began to weep. Then all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, who said, “Good evening, miller's daughter; why are you crying?”

“Oh!” answered the girl, “I have got to spin gold out of straw, and I don't understand the business.” Then the little man said, “What will you give me if I spin it for you?” “My necklace,” said the girl. The little man took the necklace, seated himself before the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr! three times round and the bobbin was full; then he took up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr! three times round, and that was full; and so he went on till the morning, when all the straw had been spun, and all the bobbins were full of gold.

At sunrise came the king, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and very much rejoiced, for he was very avaricious. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room filled with straw, much bigger than the last, and told her that as she valued her life she must spin it all in one night. The girl did not know what to do, so she began to cry, and then the door opened, and the little man appeared and said, “What will you give me if I spin all this straw into gold?” “The ring from my finger,” answered the girl. So the little man took the ring, and began again to send the wheel whirring round, and by the next morning all the straw was spun into glistening gold. The king was rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but as he could never have enough of gold, he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, “This, too, must be spun in one night, and if you accomplish it you shall be my wife.” For he thought, “Although she is but a miller's daughter, I am not likely to find any one richer in the whole world.” As soon as the girl was left alone, the little man appeared for the third time and said, “What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time?” “I have nothing left to give,” answered the girl. “Then you must promise me the first child you have after you are queen,” said the little man. “But who knows whether that will happen?” thought the girl; but as she did not know what else to do in her necessity, she promised the little man what he desired, upon which he began to spin, until all the straw was gold. And when in the morning the king came and found all done according to his wish, he caused the wedding to be held at once, and the miller's pretty daughter became a queen.

In a year's time she brought a fine child into the world, and thought no more of the little man ; but one day he came suddenly into her room, and said, “Now give me what you promised me.” The queen was terrified greatly, and offered the little man all the riches of the kingdom if he would only leave the child; but the little man said, “No, I would rather have something living than all the treasures of the world.” Then the queen began to lament and to weep, so that the little man had pity upon her. “I will give you three days,” said he, “and if at the end of that time you cannot tell my name, you must give up the child to me.”

Then the queen spent the whole night in thinking over all the names that she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the land to ask far and wide for all the names that could be found. And when the little man came next day, (beginning with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar) she repeated all she knew, and went through the whole list, but after each the little man said, “That is not my name.” The second day the queen sent to inquire of all the neighbours what the servants were called, and told the little man all the most unusual and singular names, saying, “Perhaps you are called Roast-ribs, or Sheepshanks, or Spindleshanks?” But he answered nothing but “That is not my name.” The third day the messenger came back again, and said, “I have not been able to find one single new name; but as I passed through the woods I came to a high hill, and near it was a little house, and before the house burned a fire, and round the fire danced a comical little man, and he hopped on one leg and cried,

“To-day do I bake, to-morrow I brew,
The day after that the queen's child comes in;
And oh! I am glad that nobody knew
That the name I am called is Rumpelstiltskin!”

You cannot think how pleased the queen was to hear that name, and soon afterwards, when the little man walked in and said, “Now, Mrs. Queen, what is my name?” she said at first, “Are you called Jack?” “No,” answered he. “Are you called Harry?” she asked again. “No,” answered he. And then she said, “Then perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?”

“The devil told you that! the devil told you that!” cried the little man, and in his anger he stamped with his right foot so hard that it went into the ground above his knee ; then he seized his left foot with both his hands in such a fury that he split in two, and there was an end of him.

END



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**Rapunzel**

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The brothers Grimm - KHM 012

**T**here once lived a man and his wife, who had long wished for a child, but in vain. Now there was at the back of their house a little window which overlooked a beautiful garden full of the finest vegetables and flowers; but there was a high wall all round it, and no one ventured into it, for it belonged to a witch of great might, and of whom all the world was afraid.

One day that the wife was standing at the window, and looking into the garden, she saw a bed filled with the finest rampion; and it looked so fresh and green that she began to wish for some; and at length she longed for it greatly. This went on for days, and as she knew she could not get the rampion, she pined away, and grew pale and miserable. Then the man was uneasy, and asked, “What is the matter, dear wife?”

“Oh,” answered she, “I shall die unless I can have some of that rampion to eat that grows in the garden at the back of our house.” The man, who loved her very much, thought to himself, “Rather than lose my wife I will get some rampion, cost what it will.” So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, plucked hastily a handful of rampion and brought it to his wife. She made a salad of it at once, and ate of it to her heart's content. But she liked it so much, and it tasted so good, that the next day she longed for it thrice as much as she had done before; if she was to have any rest the man must climb over the wall once more. So he went in the twilight again ; and as he was climbing back, he saw, all at once, the witch standing before him, and was terribly frightened, as she cried, with angry eyes, “How dare you climb over into my garden like a thief, and steal my rampion! it shall be the worse for you!”

“Oh,” answered he, “be merciful rather than just, I have only done it through necessity ; for my wife saw your rampion out of the window, and became possessed with so great a longing that she would have died if she could not have had some to eat.” Then the witch said,
“If it is all as you say you may have as much rampion as you like, on one condition - the child that will come into the world must be given to me. It shall go well with the child, and I will care for it like a mother.”

In his distress of mind the man promised everything; and when the time came when the child was born the witch appeared, and, giving the child the name of Rapunzel (which is the same as rampion), she took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child in the world. When she was twelve years old the witch shut her up in a tower in the midst of a wood, and it had neither steps nor door, only a small window above. When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and would cry,

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!”

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like gold. When she. heard the voice of the witch she would undo the fastening of the upper window, unbind the plaits of her hair, and let it down twenty ells below, and the witch would climb up by it.

After they had lived thus a few years it happened that as the King's son was riding through the wood, he came to the tower; and as he drew near he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to pass away the time with sweet songs. The King's son wished to go in to her, and sought to find a door in the tower, but there was none. So he rode home, but the song had entered into his heart, and every day he went into the wood and listened to it. Once, as he was standing there under a tree, he saw the witch come up, and listened while she called out,

“O Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

Then he saw how Rapunzel let down her long tresses, and how the witch climbed up by it and went in to her, and he said to himself, “Since that is the ladder I will climb it, and seek my fortune.” And the next day, as soon as it began to grow dusk, he went to the tower and cried,

“O Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

And she let down her hair, and the King's son climbed up by it. Rapunzel was greatly terrified when she saw that a man had come in to her, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son began speaking so kindly to her, and told how her singing had entered into his heart, so that he could have no peace until he had seen her herself. Then Rapunzel forgot her terror, and when he asked her to take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and beautiful, she thought to herself, “I certainly like him much better than old mother Gothel,” and she put her hand into his hand.

She said: “I would willingly go with thee, but I do not know how I shall get out. When thou comest, bring each time a silken rope, and I will make a ladder, and when it is quite ready I will get down by it out of the tower, and thou shalt take me away on thy horse.” They agreed that he should come to her every evening, as the old woman came in the day-time.

So the witch knew nothing of all this until once Rapunzel said to her unwittingly, “Mother Gothel, how is it that you climb up here so slowly, and the King's son is with me in a moment?”

“O wicked child,” cried the witch, “what is this I hear! I thought I had hidden thee from all the world, and thou hast betrayed me!” In her anger she seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several times with her left hand, and then grasping a pair of shears in her right - snip, snap - the beautiful locks lay on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.
The same day on which she took Rapunzel away she went back to the tower in the evening and made fast the severed locks of hair to the window-hasp, and the King's son came and cried,

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

Then she let the hair down, and the King's son climbed up, but instead of his dearest Rapunzel he found the witch looking at him with wicked glittering eyes.

“Aha!” cried she, mocking him, “you came for your darling, but the sweet bird sits no longer in the nest, and sings no more; the cat has got her, and will scratch out your eyes as well! Rapunzel is lost to you; you will see her no more.” The King's son was beside himself with grief, and in his agony he sprang from the tower : he escaped with life, but the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes. Then he wandered blind through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his dearest wife.

So he wandered several years in misery until at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel lived with her twin-children that she had borne, a boy and a girl. At first he heard a voice that he thought he knew, and when he reached the place from which it seemed to come Rapunzel knew him, and fell on his neck and wept. And when her tears touched his eyes they became clear again, and he could see with them as well as ever. Then he took her to his kingdom, where he was received with great joy, and there they lived long and happily.

END

Taken directly From: <http://grimmstories.com/en/grimm_fairy-tales/rapunzel>

**Little Red Cap**

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The brothers Grimm - KHM 026

**O**nce upon a time there was a sweet little girl. Everyone who saw her liked her, but most of all her grandmother, who did not know what to give the child next. Once she gave her a little cap made of red velvet. Because it suited her so well, and she wanted to wear it all the time, she came to be known as Little Red Cap. One day her mother said to her, “Come Little Red Cap. Here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother. She is sick and weak, and they will do her well. Mind your manners and give her my greetings. Behave yourself on the way, and do not leave the path, or you might fall down and break the glass, and then there will be nothing for your sick grandmother.”

Little Red Cap promised to obey her mother. The grandmother lived out in the woods, a half hour from the village. When Little Red Cap entered the woods a wolf came up to her. She did not know what a wicked animal he was, and was not afraid of him. “Good day to you, Little Red Cap.” - “Thank you, wolf.” - “Where are you going so early, Little Red Cap?” - “To grandmother’s.” - “And what are you carrying under your apron?” - “Grandmother is sick and weak, and I am taking her some cake and wine. We baked yesterday, and they should give her strength.” - “Little Red Cap, just where does your grandmother live?” - “Her house is a good quarter hour from here in the woods, under the three large oak trees. There’s a hedge of hazel bushes there. You must know the place,” said Little Red Cap. The wolf thought to himself, “Now there is a tasty bite for me. Just how are you going to catch her?” Then he said, “Listen, Little Red Cap, haven’t you seen the beautiful flowers that are blossoming in the woods? Why don’t you go and take a look? And I don’t believe you can hear how beautifully the birds are singing. You are walking along as though you were on your way to school in the village. It is very beautiful in the woods.”

Little Red Cap opened her eyes and saw the sunlight breaking through the trees and how the ground was covered with beautiful flowers. She thought, “If a take a bouquet to grandmother, she will be very pleased. Anyway, it is still early, and I’ll be home on time.” And she ran off into the woods looking for flowers. Each time she picked one she thought that she could see an even more beautiful one a little way off, and she ran after it, going further and further into the woods. But the wolf ran straight to the grandmother’s house and knocked on the door. “Who’s there?” - “Little Red Cap. I’m bringing you some cake and wine. Open the door for me.” - “Just press the latch,” called out the grandmother. “I’m too weak to get up.” The wolf pressed the latch, and the door opened. He stepped inside, went straight to the grandmother’s bed, and ate her up. Then he took her clothes, put them on, and put her cap on his head. He got into her bed and pulled the curtains shut.

Little Red Cap had run after flowers, and did not continue on her way to grandmother’s until she had gathered all that she could carry. When she arrived, she found, to her surprise, that the door was open. She walked into the parlor, and everything looked so strange that she thought, “Oh, my God, why am I so afraid? I usually like it at grandmother’s.” Then she went to the bed and pulled back the curtains. Grandmother was lying there with her cap pulled down over her face and looking very strange. “Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!” - “All the better to hear you with.” - “Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!” - “All the better to see you with.” - “Oh, grandmother, what big hands you have!” - “All the better to grab you with!” - “Oh, grandmother, what a horribly big mouth you have!” - “All the better to eat you with!” And with that he jumped out of bed, jumped on top of poor Little Red Cap, and ate her up.

As soon as the wolf had finished this tasty bite, he climbed back into bed, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman was just passing by. He thought it strange that the old woman was snoring so loudly, so he decided to take a look. He stepped inside, and in the bed there lay the wolf that he had been hunting for such a long time. “He has eaten the grandmother, but perhaps she still can be saved. I won’t shoot him,” thought the huntsman. So he took a pair of scissors and cut open his belly. He had cut only a few strokes when he saw the red cap shining through. He cut a little more, and the girl jumped out and cried, “Oh, I was so frightened! It was so dark inside the wolf’s body!” And then the grandmother came out alive as well. Then Little Red Cap fetched some large heavy stones. They filled the wolf’s body with them, and when he woke up and tried to run away, the stones were so heavy that he fell down dead.

The three of them were happy. The huntsman took the wolf’s pelt. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine that Little Red Cap had brought. And Little Red Cap thought to herself, “As long as I live, I will never leave the path and run off into the woods by myself if mother tells me not to.”

They also tell how Little Red Cap was taking some baked things to her grandmother another time, when another wolf spoke to her and wanted her to leave the path. But Little Red Cap took care and went straight to grandmother’s. She told her that she had seen the wolf, and that he had wished her a good day, but had stared at her in a wicked manner. “If we hadn’t been on a public road, he would have eaten me up,” she said. “Come,” said the grandmother. “Let’s lock the door, so he can’t get in.” Soon afterward the wolf knocked on the door and called out, “Open up, grandmother. It’s Little Red Cap, and I’m bringing you some baked things.” They remained silent, and did not open the door. The wicked one walked around the house several times, and finally jumped onto the roof. He wanted to wait until Little Red Cap went home that evening, then follow her and eat her up in the darkness. But the grandmother saw what he was up to. There was a large stone trough in front of the house. “Fetch a bucket, Little Red Cap,” she said. “Yesterday I cooked some sausage. Carry the water that I boiled them with to the trough.” Little Red Cap carried water until the large, large trough was clear full. The smell of sausage arose into the wolf’s nose. He sniffed and looked down, stretching his neck so long that he could no longer hold himself, and he began to slide. He slid off the roof, fell into the trough, and drowned. And Little Red Cap returned home happily and safely.

END

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