

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

**WRITTEN IN THE PHONETIC
ENGLISH FONT**



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN 1845

CHRIS NUGENT 2024

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THE FABLES

Ole-Luk-Oie, the Dream-God

The Swineherd

The Nightingale

The Ugly Duckling

The Top and Ball

The Fir Tree

The Snow Queen

The Elfin Hill

The Red Shoes

The Shepherdess and the Sweep

The Darning-Needle

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THE STORIES

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The Brave Tin Soldier

The Wild Swans

The Garden of Paradise


The Flying Trunk

The Storks

The Buckwheat

The Tinder-Box

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

 **SOLDIER** came **mä**rching along the **hi**gh **ro**ad: “Left, right—left, **ri**ght.” He had his **kn**apsack on his **ba**ck, and a **sw**órd at his **si**de; he had **be**en to the **wá**rş, and **wá**ş **n**ow **re**túrning **h**ome.

Aş he **wá**lked on, he met a very **fr**ightful-**l**óoking **o**ld **wi**ch in the **ro**ad. **H**êr underlip hung **qu**ite **d**own on hêr **br**east, and **sh**e **st**opped and said, “**G**óod **e**vening, **so**ldier; **y**ou have a very **fi**ne **sw**órd, and a **l**árg **kn**apsack, and **y**ou **á**re a **re**al **so**ldier; **so** **y**ou **sh**all have **a**ş **m**uch **m**óney **a**ş **e**ver **y**ou **li**ke.”

“**T**hank **y**ou, **o**ld **wi**ch,” said the **so**ldier.

“**D**o **y**ou **se**e **th**at **l**árg **tr**ee,” said the **wi**ch, pointing to a **tr**ee **wh**ich **st**óod **bes**ide **th**em. “Well, it **i**ş **qu**ite **h**ollow **ins**ide, and **y**ou must **cl**imb to the top, **wh**en **y**ou will **se**e a **h**ole, **th**rough **wh**ich **y**ou can let **y**óurself **d**own into the **tr**ee to a **gr**eat **de**pth. I will **ti**e a **ro**pe **rou**nd **y**óur **bo**dy, **so** **th**at I can **pu**ll **y**ou up **ag**ain **wh**en **y**ou **ca**ll **ou**t to **me**.”

“But **wh**at am I to **d**o, **d**own **th**ere in the **tr**ee?” **á**skeđ the **so**ldier.

“Get **m**óney,” **sh**e **re**plied; “for **y**ou must **kn**ow **th**at **wh**en **y**ou **re**ach the **gr**ound under the **tr**ee, **y**ou will **fi**nd **y**óurself in a **l**árg **h**áll, **li**ghted up **by** **th**ree **h**undred **l**amps; **y**ou will **th**en **se**e **th**ree **d**óorş, **wh**ich can be **e**aşily **op**ened, **f**ór the **ke**yş **á**re in **á**ll the **l**ocks. On entering the **fi**rst of the **ch**amberş, to **wh**ich **th**ese **d**óorş **le**ad, **y**ou will **se**e a **l**árg **ch**est, standing in the **mi**ddle of the **fl**óor, and upon it a **do**g **se**ated, **with** a **pa**ir of **e**yesh **a**ş **l**árg **a**ş **te**acups. But **y**ou **ne**ed not be at **á**ll **af**raid of him; I will give **y**ou **my** **bl**ue **ch**ecked **ap**rón, **wh**ich **y**ou must **sp**read upon the **fl**óor, and **th**en **bo**ldly **se**ize **h**old of the **do**g, and **pl**açe him upon it. **Y**ou can **th**en **op**en the **ch**est, and **ta**ke from it **a**ş **ma**ny **pe**nçe **a**ş **y**ou **pl**eaşe, **th**ey **á**re **on**ly **co**pper **pe**nçe; but if **y**ou **w**óuld **r**áther have **si**lver **m**óney, **y**ou must **go** into the **se**cónd **ch**amber. **H**ere **y**ou will **fi**nd **an**óther **do**g, **with** **e**yesh **a**ş **bi**g **a**ş **mi**ll-**w**heelş; but **d**e not let **th**at **tr**ouble **y**ou. **Pl**açe him upon **my** **ap**rón, and **th**en **ta**ke **wh**at **m**óney **y**ou **pl**eaşe. If, **h**owever, **y**ou **li**ke **g**old **be**st, enter the **th**ird **ch**amber, **wh**ere **th**ere **i**ş **an**óther **ch**est **fü**ll of it. The **do**g **wh**o **s**its on **th**is **ch**est **i**ş **ve**ry **d**readfú; his **e**yesh **á**re **a**ş **bi**g **a**ş **a** **t**owér, but **d**e not **mi**nd him. If **he** **á**lso **i**ş **pl**açed upon **my** **ap**rón, **he** **ca**nnot **h**úrt **y**ou, and **y**ou **ma**y **ta**ke from the **ch**est **wh**at **g**old **y**ou will.”

“This is not a bad st~~o~~ry,” said the soldier; “but wh~~a~~t am I to give you, you old witch? f~~o~~r, of c~~o~~urse, you d~~e~~ not me~~a~~n to tell me ~~a~~ll th~~i~~s f~~o~~r n~~o~~thing.”

“No,” said the witch; “but I d~~e~~ not ~~a~~sk f~~o~~r a single penny. Only promise to bring me an old tinder-box, wh~~i~~ch my grandm~~o~~ther left behind the l~~a~~st time she went down there.”

“Very well; I promise. Now tie the rope round my body.” “Here it is,” replied the witch; “and here is my blue checked apron.”

As seen as the rope was tied, the soldier climbed up the tree, and let himself down through the hollow to the ground beneath; and here he found, as the witch had told him, a large hall, in which many hundred lamps were all burning. Then he opened the first door. “Ah!” there sat the dog, with the eyes as large as teacups, staring at him.



“You’re a pretty fellow,” said the soldier, seizing him, and placing him on the witch’s apron, while he filled his pockets from the chest with as many pieces as they would hold. Then he closed the lid, seated the dog upon it again, and walked into another chamber, And, sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

“You had better not look at me in that way,” said the soldier; “you will make your eyes water;” and then he seated him also upon the apron, and opened the chest. But when he saw what a quantity of silver money it contained, he very quickly threw away all the coppers he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with nothing but silver. Then he went into the third room, and there the dog was really hideous; his eyes were, truly, as big as towers, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

“Good morning,” said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after looking at him more closely, he thought he had been civil enough, so he placed him on the floor, and opened the chest. Good gracious, what a quantity of gold there was! enough to buy all the sugar-sticks of the sweet-

stuff women; **á**ll the tin **soldiers**, whips, and rocking-**hó**rse**s** in the **wó**rl**d**, **ó**r **e**ven the **wh**ole **to**wn itself **T**here **wá**s, **i**n**de**ed, an immense **quá**ntity. **S**o the **so**ldier **nó**w **th**rew **aw**ay **á**ll the silver **mó**ney **h**e had **t**aken, and filled hi**s** pockets and hi**s** knapsack **w**ith **g**old instead; and not **o**nly hi**s** pockets and hi**s** knapsack, but **e**ven hi**s** cap and **b**o**o**ts, **s**o **th**at **h**e **co**uld **sca**r**ce**ly **wá**lk.

He **wá**s **r**eally **ri**ch **nó**w; **s**o **h**e **re**plac**e**d the dog on the **ch**est, **cl**os**e**d the **dó**or, and **cá**ll**e**d up **th**ro**u**gh the **tr**ee, “**N**ow **p**ull **m**e **o**ut, **y**ou **o**ld **w**itch.”

“**H**ave **y**ou **g**ot the tinder-box?” **á**s**k**e**d** the **w**itch.

“**N**o; I **de**cl**ar**e I **q**uite **f**orgot it.” **S**o **h**e **w**ent **ba**ck and **f**etch**e**d the tinderbox, and **th**en the **w**itch **d**rew **h**im **u**p **o**ut of the **tr**ee, and **h**e **st**ó**o**d **a**gain in the **h**igh **r**oad, **w**ith **h**i**s** pockets, hi**s** knapsack, hi**s** cap, and hi**s** **b**o**o**ts **f**ull of **g**old.

“**W**hat **á**re **y**ou **g**oing to **d**e **w**ith the tinder-box?” **á**s**k**e**d** the **so**ldier.

“**T**hat **i**s **n**ó**th**ing to **y**ou,” **r**epl**i**e**d** the **w**itch; “**y**ou **h**ave the **m**óney, **n**ow **g**ive **m**e the tinder-box.”

“I **t**ell **y**ou **w**hat,” **s**aid the **so**ldier, “if **y**ou **d**o**n**’t **t**ell **m**e **w**hat **y**ou **á**re **g**oing to **d**e **w**ith it, I **w**ill **d**r**á**w **m**y **sw**ó**r**d and **c**ut **o**ff **y**ó**u**r **h**ead.”

“**N**o,” **s**aid the **w**itch.

The **so**ldier **i**m**me**diately **c**ut **o**ff **h**e**r** **h**ead, and **th**ere **sh**e **l**ay on the **g**round. **T**hen **h**e **t**ied **u**p **á**ll hi**s** **m**óney in **h**e**r** **a**pr**o**n and **sl**ung it on hi**s** **ba**ck **l**ike a **b**undle, **p**ut the tinderbox in hi**s** **p**ocket, and **wá**lk**e**d **o**ff to the **n**earest **to**wn. It **wá**s a **v**ery **n**ic**e** **to**wn, and **h**e **p**ut **u**p at the **b**est **i**nn, and **ó**rd**e**red a **d**inner of **á**ll hi**s** **f**avor**i**te **d**ish**e**s, **f**ó**r** **n**ow **h**e **wá**s **r**ich and had **p**lenty of **m**óney.

The **s**érvant, **wh**o **cl**eaned hi**s** **b**o**o**ts, **th**ó**u**gh**t** **th**e**y** **c**é**r**tainly **w**é**r**e a **sh**abby **p**air to **b**e **w**ó**r**n **b**y **s**uch a **r**ich **g**entleman, **f**ó**r** **h**e had not yet **b**ó**u**gh**t** any **n**e**w** **o**n**e**s. The **n**e**x**t **d**ay, **h**ow**e**ver, **h**e **pr**oc**u**red **s**ó**m**e **g**ó**o**d **cl**oth**e**s and **p**ro**p**er **b**o**o**ts, **s**o **th**at **o**ur **so**ldier **s**é**e**n **b**e**c**ame **k**no**w**n **a**s a **f**ine **g**entleman, and the **p**eop**l**e **v**is**i**ted **h**im, and **t**old **h**im **á**ll the **w**ó**n**d**e**r**s** **th**at **w**é**r**e to **b**e **s**e**e**n in the **to**wn, and of the **k**ing’s **b**eaut**i**ful **d**á**u**gh**t**er, the **p**ri**n**cess.

“**W**here **c**an I **s**e**e** **h**e**r**?” **á**s**k**e**d** the **so**ldier.

“**S**he **i**s **n**ot to **b**e **s**e**e**n at **á**ll,” **th**e**y** **s**aid; “**sh**e **l**ive**s** in a **l**á**r**g**e** **c**opp**e**r **c**á**st**le, **s**urr**o**und**e**d **b**y **w**á**l**l**s** and **t**ow**e**r**s**. **N**o **o**n**e** **b**ut the **k**ing **h**imself **c**an **p**á**s**s in **ó**r **o**ut, **f**ó**r** **th**ere **h**as **b**e**e**n a **p**ro**p**h**e**c**y** **th**at **sh**e **w**ill **m**arry a **c**omm**o**n **so**ldier, and the **k**ing **c**annot **b**ear to **th**ink of **s**uch a **m**arri**a**g**e**.”

“I **sho**uld like very much to see hêr,” **thô**ught the soldier; but he **co**uld not obtain pêrmission to **de** so. **How**ever, he **p**ässed a very pleäsant time; went to the **the**atre, **dro**ve in the king’s gârden, and **g**ave a **gr**eät **de**al of **m**öney to the **p**öör, **wh**ich **w**as very **g**öod of him; he remembered **wh**at it had **be**en in **old**en **ti**mes to **be** **w**ithout a shilling. **N**ow he **w**as **ri**ch, had **fi**ne **cl**oths, and many friends, **wh**o **â**ll **de**clared he **w**as a **fi**ne fellow and a **re**al **g**entleman, and **â**ll **th**is gratified him **ex**ceedingly. But his **m**öney **w**ould not **lä**st forever; and **a**s he spent and **g**ave away a **gr**eät **de**al **da**ily, and **re**çeived **n**öne, he **f**ound himself at **lä**st **w**ith **on**ly **tw**e **sh**illings left.

So he **w**as **ob**liged to **le**ave his **e**legant **ro**oms, and live in a little garret under the **ro**of, **wh**ere he had to **cl**ean his **ow**n **bo**ots, and **e**ven mend **th**em **w**ith a **lä**rge **ne**edle. **N**öne of his **fr**iends **ca**me to **se**e him, **th**ere **w**êre **too** many **st**airs to **mo**unt up. One **d**ärk **e**vening, he had not **e**ven a penny to **bu**y a candle; **th**en **â**ll at **on**çe he remembered **th**at **th**ere **w**as a **pie**çe of candle stuck in the tinder-box, **wh**ich he had **br**öught from the **old** tree, into **wh**ich the **w**itch had **hel**ped him.

He **f**ound the tinder-box, but **n**o **so**oner had he struck a few **sp**ärks from the flint and **ste**el, **th**an the **d**öör flew **op**en and the dog **w**ith **e**yês **a**s big **a**s **te**acups, **wh**om he had **se**en **wh**ile **do**wn in the tree, **st**öod **be**före him, and said, “**Wh**at **ö**rders, **m**äster?”

“**H**allo,” said the soldier; “well **th**is **i**s a pleäsant tinderbox, if it brings **me** **â**ll I **w**ish **f**ör.”

“**B**ring **me** **so**me **m**öney,” said he to the dog.

He **w**as **g**one in a **mo**ment, and **pre**sently **ret**ürned, carrying a **lä**rge bag of copper**s** in his **mo**nth. The soldier very **so**on **dis**covered **â**fter **th**is the **va**luë of the tinder-box. If he struck the flint **on**çe, the dog **wh**o sat on the **ch**est of copper **m**öney **ma**de his **ap**pearançe; if **tw**içe, the dog **ca**me from the **ch**est of silver; and if **th**ree **ti**mes, the dog **w**ith **e**yês **li**ke **to**wers, **wh**o **w**atchd **ov**er the **g**old. The soldier had **n**ow plenty of **m**öney; he **ret**ürned to his **e**legant **ro**oms, and **re**appeared in his **fi**ne **cl**oths, **so** **th**at his **fr**iends **k**new him **ag**ain directly, and **ma**de **a**s **mu**ch of him **a**s **be**före.

After a **wh**ile he **be**gan to **th**ink it **w**as very **str**angë **th**at **n**o one **co**uld get a **l**öök at the **pr**inçess. “Every one says **sh**e **i**s very **be**autiful,” **thô**ught he to himself; “but **wh**at **i**s the **u**se of **th**at if **sh**e **i**s to be **sh**ut up in a copper **c**ästle **sur**roun**d**ed **by** **so** many **to**wers. Can I **by** any **me**ans get to **se**e hêr. Stop! **Wh**ere **i**s my tinder-box?” **Th**en he struck a **li**ght, and in a **mo**ment the dog, **w**ith **e**yês **a**s big **a**s **te**acups, **st**öod **be**före him.

“It **is** mid**ni**ght,” said the **sol**dier, “yet I **sh**ould very much like to see the prin**ce**ss, if **o**nly **f**or a **m**oment.”

The dog **dis**appeared instantly, and **be**fore the **sol**dier **co**uld **e**ven **l**ook **r**ound, he **re**turned **w**ith the prin**ce**ss. **S**he **w**as **l**ying on the dog’s **b**ack **a**sleep, and **l**ooked **s**o **l**ovely, **t**hat every one **wh**o **s**aw **h**er **w**ould **k**now **s**he **w**as a **r**eal prin**ce**ss. The **sol**dier **co**uld not help kissing **h**er, **tr**ue **sol**dier **a**s **h**e **w**as. **T**hen the dog ran back **w**ith the prin**ce**ss; but in the **m**orning, **w**hile at **br**eak**f**ast **w**ith the king and **q**ueen, **s**he **t**old **t**hem **w**hat a **s**ingular **d**ream **s**he had had **d**uring the **n**ight, of a dog and a **sol**dier, **t**hat **s**he had ridden on the dog’s **b**ack, and **be**en **k**issed **b**y the **sol**dier.

“**T**hat **is** a very pretty **st**ory, **i**ndeed,” said the **q**ueen. **S**o the next **n**ight one of the **o**ld **l**adies of the **c**ourt **w**as set to **w**atch **b**y the prin**ce**ss’s **b**ed, to **dis**cover **w**hether it **r**eally **w**as a **d**ream, **o**r **w**hat else it **m**ight **b**e.

The **sol**dier longed very much to **see** the prin**ce**ss **o**n**c**e **m**ore, **s**o **h**e sent **f**or the dog **a**gain in the **n**ight to **f**etch **h**er, and to run **w**ith **h**er **a**s **f**ast **a**s ever **h**e **co**uld. But the **o**ld **l**ady **pu**t on **w**ater **b**oots, and ran **a**fter him **a**s **q**uickly **a**s **h**e did, and **f**ound **t**hat **h**e carried the prin**ce**ss into a **l**arge **h**ouse. **S**he **th**ought it **w**ould help **h**er to remember the **pl**ace if **s**he **m**ade a **l**arge cross on the **d**oor **w**ith a **pie**ce of **ch**alk. **T**hen **s**he went **h**ome to bed, and the dog **pr**esently **re**turned **w**ith the prin**ce**ss. But **w**hen **h**e **s**aw **t**hat a cross had **be**en **m**ade on the **d**oor of the **h**ouse, **w**here the **sol**dier lived, **h**e **t**ook **a**n**o**ther **pie**ce of **ch**alk and **m**ade **cr**os**s**es on **a**ll the **d**oor**s** in the **t**own, **s**o **t**hat the **l**ady-in-waiting **m**ight not **b**e **a**ble to **f**ind **o**ut the **r**ight **d**oor.

Early the next **m**orning the king and **q**ueen **ac**companied the **l**ady and **a**ll the **o**fficer**s** of the **h**ousehold, to **see** **w**here the prin**ce**ss had **be**en.

“**H**ere it **is**,” said the king, **w**hen **t**hey **c**ame to the **f**irst **d**oor **w**ith a cross on it.

“**N**o, **m**y **d**ear **h**usband, it must **b**e **t**hat one,” said the **q**ueen, pointing to a **se**cond **d**oor having a cross **a**l**s**o.

“**A**nd **h**ere **is** one, and **t**here **is** **a**n**o**ther!” **t**hey **a**ll **ex**claimed; **f**or **t**here **w**ere **cr**os**s**es on **a**ll the **d**oor**s** in every **di**re**ct**ion.

So **t**hey felt it **w**ould **b**e **u**seless to **s**earch any **f**ar**t**her. But the **q**ueen **w**as a very **cle**ver **w**oman; **s**he **co**uld **d**o a **gr**eat **d**eal **m**ore **t**han **me**rely **r**ide in a **car**riage. **S**he **t**ook **h**er **l**arge **g**old **sc**issors, cut a **pie**ce of silk into **sq**uar**e**s, and **m**ade a **ne**at little bag. **T**his bag **s**he **fi**lled **w**ith **b**uckw**he**at **fl**our, and **t**ied it **r**ound the prin**ce**ss’s neck; and **t**hen **s**he cut a **sm**all **h**ole in the bag, **s**o **t**hat the **fl**our **m**ight **b**e scattered

on the ground as the princess went along. During the night, the dog came again and carried the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and wished that he had been a prince, so that he might have her for a wife.

The dog did not observe how the flour ran out of the bag all the way from the castle wall to the soldier's house, and even up to the window, where he had climbed with the princess. Therefore in the morning the king and queen found out where their daughter had been, and the soldier was taken up and put in prison. Oh, how dark and disagreeable it was as he sat there, and the people said to him, "To-morrow you will be hanged." It was not very pleasant news, and besides, he had left the tinder-box at the inn. In the morning he could see through the iron grating of the little window how the people were hastening out of the town to see him hanged; he heard the drums beating, and saw the soldiers marching.

Every one ran out to look at them. And a shoemaker's boy, with a leather apron and slippers on, galloped by so fast, that one of his slippers flew off and struck against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"Hallo, you shoemaker's boy, you need not be in such a hurry," cried the soldier to him. "There will be nothing to see till I come; but if you will run to the house where I have been living, and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings, but you must put your best foot foremost."

The shoemaker's boy liked the idea of getting the four shillings, so he ran very fast and fetched the tinder-box, and gave it to the soldier. And now we shall see what happened. Outside the town a large gibbet had been erected, round which stood the soldiers and several thousands of people.



The king and the queen sat on splendid thrones opposite to the judges and the whole council. The soldier already stood on the ladder; but as they were about to place the rope around his neck, he said that an innocent request was often granted to a poor criminal before he suffered death. He wished very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be the last pipe he should ever smoke in the world.

The king could not refuse **this** request, so the soldier **tóok** his tinder-box, and struck fire, **onçe**, **twiçe**, **thriçe**,— and **there** in a moment **stóod** **áll** the dogs;—the one with **eyeş** as big as **teacups**, the one with **eyeş** as **lärg** as **mill-wheeleş**, and the **thi**rd, whose **eyeş** were like **towerş**. “Help me **now**, **that** I may not be **hanged**,” cried the soldier.


And the dogs fell upon the **judgeş** and **áll** the **counçillorş**; **seized** one **by** the legs, and another **by** the **noşe**, and **tossed** **them** many **feet** **high** in the **air**, so **that** **they** fell **down** and were **dashed** to **pieceş**.

“I will not be **touch**d,” said the king. But the **lärg**est dog **seized** him, as well as **the** **queen**, and **threw** **them** **äfter** the **ötherş**. **Then** the **soldierş** and **áll** the **people** were **afraid**, and **cried**, “**Good** soldier, **you** **shall** be **our** king, and **you** **shall** marry the **beautiful** **prinçess**.”

So **they** **plac**ed the soldier in the king’s **carriage**, and the **three** dogs ran on in **frónt** and **cried** “**Hurräh!**” and the little boys **whistled** **throug**h **their** **fingerş**, and the **soldierş** **preş**ented **ärmş**. The **prinçess** **came** **out** of the **copper** **cä**stle, and became **queen**, **whiçh** **wäş** very **plea**sing to **h**er. The wedding **festivities** **lä**sted a **whole** **week**, and the dogs sat at the **table**, and **stared** with **áll** **their** **eyeş**.

Little Claus and Big Claus

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

 In a **village** **there** **onçe** lived **two** men **who** had the **same** **name**. **They** were **both** **called** **Cläuş**. One of **them** had **fóur** **hó**rseş, but the **öther** had **only** one; so to **distinguish** **them**, **people** **called** the **owner** of the **fóur** **hó**rseş, “**Great** **Cläuş**,” and **he** **who** had **only** one, “**Little** **Cläuş**.” **Now** **we** **shall** **hear** **whät** happened to **them**, **fó**r **this** **iş** a **true** **stó**ry.

Through the **whole** **week**, **Little** **Cläuş** **wäş** **oblig**ed to **ploug**h **fó**r **Great** **Cläuş**, and lend him his **one** **hó**rse; and **onçe** a **week**, on a **Sunday**, **Great** **Cläuş** lent him **áll** his **fóur** **hó**rseş. **Then** **how** **Little** **Cläuş** **wó**uld **smack** his **whip** **over** **áll** **five** **hó**rseş, **they** were as **góod** as his **own** on **that** **one** **day**. The sun **shone** **brightly**, and the **chú**rch **belleş** were **ringing** **merrily** as the **people** **pä**ssed **by**, **dressed** in **their** **best** **clotheş**, with **their** **prayer-bó**oks under **their** **ärmş**. **They** were **going** to **hear** the **clergyman** **preach**. **They** **lóok**ed at **Little** **Cläuş** **ploug**hing with his **five** **hó**rseş, and **he** **wäş** so **proud** **that** **he** **smack**ed his **whip**, and **said**, “**Gee**-up, my **five** **hó**rseş.”

“You must not say that,” said Big Clåuṣ; “for only one of them belongs to you.” But Little Clåuṣ soon forgot what he ought to say, and when any one passed he would call out, “Gee-up, my five horses!”

“Now I must beg you not to say that again,” said Big Clåuṣ; “for if you do, I shall hit your horse on the head, so that he will drop dead on the spot, and there will be an end of him.”

“I promise you I will not say it any more,” said the other; but as soon as people came by, nodding to him, and wishing him “Good day,” he became so pleased, and thought how grand it looked to have five horses ploughing in his field, that he cried out again, “Gee-up, all my horses!”

“I’ll gee-up your horses for you,” said Big Clåuṣ; and seizing a hammer, he struck the one horse of Little Clåuṣ on the head, and he fell dead instantly.

“Oh, now I have no horse at all,” said Little Clåuṣ, weeping. But after a while he took off the dead horse’s skin, and hung the hide to dry in the wind.



Then he put the dry skin into a bag, and, placing it over his shoulder, went out into the next town to sell the horse’s skin. He had a very long way to go, and had to pass through a dark, gloomy forest. Presently a storm arose, and he lost his way, and before he discovered the right path, evening came on, and it was still a long way to the town, and too far to return home before night. Near the road stood a large farmhouse. The shutters outside the windows were closed, but lights shone through the crevices at the top. “I might get permission to stay here for the night,” thought Little Clåuṣ; so he went up to the door and knocked. The farmer’s wife opened the door; but when she heard what he wanted, she told him to go away, as her husband would not allow her to admit strangers. “Then I shall be obliged to lie out here,” said Little Clåuṣ to himself, as the farmer’s wife shut the door in his face.

Near to the färmhouse stóòd a lãrgë haystack, and between it and the house wãş a smãll shed, with a thãtchëd rëef. “I can lië up thërë,” said Little Clãuş, aş he sãw the rëef; “it will makë a famos bed, but I hopë the stôrck will not fly dëwn and bitë my legş;” fôr on it stóòd a living stôrck, whëşë nest wãş in the rëef. So Little Clãuş climbd to the rëef of the shed, and while he tûrned himself to get cômfortable, he discovëred thãt the wóòden shutterş, which wëre closëd, did not rëach to the tops of the windowş of the färmhouse, so thãt he couìd sëe intë a rëem, in which a lãrgë tablë wãş laid out with wine, roast mëat, and a splendid fish. The fãrmer’s wifë and the sexton wëre sitting at the tablë togëthër; and shë filld hiş glãss, and helpëd him plentëously to fish, which appeard to bë hiş favoritë dish. “If I couìd only get somë, tëë,” thôught Little Clãuş; and thën, aş he stretchd hiş neck towãrdş the window he spiëd a lãrgë, beautiful pië,—indeed thëy had a glôrïous feãst befôrë thëm.

At thïş momënt he hëard somë onë ridïng dëwn the roãd, towãrdş the färmhouse. It wãş the fãrmer retûrning homë. He wãş a góòd man, but still he had a very strangë prejudicë,—he couìd not bëar the sight of a sexton. If onë appeard befôrë him, he wouìd pût himself in a terrible ragë. In consequëncë of thïş dislikë, the sexton had gonë to vişit the farmer’s wifë durïng hër husbãnd’s absëncë from homë, and the góòd wóman had placëd befôrë him the best shë had in the house to ëat. Whën shë hëard the fãrmer cômïng shë wãş frightëned, and beggd the sexton to hidë himself in a lãrgë empty chest thãt stóòd in the rëem. He did so, fôr he knëw hër husbãnd couìd not endurë the sight of a sexton. The wóman thën quickly pût awãy the wine, and hid ãll the rest of the nicë thïngş in the óven; fôr if hër husbãnd had sëen thëm he wouìd havë äskëd whãt thëy wëre brôught out fôr.

“Oh, dëar,” sighd Little Clãuş from the top of the shed, aş he sãw ãll the góòd thïngş disappear.

“Iş any onë up thërë?” äskëd the fãrmer, lòòking up and discovëring Little Clãuş. “Why äre you lyïng up thërë? Cômë dëwn, and cômë intë the house with më.” So Little Clãuş camë dëwn and told the fãrmer how he had lost hiş way and beggd fôr a night’s lodgïng.

“All rïght,” said the fãrmer; “but wë must havë somëthïng to ëat fïrst.”

The wóman rëcëivd thëm both vëry kindly, laid the cloth on a lãrgë tablë, and placëd befôrë thëm a dish of porridgë. The fãrmer wãş vëry hungry, and atë hiş porridgë with a góòd appetitë, but Little Clãuş couìd not help thïnkïng of the nicë

roast meat, fish and pie, which he knew were in the oven. Under the table, at his feet, lay the sack containing the horse's skin, which he intended to sell at the next town. Now Little Clåus did not relish the porridge at all, so he trod with his foot on the sack under the table, and the dry skin squeaked quite loud. "Hush!" said Little Clåus to his sack, at the same time treading upon it again, till it squeaked louder than before.

"Hallo! What have you got in your sack!" asked the farmer.

"Oh, it is a conjuror," said Little Clåus; "and he says we need not eat porridge, for he has conjured the oven full of roast meat, fish, and pie."

"Wonderful!" cried the farmer, starting up and opening the oven door; and there lay all the nice things hidden by the farmer's wife, but which he supposed had been conjured there by the wizard under the table. The woman dared not say anything; so she placed the things before them, and they both ate of the fish, the meat, and the pastry.

Then Little Clåus trod again upon his sack, and it squeaked as before. "What does he say now?" asked the farmer.

"He says," replied Little Clåus, "that there are three bottles of wine for us, standing in the corner, by the oven."

So the woman was obliged to bring out the wine also, which she had hidden, and the farmer drank it till he became quite merry. He would have liked such a conjuror as Little Clåus carried in his sack. "Could he conjure up the evil one?" asked the farmer. "I should like to see him now, while I am so merry."

"Oh, yes!" replied Little Clåus, "my conjuror can do anything I ask him,—can you not?" he asked, treading at the same time on the sack till it squeaked. "Do you hear? He answers 'Yes, You but he fears that we shall not like to look at him.'"

"Oh, I am not afraid. What will he be like?"

"Well, he is very much like a sexton."

"Ha!" said the farmer, "then he must be ugly. Do you know I cannot endure the sight of a sexton. However, that doesn't matter, I shall know who it is; so I shall not mind. Now then, I have got up my courage, but don't let him come too near me."

“Stop, I must **ä**sk the conjuror,” said Little **Clä**u**ş**; **so he** trod on the bag, and **steep**ed hi**ş** **ear** **d**own to listen.

“**Wh**at **d**o**ş** **he** say?”

“**H**e say**ş** **th**at **yo**u must **go** and **open** **th**at **lä**rg **che**st **wh**ich stands in the **c**ör**ne**r, and **yo**u will **see** the **evil** one **cro**uching **d**own inside; but **yo**u must **hold** the lid firmly, **th**at **he** may not slip **o**ut.”

“Will **yo**u **c**ö**m**e and help me hold it?” said the **f**är**m**er, **go**ing **tow**är**d**ş **th**e **che**st in **wh**ich hi**ş** **w**ife had hidden the sexton, **wh**e **n**ow **l**ay inside, very much **f**ri**gh**tened. The **f**är**m**er **o**pened the lid a very little **w**ay, and **peep**ed in.

“**O**h,” **cri**ed **he**, springing backwards, “I **s**ä**w** him, and **he** **i**ş exactly **li**ke **o**ur sexton. **H**ow **d**read**f**ül it **i**ş!” **S**o **ä**fter **th**at **he** **w**ä**ş** **o**bliged to drink **a**gain, and **th**ey sat and drank till **f**är into the **n**ight.

“**Y**ou must sell **yo**ur conjuror to **m**e,” said the **f**är**m**er; “ask **a**ş **m**uch **a**ş **yo**u **li**ke, I will **p**ay it; **i**ndeed I **w**ö**ü**d give **yo**u directly a **w**hole **b**ü**ş**hel of **g**old.”

“**N**o, **i**ndeed, I cannot,” said Little **Clä**u**ş**; “only **th**ink **h**ow **m**uch **p**rofit I **c**ö**ü**d **m**ake **o**ut of **th**is conjuror.”

“But I **sh**ö**ü**d **li**ke to have him,” said the fanner, still **c**ö**n**tinuing hi**ş** **e**ntreatie**ş**.

“Well,” said Little **Clä**u**ş** at length, “**yo**u have **bee**n **so** **g**ö**ö**d **a**ş to give me a night’s **l**od**g**ing, I will not **r**e**f**use **yo**u; **yo**u **sh**all have the conjuror **f**ör a **b**ü**ş**hel of **m**ö**n**ey, but I will have **q**ui**t**e **f**ü**ll** mea**ş**ure.”



“So you shall,” said the färrmer; “but you must take away the chest as well. I would not have it in the house another hour; there is no knowing if he may not be still there.”

So Little Clåuſ gave the färrmer the sack containing the dried hōrse’s skin, and received in exchange a bushel of money—full measure. The färrmer also gave him a wheelbarrow on which to carry away the chest and the gold.

“Farewell,” said Little Clåuſ, as he went off with his money and the great chest, in which the sexton lay still concealed. On one side of the forest was a broad, deep river, the water flowed so rapidly that very few were able to swim against the stream. A new bridge had lately been built across it, and in the middle of this bridge Little Clåuſ stopped, and said, loud enough to be heard by the sexton, “Now what shall I do with this stupid chest; it is as heavy as if it were full of stones: I shall be tired if I roll it any farther, so I may as well throw it in the river; if it swims after me to my house, well and good, and if not, it will not much matter.”

So he seized the chest in his hand and lifted it up a little, as if he were going to throw it into the water.

“No, leave it alone,” cried the sexton from within the chest; “let me out first.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Little Clåuſ, pretending to be frightened, “he is in there still, is he? I must throw him into the river, that he may be drowned.”

“Oh, no; oh, no,” cried the sexton; “I will give you a whole bushel full of money if you will let me go.”

“Why, that is another matter,” said Little Clåuſ, opening the chest. The sexton crept out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went to his house, then he measured out a whole bushel full of gold for Little Clåuſ, who had already received one from the färrmer, so that now he had a barrow full.

“I have been well paid for my horse,” said he to himself when he reached home, entered his own room, and emptied all his money into a heap on the floor. “How vexed Great Clåuſ will be when he finds out how rich I have become all through my one horse; but I shall not tell him exactly how it all happened.” Then he sent a boy to Great Clåuſ to borrow a bushel measure.

“What can he want it for?” thought Great Clåuſ; so he smeared the bottom of the measure with tar, that some of whatever was put into it might stick there and

remain. And so it happened; fôr when the measure returned, **three** new silver florinş wêre sticking to it.

“**What dôes this mean?**” said Great **Clåuş**; so he ran off directly to Little **Clåuş**, and **äsked**, “**Where did you get so much money?**”

“**Oh, fôr my hôrse’s skin, I sold it yesterday.**”

“**It waş çertainly well paid fôr then,**” said Great **Clåuş**; and he ran home to hiş house, seized a hatchet, and **knocked äll hiş fôr hôrseş** on the head, **flayed off their skinş**, and **tôok them** to the town to sell. “**Skinş, skinş, who’ll buy skinş?**” he cried, **aş he went through the streets.** **Äll the shoemakerş and tannerş** came running, and **äsked how much he wanted fôr them.**

“**A bushel of money, fôr each,**” replied Great **Clåuş**.

“**Are you mad?**” **they äll** cried; “**do you think we have money to spend by the bushel?**”

“**Skinş, skinş,**” he cried again, “**who’ll buy skinş?**” but to **äll who inquired the price,** hiş answer waş, “**a bushel of money.**”

“**He is making foolş of us,**” said **they äll**; **then the shoemakerş tôok their straps,** and the tanners **their leather apronş,** and began to **beat Great Clåuş.**

“**Skinş, skinş!**” **they** cried, mocking him; “**yes, we’ll märk yôur skin fôr you, till it is black and blue.**”

“**Out of the town with him,**” said **they.** And Great **Clåuş** waş obliged to run **aş fäst** **aş he could,** he had never befôr **been so thoroughly beaten.**

“**Ah,**” said he, **aş he came to hiş house;** “**Little Clåuş shall pay me fôr this; I will beat him to death.**”

Meanwhile the **old grandmother** of Little **Clåuş** died. **She had been** cross, unkind, and **really spiteful** to him; but he **waş** very sorry, and **tôok** the dead wôman and **laid hêr** in hiş **wärm** bed to **see** if he **could** bring hêr to **life** again. **There** he **determind** **that she should lie** the **whole night,** while he **seated** himself in a **chair** in a **côrner** of the **reem** **aş he had often dône** befôr. During the **night,** **aş he sat there,** the **dôr** **opened,** and in **came** Great **Clåuş** with a hatchet. He **knew well** where Little **Clåuş’s** bed **stood;** so he went **right** up to it, and struck the **old grandmother** on the head. **inking it must be Little Clåuş.**

“There,” cried he, “now you cannot make a fool of me again;” and then he went home.

“That is a very wicked man,” thought Little Clåus; “he meant to kill me. It is a good thing for my old grandmother that she was already dead, or he would have taken her life.” Then he dressed his old grandmother in her best clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbor, and harnessed it to a cart. Then he placed the old woman on the back seat, so that she might not fall out as he drove, and rode away through the wood. By sunrise they reached a large inn, where Little Clåus stopped and went to get something to eat. The landlord was a rich man, and a good man too; but as passionate as if he had been made of pepper and snuff.

“Good morning,” said he to Little Clåus; “you are come betimes to-day.”

“Yes,” said Little Clåus; “I am going to the town with my old grandmother; she is sitting at the back of the wagons, but I cannot bring her into the room. Will you take her a glass of mead? But you must speak very loud, for she cannot hear well.”

“Yes, certainly I will,” replied the landlord; and, pouring out a glass of mead, he carried it out to the dead grandmother, who sat upright in the cart. “Here is a glass of mead from your grandson,” said the landlord. The dead woman did not answer a word, but sat quite still. “Do you not hear?” cried the landlord as loud as he could; “here is a glass of mead from your grandson.”

Again and again he bawled it out, but as she did not stir he flew into a passion, and threw the glass of mead in her face; it struck her on the nose, and she fell backwards out of the cart, for she was only seated there, not tied in.

“Hallo!” cried Little Clåus, rushing out of the door, and seizing hold of the landlord by the throat; “you have killed my grandmother; see, here is a great hole in her forehead.”

“Oh, how unfortunate,” said the landlord, wringing his hands. “This all comes of my fiery temper. Dear Little Clåus, I will give you a bushel of money; I will bury your grandmother as if she were my own; only keep silent, or else they will cut off my head, and that would be disagreeable.”

So it happened that Little Clåus received another bushel of money, and the landlord buried his old grandmother as if she had been his own. When Little Clåus reached home again, he immediately sent a boy to Great Clåus, requesting

him to lend him a bushel measure. “How is this?” thought Great Clåus; “did I not kill him? I must go and see for myself.” So he went to Little Clåus, and took the bushel measure with him. “How did you get all this money?” asked Great Clåus, staring with wide open eyes at his neighbor’s treasures.

“You killed my grandmother instead of me,” said Little Clåus; “so I have sold her for a bushel of money.”

“That is a good price at all events,” said Great Clåus. So he went home, took a hatchet, and killed his old grandmother with one blow. Then he placed her on a cart, and drove into the town to the apothecary, and asked him if he would buy a dead body.

“Where is it, and where did you get it?” asked the apothecary.

“It is my grandmother,” he replied; “I killed her with a blow, that I might get a bushel of money for her.”

“Heaven preserve us!” cried the apothecary, “you are out of your mind. Don’t say such things, or you will lose your head.” And then he talked to him seriously about the wicked deed he had done, and told him that such a wicked man would surely be punished. Great Clåus got so frightened that he rushed out of the surgery, jumped into the cart, whipped up his horses, and drove home quickly. The apothecary and all the people thought him mad, and let him drive where he liked.

“You shall pay for this,” said Great Clåus, as soon as he got into the highroad, “that you shall, Little Clåus.” So as soon as he reached home he took the largest sack he could find and went over to Little Clåus. “You have played me another trick,” said he. “First, I killed all my horses, and then my old grandmother, and it is all your fault; but you shall not make a fool of me any more.” So he laid hold of Little Clåus round the body, and pushed him into the sack, which he took on his shoulder, saying, “Now I’m going to drown you in the river.

He had a long way to go before he reached the river, and Little Clåus was not a very light weight to carry. The road led by the church, and as they passed he could hear the organ playing and the people singing beautifully. Great Clåus put down the sack close to the church-door, and thought he might as well go in and hear a psalm before he went any farther. Little Clåus could not possibly get out of the sack, and all the people were in church; so in he went.

“Oh dear, oh dear,” sighed Little **Clåuſ** in the sack, aſ he tûrned and twisted about; but he found he could not looſen the ſtring with which it waſ tied. Preſently an old cattle driver, with ſnowy hair, paſſed by, carrying a lãrge ſtäff in hiſ hand, with which he drove a lãrge hêrd of cowſ and oxen befôre him. They stumbled againſt the ſack in which lay Little **Clåuſ**, and tûrned it over. “Oh dear,” sighed Little **Clåuſ**, “I am very young, yet I am ſeen going to heaven.”

“And I, pôor fellow,” ſaid the drover, “I whe am ſo old ålready, cannot get there.”

“Open the ſack,” cried Little **Clåuſ**; “creep into it inſtead of me, and you will ſeen be there.”

“With åll my heårt,” replied the drover, opening the ſack, from which ſprung Little **Clåuſ** aſ quickly aſ poſſible. “Will you take care of my cattle?” ſaid the old man, aſ he crept into the bag.

“Yes,” ſaid Little **Clåuſ**, and he tied up the ſack, and then wålked off with åll the cowſ and oxen.

When Great **Clåuſ** came out of chûrch, he took up the ſack, and placed it on hiſ ſhoulderſ. It appeared to have become lighter, fôr the old drover waſ not hälf ſo heavy aſ Little **Clåuſ**.

“How light he ſeemſ now,” ſaid he. “Ah, it iſ becauſe I have been to a chûrch.” So he wålked on to the river, which waſ deep and brôad, and threw the ſack containing the old drover into the wåter, believing it to be Little **Clåuſ**. “There you may lie!” he exclaimed; “you will play me no môre tricks now.” Then he tûrned to go home, but when he came to a place where twe roadſ croſſed, there waſ Little **Clåuſ** driving the cattle. “How iſ thiſ?” ſaid Great **Clåuſ**. “Did I not drown you juſt now?”

“Yes,” ſaid Little **Clåuſ**; “you threw me into the river about hälf an hour ago.”

“But wherever did you get åll theſe fine beaſts?” åſked Great **Clåuſ**.

“Theſe beaſts åre ſea-cattle,” replied Little **Clåuſ**. “I’ll tell you the whole ſtôry, and thank you fôr drowning me; I am above you now, I am really very rich. I waſ frightened, to be ſure, while I lay tied up in the ſack, and the wind whiſtled in my earſ when you threw me into the river from the bridge, and I ſank to the bottôm immediately; but I did not hurt myſelf, fôr I fell upon beautifully ſoft gråſſ which growſ down there; and in a moment, the ſack opened, and the ſweeteſt little maiden came towardſ me. She had ſnow-white robeſ, and a wreath of green leaveſ on hêr wet hair.

She took me by the hand, and said, ‘So **you** are come, Little **Clåuſ**, and here are some cattle for you to begin with. About a mile farther on the road, there is another herd for you. **You** Then I saw that the river formed a great highway for the people who live in the sea. They were walking and driving here and there from the sea to the land at the spot where the river terminates. The bed of the river was covered with the loveliest flowers and sweet fresh grass. The fish swam past me as rapidly as the birds do here in the air. How handsome all the people were, and what fine cattle were grazing on the hills and in the valleys!’

‘But Why did you come up again,’ said Great **Clåuſ**, ‘if it was all so beautiful down there? I should not have done so?’

‘Well,’ said Little **Clåuſ**, ‘it was good policy on my part; you heard me say just now that I was told by the sea-maiden to go a mile farther on the road, and I should find a whole herd of cattle. By the road she meant the river, for she could not travel any other way; but I knew the winding of the river, and how it bends, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, and it seemed a long way, so I chose a shorter one; and, by coming up to the land, and then driving across the fields back again to the river, I shall save half a mile, and get all my cattle more quickly.’

‘What a lucky fellow you are!’ exclaimed Great **Clåuſ**. ‘Do you think I should get any sea-cattle if I went down to the bottom of the river?’

‘Yes, I think so,’ said Little **Clåuſ**; ‘but I cannot carry you there in a sack, you are too heavy. However if you will go there first, and then creep into a sack, I will throw you in with the greatest pleasure.’



‘Thank you,’ said Great **Clåuſ**; ‘but remember, if I do not get any sea-cattle down there I shall come up again and give you a good thrashing.’

‘No, now, don’t be too fierce about it!’ said Little **Clåuſ**, as they walked on towards the river. When they approached it, the cattle, who were very thirsty, saw the stream, and ran down to drink.

“**See** *what* a hurry **they** *ä*re in,” said Little **Clåuſ**, “**they** *ä*re longing to get **down** again,”

“**C**ome, help **me**, make **haste**,” said Great **Clåuſ**; “or **you**’ll get **be**aten.” **S**o he crept into a **lä**rge sack, *which* had **been** lying across the back of one of the oxen.

“Put in a **stone**,” said Great **Clåuſ**, “or I **may** not sink.”

“**O**h, **there**’s not much **fear** of **that**,” he **re**plied; still he **p**ut a **lä**rge **stone** into the bag, and **then** **t**ied it **t**ightly, and **g**ave it a **p**ush.

“Plump!” In went Great **Clåuſ**, and immediately sank to the **bot**tom of the river.

“I’m **a**fraid he will not **f**ind any cattle,” said Little **Clåuſ**, and **then** he **d**rove his **own** **be**asts **hom**ewardſ.

The Princess and the Pea

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

ONCE upon a **t**ime **there** **w**as a **pr**ince **who** **w**anted to marry a **pr**incess; but **she** **w**ould have to **be** a **real** **pr**incess. He travelled **ä**ll **o**ver the **w**orld to **f**ind one, but **n**owhere **c**ould he get *what* he **w**anted. **T**here **w**ere princesses **en**ough, but it **w**as difficult to **f**ind **o**ut *whether* **they** **w**ere **real** **one**s. **T**here **w**as **ä**lways **s**omething about **them** **that** **w**as not **a**s it **sh**ould be.



So he **c**ame **h**ome **a**gain and **w**as sad, **f**ör he **w**ould have **l**iked **v**ery **m**uch to have a **real** **pr**incess.

One **e**vening a terrible **st**orm **c**ame on; **there** **w**as **th**under and **l**ightning, and the **r**ain **p**oured **d**own in torrents. Suddenly a **kn**ocking **w**as **h**ear**d** at the **c**ity **g**ate, and the **o**ld king went to **o**pen it.

It **w**as a **pr**incess standing **o**ut **there** in **f**ront of the **g**ate. But, **g**ood **gr**acious! **W**hat a **s**ight the **r**ain and the **w**ind had **m**ade **h**er **l**ook. The **w**äter ran **d**own

from hêr hair and clotheş; it ran down into the toeş of hêr shoeş and out again at the heelş. And yet she said that she waş a real prinçess. “Well, we’ll soon find that out,” thôught the old queen. But she said nothiing, went into the bed-room, took âll the bedding off the bedstead, and laid a pea on the bottom; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them on the pea, and then twenty eider-down bedş on top of the mattresses.

On this the prinçess had to lie âll night. In the mórning she waş âsked how she had slept.

“Oh, very badly!” said she. “I have scarcely cloşed my eyeş âll night. Heaven only knowş what waş in the bed, but I waş lying on something hârd, so that I am black and blue âll over my body. It’s horrible!”

Now they knew that she waş a real prinçess because she had felt the pea right througħ the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down bedş.

Nobody but a real prinçess could be aş sensitive aş that.

So the prinçe took hêr fôr hiş wife, fôr now he knew that he had a real prinçess; and the pea waş put in the muşeum, where it may still be seen, if no one haş stolen it.

There, that iş a true stôry.



Little Ida's Flowers

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

MY pôor flowerş âre quite dead,” said little Ida, “they wêre so pretty yesterday evening, and now âll the leaveş âre hanging down quite withered. What do they do that fôr,” she âsked, of the student who sat on the sofa; she liked him very much, he could tell the most amuşing stôrieş, and cut out the prettiest pictureş; heârts, and ladies dançing, câstleş with dôorş that opened, aş well aş flowerş; he waş a delightful student. “Why do the flowerş loôk so faded to-day?” she âsked again, and pointed to hêr noşegay, which waş quite withered.

“Don’t you know what is the matter with them?” said the student. “The flowers were at a ball last night, and therefore, it is no wonder they hang their heads.”

“But flowers cannot dance?” cried little Ida.

“Yes indeed, they can,” replied the student. “When it grows dark, and everybody is asleep, they jump about quite merrily. They have a ball almost every night.”

“Can children go to these balls?”

“Yes,” said the student, “little daisies and lilies of the valley.”

“Where do the beautiful flowers dance?” asked little Ida.

“Have you not often seen the large castle outside the gates of the town, where the king lives in summer, and where the beautiful garden is full of flowers? And have you not fed the swans with bread when they swam towards you? Well, the flowers have capital balls there, believe me.”

“I was in the garden out there yesterday with my mother,” said Ida, “but all the leaves were off the trees, and there was not a single flower left. Where are they? I used to see so many in the summer.”

“They are in the castle,” replied the student. “You must know that as soon as the king and all the court are gone into the town, the flowers run out of the garden into the castle, and you should see how merry they are.”



The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and are called the king and queen, then all the red cockscombs range themselves on each side, and bow, these are the lords-in-waiting. then the other pretty flowers come in, and there is a grand ball. The blue violets represent little naval cadets, and dance with hyacinths and crocuses which they call young ladies. The tulips and tiger-lilies are the old ladies who sit and watch the dancing, so that everything may be conducted with order and propriety.”

“But,” said little Ida, “is **there no one there to hurt the flowers for dancing in the king’s castle?**”

“**No one knows anything about it,**” said the student. “The **old steward of the castle, who has to watch there at night, sometimes comes in; but he carries a great bunch of keys, and as soon as the flowers hear the keys rattle, they run and hide themselves behind the long curtains, and stand quite still, just peeping their heads out. Then the old steward says, ‘I smell flowers here, You but he cannot see them.’**”

“**Oh how capital,**” said little Ida, clapping her hands. “**Should I be able to see these flowers?**”

“Yes,” said the student, “mind **you think of it the next time you go out, no doubt you will see them, if you peep through the window. I did so to-day, and I saw a long yellow lily lying stretched out on the sofa. She was a court lady.**”

“Can the **flowers from the Botanical Gardens go to these balls?**” asked Ida. “It is **such a distance!**”

“**Oh yes,**” said the student “**whenever they like, for they can fly. Have you not seen those beautiful red, white. And yellow butterflies, that look like flowers? They were flowers once. They have flown off their stalks into the air, and flap their leaves as if they were little wings to make them fly. Then, if they behave well, they obtain permission to fly about during the day, instead of being obliged to sit still on their stems at home, and so in time their leaves become real wings. It may be, however, that the flowers in the Botanical Gardens have never been to the king’s palace, and, therefore, they know nothing of the merry doings at night, which take place there.**”

I will tell **you what to do, and the botanical professor, who lives close by here, will be so surprised. You know him very well, do you not? Well, next time you go into his garden, you must tell one of the flowers that there is going to be a grand ball at the castle, then that flower will tell all the others, and they will fly away to the castle as soon as possible. And when the professor walks into his garden, there will not be a single flower left. How he will wonder what has become of them!**”

“**But how can one flower tell another? Flowers cannot speak?**”

“**No, certainly not,**” replied the student; “**but they can make signs. Have you not often seen that when the wind blows they nod at one another, and rustle all their green leaves?**”

“Can the professor understand the signs?” asked Ida.

“Yes, to be sure he can. He went one morning into his garden, and saw a stinging nettle making signs with its leaves to a beautiful red carnation. It was saying, ‘You are so pretty, I like you very much. You But the professor did not approve of such nonsense, so he clapped his hands on the nettle to stop it. Then the leaves, which are its fingers, stung him so sharply that he has never ventured to touch a nettle since.’”

“Oh how funny!” said Ida, and she laughed.

“How can anyone put such notions into a child’s head?” said a tiresome lawyer, who had come to pay a visit, and sat on the sofa. He did not like the student, and would grumble when he saw him cutting out droll or amusing pictures. Sometimes it would be a man hanging on a gibbet and holding a heart in his hand as if he had been stealing hearts. Sometimes it was an old witch riding through the air on a broom and carrying her husband on her nose. But the lawyer did not like such jokes, and he would say as he had just said, “How can anyone put such nonsense into a child’s head! What absurd fancies there are!”

But to little Ida, all these stories which the student told her about the flowers, seemed very droll, and she thought over them a great deal. The flowers did hang their heads, because they had been dancing all night, and were very tired, and most likely they were ill. Then she took them into the room where a number of toys lay on a pretty little table, and the whole of the table drawer besides was full of beautiful things. Her doll Sophy lay in the doll’s bed asleep, and little Ida said to her, “You must really get up Sophy, and be content to lie in the drawer to-night; the poor flowers are ill, and they must lie in your bed, then perhaps they will get well again.” So she took the doll out, who looked quite cross, and said not a single word, for she was angry at being turned out of her bed. Ida placed the flowers in the doll’s bed, and drew the quilt over them.

Then she told them to lie quite still and be good, while she made some tea for them, so that they might be quite well and able to get up the next morning. And she drew the curtains close round the little bed, so that the sun might not shine in their eyes. During the whole evening she could not help thinking of what the student had told her. And before she went to bed herself, she was obliged to peep behind the curtains into the garden where all her mother’s beautiful flowers grew, hyacinths and tulips, and many others.

Then **she** *whispered* to **them** **quite** softly, “I *know* **you** **ä**re going to a **bä**ll to-**ni**ght.” But the **flower**s *appeared* **a**s if **they** did not understand, and not a **leaf** *mo*ved; still **Ida** felt **quite** **su**re **she** *knew* **ä**ll **ab**out it.

She *lay awake* a long **ti**me **ä**fter **she** *wä*s in bed, **th**inking **h**ow pretty it must be to **see** **ä**ll the **be**autiful **flower**s *dan*cing in the king’s **gä**rden. “I **w**onder if my **flower**s *have* **re**ally **bee**n **th**ere,” **she** *said* to **h**erself, and **th**en **she** *fell* asleep. In the **ni**ght **she** *awoke*; **she** *had* **bee**n *dreaming* of the **flower**s and of the student, **a**s well **a**s of the **ti**resome **lä**wyer **wh**o *found* **fä**ult **with** him. It *wä*s **quite** still in **Ida**’s **bed**room; the **ni**ght-lamp **bü**rnt on the **ta**ble, and **h**er **fä**ther and **m**other *w*ere asleep. “I **w**onder if my **flower**s **ä**re still **ly**ing in **Sophy**’s bed,” **she** *th*ought to **h**erself; “how **mu**ch I **sh**ould like to **kn**ow.” **She** *rais*ed **h**erself a little, and *glanc*ed at the **d**oor of the **re**em *where* **ä**ll **h**er **flower**s and **play**things *lay*; it *wä*s **pä**rtly **o**pen, and **a**s **she** *listened*, it *seemed* **a**s if **so**me one in the **re**em *wä*s **play**ing the **pi**ano, but softly and **m**ore prettily **th**an **she** *had* ever **bef**ore **h**ear*d* it. “Now **ä**ll the **flower**s **ä**re **ç**ertainly **dan**cing in **th**ere,” **she** *th*ought, “oh **h**ow **mu**ch I **sh**ould like to **see** **th**em,” but **she** *did* not **da**re **mo**ve **f**ör **fe**ar of **dist**urbing **h**er **fä**ther and **m**other. “If **th**ey **w**ould **o**nly **c**ome in **he**re,” **she** *th*ought; but **th**ey *did* not **c**ome, and the **mu**sic *contin*ued to **play** **so** **be**autifully, and *wä*s **so** pretty, **th**at **she** *cou*ld **re**sist **no** longer.

She *crept* **o**ut of **h**er little bed, *went* softly to the **d**oor and *l*ooked into the **re**em. **O**h *wh*at a splendid **si**ght **th**ere *wä*s to be **su**re! **Th**ere *wä*s **no** **ni**ght lamp **bü**rning, but the **re**em *appeared* **quite** **li**ght, **f**ör the **m**oon **sh**one **th**rough the **wi**ndow upon the **fl**oor, and *made* it **ä**lmost **li**ke **da**y. **ä**ll the **hya**cinths and **tul**ips **st**ood in **tw**e long **ro**w>s **do**wn the **re**em, not a single **flower** *remained* in the **wi**ndow, and the **flower**-pots *w*ere **ä**ll empty. The **flower**s *w*ere **dan**cing **grac**efully on the **fl**oor, **making** **tü**rn>s and **hold**ing **ea**ch **ö**ther **by** **th**eir long **gr**een **le**aves **a**s **th**ey **sw**ung **ro**und. At the **pi**ano sat a **lä**rg>e **ye**llow lily *wh*ich little **Ida** *wä*s **su**re **she** *had* **seen** in the **su**mer, **f**ör **she** *remembered* the student **say**ing **she** *wä*s **ve**ry **mu**ch **li**ke Miss **Lina**, one of **Ida**’s **fr**ien*d*s.

They **ä**ll **lä**ughed at him **th**en, but **no**w it *seemed* to little **Ida** **a**s if the **tä**ll, **ye**llow **flower** *wä*s **re**ally **li**ke the young lady. **She** *had* just the **sa**me **ma**nner*s* **wh**ile **play**ing, **b**ending **h**er long **ye**llow **fa**çe from **si**de to **si**de, and **no**dding in **ti**me to the **be**autiful **mu**sic. **Th**en **she** *sä*w a **lä**rg>e **pü**rple **cro**cus **jump** into the **mi**ddle of the **ta**ble *where* the **play**things **st**ood, **go** up to the **d**oll’s **bed**stead and **drä**w **ba**ck the **cü**rtain*s*; **th**ere *lay* the **si**ck **flower**s, but **th**ey *got* up **di**rectly, and **no**dded to the

Others as a sign **that they wished** to dance with them. The **old rough** doll, with the broken **mouth**, stood up and bowed to the pretty **flowers**. **They** did not look ill at **all now**, but jumped about and were very merry, yet **none of them noticed** little Ida.

Presently it seemed as if something fell from the table. Ida looked that way, and saw a slight carnival rod jumping down among the **flowers** as if it belonged to them; it was, however, very smooth and neat, and a little wax doll with a broad brimmed hat on her head, like the one worn by the lawyer, sat upon it. The carnival rod hopped about among the **flowers** on its **three** red stilted feet, and stamped quite loud when it danced the Mazurka; the **flowers** could not perform this dance, they were too light to stamp in that manner.

All at once the wax doll which rode on the carnival rod seemed to grow larger and taller, and it turned round and said to the paper flowers, "How can you put such things in a child's head? They are all foolish fancies;" and then the doll was exactly like the lawyer with the broad brimmed hat, and looked as yellow and as cross as he did; but the paper dolls struck him on his thin legs, and he shrunk up again and became quite a little wax doll. This was very amusing, and Ida could not help laughing. The carnival rod went on dancing, and the lawyer was obliged to dance also. It was no use, he might make himself great and tall, or remain a little wax doll with a large black hat; still he must dance.

Then at last the other flowers interceded for him, especially those who had lain in the doll's bed, and the carnival rod gave up his dancing. At the same moment a loud knocking was heard in the drawer, where Ida's doll Sophy lay with many other toys. Then the rough doll ran to the end of the table, laid himself flat down upon it, and began to pull the drawer out a little way.

Then Sophy raised himself, and looked round quite astonished, "There must be a ball here to-night," said Sophy. "Why did not somebody tell me?"

"Will you dance with me?" said the rough doll.

"You are the right sort to dance with, certainly," said she, turning her back upon him.

Then she seated herself on the edge of the drawer, and thought that perhaps one of the flowers would ask her to dance; but none of them came. Then she coughed, "Hem, hem, a-hem;" but for all that not one came. The shabby doll now danced

quite alone, and not very badly, **ä**fter **ä**ll. **A**s **n**one of the **f**lower**s** **s**eemed to **n**otice **S**ophy, **s**he let **h**er**s**elf **d**own from the **d**rä**w**er to the **f**l**ö**or, **s**o **a**s to **m**ake a very **g**reat **n**oi**s**e. **Ä**ll the **f**lower**s** **c**ame **r**ound **h**er directly, and **ä**sk**e**d if **s**he had **h**urt **h**er**s**elf, **e**spe**c**ially **th**ose **w**ho had **l**ain in **h**er bed.

But **s**he **w**as not **h**urt at **ä**ll, and **I**da's **f**lower**s** **t**hank**e**d **h**er **f**ör the **u**se of the **n**ice bed, and **w**ere very **k**ind to **h**er. **T**hey led **h**er **i**nto the middle of the **r**oom, **w**here the **m**oon **s**hone, and **d**an**c**ed **w**ith **h**er, **w**hile **ä**ll the **ö**ther **f**lower**s** **f**ör**m**ed a **ç**ir**c**le **r**ound **t**hem. **T**hen **S**ophy **w**as very happy, and said **t**hey **m**ight **k**ee**p** **h**er bed; **s**he did not **m**ind **l**y**i**ng in the **d**rä**w**er at **ä**ll. But the **f**lower**s** **t**hank**e**d **h**er very **m**uch, and said,—

“**W**e cannot live long. To-morrow **m**ör**n**ing **w**e **s**hall **b**e **q**uite **d**ead; and **y**ou must tell little **I**da to bury us in the **g**ärden, **n**ear to the **g**rave of the **c**anary; **t**hen, in the summer **w**e **s**hall **w**ake up and **b**e **m**ö**r**e **b**eautiful **t**han ever.”

“**N**o, **y**ou must not **d**ie,” said **S**ophy, **a**s **s**he **k**iss**e**d the **f**lower**s**.

Then the **d**ör of the **r**oom **o**pened, and a number of **b**eautiful **f**lower**s** **d**an**c**ed in. **I**da **c**ould not **i**mag**i**ne **w**here **t**hey **c**ould **c**ome from, unless **t**hey **w**ere the **f**lower**s** from the king's **g**ärden. **F**irst **c**ame **t**wo **l**ovely **r**ose**s**, **w**ith little **g**olden **c**rown**s** on **t**heir **h**ead**s**; **t**he**s**e **w**ere the king and **q**ue**n**. **B**eautiful **s**toc**k**s and **c**ärnati**ö**n**s** followed, **b**ow**i**ng to every one **p**re**s**ent. **T**hey had **ä**lso **m**u**s**ic **w**ith **t**hem. **L**ä**r**ge **p**oppie**s** and **p**eonie**s** had **p**ea-shells **f**ör **i**nstru**m**ents, and **blew** **i**nto **t**hem till **t**hey **w**ere **q**uite **r**ed in the **f**ac**e**. The **b**un**c**he**s** of **bl**ue **h**ya**ç**in**t**h**s** and the little **w**hite **s**now**d**rops **j**ingled **t**heir **b**ell-like **f**lower**s**, **a**s if **t**hey **w**ere **r**eal **b**ell**s**. **T**hen **c**ame many **m**ö**r**e **f**lower**s**: **bl**ue **v**iolet**s**, **p**ü**r**ple **h**eä**r**t's-**e**as**e**, **d**ai**s**ie**s**, and **l**ilie**s** of the **v**alley, and **t**hey **ä**ll **d**an**c**ed **t**o**g**e**t**her, and **k**iss**e**d **e**a**c**h **ö**th**e**r. **I**t **w**as **v**ery **b**eautiful to **b**ehold.

At **l**äst the **f**lower**s** **w**ish**e**d **e**a**c**h **ö**th**e**r **g**ö**ö**d-**n**ight. **T**hen little **I**da **c**rept back **i**nto **h**er bed **a**gain, and **d**reamt of **ä**ll **s**he had **s**een. **W**hen **s**he **a**ro**s**e the next **m**ör**n**ing, **s**he **w**ent **q**u**i**ckly to the little **t**able, to **s**ee if the **f**lower**s** **w**ere still **t**here. **S**he **d**rew **a**s**i**de the **c**ür**t**ain**s** of the little bed. **T**here **t**hey **ä**ll **l**ay, but **q**uite **f**aded; **m**uch **m**ö**r**e **s**o **t**han the **d**ay **b**e**f**ör**e**. **S**ophy **w**as **l**y**i**ng in the **d**rä**w**er **w**here **I**da had **p**lac**e**d **h**er; but **s**he **l**ö**ö**k**e**d very **s**leepy.

“**D**e **y**ou remember **w**h**a**t the **f**lower**s** **t**old **y**ou to **s**ay to **m**e?” said little **I**da. But **S**ophy **l**ö**ö**k**e**d **q**uite **s**tupid, and said not a single **w**ör**d**.

“You **ä**re not kind at **ä**ll,” said **I**da; “and yet they **ä**ll dan**ç**ed with you.”

Then **s**he **t**ook a little paper box, on which w**ê**re painted beautiful birds, and laid the dead flowers in it.

“This shall be y**ô**ur pretty coffin,” she said; “and by and by, when my cou**ş**in**ş** come to vi**ş**it me, they shall help me to bury you out in the g**ä**rden; so that next summer you may grow up again m**ô**re beautiful than ever.”




H**ê**r cou**ş**in**ş** w**ê**re tw**o** good-tempered boys, wh**eş**e name**ş** w**ê**re James and Adolphus. Their f**ä**ther had given them **e**ach a bow and arrow, and they had br**ô**ught them to show **I**da. She told them about the p**ô**or flowers which w**ê**re dead; and a**ş** soon as they obtained p**ê**rmission, they went with h**ê**r to bury them. The tw**o** boys w**ä**lked first, with their crossbows on their shoulders, and little **I**da followed, carrying the pretty box containing the dead flowers. They dug a little grave in the g**ä**rden. **I**da kissed h**ê**r flowers and then laid them, with the box, in the **ê**arth. James and Adolphus then fired their crossbows over the grave, as they had neither guns n**ô**r cannons.



Little Tiny or Thumbelina

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

 HERE was on**ç**e a w**ô**man wh**o** wish**e**d very much to have a little **ç**ild, but she cou**ld** not obtain h**ê**r wish. At l**ä**st she went to a fairy, and said, “I sh**ô**uld so very much like to have a little **ç**ild; can you tell me where I can find one?”

“Oh, that can be easily managed,” said the fairy. “Here is a barleycorn of a different kind to those which grow in the farmer’s fields, and which the chickens eat; put it into a flower-pot, and see what will happen.”

“Thank you,” said the woman, and she gave the fairy twelve shillings, which was the price of the barleycorn. Then she went home and planted it, and immediately there grew up a large handsome flower, something like a tulip in appearance, but with its leaves tightly closed as if it were still a bud. “It is a beautiful flower,” said the woman, and she kissed the red and golden-colored leaves, and while she did so the flower opened, and she could see that it was a real tulip.



Within the flower, upon the green velvet stamens, sat a very delicate and graceful little maiden. She was scarcely half as long as a thumb, and they gave her the name of “Thumbelina,” or Tiny, because she was so small. A walnut-shell, elegantly polished, served her for a cradle; her bed was formed of blue violet-leaves, with a rose-leaf for a counterpane. Here she slept at night, but during the day she amused herself on a table, where the woman had placed a plateful of water. Round this plate were wreaths of flowers with their stems in the water, and upon it floated a large tulip-leaf, which served Tiny for a boat.

Here the little maiden sat and rowed herself from side to side, with two oars made of white horse-hair. It really was a very pretty sight. Tiny could, also, sing so softly and sweetly that nothing like her singing had ever before been heard. One night, while she lay in her pretty bed, a large, ugly, wet toad crept through a broken pane of glass in the window, and leaped right upon the table where Tiny lay sleeping under her rose-leaf quilt. “What a pretty little wife this would make for my son,” said the toad, and she took up the walnut-shell in which little Tiny lay asleep, and jumped through the window with it into the garden.

In the swampy margin of a broad stream in the garden lived the toad, with her son. He was uglier even than his mother, and when he saw the pretty little maiden in her elegant bed, he could only cry, “Croak, croak, croak.”

“Don’t speak so loud, or she will wake,” said the toad, “and then she might run away, for she is as light as swan’s down. We will place her on one of the water-lily leaves out in the stream; it will be like an island to her, she is so light and small, and then she cannot escape; and, while she is away, we will make haste and prepare the state-room under the marsh, in which you are to live when you are married.”

Far out in the stream grew a number of water-lilies, with broad green leaves, which seemed to float on the top of the water. The largest of these leaves appeared farther off than the rest, and the old toad swam out to it with the walnut-shell, in which little Tiny lay still asleep. The tiny little creature woke very early in the morning, and began to cry bitterly when she found where she was, for she could see nothing but water on every side of the large green leaf, and no way of reaching the land. Meanwhile the old toad was very busy under the marsh, decking her room with rushes and wild yellow flowers, to make it look pretty for her new daughter-in-law. Then she swam out with her ugly son to the leaf on which she had placed poor little Tiny. She wanted to fetch the pretty bed, that she might put it in the bridal chamber to be ready for her. The old toad bowed low to her in the water, and said, “Here is my son, he will be your husband, and you will live happily in the marsh by the stream.”

“Croak, croak, croak,” was all her son could say for himself; so the toad took up the elegant little bed, and swam away with it, leaving Tiny all alone on the green leaf, where she sat and wept. She could not bear to think of living with the old toad, and having her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes, who swam about in the water beneath, had seen the toad, and heard what she said, so they lifted their heads above the water to look at the little maiden. As soon as they caught sight of her, they saw she was very pretty, and it made them very sorry to think that she must go and live with the ugly toads.

“No, it must never be!” so they assembled together in the wáter, round the green stá/k which held the leaf on which the little maiden stóod, and gnáwed it away at the root with their teeth. Then the leaf floated down the stream, carrying Tiny fär away out of reach of land.

Tiny sailed pást many townş, and the little bîrdş in the bushesh sáw hêr, and sang, “Whát a lovely little creature;” so the leaf swam away with hêr fârtner and fârtner, till it bróught hêr to óther landş.



A gracéfú/ little whíte butterfly constantly flut-tered round hêr, and at lást ali/hted on the leaf. Tiny pleaşed him, and she wáş glad of it, fór nów the toad cou/d not possibly reach hêr, and the country throu/gh which she sailed wáş beautiful, and the sun shone upon the wáter, till it glittered like liquid gold. She tóok off hêr gîrdle and tíed one end of it round the butterfly, and the óther end of the ribbón she fâstened to the leaf, which nów glided on much fâster than ever, taking little Tiny with it aş she stóod. Preşently a lágge cockchafer flew by; the moment he cáught sight of hêr, he seized hêr round hêr delicate waíst with hiş cláwş, and flew with hêr into a tree. The green leaf floated away on the bróok, and the butterfly flew with it, fór he wáş fâstened to it, and cou/d not get away.

Oh, hów frightened little Tiny felt when the cockchafer flew with hêr to the tree! But espeçially wáş she sorry fór the beautiful whíte butterfly which she had fâstened to the leaf, fór if he cou/d not free himself he wou/d die of hunger. But the cockchafer did not trouble himself at áll about the matter. He seated himself by hêr side on a lágge green leaf, gave hêr some hóney from the flowerş to eat, and told hêr she wáş very pretty, thou/gh not in the least like a cockchafer. All the

cock**chafer**s tûrned up **their feeler**s, and said, “**She has only two legs!** How ugly **that loòks.**” “**She has no feeler**s,” said an**other**. “**Hêr waist is quite slim. Peeh!** **she is like a human being.**”

“**Oh! She is ugly,**” said **âll the lady cockchafer**s, **âltho**ugh **Tiny wâs** very pretty. **Then the cockchafer** **who** had run away with **hêr**, believed **âll the other**s when **they** said **she wâs** ugly, and **wou**ld have **nóth**ing **mô**re to **say** to **hêr**, and **told hêr she** might go **where she** liked. **Then he** flew **dôwn** with **hêr** from the **tree**, and **plac**ed **hêr** on a **daisy**, and **she** wept at the **thô**ught **th**at **she wâs** so ugly **th**at **even the cockchafer**s **wou**ld have **nóth**ing to **say** to **hêr**. And **âll the while she wâs** really the **loveliest creature** **th**at one **cou**ld **imag**ine, and **as** tender and delicate **as** a **beautif**ul **rose-leaf**. **During the whole** summer **pô**or little **Tiny lived quite** **alone** in the **wide** forest. **She** **wove** **hêr**self a bed with **blade**s of **grâss**, and hung it up under a **brô**ad **leaf**, to protect **hêr**self from the **rain**. **She** **sucked the honey** from the **flower**s **fô**r **feed**, and drank the dew from **their** **leave**s every **mô**rn~~ing~~.

So **pâsse**d away the summer and the **â**utumn, and **th**en **came** the winter,— the long, **cold** winter. **âll the birds** **who** had sung to **hêr** so **sweetly** **wê**re **flown** away, and the **tree**s and the **flower**s had **with**ered. The **lâ**rge clover **leaf** under the **shelter** of **which she** had lived, **wâs** **now** **rolled** together and **shrivelled** up, **nóth**ing remained but a **yellow** **with**ered **stâ**k. **She** felt **dreadfully** **cold**, **fô**r **hêr** **cloth**es **wê**re **tô**rn, and **she wâs** **hêr**self so **frail** and delicate, **th**at **pô**or little **Tiny wâs** **nearly** **frozen** to **deat**h.

It began to **snow** **tee**; and the **snow-flakes**, **as** **they** fell upon **hêr**, **wê**re **like** a **whole** **shô**velful **fâ**lling upon one of us, **fô**r **we** **â**re **tâ**ll, but **she wâs** only an **inch** **high**. **Then she** **wrapp**ed **hêr**self up in a **dry** **leaf**, but it **crack**ed in the middle and **cou**ld not **keep** **hêr** **wâ**rm, and **she** **shiver**ed with **cold**. **Near the wô**od in **which she** had **been** living **lay** a **cô**rn-field, but the **cô**rn had **been** cut a long **time**; **nóth**ing remained but the **bare** **dry** stubble standing up **o**ut of the **frozen** **ground**. It **wâs** to **hêr** **like** struggling **throu**gh a **lâ**rge **wô**od. **Oh!** **How she** **shiver**ed with the **cold**. **She** **came** at **lâ**st to the **dô**or of a **field-mouse**, **who** had a little den under the **cô**rn-stubble. **There** dwelt the **field-mouse** in **wâ**rmth and **com**fort, with a **whole** **reem**ful of **cô**rn, a **kitchen**, and a **beautif**ul **dining** **reem**. **Pô**or little **Tiny stô**od **befô**re the **dô**or just **like** a little **beggar-girl**, and **begged** **fô**r a **smâ**ll **pieç**e of **bâ**rley-**cô**rn, **fô**r **she** had **been** **with**out a **mô**r~~sel~~ to **eat** **fô**r **two** **days**.

“**You** **pô**or little **crea**ture,” said the **field-mouse**, **who wâs** really a **gô**od **old** **field-mouse**, “**cô**me **into** **my** **wâ**rm **reem** and **dine** with **me.**” **She wâs** very **pleas**ed

with Tiny, so she said, “You are quite welcome to stay with me all the winter, if you like; but you must keep my rooms clean and neat, and tell me stories, for I shall like to hear them very much.” And Tiny did all the field-mouse asked her, and found herself very comfortable.

“We shall have a visitor soon,” said the field-mouse one day; “my neighbor pays me a visit once a week. He is better off than I am; he has large rooms, and wears a beautiful black velvet coat. If you could only have him for a husband, you would be well provided for indeed. But he is blind, so you must tell him some of your prettiest stories.”

But Tiny did not feel at all interested about this neighbor, for he was a mole. However, he came and paid his visit dressed in his black velvet coat.

“He is very rich and learned, and his house is twenty times larger than mine,” said the field-mouse.

He was rich and learned, no doubt, but he always spoke slightly of the sun and the pretty flowers, because he had never seen them. Tiny was obliged to sing to him, “Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,” and many other pretty songs. And the mole fell in love with her because she had such a sweet voice; but he said nothing yet, for he was very cautious. A short time before, the mole had dug a long passage under the earth, which led from the dwelling of the field-mouse to his own, and here she had permission to walk with Tiny whenever she liked. But he warned them not to be alarmed at the sight of a dead bird which lay in the passage. It was a perfect bird, with a beak and feathers, and could not have been dead long, and was lying just where the mole had made his passage.

The mole took a piece of phosphorescent wood in his mouth, and it glittered like fire in the dark; then he went before them to light them through the long, dark passage. When they came to the spot where lay the dead bird, the mole pushed his broad nose through the ceiling, the earth gave way, so that there was a large hole, and the daylight shone into the passage. In the middle of the floor lay a dead swallow, his beautiful wings pulled close to his sides, his feet and his head drawn up under his feathers; the poor bird had evidently died of the cold.

It made little Tiny very sad to see it, she did so love the little birds; all the summer they had sung and twittered for her so beautifully. But the mole pushed it aside with his crooked legs, and said, “He will sing no more now. How miserable it must be to be born a little bird! I am thankful that none of my children will ever be

birds, fôr they can do nothing but cry, ‘Tweet, tweet, and you always die of hunger in the winter.’”

“Yes, you may well say that, as a clever man!” exclaimed the field-mouse, “What is the use of his twittering, fôr when winter comes he must either starve or be frozen to death. Still birds are very high bred.”

Tiny said nothing; but when the two others had turned their backs on the bird, she stooped down and stroked aside the soft feathers which covered the head, and kissed the closed eyelids. “Perhaps this was the one who sang to me so sweetly in the summer,” she said; “and how much pleasure it gave me, you dear, pretty bird.”

The mole now stopped up the hole through which the daylight shone, and then accompanied the lady home. But during the night Tiny could not sleep; so she got out of bed and wove a large, beautiful carpet of hay; then she carried it to the dead bird, and spread it over him; with some down from the flowers which she had found in the field-mouse’s room. It was as soft as wool, and she spread some of it on each side of the bird, so that he might lie warmly in the cold earth. “Farewell, you pretty little bird,” said she, “farewell; thank you fôr your delightful singing during the summer, when all the trees were green, and the warm sun shone upon us.”

Then she laid her head on the bird’s breast, but she was alarmed immediately, fôr it seemed as if something inside the bird went “thump, thump.” It was the bird’s heart; he was not really dead, only benumbed with the cold, and the warmth had restored him to life. In autumn, all the swallows fly away into warm countries, but if one happens to linger, the cold seizes it, it becomes frozen, and falls down as if dead; it remains where it fell, and the cold snow covers it. Tiny trembled very much; she was quite frightened, fôr the bird was large, a great deal larger than herself,—she was only an inch high.

But she took courage, laid the wool more thickly over the poor swallow, and then took a leaf which she had used fôr her own counterpane, and laid it over the head of the poor bird. The next morning she again stole out to see him. He was alive but very weak; he could only open his eyes fôr a moment to look at Tiny, who stood by holding a piece of decayed wood in her hand, fôr she had no other lantern. “Thank you, pretty little maiden,” said the sick swallow; “I have been so nicely warmed, that I shall soon regain my strength, and be able to fly about again in the warm sunshine.”

“Oh,” said she, “it is cold out of doors now; it snows and freezes. Stay in your warm bed; I will take care of you.”

Then she brought the swallow some water in a flower-leaf, and after he had drank, he told her that he had wounded one of his wings in a thorn-bush, and could not fly as fast as the others, who were seen far away on their journey to warm countries. Then at last he had fallen to the earth, and could remember no more, nor how he came to be where she had found him. The whole winter the swallow remained underground, and Tiny nursed him with care and love. Neither the mole nor the field-mouse knew anything about it, for they did not like swallows.

Very soon the spring time came, and the sun warmed the earth. Then the swallow bade farewell to Tiny, and she opened the hole in the ceiling which the mole had made. The sun shone in upon them so beautifully, that the swallow asked her if she would go with him; she could sit on his back, he said, and he would fly away with her into the green woods. But Tiny knew it would make the field-mouse very grieved if she left her in that manner, so she said, “No, I cannot.”

“Farewell, then, farewell, you good, pretty little maiden,” said the swallow; and he flew out into the sunshine.

Tiny looked after him, and the tears rose in her eyes. She was very fond of the poor swallow.

“Tweet, tweet,” sang the bird, as he flew out into the green woods, and Tiny felt very sad. She was not allowed to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which had been sown in the field over the house of the field-mouse had grown up high into the air, and formed a thick wood to Tiny, who was only an inch in height.

“You are going to be married, Tiny,” said the field-mouse. “My neighbor has asked for you. What good fortune for a poor child like you. Now we will prepare your wedding clothes. They must be both woollen and linen. Nothing must be wanting when you are the mole’s wife.”

Tiny had to turn the spindle, and the field-mouse hired four spiders, who were to weave day and night. Every evening the mole visited her, and was continually speaking of the time when the summer would be over. Then he would keep his wedding-day with Tiny; but now the heat of the sun was so great that it burned the earth, and made it quite hard, like a stone. As soon, as the summer was over, the wedding should take place.

But Tiny **w**as not at **a**ll **p**leased; **f**or **s**he did not **l**ike the tiresome mole. Every **m**orning **w**hen the sun **r**ose, and every **e**vening **w**hen it went **d**own, **s**he **w**ould **c**reep **o**ut at the **d**oor, and **a**s the wind blew **a**side the **e**ars of **c**orn, **s**o **t**hat **s**he **c**ould **s**ee the **b**lue sky, **s**he **t**hought **h**ow **b**eautiful and **b**right it **s**eemed **o**ut **t**here, and **w**ished **s**o **m**uch to **s**ee **h**er **d**ear **s**wallow again. But **h**e never **r**eturned; **f**or **b**y **t**his **t**ime **h**e had **f**lown **f**ar **a**way **i**nto the **l**ovely **g**reen forest.

When **a**utumn **a**rrived, Tiny had **h**er **o**utfit **q**uite **r**eady; and the **f**ield-**m**ouse said to **h**er, “In **f**our **w**eeks the **w**edding must **t**ake **p**lace.”

Then Tiny **w**ept, and said **s**he **w**ould not **m**arry the **d**isagreeable mole.

“Nonsense,” **r**eplied the **f**ield-**m**ouse. “Now **d**on’t **b**e **o**bstinate, **o**r I **s**hall **b**ite **y**ou **w**ith **m**y **w**hite **t**eeth. **H**e **i**s a very **h**andsome mole; the **q**ueen **h**erself **d**oes not **w**ear **m**ore **b**eautiful velvets and **f**ur**s**. **H**is **k**itchen and **ç**ellar**s** **a**re **q**uite **f**ull. **Y**ou **o**ught to **b**e very **t**hankful **f**or **s**uch **g**ood **f**ortune.”

So the **w**edding-**d**ay **w**as **f**ixed, on **w**hich the **m**ole **w**as to **f**etch Tiny **a**way to **l**ive **w**ith **h**im, **d**eep **u**nder the **e**arth, and **n**ever **a**gain to **s**ee the **w**arm sun, **b**ecause **h**e did not **l**ike it. The **p**oor **c**hild **w**as very **u**nhappy at the **t**hought of **s**aying **f**arewell to the **b**eautiful sun, and **a**s the **f**ield-**m**ouse had **g**iven **h**er **p**ermission to **s**tand at the **d**oor, **s**he **w**ent to **l**ook at it **o**n**c**e **m**ore.

“**F**arewell **b**right sun,” **s**he **c**ried, **s**tretching **o**ut **h**er **a**rm **t**oward**s** it; and **t**hen **s**he **w**alked a **s**hort **d**istance from the **h**ouse; **f**or the **c**orn had **b**een **c**ut, and **o**nly the **d**ry **s**tubble **r**emained in the **f**ield**s**. “Farewell, **f**arewell,” **s**he **r**epeated, **t**wining **h**er **a**rm **r**ound a little **r**ed **f**lower **t**hat **g**rew **j**ust **b**y **h**er **s**ide. “**G**reet the little **s**wallow from **m**e, if **y**ou **s**hould **s**ee **h**im **a**gain.”

“**T**weet, **t**weet,” **s**ounded **o**ver **h**er **h**ead **s**uddenly. **S**he **l**ooked **u**p, and **t**here **w**as the **s**wallow **h**imself **f**lying **c**lose **b**y. **A**s **s**een **a**s **h**e **s**pied Tiny, **h**e **w**as **d**elighted; and **t**hen **s**he **t**old **h**im **h**ow **u**nwilling **s**he **f**elt to **m**arry the **u**gly mole, and to **l**ive **a**lways **b**eneath the **e**arth, and **n**ever to **s**ee the **b**right sun **a**ny **m**ore. **A**nd **a**s **s**he **t**old **h**im **s**he **w**ept.

“**C**old **w**inter **i**s **c**oming,” **s**aid the **s**wallow, “and I **a**m **g**oing to **f**ly **a**way **i**nto **w**armer **c**ountries. **W**ill **y**ou **g**o **w**ith **m**e? **Y**ou **c**an **s**it on **m**y **b**ack, and **f**asten **y**ourself on **w**ith **y**our **s**ash. **T**hen **w**e **c**an **f**ly **a**way from the **u**gly mole and **h**is **g**loomy **r**oom**s**,—far **a**way, **o**ver the **m**ountain**s**, **i**nto **w**armer **c**ountries, **w**here the **s**un **s**hine**s** **m**ore **b**rightly—**t**han **h**ere; **w**here it **i**s **a**lways **s**ummer, and the **f**lowers

bl**o**om in gre**a**ter be**a**uty. Fly n**o**w with m**e**, de**a**r little T**i**ny; y**o**u sav**e**d my l**i**fe when I lay fr**o**zen in th**a**t d**ä**r**k** passag**e**.”

“Yes, I will go with y**o**u,” said T**i**ny; and sh**e** se**a**ted h**e**rself on the b**i**rd’s b**a**ck, with h**e**r fe**e**t on hi**s** outstret**ch**ed wings, and tied h**e**r g**i**rdle to one of hi**s** strongest fe**a**ther**s**.

Then the sw**a**llow ro**s**e in the a**i**r, and flew o**v**er forest and o**v**er se**a**, hi**g**h ab**o**ve the hi**g**hest m**o**untain**s**, cov**e**red with et**e**rnal sn**o**w. T**i**ny w**o**uld have be**e**n fr**o**zen in the c**o**ld a**i**r, but sh**e** crept under the bird’s w**ä**rm fe**a**ther**s**, keeping h**e**r little head unc**o**vered, so th**a**t sh**e** mi**g**ht adm**i**re the be**u**tif**u**l land**s** o**v**er wh**i**ch th**e**y p**ä**sse**d**. At leng**th** th**e**y re**a**ch**e**d the w**ä**rm countr**i**es, wh**e**re the sun sh**i**ne**s** br**i**ghtly, and the sky se**e**m**s** so much hi**g**her ab**o**ve the e**ä**r**th**

Here, on the hedg**e**s, and by the w**a**yside, grew p**ü**rp**l**e, gr**e**en, and wh**i**te gr**a**p**e**s; lemons and orang**e**s hung from tree**s** in the w**ö**od**s**; and the a**i**r w**a**s fragrant with myrt**l**e**s** and orang**e** bloss**ö**m**s**. Be**u**tif**u**l ch**i**ldr**e**n ran along the countr**y** lan**e**s, playing with l**ä**rg**e** gay butterfl**i**e**s**; and a**s** the sw**a**llow flew f**ä**r**th**er and f**ä**r**th**er, every plac**e** app**e**ared still m**ö**re l**ö**v**e**ly.

At l**ä**st th**e**y cam**e** to a bl**u**e lak**e**, and by the sid**e** of it, sh**a**d**e**d by tree**s** of the de**e**pest gr**e**en, st**ö**ö**d** a palac**e** of daz**z**ling wh**i**te marbl**e**, built in the o**l**den tim**e**s. Vin**e**s cluster**e**d r**o**und its lofty pill**a**r**s**, and at the top w**ä**re many sw**a**llow**s**’ nests, and one of th**e**s**e** w**a**s the h**o**me of the sw**a**llow wh**e** carried T**i**ny.

“Th**i**s is my h**o**use,” said the sw**a**llow; “but it w**o**uld not d**e** f**ö**r y**o**u to live there—you w**o**uld not be c**ö**mfortable. Y**o**u must ch**e**es**e** f**ö**r y**ö**urself one of th**ö**s**e** l**ö**v**e**ly fl**ö**wer**s**, and I will p**ü**t y**o**u d**ö**wn upon it, and th**e**n y**o**u sh**a**ll have every**th**ing th**a**t y**o**u can wish to make y**o**u happy.”

“Th**a**t will be del**i**ghtf**u**l,” sh**e** said, and clapp**e**d h**e**r little hand**s** f**ö**r joy.

A l**ä**rg**e** marbl**e** pillar lay on the gr**ö**und, wh**i**ch, in f**ä**lling, had be**e**n brok**e**n into th**r**ee pi**e**ç**e**s. Between th**e**s**e** pi**e**ç**e**s grew the most be**u**tif**u**l l**ä**rg**e** wh**i**te fl**ö**wer**s**; so the sw**a**llow flew d**ö**wn with T**i**ny, and plac**e**d h**e**r on one of the br**ö**ad le**a**ves. But h**ö**w surpr**i**s**e**d sh**e** w**a**s to see in the middle of the fl**ö**wer, a t**i**ny little man, a**s** wh**i**te and transp**a**rent a**s** if he had be**e**n mad**e** of crystal! He had a g**ö**ld c**r**ow**n** on hi**s** head, and delicat**e** wings at hi**s** sh**ö**uld**e**r**s**, and w**a**s not much l**ä**rg**e**r

than Tiny herself. He was the angel of the flower; for a tiny man and a tiny woman dwell in every flower; and this was the king of them all.

“Oh, how beautiful he is!” whispered Tiny to the swallow.

The little prince was at first quite frightened at the bird, who was like a giant,

compared to such a delicate little creature as himself; but when he saw Tiny, he was delighted, and thought her the prettiest little maiden he had ever seen.

He took the gold crown from his head, and placed it on hers, and asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and queen over all the flowers.

This certainly was a very different sort of husband to the son of a toad, or the mole, with my black velvet and fur; so she said, “Yes,” to the handsome prince. Then all the flowers opened, and out of each came a little lady or a tiny lord, all so pretty it was quite a pleasure to look at them. Each of them brought Tiny a present; but the best gift was a pair of beautiful wings, which had belonged to a large white fly and they fastened them to Tiny's shoulders, so that she might fly from flower to flower.

Then there was much rejoicing, and the little swallow who sat above them, in his nest, was asked to sing a wedding song, which he did as well as he could; but in his heart he felt sad for he was very fond of Tiny, and would have liked never to part from her again.

“You must not be called Tiny any more,” said the spirit of the flowers to her. “It is an ugly name, and you are so very pretty. We will call you Maia.”

“Farewell, farewell,” said the swallow, with a heavy heart as he left the warm countries to fly back into Denmark. There he had a nest over the window of a house in which dwelt the writer of fairy tales. The swallow sang, “Tweet, tweet,” and from his song came the whole story.





The Travelling Companion

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

POOOR John was very sad; for his fäther was so ill, he had no hope of his recovery. John sat alone with the sick man in the little room, and the lamp had nearly burnt out; for it was late in the night'.



“You have been a good son, John,” said the sick fäther, “and God will help you on in the world.” He looked at him, as he spoke, with mild, earnest eyes, drew a deep sigh, and died; yet it appeared as if he still slept.

John wept bitterly. He had no one in the wide world now; neither fäther, mother, brother, nor sister. Poor John! He knelt down by the bed, kissed his dead fäther's hand, and wept many, many bitter tears. But at läst his eyes closed, and he fell asleep with his head resting against the härd bedpost.

Then he dreamed a strange dream; he thought he säw the sun shining upon him, and his fäther alive and well, and even heard him läughing as he used to de when he was very happy. A beautiful girl, with a golden crown on her head, and long, shining hair, gave him her hand; and his fäther said, “See what a bride you have won. She is the loveliest maiden on the whole earth.” Then he awoke, and äll the beautiful things vanished before his eyes, his fäther lay dead on the bed, and he was äll alone. Poor John!

During the following week the dead man was buried. The son wälked behind the coffin which contained his fäther, whom he so dearly loved, and would never again behold. He heard the earth fäll on the coffin-lid, and watched it till only a corner remained in sight, and at läst that älso disappeared. He felt as if his heart would break with its weight of sorrow, till those who stood round the grave sang a

psälm, and the sweet, holy toneş bröught tearş into hiş eyeş, *which* relieved him. The sun shone brightly down on the green treeş, aş if it wöuld say, “You must not be so sorrowföul, John. De you see the beautiful blue sky above you? Yöur fäther iş up there, and he prayş to the löving Fäther of äll, that you may de well in the future.”

“I will älwaiş be gööd,” said John, “and then I shall go to be with my fäther in heaven. What joy it will be when we see each öther again! How much I shall have to relate to him, and how many thingş he will be able to explain to me of the deliights of heaven, and teach me aş he onçe did on eärth. Oh, what joy it will be!”

He pictuired it äll so plainly to himself, that he smiled even while the tearş ran down hiş cheeks.

The little bîrdş in the chestnut-treeş twittered, “Tweet, tweet;” they wêre so happy, ältough they had seen the funeral; but they seemed aş if they knew that the dead man waş now in heaven, and that he had wingş much lärger and möre beautiful than their own; and he waş happy now, because he had been gööd here on eärth, and they wêre glad of it. John säw them fly away öut of the green treeş into the wide wörlde, and he longed to fly with them; but first he cut öut a lärger wöoden cross, to plaçe on hiş fäther’s grave; and when he bröught it there in the evening, he feund the grave decked öut with gravel and flowerş. Strangerş had döne this; they whe had known the gööd old fäther whe waş now dead, and whe had löved him very much.

Early the next mörning, John package up hiş little bundle of clotheş, and plaçed äll hiş möney, *which* consisted of fifty dollarş and a few shillingş, in hiş gîrdle; with this he detêrmined to try hiş förtune in the wörlde. But first he went into the chûrchyärd; and, by hiş fäther’s grave, he offered up a prayer, and said, “Farewell.”

Aş he pässed through the fieldş, äll the flowerş löoked fresh and beautiful in the wärm sunshine, and nodded in the wind, aş if they wished to say, “Welcöme to the green wöod, where äll iş fresh and bright.”

Then John tûrned to have one möre löök at the old chûrch, in *which* he had been christened in hiş infançy, and where hiş fäther had taken him every Sunday to hear the sêrvice and join in singing the psälmş. Aş he löoked at the old tower, he espied the ringer standing at one of the narrow openingş, with hiş little pointed red cap on hiş head, and shading hiş eyeş from the sun with hiş bent ärm. John nodded farewell to him, and the little ringer waved hiş red cap, laid hiş hand on hiş heärt,

and kissed his hand to him a great many times, to show that he felt kindly towards him, and wished him a prosperous journey.

John continued his journey, and thought of all the wonderful things he should see in the large, beautiful world, till he found himself farther away from home than ever he had been before. He did not even know the names of the places he passed through, and could scarcely understand the language of the people he met, for he was far away, in a strange land.

The first night he slept on a haystack, out in the fields, for there was no other bed for him; but it seemed to him so nice and comfortable that even a king need not wish for a better. The field, the brook, the haystack, with the blue sky above, formed a beautiful sleeping-room. The green grass, with the little red and white flowers, was the carpet; the elder-bushes and the hedges of wild roses looked like garlands on the walls; and for a bath he could have the clear, fresh water of the brook; while the rushes bowed their heads to him, to wish him good morning and good evening. The moon, like a large lamp, hung high up in the blue ceiling, and he had no fear of its setting fire to his curtains. John slept here quite safely all night; and when he awoke, the sun was up, and all the little birds were singing round him, "Good morning, good morning. Are you not up yet?"

It was Sunday, and the bells were ringing for church. As the people went in, John followed them; he heard God's word, joined in singing the psalms, and listened to the preacher. It seemed to him just as if he were in his own church, where he had been christened, and had sung the psalms with his father. Out in the churchyard were several graves, and on some of them the grass had grown very high. John thought of his father's grave, which he knew at last would look like these, as he was not there to weed and attend to it. Then he set to work, pulled up the high grass, raised the wooden crosses which had fallen down, and replaced the wreaths which had been blown away from their places by the wind, thinking all the time, "Perhaps some one is doing the same for my father's grave, as I am not there to do it."

Outside the church door stood an old beggar, leaning on his crutch. John gave him his silver shillings, and then he continued his journey, feeling lighter and happier than ever. Towards evening, the weather became very stormy, and he hastened on as quickly as he could, to get shelter; but it was quite dark by the time he reached a little lonely church which stood on a hill. "I will go in here," he said, "and sit down in a corner; for I am quite tired, and want rest."

So he went in, and seated himself; then he folded his hands, and offered up his evening prayer, and was seen fast asleep and dreaming, while the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed without. When he awoke, it was still night; but the storm had ceased, and the moon shone in upon him through the windows. Then he saw an open coffin standing in the centre of the church, which contained a dead man, waiting for burial. John was not at all timid; he had a good conscience, and he knew also that the dead can never injure any one. It is living wicked men who do harm to others. Two such wicked persons stood now by the dead man, who had been brought to the church to be buried. Their evil intentions were to throw the poor dead body outside the church door, and not leave him to rest in his coffin.

“Why do you do this?” asked John, when he saw what they were going to do; “it is very wicked. Leave him to rest in peace, in Christ’s name.”

“Nonsense,” replied the two dreadful men. “He has cheated us; he owed us money which he could not pay, and now he is dead we shall not get a penny; so we mean to have our revenge, and let him lie like a dog outside the church door.”

“I have only fifty dollars,” said John, “it is all I possess in the world, but I will give it to you if you will promise me faithfully to leave the dead man in peace. I shall be able to get on without the money; I have strong and healthy limbs, and God will always help me.”

“Why, of course,” said the horrid men, “if you will pay his debt we will both promise not to touch him. You may depend upon that;” and then they took the money he offered them, laughed at him for his good nature, and went their way.

Then he laid the dead body back in the coffin, folded the hands, and took leave of it; and went away contentedly through the great forest. All around him he could see the prettiest little elves dancing in the moonlight, which shone through the trees. They were not disturbed by his appearance, for they knew he was good and harmless among men. They are wicked people only who can never obtain a glimpse of fairies. Some of them were not taller than the breadth of a finger, and they wore golden combs in their long, yellow hair. They were rocking themselves together on the large dew-drops with which the leaves and the high grass were sprinkled.

Sometimes the dew-drops would roll away, and then they fell down between the stems of the long grass, and caused a great deal of laughing and noise among the other little people. It was quite charming to watch them at play. Then they sang

songs, and John remembered **that** he had **l**earnt **tho**se pretty songs **wh**en he **wa**s a little boy. **L**arge speckled spiders, with silver **cr**owns on **the**ir heads, **w**ere employed to spin suspension bridges and palaces from one hedge to another, and when the tiny drops fell upon **them**, **they** glittered in the **mo**onlight like **sh**ining gläss. **This** **co**ntinued till sunrise. **Then** the little elves crept into the **fl**ower-buds, and the wind **se**ized the bridges and palaces, and fluttered **them** in the **air** like cobwebs.

As John left the **w**ood, a strong man's voice called **ä**fter him, "Hallo, comrade, where **ä**re **yo**u travelling?"

"Into the **w**ide **w**orld," he replied; "I am **o**nly a **p**oor lad, I have **ne**ither **f**äther **n**or **m**other, but God will help **m**e."

"I am going into the **w**ide **w**orld **ä**lso," replied the stranger; "**sh**all we keep **ea**ch **ö**ther company?"

"With **ä**ll my **he**ärt," he said, and **so** **they** went on together. **So**on **they** began to like **ea**ch **ö**ther very much, **f**ör **they** **w**ere **bo**th **g**ood; but John **fo**und **o**ut **th**at the stranger **wa**s **mu**ch **m**ore clever **th**an himself. He had travelled **ä**ll **o**ver the **w**orld, and **co**uld describe **ä**lmost every**th**ing. The sun **wa**s **hi**gh in the **he**avens **wh**en **they** **se**ated **the**mselfes under a **l**arge tree to **ea**t **the**ir breakfast, and at the **sa**me **mo**ment an **o**ld **w**oman **ca**me **to**wärds **the**m. **S**he **wa**s very **o**ld and **ä**lmost bent double.

She **le**aned upon a stick and carried on **h**er back a bundle of **fi**rewood, **wh**ich **she** had collected in the forest; **h**er **ap**ron **wa**s **ti**ed **ro**und it, and John **sä**w **th**ree great stems of **f**ern and **so**me willow twigs **pe**eeping **o**ut. Just **a**s **she** came **clo**se up to **the**m, **h**er **fo**ot slipped and **she** fell to the ground **sc**reaming **lo**udly; **p**oor **o**ld **w**oman, **she** had broken **h**er leg! John **prop**osed directly **th**at **they** **sh**ould carry the **o**ld **w**oman **ho**me to **h**er cottage; but the stranger **o**pened his **kn**apsack and **to**ok **o**ut a box, in **wh**ich he said he had a salve **th**at **w**ould **qu**ickly **ma**ke **h**er leg well and strong again, **so** **th**at **she** **w**ould be **ab**le to **w**alk **ho**me **h**erself, **a**s if **h**er leg had never **be**en broken. And **ä**ll **th**at he **w**ould **ä**sk in **re**türn **wa**s the **th**ree **f**ern stems **wh**ich **she** carried in **h**er **ap**ron.

"**Th**at is **r**äther **tee** **hi**gh a **pr**ice," said the **o**ld **w**oman, nodding **h**er head **qu**ite **str**angely. **S**he did not **se**em at **ä**ll inclined to **p**ärt with the **f**ern stems. **H**owever, it **wa**s not very **ag**reeable to **li**e **the**re with a broken leg, **so** **she** **ga**ve **the**m to him; and **su**ch **wa**s the **po**wer of the ointment, **th**at **no** **so**oner had he rubbed **h**er leg

with it **than** the **old mother** **rose** up and **walked** even better **than she** had **done** before. But **then** **this** wonderful ointment **could** not be **bought** at a chemist's.

"**What** can you **want** with **those** **three** **fern** rods?" **asked** John of his fellow-traveller.

"**Oh**, **they** will **make** capital **brooms**," said he; "and I **like** **them** because I have **strange** **whims** **sometimes**." **Then** **they** **walked** on together **for** a long distance.

"**How** **dark** the sky **is** becoming," said John; "and **look** at **those** **thick**, heavy **clouds**."

"**Those** **are** not **clouds**," replied his fellow-traveller; "they **are** **mountains**, **large** lofty **mountains** on the tops of **which** we **should** be **above** the **clouds**, in the **pure**, **free** **air**. Believe me, it **is** **delightful** to **ascend** so **high**, **tomorrow** we **shall** be **there**." But the **mountains** **were** not so **near** as **they** appeared; **they** had to travel a **whole** **day** before **they** **reached** them, and **pass** **through** black forests and **piles** of rock as **large** as a **town**. The **journey** had **been** so **fatiguing** **that** John and his fellow-traveller **stopped** to rest at a **roadside** inn, **so** **that** **they** **might** **gain** **strength** **for** **their** **journey** on the **morrow**. In the **large** public **room** of the inn a **great** many **persons** **were** assembled to **see** a comedy **performed** by dolls.

The **showman** had just erected his little **theatre**, and the **people** **were** sitting **round** the **room** to witness the **performance**. **Right** in **front**, in the very best **place**, sat a **stout** **butcher**, with a **great** **bull-dog** by his **side** **who** **seemed** very **much** inclined to **bite**. He sat **staring** with **all** his **eyes**, and **so** **indeed** did every one else in the **room**. And **then** the **play** began. It **was** a pretty **piece**, with a **king** and a **queen** in it, **who** sat on a **beautiful** **throne**, and had **gold** **crowns** on **their** **heads**. The **trains** to **their** **dresses** **were** very long, according to the **fashion**; **while** the prettiest of **wooden** dolls, with **glass** **eyes** and **large** **mustaches**, **stood** at the **doors**, and **opened** and **shut** them, **that** the **fresh** **air** **might** **come** into the **room**. It **was** a very **pleasant** **play**, not at **all** **mournful**; but just as the **queen** **stood** up and **walked** across the **stage**, the **great** **bull-dog**, **who** **should** have **been** held back by his **master**, **made** a spring **forward**, and **caught** the **queen** in the **teeth** by the slender **wrist**, **so** **that** it **snapped** in **two**.

This **was** a very **dreadful** **disaster**. The **poor** man, **who** **was** exhibiting the dolls, **was** **much** annoyed, and **quite** sad about his **queen**; **she** **was** the prettiest doll he had, and the **bull-dog** had **broken** her **head** and **shoulders** off. But **after** **all** the **people** **were** gone away, the **stranger**, **who** **came** with John, said **that** he **could** **soon** set her to **rights**. And **then** he **brought** out his **box** and rubbed the doll with **some** of the **salve** with **which** he had **cured** the **old** **woman** when **she** **broke** her leg. As

soon as this was done the doll's back became quite right again; her head and shoulders were fixed on, and she could even move her limbs herself: there was now no occasion to pull the wires, for the doll acted just like a living creature, excepting that she could not speak. The man to whom the show belonged was quite delighted at having a doll who could dance of herself without being pulled by the wires; none of the other dolls could do this.

During the night, when all the people at the inn were gone to bed, some one was heard to sigh so deeply and painfully, and the sighing continued for so long a time, that every one got up to see what could be the matter. The showman went at once to his little theatre and found that it proceeded from the dolls, who all lay on the floor sighing piteously, and staring with their glass eyes; they all wanted to be rubbed with the ointment, so that, like the queen, they might be able to move of themselves. The queen threw herself on her knees, took off her beautiful crown, and, holding it in her hand, cried, "Take this from me, but do rub my husband and his courtiers."

The poor man who owned the theatre could scarcely refrain from weeping; he was so sorry that he could not help them. Then he immediately spoke to John's comrade, and promised him all the money he might receive at the next evening's performance, if he would only rub the ointment on four or five of his dolls. But the fellow-traveller said he did not require anything in return, excepting the sword which the showman wore by his side.

As soon as he received the sword he anointed six of the dolls with the ointment, and they were able immediately to dance so gracefully that all the living girls in the room could not help joining in the dance. The coachman danced with the cook, and the waiter with the chamber maids, and all the strangers joined; even the tongs and the fire-shovel made an attempt, but they fell down after the first jump. So after all it was a very merry night.

The next morning John and his companion left the inn to continue their journey through the great pine-forests and over the high mountains. They arrived at last at such a great height that towns and villages lay beneath them, and the church steeples looked like little specks between the green trees. They could see for miles round, far away to places they had never visited, and John saw more of the beautiful world than he had ever known before. The sun shone brightly in the blue firmament above, and through the clear mountain air came the sound of the huntsman's horn, and the soft, sweet notes brought tears into his eyes, and he

could not help exclaiming, “How good and loving God is to give us **all this beauty** and loveliness in the world to make us happy!”

His fellow-traveller stood by with folded hands, gazing on the dark wood and the towns bathed in the warm sunshine. At this moment there sounded over their heads sweet music. They looked up, and discovered a large white swan hovering in the air, and singing as never bird sang before. But the song soon became weaker and weaker, the bird’s head drooped, and he sunk slowly down, and lay dead at their feet.

“It is a beautiful bird,” said the traveller, “and these large white wings are worth a great deal of money. I will take them with me. You see now that a sword will be very useful.”

So he cut off the wings of the dead swan with one blow, and carried them away with him.

They now continued their journey over the mountains for many miles, till they at length reached a large city, containing hundreds of towers, that shone in the sunshine like silver. In the midst of the city stood a splendid marble palace, reefer with pure red gold, in which dwelt the king. John and his companion would not go into the town immediately; so they stopped at an inn outside the town, to change their clothes; for they wished to appear respectable as they walked through the streets. The landlord told them that the king was a very good man, who never injured any one: but as to his daughter, “Heaven defend us!”

She was indeed a wicked princess. She possessed beauty enough—nobody could be more elegant or prettier than she was; but what of that? for she was a wicked witch; and in consequence of her conduct many noble young princes had lost their lives. Any one was at liberty to make her an offer; were he a prince or a beggar, it mattered not to her. She would ask him to guess three things which she had just thought of, and if he succeeded, he was to marry her, and be king over all the land when her father died; but if he could not guess these three things, then she ordered him to be hanged or to have his head cut off.

The old king, her father, was very much grieved at her conduct, but he could not prevent her from being so wicked, because he once said he would have nothing more to do with her lovers; she might do as she pleased. Each prince who came and tried the three guesses, so that he might marry the princess, had been unable to find them out, and had been hanged or beheaded. They had all been

warned in time, and might have left her alone, if they would. The old king became at last so distressed at all these dreadful circumstances, that for a whole day every year he and his soldiers knelt and prayed that the princess might become good; but she continued as wicked as ever. The old women who drank brandy would color it quite black before they drank it, to show how they mourned; and what more could they do?

“What a horrible princess!” said John; “she ought to be well flogged. If I were the old king, I would have her punished in some way.”

Just then they heard the people outside shouting, “Hurrah!” and, looking out, they saw the princess passing by; and she was really so beautiful that everybody forgot her wickedness, and shouted “Hurrah!” Twelve lovely maidens in white silk dresses, holding golden tulips in their hands, rode by her side on coal-black horses. The princess herself had a snow-white steed, decked with diamonds and rubies. Her dress was of cloth of gold, and the whip she held in her hand looked like a s. The golden crown on her head glittered like the stars of heaven, and her mantle was formed of thousands of butterflies’ wings sewn together. Yet she herself was more beautiful than all.

When John saw her, his face became as red as a drop of blood, and he could scarcely utter a word. The princess looked exactly like the beautiful lady with the golden crown, of whom he had dreamed on the night his father died. She appeared to him so lovely that he could not help loving her.

“It could not be true,” he thought, “that she was really a wicked witch, who ordered people to be hanged or beheaded, if they could not guess her thoughts. Every one has permission to go and ask her hand, even the poorest beggar. I shall pay a visit to the palace,” he said; “I must go, for I cannot help myself.”

Then they all advised him not to attempt it; for he would be sure to share the same fate as the rest. His fellow-traveller also tried to persuade him against it; but John seemed quite sure of success. He brushed his shoes and his coat, washed his face and his hands, combed his soft flaxen hair, and then went out alone into the town, and walked to the palace.

“Come in,” said the king, as John knocked at the door. John opened it, and the old king, in a dressing gown and embroidered slippers, came towards him. He had the crown on his head, carried his sceptre in one hand, and the orb in the other.



“Wait a bit,” said he, and he placed the orb under his arm, so that he could offer the other hand to John; but when he found that John was another suitor, he began to weep so violently, that both the sceptre and the orb fell to the floor, and he was obliged to wipe his eyes with his dressing gown. Poor old king! “Let her alone,” he said; “you will fare as badly as all the others. Come, I will show you.”

Then he led him out into the princess’s pleasure gardens, and there he saw a frightful sight. On every tree hung three or four king’s sons who had wooed the princess, but had not been able to guess the riddles she gave them. Their skeletons rattled in every breeze, so that the terrified birds never dared to venture into the garden. All the flowers were supported by human bones instead of sticks, and human skulls in the flower-pots grinned horribly. It was really a doleful garden for a princess. “Do you see all this?” said the old king; “your fate will be the same as those who are here, therefore do not attempt it. You really make me very unhappy,—I take these things to heart so very much.”

John kissed the good old king’s hand, and said he was sure it would be all right, for he was quite enchanted with the beautiful princess. Then the princess herself came riding into the palace yard with all her ladies, and he wished her “Good morning.” She looked wonderfully fair and lovely when she offered her hand to John, and he loved her more than ever. How could she be a wicked witch, as all the people asserted? He accompanied her into the hall, and the little pages

offered **them** gingerbread nuts and sweetmeats, but the **old king** **was** so unhappy **he** **could** **eat** **nothing**, and besides, gingerbread nuts **were** **too** **hard** **for** him.

It **was** **decided** **that** John **should** **come** to the palace the next day, when the judges and the whole of the counsellors **would** **be** **present**, to **try** if **he** **could** **guess** the first riddle. If **he** **succeeded**, **he** **would** **have** to **come** a second time; but if not, **he** **would** **lose** his life,—and **no** one had ever **been** **able** to **guess** **even** one. However, John **was** not at **all** anxious about the result of his trial; on the contrary, **he** **was** very merry. **He** **thought** only of the beautiful princess, and **believed** **that** in **some** way **he** **should** **have** help, but **how** **he** **knew** not, and did not **like** to **think** about it; **so** **he** **danced** along the high-road **as** **he** **went** back to the inn, where **he** had left his fellow-traveller waiting **for** him.

John **could** not refrain from telling him **how** **gracious** the princess had **been**, and **how** **beautiful** **she** **looked**. **He** longed **for** the next day so much, **that** **he** **might** go to the palace and **try** his luck at **guessing** the riddles. But his comrade **shook** his head, and **looked** very **morningful**. “I **do** so wish **you** to **do** well,” said **he**; “we **might** have **continued** together much longer, and **now** I am **likely** to **lose** **you**; **you** **poor** **dear** John! I **could** **shed** **tears**, but I will not **make** **you** unhappy on the **last** **night** we may **be** together. We will **be** merry, really merry **this** **evening**; to-morrow, **after** **you** **are** gone, **shall** **be** **able** to **weep** undisturbed.”

It **was** very quickly **known** among the inhabitants of the town **that** another suitor had arrived **for** the princess, and **there** **was** great sorrow in consequence. The theatre remained closed, the women **who** sold sweetmeats tied crape round the sugar-sticks, and the king and the priests **were** on **their** **knees** in the church. **There** **was** a great lamentation, **for** **no** one expected John to **succeed** better **than** those **who** had **been** suitors **before**.

In the evening John's comrade prepared a large bowl of punch, and said, “**Now** let us **be** merry, and drink to the **health** of the princess.” But **after** drinking **two** glasses, John **became** so sleepy, **that** **he** **could** not **keep** his eyes open, and fell fast asleep. **Then** his fellow-traveller lifted him gently **out** of his chair, and laid him on the bed; and **as** **soon** **as** it **was** quite dark, **he** **took** the **two** large wings **which** **he** had cut from the dead swan, and **tied** **them** firmly to his own shoulders. **Then** **he** **put** into his pocket the largest of the **three** rods **which** **he** had obtained from the old woman **who** had fallen and broken her leg. **this** **he** **opened** the window, and flew away over the town, straight towards the palace, and seated himself in a corner, under the window **which** **looked** into the bedroom of the princess.

The town was perfectly still when the clocks struck a quarter to twelve. Presently the window opened, and the princess, who had large black wings to her shoulders, and a long white mantle, flew away over the city towards a high mountain. The fellow-traveller, who had made himself invisible, so that she could not possibly see him, flew after her through the air, and whipped the princess with his rod, so that the blood came whenever he struck her. Ah, it was a strange flight through the air! The wind caught her mantle, so that it spread out on all sides, like the large sail of a ship, and the moon shone through it. "How it hails, to be sure!" said the princess, at each blow she received from the rod; and it served her right to be whipped.

At last she reached the side of the mountain, and knocked. The mountain opened with a noise like the roll of thunder, and the princess went in. The traveller followed her; no one could see him, as he had made himself invisible. They went through a long, wide passage. A thousand gleaming spiders ran here and there on the walls, causing them to glitter as if they were illuminated with fire. They next entered a large hall built of silver and gold. Large red and blue flowers shone on the walls, looking like sunflowers in size, but no one could dare to pluck them, for the stems were hideous poisonous snakes, and the flowers were flames of fire, darting out of their jaws. Shining glow-worms covered the ceiling, and sky-blue bats flapped their transparent wings.

Altogether the place had a frightful appearance. In the middle of the floor stood a throne supported by four skeleton horses, whose harness had been made by fiery-red spiders. The throne itself was made of milk-white glass, and the cushions were little black mice, each biting the other's tail. Over it hung a canopy of rose-colored spider's webs, spotted with the prettiest little green flies, which sparkled like precious stones. On the throne sat an old magician with a crown on his ugly head, and a sceptre in his hand. He kissed the princess on the forehead, seated her by his side on the splendid throne, and then the music commenced. Great black grasshoppers played the mouth organ, and the owl struck herself on the body instead of a drum.

It was altogether a ridiculous concert. Little black goblins with false lights in their caps danced about the hall; but no one could see the traveller, and he had placed himself just behind the throne where he could see and hear everything. The courtiers who came in afterwards looked noble and grand; but any one with common sense could see what they really were, only broomsticks, with cabbages for heads. The magician had given them life, and dressed them in embroidered

robes. It answered very well, as they were only wanted for show. There had been a little dancing, the princess told the magician that she had a new suitor, and asked him what she could think of for the suitor to guess when he came to the castle the next morning.

“Listen to what I say,” said the magician, “you must choose something very easy, he is less likely to guess it then. Think of one of your shoes, he will never imagine it is that. Then cut his head off; and mind you do not forget to bring his eyes with you to-morrow night, that I may eat them.”

The princess curtsied low, and said she would not forget the eyes.

The magician then opened the mountain and she flew home again, but the traveller followed and flogged her so much with the rod, that she sighed quite deeply about the heavy hail-storm, and made as much haste as she could to get back to her bedroom through the window. The traveller then returned to the inn where John still slept, took off his wings and laid down on the bed, for he was very tired. Early in the morning John awoke, and when his fellow-traveller got up, he said that he had a very wonderful dream about the princess and her shoe, he therefore advised John to ask her if she had not thought of her shoe. Of course the traveller knew this from what the magician in the mountain had said.

“I may as well say that as anything,” said John. “Perhaps your dream may come true; still I will say farewell, for if I guess wrong I shall never see you again.”

Then they embraced each other, and John went into the town and walked to the palace. The great hall was full of people, and the judges sat in arm-chairs, with eider-down cushions to rest their heads upon, because they had so much to think of. The old king stood near, wiping his eyes with his white pocket-handkerchief. When the princess entered, she looked even more beautiful than she had appeared the day before, and greeted every one present most gracefully; but to John she gave her hand, and said, “Good morning to you.”

Now came the time for John to guess what she was thinking of; and oh, how kindly she looked at him as she spoke. But when he uttered the single word she, she turned as pale as a ghost; all her wisdom could not help her, for he had guessed rightly. Oh, how pleased the old king was! It was quite amusing to see how he capered about. All the people clapped their hands, both on his account and John's, who had guessed rightly the first time. His fellow-traveller was glad also, when he heard how successful John had been. But John folded his hands, and

thanked God, who, he felt quite sure, would help him again; and he knew he had to guess twice more.

The evening passed pleasantly like the one preceding. While John slept, his companion flew behind the princess to the mountain, and flogged her even harder than before; this time he had taken two rods with him. No one saw him go in with her, and he heard all that was said. The princess this time was to think of a glove, and he told John as if he had again heard it in a dream. The next day, therefore, he was able to guess correctly the second time, and it caused great rejoicing at the palace. The whole court jumped about as they had seen the king do the day before, but the princess lay on the sofa, and would not say a single word.

All now depended upon John. If he only guessed rightly the third time, he would marry the princess, and reign over the kingdom after the death of the old king: but if he failed, he would lose his life, and the magician would have his beautiful blue eyes. That evening John said his prayers and went to bed very early, and soon fell asleep calmly. But his companion tied on his wings to his shoulders, took three rods, and, with his sword at his side, flew to the palace.

It was a very dark night, and so stormy that the tiles flew from the roofs of the houses, and the trees in the garden upon which the skeletons hung bent themselves like reeds before the wind. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled in one long-continued peal all night. The window of the castle opened, and the princess flew out. She was pale as death, but she laughed at the storm as if it were not bad enough. Her white mantle fluttered in the wind like a large sail, and the traveller flogged her with the three rods till the blood trickled down, and at last she could scarcely fly; she contrived, however, to reach the mountain. "What a hail-storm!" she said, as she entered; "I have never been out in such weather as this."

"Yes, there may be too much of a good thing sometimes," said the magician.

Then the princess told him that John had guessed rightly the second time, and if he succeeded the next morning, he would win, and she could never come to the mountain again, or practice magic as she had done, and therefore she was quite unhappy. "I will find out something for you to think of which he will never guess, unless he is a greater conjuror than myself. But now let us be merry."

Then he **tòok** the prin**ç**ess by **both** hands, and **they** dan**ç**ed with **à**ll the little goblins and Jack-o'-lan**t**ern**s** in the r**oo**m. The red spider**s** sprang **h**ere and **th**ere on the w**à**ll**s** **qu**ite a**s** merrily, and the flower**s** of fire appeared a**s** if **they** w**ê**re **th**rowing **o**ut sparks. The **o**wl **be**at the drum, the crickets whistled and the gr**ä**sshopper**s** played the m**ou**th-**ô**rgan.

It w**à**s a very ridicul**o**us b**à**ll. **th**ey had dan**ç**ed enough, the prin**ç**ess w**à**s oblig**e**d to go **h**ome, f**ô**r fear **she** sh**o**uld be miss**e**d at the pala**ç**e. The magi**ç**ian offered to go with **h**êr, **th**at **they** mi**gh**t be c**o**mpany to **ea**ch **ô**ther on the way. **Th**en **they** flew away **th**rough the bad wea**th**er, and the traveller follow**e**d **th**em, and bro**k**e his **th**ree rod**s** across **th**eir sh**ou**lder**s**. The magi**ç**ian had never **be**en **o**ut in **su**ch a hail-st**ô**rm a**s** **th**is. Just by the pala**ç**e the magi**ç**ian stop**e**d to wish the prin**ç**ess fare**w**ell, and to whisper in **h**êr ear, "To-morrow **th**ink of my head."

But the traveller h**ê**ard it, and just a**s** the prin**ç**ess slipped **th**rough the window into **h**êr bedr**oo**m, and the magi**ç**ian t**û**rn**e**d **ro**und to fly back to the m**ou**ntain, he **se**iz**e**d him by the long black **be**ard, and with his **s**abre cut off the wicked conjuror's head just behind the **sh**oulder**s**, **so** **th**at he c**o**uld not **ev**en **se**e **wh**o it w**à**s. He **th**rew the body into the **se**a to the fish**e**s, and **â**fter dipping the head into the w**à**ter, he **ti**ed it up in a silk handker**ch**ief, **tò**ok it with him to the inn, and **th**en went to bed.

The next m**ô**rning he **g**ave John the handker**ch**ief, and **t**old him not to un**ti**e it till the prin**ç**ess **â**s**k**e**d** him **wh**at **she** w**à**s **th**inking of. **Th**ere w**ê**re **so** many **pe**ople in the gr**e**at h**à**ll of the pala**ç**e **th**at **they** st**o**òd a**s** **th**ick a**s** radish**e**s **ti**ed together in a bundle.

The **c**oun**ç**il sat in **th**eir **â**rm-**ch**air**s** with the **w**hite **c**ush**io**n**s**. The **o**ld king w**ô**re new **ro**b**e**s, and the golden **cr**ow**n** and **s**ç**e**ptre had **be**en **po**lish**e**d up **so** **th**at he **lò**ok**e**d **qu**ite sm**ä**rt. But the prin**ç**ess w**à**s very **p**ale, and w**ô**re a black dress a**s** if **she** w**ê**re going to a **f**uneral.

“What have I **th**ought of?” asked the princess, of John. He immediately untied the handker**chief**, and **was** himself **quite** frightened when he **s**aw the head of the ugly magi**ci**an.

Every one shuddered, **f**or it **was** terrible to **l**ook at; but the princess sat like a statu**e**, and **co**uld not utter a single **w**ord. At length **she** **ro**se and **g**ave John **h**er hand, **f**or he had **g**uess**e**d **r**ightly

She **l**ook**e**d at **n**o one, but **s**ighed **d**eeply, and said, “You **ä**re my **m**äster **n**ow; **this** **e**vening **o**ur **m**arria**g**e must **t**ake **pl**ac**e**.”

“I am very **pl**ea**s**ed to **h**ear it,” said the **o**ld king. “It **i**s just **wh**at I **w**ish.”

Then **ä**ll the **p**eo**p**le **sh**outed “Hurrah.” The band **pl**ay**e**d **m**u**s**ic in the **st**reets, the **b**ell**s** rang, and the **ca**ke-women **t**o**o**k the black crape off the **s**u**g**ar-sticks. **There** **was** **un**iv**e**rsal joy. **ree** oxen, **st**uff**e**d **w**ith ducks and **ch**ick**e**n**s**, **w**ere **ro**asted **wh**ole in the **m**ärket-plac**e**, where every one **m**ight help himself to a **s**lic**e**. The **f**ountain**s** **f**ör**th** the **m**ost **d**eli**c**ious **w**ine, and **wh**o**e**ver **b**ö**u**ght a penny **l**oaf at the baker’s **r**ec**e**iv**e**d six **l**ä**r**g**e** buns, **f**ull of **r**ai**s**in**s**, **a**s a **p**re**s**ent.

In the **e**vening the **wh**ole **t**own **was** **ill**uminated. The **s**oldier**s** **f**ir**e**d off **c**annon**s**, and the **bo**y**s** let off **cr**ack**e**r**s**. **There** **was** **e**ating and drinking, **d**anc**ing** and jumping **every**where. In the **pal**ac**e**, the **h**igh-bö**r**n **g**entlemen and **be**autif**ul** **l**adie**s** **d**anc**e**d **w**ith **e**ach **ö**ther, and **th**ey **co**uld **b**e **h**ear**d** at a **g**reat **d**istan**c**e singing the following song.



“Here äre maidens, young and fair,
 Dançing in the summer air;
 Like twe spinning-wheels at play
 Pretty maidens dançe away-
 Dançe the spring and summer through
 Till the sole fällt from yôur shoe.”

But the prinçess wäs still a witch, and she could not love John. Hiş fellow-traveller had thôught of that, so he gave John three feathers out of the swan’s wings, and a little bottle with a few drops in it. He told him to place a lärg bath full of wäter by the princess’s bed, and put the feathers and the drops into it. Then, at the moment she wäs about to get into bed, he must give hêr a little push, so that she might fällt into the wäter, and then dip hêr three times. This would destroy the power of the magiçian, and she would love him very much.

John did äll that hiş companiön told him to do. The prinçess shrieked aloud when he dipped hêr under the wäter the first time, and struggled under hiş hands in the fôrm of a great black swan with fiery eyes. As she rose the second time from the wäter, the swan had become white, with a black ring round its neck. John allowed the wäter to close onçe möre over the bird, and at the same time it changed into a most beautiful prinçess. She wäs möre lovely even than beföre, and thanked him, while hêr eyes sparkled with tears, fôr having broken the spell of the magiçian.

The next day, the king came with the whole cöurt to offer their congratulations, and stayed till quite late. Läst of äll came the travelling companiön; he had hiş stäff in hiş hand and hiş knapsack on hiş back. John kissed him many times and told him he must not go, he must remain with him, fôr he wäs the cause of äll hiş gööd fôrtune. But the traveller shook hiş head, and said gently and kindly, “No: my time is up now; I have only paid my debt to you. Do you remember the dead man whom the bad people wished to throw out of hiş coffin? You gave äll you possessed that he might rest in hiş grave; I am that man.” As he said this, he vanished.

The wedding festivities lästed a whole month. John and hiş prinçess loved each öther dearly, and the old king lived to see many a happy day, when he took their little children on hiş knees and let them play with hiş sceptre. And John became king over the whole country.



The Little Mermaid

Hans Christian Andersen 1836

FAR out in the ocean, where the water is as blue as the prettiest cornflower, and as clear as crystal, it is very, very deep; so deep, indeed, that no cable could fathom it: many church steeples, piled one upon another, would not reach from the ground beneath to the surface of the water above. There dwell the Sea King and his subjects. We must not imagine that there is nothing at the bottom of the sea but bare yellow sand. No, indeed; the most singular flowers and plants grow there; the leaves and stems of which are so pliant, that the slightest agitation of the water causes them to stir as if they had life. Fishes, both large and small, glide between the branches, as birds fly among the trees here upon land. In the deepest spot of all, stands the castle of the Sea King.

Its walls are built of coral, and the long, gothic windows are of the clearest amber. The roof is formed of shells, that open and close as the water flows over them. Their appearance is very beautiful, for in each lies a glittering pearl, which would be fit for the diadem of a queen.

The Sea King had been a widower for many years, and his aged mother kept house for him. She was a very wise woman, and exceedingly proud of her high birth; on that account she wore twelve oysters on her tail; while others, also of high rank, were only allowed to wear six. She was, however, deserving of very great praise, especially for her care of the little sea-princesses, her granddaughters. They were six beautiful



children; but the youngest was the prettiest of them all; her skin was as clear and delicate as a rose-leaf, and her eyes as blue as the deepest sea; but, like all the others, she had no feet, and her body ended in a fish's tail. All day long they played in the great halls of the castle, or among the living flowers that grew out of the walls. The large amber windows were open, and the fish swam in, just as the swallows fly into our houses when we open the windows, excepting that the fishes swam up to the princesses, ate out of their hands, and allowed themselves to be stroked.

Outside the castle there was a beautiful garden, in which grew bright red and dark blue flowers, and blossoms like flames of fire; the fruit glittered like gold, and the leaves and stems waved to and fro continually. The earth itself was the finest sand, but blue as the flame of burning sulphur. Over everything lay a peculiar blue radiance, as if it were surrounded by the air from above, through which the blue sky shone, instead of the dark depths of the sea. In calm weather the sun could be seen, looking like a purple flower, with the light streaming from the calyx.

Each of the young princesses had a little plot of ground in the garden, where she might dig and plant as she pleased. One arranged her flower-bed into the form of a whale; another thought it better to make hers like the figure of a little mermaid; but that of the youngest was round like the sun, and contained flowers as red as his rays at sunset. She was a strange child, quiet and thoughtful; and while her sisters would be delighted with the wonderful things which they obtained from the wrecks of vessels, she cared for nothing but her pretty red flowers, like the sun, excepting a beautiful marble statue. It was the representation of a handsome boy, carved out of pure white stone, which had fallen to the bottom of the sea from a wreck. She planted by the statue a rose-colored weeping willow.

It grew splendidly, and very soon hung its fresh branches over the statue, almost down to the blue sands. The shadow had a violet tint, and waved to and fro like the branches; it seemed as if the crown of the tree and the root were at play, and trying to kiss each other. Nothing gave her so much pleasure as to hear about the world above the sea. She made her old grandmother tell her all she knew of the ships and of the towns, the people and the animals. To her it seemed most wonderful and beautiful to hear that the flowers of the land should have fragrance, and not those below the sea; that the trees of the forest should be green; and that the fishes among the trees could sing so sweetly, that it was quite a pleasure to hear them. Her grandmother called the little birds fishes, or she would not have understood her; for she had never seen birds.

“When you have **reached** your **fifteenth year**,” said the grand-mother, “you will have **permission** to **rise** up out of the **sea**, to sit on the rocks in the **moonlight**, while the **great ships** are sailing by; and **then** you will **see both** forests and **towns**.”

In the following year, one of the sisters would be fifteen: but as each was a year younger than the other, the youngest would have to wait five years before her turn came to rise up from the bottom of the ocean, and see the earth as we do. However, each promised to tell the others what she saw on her first visit, and what she thought the most beautiful; for their grandmother could not tell them enough; there were so many things on which they wanted information. None of them longed so much for her turn to come as the youngest, she who had the longest time to wait, and who was so quiet and thoughtful. Many nights she stood by the open window, looking up through the dark blue water, and watching the fish as they splashed about with their fins and tails. She could see the moon and stars shining faintly; but through the water they looked larger than they do to our eyes. When something like a black cloud passed between her and them, she knew that it was either a whale swimming over her head, or a ship full of human beings, who never imagined that a pretty little mermaid was standing beneath them, holding out her white hands toward the keel of their ship.

As soon as the eldest was fifteen, she was allowed to rise to the surface of the ocean. When she came back, she had hundreds of things to talk about; but the most beautiful, she said, was to lie in the moonlight, on a sandbank, in the quiet sea, near the coast, and to gaze on a large town nearby, where the lights were twinkling like hundreds of stars; to listen to the sounds of the music, the noise of carriages, and the voices of human beings, and then to hear the merry bells peal out from the church steeples; and because she could not go near to all those wonderful things, she longed for them more than ever. Oh, did not the youngest sister listen eagerly to all these descriptions? And afterwards, when she stood at the open window looking up through the dark blue water, she thought of the great city, with all its bustle and noise, and even fancied she could hear the sound of the church bells, down in the depths of the sea.

In another year the second sister received permission to rise to the surface of the water, and to swim about where she pleased. She rose just as the sun was setting, and this, she said, was the most beautiful sight of all. The whole sky looked like gold, while violet and rose-colored clouds, which she could not describe, floated over her; and, still more rapidly than the clouds, flew a large flock of wild swans toward the setting sun, looking like a long white veil across the sea. She also

swam towardſ the ſun; but it ſunk into the waveſ, and the roſy tints faded from the cloudſ and from the ſea.

The third ſiſter'ſ tûrn followed; ſhe waſ the boldeſt of them àll, and ſhe ſwam up a brôad river that emptied itſelf into the ſea.



On the banks ſhe ſàw green hillſ covered with beautiful vineſ; palaçeſ and càſtleſ peeped out from amid the proud treeſ of the foreſt; ſhe heard the birdſ ſinging, and the rayſ of the ſun wêre ſo powerfûl that ſhe waſ obliged often to dive down under the wàter to cool hêr bûrning façe. In a narrow creeek ſhe found a whole treep of little human children, quite naked, and ſpôrting about in the wàter; ſhe wanted to play with them, but they fled in a great fright; and then a little black animal came to the wàter; it waſ a dog, but ſhe did not know that, fôr ſhe had never befôrre ſeen one. This animal barked at hêr ſo terribly that ſhe became frightened, and ruſhed back to the open ſea. But ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould never forget the beautiful foreſt, the green hillſ, and the pretty little children who could ſwim in the wàter, àlthough they had not tailſ.

The fourth ſiſter waſ more timid; ſhe remained in the miſt of the ſea, but ſhe ſaid it waſ quite aſ beautiful there aſ nearer the land. She could ſee fôr ſo many mileſ around hêr, and the ſky above looked like a bell of glàſſ. She had ſeen the ſhipſ, but at ſuch a great diſtance that they looked like ſea-gullſ. The dolphinſ ſpôrted in the waveſ, and the great whaleſ ſpouted wàter from their noſtrilſ till it ſeemed aſ if a hundred fountainſ wêre playing in every direction.

The fifth ſiſter'ſ birthay occurred in the winter; ſo when hêr tûrn came, ſhe ſàw what the otherſ had not ſeen the firſt time they went up. The ſea looked quite green, and large icebergſ wêre floating about, each like a pearl, ſhe ſaid, but larger and loftier than the churcheſ built by men. They wêre of the moſt ſingular ſhapeſ, and glittered like diamondſ. She had ſeated hêrſelf upon one of the largest, and let the wind play with hêr long hair, and ſhe remarked that àll the ſhipſ ſailed by rapidly, and ſteered aſ fàr away aſ they could from the iceberg, aſ if they wêre afraid of it. Towardſ evening, aſ the ſun went down, dârk

clouds covered the sky, the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and the red light glowed on the icebergs as they rocked and tossed on the heaving sea. On all the ships the sails were reefed with fear and trembling, while she sat calmly on the floating iceberg, watching the blue lightning, as it its forked flashes into the sea.

When first the sisters had permission to rise to the surface, they were each delighted with the new and beautiful sights they saw; but now, as grown-up girls, they could go when they pleased, and they had become indifferent about it. They wished themselves back again in the water, and after a month had passed they said it was much more beautiful down below, and pleasanter to be at home.

Yet often, in the evening hours, the five sisters would twine their arms round each other, and rise to the surface, in a row. They had more beautiful voices than any human being could have; and before the approach of a storm, and when they expected a ship would be lost, they swam before the vessel, and sang sweetly of the delights to be found in the depths of the sea, and begging the sailors not to fear if they sank to the bottom. But the sailors could not understand the song, they took it for the howling of the storm. And these things were never to be beautiful for them; for if the ship sank, the men were drowned, and their dead bodies alone reached the palace of the Sea King.

When the sisters rose, arm-in-arm, through the water in this way, their youngest sister would stand quite alone, looking after them, ready to cry, only that the mermaids have no tears, and therefore they suffer more. "Oh, were I but fifteen years old," said she: "I know that I shall love the world up there, and all the people who live in it."

At last she reached her fifteenth year. "Well, now, you are grown up," said the old dowager, her grandmother; "so you must let me adorn you like your other sisters;" and she placed a wreath of white lilies in her hair, and every flower leaf was half a pearl. Then the old lady ordered eight great oysters to attach themselves to the tail of the princess to show her high rank.

"But they hurt me so," said the little mermaid.

"Pride must suffer pain," replied the old lady. Oh, how gladly she would have shaken off all this grandeur, and laid aside the heavy wreath! The red flowers in her own garden would have suited her much better, but she could not help herself: so she said, "Farewell," and rose as lightly as a bubble to the surface of the water.

The sun had just set as **she raised her head above the waves**; but the **clouds were** tinted with **crimson and gold**, and **through** the glimmering **twilight beamed** the **evening star** in **all its beauty**. The **sea was calm**, and the **air mild and fresh**. A **large ship**, with **three masts**, lay **becalmed** on the **water**, with **only one sail set**; **for** not a **breeze** stiffed, and the **sailors sat idle** on deck **or amongst** the rigging. **There was music** and song on **board**; and, as **darkness came** on, a hundred **colored lanterns were** lighted, as if the flags of **all nations waved** in the **air**.

The little **mermaid** swam **close** to the cabin **windows**; and **now and then**, as the **waves** lifted **her up**, **she could look in through** clear **glass window-panes**, and **see** a number of well-dressed **people within**. Among **them was** a young **prince**, the most **beautiful** of **all**, with **large black eyes**; **he was** sixteen **years of age**, and his **birthday was** being kept with **much rejoicing**. The **sailors were** dancing on deck, but **when** the **prince came out** of the cabin, **more than** a hundred **rockets rose** in the **air**, making it as **bright as day**. The little **mermaid was so startled that she** dived under **water**; and **when she** again **stretched out her head**, it appeared as if **all the stars** of heaven **were falling** around **her**, **she had never seen such** **fireworks before**. **Great suns** **spurred fire** about, splendid **fireflies** flew into the **blue air**, and every **thing was** reflected in the clear, **calm sea beneath**. The **ship itself was so brightly illuminated that all the people**, and **even the smallest rope**, **could be** distinctly and plainly **seen**. And **how handsome** the young **prince looked**, as **he pressed** the **hands** of **all present** and **smiled** at **them**, **while** the **music resounded through** the clear **night air**.

It **was** very **late**; yet the little **mermaid could not take her eyes** from the **ship**, **or** from the **beautiful prince**. The **colored lanterns had been extinguished**, **no more** **rockets rose** in the **air**, and the **cannon had ceased** firing; but the **sea became** restless, and a **moaning, grumbling sound could be heard** **beneath** the **waves**; still the little **mermaid remained** by the cabin **window**, rocking up and **down** on the **water**, **which enabled her to look in**. **a while**, the **sails were** **quickly unfurled**, and the **noble ship continued her passage**; but **soon** the **waves rose higher**, heavy **clouds darkened** the **sky**, and **lightning appeared** in the **distance**. A **dreadful storm was** **approaching**; **once more** the **sails were** reefed, and the **great ship pursued her flying course** **over** the **raging sea**. The **waves rose** **mountains high**, as if **they would have overtopped** the **mast**; but the **ship dived** like a **swan** **between them**, and **then rose** again on **their lofty, foaming crests**. To the little **mermaid this appeared** **pleasant sport**; not **so** to the **sailors**. At length the **ship groaned** and **creaked**; the **thick planks gave**

way under the lashing of the sea as it broke over the deck; the mainmast snapped asunder like a reed; the ship lay over on her side; and the water rushed in. The little mermaid now perceived that the crew were in danger; even she herself was obliged to be careful to avoid the beams and planks of the wreck which lay scattered on the water.

At one moment it was so pitch dark that she could not see a single object, but a flash of lightning revealed the whole scene; she could see every one who had been on board excepting the prince; when the ship parted, she had seen him sink into the deep waves, and she was glad, for she thought he would now be with her; and then she remembered that human beings could not live in the water, so that when he got down to her father's palace he would be quite dead. But he must not die. So she swam about among the beams and planks which strewed the surface of the sea, forgetting that they could crush her to pieces. Then she dived deeply under the dark waters, rising and falling with the waves, till at length she managed to reach the young prince, who was fast losing the power of swimming in that stormy sea. His limbs were failing him, his beautiful eyes were closed, and he would have died had not the little mermaid come to his assistance. She held his head above the water, and let the waves drift them where they would.

In the morning the storm had ceased; but of the ship not a single fragment could be seen. The sun rose up red and glowing from the water, and its beams brought back the hue of health to the prince's cheeks; but his eyes remained closed. The mermaid kissed his high, smooth forehead, and stroked back his wet hair; he seemed to her like the marble statue in her little garden, and she kissed him again, and wished that he might live. Presently they came in sight of land; she saw lofty blue mountains, on which the white snow rested as if a flock of swans were lying upon them. Near the coast were beautiful green forests, and close by stood a large building, whether a church or a convent she could not tell. Orange and citron trees grew in the garden, and before the door stood lofty palms.

The sea here formed a little bay, in which the water was quite still, but very deep; so she swam with the handsome prince to the beach, which was covered with fine, white sand, and there she laid him in the warm sunshine, taking care to raise his head higher than his body. Then bells sounded in the large white building, and a number of young girls came into the garden. The little mermaid swam out farther from the shore and placed herself between some high rocks that rose out of the water; then she covered her head and neck with the foam of the sea so that her

little **face** might not be seen, and **watched** to see **what** would become of the **poor** prince. **She** did not wait long before **she** saw a young girl approach the spot where he lay. **She** seemed frightened at first, but only for a moment; then **she** fetched a number of people, and the mermaid saw that the prince came to life again, and smiled upon those who stood round him.

But to her he sent no smile; he knew not that she had saved him. This made her very unhappy, and when he was led away into the great building, she dived down sorrowfully into the water, and returned to her father's castle. She had always been silent and thoughtful, and now she was more so than ever. Her sisters asked her what she had seen during her first visit to the surface of the water; but she would tell them nothing. Many an evening and morning did she rise to the place where she had left the prince. She saw the fruits in the garden ripen till they were gathered, the snow on the tops of the mountains melt away; but she never saw the prince, and therefore she returned home, always more sorrowful than before. It was her only comfort to sit in her own little garden, and fling her arm round the beautiful marble statue which was like the prince; but she gave up tending her flowers, and they grew in wild confusion over the paths, twining their long leaves and stems round the branches of the trees, so that the whole place became dark and gloomy.

At length she could bear it no longer, and told one of her sisters all about it. Then the others heard the secret, and very soon it became known to two mermaids whose intimate friend happened to know where the prince was. She had also seen the festival on board ship, and she told them where the prince came from, and where his palace stood.

"Come, little sister," said the other princesses; then they entwined their arms and rose up in a long row to the surface of the water, close by the spot where they knew the prince's palace stood. It was built of bright yellow shining stone, with long flights of marble steps, one of which reached quite down to the sea. Splendid gilded cupolas rose over the roof, and between the pillars that surrounded the whole building stood life-like statues of marble. Through the clear crystal of the lofty windows could be seen noble rooms, with costly silk curtains and hangings of tapestry; while the walls were covered with beautiful paintings which were a pleasure to look at. In the centre of the largest saloon a fountain threw its sparkling jets high up into the glass cupola of the ceiling, through which the sun shone down upon the water and upon the beautiful plants growing round the basin of the fountain.

Now that she knew where he lived, she spent many an evening and many a night on the water near the palace. She would swim much nearer the shore than any of the others ventured to do; indeed once she went quite up the narrow channel under the marble balcony, which threw a broad shadow on the water. Here she would sit and watch the young prince, who thought himself quite alone in the bright moonlight. She saw him many times of an evening sailing in a pleasant boat, with music playing and flags waving. She peeped out from among the green rushes, and if the wind caught her long silvery-white veil, those who saw it believed it to be a swan, spreading out its wings. On many a night, too, when the fishermen, with their torches, were out at sea, she heard them relate so many good things about the doings of the young prince, that she was glad she had saved his life when he had been tossed about half-dead on the waves. And she remembered that his head had rested on her bosom, and how heartily she had kissed him; but he knew nothing of all this, and could not even dream of her.

She grew more and more fond of human beings, and wished more and more to be able to wander about with those whose world seemed to be so much larger than her own. They could fly over the sea in ships, and mount the high hills which were far above the clouds; and the lands they possessed, their woods and their fields, stretched far away beyond the reach of her sight. There was so much that she wished to know, and her sisters were unable to answer all her questions. Then she applied to her old grandmother, who knew all about the upper world, which she very rightly called the lands above the sea.

“If human beings are not drowned,” asked the little mermaid, “can they live forever? Do they never die as we do here in the sea?”

“Yes,” replied the old lady, “they must also die, and their term of life is even shorter than ours. We sometimes live to three hundred years, but when we cease to exist here we only become the foam on the surface of the water, and we have not even a grave down here of those we love. We have not immortal souls, we shall never live again; but, like the green sea-weed, when once it has been cut off, we can never flourish more. Human beings, on the contrary, have a soul which lives forever, lives after the body has been turned to dust. It rises up through the clear, pure air beyond the glittering stars. As we rise out of the water, and behold all the land of the earth, so do they rise to unknown and glorious regions which we shall never see.”

“Why have not we an immortal soul?” asked the little mermaid mournfully; “I would give gladly all the hundreds of years that I have to live, to be a human being only

fôr one day, and to have the hope of knowing the happiness of **that glôrious wôrld above the stârş.**"

"**You** must not **th**ink of **that**," said the **old wôman**; "**we feel ourselves to be much happier and much better off than human beings.**"

"**So I shall die,**" said the little **mêrmaid**, "and **aş** the **foam** of the **sea** I **shall be** driven **about** never **again** to **hear** the **muşic** of the **waveş**, **ôr** to **see** the pretty **flowerş** **nôr** the red sun. **Iş there anything** I can **do** to win an **immôrtal soul**?"

"**No,**" said the **old wôman**, "unless a man **wêre** to **love you so much that you wêre** **môre** to him **than hiş fâther ôr môther**; and if **âll hiş thôughts** and **âll hiş love wêre** **fixeđ** upon **you**, and the priest **plaçeđ** hiş **right hand** in **yôurş**, and he **promiseđ** to **be true** to **you here** and **hereâfter**, **then hiş soul wouđ** **glide into yôur** body and **you wouđ** obtain a **share** in the **future** happiness of **mankind**. He **wouđ** give a **soul** to **you** and **retain hiş own** **aş** well; but **this** can never happen. **Yôur fish's tail, which amongst us iş considered so beautiful, iş thôught on êarth to be quite ugly; they do not know** any better, and **they th**ink it **neçessary** to have **two stout** props, **which they cáll** legs, in **ôrder** to be **handsôme.**"

Then the little **mêrmaid** **sighed**, and **lôoked** **sorrowfully** at **hêr fish's tail**. "Let us be happy," said the **old lady**, "and **dârt** and **spring about during the thre** hundred **yearş that we** have to live, **which iş really quite** long enough; **âfter that we** can rest **ourselves** **âll** the better. **This evening we âre** going to have a **côurt báll.**"

It **iş** one of **thoşe** splendid **sights** **which we** can never **see** on **êarth**. The **wállş** and the **çeiling** of the **lârg** **báll-room** **wêre** of **thick**, but **transp**arent crystal. **May** hundredş of colossal **shellş**, **some** of a **deep red**, **otherş** of a **gräss green**, **stôod** on **each** side in rows, with **blue** fire in **them**, **which** **lighted** up the **whole** saloon, and **shone throug**h the **wállş**, **so that** the **sea waş** **âlso** illuminated. Innumerable **fishes**, **great** and **smáll**, swam **pâst** the crystal **wállş**; on **some** of **them** the **scales** **glowed** with a **pûrple** brilliançy, and on **otherş** **they shone** like silver and gold.

rough the **hállş** **floweđ** a **brôad** **stream**, and in it **dançeđ** the **mêrmen** and the **mêrmaidş** to the **muşic** of **their own** **sweet** singing. **No** one on **êarth** **haş** **such** a **lôvely voiçe** **aş** **theiř**. The little **mêrmaid** sang **môre** **sweetly** **than** **them âll**.

The **whole** **côurt** **applâudeđ** **hêr** with **handş** and **tailş**; and **fôr** a **moment** **hêr** **heârt** felt **quite** **gay**, **fôr** **she** **knew** **she** had the **lôveliest** **voiçe** of any on **êarth** **ôr** in the **sea**. But **she se**en **thôught** again of the **wôrld** **above** **hêr**, **fôr** **she** **couđ** not forget the **chârm**ing **prinçe**, **nôr** **hêr** **sorrow** **that** **she** had not an **immôrtal** **soul** like **hiş**;

therefore she crept away silently out of her father's palace, and while everything within was gladness and song, she sat in her own little garden sorrowful and alone. Then she heard the bugle sounding through the water, and thought — "He is certainly sailing above, he on whom my wishes depend, and in whose hands I should like to place the happiness of my life. I will venture all for him, and to win an immortal soul, while my sisters are dancing in my father's palace, I will go to the sea witch, of whom I have always been so much afraid, but she can give me counsel and help."

And then the little mermaid went out from her garden, and took the road to the foaming whirlpools, behind which the sorceress lived. She had never been that way before: neither flowers nor grass grew there; nothing but bare, gray, sandy ground stretched out to the whirlpool, where the water, like foaming mill-wheels, whirled round everything that it seized, and cast it into the fathomless deep.

Rough the midst of these crushing whirlpools the little mermaid was obliged to pass, to reach the dominions of the sea witch; and also for a long distance the only road lay right across a quantity of warm, bubbling mire, called by the witch her turf-moor.

Beyond this stood her house, in the centre of a strange forest, in which all the trees and flowers were polypi, half animals and half plants; they looked like serpents with a hundred heads growing out of the ground. The branches were long slimy arms, with fingers like flexible worms, moving limb after limb from the root to the top. All that could be reached in the sea they seized upon, and held fast, so that it never escaped from their clutches. The little mermaid was so alarmed at what she saw, that she stood still, and her heart beat with fear, and she was very nearly turning back; but she thought of the prince, and of the human soul for which she longed, and her courage returned.

She fastened her long flowing hair round her head, so that the polypi might not seize hold of it. She laid her hands together across her bosom, and then she darted forward as a fish shoots through the water, between the supple arms and fingers of the ugly polypi, which were stretched out on each side of her. She saw that each held in its grasp something it had seized with its numerous little arms, as if they were iron bands. The white skeletons of human beings who had perished at sea, and had sunk down into the deep waters, skeletons of land animals, oars, rudders, and chests of ships were lying tightly grasped by their clinging arms; even a little mermaid, whom they had caught and strangled; and this seemed the most shocking of all to the little princess.

She now came to a space of marshy ground in the wood, where large, fat water-snakes were rolling in the mire, and showing their ugly, drab-colored bodies. In the midst of this spot stood a house, built with the bones of shipwrecked human beings. There sat the sea witch, allowing a toad to eat from her mouth, just as people sometimes feed a canary with a piece of sugar. She called the ugly water-snakes her little chickens, and allowed them to crawl all over her bosom.

“I know what you want,” said the sea witch; “it is very stupid of you, but you shall have your way, and it will bring you to sorrow, my pretty princess. You want to get rid of your fish’s tail, and to have two supports instead of it, like human beings on earth, so that the young prince may fall in love with you, and that you may have an immortal soul.” And then the witch laughed so loud and disgustingly, that the toad and the snakes fell to the ground, and lay there wriggling about. “You are but just in time,” said the witch; “for after sunrise to-morrow I should not be able to help you till the end of another year. I will prepare a draught for you, with which you must swim to land tomorrow before sunrise, and sit down on the shore and drink it.

Your tail will then disappear, and shrink up into what mankind calls legs, and you will feel great pain, as if a sword were passing through you. But all who see you will say that you are the prettiest little human being they ever saw. You will still have the same floating gracefulness of movement, and no dancer will ever tread so lightly; but at every step you take it will feel as if you were treading upon sharp knives, and that the blood must flow. If you will bear all this, I will help you.”

“Yes, I will,” said the little princess in a trembling voice, as she thought of the prince and the immortal soul.

“But think again,” said the witch; “for when once your shape has become like a human being, you can no more be a mermaid. You will never return through the water to your sisters, or to your father’s palace again; and if you do not win the love of the prince, so that he is willing to forget his father and mother for your sake, and to love you with his whole soul, and allow the priest to join your hands that you may be man and wife, then you will never have an immortal soul. The first morning after he marries another your heart will break, and you will become foam on the crest of the waves.”

“I will do it,” said the little mermaid, and she became pale as death.

“But I must be paid **ä**lso,” said the witch, “and it **i**ş not a trifle **th**at I **ä**sk. You have the sweetest voi**ç**e of any **wh**o dwell **he**re in the **de**pths of the **se**a, and you **be**lieve **th**at you will be **ab**le to **ch**ärm the princ**e** with it **ä**lso, but **th**is voi**ç**e you must give to me; the best **th**ing you **po**şşess will I have **f**ör the **pr**i**ç**e of my **dr**ä**u**ght. My own **bl**ö**ö**d must be **mi**xed with it, **th**at it may be **a**ş **sh**ärp **a**ş a **tw**e-**ed**ged **sw**ör**d**.”

“But if you **ta**ke **aw**ay my voi**ç**e,” said the little **m**êrmaid, “what **i**ş left **f**ör me?”

“Y**ö**ur **be**autiful **f**örm, y**ö**ur **gr**a**ç**ef**ü**l **w**ä**k**, and y**ö**ur expressive **ey**e**ş**; **su**rely with **th**e**ş**e you can enchain a man’**ş** **he**ärt. Well, have you lost y**ö**ur **co**ur**ag**e? **P**üt **ö**ut y**ö**ur little **t**ö**ng**ue **th**at I may cut it off **a**ş my **pa**yment; **th**en you **sh**all have the **po**wer**f**ül **dr**ä**u**ght.”

“It **sh**all be,” said the little **m**êrmaid.

Then the witch **pl**a**ç**ed **h**êr **c**ä**u**ldr**ö**n on the **fi**re, to **pre**pa**r**e the **ma**gic **dr**ä**u**ght.

“Cleanliness **i**ş a **g**ö**ö**d **th**ing,” said **sh**e, **sc**ö**u**ring the vessel with **sn**a**k**es, **wh**ich **sh**e had **ti**ed together in a **l**ä**r**g**e** knot; **th**en **sh**e pricked **h**êrself in the **br**east, and let the black **bl**ö**ö**d drop into it. The **st**eam **th**at **ro**ş**e** **f**örm**e**d itself into **su**ch horrible **sh**a**p**e**ş** **th**at **no** one **co**u**l**d **l**ö**ö**k at **th**em **wh**ithout **fe**ar. Every **mo**ment the witch **th**rew **so**m**e** **th**ing else into the vessel, and **wh**en it began to boil, the **so**und **w**ä**ş** like the **w**eeping of a crocodile.

When at **l**ä**st** the **ma**gic **dr**ä**u**ght **w**ä**ş** ready, it **l**ö**ö**ked like the **cl**earest **w**ä**t**er. “**T**here it **i**ş **f**ör you,” said the witch. **T**hen **sh**e cut off the **m**êrmaid’**ş** **t**ö**ng**ue, **so** **th**at **sh**e became dumb, and **w**ö**u**ld never again **sp**eak **ö**r sing. “If the **po**lypi **sh**ö**u**ld seize **ho**ld of you **a**ş you **re**t**ü**rn **th**rough the **w**ö**ö**d,” said the witch, “**th**row **ö**ver **th**em a few drops of the **po**t**ö**n, and **th**eir **fi**ng**e**r**ş** will be **t**ö**r**n into a **th**e**u**ş**ä**nd **pi**e**ç**e**ş**.”

But the little **m**êrmaid had **no** **oc**ca**ş**ion to **de** **th**is, **f**ör the **po**lypi sprang back in terror **wh**en **th**e**y** **c**ä**u**ght **si**ght of the glittering **dr**ä**u**ght, **wh**ich **sh**one in **h**êr hand like a twinkling **st**ä**r**.

So she passed quickly through the wood and the marsh, and between the rushing whirlpools. She saw that in her father's palace the torches in the ballroom were extinguished, and all within asleep; but she did not venture to go in to them, for now she was dumb and going to leave them forever, she felt as if her heart would break. She stole into the garden, took a flower from the flower-bed of each of her sisters, kissed her hand a thousand times towards the palace, and then rose up through the dark blue waters. The sun had not risen when she came in sight of the prince's palace, and approached the beautiful



märble steps, but the moon shone clear and bright. Then the little mermaid drank the magic draught, and it seemed as if a two-edged sword went through her delicate body: she fell into a swoon, and lay like one dead. When the sun arose and shone over the sea, she recovered, and felt a sharp pain; but just before her stood the handsome young prince.

He fixed his coal-black eyes upon her so earnestly that she cast down her own, and then became aware that her fish's tail was gone, and that she had as pretty a pair of white legs and tiny feet as any little maiden could have; but she had no clothes, so she wrapped herself in her long, thick hair. The prince asked her who she was, and where she came from, and she looked at him mildly and sorrowfully with her deep blue eyes; but she could not speak. Every step she took was as the witch had said it would be, she felt as if treading upon the points of needles or sharp knives; but she bore it willingly, and stepped as lightly by the prince's side as a soap-bubble, so that he and all who saw her wondered at her graceful-swaying movements. She was very soon arrayed in costly robes of silk and muslin, and was the most beautiful creature in the palace; but she was dumb, and could neither speak nor sing.

Beautiful female slaves, dressed in silk and gold, stepped forward and sang before the prince and his royal parents: one sang better than all the others, and the prince clapped his hands and smiled at her. This was great sorrow to the little mermaid; she knew how much more sweetly she herself could sing once, and she thought, "Oh if he could only know that! I have given away my voice forever, to be with him."

The slaves next performed some pretty fairy-like dances, to the sound of beautiful music. Then the little mermaid raised her lovely white arms, stood on the tips of her toes, and glided over the floor, and danced as no one yet had been able to dance. At each moment her beauty became more revealed, and her expressive eyes appealed more directly to the heart than the songs of the slaves. Every one was enchanted, especially the prince, who called her his little foundling; and she danced again quite readily, to please him, though each time her foot touched the floor it seemed as if she trod on sharp knives.

The prince said she should remain with him always, and she received permission to sleep at his door, on a velvet cushion. He had a page's dress made for her, that she might accompany him on horseback. They rode together through the sweet-scented woods, where the green boughs touched their shoulders, and the little birds sang among the fresh leaves. She climbed with the prince to the tops of high mountains; and although her tender feet bled so that even her steps were marked, she only laughed, and followed him till they could see the clouds beneath them looking like a flock of birds travelling to distant lands. While at the prince's palace, and when all the household were asleep, she would go and sit on the broad marble steps; for it eased her burning feet to bathe them in the cold sea-water; and then she thought of all those below in the deep.

Once during the night her sisters came up arm-in-arm, singing sorrowfully, as they floated on the water. She beckoned to them, and then they recognized her, and told her how she had grieved them: that, they came to the same place every night; and once she saw in the distance her old grandmother, who had not been to the surface of the sea for many years, and the old Sea King, her father, with his crown on his head. They stretched out their hands towards her, but they did not venture so near the land as her sisters did.

As the days passed, she loved the prince more fondly, and he loved her as he would love a little child, but it never came into his head to make her his wife; yet,

unless he married hêr, **she** could not receive an immortal soul; and, on the morning after his marriage with another, **she** would dissolve into the foam of the sea.

“Do you not love me the best of them **â**ll?” the eyes of the little mêrmaid seemed to say, when he took hêr in his arms, and kissed hêr fair forehead.

“Yes, you **â**re dear to me,” said the prinçe; “for you have the best heart, and you **â**re the most devoted to me; you **â**re like a young maiden whom I once sâw, but whom I shall never meet again. I was in a ship that was wrecked, and the waves cast me ashôre near a holy temple, where several young maidens performed the sêrvice. The youngest of them found me on the shôre, and saved my life. I sâw hêr but twice, and **she** is the only one in the wôrld whom I could love; but you **â**re like hêr, and you have **â**lmost driven hêr image out of my mind. **She** belongs to the holy temple, and my good fortune has sent you to me instead of hêr; and we will never part.”

“Ah, he knows not that it was I who saved his life,” thôught the little mêrmaid. “I carried him over the sea to the wôod where the temple stands: I sat beneath the foam, and watched till the human beings came to help him. I sâw the pretty maiden that he loves better than he loves me;” and the mêrmaid sighed deeply, but **she** could not shed tears. “He says the maiden belongs to the holy temple, therefore **she** will never return to the wôrld. They will meet no môre: while I am by his side, and see him every day. I will take care of him, and love him, and give up my life fôr his sake.”

Very soon it was said that the prinçe must marry, and that the beautiful daughter of a neighboring king would be his wife, fôr a fine ship was being fitted out. **â**lthough the prinçe gave out that he merely intended to pay a visit to the king, it was generally supposed that he really went to see his daughter. A great company were to go with him. The little mêrmaid smiled, and shook hêr head. **She** knew the prinçe’s thôughts better than any of the others.

“I must travel,” he had said to hêr; “I must see this beautiful prinçess; my parents desire it; but they will not oblige me to bring hêr home as my bride. I cannot love hêr; **she** is not like the beautiful maiden in the temple, whom you resemble. If I were forced to choose a bride, I would rather choose you, my dumb foundling, with those expressive eyes.” And then he kissed hêr rosy mouth, played with hêr long waving hair, and laid his head on hêr heart, while **she** dreamed of human happiness and an immortal soul. “You **â**re not afraid of the sea, my dumb child,”

said he, as they stood on the deck of the noble ship which was to carry them to the country of the neighboring king. And then he told her of storm and of calm, of strange fishes in the deep beneath them, and of what the divers had seen there; and she smiled at his descriptions, for she knew better than any one what wonders were at the bottom of the sea.

In the moonlight, when all on board were asleep, excepting the man at the helm, who was steering, she sat on the deck, gazing down through the clear water. She thought she could distinguish her father's castle, and upon it her aged grandmother, with the silver crown on her head, looking through the rushing tide at the keel of the vessel. Then her sisters came up on the waves, and gazed at her mournfully, wringing their white hands. She beckoned to them, and smiled, and wanted to tell them how happy and well off she was; but the cabin-boy approached, and when her sisters dived down he thought it was only the foam of the sea which he saw.

The next morning the ship sailed into the harbor of a beautiful town belonging to the king whom the prince was going to visit. The church bells were ringing, and from the high towers sounded a flourish of trumpets; and soldiers, with flying colors and glittering bayonets, lined the rocks through which they passed. Every day was a festival; balls and entertainments followed one another.

"It was you," said the prince, "who saved my life when I lay dead on the beach," and he folded his blushing bride in his arms. "Oh, I am too happy," said he to the little mermaid; "my fondest hopes are all fulfilled. You will rejoice at my happiness; for your devotion to me is great and sincere."

The little mermaid kissed his hand, and felt as if her heart were already broken. His wedding morning would bring death to her, and she would change into the foam of the sea. All the church bells rung, and the heralds rode about the town proclaiming the betrothal. Perfumed oil was burning in costly silver lamps on every altar. The priests waved the censers, while the bride and bridegroom joined their hands and received the blessing of the bishop. The little mermaid, dressed in silk and gold, held up the bride's train; but her ears heard nothing of the festive music, and her eyes saw not the holy ceremony; she thought of the night of death which was coming to her, and of all she had lost in the world.

On the same evening the bride and bridegroom went on board ship; cannons were roaring, flags waving, and in the centre of the ship a costly tent of purple and gold

had **been** erected. It **contained** elegant **couches**, **fôr** the **reception** of the **bridal pair** **during** the **ni**ght. The **ship**, **with** swelling **sails** and a **favorable** wind, **glided** **away** **smoothly** and **lightly** **over** the **cä**lm **sea**. **When** it grew **därk** a number of **colored** lamps **wê**re lit, and the **sailors** **danc**ed merrily on the deck. The little **mê**rmaid **cou**ld not help **th**inking of **hê**r **fî**rst **ri**sing **out** of the **sea**, **when** **she** had **seen** similar **festivities** and **joys**; and **she** **joined** in the **danc**e, **poised** **hê**rself in the **air** **as** a **swallow** **when** he **pursu**es his **prey**, and **ä**ll **pres**ent **chee**red **hê**r **with** **wô**nder. **She** had never **danc**ed **so** elegantly **befô**re. **Hê**r **tender** **feet** felt **as** if cut **with** **shä**rp **knive**s, but **she** **care**d not **fôr** it; a sharper pang had **pi**êced **throu**gh **hê**r **heä**rt. **She** **knew** **this** **was** the **lä**st **evening** **she** **shou**ld ever **see** the **prin**ce, **fôr** **wh**om **she** had **forsaken** **hê**r **kindred** and **hê**r **home**; **she** had given up **hê**r **be**autiful **voic**e, and **suffered** **unh**ear-d-of **pain** **daily** **fôr** him, **while** he **knew** **no**thing of it.

This **was** the **lä**st **evening** **that** **she** **wou**ld **breath**e the **same** **air** **with** him, **ôr** **gaze** on the **stä**rry **sky** and the **deep** **sea**; an **et**ernal **ni**ght, **with**out a **thô**ught **ôr** a **dre**am, **awa**ited **hê**r: **she** had **no** **soul** and **n**ow **she** **cou**ld never win one. **ä**ll **was** joy and **gay**ety on **bô**ard **ship** till long **ä**fter **mid**ni~~ght~~; **she** **lä**ughed and **danc**ed **with** the rest, **while** the **thô**ughts of **deat**h **wê**re in **hê**r **heä**rt. The **prin**ce **kiss**ed his **be**autiful **bride**, **while** **she** **play**ed **with** his **raven** **hair**, till **they** went **ä**rm-in-**ä**rm to rest in the **splendid** **tent**. **Then** **ä**ll **became** still on **bô**ard the **ship**; the **helmsman**, **alone** **awake**, **stô**od at the **helm**. The little **mê**rmaid **lean**ed **hê**r **white** **ä**rms on the **edg**e of the **vessel**, and **lô**ok**ed** **towä**rds the **e**ast **fôr** the **fî**rst **blush** of **mô**rning, **fôr** **that** **fî**rst **ray** of **down** **that** **wou**ld bring **hê**r **deat**h. **She** **sä**w **hê**r **sister**s **ri**sing **out** of the **flô**od: **they** **wê**re **as** **pale** **as** **hê**rself; but **their** long **be**autiful **hair** **wav**ed **no** **mô**re in the wind, and had **been** cut off.

“**We** have given **our** **hair** to the **witch**,” said **they**, “to obtain help **fôr** **you**, **that** **you** may not **die** to-**ni**ght. **She** has given us a **knife**: **here** it **is**, **see** it **is** very **shä**rp. **Befô**re the sun **ri**ses **you** must **plung**e it into the **heä**rt of the **prin**ce; **when** the **wä**rm **blô**od **fä**lls upon **yô**ur **feet** **they** will **grow** **toget**her again, and **fô**rm into a **fish**'s **tail**, and **you** will **be** **on**ce **mô**re a **mê**rmaid, and **retû**rn to us to **live** **out** **yô**ur **th**ree hundred **year**s **befô**re **you** **die** and **chang**e into the **sä**lt **sea** **fo**am. **Haste**, **then**; **he** **ôr** **you** must **die** **befô**re **sun**ri**se**. Our **old** **grandmô**ther **mo**ans **so** **fôr** **you**, **that** **hê**r **white** **hair** **is** **fä**lling off from **sorrow**, **as** **our**s fell under the **witch**'s **sc**issors. Kill the **prin**ce and **cô**me back; **hasten**: **do** **you** not **see** the **fî**rst **red** **streak**s in the **sky**? In a few minutes the sun will **ri**se, and **you** must **die**.” And **then** **they** **sigh**ed **deep**ly and **mô**rnfully, and **sank** **down** **beneath** the **wav**es.

The little mēmaid drew back the crimson cūrtain of the tent, and beheld the fair bride with hēr head resting on the prince's breast. **She** bent down and kissed his fair brow, **then** looked at the sky on which the rosy dawn grew brighter and brighter; **then she** glanced at the sharp knife, and again fixed hēr eyes on the prince, who whispered the name of his bride in his dreams. **She was** in his thōughts, and the knife trembled in the hand of the little mēmaid: **then she** flung it far away from hēr into the waves; the wāter tūrned red where it fell, and the drops that spūrted up looked like blood. **She** cāst one mōre lingering, hālf-fainting glance at the prince, and **then** threw hērself from the ship into the sea, and thōught hēr body was dišsolving into foam.

The sun rose above the waves, and his wārm rays fell on the cold foam of the little mēmaid, who did not feel as if **she were** dying. **She** sāv the bright sun, and āll around hēr floated hundreds of transparent beautiful beings; **she** could see througħ them the white sails of the ship, and the red clouds in the sky; **their** speech was melodious, but too ethereal to be hēard by mōrtal ears, as **they were** ālso unseen by mōrtal eyes. The little mēmaid pērceived that **she** had a body like theirs, and that **she** continued to rise higher and higher out of the foam.



“Where am I?” asked she, and hēr voice sounded ethereal, as the voice of those who were with hēr; no earthly music could imitate it.

“Among the daughters of the air,” answered one of them. “A mēmaid has not an immortal soul, nōr can she obtain one unless she wins the love of a human being. On the power of another hangs hēr eternal destiny.

But the daughters of the air, ālthoūgh they do not possess an immortal soul, can, by their good deeds, procure one for themselves. We fly to wārm countries, and cool the sultry air that destroys mankind with the pestilence. We carry the pērfume of the flowers to spread health and restoration. we have striven for

three hundred yearş to **á**ll the **gó**od in **ó**ur **pó**wer, we **re**ceive an immórtal soul and **take pá**rt in the happiness of mankínd. **Yó**u, **pó**or little **mê**rmaid, have **tried with yó**ur **wh**ole **heá**rt to **de** **aş** we **á**re **de**ing; **yó**u have **suffered** and **endured** and **raised** **yó**urself to the **spirit-wó**rd **by yó**ur **gó**od **deedş**; and **nó**w, **by** **striving fó**r **three** hundred **yearş** in the **same** way, **yó**u **may** **obtain** an immórtal soul.”

The little **mê**rmaid lifted **hê**r **gló**rified **ey**eş **towá**rđş the sun, and felt **them**, **fó**r the **fí**rst **tí**me, filling with **tearş**. On the **ship**, in **wh**ich **she** had left the **prín**çe, **there** **wê**re **lí**fe and **noí**şe; **she** **sá**w him and **hiş** **be**autiful **brí**de **sê**arching **fó**r **hê**r; **sorrowfú**lly **they** **gazed** at the **pearly** **fo**am, **aş** if **they** **knew** **she** had **th**rown **hê**rself into the **wav**eş. **Unseen** **she** **kissed** the **for**eh^ead of **hê**r **brí**de, and **fanned** the **prín**çe, and **then** **mounted** with the **ó**ther **chí**ldren of the **air** to a **roşy** **cló**ud **th**at **floated** **th**rough the **aether**.

“After **three** hundred **yearş**, **th**us **shall** we **float** into the **kingdó**m of **heaven**,” said **she**. “And we **may** **even** get **there** **so**oner,” **whispered** one of **hê**r **com**panions. “**Unseen** we can enter the **houş**eş of men, **wh**ere **the** **á**re **chí**ldren, and **fó**r every **day** on **wh**ich we **find** a **gó**od **chí**ld, **wh**o **iş** the **joy** of **hiş** **parent**s and **deş**erveş **theí**r **ló**ve, **ó**ur **tí**me of **probation** **iş** **shó**rtened. The **chí**ld **dó**eş not **know**, **wh**en we **fly th**rough the **re**em, **th**at we **smile** with **joy** at **hiş** **gó**od **conduct**, **fó**r we can **count** one **year** less of **ó**ur **three** hundred **yearş**. But **wh**en we **see** a **ná**ughty **ó**r a **wí**cked **chí**ld, we **shed** **tearş** of **sorrow**, and **fó**r every **tear** a **day** **iş** added to **ó**ur **tí**me of **trial**!”



The Emperor's New Suit

Hans Christian Andersen 1837

MANY, many **yearş** ago lived an emperor, **wh**o **thó**ught so **much** of **new** **cloth**eş **th**at he **spent** **á**ll **hiş** **mó**ney in **ó**rd^er to **obtain** **them**; **hiş** **only** **ambítí**on **wáş** to be **á**lwayş **well** **dressed**. He **did** not **care** **fó**r **hiş** **soldí**eş, and the **theatre** **did** not **amú**se him; the **only** **thí**ng, in **fact**, he **thó**ught any**thí**ng of **wáş** to **drí**ve **ó**ut and **show** a **new** **suit** of **cloth**eş.

He had a coat fôr every hœur of the day; and aš one woùd say of a king “He iš in hiš cabinet,” so one coùd say of him, “The emperor iš in hiš dressing-room.”



The great çity where he rešided wāš very gay; every day many strangers from āll pārts of the globe arrived. One day twe swindlers came to this çity; they made people believe that they wêre weavers, and declared they coùd manufacture the finest cloth to be imagined. Their colourš and patternš, they said, wêre not only exçeptionally beautiful, but the clothēš made of their material poššesseđ the wônderfùl quality of being invišible to any man who wāš unfit fôr hiš offiçe ôr unpārdonably stupid.

“That must be wônderfùl cloth,” thôught the emperor. “If I wêre to be dressed in a suit made of this cloth I shôùd be able to find out which men in my empiere wêre unfit fôr their plaçeš, and I coùd distinguish the clever from the stupid. I must have this cloth woven fôr me without delay.” And he gave a lārgē sum of mōney to the swindlerš, in advançe, that they shôùd set to wôrkwithout any loss of time. They set up twe loomš, and pretended to be very hārd at wôrkw, but they did nothiŋ whatever on the looms. They āsked fôr the finest silk and the most preçiouš gold-cloth; āll they got they did away with, and wôrked at the empty loomš till late at night.

“I shôùd very much like to know hœw they āre getting on with the cloth,” thôught the emperor. But he felt rāther uneašy when he remembered that he who wāš not fit fôr hiš offiçe coùd not see it. Pêrsonally, he wāš of opinion that he had nothiŋ to fear, yet he thôught it adviŋable to send somebody else first to see hœw matterš stôod. Everybody in the town knew whāt a remarkable quality the stuff poššesseđ, and āll wêre anxious to see hœw bad ôr stupid their neighbourš wêre.

“I shall send my honest old minister to the weaverš,” thôught the emperor. “He can judge best hœw the stuff loòks, fôr he iš intelligent, and nobody understandš hiš offiçe better than he.”

The **g**ood **o**ld minister went into the **r**oom where the swindlers sat before the empty **l**ooms. “Heaven **p**re**s**erve us!” he **t**hought, and **o**pened his **e**yes wide, “I cannot **s**ee anything at **a**ll,” but he did not say so. **B**oth swindlers requested him to **c**ome near, and **a**ske**d** him if he did not admire the **e**x**q**u**i**s**i**te pattern and the **b**eautiful **c**olour**s**, pointing to the empty **l**ooms. The **p**oor **o**ld minister **t**ried his very best, but he **c**ould **s**ee **n**othing, **f**or **t**here **w**as **n**othing to be seen. “Oh **d**ear,” he **t**hought, “can I be so **s**tupid? I **s**hould never have **t**hought so, and **n**obody must **k**now it! **I**s it possible **t**hat I am not fit **f**or my **o**ffice? **N**o, **n**o, I cannot say **t**hat I **w**as **u**n**a**ble to **s**ee the **c**loth.”

“**N**ow, have **y**ou got **n**othing to **s**ay?” said one of the swindlers, while he pretended to be busily **w**eaving.

“**O**h, it **i**s very pretty, **e**x**c**e**e**dingly **b**eautiful,” replied the **o**ld minister **l**ooking **t**hrough his **g**lasses. “What a **b**eautiful pattern, **w**hat brilliant **c**olour**s**! I **s**hall tell the emperor **t**hat I **l**ike the **c**loth very **m**uch.”

“**W**e **a**re **p**leased to **h**ear **t**hat,” said the **t**wo **w**eavers, and described to him the **c**olour**s** and explained the **c**urious pattern. The **o**ld minister listened attentively, **t**hat he **m**ight relate to the emperor **w**hat **t**hey said; and **s**o he did.

Now the swindlers **a**ske**d** **f**or **m**ore **m**oney, silk and **g**old-**c**loth, **w**h**i**ch **t**hey **r**equired **f**or **w**eaving. **T**hey kept everything **f**or **t**hemselves, and not a **t**hread **c**ame near the **l**oom, but **t**hey **c**ontinued, **a**s **h**itherto, to **w**ork at the empty **l**ooms.

Soon **a**fterwards the emperor sent another **h**onest **c**ourtier to the **w**eavers to **s**ee **h**ow **t**hey **w**ere getting on, and if the **c**loth **w**as **n**early **f**inished. **L**ike the **o**ld minister, he **l**ooked and **l**ooked but **c**ould **s**ee **n**othing, **a**s **t**here **w**as **n**othing to be seen.

“**I**s it not a **b**eautiful **p**iece of **c**loth?” **a**ske**d** the **t**wo swindlers, **s**h**o**wing and explaining the **m**agnificent pattern, **w**h**i**ch, **h**owever, did not exist.

“I am not **s**tupid,” said the man. “It **i**s **t**herefore **m**y **g**ood appointment **f**or **w**h**i**ch I am not fit. It **i**s very **s**trange, but I must not let any one **k**now it,” and he **p**raised the **c**loth, **w**h**i**ch he did not **s**ee, and expressed his joy at the **b**eautiful **c**olour**s** and the **f**ine pattern. “It **i**s very **e**xcellent,” he said to the emperor.

Everybody in the **w**hole **t**own **t**alked about the **p**recious **c**loth. At **l**ast the emperor **w**ished to **s**ee it himself, while it **w**as still on the **l**oom. **W**ith a number of **c**ourtiers,

including the **two** who had **already been there**, he went to the **two** clever swindlers, who **now worked as hard as they could**, but **without using any thread**.

“**Is it not magnificent?**” said the **two** old statesmen who had **been there before**. “**Your Majesty must admire the colours and the pattern.**” And **then they** pointed to the empty **looms**, **for they** imagined the **others could see** the **cloth**.

“**What is this?**” **thought** the emperor, “**I do not see anything at all. That is terrible! Am I stupid? Am I unfit to be emperor? That would indeed be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me.**”

“**Really,**” he said, **turning** to the **weavers**, “**your cloth has our most gracious approval;**” and nodding contentedly he **looked** at the empty **loom**, **for he** did not like to **say that he saw nothing**. **All his attendants**, who **were with him**, **looked and looked**, and **although they could not see anything more than the others**, they said, **like the emperor**, “**It is very beautiful.**” And **all advised** him to wear the new magnificent **clothes** at a **great procession which was seen to take place**. “**It is magnificent, beautiful, excellent,**” one **heard them say**; everybody **seemed to be delighted**, and the emperor appointed the **two swindlers** “**Imperial Court weavers.**”

The **whole night previous to the day on which the procession was to take place**, the swindlers **pretended to work**, and **burned more than sixteen candles**. **People should see that they were busy to finish the emperor’s new suit**. They **pretended to take the cloth from the loom**, and **worked about in the air with big scissors**, and **sewed with needles without thread**, and said at **last**: “**The emperor’s new suit is ready now.**”

The emperor and **all his barons then came** to the **hall**; the swindlers **held their arms up as if they held something in their hands** and said: “**These are the trousers!**” “**This is the coat!**” and “**Here is the cloak!**” and **so on**. “**They are all as light as a cobweb**, and one must **feel as if one had nothing at all upon the body**; but **that is just the beauty of them.**”

“**Indeed!**” said **all the courtiers**; but **they could not see anything, for there was nothing to be seen**.

“**Does it please your Majesty now to graciously undress,**” said the swindlers, “**that we may assist your Majesty in putting on the new suit before the large looking-glass?**”

The emperor undressed, and the swindlers pretended to put the new suit upon him, one piece after another; and the emperor looked at himself in the glass from every side.

“How well they look! How well they fit!” said all. “What a beautiful pattern! What fine colour! That is a magnificent suit of clothes!”

The master of the ceremonies announced that the bearers of the canopy, which was to be carried in the procession, were ready.

“I am ready,” said the emperor. “Does not my suit fit me marvellously?” Then he turned once more to the looking-glass, that people should think he admired his garments.

The chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stretched their hands to the ground as if they lifted up a train, and pretended to hold something in their hands; they did not like people to know that they could not see anything.


The emperor marched in the procession under the beautiful canopy, and all who saw him in the street and out of the windows exclaimed: “Indeed, the emperor’s new suit is incomparable! What a long train he has! How well it fits him!” Nobody wished to let others know he saw nothing, for then he would have been unfit for his office or too stupid. Never emperor’s clothes were more admired.

“But he has nothing on at all,” said a little child at last. “Good heavens! Listen to the voice of an innocent child,” said the father, and one whispered to the other what the child had said. “But he has nothing on at all,” cried at last the whole people. That made a deep impression upon the emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought to himself, “Now I must bear up to the end.” And the chamberlains walked with still greater dignity, as if they carried the train which did not exist.



The Brave Tin Soldier

Hans Christian Andersen 1838

 **HERE** wêre onçe five-and-twenty tin soldierş, whê wêre **âll** brôtherş, fôr they had **been** made out of the same old tin speen. They **shouldered** ärmş and **looked** straight befôre them, and wôre a splendid **unifôrm**, red and blue. The first **thing** in the wôrld they ever hêard wêre the wôrds, “Tin soldierş!” uttered by a little boy, whê clapped hiş handş with delight when the lid of the box, in **which** they lay, wâş taken off.

They wêre given him fôr a **birth**day present, and he stôod at the table to set them up. The soldierş wêre **âll** exactly alike, exçepting one, whê had **only** one leg; he had **been** left to the lăst, and **then** there wâş not enough of the melted tin to finish him, so they made him to stand firmly on one leg, and **this** căuşed him to be very remărkable. The table on which the tin soldierş stôod, wâş covered with **other** playthings, but the most attractive to the eye wâş a pretty little paper căstle.



Through the smăll windows the roomş could be seen. In front of the căstle a number of little trees surrounded a piece of **looking-glass**, which wâş intended to represent a transparent lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake, and wêre reflected in it. **âll** this wâş very pretty, but the prettiest of **âll** wâş a tiny little lady, whê stôod at the open dôr of the căstle; she, **âls**o, wâş made of paper, and she wôre a dress of clear muşlin, with a narrow blue ribbon over hêr shoulderş just like a scărf. In front of theşe wâş fixed a glittering tinsel roşe, aş lărg e aş hêr whole façe.

The little lady wâş a dancer, and she stretched out both hêr ärmş, and raised one of hêr legş so high, that the tin soldier could not see it at **âll**, and he **thô**ught that she, like himself, had **only** one leg. “That iş the wife fôr me,” he **thô**ught; “but she iş **tee** grand, and lives in a căstle, while I have **only** a box to live in, five-and-twenty of us **âlltogether**, that iş no place fôr hêr. Still I must try and make hêr

acquaintance.” Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuff-box that stood upon it, so that he could peep at the little delicate lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the pencil jumped about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and in poetry too. Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on tiptoe, with her legs stretched out, as firmly as he did on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her for even a moment. The clock struck twelve, and, with a bounce, up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin; for the snuff-box was a toy puzzle.

“Tin soldier,” said the goblin, “don’t wish for what does not belong to you.”

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

“Very well; wait till to-morrow, then,” said the goblin.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin who did it, or the draught, is not known, but the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, from the third story, into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall; for he came head downwards, his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air. The servant maid and the little boy went down stairs directly to look for him; but he was nowhere to be seen, although once they nearly trod upon him. If he had called out, “Here I am,” it would have been all right, but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys happened to pass by, and one of them said, “Look, there is a tin soldier. He ought to have a boat to sail in.”

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it, and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what a rage waves arose in that gutter! And how fast the stream rolled on! for the rain had been very heavy. The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier

trembled; yet **he** remained firm; his **c**ountenanc**e** did not **ch**ang**e**; **he** **l**ook**e**d straight bef**o**re him, and **sh**ouldered his musket. Suddenly the **bo**at **sh**ot under a bridge **wh**ich **f**ormed a **p**art of a drain, and **th**en it **w**as **a**s **d**ark **a**s the tin soldier's box.

"Where am I going **n**ow?" **th**ought he. "**T**his **i**s the black goblin's **f**ault, I am **s**ure. **ä**h, well, if the little **l**ady **w**ere **o**nly **h**ere **w**ith **m**e in the **bo**at, I **sh**ould not **c**are **f**or any **d**arkness."

Suddenly **th**ere **a**pp**e**ared a **g**reat **w**ater-rat, **wh**o lived in the drain.

"Have **y**ou a passport?" **ä**s**k**e**d** the rat, "give it to **m**e at **o**nc**e**." But the tin soldier remained silent and held his musket **t**ighter **th**an ever. The **bo**at **s**aile**d** on and the rat **f**ollow**e**d it. **H**ow **h**e did **g**nash his **t**ee**t**h and **c**ry **o**ut to the bits of **w**ood and **str**aw, "Stop him, stop him; **h**e has not paid **t**oll, and has not **sh**own his **p**ass." But the stream **r**ush**e**d on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier **c**ould **ä**lready **s**ee **day**light **sh**ining **w**here the **ä**rch ended. **T**hen **h**e **h**ear**d** a **r**oaring **s**ound **q**uite terrible **e**nough to **f**righten the **b**ravest man. At the end of the tunnel the drain fell into a **l**arge **c**anäl **o**ver a **s**teep **pl**ac**e**, **wh**ich **m**ade it **a**s **d**angerous **f**or him **a**s a **w**aterfäll **w**ould **b**e to us. **H**e **w**as **t**ee **c**los**e** to it to stop, **s**o the **bo**at **r**ush**e**d on, and the **p**oor tin soldier **c**ould **o**nly hold himself **a**s stiffly **a**s possible, **w**ithout **m**oving an **e**yelid, to **sh**ow **th**at **h**e **w**as not afraid.

The **bo**at **w**hirled **r**ound **th**ree **ö**r **f**our **t**ime**s**, and **th**en filled with **w**ater to the very **e**dg**e**; **n**oth**ing** **c**ould **s**ave it from sinking. **H**e **n**ow **st**oo**d** up to his neck in **w**ater, **wh**ile **d**eep**e**r and **d**eep**e**r sank the **bo**at, and the **p**aper **b**ecame soft and **l**oose **w**ith the wet, till at **l**äst the **w**ater **c**los**e**d **o**ver the soldier's head. **H**e **th**ought of the elegant little **d**an**ç**er **wh**om **h**e **sh**ould never **s**ee again, and the **w**ör**d**s of the song **s**ounded in his **e**ars—

"Farewell, **w**arrior! Ever brave,

Drifting on**w**ard to **th**y **g**rave."

Then the **p**aper **bo**at fell to **p**ieces, and the soldier sank into the **w**ater and immediately **ä**fterward**s** **w**as **sw**allow**e**d up **b**y a **g**reat **f**ish. **O**h **h**ow **d**ärk it **w**as **i**nside the **f**ish! A **g**reat **d**eal **d**ärker **th**an in the tunnel, and narrower **t**ee, but the tin soldier **c**ontinued firm, and **l**ay at **f**üll **l**eng**th** shouldering his musket. The **f**ish swam to and fro,



making the most wonderful movements, but at last he became quite still.

After a while, a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight approached, and a voice cried out, "I declare here is the tin soldier." The fish had been caught, taken to the market and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a large knife. She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her finger and thumb, and carried him into the room. They were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had travelled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud.

They placed him on the table, and—how many curious things do happen in the world!—there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen, there were the same children, the same playthings, standing on the table, and the pretty castle with the elegant little dancer at the door; she still balanced herself on one leg, and held up the other, so she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He only looked at her and they both remained silent.


Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The flames lighted up the tin soldier, as he stood, the heat was very terrible, but whether it proceeded from the real fire or from the fire of love he could not tell. Then he could see that the bright colors were faded from his uniform, but whether they had been washed off during his journey or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with his gun on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door of the room flew open and the draught of air caught up the little dancer, she fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, and was instantly in flames and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the maid servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.



The Wild Swans

Hans Christian Andersen 1838

 FAR away in the land to which the swallows fly when it is winter, dwelt a king who had eleven sons, and one daughter, named Eliza. The eleven brothers were princes, and each went to school with a star on his breast, and a sword by his side. They wrote with diamond pencils on gold slates, and learnt their lessons so quickly and read so easily that every one might know they were princes. Their sister Eliza sat on a little stool of plate-glass, and had a book full of pictures, which had cost as much as half a kingdom. Oh, these children were indeed happy, but it was not to remain so always.

Their father, who was king of the country, married a very wicked queen, who did not love the poor children at all. They knew this from the very first day after the wedding. In the palace there were great festivities, and the children played at receiving company; but instead of having, as usual, all the cakes and apples that were left, she gave them some sand in a tea-cup, and told them to pretend it was cake. The week after, she sent little Eliza into the country to a peasant and his wife, and then she told the king so many untrue things about the young princes, that he gave himself no more trouble respecting them.

“Go out into the world and get your own living,” said the queen. “Fly like great birds, who have no voice.” But she could not make them ugly as she wished, for they were turned into eleven beautiful wild swans. Then, with a strange cry, they flew through the windows of the palace, over the park, to the forest beyond. It was early morning when they passed the peasant’s cottage, where their sister Eliza lay asleep in her room. They hovered over the roof, twisted their long necks and flapped their wings, but no one heard them or saw them, so they were at last obliged to fly away, high up in the clouds; and over the wide world they flew till they came to a thick, dark wood, which stretched far away to the seashore.

Poor little Eliza was alone in her room playing with a green leaf, for she had no other playthings, and she pierced a hole through the leaf, and looked through it at the sun, and it was as if she saw her brothers’ clear eyes, and when the warm sun shone on her cheeks, she thought of all the kisses they had given her. One day passed just like another; sometimes the winds rustled through the leaves of the rose-bush, and would whisper to the roses, “Who can be more beautiful than you!”

But the roses would shake their heads, and say, “Eliza is.” And when the old woman sat at the cottage door on Sunday, and read her hymn-book, the wind would flutter the leaves, and say to the book, “Who can be more pious than you?” and then the hymn-book would answer “Eliza.” And the roses and the hymn-book told the real truth. At fifteen she returned home, but when the queen saw how beautiful she was, she became full of spite and hatred towards her.

Willingly would she have turned her into a swan, like her brothers, but she did not dare to do so yet, because the king wished to see his daughter. Early one morning the queen went into the bath-room; it was built of marble, and had soft cushions, trimmed with the most beautiful tapestry. She took three toads with her, and kissed them, and said to one, “When Eliza comes to the bath, seat yourself upon her head, that she may become as stupid as you are.” Then she said to another, “Place yourself on her forehead, that she may become as ugly as you are, and that her father may not know her.” “Rest on her heart,” she whispered to the third, “then she will have evil inclinations, and suffer in consequence.” So she put the toads into the clear water, and they turned green immediately.

She next called Eliza, and helped her to undress and get into the bath. As Eliza dipped her head under the water, one of the toads sat on her hair, a second on her forehead, and a third on her breast, but she did not seem to notice them, and when she rose out of the water, there were three red poppies floating upon it. Had not the creatures been venomous or been kissed by the witch, they would have been changed into red roses. At all events they became flowers, because they had rested on Eliza's head, and on her heart. She was too good and too innocent for witchcraft to have any power over her. When the wicked queen saw this, she rubbed her face with walnut-juice, so that she was quite brown; then she tangled her beautiful hair and smeared it with disgusting ointment, till it was quite impossible to recognize the beautiful Eliza.

When her father saw her, he was much shocked, and declared she was not his daughter. No one but the watch-dog and the swallows knew her; and they were only poor animals, and could say nothing. Then poor Eliza wept, and thought of her eleven brothers, who were all away. Sorrowfully, she stole away from the palace, and walked, the whole day, over fields and moors, till she came to the great forest. She knew not in what direction to go; but she was so unhappy, and longed so for her brothers, who had been, like herself, driven out into the world, that she was determined to seek them.

She had been but a **shórt** time in the **wóód** when **níght** came on, and **she** quite lost the **páth**; so **she** laid **hêr**self down on the soft moss, offered up **hêr** evening prayer, and **leaned** **hêr** head against the stump of a **tree**. **Áll** **nature** **wáş** still, and the soft, **míld** **air** fanned **hêr** fore**head**. The **líght** of hundredş of **glow-wórmş** **shone** amidst the **gräss** and the moss, **líke** **green** **fire**; and if **she** **touchèd** a twig with **hêr** hand, ever **so** **líghtly**, the brilliant insects fell down around **hêr**, **líke** **shééting-stärş**.

All **níght** long **she** dreamt of **hêr** **brótherş**. **She** and **they** **wêre** **children** again, playing together. **She** **sáw** **them** writing with **their** **díamónd** **pençílş** on **golden** **slateş**, while **she** **lóokèd** at the **beautíful** **pícture-bóók** **whích** had cost **hálf** a **kingdóm**. **They** **wêre** not writing **líneş** and **letterş**, **aş** **they** **used** to **dó**; but **descriptíonş** of the **noble** **deedş** **they** had **perfórmèd**, and of **áll** **they** had **discóverèd** and **seen**. In the **pícture-bóók**, **tee**, **everythíng** **wáş** living. The **bírdş** sang, and the **peóple** **came** **óut** of the **bóók**, and **spoke** to **Eliza** and **hêr** **brótherş**; but, **aş** the **leaveş** **túrned** **óver**, **they** **dártd** back again to **their** **pláceş**, **thát** **áll** **míght** **be** in **órdér**.

When **she** **awoke**, the sun **wáş** **hígh** in the **heavenş**; yet **she** **cóuld** not **see** him, **fór** the lofty **treeş** spread **their** **branchéş** thickly **óver** **hêr** head; but **hiş** **beamş** **wêre** **glançíng** **thróugh** the **leaveş** **here** and **there**, **líke** a **golden** **míst**. **There** **wáş** a **sweet** **frágránçé** from the **fresh** **green** **verdure**, and the **bírdş** **álmóst** **pêrched** upon **hêr** **shóuldérş**. **She** **hêard** **wáter** rippling from a number of **springş**, **áll** **flówing** in a **lake** with **golden** **sandş**. **Búsheş** grew **thíckly** **óund** the **lake**, and at one spot an **ópeníng** had **been** **made** **by** a **deer**, **thróugh** **whích** **Eliza** went **ówn** to the **wáter**.

The **lake** **wáş** **so** **clear** **thát**, had not the wind rustled the **branchéş** of the **treeş** and the **búsheş**, **so** **thát** **they** **móved**, **they** **wóuld** have **appeared** **aş** if **paintèd** in the **depthş** of the **lake**; **fór** every **leaf** **wáş** reflected in the **wáter**, **whéther** it **stóóed** in the **shadé** **ór** the **sunshíne**. **Aş** **soon** **aş** **Eliza** **sáw** **hêr** **ówn** **façé**, **she** **wáş** **quíte** **terrífíed** at **findíng** it **so** **brown** and **ugly**; but when **she** **wetted** **hêr** little hand, and **rubbed** **hêr** **eyéş** and fore**head**, the **whíte** **skin** **gleamed** **fórt**h **onçé** **móre**; and, **áfter** **she** had **undressed**, and **dípped** **hêr**self in the **fresh** **wáter**, a **móre** **beautíful** **king's** **dáughtér** **cóuld** not **be** **found** in the **wíde** **wórd**.

Aş **soon** **aş** **she** had **dressed** **hêr**self again, and **braided** **hêr** long **hair**, **she** went to the bubbling spring, and drank **sóme** **wáter** **óut** of the **hóllów** of **hêr** hand. **Then** **she** **wándered** **fär** **íntó** the forest, not **knowíng** **whíther** **she** went. **She** **thóught** of **hêr** **brótherş**, and felt **suré** **thát** **God** **wóuld** not **forsáke** **hêr**. It **íş** **God** **whó** **mákes** the **wíld** **appleş** **grow** in the **wóód**, to **satisfy** the hungry, and **He** **nów** led **hêr** to one

of **thes**e trees, **wh**ich **w**as so lo**ad**ed with fruit, **th**at the bo**ugh**s bent bene**ath** the weight. **Her**e **she** held h**er** ne**ed**ay rep**ast**, plac**ed** props under the bo**ugh**s, and **th**en went into the glo**om**iest dep**th**s of the forest. It **w**as so still **th**at **she** cou**ld** hear the so**und** of h**er** ow**n** f**oo**tsteps, as well as the rustling of every with**er**ed le**af** **wh**ich **she** crush**ed** under h**er** fe**e**t. Not a b**ir**d **w**as to be seen, not a sunbe**am** cou**ld** penetr**ate** **th**rough the l**arg**e, d**är**k bo**ugh**s of the trees. Their lofty trunks st**oo**d so clo**se** together, **th**at, when **she** lo**ok**ed bef**o**re h**er**, it **se**emed as if **she** w**er**e enclo**se**d within trellis-w**or**k. Such solitud**e** **she** had never kn**ow**n bef**o**re. The n**igh**t **w**as very d**är**k. Not a single glow-w**or**m glittered in the moss.

Sorrowfully **she** laid h**er**self down to sleep; and, **ä**fter a **wh**ile, it **se**emed to h**er** as if the branches of the trees p**är**ted over h**er** head, and **th**at the mild **ey**s of angels lo**ok**ed down upon h**er** from heaven. When **she** awok**e** in the m**or**ning, **she** knew not **wh**ether **she** had dreamt **this**, **ö**r if it had really been so. **Th**en **she** c**o**ntinu**ed** h**er** w**an**dering; but **she** had not gone many steps f**ör**ward, when **she** met an **old** w**om**an with berries in h**er** b**ä**ske**t**, and **she** gav**e** h**er** a few to eat. **Th**en Eliza **ä**ske**d** h**er** if **she** had not seen eleven prin**ce**s riding **th**rough the forest.

“No,” repl**ie**d the **old** w**om**an, “But I s**ä**w y**est**erday eleven sw**an**s, with gold crown**s** on **th**eir head**s**, swimming on the river clo**se** by.” **Th**en **she** led Eliza a little distan**ce** f**är**th**er** to a sloping bank, and at the f**oo**t of it w**ou**nd a little river. The trees on its banks stretch**d** **th**eir long leafy branches across the w**ä**ter tow**är**d**s** **ea**ch **ö**th**er**, and **wh**ere the growth prevented **th**em from meeting naturally, the roots had t**ör**n **th**emselv**e**s away from the ground, so **th**at the branches might mingle **th**eir foliage as they hung over the w**ä**ter. Eliza bad**e** the **old** w**om**an farew**ell**, and w**ä**lk**ed** by the flowing river, till **she** reach**d** the sh**ör**e of the open sea. And **th**ere, bef**o**re the young maiden’s **ey**s, lay the gl**ö**rious o**ce**an, but not a sail appear**ed** on its s**ü**rface, not **ev**en a boat cou**ld** be seen. **How** **w**as **she** to go f**är**th**er**? **She** notic**ed** **h**ow the countless pebble**s** on the sea-sh**ör**e had been sm**ee**th**ed** and r**ou**nd**e**d by the action of the w**ä**ter.

Gl**ä**ss, ir**ö**n, stone**s**, every**th**ing **th**at lay **th**ere mingled together, had taken its shape from the same power, and felt as sm**ee**th, **ö**r **ev**en sm**ee**th**er** **th**an h**er** own delicate hand. “The w**ä**ter roll**s** on without weariness,” **she** said, “till **ä**ll **th**at is h**är**d bec**ö**m**e**s sm**ee**th; so will I be unwearied in my **t**äsk. **Th**anks **f**ör **y**our lessons, bright rolling wave**s**; my he**är**t tells me **y**ou will lead me to my dear bro**th**er**s**.” On the fo**am**-covered sea-weed**s**, lay eleven white sw**an** feather**s**, **wh**ich **she** gather**ed** up and plac**ed** together. Drops of w**ä**ter lay upon **th**em;

Whether they were dew-drops or tears no one could say. Lonely as it was on the sea-shore, she did not observe it, for the ever-moving sea showed more changes in a few hours than the most varying lake could produce during a whole year. If a black heavy cloud arose, it was as if the sea said, "I can look dark and angry too;" and then the wind blew, and the waves turned to white foam as they rolled.

When the wind slept, and the clouds glowed with the red sunlight, then the sea looked like a rose leaf. But however quietly its white glassy surface rested, there was still a motion on the shore, as its waves rose and fell like the breast of a sleeping child. When the sun was about to set, Eliza saw eleven white swans with golden crowns on their heads, flying towards the land, one behind the other, like a long white ribbon. Then Eliza went down the slope from the shore, and hid herself behind the bushes. The swans alighted quite close to her and flapped their great white wings. As soon as the sun had disappeared under the water, the feathers of the swans fell off, and eleven beautiful princes, Eliza's brothers, stood near her. She uttered a loud cry, for, although they were very much changed, she knew them immediately. She sprang into their arms, and called them each by name. Then, how happy the princes were at meeting their little sister again, for they recognized her, although she had grown so tall and beautiful.

They laughed, and they wept, and very soon understood how wickedly their mother had acted to them all. "We brothers," said the eldest, "fly about as wild swans, so long as the sun is in the sky; but as soon as it sinks behind the hills, we recover our human shape. Therefore must we always be near a resting place for our feet before sunset; for if we should be flying towards the clouds at the time we recovered our natural shape as men, we should sink deep into the sea. We do not dwell here, but in a land just as fair, that lies beyond the ocean, which we have to cross for a long distance; there is no island in our passage upon which we could pass, the night; nothing but a little rock rising out of the sea, upon which we can scarcely stand with safety, even closely crowded together. If the sea is rough, the foam dashes over us, yet we thank God even for this rock; we have passed whole nights upon it, or we should never have reached our beloved fatherland, for our flight across the sea occupies two of the longest days in the year.

We have p^ermission to visit **o**ut home on**ç**e in every year, and to remain eleven **d**ays, during **w**hich we **f**ly across the forest to **l**ook on**ç**e m^ore at the pala**ç**e where **o**ur **f**ather dwells, and where we **w**ere b^orn, and at the **ç**h^uch, where **o**ur m^other lies buried. Here it **s**eems a**ç** if the very **t**rees and **b**ushes **w**ere related to us. The wild **h**orses **l**eap **o**ver the **p**lains a**ç** we have **s**een **t**hem in **o**ur **ç**hildh^ood. The **ç**h^arcoal b^urn**er**s sing the **o**ld songs, to **w**hich we have **d**an**ç**ed a**ç** **ç**hildren. **T**his is **o**ur **f**atherland, to **w**hich we **ä**re **d**r^awn by **l**oving **t**ies; and **h**ere we have **f**ound **y**ou, **o**ur **d**ear little sister., **T**wo **d**ays longer we can remain **h**ere, and **t**hen must we **f**ly away to a **b**eautiful land **w**hich is not **o**ur home; and **h**ow can we **t**ake **y**ou with us? We have **n**either **s**hip **n**or **b**oat.”

“**H**ow can I **b**reak **t**his spell?” said **t**heir sister. And **t**hen **s**he **t**ä**k**ed about it **n**early the **w**hole **n**ight, **o**nly slumbering **f**ör a few **h**ours. Eliza **w**as awakened by the rustling of the swans’ wings **aç** **t**hey **s**öared **a**b^ove. **H**er **b**rothers **w**ere again **ç**hanged to swans, and **t**hey flew in **ç**ircles **w**ider and **w**ider, till **t**hey **w**ere **f**är away; but one of **t**hem, the youngest swan, remained behind, and laid his head in his sister’s lap, **w**hile **s**he **s**troked his wings; and **t**hey remained **t**ogether the **w**hole **d**ay. **T**owä**r**d**ç** evening, the rest **c**ame back, and **aç** the sun went **d**own **t**hey **r**esumed **t**heir **n**atural **f**örms. “**T**o-morrow,” said one, “we **s**hall fly away, not to **r**et^urn again till a **w**hole year has **p**ä**s**sed. But we cannot **l**eave **y**ou **h**ere. Have you **c**ourage to **g**o with us? **M**y **ä**rm is strong **e**nough to carry **y**ou **t**h**ro**ugh the **w**ood; and will not **ä**ll **o**ur wings **b**e strong **e**nough to fly with **y**ou **o**ver the **s**ea?”

“**Y**es, **t**ake me with **y**ou,” said Eliza. **T**hen **t**hey spent the **w**hole **n**ight in **w**eaving a net with the pliant willow and **r**ushes. It **w**as very **l**ä**r**g**e** and strong. Eliza laid **h**erself **d**own on the net, and **w**hen the sun **r**o**ç**e, and **h**er **b**rothers again became **w**ild swans, **t**hey **t**ö**o**k up the net with **t**heir **b**eaks, and flew up to the **ç**louds with **t**heir **d**ear sister, **w**h**o** still slept. The sun**b**eams fell on **h**er **f**a**ç**e, **t**her**e**f**o**re one of the **s**wans **s**öared **o**ver **h**er head, **s**o **t**hat his **b**r**o**ad wings **m**ight **s**hade **h**er. **T**hey **w**ere **f**är from the land **w**hen Eliza **w**oke. **S**he **t**h**o**ught **s**he must still **b**e **d**reaming, it **s**eemed **s**o **s**trange to **h**er to **f**eel **h**erself **b**eing carried **s**o **h**igh in the **a**ir **o**ver the **s**ea. **B**y **h**er **s**ide **l**ay a **b**ranch full of **b**eautiful **r**ipe **b**erries, and a bundle of **s**weet **r**oots; the youngest of **h**er **b**rothers had **g**athered **t**hem **f**ör **h**er, and **p**la**ç**ed **t**hem **b**y **h**er **s**ide. **S**he **s**miled **h**er **t**hanks to him; **s**he **k**new it **w**as the **s**ame **w**h**o** had hovered **o**ver **h**er to **s**hade **h**er with his wings. **T**hey **w**ere **n**ow **s**o **h**igh, **t**hat a **l**ä**r**g**e** **s**hip **b**ene**th** **t**hem **l**ö**o**ked like a **w**hite **s**ea-gull **s**kimming the **w**aves.

A great cloud floating behind them appeared like a vast mountain, and upon it Eliza saw her own shadow and those of the eleven swans, looking gigantic in size. Altogether it formed a more beautiful picture than she had ever seen; but as the sun rose higher, and the clouds were left behind, the shadowy picture vanished away. Onward the whole day they flew through the air like a winged arrow, yet more slowly than usual, for they had their sister to carry. The weather seemed inclined to be stormy, and Eliza watched the sinking sun with great anxiety, for the little rock in the ocean was not yet in sight. It appeared to her as if the swans were making great efforts with their wings.

Alas! She was the cause of their not advancing more quickly. When the sun set, they would change to men, fall into the sea and be drowned. Then she offered a prayer from her inmost heart, but still no appearance of the rock. Dark clouds came nearer, the gusts of wind told of a coming storm, while from a thick, heavy mass of clouds the lightning burst forth flash after flash. The sun had reached the edge of the sea, when the swans darted down so swiftly, that Eliza's head trembled; she believed they were falling, but they again soared onward. Presently she caught sight of the rock just below them, and by this time the sun was half hidden by the waves. The rock did not appear larger than a seal's head thrust out of the water. They sunk so rapidly, that at the moment their feet touched the rock, it shone only like a star, and at last disappeared like the last spark in a piece of burnt paper.

Then she saw her brothers standing closely round her with their arms linked together. There was but just room enough for them, and not the smallest space to spare. The sea dashed against the rock, and covered them with spray. The heavens were lighted up with continual flashes, and peal after peal of thunder rolled. But the sister and brothers sat holding each other's hands, and singing hymns, from which they gained hope and courage. In the early dawn the air became calm and still, and at sunrise the swans flew away from the rock with Eliza. The sea was still rough, and from their high position in the air, the white foam on the dark green waves looked like millions of swans swimming on the water.

As the sun rose higher, Eliza saw before her, floating on the air, a range of mountains, with shining masses of ice on their summits. In the centre, rose a castle apparently a mile long, with rows of columns, rising one above another, while, around it, palm-trees waved and flowers bloomed as large as mill wheels. She asked if this was the land to which they were hastening. The swans shook

their heads, fôr what she beheld wêre the beautiful ever-changing cloud palaces of the “Fata Morgana,” into which no mortal can enter. Eliza wâs still gazing at the scene, when mountains, forests, and castles melted away, and twenty stately churches rose in their stead, with high towers and pointed gothic windows.

Eliza even fancied she could hear the tones of the organ, but it wâs the music of the murmuring sea which she heard. As they drew nearer to the churches, they also changed into a fleet of ships, which seemed to be sailing beneath hêr; but as she looked again, she found it wâs only a sea mist gliding over the ocean. So there continued to pass before hêr eyes a constant change of scene, till at last she saw the real land to which they wêre bound, with its blue mountains, its cedar forests, and its cities and palaces. Long before the sun went down, she sat on a rock, in front of a large cave, on the floor of which the overgrown yet delicate green creeping plants looked like an embroidered carpet. “Now we shall expect to hear what you dream of to-night,” said the youngest brother, as he showed his sister hêr bedroom.

“Heaven grant that I may dream how to save you,” she replied. And this thought took such hold upon hêr mind that she prayed earnestly to God fôr help, and even in hêr sleep she continued to pray. Then it appeared to hêr as if she wêre flying high in the air, towards the cloudy palace of the “Fata Morgana,” and a fairy came out to meet hêr, radiant and beautiful in appearance, and yet very much like the old woman who had given hêr berries in the wood, and who had told hêr of the swans with golden crowns on their heads. “Your brothers can be released,” said she, “if you have only courage and perseverance. True, water is softer than your own delicate hands, and yet it polishes stones into shapes; it feels no pain as your fingers would feel, it has no soul, and cannot suffer such agony and torment as you will have to endure. Do you see the stinging nettle which I hold in my hand? Quantities of the same sort grow round the cave in which you sleep, but none will be of any use to you unless they grow upon the graves in a churchyard. These you must gather even while they burn blisters on your hands. Break them to pieces with your hands and feet, and they will become flax, from which you must spin and weave eleven coats with long sleeves; if these are then thrown over the eleven swans, the spell will be broken. But remember, that from the moment you commence your task until it is finished, even should it occupy years of your life, you must not speak. The first word you utter will pierce through the hearts of your brothers like a deadly dagger. Their lives hang upon your tongue. Remember all I have told you.” And as she finished speaking, she touched hêr hand lightly with the nettle, and a pain, as of burning fire, awoke Eliza.

It **was** **bró**ad daylight, and **clo**se by **wh**ere **she** had **bee**n sleeping **lay** a nettle **li**ke the one **she** had **see**n in **h**er **dre**am. **She** fell on **h**er **knee**s and offered **h**er **th**anks to God. **Then she** went **fó**th from the **cave** to begin **h**er **wó**rk with **h**er delicate hands. **She** groped in am**o**ngst the ugly nettles, **wh**ich **bú**rn**t** **gr**eat blisters on **h**er hands and **á**rm**s**, but **she** det**e**rmin**e**d to bear it gladly if **she** **co**uld **on**ly rele**a**se **h**er **de**ar **bró**th**e**r**s**. **So she** **bru**s**e**d the nettles with **h**er **ba**re **fe**et and spun the flax. At sunset **h**er **bró**th**e**r**s** **retú**rn**e**d and **w**e**r**e very **mu**ch **fri**ght**e**ned **wh**en **th**ey **fo**und **h**er **du**mb. **They** **beli**ev**e**d it to be **so**me **ne**w **só**r**ce**ry of **th**eir **wi**ck**e**d **ste**p-**mó**th**e**r. But **wh**en **th**ey **sá**w **h**er hands **th**ey **unde**r**stó**o**d** **wh**at **she** **wa**s **do**ing on **th**eir **beh**á**l**f, and the **yo**ung**e**st **bró**th**e**r **w**e**p**t, and **wh**ere **hi**s **tear**s fell the **pain** **ce**as**e**d, and the **bú**rn**ing** blisters **vanish**e**d**. **She** kept to **h**er **wó**rk **á**ll **ni**ght, **fó**r **she** **co**uld not rest till **she** had releas**e**d **h**er **de**ar **bró**th**e**r**s**. **During** the **wh**ole of the **fol**low**ing** **day**, **wh**ile **h**er **bró**th**e**r**s** **w**e**r**e **abs**ent, **she** sat in **solit**ude, but never **befó**re had the **ti**me **fl**ow**n** **so** **qu**ickly.

One **co**at **wa**s **á**lready **finish**e**d** and **she** had begun the **se**c**o**nd, **wh**en **she** **h**ear**d** the **hun**t**s**man's **hó**rn, and **wa**s **str**uck with **fe**ar. The **so**und **cam**e **ne**arer and **ne**arer, **she** **h**ear**d** the **dog**s **bá**rking, and fled with **te**rror into the **cave**. **She** **h**astily **bo**und **to**g**e**th**e**r the nettles **she** had **gath**er**e**d into a **bu**nd**le** and sat upon **th**em. **Im**med**i**ately a **gr**eat **dog** **cam**e **bo**und**ing** **to**wá**r**d**s** **h**er **o**ut of the **ravine**, and **th**en **anó**th**e**r and **anó**th**e**r; **th**ey **bá**rke**d** **lo**udly, ran **ba**ck, and **th**en **cam**e **ag**ain. In a **ve**ry **fe**w **mi**nutes **á**ll the **hun**t**s**men **stó**o**d** **befó**re the **cave**, and the **hand**s**ó**mest of **th**em **wa**s the **ki**ng of the **co**untry. **He** **adv**an**ce**d **to**wá**r**d**s** **h**er, **fó**r **he** had never **see**n a **mó**re **be**aut**if**ul **maid**en.

"**H**ow did **yo**u **co**me **he**re, **my** **swe**et **ch**ild?" **he** **á**ske**d**. But **Eliza** **shó**ok **h**er **he**ad. **She** **da**red not **spe**ak, at the **co**st of **h**er **bró**th**e**r**s**' **li**ve**s**. And **she** hid **h**er hands under **h**er **ap**ron, **so** **th**at the **ki**ng **mi**ght not **see** **h**ow **she** **mu**st **be** suffering.

"**C**ome **with** **me**," **he** said; "here **yo**u cannot **re**main. If **yo**u **á**re **as** **gó**od **as** **yo**u **á**re **be**aut**if**ul, I will **dr**ess **yo**u in **si**lk and **vel**vet, I will **pl**ac**e** a **go**lden **cr**ow**n** upon **yó**ur **he**ad, and **yo**u **sh**all **dw**ell, and **ru**le, and **ma**ke **yó**ur **ho**me in **my** **ri**ch**e**st **cá**st**le**." And **th**en **he** **li**ft**e**d **h**er on **hi**s **hó**r**se**. **She** **w**e**p**t and **w**ru**ng** **h**er hands, but the **ki**ng said, "I **wi**sh **on**ly **fó**r **yó**ur **h**app**in**ess. A **ti**me will **co**me **wh**en **yo**u will **th**ank **me** **fó**r **th**is." And **th**en **he** **gal**lop**e**d **aw**ay **o**ver the **mo**unt**ain**s, **ho**ld**ing** **h**er **befó**re **hi**m on **th**is **hó**r**se**, and the **hun**t**e**r**s** **fol**low**e**d **beh**ind **th**em.

As the **su**n **w**ent **do**wn, **th**ey **ap**pr**o**ach**e**d a **fa**ir **roy**al **ci**ty, with **chú**r**che**s, and **cu**pola**s**. On **ar**riving at the **cá**st**le** the **ki**ng led **h**er into **má**rble **há**ll**s**, **wh**ere **lá**rg**e**

fountains played, and where the walls and the ceilings were covered with rich paintings. But she had no eyes for all these glorious sights, she could only mourn and weep. Patiently she allowed the women to array her in royal robes, to weave pearls in her hair, and draw soft gloves over her blistered fingers. As she stood before them in all her rich dress, she looked so dazzlingly beautiful that the court bowed low in her presence. Then the king declared his intention of making her his bride, but the archbishops shook his head, and whispered that the fair young maiden was only a witch who had blinded the king's eyes and bewitched his heart. But the king would not listen to this; he ordered the music to sound, the daintiest dishes to be served, and the loveliest maidens to dance.

Afterwards he led her through fragrant gardens and lofty halls, but not a smile appeared on her lips or sparkled in her eyes. She looked the very picture of grief. Then the king opened the door of a little chamber in which she was to sleep; it was adorned with rich green tapestry, and resembled the cave in which he had found her. On the floor lay the bundle of flax which she had spun from the nettles, and under the ceiling hung the coat she had made. These things had been brought away from the cave as curiosities by one of the huntsmen.

"Here you can dream yourself back again in the old home in the cave," said the king; "here is the work with which you employed yourself. It will amuse you now in the midst of all this splendor to think of that time."

When Eliza saw all these things which lay so near her heart, a smile played around her mouth, and the crimson blood rushed to her cheeks. She thought of her brothers, and their release made her so joyful that she kissed the king's hand. Then he pressed her to his heart. Very soon the joyous church bells announced the marriage feast, and that the beautiful dumb girl out of the wood was to be made the queen of the country. Then the archbishop whispered wicked words in the king's ear, but they did not sink into his heart.

The marriage was still to take place, and the archbishop himself had to place the crown on the bride's head; in his wicked spite, he pressed the narrow circlet so tightly on her forehead that it caused her pain. But a heavier weight encircled her heart—sorrow for her brothers. She felt not bodily pain. Her mouth was closed; a single word would cost the lives of her brothers. But she loved the kind, handsome king, who did everything to make her happy more and more each day; she loved him with all her heart, and her eyes beamed with the love she dared not speak. Oh! If she had only been able to confide in him and tell him of her grief.

But dumb **she** must remain till hêr tãsk wãsh finishêd. **Therêfôre** at night **she** crept away into hêr little **chamber**, which had been decked out to lóok like the cave, and **quickly** wove one coat äfter another. But when **she** began the seventh she found **she** had no môre flax.

She knew that the nettles she wanted to use grew in the **chûrchyãrd**, and that **she** must pluck them hêrself. **Hôw shôuld she** get out there? “Oh, **whãt is** the pain in my fingers to the tórmént which my heãrt endure?” said **she**. “I must venture, I shall not be deniêd help from heaven.” **Then** with a trembling heãrt, as if **she** wêre about to perfôrm a wicked deed, **she** crept into the gãrden in the brôad mœnlight, and pãssêd through the narrow wãlks and the desêrted streets, till **she** reachêd the **chûrchyãrd**. **Then she** sãw on one of the brôad tombstones a group of ghouls. **Thesê** hideous creatureş tóok off their ragş, as if they intended to bathê, and then clãwing open the fresh graveş with their long, skinny fingers, pulled out the dead bodies and ate the flesh! Eliza had to pãss cloşe by them, and they fixêd their wicked glanceş upon hêr, but **she** prayed silently, gathered the bûrning nettles, and carried them home with hêr to the cãstle.

One pêrson only had seen hêr, and that wãsh the **ãrchbishop** —he wãsh awake while everybody wãsh asleep. **Nôw he thôught** hiş opiniôn wãsh evidently correct. **ãll wãsh** not right with the **queen**. **She** wãsh a witch, and had bewitchêd the king and **ãll** the people. **Secretly he** told the king **whãt he** had seen and **whãt he** feared, and as the hãrd wôrdş came from hiş tóngue, the cãrved imageş of the saints **shóok** their headş as if they wôuld say. “It is not so. Eliza is innocênt.”

But the **ãrchbishop** intêrpreted it in another way; he believed that they witnessed against hêr, and wêre shaking their headş at hêr wickedness. **Two** lãrgê tearş rolled down the king’s cheekş, and he went home with doubt in hiş heãrt, and at night he pretended to sleep, but there came no real sleep to hiş eyêş, fôr he sãw Eliza get up every night and disappear in hêr own chamber. From day to day hiş brow became dãrker, and Eliza sãw it and did not understand the reason, but it alarmed hêr and made hêr heãrt tremble fôr hêr brotherş. Hêr hot tearş glittered like pêarlş on the regal velvet and diamonds, while **ãll** who sãw hêr wêre wishing they còuld be queens. In the mean time **she** had **ãlmost** finishêd hêr tãsk; only one coat of mail wãsh wanting, but **she** had no flax left, and not a single nettle.

Onçe môre only, and fôr the lãst time, must **she** venture to the **chûrchyãrd** and pluck a few handfûls. **She thôught** with terror of the solitary wãlk, and of the horrible

ghoulᵛ, but hêr will waᵛ firm, aᵛ well aᵛ hêr trust in Providence. Eliza went, and the king and the ärchbishop followed hêr. They säw hêr vanish througᵛh the wicket gate into the chûrchyård, and when they came nearer they säw the ghoulᵛ sitting on the tombstone, aᵛ Eliza had seen them, and the king tûrned away hiᵛ head, fôr he thôught she waᵛ with them—she whesᵛe head had rested on hiᵛ breast that very evening. “The people must condemn hêr,” said he, and she waᵛ very quickly condemned by every one to suffer death by fire.

Away from the görgeous regal hållᵛ waᵛ she led to a dârk, dreary çell, where the wind whistled througᵛh the irón bärᵛ. Instead of the velvet and silk dresses, they gave hêr the coats of mail which she had woven to cöver hêr, and the bundle of nettles fôr a pillow; but noᵛthing they couᵛd give hêr wouᵛd have pleased hêr môre. She continued hêr täsk with joy, and prayed fôr help, while the street-boys sang jeering songs about hêr, and not a soul cômforted hêr with a kind wôrd. Towârdᵛ evening, she hêard at the grating the flutter of a swan’s wing, it waᵛ hêr youngest brother—he had found hiᵛ sister, and she sobbed fôr joy, âlthougᵛh she knew that very likely this wouᵛd be the läst night she wouᵛd have to live. But still she couᵛd hope, fôr hêr täsk waᵛ âlmost finished, and hêr bröthers wêre cöme.

Then the ärchbishop arrived, to be with hêr during hêr läst hours, aᵛ he had promised the king. But she shoök hêr head, and begged him, by loöks and gestureᵛ, not to stay; fôr in this night she knew she must finish hêr täsk, ötherwiᵛse âll hêr pain and tearᵛ and sleepless nights wouᵛd have been suffered in vain. The ärchbishop withdrew, uttering bitter wôrdᵛ against hêr; but pöor Eliza knew that she waᵛ innocēt, and diligēntly continued hêr wôrk.

The little miçe ran about the flöor, they dragged the nettles to hêr feet, to help aᵛ well aᵛ they couᵛd; and the thrush sat öutside the grating of the window, and sang to hêr the whole night long, aᵛ sweetly aᵛ possible, to keep up hêr spirits.

It waᵛ still twiliᵛght, and at least an hour beföre sunriᵛse, when the eleven bröthers stöod at the cästle gate, and demanded to be bröught beföre the king. They wêre told it couᵛd not be, it waᵛ yet âlmost night, and aᵛ the king slept they dared not disturb him. They threated, they entreated. Then the guârd appeared, and even the king himself, inquiring whät âll the noiᵛse meant. At this moment the sun roᵛse. The eleven bröthers wêre seen no môre, but eleven wild swans flew away över the cästle.

And now âll the people came streaming fôrth from the gates of the çity, to see the witch bünt. An old hôrse drew the cärt on which she sat. They had dressed hêr

in a g~~ä~~rm~~e~~nt of c~~o~~arse sackclo~~th~~. H~~e~~r l~~o~~v~~e~~ly hair hung l~~o~~ose on h~~e~~r sh~~o~~uld~~e~~r~~s~~, h~~e~~r c~~h~~ee~~k~~s w~~e~~re deadl~~y~~ pal~~e~~, h~~e~~r lips m~~o~~ved sil~~e~~ntly, wh~~i~~le h~~e~~r finger~~s~~ still w~~o~~rked at the gr~~e~~en flax. Even on the w~~a~~y to de~~a~~th, sh~~e~~ w~~o~~uld not give up h~~e~~r t~~a~~sk. The ten c~~o~~ats of mail lay at h~~e~~r feet, sh~~e~~ w~~a~~s w~~o~~rking h~~a~~rd at the elevent~~h~~, wh~~i~~le the mob j~~e~~ered h~~e~~r and said, "See the witch, h~~o~~w sh~~e~~ mutter~~s~~! Sh~~e~~ has no hymn-~~b~~ook in h~~e~~r hand. Sh~~e~~ sits th~~e~~re with h~~e~~r ugly s~~o~~r~~c~~ery. Let us tear it in a th~~o~~usand pie~~ce~~s."

And th~~e~~n th~~e~~y press~~e~~d tow~~a~~rds h~~e~~r, and w~~o~~uld have destr~~o~~yed the c~~o~~ats of mail, but at the sam~~e~~ moment eleven wild sw~~a~~n~~s~~ flew ~~o~~ver h~~e~~r, and al~~i~~ghted on the c~~a~~rt. Th~~e~~n th~~e~~y flapp~~e~~d th~~e~~ir l~~a~~rg~~e~~ wings, and the crowd drew on one sid~~e~~ in al~~a~~rm.

"It ~~i~~s a sign from heaven th~~a~~t sh~~e~~ ~~i~~s innoc~~e~~nt," wh~~i~~sp~~e~~red many of th~~e~~m; but th~~e~~y ventur~~e~~d not to say it al~~o~~ud.

As th~~e~~ executi~~o~~ner seiz~~e~~d h~~e~~r by the hand, to lift h~~e~~r ~~o~~ut of the c~~a~~rt, sh~~e~~ hastily th~~r~~ew the eleven c~~o~~ats of mail ~~o~~ver the sw~~a~~n~~s~~, and th~~e~~y immedi~~a~~tely becam~~e~~ eleven hands~~o~~me princ~~e~~s; but the youngest had a sw~~a~~n's wing, instead of an ~~a~~rm; f~~o~~r sh~~e~~ had not be~~e~~n able to finish the l~~a~~st sle~~e~~ve of the c~~o~~at.

"N~~o~~w I may spe~~a~~k," sh~~e~~ exclaim~~e~~d. "I am innoc~~e~~nt."

Th~~e~~n the pe~~o~~ple, wh~~o~~ s~~a~~w wh~~a~~t happen~~e~~d, bow~~e~~d to h~~e~~r, as bef~~o~~re a sa~~i~~nt; but sh~~e~~ sank lifeless in h~~e~~r br~~o~~th~~e~~r~~s~~' ~~a~~rms, ~~o~~verc~~o~~me with suspense, anguish., and pain.

"Yes, sh~~e~~ ~~i~~s innoc~~e~~nt," said the eldest br~~o~~th~~e~~r; and th~~e~~n he relat~~e~~d ~~a~~ll th~~a~~t had tak~~e~~n plac~~e~~; and wh~~i~~le he spok~~e~~ th~~e~~re ros~~e~~s in the air a fragran~~c~~e as from million~~s~~ of ros~~e~~s. Every pie~~c~~e of faggot in the pil~~e~~ had tak~~e~~n ro~~o~~t, and th~~r~~ew ~~o~~ut branch~~e~~s, and appear~~e~~d a th~~i~~ck hedg~~e~~, l~~a~~rg~~e~~ and h~~i~~gh, c~~o~~vered with ros~~e~~s; wh~~i~~le ab~~o~~ve ~~a~~ll bl~~o~~omed a wh~~i~~te and sh~~i~~ning fl~~o~~wer, th~~a~~t glitter~~e~~d like a st~~a~~r. Th~~i~~s fl~~o~~wer the king pluck~~e~~d, and plac~~e~~d in Eliza's b~~o~~s~~o~~m, wh~~e~~n sh~~e~~ awok~~e~~ from h~~e~~r swo~~o~~n, with pe~~a~~ce and happiness in h~~e~~r he~~a~~rt. And ~~a~~ll the ch~~u~~rch bell~~s~~ rang of th~~e~~m~~s~~elv~~e~~s, and the b~~i~~rd~~s~~ cam~~e~~ in gr~~e~~at tro~~o~~ps. And a marriag~~e~~ pro~~c~~essi~~o~~n ret~~u~~rn~~e~~d to the c~~a~~stle, such as no king had ever bef~~o~~re seen.



The Garden of Paradise

Hans Christian Andersen 1838



HERE **was** once a king's son who had a **larger** and **more beautiful** collection of **books** than any one else in the **world**, and **full** of splendid copper-plate engravings. He **could** read and obtain information respecting every **people** of every land; but not a **word** could he find to explain the **situation** of the **garden** of **paradise**, and **this was** just **what** he most **wished** to **know**. His **grandmother** had **told** him when he **was** quite a little boy, just **old enough** to go to **school**, that **each** flower in the **garden** of **paradise** **was** a **sweet cake**, that the pistils **were** **full** of **rich wine**, that on one flower **history** **was** written, on another **geography** or **tables**; so those who **wished** to **learn** their **lessons** had **only** to **eat** some of the **cakes**, and the **more** they **ate**, the **more** **history**, **geography**, or **tables** they **knew**.

He **believed** it **all** then; but **as** he grew **older**, and **learned** **more** and **more**, he became **wise** enough to understand that the splendor of the **garden** of **paradise** must be very different to **all** this. "Oh, **Why** did **Eve** pluck the fruit from the **tree** of **knowledge**? **Why** did Adam **eat** the **forbidden** fruit?" **thought** the king's son: "if I had **been** **there** it would never have happened, and **there** would have **been** no sin in the **world**." The **garden** of **paradise** occupied **all** his **thoughts** till he **reached** his **seventeenth** year.

One **day** he **was** **walking** alone in the **wood**, which **was** his **greatest** **pleasure**, when **evening** came on. The **clouds** gathered, and the **rain** poured down **as** if the **sky** had **been** a **waterspout**; and it **was** **as** dark **as** the **bottom** of a well at **midnight**; **sometimes** he slipped **over** the **smooth** grass, or fell **over** **stones** that projected **out** of the rocky **ground**. Every **thing** **was** dripping with **moisture**, and the **poor** prince had not a **dry** **thread** about him. He **was** obliged at **last** to **climb** over **great** blocks of **stone**, with **water** **sprouting** from the **thick** moss. He began to **feel** quite **faint**, when he **heard** a most **singular** **rushing** noise, and **saw** before him a **large** **cave**, from which came a **blaze** of **light**. In the middle of the **cave** an immense **fire** **was** **burning**, and a **noble** stag, with its **branching** **horns**, **was** **placed** on a spit between the trunks of **two** **pine-trees**. It **was** **turning** slowly before the **fire**, and an elderly **woman**, **as** large and strong **as** if **she** had **been** a man in **disguise**, sat **by**, **throwing** one **piece** of **wood** after another into the **flames**.

"Come in," **she** said to the prince; "sit **down** by the **fire** and **dry** **yourself**."

“**There is** a great draught here,” said the prince, as he seated himself on the ground.

“It will be worse when my sons come home,” replied the woman; “you are now in the cavern of the Winds, and my sons are the four Winds of heaven: can you understand that?”

“Where are your sons?” asked the prince.

“It is difficult to answer stupid questions,” said the woman. “My sons have plenty of business on hand; they are playing at shuttlecock with the clouds up yonder in the king’s hall,” and she pointed upwards.

“Oh, indeed,” said the prince; “but you speak more roughly and harshly and are not so gentle as the women I am used to.”

“Yes, that is because they have nothing else to do; but I am obliged to be harsh, to keep my boys in order, and I can do it, although they are so head-strong. Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? Well, they are just as much afraid of those sacks, as you used to be of the rat behind the looking-glass. I can bend the boys together, and put them in the sacks without any resistance on their parts, I can tell you. There they stay, and dare not attempt to come out until I allow them to do so. And here comes one of them.”

It was the North Wind who came in, bringing with him a cold, piercing blast; large hailstones rattled on the floor, and snowflakes were scattered around in all directions. He wore a bearskin dress and cloak. His sealskin cap was drawn over his ears, long icicles hung from his beard, and one hailstone after another rolled from the collar of his jacket.

“Don’t go too near the fire,” said the prince, “or your hands and face will be frost-bitten.”

“Frost-bitten!” said the North Wind, with a loud laugh; “Why frost is my greatest delight. What sort of a little snip are you, and how did you find your way to the cavern of the Winds?”

“He is my guest,” said the old woman, “and if you are not satisfied with that explanation you can go into the sack. Do you understand me?”

That settled the matter. So the North Wind began to relate his adventures, whence he came, and where he had been for a whole month. “I come from the polar seas,” he said; “I have been on the Bear’s Island with the Russian walrus-hunters. I sat and slept at the helm of their ship, as they sailed away from North Cape. Sometimes when I woke, the storm-birds would fly about my legs. They are curious

birds; they give one flap with their wings, and then on their outstretched pinions soar far away.”

“Don’t make such a long story of it,” said the mother of the winds; “what sort of a place is Bear’s Island?”

“A very beautiful place, with a floor for dancing as smooth and flat as a plate. Half-melted snow, partly covered with moss, sharp stones, and skeletons of walruses and polar-bears, lie all about, their gigantic limbs in a state of green decay. It would seem as if the sun never shone there. I blew gently, to clear away the mist, and then I saw a little hut, which had been built from the wood of a wreck, and was covered with the skins of the walrus, the fleshy side outwards; it looked green and red, and on the roof sat a growling bear. Then I went to the sea shore, to look after birds’ nests, and saw the unfledged nestlings opening their mouths and screaming for food. I blew into the thousand little throats, and quickly stopped their screaming. Farther on were the walruses with pig’s heads, and teeth a yard long, rolling about like great worms.”

“You relate your adventures very well, my son,” said the mother, “it makes my mouth water to hear you.

“After that,” continued the North Wind, “the hunting commenced. The harpoon was flung into the breast of the walrus, so that a smoking stream of blood spurted forth like a fountain, and besprinkled the ice. Then I thought of my own game; I began to blow, and set my own ships, the great icebergs sailing, so that they might crush the boats. Oh, how the sailors howled and cried out! But I howled louder than they. They were obliged to unload their cargo, and throw their chests and the dead walruses on the ice. Then I sprinkled snow over them, and left them in their crushed boats to drift southward, and to taste salt water. They will never return to Bear’s Island.”

“So you have done mischief,” said the mother of the Winds.

“I shall leave others to tell the good I have done,” he replied. “But here comes my brother from the West; I like him best of all, for he has the smell of the sea about him, and brings in a cold, fresh air as he enters.”

“Is that the little Zephyr?” asked the prince.

“Yes, it is the little Zephyr,” said the old woman; “but he is not little now. In years gone by he was a beautiful boy; now that is all past.”

He came in, **l**ooking like a wild man, and he wore a **s**louched hat to protect his head from injury. In his hand he carried a club, cut from a mahogany tree in the American forests, not a trifle to carry.

“Whence do you come?” asked the mother.

“I come from the wilds of the forests, where the thorny brambles form thick hedges between the trees; where the water-snake lies in the wet grass, and mankind seem to be unknown.”

“What were you doing there?”

“I looked into the deep river, and saw it rushing down from the rocks. The water drops mounted to the clouds and glittered in the rainbow. I saw the wild buffalo swimming in the river, but the strong tide carried him away amidst a flock of wild ducks, which flew into the air as the waters dashed onwards, leaving the buffalo to be hurled over the waterfall. This pleased me; so I raised a storm, which rooted up old trees, and sent them floating down the river.”

“And what else have you done?” asked the old woman.

“I have rushed wildly across the savannahs; I have stroked the wild horses, and shaken the cocoa-nuts from the trees. Yes, I have many stories to relate; but I need not tell everything I know. You know it all very well, don’t you, old lady?” And he kissed his mother so roughly, that she nearly fell backwards. Oh, he was, indeed, a wild fellow.

Now in came the South Wind, with a turban and a flowing Bedouin cloak.

“How cold it is here!” said he, throwing more wood on the fire. “It is easy to feel that the North Wind has arrived here before me.”

“Why it is hot enough here to roast a bear,” said the North Wind.

“You are a bear yourself,” said the other.

“Do you want to be put in the sack, both of you?” said the old woman. “Sit down, now, on that stone, yonder, and tell me where you have been.”

“In Africa, mother. I went out with the Hottentots, who were lion-hunting in the Kaffir land, where the plains are covered with grass the color of a green olive; and here I ran races with the ostrich, but I soon outstripped him in swiftness. At last I came to the desert, in which lie the golden sands, looking like the bottom of the

sea. Here I met a caravan, and the travellers had just killed their last camel, to obtain water; there was very little for them, and they continued their painful journey beneath the burning sun, and over the hot sands, which stretched before them a vast, boundless desert.

Then I rolled myself in the loose sand, and whirled it in burning columns over their heads. The dromedarys stood still in terror, while the merchants drew their caftans over their heads, and threw themselves on the ground before me, as they do before Allah, their god. Then I buried them beneath a pyramid of sand, which covers them all. When I blow that away on my next visit, the sun will bleach their bones, and travellers will see that others have been there before them; otherwise, in such a wild desert, they might not believe it possible."

"So you have done nothing but evil," said the mother. "Into the sack with you;" and, before he was aware, she had seized the South Wind round the body, and popped him into the bag. He rolled about on the floor, till she sat herself upon him to keep him still.

"These boys of yours are very lively," said the prince.

"Yes," she replied, "but I know how to correct them, when necessary; and here comes the fourth." In came the East Wind, dressed like a Chinese.

"Oh, you come from that quarter, do you?" said she; "I thought you had been to the garden of paradise."

"I am going there to-morrow," he replied; "I have not been there for a hundred years. I have just come from China, where I danced round the porcelain tower till all the bells again. In the streets an official flogging was taking place, and bamboo canes were being broken on the shoulders of men of every high position, from the first to the ninth grade. They cried, 'Many thanks, my fatherly benefactor: but I am sure the words did not come from their hearts, so I rang the bells till they sounded, 'ding, ding-dong.'"

"You are a wild boy," said the old woman; "it is well for you that you are going to-morrow to the garden of paradise; you always get improved in your education there. Drink deeply from the fountain of wisdom while you are there, and bring home a bottleful for me."

"That I will," said the East Wind; "but Why have you put my brother South in a bag? Let him out; for I want him to tell me about the phoenix-bird. The princess

“**Always** wants to hear of **this** bird when I pay her my visit every hundred years. If you will open the sack, sweetest mother, I will give you two pocketfuls of tea, green and fresh as when I gathered it from the spot where it grew.”

“Well, for the sake of the tea, and because you are my own boy, I will open the bag.”

She did so, and the South Wind crept out, looking quite cast down, because the prince had seen his disgrace.

“There is a palm-leaf for the princess,” he said. “The old phoenix, the only one in the world, gave it to me himself. He has scratched on it with his beak the whole of his history during the hundred years he has lived. She can there read how the old phoenix set fire to his own nest, and sat upon it while it was burning, like a Hindoo widow. The dry twigs around the nest crackled and smoked till the flames burst forth and consumed the phoenix to ashes. Amidst the fire lay an egg, red hot, which presently burst with a loud report, and out flew a young bird. He is the only phoenix in the world, and the king over all the other birds. He has bitten a hole in the leaf which I give you, and that is his greeting to the princess.”

“Now let us have something to eat,” said the mother of the Winds. So they all sat down to feast on the roasted stag; and as the prince sat by the side of the East Wind, they soon became good friends.

“Pray tell me,” said the prince, “who is that princess of whom you have been talking! And where lies the garden of paradise?”

“Ho! Ho!” said the East Wind, “would you like to go there? Well, you can fly off with me to-morrow; but I must tell you one thing—no human being has been there since the time of Adam and Eve. I suppose you have read of them in your Bible.”

“Of course I have,” said the prince.

“Well,” continued the East Wind, “when they were driven out of the garden of paradise, it sunk into the earth; but it retained its warm sunshine, its balmy air, and all its splendor. The fairy queen lives there, in the island of happiness, where death never comes, and all is beautiful. I can manage to take you there to-morrow, if you will sit on my back. But now don’t talk any more, for I want to go to sleep;” and then they all slept.

When the prince awoke in the early morning, he was not a little surprised at finding himself high up above the clouds. He was seated on the back of the East Wind,

who held him **faithfully**; and **they** wêre **so high** in the **air** **that wòods** and **fields**, **riverş** and **lakeş**, **aş they lay beneath them**, **lòoked like** a **painted map**.

“**Gòod mórning**,” said the **E**ast Wind. “**You might** have slept on a **while**; **fòr there is** very little to **see** in the flat country **over which we äre päsing** unless **you like** to **count the chûrcheş**; **they lòok like** spots of **châk** on a **green bôard**.” The **green bôard waş** the name he gave to the **green fieldş** and **meadowş**.

“It **waş** very **rude** of **me** not to **say gòod-bye** to **yôur mòther** and **yôur bròtherş**,” said the **prinçe**.

“**They will excuse you**, **aş you wêre asleep**,” said the **E**ast Wind; and **then they** flew on **fäster than** ever.

The **leaveş** and **branchesh** of the **treeş** rustled **aş they päsedd**. When **they** flew **over seaş** and **lakeş**, the **waveş roşe higher**, and the **lärg ships** dipped **into the wäter like diving swanş**. **Aş dârkness came** on, **towârdş evening**, the **great townş** **lòoked chârming**; **lights wêre spârking**, **now seen now hidden**, just **aş the sparks go out one äfter anòther** on a **piece of bûrnt paper**. The **prinçe** clapped **hiş handş** **with pleaşure**; but the **E**ast Wind **adviseđ** him not to express **hiş admiration** in **that manner**, **òr he might fäll down**, and **find himself hanging** on a **chûrch steeple**. The **eagle** in the **dârk forestş** **fliesh** **swiftly**; but **fäster than** he flew the **E**ast Wind. The **Cossack**, on **hiş småll hórse**, **rideş lightly ð'er the plainş**; but **lighter** still **päsedd** the **prinçe** on the **windş** of the wind.

“**There äre** the **Himalayas**, the **highest mountainş** in **Aşia**,” said the **E**ast Wind. “**We shall soon reach** the **gärden of paradise now**.”

Then, they tûrned southward, and the **air became fragrant with** the **pêrfume** of **spiceş** and **flowerş**. **Here figş** and **pomegranates** grew **wild**, and the **vineş wêre covered with** **clusterş** of **blue** and **pûrple grapes**. **Here they both** **descended** to the **earth**, and **stretchedd themselveş** on the **soft gräss**, **while the flowerş bowed** to the **breath** of the wind **aş if to welcome** it. “**Are we now** in the **gärden of paradise**?” **äskedd** the **prinçe**.

“**No, indeed**,” **replied** the **E**ast Wind; “**but we shall be there very soon**. **Do you see that wäll** of **rocks**, and the **cavêrn beneath** it, **over which the grape vineş** hang **like a green cûrtain**? *rough* **that cavêrn** we must **päss**. **Wrap yôur cloak round you**; **fòr while** the sun **scòrcheş you here**, a few steps **färther** it will **be icy cold**. The **bird flying päst** the **entrånçe** to the **cavêrn feelş** **aş if one wing wêre** in the **region** of **summer**, and the **òther** in the **depthş** of **winter**.”

“So **this then is** the way to the gärden of paradise?” äsked the prinçe, aš they entered the cavêrn. It wäş indeed cold; but the cold seên pässed, fôr the East Wind spread hiş wings, and they gleamed like the brightest fire. Aš they pässed on **throug** this wonderful cave, the prinçe couïd see great blocks of stone, from which wäter trickled, hanging over their heads in fantastic shapes. Sömetimes it wäş so narrow **that they** had to creep on their hands and knees, while at other times it wäş lofty and wide, like the free air. It had the appearance of a chapel fôr the dead, with petrified örganş and silent pipes. “We seem to be pässing **throug** the valley of death to the gärden of paradise,” said the prinçe.

But the East Wind answered not a wörd, only pointed fôrwardş to a lovely blue light which gleamed in the distançe. The blocks of stone assumed a misty appearance, till at läst they lööked like white cloudş in moonlight. The air wäş fresh and balmy, like a breeze from the mountains pêrfumed with flowerş from a valley of roses. A river, clear aš the air itself, spärkled at their feet, while in its clear depths couïd be seen gold and silver fish spörting in the bright wäter, and pürple eelş emitting spärks of fire at every moment, while the bröad leaves of the wäter-lilies, that floated on its sūrfaçe, flickered with äll the colorş of the rainbow. The flower in its color of flame seemed to receive its nourishment from the wäter, aš a lamp is sustained by oil. A märble bridg, of such exquisite wörkmanship that it appeared aš if fôrmed of laçe and pêarlş, led to the island of happiness, in which bloomed the gärden of paradise.

The East Wind töök the prinçe in hiş ärmş, and carried him over, while the flowers and the leaves sang the sweet songs of hiş childhood in tones so full and soft that no human voice couïd venture to imitate. Within the gärden grew lärg trees, full of sap; but whether they wêre pälm-trees ör gigantic wäter-plants, the prinçe knew not. The climbing plants hung in gärlandş of green and gold, like the illuminations on the märginş of old missalş ör twined among the initial letters. Bîrdş, flowerş, and festöönş appeared intermingled in seeming cönfuşion.

Cloşe by, on the gräss, stööd a group of peacocks, with radiant tails outspread to the sun. The prinçe touchd them, and found, to hiş surprise, that they wêre not really bîrdş, but the leaves of the bürdock tree, which shone with the colors of a peacock’s tail. The lion and the tiger, gentle and tame, wêre springing about like playful cats among the green bushes, whose pêrfume wäş like the fragrant blossom of the olive. The plumage of the wöod-pigeon glistened like pêarlş aš it struck the lion’s mane with its wings; while the antelope, usuually so shy, stööd near, nodding its head aš if it wishd to join in the frolic. The fairy of paradise next

made hêr appearance. Hêr raiment shone like the sun, and hêr serene countenance beamed with happiness like that of a mother rejoicing over hêr child. She was young and beautiful, and a train of lovely maidens followed hêr, each wearing a bright star in hêr hair.

The East Wind gave hêr the pâm-leaf, on which was written the history of the phoenix; and hêr eyes sparkled with joy. She then took the prince by the hand, and led him into hêr palace, the walls of which were richly colored, like a tulip-leaf when it is turned to the sun. The roof had the appearance of an inverted flower, and the colors grew deeper and brighter to the gazer. The prince walked to a window, and saw what appeared to be the tree of knowledge of good and evil, with Adam and Eve standing by, and the serpent near them. "I thought they were banished from paradise," he said.

The princess smiled, and told him that time had engraved each event on a window-pane in the form of a picture; but, unlike other pictures, all that it represented lived and moved,—the leaves rustled, and the persons went and came, as in a looking-glass. He looked through another pane, and saw the ladder in Jacob's dream, on which the angels were ascending and descending with outspread wings. All that had ever happened in the world here lived and moved on the panes of glass, in pictures such as time alone could produce. The fairy now led the prince into a large, lofty room with transparent walls, through which the light shone.

Here were portraits, each one appearing more beautiful than the other—millions of happy beings, whose laughter and song mingled in one sweet melody: some of these were in such an elevated position that they appeared smaller than the smallest rosebud, or like pencil dots on paper. In the centre of the hall stood a tree, with drooping branches, from which hung golden apples, both great and small, looking like oranges amid the green leaves. It was the tree of knowledge of good and evil, from which Adam and Eve had plucked and eaten the forbidden fruit, and from each leaf trickled a bright red dewdrop, as if the tree were weeping tears of blood for their sin. "Let us now take the boat," said the fairy: "a sail on the cool waters will refresh us. But we shall not move from the spot, although the boat may rock on the swelling water; the countries of the world will glide before us, but we shall remain still."

It was indeed wonderful to behold. First came the lofty Alps, snow-clad, and covered with clouds and dark pines. The horn resounded, and the shepherds

sang merrily in the valleys. The banana-trees bent their drooping branches over the boat, black swans floated on the water, and singular animals and flowers appeared on the distant shore. New Holland, the fifth division of the world, now glided by, with mountains in the background, looking blue in the distance. They heard the song of the priests, and saw the wild dance of the savage to the sound of the drums and trumpets of bone; the pyramids of Egypt rising to the clouds; columns and sphinxes, overthrown and buried in the sand, followed in their turn; while the northern lights flashed out over the extinguished volcanoes of the north, in fireworks none could imitate.

The prince was delighted, and yet he saw hundreds of other wonderful things more than can be described. "Can I stay here forever?" asked he.

"That depends upon yourself," replied the fairy. "If you do not, like Adam, long for what is forbidden, you can remain here always."

"I should not touch the fruit on the tree of knowledge," said the prince; there is abundance of fruit equally beautiful."

"Examine your own heart," said the princess, "and if you do not feel sure of its strength, return with the East Wind who brought you. He is about to fly back, and will not return here for a hundred years. The time will not seem to you more than a hundred hours, yet even that is a long time for temptation and resistance. Every evening, when I leave you, I shall be obliged to say, 'Come with me, You and to beckon to you with my hand. But you must not listen, nor move from your place to follow me; for with every step you will find your power to resist weaker. If once you attempted to follow me, you would soon find yourself in the hall, where grows the tree of knowledge, for I sleep beneath its perfumed branches. If you stepped over me, I should be forced to smile. If you then kissed my lips, the garden of paradise would sink into the earth, and to you it would be lost. A keen wind from the desert would howl around you; cold rain fall on your head, and sorrow and woe be your future lot."

"I will remain," said the prince.

So the East Wind kissed him on the forehead, and said, "Be firm; then shall we meet again when a hundred years have passed. Farewell, farewell." Then the East Wind spread his broad pinions, which shone like the lightning in harvest, or as the northern lights in a cold winter.

"Farewell, farewell," echoed the trees and the flowers.

Stórks and pelicans flew äfter him in feathery bands, to accompany him to the boundaries of the gården.

“Now we will commençe dançing,” said the fairy; “and when it is nearly over at sunset, while I am dançing with you, I shall make a sign, and äsk you to follow me: but do not obey. I shall be obliged to repeat the same thing för a hundred years; and each time, when the trial is päst, if you resist, you will gain strength, till resistance becomes easy, and at läst the temptation will be quite overcome. This evening, as it will be the first time, I have wårned you.”

After this the fairy led him into a lärg häll, filled with transparent lilies. The yellow stamina of each flower förmed a tiny golden härp, from which came förth strains of music like the mingled tones of flute and lyre. Beautiful maidens, slender and graceful in förm, and robed in transparent gånze, floated through the dançe, and sang of the happy life in the gården of paradise, where death never entered, and where äll would bloom forever in immortal youth. As the sun went down, the whole heavens became crimson and gold, and tinted the lilies with the hue of roses. Then the beautiful maidens offered to the prinçe sparkling wine; and when he had drank, he felt happiness greater than he had ever known before.

Presently the background of the häll opened and the tree of knowledge appeared, surrounded by a halo of glóry that äalmost blinded him. Voices, soft and lovely as his mother’s sounded in his ears, as if she were singing to him, “My child, my beloved child.” Then the fairy beckoned to him, and said in sweet accents, “Come with me, come with me.” Forgetting his promise, forgetting it even on the very first evening, he rushed towards her, while she continued to beckon to him and to smile. The fragrance around him overpowered his senses, the music from the härps sounded more entrancing, while around the tree appeared millions of smiling faces, nodding and singing. “Man should know everything; man is the lórd of the earth.” The tree of knowledge no longer wept tears of blood, för the dewdrops shone like glittering stärs.

“Come, come,” continued that thrilling voice, and the prinçe followed the cäll. At every step his cheeks glowed, and the blood rushed wildly through his veins. “I must follow,” he cried; “it is not a sin, it cannot be, to follow beauty and joy. I only want to see her sleep, and nothing will happen unless I kiss her, and that I will not do, för I have strength to resist, and a determined will.”

The fairy threw off her dazzling attire, bent back the boughs, and in another moment was hidden among them.

“I have not sinned yet,” said the prince, “and I will not;” and **then he pushed** aside the **bo**ugh^s to follow the princess. **She was lying** already asleep, **be**autiful as only a fairy in the **g**arden of paradise could be. **She** smiled as he bent over her, and he **s**aw **tear**s trembling out of her **be**autiful **ey**elashes. “Do you weep for me?” he **wh**ispered. “Oh weep not, **thou** loveliest of women. **N**ow **d**e I begin to understand the happiness of paradise; I **feel** it to my inmost soul, in every **th**ought. A new **life** is **b**orn within me. One moment of **such** happiness is **w**orth an eternity of **d**arkness and **w**oe.” He **ste**pped and **kiss**ed the **tear**s from her **ey**es, and **touch**ed her lips with his.

A clap of **th**under, **lo**ud and **aw**ful, **re**sounded **th**rough the trembling air. **Al**l around him fell into **ru**in. The **lo**vely fairy, the **be**autiful **g**arden, sunk **de**eper and **de**eper. The prince **s**aw it sinking **d**own in the **d**ark night till it **sh**one only like a **st**ar in the distance **b**eneath him. **Then** he felt a **c**oldness, like **de**ath, **cre**eeping over him; his **ey**es **clo**sed, and he became insensible.

When he **re**covered, a **ch**illing rain **wa**s beating upon him, and a **sh**arp wind blew on his head. “Alas! **Wh**at have I **d**one?” he **si**ghed; “I have sinned like Adam, and the **g**arden of paradise has sunk into the **e**arth.” He **o**pened his **ey**es, and **s**aw the **st**ar in the distance, but it **wa**s the **m**orning **st**ar in heaven **wh**ich glittered in the **d**arkness.


Presently he **st**ood up and **fo**und himself in the **de**pths of the forest, **clo**se to the **c**avern of the **W**inds, and the **m**other of the **W**inds sat **by** his side. **She** **lo**oked angry, and **rais**ed her **ar**m in the air as she **sp**oke. “The very **fi**rst **e**vening!” she said. “Well, I expected it! If you **w**ere my **so**n, you **sh**ould go into the sack.”

“And **th**ere he will have to go at **l**ast,” said a strong **o**ld man, with **l**arge black wings, and a **sc**ythe in his hand, **wh**ose name **wa**s **D**eath. “He **sh**all be laid in his coffin, but not yet. I will **al**low him to **w**ander about the **w**orld **f**or a **w**hile, to **at**one **f**or his sin, and to give him **t**ime to **bec**ome better. But I **sh**all **ret**urn **wh**en he **le**ast expects me. I **sh**all **l**ay him in a black coffin, **pl**ace it on my head, and **fl**y away with it beyond the **st**ars. **Th**ere **al**so **ble**oms a **g**arden of paradise, and if he is **g**ood and **pi**ous he will be admitted; but if his **th**oughts **ar**e bad, and his **he**art is full of sin, he will sink with his coffin **de**eper than the **g**arden of paradise has sunk. **O**nce in every **th**ousand years I **sh**all go and **fe**tch him, **wh**en he will **ei**ther be **c**ondemned to sink still **de**eper, **o**r be **rais**ed to a happier life in the **w**orld beyond the **st**ars.”



The Flying Trunk

Hans Christian Andersen 1838

 **HERE** was onçe a mērchant whē was so rich that he could have paved the whole street with gold, and would even then have had enough fōr a small alley. But he did not dē so; he knew the valuē of mōney better than to use it in this way. So clever was he, that every shilling he put out brōught him a crown; and so he continuēd till he diēd. Hiş sōn inheritēd hiş wealth, and he livēd a merry life with it; he went to a māsquerade every night, made kites out of five pound notes, and thrēw piēcēs of gold into the sea instead of stones, making ducks and drakes of them. In this manner he soon lost āll hiş mōney. At lāst he had nōthing left but a pair of slipperş, an old

dressiŋg-gōwn, and fōur shillingş. And nōw āll hiş friendş deşērtēd him, they could not wālk with him in the streetş; but one of them, whē was very good-natured, sent him an old trunk with this messagē, “Pack up!” “Yes,” he said, “it is āll very well to say ‘pack up,’” but he had nōthing left to pack up, therēfōre he seatēd himself in the trunk. It was a very wonderfūl trunk; no soonēr did any one press on the lock than the trunk could fly.

He shut the lid and pressēd the lock, when away flew the trunk up the chimney with the merchant’s sōn in it, right up into the cloudş. Whenever the bottōm of the trunk crackēd, he was in a great fright, fōr if the trunk fell to piēcēs he would have made a tremendous somerset over the treeş. However, he got safely in hiş trunk to the land of Tūrkey. He hid the trunk in the wōōd under sōmē dry leavēş, and then went into the town: he could so this very well, fōr the Tūrks ālwayş go about dressēd in dressiŋg-gōwnş and slipperş, aş he was himself.

He happenēd to meet a nūrse with a little child. “I say, you Tūrkiş nūrse,” criēd he, “what cāsle is that near the town, with the windowş placēd so high?”

“The king’s dāughtēr livēş there,” she repliēd; “it has been prophesiēd that she will be very unhappy about a lōver, and



therefore no one is allowed to visit her, unless the king and queen are present.”

“Thank you,” said the merchant’s son. So he went back to the wood, seated himself in his trunk, flew up to the roof of the castle, and crept through the window into the princess’s room. She lay on the sofa asleep, and she was so beautiful that the merchant’s son could not help kissing her. Then she awoke, and was very much frightened; but he told her he was a Turkish angel, who had come down through the air to see her, which pleased her very much. He sat down by her side and talked to her: he said her eyes were like beautiful dark lakes, in which the thoughts swam about like little mermaids, and he told her that her forehead was a snowy mountain, which contained splendid halls full of pictures. And then he related to her about the stork who brings the beautiful children from the rivers. These were delightful stories; and when he asked the princess if she would marry him, she consented immediately.

“But you must come on Saturday,” she said; “for then the king and queen will take tea with me. They will be very proud when they find that I am going to marry a Turkish angel; but you must think of some very pretty stories to tell them, for my parents like to hear stories better than anything. My mother prefers one that is deep and moral; but my father likes something funny, to make him laugh.”

“Very well,” he replied; “I shall bring you no other marriage portion than a story,” and so they parted. But the princess gave him a sword which was studded with gold coins, and these he could use.

Then he flew away to the town and bought a new dressing-gown, and afterwards returned to the wood, where he composed a story, so as to be ready for Saturday, which was no easy matter. It was ready however by Saturday, when he went to see the princess. The king, and queen, and the whole court, were at tea with the princess; and he was received with great politeness.

“Will you tell us a story?” said the queen,—“one that is instructive and full of deep learning.”

“Yes, but with something in it to laugh at,” said the king.

“Certainly,” he replied, and commenced at once, asking them to listen attentively. “There was once a bundle of matches that were exceedingly proud of their high descent. Their genealogical tree, that is, a large pine-tree from which they had been cut, was at one time a large, old tree in the wood. The matches now lay between a tinder-box and an old iron saucepan, and were talking about their

yo**uthful** days. ‘Ah! **Then we** grew on the **green boughs**, and **were as green as they**; every **morn**ing and **evening we were** fed with **diamond** drops of dew.

Whenever the sun **shone**, **we** felt his **warm rays**, and the little **birds would relate stories** to us **as they** sung. **We knew that we were rich**, **for the other trees only wore** their **green** dress in summer, but **our family were** able to array **themselves** in **green**, summer and winter. But the **wood-cutter came**, like a **great revolution**, and **our family** fell under the axe. The head of the **house obtained** a **situation as mainmast** in a very **fine ship**, and can **sail round the world** when he will. The **other branches** of the family **were taken** to different **places**, and **our office now is** to kindle a **light for** common **people**. **This is how such high-born people as we came to be** in a **kitchen**.

“**Mine has been** a very different **fate**, said the **iron pot**, **which stood** by the **matches**; ‘from my **first entrance** into the **world** I have **been used** to **cooking** and **scouring**. I am the **first** in **this house**, when any**thing** solid **or useful** is **required**. My **only pleasure** is to be **made clean** and **shining** **after** dinner, and to sit in my **place** and have a little sensible **conversation with my** neighbors. **All** of us, **excepting** the **water-bucket**, **which is sometimes** taken into the **courtyard**, live **here together** within **these** **four walls**. **We** get **our news** from the **market-basket**, but he **sometimes** tells us very unplea**sant things** about the **people** and the **government**. Yes, and one **day** an **old pot was** so **alarmed**, **that he** fell **down** and **was broken** to **pieces**. **He was** a liberal, I can tell **you**.

“**You are talking too much**, said the **tinder-box**, and the **steel** struck against the **flint** till **some sparks** flew **out**, crying, ‘**We want** a merry **evening**, **don’t we?**’

“**Yes**, of **course**, said the **matches**, ‘let us **talk** about **those** **who are** the **highest born**.

“**No**, I **don’t like** to be **always** **talking** of **what we are**, **You remarked** the **saucepan**; ‘let us **think** of **some other** amu**s**ement; I will begin. **We** will tell **something that** has happened to **ourselves**; **that will be** very **easy**, and interesting **as well**. On the **Baltic Sea**, **near the Danish shore** ‘—

“**What** a pretty commen**ce**ment! Said the **plates**; ‘**we shall all like** **that story**, I am **sure**.

“The **plates rattled** with **pleasure**, and the **carpet-broom** **brought** **some green** **parsley** **out** of the **dust-hole** and crowned the **saucepan**, **for he** knew it **would** vex the **others**; and he **thought**, ‘If I **crown** him to-day he will **crown** me to-morrow.

“Now, let us have a dance, said the fire-tongs; and then how they danced and stuck up one leg in the air. The chair-cushion in the corner burst with laughter when she saw it.

“Shall I be crowned now? You asked the fire-tongs; so the broom found another wreath for the tongs.

“They were only common people after all, You thought the matches. The tea-urn was now asked to sing, but she said she had a cold, and could not sing without boiling heat. They all thought this was affectation, and because she did not wish to sing excepting in the parlor, when on the table with the grand people.

“In the window sat an old quill-pen, with which the maid generally wrote. There was nothing remarkable about the pen, excepting that it had been dipped too deeply in the ink, but it was proud of that.

“If the tea-urn won’t sing, said the pen, ‘she can leave it alone; there is a nightingale in a cage who can sing; she has not been taught much, certainly, but we need not say anything this evening about that.

“I think it highly improper, said the tea-kettle, who was kitchen singer, and half-brother to the tea-urn, ‘that a rich foreign bird should be listened to here. Is it patriotic? Let the market-basket decide what is right.

“I certainly am vexed, said the basket; ‘inwardly vexed, more than any one can imagine. Are we spending the evening properly? Would it not be more sensible to put the house in order? If each were in his own place I would lead a game; this would be quite another thing.

“Let us act a play, said they all. At the same moment the door opened, and the maid came in. Then not one stirred; they all remained quite still; yet, at the same time, there was not a single pot amongst them who had not a high opinion of himself, and of what he could do if he chose.

“Yes, if we had chosen, You they each thought, ‘we might have spent a very pleasant evening.

“The maid took the matches and lighted them; dear me, how they sputtered and blazed up!

“Now then, they thought, ‘every one will see that we are the first. How we shine; what a light we give! Even while they spoke their light went out.

“What a capital story,” said the queen, “I feel as if I were really in the kitchen, and could see the matches; yes, you shall marry our daughter.”

“Certainly,” said the king, “thou shalt have our daughter.” The king said thou to him because he was going to be one of the family. The wedding-day was fixed, and, on the evening before, the whole city was illuminated. Cakes and sweetmeats were thrown among the people. The street boys stood on tiptoe and shouted “hurrah,” and whistled between their fingers; altogether it was a very splendid affair.



“I will give them another treat,” said the merchant’s son. So he went and bought rockets and crackers, and all sorts of fire-works that could be thought of, package them in his trunk, and flew up with it into the air. What a whizzing and popping they made as they went off! The Turks, when they saw such a sight in the air, jumped so high that their slippers flew about their ears. It was easy to believe after this that the princess was really going to marry a Turkish angel.

As soon as the merchant’s son had come down in his flying trunk to the wood after the fireworks, he thought, “I will go back into the town now, and hear what they think of the entertainment.” It was very natural that he should wish to know. And what strange things people did say, to be sure! Every one whom he questioned had a different tale to tell, though they all thought it very beautiful.

“I saw the Turkish angel myself,” said one; “he had eyes like glittering stars, and a head like foaming water.”


“He flew in a mantle of fire,” cried another, “and lovely little cherubs peeped out from the folds.”

He heard many more fine things about himself, and that the next day he was to be married. After this he went back to the forest to rest himself in his trunk. It had disappeared! A spark from the fireworks which remained had set it on fire; it was burnt to ashes! So the merchant’s son could not fly any more, nor go to meet his bride. She stood all day on the reef waiting for him, and most likely she is waiting there still; while he wanders through the world telling fairy tales, but none of them so amusing as the one he related about the matches.



The Storks

Hans Christian Andersen 1838

 IN the **l**ä**ä**st **h**o**u**se in a little **v**illag**e** the **s**t**ö**rk**s** had built a nest, and the **m**o**ö**th**e**r **s**t**ö**rk sat in it **w**ith **h**er **f**o**u**r young ones, **w**h**o** **s**t**r**e**t**ch**e**d **o**u**t** **t**h**e**ir necks and pointed **t**h**e**ir black **b**eak**s**, **w**h**i**ch had not yet **t**u**r**n**e**d red **l**i**k**e **t**h**o**s**e** of the **p**ar**e**nt **b**i**r**d**s**. A little **w**ay off, on the **e**d**g**e of the **r**o**o**f, **s**t**ö**o**d** the **f**ä**t**h**e**r **s**t**ö**rk, **q**u**i**t**e** **u**p**r**i**g**h**t** and stiff; not **l**i**k**i**n**g to **b**e **q**u**i**t**e** **i**d**l**e, **h**e **d**r**e**w up one leg, and **s**t**ö**o**d** on the **ö**th**e**r, **s**o still **t**h**a**t it **s**e**e**m**e**d **ä**l**m**o**s**t **a**s if **h**e **w**er**e** **c**ä**r**v**e**d in **w**o**o**d. “It must **l**ö**ö**k very grand,” **t**h**ö**u**g**h**t** **h**e, “for my **w**i**f**e to have a sentry **g**u**ä**r**d**i**n**g **h**er nest. **T**h**e**y **d**e not **k**n**o**w **t**h**a**t I am **h**er **h**u**s**band; **t**h**e**y will **t**h**i**n**k** I have **b**e**e**n **c**o**m**m**a**nd**e**d to stand **h**er**e**, **w**h**i**ch **i**s **q**u**i**t**e** **a**r**i**s**t**o**c**r**a**t**i**c;” and **s**o **h**e **c**ö**n**t**i**n**u**e**d** standing on one leg.

In the **s**t**r**e**e**t **b**e**w**o**o**d **w**er**e** a number of **c**h**i**l**d**r**e**n at **p**l**a**y, and **w**h**e**n **t**h**e**y **c**ä**u**g**h**t **s**i**g**h**t** of the **s**t**ö**rk**s**, one of the **b**o**l**d**e**st **a**m**ö**n**g**s**t** the **b**o**y**s**ä**n **b**e**g**an to sing a song **a**b**o**u**t** **t**h**e**m, and very **s**ö**e**n **h**e **w**ä**s** **j**o**i**n**e**d by the rest. **T**h**e**s**e** **ä**r**e** the **w**ö**r**d**s** of the song, but **e**a**c**h **o**n**l**y sang **w**h**a**t **h**e **c**ö**u**l**d** remember of **t**h**e**m in **h**i**s** **o**w**n** **w**a**y**.

“Stork, **s**t**ö**rk, **f**l**y** away,

Stand not on one leg, I **p**r**a**y,

See **y**ö**u**r **w**i**f**e **i**s in **h**er nest,

With **h**er little ones at rest.

They will hang one, And fry **a**n**ö**th**e**r;

They will **s**h**e**e**t** a **t**h**i**r**d**, And **r**o**a**st **h**i**s** **b**r**ö**th**e**r.”

“Just **h**e**a**r **w**h**a**t **t**h**o**s**e** **b**o**y**s **ä**r**e** singing,” said the young **s**t**ö**rk**s**; “they **s**a**y** **w**e **s**h**a**ll **b**e **h**a**n**g**e**d and **r**o**a**st**e**d.”

“Never **m**i**n**d **w**h**a**t **t**h**e**y **s**a**y**; **y**o**u** **n**e**e**d not **l**i**s**t**e**n,” said the **m**o**ö**th**e**r. “They can **d**e **n**o **h**ä**r**m.”

But the **b**o**y**s**ä**n went on singing and pointing at the **s**t**ö**rk**s**, and **m**o**c**k**i**n**g** at **t**h**e**m, **e**x**c**e**p**t**i**n**g** one of the **b**o**y**s **w**h**o**s**e** **n**a**m**e **w**ä**s** **P**e**t**e**r**; **h**e said it **w**ä**s** a **s**h**a**m**e** to **m**a**k**e fun of **a**n**i**m**a**l**s**, and **w**ö**u**l**d** not **j**o**i**n **w**ith **t**h**e**m at **ä**ll. The **m**o**ö**th**e**r **s**t**ö**rk **c**ö**m**f**o**r**t**e**d**

hêr young ones, and told them not to mind. “See,” she said, “How quiet yôur fâther stands, âltho^{ugh} he is only on one leg.”

“But we äre very much frightened,” said the young stôrks, and they drew back their heads into the nests.

The next day when the children wêre playing together, and sâw the stôrks, they sang the song again—

“They will hang one,

And roast another.”

“Shall we be hanged and roasted?” äsked the young stôrks.

“No, çertainly not,” said the môther. “I will teach you to fly, and when you have lêarnt, we will fly into the meadows, and pay a visit to the frogs, who will bow themselves to us in the wâter, and cry ‘Croak, croak, You and then we shall eat them up; that will be fun.’”

“And what next?” äsked the young stôrks.

“Then,” replied the môther, “all the stôrks in the country will assemble together, and go through their âutumn manoeuvres, so that it is very important for every one to know how to fly properly. If they do not, the general will thrust them through with his beak, and kill them. Therefore you must take pains and lêarn, so as to be ready when the drilling begins.”

“Then we may be killed äfter äll, as the boys say; and härk! They äre singing again.”

“Listen to me, and not to them,” said the môther stôrck. “After the great review is over, we shall fly away to wârm countries fär from hence, where there äre mountains and forests. To Egypt, where we shall see three-cornered houses built of stone, with pointed tops that reach nearly to the clouds. They äre cålled Pyramids, and äre older than a stôrck could imagine; and in that country, there is a river that overflows its banks, and then goes back, leaving nothing but mire; there we can wâlk about, and eat frogs in abundance.”

“Oh, o—h!” cried the young stôrks.

“Yes, it is a delightful place; there is nothing to do äll day long but eat, and while we äre so well off out there, in this country there will not be a single green leaf on the trees, and the weather will be so cold that the clouds will freeze, and fäll on the êarth in little white rags.” The stôrck meant snow, but she could not explain it in any other way.

“Will the naughty boys freeze and fall in pieces?” asked the young storks.

“No, they will not freeze and fall into pieces,” said the mother, “but they will be very cold, and be obliged to sit all day in a dark, gloomy room, while we shall be flying about in foreign lands, where there are blooming flowers and warm sunshine.”

Time passed on, and the young storks grew so large that they could stand upright in the nest and look about them. The father brought them, every day, beautiful frogs, little snakes, and all kinds of stork-dainties that he could find. And then, how funny it was to see the tricks he would perform to amuse them. He would lay his head quite round over his tail, and clatter with his beak, as if it had been a rattle; and then he would tell them stories all about the marshes and fens.

“Come,” said the mother one day, “Now you must learn to fly.” And all the four young ones were obliged to come out on the top of the roof. Oh, how they tottered at first, and were obliged to balance themselves with their wings, or they would have fallen to the ground below.

“Look at me,” said the mother, “you must hold your heads in this way, and place your feet so. Once, twice, once, twice—that is it. Now you will be able to take care of yourselves in the world.”

Then she flew a little distance from them, and the young ones made a spring to follow her; but down they fell plump, for their bodies were still too heavy.

“I don’t want to fly,” said one of the young storks, creeping back into the nest. “I don’t care about going to warm countries.”

“Would you like to stay here and freeze when the winter comes?” said the mother, “or till the boys come to hang you, or to roast you?—Well then, I’ll call them.”

“Oh no, no,” said the young stork, jumping out on the roof with the others; and now they were all attentive, and by the third day could fly a little. Then they began to fancy they could soar, so they tried to do so, resting on their wings, but they soon found themselves falling, and had to flap their wings as quickly as possible. The boys came again in the street singing their song:—

“Stork, stork, fly away.”

“Shall we fly down, and pick their eyes out?” asked the young storks.

“No; leave them alone,” said the mother. “Listen to me; that is much more

important. Now then. One-two-three. Now to the right. One-two-three. Now to the left, round the chimney. There now, that was very good. That last flap of the wings was so easy and graceful, that I shall give you permission to fly with me to-morrow to the marshes. There will be a number of very superior storks there with their families, and I expect you to show them that my children are the best brought up of any who may be present. You must strut about proudly—it will look well and make you respected.”

“But may we not punish those naughty boys?” asked the young storks.

“No; let them scream away as much as they like. You can fly from them now up high amid the clouds, and will be in the land of the pyramids when they are freezing, and have not a green leaf on the trees or an apple to eat.”

“We will revenge ourselves,” whispered the young storks to each other, as they again joined the exercising.

Of all the boys in the street who sang the mocking song about the storks, not one was so determined to go on with it as he who first began it. Yet he was a little fellow not more than six years old. To the young storks he appeared at least a hundred, for he was so much bigger than their father and mother. To be sure, storks cannot be expected to know how old children and grown-up people are. So they determined to have their revenge on this boy, because he began the song first and would keep on with it. The young storks were very angry, and grew worse as they grew older; so at last their mother was obliged to promise that they should be revenged, but not until the day of their departure.

“We must see first, how you acquit yourselves at the grand review,” said she. “If you get on badly there, the general will thrust his beak through you, and you will be killed, as the boys said, though not exactly in the same manner. So we must wait and see.”

“You shall see,” said the young birds, and then they took such pains and practised so well every day, that at last it was quite a pleasure to see them fly so lightly and prettily. As soon as the autumn arrived, all the storks began to assemble together before taking their departure for warm countries during the winter. Then the review commenced. They flew over forests and villages to show what they could do, for they had a long journey before them. The young storks performed their part so well that they received a mark of honor, with frogs and snakes as a present. These presents were the best part of the affair, for they could eat the frogs and snakes, which they very quickly did.

“Now let us have our revenge,” they cried.

“Yes, certainly,” cried the mother stork. “I have thought upon the best way to be revenged. I know the pond in which all the little children lie, waiting till the storks come to take them to their parents. The prettiest little babies lie there dreaming more sweetly than they will ever dream in the time to come. All parents are glad to have a little child, and children are so pleased with a little brother or sister. Now we will fly to the pond and fetch a little baby for each of the children who did not sing that naughty song to make game of the storks.”

“But the naughty boy, who began the song first, what shall we do to him?” cried the young storks.


“There lies in the pond a little dead baby who has dreamed itself to death,” said the mother. “We will take it to the naughty boy, and he will cry because we have brought him a little dead brother. But you have not forgotten the good boy who said it was a shame to laugh at animals: we will take him a little brother and sister too, because he was good. He is called Peter, and you shall all be called Peter in future.”

So they all did what their mother had arranged, and from that day, even till now, all the storks have been called Peter.



The Buckwheat

Hans Christian Andersen 1842

 EVERY often, after a violent thunder-storm, a field of buckwheat appears blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. The country people say that this appearance is caused by lightning; but I will tell you what the sparrow says, and the sparrow heard it from an old willow-tree which grew near a field of buckwheat, and is there still. It is a large venerable tree, though a little crippled by age. The trunk has been split, and out of the crevice grass and brambles grow. The tree bends forward slightly, and the branches hang quite down to the ground just like green hair.

Côrn grows in the surrounding fields, not only rye and bärley, but oats,—pretty oats that, when ripe, lóok like a number of little golden canary-birds sitting on a bough. The côrn has a smiling lóok and the heaviest and richest ears bend their heads low as if in pious humility. Once there was álso a field of buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite to old willow-tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the other grain, but erected its head proudly and stiffly on the stem. “I am as valuable as any other côrn,” said he, “and I am much handsomer; my flowers äre as beautiful as the bloom of the apple blossom, and it is a pleasure to lóok at us. Do you know of anything prettier than we äre, you old willow-tree?” And the willow-tree nodded his head, as if he would say, “Indeed I do.” But the buckwheat spread itself out with pride, and said, “Stupid tree; he is so old that grass grows out of his body.”



There arose a very terrible stôrm. áll the field-flowers folded their leaves together, ór bowed their little heads, while the stôrm passed over them, but the buckwheat stóod erect in its pride. “Bend yôur head as we do,” said the flowers.

“I have no occasiön to do so,” replied the buckwheat.

“Bend yôur head as we do,” cried the ears of côrn; “the angel of the stôrm is cöming; his wings spread from the sky above to the éarth beneath. He will strike you down beföre you can cry fôr mërçy.”

“But I will not bend my head,” said the buckwheat.

“Close yôur flowers and bend yôur leaves,” said the old willow-tree. “Do not lóok at the lightning when the cloud bürsts; even men cannot do that. In a flash of lightning heaven opens, and we can lóok in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind. What then must happen to us, who only grow out of the éarth, and

äre so inferior to them, if we venture to do so?” “Inferior, indeed!” said the buckwheat. “Now I intend to have a peep into heaven.” Proudly and boldly he looked up, while the lightning flashed across the sky as if the whole world were in flames.



When the dreadful storm had passed, the flowers and the corn raised their drooping heads in the pure still air, refreshed by the rain, but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning. The branches of the old willow-tree rustled in the wind, and large water-drops fell from his green leaves as if the old willow were weeping. Then the sparrows asked Why he was weeping, when all around him seemed so cheerful. “See,” they said, “how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky. Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Wherefore do you weep, old willow-tree?” Then the willow told them of the haughty pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which followed in consequence. This is the story told me by the sparrows one evening when I begged them to relate some tale to me.

THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

The **V**irtual **P**honetics script is a simple first stage toward helping students and workers to read and spell English words with greater accuracy. It is based upon a method for the teaching of basic literacy that first originated some 3,200 years ago.

This ancient method is still being used today for the teaching of Hebrew literacy skills throughout the world. The **p**honetic English script basically does for modern English words what the “vocalization marks” of Hebrew have done for Hebrew words for many centuries.

SOME ‘NEW’ LETTERS WITH THE OLD ONES

a	a	á	ä	â	b	c	ç	ch		
d	d	e	e	ê	ë	f	g	g	gh	
h	i	i	î	j	k	l	m	n		
o	o	ô	ô	ó	ò	œ	e	p	ph	
q	qu	r	s	ş	sh	t	th	th		
u	u	û	ù	v	w	x	y	y ²	y	z

Above are the **59** letters and letter combinations used by the phonetic English text in this booklet. These **59** letters, when combined with the silent (*smaller and slanted*) letters, add up to the reported **60** sounding-out “rules” that are taught by the phonetic English script.

In a strict sense, this text successfully applies these **60** rules to an impressive 98.7% of the near **360** spelling or sounding-out ‘rules’ that are estimated to exist in English writing.

It is relevant to note too, that the 2017 update of the computer based English **PHONETIC FONT CONVERSION** program contains some 15,000 coded words in its support word bank.

10 SIGNS AROUND THE LETTERS HOW THEY WORK

- SIGN 1.** Faint and smaller letters are not to be sounded out. They are silent:
 knob writ wrestle trouble debt
- SIGN 2.** **BOLDED** pairs of consonant letters make one common English sound unit:
gh as in rough **ph** as in philosophy
ch as in chin **sh** as in shut **qu** as in quit
- SIGN 3.** **BOLDED** single vowels **a e i o u** changes their sounds from short to long:
 apron even icon oval unit
 straight **th**ough **th**rough ghost
- SIGN 4.** A vertical line under the letters **ç g ş đ** changes their sounds to s j z and t respectively:
 çell gem rubş jumped cruışe
- SIGN 5.** A vertical line over the letters **a** and **o** changes their sounds to short **o** and **u** sounds respectively:
 w^áş w^átch qu^ádş qu^álity y^ácht
 c^ome fr^ont am^ong w^onder m^other
- SIGN 6.** A dot over the letters **o** and **u** changes their sounds to *hard u* sound :
 p^ull b^utcher b^oş^om w^oman t^ook
- SIGN 7.** Two dots over a letter tells you that there is an **ah** sound below:
 he^ärt st^är lä^ügh sp^ärse s^ërgeant
- SIGN 8.** A horizontal curved line over a letter tells you that there is **er** sound below:
 b^îrd t^êrm b^ûrn w^ôrthy l^êarn
- SIGN 9.** A vertical [˘] shape over a letter tells you that there is an **or** sound below:
 ch^álk b^ought b^áld b^orn d^áughter
- SIGN 10.** A slanted line through a letter tells you about the sound of **ow** as in 'now' sound:
 b^ounç^e allow^oing scrou^onç^e plough

THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT : PRONUNCIATION KEY

VOWELS

a apple ant rabbit
a ac**o**rn gre**a**tly vac**a**nt
á w**a**nt sw**á**t **quá**rrel ya**ch**t
ä ä**ä**rt pä**m** c**ä**rnag**e**
å å**ll** rå**w** há**u**l

e egg empty enti**ç**e
e even **e**vil se**cr**et
ê h**ê**r v**ê**rg**e** **ê**arly
ë cl**ë**r**k** s**ë**rg**e**ant

i ink igl**ee** it**ch**y
 y yet yonder yell**ow**

i id**l**e del**igh**t **ic**on
y my**se**lf pig**st**y den**y**
î î**r**k g**î**rder b**î**r**th**

o orang**e** oct**op**us odd
o **o**mit **o**ver eskimo
ó s**ó**n m**ó**ther **ó**n**í**on
ô w**ô**lf h**ó**od w**ó**man
ô w**ô**rd w**ô**rse w**ô**r**k**
õ **õ**rd**e**r s**õ**rt transp**õ**rt
ö **ö**ut sc**ö**wl **ö**udly
ö m**ö**ve t**ö**e into t**w**e

u ugly umbrella cut
u **u**n**í**on **u**n**í**ty r**u**de
ù p**ù**t p**ù**ll b**ù**tcher
û **û**rg**e** n**û**rse p**û**rple

CONSONANTS

c cat cut cot cabbage
ç **ç**ent **ç**ity **ç**ycle
 g get got gun give
g **g**em **g**entle **g**inger
 d dig dug dog
d **l**ike**d** **l**icke**d** **k**isse**d**
 s sit sat set
ş dig**ş** dog**ş** pres**ş**ent

ch **ch**at **ch**in **rich** **much**
sh **sh**ed **sh**ut **rush** **rash**
th **th**at **th**en **this** **thoş**e
th **th**in **th**ick **th**ink **th**ing
ph **ph**one **graph** **nephew**
gh **to**ugh **lä**ugh **co**ugh
qu **qu**ickly **qu**een **qu**it

r
r

The **TOP** 'r' is spoken **before** vowels and
 the **BOTTOM** 'r' is not usually spoken **after** vowels.

THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT : PRONUNCIATION KEY

a apple ant rabbit
 e egg empty entiç_e
 i ink igl~~ee~~ itchy
 y typical happy
 o orang_e octop_{us} oggle
á w~~an~~t sw~~at~~ **quá**rrel y~~a~~cht

u ugly umbrella cut
ó s~~on~~ m~~oth~~er **ón**ion

ò w~~ol~~f h~~oo~~d w~~o~~man

ù p~~ut~~ p~~ull~~ b~~ut~~cher

.....
a ac~~o~~rn gr~~ea~~tly vac~~an~~t

e even evil secret

i idle deli~~gh~~t ic~~o~~n

y my~~s~~elf pigsty deny

o om~~it~~ ov~~er~~ eskimo

u un~~io~~n un~~it~~y rud~~e~~

e m~~ove~~ t~~ee~~ into ~~tw~~e

e ~~ou~~t sc~~ow~~l ~~lou~~dly

.....
ä ä~~rt~~ pä~~m~~ cä~~rn~~ag_e

ë cl~~er~~k s~~er~~geant

.....
ê h~~er~~ v~~er~~g_e **ê**arly

î î~~rk~~ g~~ir~~der b~~ir~~th

ô w~~or~~d w~~or~~se w~~or~~th

û **û**rg_e n~~ur~~se p~~ur~~ple

á **á**ll r~~aw~~ h~~aul~~

ó **ó**rder s~~or~~t transp~~or~~t

SHORT VOWEL SOUNDS IN ENGLISH

In the teachers' manual, SHORT VOWEL word lists are found on pages 10 through to 21.

LONG VOWEL SOUNDS IN ENGLISH

In the teachers' manual, LONG VOWEL word lists are found on pages 22 through to 32.

ENGLISH VOWEL SOUNDS THAT ARE USUALLY INFLUENCED BY THE LETTER 'R'

In the teachers' manual, words whose VOWELS ARE INFLUENCED by the letter 'r' are found on pages 33 to 38.

The final word lists on pages 39 to 44 of the teachers' manual are taken up by words that can best be classified as polysyllabic and phonetically complex.

THE FABLES

Ole-Luk-Oie, the Dream-God

The Swineherd

The Nightingale

The Ugly Duckling

The Top and Ball

The Fir Tree

The Snow Queen

The Elfin Hill

The Red Shoes

The Shepherdess and the Sweep

The Darning-Needle

The Little Match-Seller

The Shadow

The Old House

The Happy Family

Ole-Luk-Oie, the Dream-God

Hans Christian Andersen 1842

THERE is nobody in the world who knows so many stories as Ole-Luk-Oie, or who can relate them so nicely. In the evening, while the children are seated at the table or in their little chairs, he comes up the stairs very softly, for he walks in his socks, then he opens the doors without the slightest noise, and throws a small quantity of very fine dust in their eyes, just enough to prevent them from keeping them open, and so they do not see him.

Then he creeps behind them, and blows softly upon their necks, till their heads begin to droop. But Ole Luk Oie does not wish to hurt them, for he is very fond of children, and only wants them to be quiet that he may relate to them pretty stories, and they never are quiet until they are in bed and asleep.



As soon as they are asleep, Ole-Luk-Oie seats himself upon the bed. He is nicely dressed; his coat is made of silken stuff; it is impossible to say of what color, for it changes from green to red, and from red to blue as he turns from side to side. Under each arm he carries an umbrella; one of them, with pictures on the inside, he spreads over the good children, and then they dream the most beautiful stories the whole night. But the other umbrella has no pictures, and this he holds over the naughty children so that they sleep heavily, and wake in the morning without having dreamed at all.

Now we shall hear how Ole-Luk-Oie came every night during a whole week to the little boy named Hjalmar, and what he told him. There were seven stories, as there are seven days in the week.

Monday

NOW pay attention,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**, in the evening, when Hjalmar was in bed, “and I will decorate the room.” Immediately all the flowers in the flower-pots became large trees, with long branches reaching to the ceiling, and stretching along the walls, so that the whole room was like a greenhouse.



All the branches were loaded with flowers, each flower as beautiful and as fragrant as a rose; and, had any one tasted them, he would have found them sweeter even than jam.

The fruit glittered like gold, and there were cakes so full of plums that they were nearly bursting. It was incomparably beautiful. At the same time sounded dismal moans from the table-drawer in which lay Hjalmar's school books.

“What can that be now?” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**, going to the table and pulling out the drawer.

It was a slate, in such distress because of a false number in the sum, that it had almost broken itself to pieces. The pencil pulled and tugged at its string as if it were a little dog that wanted to help, but could not.

And then came a moan from Hjalmar's copy-book. Oh, it was quite terrible to hear! On each leaf stood a row of capital letters, every one having a small letter by its side. This formed a copy; under these were other letters, which Hjalmar had written: they fancied they looked like the copy, but they were mistaken; for they were leaning on one side as if they intended to fall over the pencil-lines.

“See, this is the way you should hold yourselves,” said the copy. “Look here, you should slope thus, with a graceful curve.”

“Oh, we are very willing to do so, but we cannot,” said Hjalmar's letters; “we are so wretchedly made.”

“You must be scratched out, then,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**.

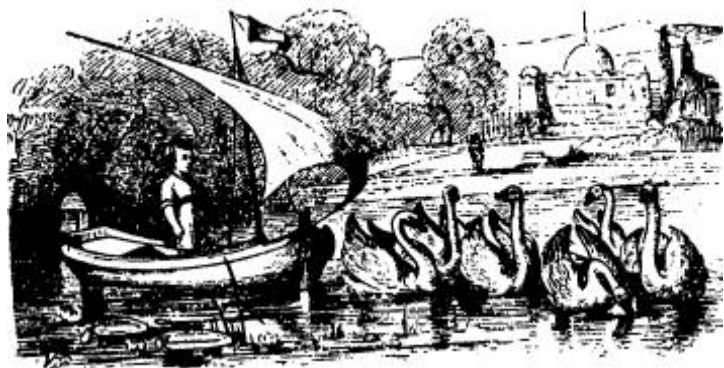
“Oh, no!” they cried, and then they stood up so gracefully it was quite a pleasure to look at them.

“Now we must give up our stories, and exercise these letters,” said Ole-Luk-Oie; “One, two — one, two —” So he drilled them till they stood up gracefully, and looked as beautiful as a copy could look. But after Ole-Luk-Oie was gone, and Hjalmar looked at them in the morning, they were as wretched and as awkward as ever.

Tuesday

As soon as Hjalmar was in bed, Ole-Luk-Oie touched, with his little magic wand, all the furniture in the room, which immediately began to chatter, and each article only talked of itself.

Over the chest of drawers hung a large picture in a gilt frame, representing a landscape, with fine old trees, flowers in the grass, and a broad stream, which flowed through the wood, past several castles, far out into the wild ocean.



Ole-Luk-Oie touched the picture with his magic wand, and immediately the birds commenced singing, the branches of the trees rustled, and the clouds moved across the sky, casting their shadows on the landscape beneath them. Then Ole-Luk-Oie lifted little Hjalmar up to the frame, and placed his feet in the picture, just on the high grass, and there he stood with the sun shining down upon him through the branches of the trees. He ran to the water, and seated himself in a little boat which lay there, and which was painted red and white. The sails glittered like silver, and six swans, each with a golden circlet round its neck, and a bright blue star on its forehead, drew the boat past the green wood, where the trees talked of robbers and witches, and the flowers of beautiful little elves and fairies, whose histories the butterflies had related to them.

Brilliant fish, with scales like silver and gold, swam after the boat, sometimes making a spring and splashing the water round them, while birds, red and blue, small and great, flew after him in two long lines. The gnats danced round them, and the cockchafers cried “Buz, buz.” They all wanted to follow Hjalmar, and all had some story to tell him. It was a most pleasant sail. Sometimes the forests were thick and dark, sometimes like a beautiful garden, gay with sunshine and f

lowers; then he passed great palaces of glass and of marble, and on the balconies stood princesses, whose faces were those of little girls whom Hjalmar knew well, and had often played with. One of them held out her hand, in which was a heart made of sugar, more beautiful than any confectioner ever sold. As Hjalmar sailed by, he caught hold of one side of the sugar heart, and held it fast, and the princess held fast also, so that it broke in two pieces. Hjalmar had one piece, and the princess the other, but Hjalmar's was the largest. At each castle stood little princes acting as sentinels. They presented arms, and had golden swords, and made it rain plums and tin soldiers, so that they must have been real princes.

Hjalmar continued to sail, sometimes through woods, sometimes as it were through large halls, and then by large cities. At last he came to the town where his nurse lived, who had carried him in her arms when he was a very little boy, and had always been kind to him. She nodded and beckoned to him, and then sang the little verses she had herself composed and set to him,—

“How oft my memory turns to thee,

My own Hjalmar, ever dear!

When I could watch thy infant glee,

Or kiss away a pearly tear.

‘Twas in my arms thy lisping tongue

First spoke the half-remembered word,

While o'er thy tottering steps I hung,


My fond protection to afford.

Farewell! I pray the Heavenly Power

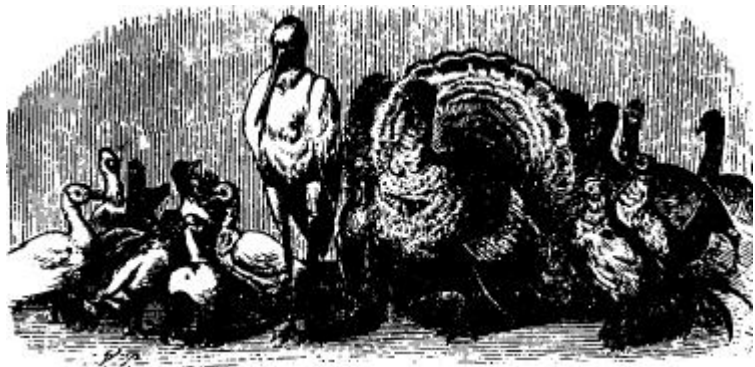
To keep thee till thy dying hour.”

And all the birds sang the same tune, the flowers danced on their stems, and the old trees nodded as if Ole-Luk-Oie had been telling them stories as well.

Wednesday

 NOW the rain did pour down! Hjalmar could hear it in his sleep; and when Ole-Luk-Oie opened the window, the water flowed quite up to the window-sill. It had the appearance of a large lake outside, and a beautiful ship lay close to the house.

“Wilt **thou** sail with me to-night, little Hjalmar?” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**; “**then we shall see** foreign countries, and **thou** shalt return here in the morning.”



All in a moment, **there stood** Hjalmar, in his best clothes, on the deck of the noble ship; and immediately the weather became fine. **They sailed through** the streets, round by the church, and on every side rolled the wide, great sea. **They sailed** till the land disappeared, and **then they saw** a flock of storks, who had left their own country, and were travelling to warmer climates. The storks flew one behind the other, and had already been a long, long time on the wing.

One of **them seemed so tired** that his wings could scarcely carry him. **He was** the last of the row, and **was seen** left very far behind. At length he sunk lower and lower, with outstretched wings, flapping them in vain, till his feet touched the rigging of the ship, and he slid from the sails to the deck, and stood before them. **Then a sailor-boy caught** him, and put him in the hen-house, with the fowls, the ducks, and the turkeys, while the poor stork stood quite bewildered amongst them.

“Just look at that fellow,” said the chickens.

Then the turkey-cock puffed himself out as large as he could, and inquired who he was; and the ducks waddled backwards, crying, “Quack, quack.”

Then the stork told them all about warm Africa, of the pyramids, and of the ostrich, which, like a wild horse, runs across the desert. But the ducks did not understand what he said, and quacked amongst themselves, “We are all of the same opinion; namely, that he is stupid.”

“Yes, to be sure, he is stupid,” said the turkey-cock; and gobbled.

Then the stork remained quite silent, and thought of his home in Africa.

“Those are handsome thin legs of yours,” said the turkey-cock. “What do they cost a yard?”

“Quack, quack, quack,” grinned the ducks; but, the stork pretended not to hear.

“You may as well laugh,” said the turkey; “for that remark was rather witty, or perhaps it was above you. Ah, ah, is he not clever? He will be a great amusement to us while he remains here.” And then he gobbled, and the ducks quacked, “Gobble, gobble; Quack, quack.”


What a terrible uproar they made, while they were having such fun among themselves!

Then Hjalmar went to the hen-house; and, opening the door, called to the stork. Then he hopped out on the deck. He had rested himself now, and he looked happy, and seemed as if he nodded to Hjalmar, as if to thank him. Then he spread his wings, and flew away to warmer countries, while the hens clucked, the ducks quacked, and the turkey-cock turned quite scarlet in the head.

“To-morrow you shall be made into soup,” said Hjalmar to the fowls; and then he awoke, and found himself lying in his little bed.

It was a wonderful journey which Ole-Luk-Oie had made him take this night

Thursday

 “What do you think I have got here?” said Ole-Luk-Oie, “Do not be frightened, and you shall see a little mouse.” And then he held out his hand to him, in which lay a lovely little creature.

“It has come to invite you to a wedding. Two little mice are going to enter into the marriage state tonight. They reside under the floor of your mother’s store-room, and that must be a fine dwelling-place.”

“But how can I get through the little mouse-hole in the floor?” asked Hjalmar.



“Leave me to manage that,” said Ole-Luk-Oie. “I will soon make you small enough.” And then he touched Hjalmar with his magic wand, whereupon he became less and less, until at last he was not longer than a little finger. “Now you can borrow the dress of the tin soldier. I think it will just fit you. It looks well to wear a uniform when you go into company.”

“Yes, **c**ertainly,” said Hjalmar; and in a moment he **w**as dressed as neatly as the neatest of **a**ll tin soldiers.

“Will **y**ou be so good as to **s**eat **y**ourself in **y**our mamma’s **t**himble,” said the little mouse, “**t**hat I may have the **p**leasure of **d**rawing **y**ou to the wedding.”

“Will **y**ou really **t**ake so much trouble, young lady?” said Hjalmar. And so in **t**his way he **r**ode to the mouse’s wedding.

F**i**rst **t**hey went under the **f**loor, and **t**hen **p**assed **t**hrough a long passage, **w**hich **w**as **s**carcely **h**igh enough to allow the **t**himble to **d**rive under, and the **w**hole passage **w**as lit up with the **p**hosphorescent **l**ight of rotten **w**ood.


“**D**oes it not smell **d**elicious?” **a**ske**d** the mouse, **a**s **s**he drew him along. “The **w**all and the **f**loor have **b**een **s**meared with **b**acon-rind; **n**othing can be **n**icer.”

Very **s**oon **t**hey arrived at the bridal **h**all. On the **r**ight **s**to**o**d **a**ll the little **l**ady-m**i**ce, **w**hispering and giggling, **a**s if **t**hey **w**ere making **g**ame of **e**ach **o**ther. To the left **w**ere the **g**entlemen-m**i**ce, **s**troking **t**heir **w**hiskers with **t**heir fore-p**a**ws; and in the **c**entre of the **h**all **c**o**u**ld be **s**een the bridal **p**air, standing **s**ide **b**y **s**ide, in a hollow **c**heese-rind, and kissing **e**ach **o**ther, **w**hile **a**ll **e**yes **w**ere upon **t**hem; **f**o**r** **t**hey had **a**lready **b**een **b**etroth**e**d, and **w**ere **s**oon to be **m**arried. **M**ore and **m**ore friends kept arriving, till the **m**ice **w**ere **n**early treading **e**ach **o**ther to **d**ea**t**h; **f**o**r** the bridal **p**air **n**ow **s**to**o**d in the **d**o**r**way, and **n**one **c**o**u**ld **p**ass in **o**r **o**ut.

The **r**oom had **b**een **r**ubbed **o**ver with **b**acon-rind, **l**ike the passage, **w**hich **w**as **a**ll the **r**efreshment offered to the **g**uests. But **f**o**r** **d**ess**e**rt **t**hey **p**rodu**c**ed a **p**ea, on **w**hich a **m**ouse belonging to the bridal **p**air had bitten the **f**irst **l**etter**s** of **t**heir **n**ame**s**. **T**his **w**as **s**ome**t**hing **q**uite uncommon. **a**ll the **m**ice said it **w**as a very **b**eautiful wedding, and **t**hat **t**hey had **b**een very **a**greeably **e**ntertained.

After **t**his, Hjalmar **r**et**u**rn**e**d **h**ome. **H**e had **c**ertainly **b**een in grand **s**ociety; but **h**e had **b**een **o**bliged to **c**reep under a **r**oom, and to **m**ake himself **s**mall enough to wear the **u**nif**o**rm of a tin soldier.

Friday

 **I**t is incredible **h**ow many **o**ld **p**eople **t**here **a**re **w**ho **w**o**u**ld be glad to have me at **n**ight,” said **O**le-Luk-Oie, “especially **t**hose **w**ho have **d**one **s**ome**t**hing wrong. ‘Good little **O**le, **Y**ou say **t**hey to me, ‘we cannot **c**lose **o**ur **e**yes, and **w**e lie **a**wake the **w**hole **n**ight and **s**ee **a**ll **o**ur **e**vil **d**eeds sitting on **o**ur **b**eds like little imps, and sprinkling us with **h**ot **w**ater.’”

“Will you come and drive them away, that we may have a good night’s rest? You and then they sigh so deeply and say, ‘We would gladly pay you for it. Good-night, Ole-Luk, the money lies on the window. You But I never do anything for gold.’ “What shall we do to-night?” asked Hjalmär. “I do not know whether you would care to go to another wedding,” he replied, “although it is quite a different affair to the one we saw last night. Your sister’s large doll, that is dressed like a man, and is called Hêrman, intends to marry the doll Bêrtha.

It is also the dolls’ birthday, and they will receive many presents.”

“Yes, I know that already,” said Hjalmär, “my sister always allows her dolls to keep their birthdays or to have a wedding when they require new clothes; that has happened already a hundred times, I am quite sure.”



“Yes, so it may; but to-night is the hundred and first wedding, and when that has taken place it must be the last, therefore this is to be extremely beautiful. Only look.”

Hjalmär looked at the table, and there stood the little card-board doll’s house, with lights in all the windows, and drawn up before it were the tin soldiers presenting arms. The bridal pair were seated on the floor, leaning against the leg of the table, looking very thoughtful, and with good reason. Then Ole-Luk-Oie dressed up in grandmother’s black gown married them.

As seen as the ceremony was concluded, all the furniture in the room joined in singing a beautiful song, which had been composed by the lead pencil, and which went to the melody of a military tattoo.

“What merry sounds are on the wind,

As marriage rites together bind

A quiet and a loving pair,

Though formed of kid, yet smooth and fair!

Hurrah! If they are deaf and blind,

We’ll sing, though weather prove unkind.”

And now came the present; but the bridal pair had nothing to eat, for love was to be their food.

“Shall we go to a country house, or travel?” asked the bridegroom.

Then they consulted the swallow who had travelled so far, and the old hen in the yard, who had brought up five broods of chickens.

And the swallow talked to them of warm countries, where the grapes hang in large clusters on the vines, and the air is soft and mild, and about the mountains glowing with colors more beautiful than we can think of.

“But they have no red cabbage like we have,” said the hen, “I was once in the country with my chickens for a whole summer, there was a large sand-pit, in which we could walk about and scratch as we liked. Then we got into a garden in which grew red cabbage; oh, how nice it was, I cannot think of anything more delicious.”

“But one cabbage stalk is exactly like another,” said the swallow; “and here we have often bad weather.”

“Yes, but we are accustomed to it,” said the hen.

“But it is so cold here, and freezes sometimes.”

“Cold weather is good for cabbages,” said the hen; “besides we do have it warm here sometimes. Four years ago, we had a summer that lasted more than five weeks, and it was so hot one could scarcely breathe. And then in this country we have no poisonous animals, and we are free from robbers. He must be wicked who does not consider our country the finest of all lands. He ought not to be allowed to live here.” And then the hen wept very much and said, “I have also travelled. I once went twelve miles in a coop, and it was not pleasant travelling at all.”

“The hen is a sensible woman,” said the doll Bertha. “I don’t care for travelling over mountains, just to go up and come down again. No, let us go to the sand-pit in front of the gate, and then take a walk in the cabbage garden.”

And so they settled it.

Saturday

AM I to hear any mōre stōries?”
asked little Hjalmar, as soon as
Ole-Luk-Oie had sent him to sleep.

“We shall have no time this evening,”
said he, spreading out his prettiest
umbrella over the child. “Look at these
Chinese,” and then the whole umbrella
appeared like a large china bowl, with
blue trees and pointed bridges, upon
which stood little Chinamen nodding
their heads.



“We must make all the world beautiful for to-morrow morning,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**,
“for it will be a holiday, it is Sunday. I must now go to the church steeple and
see if the little sprites who live there have polished the bells, so that they may
sound sweetly. Then I must go into the fields and see if the wind has blown the
dust from the grass and the leaves, and the most difficult task of all which I have
to do, is to take down all the stars and brighten them up. I have to number them
first before I put them in my apron, and also to number the places from which I
take them, so that they may go back into the right holes, or else they would not
remain, and we should have a number of falling stars, for they would all tumble
down one after the other.”

“Hark ye! Mr. **Luk-Oie**,” said an old portrait which hung on the wall of Hjalmar’s
bedroom. “Do you know me? I am Hjalmar’s great-grandfather. I thank you for
telling the boy stories, but you must not confuse his ideas. The stars cannot be
taken down from the sky and polished; they are spheres like our earth, which is
a good thing for them.”

“Thank you, old great-grandfather,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**. “I thank you; you may be
the head of the family, as no doubt you are, but I am older than you. I am an ancient
heathen. The old Romans and Greeks named me the Dream-god. I have visited
the noblest houses, and continue to do so; still I know how to conduct myself
both to high and low, and now you may tell the stories yourself.” and so **Ole-Luk-Oie**
walked off, taking his umbrella with him.

“Well, well, one is never to give an opinion, I suppose,” grumbled the portrait. And it woke Hjalmar.

Sunday

“**GOOD** evening,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**. Hjalmar nodded, and then sprang out of bed, and turned his great-grand father's portrait to the wall, so that it might not interrupt them as it had done yesterday.

“**Now**,” said he, “you must tell me some stories about five green peas that lived in one pod; or of the chickseed that courted the chickweed; or of the darning needle, who acted so proudly because she fancied herself an embroidery needle.”



“You may have too much of a good thing,” said **Ole-Luk-Oie**. “You know that I like best to show you something, so I will show you my brother. He is also called **Ole-Luk-Oie** but he never visits any one but once, and when he does come, he takes him away on his horse, and tells him stories as they ride along. He knows only two stories. One of these is so wonderfully beautiful, that no one in the world can imagine anything at all like it; but the other is just as ugly and frightful, so that it would be impossible to describe it.” Then **Ole-Luk-Oie** lifted Hjalmar up to the window. “There now, you can see my brother, the other **Ole-Luk-Oie**; he is also called **Death**. You perceive he is not so bad as they represent him in picture books; there he is a skeleton, but now his coat is embroidered with silver, and he wears the splendid uniform of a hussar, and a mantle of black velvet flies behind him, over the horse. Look, how he gallops along.” Hjalmar saw that as this **Ole-Luk-Oie** rode on, he lifted up old and young, and carried them away on his horse. Some he seated in front of him, and some behind, but always inquired first, “How stands the mark-book?”

“Good,” they all answered.

“Yes, but let me see for myself,” he replied; and they were obliged to give him the books. Then all those who had “Very good,” or “Exceedingly good,” came in front of the horse, and heard the beautiful story; while those who had “Middling,” or “Tolerably good,” in their books, were obliged to sit behind, and listen to the

frightful tale. They trembled and cried, and wanted to jump down from the horse, but they could not get free, for they seemed fastened to the seat.

“Why, Death is a most splendid Luk-Oie,” said Hjalmar. “I am not in the least afraid of him.”

“You need have no fear of him,” said Ole-Luk-Oie, “if you take care and keep a good conduct book.”

“Now I call that very instructive,” murmured the great-grandfather's portrait. “It is useful sometimes to express an opinion;” so he was quite satisfied.

These are some of the doings and sayings of Ole-Luk-Oie. I hope he may visit you himself this evening, and relate some more.

The Swineherd

Hans Christian Andersen 1842

ONCE upon a time lived a poor prince; his kingdom was very small, but it was large enough to enable him to marry, and marry he would. It was rather bold of him that he went and asked the emperor's daughter:

“Will you marry me?” but he ventured to do so, for his name was known far and wide, and there were hundreds of princesses who would have gladly accepted him, but would she do so? Now we shall see.

On the grave of the prince's father grew a rose-tree, the most beautiful of its kind. It bloomed only once in five years, and then it had only one single rose upon it, but what a rose! It had such a sweet scent that one instantly forgot all sorrow and grief when one smelt it.



He had **also** a **nightingale**, **which** could sing as if every sweet melody was in its **throat**. **This** rose and the **nightingale** he **wished** to give to the princess; and **therefore** **both** were put into big silver **cases** and sent to **her**.

The emperor **ordered** **them** to be carried into the **great hall** where the princess was just playing "Visitors **are** coming" with **her** ladies-in-waiting; when **she** saw the **large** **cases** with the presents **therein**, **she** clapped **her** hands **for** joy.

"I **wish** it were a little **pussy** cat," **she** said. But **then** the **rose-tree** with the **beautiful** **rose** was unpacked.

"**Oh**, **how** **nicely** it is made," exclaimed the **ladies**.

"It is **more** **than** **nice**," said the emperor, "it is **charming**."

The princess **touch**ed it and **nearly** began to cry.

"For **shame**, pa," **she** said, "it is not **artificial**, it is **natural**!"

"For **shame**, it is **natural**" repeated **all** **her** **ladies**.

"Let us **first** **see** **what** the **other** **case** contains **before** we **are** angry," said the emperor; **then** the **nightingale** was taken **out**, and it sang **so** **beautifully** that **no** one could possibly say anything unkind about it.

"*Superbe, charmant,*" said the **ladies** of the **court**, **for** **they** **all** prattled **French**, one **worse** **than** the **other**.

"**How** **much** the **bird** reminds me of the **musical** box of the **late** lamented empress," said an **old** **courtier**, "it has exactly the **same** **tone**, the **same** **execution**."

"**You** **are** **right**," said the emperor, and began to cry **like** a little **child**.

"I **hope** it is not **natural**," said the princess.

"Yes, **certainly** it is **natural**," replied **those** **who** had **brought** the presents.

"**Then** let it fly," said the princess, and **refused** to **see** the prince.

But the prince was not discouraged. He **paint**ed his **face**, put on **common** **clothes**, pulled his cap **over** his **forehead**, and **came** back.

"**Good** **day**, emperor," he said, "could **you** not give me **some** employment at the **court**?"

"**There** **are** **so** many," replied the emperor, "who apply **for** **places**, that **for** the present I have **no** vacancy, but I will remember **you**. But wait a **moment**; it just

comes into my mind, I require somebody to look after my pigs, for I have a great many.”

Thus the prince was appointed imperial swineherd, and as such he lived in a wretchedly small room near the pigsty; there he worked all day long, and when it was night he had made a pretty little pot. There were little bells round the rim, and when the water began to boil in it, the bells began to play the old tune:

“A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,

Three little piggies had she,” &c.

But what was more wonderful was that, when one put a finger into the steam rising from the pot, one could at once smell what meals they were preparing on every fire in the whole town. That was indeed much more remarkable than the rose. When the princess with her ladies passed by and heard the tune, she stopped and looked quite pleased, for she also could play it—in fact, it was the only tune she could play, and she played it with one finger.

“That is the tune I know,” she exclaimed. “He must be a well-educated swineherd. Go and ask him how much the instrument is.”

One of the ladies had to go and ask; but she put on pattens.

“What will you take for your pot?” asked the lady.

“I will have ten kisses from the princess,” said the swineherd.

“God forbid,” said the lady.

“Well, I cannot sell it for less,” replied the swineherd.

“What did he say?” said the princess.

“I really cannot tell you,” replied the lady.

“You can whisper it into my ear.”

“It is very naughty,” said the princess, and walked off.

But when she had gone a little distance, the bells rang again so sweetly:

“A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,

Three little piggies had she,” &c.

“Ask him,” said the princess, “if he will be satisfied with ten kisses from one of my ladies.”

“No, **th**ank **you**,” said the swineh**er**d: “ten kisse**s** from the prin**ce**ss, **o**r I **keep** my pot.”

“**Th**at **i**s tires**o**me,” said the prin**ce**ss. “But **you** must stand bef**o**re me, **so** **th**at **n**obody can **see** it.”

The **l**adie**s** **pl**ac**e**d **th**e**m**selv**e**s in fr**o**nt of h**e**r and spread **o**ut **th**eir dresses, and **she** **g**ave the swineh**er**d ten kisse**s** and **re**ce**i**ved the pot.

That **w**as a ple**a**sur**e**! Day and **n**ight the **w**at**e**r in the pot **w**as boiling; **th**ere **w**as not a single **f**ire in the **w**hole **t**own of **w**h**i**ch **th**ey did not **k**now **w**h**a**t **w**as preparing on it, the chamberlain's **a**s well **a**s the **sh**oemaker's. The **l**adie**s** **d**an**c**ed and clapp**e**d **th**eir **h**and**s** **f**o**r** joy.



“We **k**now **w**h**e** will **e**at soup and panc**a**kes; we **k**now **w**h**e** will **e**at porridg**e** and cutlets; **o**h, **h**ow interesting!”

“Very interesting, inde**e**d,” said the mistress of the **h**ouse**h**old. “But **you** must not betray me, **f**o**r** I am the emperor's **d**au**g**hter.”

“Of **c**o**u**rse not,” **th**ey **a**ll said.

The swineherd—that **i**s to **s**ay, the prince—but **th**ey did not **k**now **o**th**e**r**w**is**e** **th**an **th**at **he** **w**as a **r**eal swineherd—did not **w**aste a single day **w**ithout **d**oing **s**om**e**th**ing**; **he** **m**ade a rattle, **w**h**i**ch, **w**hen **t**u**r**ned **q**u**i**ckly **r**ound, **pl**ay**e**d **a**ll the **w**altz**e**s, galops, and polka**s** **k**nown **s**inc**e** the **c**re**a**tion of the **w**o**r**ld.

“But **th**at **i**s *superbe*,” said the prin**ce**ss **p**ass**i**ng **b**y. “I have never **h**e**a**rd a **m**o**r**e **b**eautif**u**l **c**ompos**i**tion. **G**o **d**own and **a**sk him **w**h**a**t the instrument costs; but I **sh**all not kiss him **a**gain.”

“**H**e will have a hundred kisse**s** from the prin**ce**ss,” said the **l**ady, **w**h**e** had gone **d**own to **a**sk him.

“I believe he is mad,” said the princess, and walked off, but soon she stopped. “One must encourage art,” she said. “I am the emperor's daughter! Tell him I will give him ten kisses, as I did the other day; the remainder one of my ladies can give him.”

“But we do not like to kiss him” said the ladies.

“That is nonsense,” said the princess; “if I can kiss him, you can also do it. Remember that I give you food and employment.” And the lady had to go down once more.

“A hundred kisses from the princess,” said the swineherd, “or everybody keeps his own.”

“Place yourselves before me,” said the princess then. They did as they were bidden, and the princess kissed him.

“I wonder what that crowd near the pigsty means!” said the emperor, who had just come out on his balcony. He rubbed his eyes and put his spectacles on.

“The ladies of the court are up to some mischief, I think. I shall have to go down and see.” He pulled up his shoes, for they were down at the heels, and he was very quick about it.

When he had come down into the courtyard he walked quite softly, and the ladies were so busily engaged in counting the kisses, that all should be fair, that they did not notice the emperor. He raised himself on tiptoe. “What does this mean?” he said, when he saw that his daughter was kissing the swineherd, and then hit their heads with his shoe just as the swineherd received the sixty-eighth kiss.

“Go out of my sight,” said the emperor, for he was very angry; and both the princess and the swineherd were banished from the empire. There she stood and cried, the swineherd scolded her, and the rain came down in torrents.



“Alas, un**for**tu**na**te crea**tu**re **th**at I am!” said the prin**ç**ess, “I **wi**sh I had ac**ç**epted the prin**ç**e. **O**h, **h**ow wret**ch**ed I am!”

The swin**h**êrd went behind a **t**ree, wip**e**d hi**ç** fa**ç**e, **th**rew off hi**ç** p**ô**or att**i**re and stepp**e**d **f**ô**th** in hi**ç** princely g**ä**rments; he **l**ô**ô**ked so bea**u**tif**u**l **th**at the prin**ç**ess cou**l**d not help **b**ow**i**ng to him.

“I have **n**ow **l**êarnt to desp**i**se **y**ou,” he said. “**Y**ou **r**efu**s**ed an **h**onest prin**ç**e; **y**ou did not app**r**eci**a**te the **r**o**ç**e and the **n**igh**t**ing**a**le; but **y**ou did not **m**ind kissing a swin**h**êrd **f**ô**r** hi**ç** toys; **y**ou have **n**o one but **y**ô**u**rself to **b**lame!”

And **th**en he **r**et**u**rn**e**d into hi**ç** king**d**om and left h**ê**r behind. **S**he cou**l**d **n**ow sing at h**ê**r le**ç**ure:

“A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
Three little piggies has she,” &c.



The Nightingale

Hans Christian Andersen 1844

IN **C**hina, **y**ou **k**now, the emperor **i**ç a **C**hine**ç**e, and **ä**ll **th**o**ç**e **a**bout him **ä**re **C**hinamen **ä**lso. The st**ô**ry I am going to tell **y**ou happened a **g**reat many **y**ear**ç** ago, so it **i**ç well to hear it **n**ow bef**ô**re it **i**ç forgotten. The emperor's pala**ç**e **w**ä**ç** the **m**ost bea**u**tif**u**l in the w**ô**rl**d**. It **w**ä**ç** built ent**i**rely of p**ô**rcelain, and very costly, but so delicate and brittle **th**at **w**h**o**e**v**er tou**ç**h**e**d it **w**ä**ç** oblig**e**d to be **c**are**f**ul. In the g**ä**rden cou**l**d be **s**een the **m**ost singular flower**ç**, with pretty silver bell**ç** tied to **th**em, **w**h**i**ch tinkled so **th**at every one **w**h**o** **p**ä**s**sed cou**l**d not help **n**oti**ç**ing the flower**ç**. **I**n**e**ed, every**th**ing in the emperor's g**ä**rden **w**ä**ç** rem**ä**r**k**able, and it extended so **f**ä**r** **th**at the g**ä**rdener himself did not **k**now **w**h**e**re it ended.

Th**o**ç**e** **w**h**o** travelled beyond its limits **k**new **th**at **th**ere **w**ä**ç** a **n**oble forest, with lofty **t**ree**ç**, sloping **d**own to the **d**eep **b**lue **s**ea, and the **g**reat **s**hip**ç** sailed under the **s**hadow of its branch**ç**. In one of **th**ese **t**ree**ç** lived a **n**igh**t**ing**a**le, **w**h**o** sang so bea**u**tif**u**lly **th**at **e**ven the **p**ô**o**r fish**e**rmen, **w**h**o** had so many **ô**th**e**r **th**ing**ç** to **d**e, **w**ou**l**d stop and listen. **S**ô**m**e**t**ime**ç**, **w**h**e**n **th**ey went at **n**ight to spread **th**eir nets, **th**ey **w**ou**l**d hear h**ê**r sing, and say, “**O**h, **i**ç not **th**at bea**u**tif**u**l?” But **w**h**e**n **th**ey

returned to **their fishing**, **they** forgot the **bird** until the next **night**. **Then they would hear it again**, and exclaim “**Oh, how beautiful is the nightingale's song!**”

Travellers from every country in the **world** came to the **city** of the emperor, **which they admired very much**, as well as the **palace** and **gardens**; but when **they heard the nightingale**, **they all declared it to be the best of all**. And the travellers, on **their return home**, related **what they had seen**; and **learned men wrote books**, containing descriptions of the **town**, the **palace**, and the **gardens**; but **they did not forget the nightingale**, **which was really the greatest wonder**. And **those who could write poetry composed beautiful verses** about the **nightingale**, **who lived in a forest near the deep sea**.

The **books** travelled **all over the world**, and **some of them came into the hands** of the emperor; and **he sat in his golden chair**, and, as **he read**, **he nodded his approval every moment**, for it **pleased him to find such a beautiful description** of his **city**, his **palace**, and his **gardens**. But when **he came to the words**, “**the nightingale is the most beautiful of all**,” **he exclaimed**, “**What is this? I know nothing of any nightingale. Is there such a bird in my empire? and even in my garden? I have never heard of it. Something, it appears, may be learnt from books.**”

Then he called one of his lords-in-waiting, **who was so high-bred**, **that when any in an inferior rank to himself spoke to him**, **or asked him a question**, **he would answer**, “**Peeh**,” **which means nothing**.

“**There is a very wonderful bird mentioned here**, **called a nightingale**,” said the emperor; “**they say it is the best thing in my large kingdom. Why have I not been told of it?**”

“**I have never heard the name**,” replied the cavalier; “**she has not been presented at court.**”

“**It is my pleasure that she shall appear this evening**,” said the emperor; “**the whole world knows what I possess better than I do myself.**”

“**I have never heard of her**,” said the cavalier; “**yet I will endeavor to find her.**”

But **where was the nightingale to be found?** The **nobleman** went up **stairs** and **down**, **through halls** and **passages**; yet **none of those whom he met had heard of the bird**. **So he returned to the emperor**, and said **that it must be a fable**, invented by **those who had written the book**. “**Your imperial majesty**,” said **he**, “**cannot believe**

every**th**ing c**o**ntained in b**o**oks; s**o**metimes **th**ey **ä**re only fiction, **ö**r what is c**ä**lled the black **ä**rt.”

“But the b**o**ok in **wh**ich I have read **th**is acc**o**unt,” said the emperor, “was sent to me **by** the great and mi**g**hty emperor of Japan, and **th**ere**f**ore it cannot c**o**ntain a f**ä**lse**h**ö**o**d. I will **h**ear the ni**g**htingale, **sh**e must be **h**ere **th**is evening; **sh**e has my **h**ighest favor; and if **sh**e **d**oes not c**o**me, the **wh**ole c**ö**urt **sh**all be trampled upon **ä**fter supper is ended.”

“Tsing-pe!” cried the l**ö**rd-in-waiting, and again he ran up and down stairs, **th**rough **ä**ll the h**ä**lls and corrid**ö**rs; and h**ä**lf the c**ö**urt ran with him, **f**ör they did not like the **i**dea of being trampled upon.

There w**ä**s a great inquiry about **th**is wonderful ni**g**htingale, whom **ä**ll the w**ö**rl**d** knew, but **wh**o w**ä**s unknown to the c**ö**urt.

At **l**äst they met with a p**ö**or little gi**r**l in the kitchen, **wh**o said, “Oh, yes, I **k**now the ni**g**htingale quite well; indeed, **sh**e can sing. Every evening I have p**e**rmission to take home to my p**ö**or sick

m**ö**ther the scraps from the table; **sh**e lives down by the se**a**-sh**ö**re, and **ä**s I c**ö**me back I **f**eel tired, and I sit down in the w**ö**od to rest, and listen to the ni**g**htingale's song. **T**hen the **t**ear**s** c**ö**me into my **e**yes, and it is just **ä**s if my m**ö**ther kissed me.”

“Little maiden,” said the l**ö**rd-in-waiting, “I will obtain **f**ör you constant employment in the kitchen, and you **sh**all have p**e**rmission to **see** the emperor **d**ine, if you will **lead** us to the ni**g**htingale; **f**ör **sh**e is invited **f**ör **th**is evening to the pal**ä**ce.” **S**o **sh**e went into the w**ö**od where the ni**g**htingale sang, and h**ä**lf the c**ö**urt followed h**e**r. **A**s they went along, a **c**ow began lowing.

“**O**h,” said a young c**ö**urtier, “now we have found h**e**r; **wh**at wonderful power **f**ör such a sm**ä**ll creatu**r**e; I have **c**ertainly h**e**ard it bef**ö**re.”



“No, **that is** only a **cow lowing**,” said the little **girl**; “we **are** a long way from the **place** yet.”

Then some frogs began to **croak** in the **marsh**.

“**Beautiful**,” said the young **courtier** again. “**Now** I **hear** it, tinkling like little **church bells**.”

“**No, those are** frogs,” said the little **maiden**; “but I **think we shall soon** hear **her now**,” and **presently** the **nightingale** began to sing.

“**Härk, härk! there she is**,” said the **girl**, “and **there she sits**,” **she** added, pointing to a little **gray bird** who **was perched** on a **branch**.

“Is it possible?” said the **lord-in-waiting**, “I never **imagined** it would be a little, plain, simple **thing like that**. **She has certainly changed** color at **seeing so many grand people** around **her**.”

“Little **nightingale**,” **cried** the **girl**, **raising her voice**, “our **most gracious emperor wishes you** to sing **before** him.”

“**With the greatest pleasure**,” said the **nightingale**, and began to sing **most delightfully**.

“It **sounds like tiny glass bells**,” said the **lord-in-waiting**, “and **see how her little throat works**. It is **surprising that we** have never **heard this before**; **she will be a great success** at **court**.”

“Shall I sing **once more before** the emperor?” **asked** the **nightingale**, who **thought he was present**.

“**My excellent little nightingale**,” said the **courtier**, “I have the **great pleasure** of inviting **you** to a **court festival this evening**, where **you will gain imperial favor by your charming song**.”

“**My song sounds best** in the **green wood**,” said the **bird**; but still **she came willingly when she heard** the emperor's **wish**.

The **palace was** elegantly decorated **for** the occasion. The **walls and floors** of **porcelain** glittered in the **light** of a **thousand lamps**. **Beautiful flowers, round which little bells were tied, stood** in the **corridors**; **what with** the running to and fro and the **dräught, these bells tinkled so loudly that no one could speak to be heard**. In the **centre** of the **great hall**, a **golden perch** had **been fixed for** the **nightingale** to sit on. The **whole court was present**, and the little **kitchen-maid** had **received**

permission to stand by the door. **She** was not installed as a real court cook. All were in full dress, and every eye was turned to the little gray bird when the emperor nodded to her to begin.

The nightingale sang so sweetly that the tears came into the emperor's eyes, and then rolled down his cheeks, as her song became still more touching and went to every one's heart. The emperor was so delighted that he declared the nightingale should have his gold slipper to wear round her neck, but she declined the honor with thanks: she had been sufficiently rewarded already. "I have seen tears in an emperor's eyes," she said, "that is my richest reward. An emperor's tears have wonderful power, and are quite sufficient honor for me;" and then she sang again more enchantingly than ever.

"That singing is a lovely gift;" said the ladies of the court to each other; and then they took water in their mouths to make them utter the gargling sounds of the nightingale when they spoke to any one, so that they might fancy themselves nightingales. And the footmen and chambermaids also expressed their satisfaction, which is saying a great deal, for they are very difficult to please. In fact the nightingale's visit was most successful. She was now to remain at court, to have her own cage, with liberty to go out twice a day, and once during the night. Twelve servants were appointed to attend her on these occasions, who each held her by a silken string fastened to her leg. There was certainly not much pleasure in this kind of flying.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said "nightin," and the other said "gale," and they understood what was meant, for nothing else was talked of. Eleven peddlers' children were named after her, but not of them could sing a note.

One day the emperor received a large packet on which was written "The Nightingale." "Here is no doubt a new book about our celebrated bird," said the emperor. But instead of a book, it was a work of art contained in a casket, an artificial nightingale made to look like a living one, and covered all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing like the real one, and could move its tail up and down, which sparkled with silver and gold. Round its neck hung a piece of ribbon, on which was written "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is poor compared with that of the Emperor of China's."¹

“This is very beautiful,” exclaimed all who saw it, and he who had brought the artificial bird received the title of “Imperial nightingale-bringer-in-chief.”

“Now they must sing together,” said the court, “and what a duet it will be.” But they did not get on well, for the real nightingale sang in its own natural way, but the artificial bird sang only waltzes.

“That is not a fault,” said the music-master, “it is quite perfect to my taste,” so then it had to sing alone, and was as successful as the real bird; besides, it was so much prettier to look at, for it sparkled like bracelets and breast-pins. Three and thirty times did it sing the same tunes without being tired; the people would gladly have heard it again, but the emperor said the living nightingale ought to sing something. But where was she? No one had noticed her when she flew out at the open window, back to her own green woods.

“What strange conduct,” said the emperor, when her flight had been discovered; and all the courtiers blamed her, and said she was a very ungrateful creature.

“But we have the best bird after all,” said one, and then they would have the bird sing again, although it was the thirty-fourth time they had listened to the same piece, and even then they had not learnt it, for it was rather difficult. But the music-master praised the bird in the highest degree, and even asserted that it was better than a real nightingale, not only in its dress and the beautiful diamonds, but also in its musical power. “For you must perceive, my chief lord and emperor, that with a real nightingale we can never tell what is going to be sung, but with this bird everything is settled. It can be opened and explained, so that people may understand how the waltzes are formed, and why one note follows upon another.”

“This is exactly what we think,” they all replied, and then the music-master received permission to exhibit the bird to the people on the following Sunday, and the emperor commanded that they should be present to hear it sing. When they heard it they were like people intoxicated; however it must have been with drinking tea, which is quite a Chinese custom. They all said “Oh!” and held up their forefingers and nodded, but a poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said, “it sounds prettily enough, and the melodies are all alike; yet there seems something wanting, I cannot exactly tell what.”

And after this the real nightingale was banished from the empire, and the artificial bird placed on a silk cushion close to the emperor's bed. The presents of gold and precious stones which had been received with it were round the bird, and it was now advanced to the title of “Little Imperial Toilet Singer,” and to the rank of

No. 1 on the left hand; fôr the emperor cònsidered the left side, on **whi**ch the heàrt **lie**s, a**s** the most noble, and the heàrt of an emperor **i**s in the same place a**s** that of **ò**ther people.

The mu**s**ic-mäster wrote a wòrk, in twenty-five volumes, abòut the ärtificial bîrd, **whi**ch wä**s** very leàrned and very long, and full of the most difficult **Chine**se wòrds; yet **à**ll the people said **th**ey had read it, and understòod it, fôr fear of being **th**òught stupid and having **th**eir bodies trampled upon.

So a year päs**s**ed, and the emperor, the còurt, and **à**ll the **ò**ther **Chine**se knew every little tûrn in the ärtificial bîrd's song; and fôr **th**at same reason it ple**a**sed **th**em better. **Th**ey còuld sing with the bîrd, **whi**ch **th**ey often did. The street-boys sang, "Zi-zi-zi, cluck, cluck, cluck," and the emperor himself còuld sing it **à**lso. It wä**s** really most amu**s**ing.

One evening, **wh**en the ärtificial bîrd wä**s** singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening to it, **so**me**th**ing inside the bîrd sòunded "whizz." **Th**en a spring crack**e**d. "Whir-r-r-r" went **à**ll the **wh**eels, running ròund, and **th**en the mu**s**ic stop**p**ed. The emperor immediately sprang **ò**ut of bed, and cä**l**led fôr hi**s** phy**s**ician; but **wh**at còuld he d**e**? **Th**en **th**ey sent fôr a watchmaker; and, äfter a great deal of tälking and examination, the bîrd wä**s** put into **so**me**th**ing like òrder; but he said **th**at it must be used very care**fu**lly, a**s** the barrels w**e**re wòrn, and it wòuld be impossible to put in new ones **with**out injuring the mu**s**ic. **N**ow **th**ere wä**s** great sorrow, a**s** the bîrd còuld **ò**nly be allowed to play on**ç**e a year; and **ev**en **th**at wä**s** danger**o**us fôr the wòrks inside it. **Th**en the mu**s**ic-mäster made a little speech, full of härd wòrds, and declar**e**d **th**at the bîrd wä**s** a**s** gòod a**s** ever; and, of còurse **n**o one contradicted him.

Five year**s** päs**s**ed, and **th**en a real grief came upon the land. The **Chine**se really w**e**re fond of **th**eir emperor, and he **n**ow lay so ill **th**at he wä**s** not expected to live.

Already a new emperor had been chosen and the people who stood in the street asked the lord-in-waiting how the old emperor was; but he only said, "Peeh!" and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the emperor in his royal bed; the whole court thought he was dead, and every one ran away to pay homage to his successor. The chamberlains went out to have a talk on the matter, and the ladies'-maids invited company to take coffee.

Cloth had been laid down on the halls and passages, so that not a footstep should be heard, and all was silent and still. But the emperor was not yet dead, although he lay white and stiff on his gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and heavy gold tassels. A window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the emperor and the artificial bird.



The poor emperor, finding he could scarcely breathe with a strange weight on his chest, opened his eyes, and saw Death sitting there. He had put on the emperor's golden crown, and held in one hand his sword of state, and in the other his beautiful banner. All around the bed and peeping through the long velvet curtains, were a number of strange heads, some very ugly, and others lovely and gentle-looking. These were the emperor's good and bad deeds, which stared him in the face now Death sat at his heart.

"Do you remember this?" "Do you recollect that?" they asked one after another, thus bringing to his remembrance circumstances that made the perspiration stand on his brow.

"I know nothing about it," said the emperor. "Music! music!" he cried; "the large Chinese drum! that I may not hear what they say." But they still went on, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said. "Music! music!" shouted the

emperor. “You little precious golden bird, sing, pray sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper round your neck. Sing! sing!” But the bird remained silent. There was no one to wind it up, and therefore it could not sing a note.

Death continued to stare at the emperor with his cold, hollow eyes, and the room was fearfully still. Suddenly there came through the open window the sound of sweet music. Outside, on the bough of a tree, sat the living nightingale. She had heard of the emperor's illness, and was therefore come to sing to him of hope and trust. And as she sung, the shadows grew paler and paler; the blood in the emperor's veins flowed more rapidly, and gave life to his weak limbs; and even Death himself listened, and said, “Go on, little nightingale, go on.”

“Then will you give me the beautiful golden sword and that rich banner? and will you give me the emperor's crown?” said the bird.

So Death gave up each of these treasures for a song; and the nightingale continued her singing. She sung of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses grow, where the elder-tree wafts its perfume on the breeze, and the fresh, sweet grass is moistened by the mourners' tears. Then Death longed to go and see his garden, and floated out through the window in the form of a cold, white mist.

“Thanks, thanks, you heavenly little bird. I know you well. I banished you from my kingdom once, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my bed, and banished Death from my heart, with your sweet song. How can I reward you?”

“You have already rewarded me,” said the nightingale. “I shall never forget that I drew tears from your eyes the first time I sang to you. These are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep, and grow strong and well again. I will sing to you again.”

And as she sung, the emperor fell into a sweet sleep; and how mild and refreshing that slumber was! When he awoke, strengthened and restored, the sun shone brightly through the window; but not one of his servants had returned—they all believed he was dead; only the nightingale still sat beside him, and sang.

“You must **always** remain **with** me,” said the emperor. “You **shall** sing **only** when it **pleases** you; and I will **break** the **artificial** bird into a **thousand** pieces.”



“No; **do** not **do** that,” replied the **nightingale**; “the bird did very well **as** long **as** it **could**. **Keep** it here still. I cannot live in the **palace**, and **build** my nest;

but let me **come** when I like. I will sit on a **branch** **outside** your window, in the **evening**, and sing to you, **so** that you may be happy, and have **thoughts** full of joy.

I will sing to you of **those** who **are** happy, and **those** who suffer; of the **good** and the **evil**, who **are** hidden around you. The little singing bird **flies** far from you and your **court** to the home of the **fisherman** and the **peasant's** cot. I **love** your heart better **than** your crown; and yet **something** holy lingers round **that** also. I will **come**, I will sing to you; but you must promise me **one** thing.”

“Every**thing**,” said the emperor, who, having dressed himself in his imperial robes, stood **with** the hand **that** held the heavy golden sword pressed to his heart.

“I **only** **ask** one **thing**,” she replied; “let **no** one know **that** you have a little bird who tells you every**thing**. It will be best to **conceal** it.” So saying, the **nightingale** flew away.

The **servants** now came in to **look** after the dead emperor; when, lo! there he stood, and, to **their** astonishment, said, “**Good** morning.”

The Ugly Duckling

Hans Christian Andersen 1844



It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful. The stork

walking about on his long red legs chattered in the Egyptian language, which he had learnt from his mother. The corn-fields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the midst of which were deep pools. It was, indeed, delightful to walk about in the country. In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farm-house close by a deep river, and from the house down to the water side grew great burdock leaves, so high, that under the tallest of them a little child could stand upright.

The spot was as wild as the centre of a thick wood. In this snug retreat sat a duck on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells, and she seldom had any visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the river than to climb the slippery banks, and sit under a burdock leaf, to have a gossip with her. At length one shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep." "Quack, quack," said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on every side at the large green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they now had than while they were inside the egg-shell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother; "Wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured to such a distance. Are you all out?" she continued, rising;



"No, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw? They are the image of their father, who is so unkind, he never comes to see."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and

trouble **with** the young ones, **they wêre** afraid of the wâter. I **quacked** and **clucked**, but **âll** to **no pûrpose**. I **could** not get **them** to **venture** in. Let me **lôok** at the egg. Yes, **that is** a **tûrkey's** egg; **take my adviçe**, **leave** it **where it is** and **teach** the **ôther children** to swim.”

“I **think** I will sit on it a little **while** longer,” said the duck; “as I have sat **so long** **âlready**, a few **days** will be **nothing**.”

“**Please** **yôurself**,” said the **old** duck, and **she** went away.

At **lâst** the **lârg**e egg **broke**, and a young one crept **fôrth** **crying**, “**Peep, peep**.” It **wâs** very **lârg**e and ugly. The duck **stared** at it and **exclaimed**, “It **is** very **lârg**e and not at **âll** like the **ôthers**. I **wonder** if it **really is** a **tûrkey**. **We shall soon** find it **out**, **however** **when we go** to the wâter. It must **go** in, if I have to **push** it myself.”

On the next **day** the **wea**ther **wâs** **delightful**, and the sun **shone** **brightly** on the **green** **bûrdock** **leaves**, **so** the **môther** duck **tôok** **hêr** young **breed** **dow**n to the wâter, and **jumped** in **with** a splash. “**Quack, quack**,” **cried she**, and one **âfter** another the little ducklings **jumped** in. The wâter **cloşed** **over** **their** **heads**, but **they** **came** up **again** in an instant, and swam about **quite** prettily **with** **their** **legs** paddling under **them** **aş** **easily** **aş** possible, and the ugly duckling **wâs** **âlso** in the wâter swimming **with** **them**.

“**Oh**,” said the **môther**, “**that is** not a **tûrkey**; **how** well **he** **uses** **hiş** **legs**, and **how** **upright** **he** **holds** himself! **He is** **my own** **child**, and **he is** not **so** very ugly **âfter** **âll** if **you** **lôok** at him properly. **Quack, quack!** **come** **with** **me** **now**, I will **take** **you** into grand **soçiety**, and **introduçe** **you** to the **fârmyârd**, but **you** must **keep** **cloşe** to me **ôr** **you** **may** be trodden upon; and, **above** **âll**, **beware** of the cat.”

When **they** **reached** the **fârmyârd**, **there** **wâs** a **great** **distûrbançe**, **two** **families** **wêre** **fighting** **fôr** an **eel's** head, **which**, **âfter** **âll**, **wâs** **carried** **off** by the cat. “**See, children, that is** the way of the **wôrld**,” said the **môther** duck, **whetting** **hêr** **beak**, **fôr** **she** **would** have **liked** the **eel's** head **hêrself**. “**Come, now, use** **yôur** **legs**, and let me **see** **how** well **you** can **behave**. **You** must **bow** **yôur** **heads** prettily to **that** **old** duck yonder; **she is** the **highest** **bôrn** of **them** **âll**, and **has** **Spanish** **blôod**, **therefôre**, **she is** well off. **Don't** **you** **see** **she** **has** a red flag **tied** to **hêr** **leg**, **which is** **some** **thing** very grand, and a **great** **honor** **fôr** a duck; it **shows** **that** every one **is** anxious not to **leşe** **hêr**, **aş** **she** can be **recognized** **both** **by** man and **beast**. **Come, now, don't** **tûrn** **yôur** **toes**, a well-bred duckling **spreadş** **hiş** **feet** **wide** **apârt**, just like **hiş** **fâther** and **môther**, in **this** **way**; **now** bend **yôur** **neck**, and say **quack**.”

The ducklings did as they were bid, but the other duck stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer looking object one of them is; we don't want him here," and then one flew out and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is so big and ugly," said the spiteful duck "and therefore he must be turned out."

"The others are very pretty children," said the old duck, with the rag on her leg, "all but that one; I wish his mother could improve him a little."

"That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother; "he is not pretty; but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well or even better than the others. I think he will grow up pretty, and perhaps be smaller; he has remained too long in the egg, and therefore his figure is not properly formed;" and then she stroked his neck and smoothed the feathers, saying, "It is a drake, and therefore not of so much consequence. I think he will grow up strong, and able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Now make yourself at home, and if you can find an eel's head, you can bring it to me."

And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling, who had crept out of his shell last of all, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out like a vessel in full sail, and flew at the duckling, and became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it went on from day to day till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him with her feet. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me because I am ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the m^orning, when the wild ducks ro^se in the air, they stared at their new comrade. “What s^ort of a duck ^äre you?” they ^äll said, c^oming r^ound him.

He bow^ed to them, and w^as a^s polite a^s he cou^ld be, but he did not reply to their questi^on. “You ^äre ex^ceedingl^y ugly,” said the wild ducks, “but that will not matter if you d^e not want to marry one of ^our family.”

P^oor thⁱng! he had no th^oughts of marria^ge; ^äll he wanted w^as p^ermissi^on to lie among the rush^es, and drink s^ome of the w^äter on the m^oor. He had been on the m^oor tw^o days, there came tw^o wild geese, ^ör r^äther goslings, f^ör they had not been ^out of the egg long, and w^ere very s^äu^çy. “Listen, friend,” said one of them to the duckling, “you ^äre so ugly, that we like you very well. Will you go with us, and bec^ome a bⁱrd of passag^e? Not f^är from here is ⁱs an^other m^oor, in which there ^äre s^ome pretty wild geese, ^äll unmarried. It is a ch^an^ce f^ör you to get a wife; you may be lucky, ugly a^s you ^äre.”

“Pop, pop,” s^ounded in the air, and the tw^o wild geese fell dead among the rush^es, and the w^äter w^as tinged with bl^ood. “Pop, pop,” ech^oed f^är and wid^e in the distan^ce, and wh^ole flocks of wild geese ro^se up from the rush^es. The s^ound c^ontinu^ed from every directi^on, f^ör the sp^örtsmen surr^ounded the m^oor, and s^ome w^ere even se^ated on branch^es of tree^s, overl^ooking the rush^es. The blu^e smoke from the gun^s ro^se like cl^oud^s over the d^är^k tree^s, and a^s it flo^ated aw^ay across the w^äter, a number of sp^örting dog^s b^ounded in among the rush^es, which bent beneath them wherever they went. How they terrified the p^oor duckling!

He t^urned aw^ay hi^s head to hid^e it under hi^s wing, and at the sam^e moment a larg^e terrible dog p^ässe^d quite near him. Hi^s j^äw^s w^ere open, hi^s t^ongue hung from hi^s mouth, and hi^s ey^es glar^ed fearfully. He th^rust hi^s nos^e clos^e to the duckling, showing hi^s sh^är^p teeth, and then, “splash, splash,” he went into the w^äter without touchⁱng him, “Oh,” sigh^ed the duckling, “how th^an^kful I am f^ör being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me.” And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled th^rough the rush^es, and gun ^äfter gun w^as fired over him.

It w^as late in the day bef^öre ^äll became quiet, but even then the p^oor young thⁱng did not da^re to mov^e. He waited quietl^y f^ör several h^our^s, and then, ^äfter l^öoking carefull^y ar^ound him, hasten^ed aw^ay from the m^oor a^s f^äst a^s he cou^ld. He ran over field and meadow till a st^örm aros^e, and he cou^ld h^är^dly struggle against it. Tow^ärds evening, he reach^ed a p^oor little cottag^e that seem^ed ready to f^äll, and only remain^ed standing beca^us^e it cou^ld not decⁱde on which side to f^äll first. The st^örm c^ontinu^ed so violent, that the duckling cou^ld go no f^ärther; he sat down by

the cottag^e, and **then he noticed** that the d^oor was not **quite** clos^ed in consequ^ence of one of the hinges having given way. **There was therefore** a narrow opening near the bottom larg^e enough f^or him to slip **through**, which he did very **quietly**, and got a **shelter** f^or the night.

A w^oman, a tom cat, and a hen lived in **this** cottag^e. The tom cat, whom the mistress call^ed, "**My little son**," was a great favorite; he cou^ld rais^e his back, and p^urr, and cou^ld even **throw** out sp^arks from his f^ur if it w^ere strok^ed the wrong way. The hen had very **sh^ort** leg^s, so she was call^ed "**Chickie sh^ort** leg^s." She laid good eggs, and h^er mistress lov^ed h^er as if she had **been** h^er own **child**. In the m^orning, the strang^e visⁱtor was discover^ed, and the tom cat began to p^urr, and the hen to cluck.

"**What is that noise** about?" said the old w^oman, lo^oking round the r^oom, but h^er sight was not very good; **therefore**, when she saw the duckling she **th^ought** it must be a fat duck, **that** had strayed from home.

"**Oh what a prize!**" she exclaim^ed, "I **hope** it is not a drake, **f^or** then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and **see**." So the duckling was allow^ed to remain on trial f^or **three** weeks, but **there** w^ere no eggs. Now the tom cat was the m^aster of the hous^e, and the hen was mistress, and **they** **always** said, "**We** and the w^old," f^or **they** believ^ed **themselves** to be h^alf the w^old, and the better h^alf **too**. The duckling **th^ought** that **others** might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen wou^ld not listen to such **doubts**. "Can **you** lay eggs?" she **asked**. "No." "**Then** have the goodⁿess to hold **y^our** t^ongue." "Can **you** rais^e **y^our** back, **o**r p^urr, **o**r **throw** out sp^arks?" said the tom cat. "No." "**Then** **you** have no **right** to express an opinion when sensible **people** **are** speaking." So the duckling sat in a c^orner, feeling very low spirited, till the sunshⁱne and the fresh air came into the r^oom **th^{ro}ugh** the open d^oor, and **then** he began to **feel** such a great longing f^or a swim on the w^ater, **that** he cou^ld not help telling the hen.

"**What** an abs^urd **idea**," said the hen. "**You** have **nothing** else to **do**, **therefore** **you** have **foolish** **fancies**. If **you** cou^ld p^urr **o**r lay eggs, **they** wou^ld pass away."



“But it **i**s so del**igh**tf**ul** to swim ab**o**ut on the w**á**ter,” said the duckling, “and so refresh**ing** to feel it clo**s**e over y**ô**ur head, wh**il**e yo**u** di**ve** do**wn** to the bott**o**m.”

“Del**igh**tf**ul**, inde**ed**!” said the hen, “Wh**y** yo**u** must be crazy! ä**sk** the cat, he **i**s the cleverest animal I kn**ow**, ä**sk** him h**ow** he wo**u**ld li**ke** to swim ab**o**ut on the w**á**ter, ö**r** to di**ve** under it, fö**r** I will not spe**ak** of my o**wn** opin**io**n; ä**sk** ö**ur** mistress, the old woman— **th**ere **i**s no one in the w**ö**rl**d** m**ö**re clever **th**an **sh**e **i**s. Do yo**u** th**in**k **sh**e wo**u**ld li**ke** to swim, ö**r** to let the w**á**ter clo**s**e over h**ê**r head?”

“Yo**u** do**n**’t understand me,” said the duckling.

“We do**n**’t understand yo**u**? Wh**o** can understand yo**u**, I wo**nde**r? Do yo**u** Co**n**sider y**ô**urself m**ö**re clever **th**an the cat, ö**r** the old w**ö**man? I will say no**th**ing of myself. Do**n**’t ima**gi**ne such nonsense, **ch**ild, and th**an**k y**ô**ur go**o**d fö**rt**une **th**at yo**u** have been rece**iv**ed h**er**e. ä**re** yo**u** not in a w**á**rm re**o**om, and in so**ci**ety from wh**ic**h yo**u** may l**ê**arn so**me**th**ing**. But yo**u** ä**re** a ch**at**terer, and y**ô**ur co**m**pany **i**s not very agreeable. Believe me, I spe**ak** only fö**r** y**ô**ur own go**o**d. I may tell yo**u** unplea**s**ant truths, but **th**at **i**s a pro**o**of of my friend**sh**ip. I adv**is**e yo**u**, **th**ere**fo**re, to lay egg**s**, and l**ê**arn to p**ü**rr a**s** quickly a**s** possible.”

“I believe I must go **o**ut into the w**ö**rl**d** again,” said the duckling.

“Yes, **de**,” said the hen. So the duckling left the cottag**e**, and se**en** fo**un**d w**á**ter on wh**ic**h it co**u**ld swim and di**ve**, but w**á**s avoided by ä**ll** ö**th**er animals, beca**us**e of its ugly appea**ra**n**ç**e. ä**u**tumn came, and the lea**ve**s in the forest t**ü**rn**e**d to orang**e** and gold. **th**en, a**s** winter appro**ach**e**d**, the wind c**á**ught **th**em a**s** they fell and wh**ir**led **th**em in the cold air. The cl**ou**ds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven st**oo**d on the f**ê**rn**s** crying, “Croak, croak.” It ma**d**e one shiver with cold to lo**o**k at him. ä**ll** **th**is w**á**s very sad fö**r** the p**ö**or little duckling.

One evening, just a**s** the sun set amid radiant cl**ou**ds, **th**ere came a l**ä**rg**e** flock of beautiful b**ir**ds **o**ut of the b**ü**sh**e**s. The duckling had never se**en** any like **th**em bef**ö**re. **Th**ey w**ê**re sw**á**n**s**, and **th**ey c**ü**rved their grac**ef**ul necks, wh**il**e **th**eir soft plumag**e** sh**ow**n with dazzling whiteness. **Th**ey uttered a singular cry, a**s** they spread **th**eir gl**ö**ri**o**us wings and flew away from **th**os**e** cold re**gi**o**n**s to w**á**rmer countrie**s** across the sea. A**s** **th**ey m**o**unted h**igh**er and h**igh**er in the air, the ugly little duckling felt quite a strang**e** sensati**o**n a**s** he w**atch**e**d** **th**em. He wh**ir**led himself in the w**á**ter like a wh**ee**l, stret**ch**e**d** ö**ut** his neck tow**á**rds **th**em, and uttered a cry so strang**e** **th**at it fright**en**ed himself. Co**u**ld he ever forget **th**os**e** beautiful, happy b**ir**ds; and when at l**ä**st **th**ey w**ê**re **o**ut of his sight, he d**iv**ed under the w**á**ter, and ro**s**e again ä**l**most beside himself with exc**it**ement. He knew not the name**s** of

these birds, n**o**r where **they** had flown, but **he** felt toward**s** **them** a**s** **he** had never felt f**o**r any **o**ther bird in the w**o**rl**d**.

He w**a**s not envious of **thes**e beautiful creature**s**, but wish**e**d to be a**s** lovely a**s** **they**. P**o**or ugly creature, h**o**w gladly **he** w**o**uld have lived even with the ducks had **they** only given him encouragement. The winter grew colder and colder; **he** w**a**s oblig**e**d to swim about on the w**a**ter to keep it from freez**i**ng, but every n**i**ght the spac**e** on **wh**ich **he** swam became sm**a**ll**e**r and sm**a**ll**e**r. At length it froz**e** so h**a**rd **th**at the **i**c**e** in the w**a**ter crackled a**s** **he** mov**e**d, and the duckling had to paddle with hi**s** leg**s** a**s** well a**s** **he** cou**l**d, to keep the spac**e** from clos**i**ng up. **He** became exh**a**usted at l**a**st, and lay still and helpless, frozen f**a**st in the **i**c**e**.

Early in the m**o**rning, a pea**s**ant, **wh**o w**a**s p**a**ssing by, s**a**w **wh**at had happened. **He** brok**e** the **i**c**e** in piec**e**s with hi**s** w**o**oden sh**e**e, and carried the duckling h**o**me to hi**s** w**i**fe. The w**a**rmth revived the p**o**or little creature; but **wh**en the **ch**ildren w**a**nted to play with him, the duckling **th**ought **th**ey w**o**uld d**e** him s**o**me h**a**rm; so **he** st**a**rted up in terror, fluttered int**o** the milk-pan, and splash**e**d the milk about the r**o**om. **Th**en the w**o**man clapp**e**d h**e**r hand**s**, **wh**ich frighten**e**d him still m**o**re. **He** flew first int**o** the butter-cask, **th**en int**o** the meal-tub, and **o**ut again. **Wh**at a c**o**ndition **he** w**a**s in! The w**o**man scre**a**med, and struck at him with the tong**s**; the **ch**ildren l**a**ugh**e**d and scre**a**med, and tumbled **o**ver **e**ach **o**ther, in **th**eir efforts to catch him; but luckily **he** escap**e**d. The d**o**or st**o**od **o**pen; the p**o**or creature cou**l**d just manag**e** to slip **o**ut among the b**u**sh**e**s, and lie **d**own **qu**ite exh**a**usted in the newly f**a**llen snow.

It w**o**uld be very sad, w**e**re I to relat**e** **a**ll the mis**e**ry and privati**o**n**s** **wh**ich the p**o**or little duckling endur**e**d during the h**a**rd winter; but **wh**en it had p**a**ss**e**d, **he** f**o**und himself lying one m**o**rning in a m**o**or, amongst the rush**e**s. **He** felt the w**a**rm sun sh**i**ning, and h**e**ard the l**a**rk singing, and s**a**w **th**at **a**ll around w**a**s beautiful spring. **Th**en the young bird felt **th**at hi**s** wings w**e**re strong, a**s** **he** flap**e**d **th**em against hi**s** sid**e**s, and ros**e** high into the air. **Th**ey b**o**re him onw**a**rds, until **he** f**o**und himself in a l**a**g g**a**rden, bef**o**re **he** well knew h**o**w it had happened. The apple-tre**e**s w**e**re in f**u**ll bloss**o**m, and the fragrant elder**s** bent **th**eir long green branch**e**s **d**own to the stre**a**m **wh**ich w**o**und round a sm**o**oth l**a**wn. Every**th**ing lo**o**k**e**d beautiful, in the fresh**n**ess of **e**arly spring. From a **th**icket clos**e** by cam**e** **th**ree beautiful **wh**ite sw**a**n**s**, rustling **th**eir feath**e**r**s**, and swimming light**l**y **o**ver the sm**o**oth w**a**ter. The duckling remembered the lov**e**ly bird**s**, and felt m**o**re strang**e**ly unhappy **th**an ever.

“I will fly to **th**os**e** royal bird**s**,” **he** exclaim**e**d, “and **th**ey will kill me, beca**u**s**e** I am so ugly, and da**r**e to approach **th**em; but it d**o**e**s** not matter: better be killed by

them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the maiden who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter.”

Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

“Kill me,” said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, gray bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan. To be born in a duck's nest, in a farmyard, is of no consequence to a bird, if it is hatched from a swan's egg. He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans swam round the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

“See,” cried the youngest, “there is a new one;” and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, “There is another swan come; a new one has arrived.”




Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, “The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty.” And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its bows into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, “I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling.”



The Top and Ball

Hans Christian Andersen 1838

 WHIPPING TOP and a little ball lay together in a box, among other toys, and the top said to the ball, “**Shall we be married, as we live in the same box?**”

But the ball, which wore a dress of morocco leather, and thought as much of herself as any other young lady, would not even condescend to reply.

The next day came the little boy to whom the playthings belonged, and he painted the top red and yellow, and drove a brass-headed nail into the middle, so that while the top was spinning round it looked splendid.



“**Look at me,**” said the top to the ball. “**What do you say now? Shall we be engaged to each other? We should suit so well; you spring, and I dance. No one could be happier than we should be.**”

“**Indeed! do you think so? Perhaps you do not know that my father and mother were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork in my body.**”

“**Yes; but I am made of mahogany,**” said the top. “**The major himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own, and it is a great amusement to him.**”

“**Can I believe it?**” asked the ball.

“**May I never be whipped again,**” said the top, “**if I am not telling you the truth.**”

“You certainly know how to speak for yourself very well,” said the ball; “but I cannot accept your proposal. I am almost engaged to a swallow. Every time I fly up in the air, he puts his head out of the nest, and says, ‘Will you? You and I have said, ‘Yes, You to myself silently, and that is as good as being half engaged; but I will promise never to forget you.’”

“Much good that will be to me,” said the top; and they spoke to each other no more.

Next day the ball was taken out by the boy. The top saw it flying high in the air, like a bird, till it would go quite out of sight. Each time it came back, as it touched the earth, it gave a higher leap than before, either because it longed to fly upwards, or from having a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time it rose in the air, it remained away, and did not return. The boy searched everywhere for it, but he searched in vain, for it could not be found; it was gone.

“I know very well where she is,” sighed the top; “she is in the swallow’s nest, and has married the swallow.”

The more the top thought of this, the more he longed for the ball. His love increased the more, just because he could not get her; and that she should have been won by another, was the worst of all. The top still twirled about and hummed, but he continued to think of the ball; and the more he thought of her, the more beautiful she seemed to his fancy.

Thus several years passed by, and his love became quite old. The top, also, was no longer young; but there came a day when he looked handsomer than ever; for he was gilded all over. He was now a golden top, and whirled and danced about till he hummed quite loud, and was something worth looking at; but one day he leaped too high, and then he, also, was gone. They searched everywhere, even in the cellar, but he was nowhere to be found. Where could he be? He had jumped into the dust-bin, where all sorts of rubbish were lying: cabbage-stalks, dust, and rain-droppings that had fallen down from the gutter under the roof.

“Now I am in a nice place,” said he; “my gilding will soon be washed off here. Oh dear, what a set of rabble I have got amongst!” And then he glanced at a curious round thing like an old apple, which lay near a long, leafless cabbage-stalk. It was, however, not an apple, but an old ball, which had lain for years in the gutter, and was soaked through with water.

“Thank goodness, here comes one of my own class, with whom I can talk,” said the ball, examining the gilded top. “I am made of morocco,” she said. “I was sewn together by a young lady, and I have a Spanish cork in my body; but no one would think it, to look at me now. I was once engaged to a swallow; but I fell in here from the gutter under the roof, and I have lain here more than five years, and have been thoroughly drenched. Believe me, it is a long time for a young maiden.”

The top said nothing, but he thought of his old love; and the more she said, the more clear it became to him that this was the same ball.

The servant then came to clean out the dust-bin.

“Ah,” she exclaimed, “here is a gilt top.” So the top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing more was heard of the little ball. He spoke not a word about his old love; for that soon died away. When the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter, and has been drenched through, no one cares to know her again on meeting her in a dust-bin.



The Fir Tree

Hans Christian Andersen 1845



ARound in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting-place, grew a pretty little fir-tree; and yet it was not happy, it wished so much to be tall like its companions— the pines and firs which grew around it. The sun shone, and the soft air fluttered its leaves, and the little peasant children passed by, prattling merrily, but the fir-tree heeded them not. Sometimes the children would bring a large basket of raspberries or strawberries, wreathed on a straw, and seat themselves near the fir-tree, and say, “Is it not a pretty little tree?” which made it feel more unhappy than before.

And yet all this while the tree grew a notch or joint taller every year; for by the number of joints in the stem of a fir-tree we can discover its age. Still, as it grew, it complained, “Oh! how I wish I were as tall as the other trees, then I would spread out my branches on every side, and my top would over-look the wide

wôrld. I **shôuld** have the bîrds building **their** nests on my **boûghs**, and *when* the wind blew, I **shôuld** bow with **stately** dignity **like** my **tâll** **companion**s.” The tree **wâs** so discontented, **th**at it **tôok** no **plea**sure in the **wârm** sunshine, the bîrds, **ôr** the **rosy** clouds **th**at **flo**ated **o**ver it **mô**rning and **e**vening.

Sometimes, in winter, *when* the snow **lay** **wh**ite and glittering on the **g**round, a **h**are **w**ould **c**ome springing along, and jump **ri**ght **o**ver the little tree; and **th**en **h**ow **m**ôrtified it **w**ould **f**eel! **T**wo winter**s** **p**âssed, and *when* the **th**ird arrived, the tree had **g**rown so **t**âll **th**at the hare **w**âs **o**bliged to run **r**ound it. Yet it remained unsatisfied, and **w**ould **e**xclaim, “**O**h, if I **c**ould but **k**ee**p** on **g**rowing **t**âll and **o**ld! **T**here **i**s **n**othing else **w**ô**th** caring **f**ôr in the **w**ôrld!”

In the **â**utum**n**, **a**s **u**su**a**l, the **w**ôod-cutter**s** **c**ame and cut **d**own several of the **t**âlle**st** trees, and the young fir-tree, **wh**ich **w**âs **n**ow grown to its **f**ull height, **sh**uddered **a**s the **n**oble trees fell to the **e**ar**th** with a **c**rash. The **br**anches **w**êre lopped off, the trunks **l**ôok**e**d so slender and bare, **th**at **th**ey **c**ould **s**car**ç**ely be recognized.

Then **th**ey **w**êre **pl**ac**e**d upon wagons, and **d**râwn by **h**ôrse**s** **o**ut of the forest. “**W**here **w**êre **th**ey going? **W**hat **w**ould **b**ec**o**me of **th**em?” The young fir-tree **w**ish**e**d very much to **k**now; so in the spring, *when* the **sw**allow**s** and the **st**ôrks **c**ame, it **â**ske**d**, “**D**o **y**ou **k**now **wh**ere **th**ose trees **w**êre taken? **D**id **y**ou **m**ee**t** **th**em?”



The **sw**allow**s** **k**new **n**othing, but the **st**ôr**k**, **a**fter a little reflection, **n**odded his head, and said, “**Y**es, I **th**ink I **d**o. I met several new **sh**ips *when* I flew from **E**gypt, and **th**ey had **f**ine masts **th**at smelt **l**ike **f**ir. I **th**ink **th**ese must have **b**ee**n** the trees; I **a**ssure **y**ou **th**ey **w**êre **st**ately, very **st**ately.”

“**O**h, **h**ow I **w**ish I **w**êre **t**âll **e**nough to **g**o on the **s**ea,” said the fir-tree. “**W**hat **i**s the **s**ea, and **wh**at **d**oes it **l**ôok **l**ike?”

“It **w**ould **t**ake **t**ee **m**uch **t**ime to **e**xplain,” said the **st**ôr**k**, **f**ly**ing** **q**uickly **a**way.

“**R**ejoice in **th**y **y**outh,” said the sun**e**am; “rejoice in **th**y **f**resh **g**rowth, and the young **l**ife **th**at **i**s in **th**ee.”

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew watered it with tears; but the fir-tree regarded them not.

Christmas-time drew near, and many young trees were cut down, some even smaller and younger than the fir-tree who enjoyed neither rest nor peace with longing to leave its forest home. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, and were also laid on wagons, and drawn by horses out of the forest.

“Where are they going?” asked the fir-tree. “They are not taller than I am: indeed, one is much less; and Why are the branches not cut off? Where are they going?”

“We know, we know,” sang the sparrows; “we have looked in at the windows of the houses in the town, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with all sorts of beautiful things,—honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and many hundreds of wax tapers.”

“And then,” asked the fir-tree, trembling through all its branches, “and then what happens?”

“We did not see any more,” said the sparrows; “but this was enough for us.”

“I wonder whether anything so brilliant will ever happen to me,” thought the fir-tree. “It would be much better than crossing the sea. I long for it almost with pain. Oh! when will Christmas be here? I am now as tall and well grown as those which were taken away last year. Oh! that I were now laid on the wagons, or standing in the warm room, with all that brightness and splendor around me! Something better and more beautiful is to come after, or the trees would not be so decked out. Yes, what follows will be grander and more splendid. What can it be? I am weary with longing. I scarcely know how I feel.”

“Rejoice with us,” said the air and the sunlight. “Enjoy thine own bright life in the fresh air.”

But the tree would not rejoice, though it grew taller every day; and, winter and summer, its dark-green foliage might be seen in the forest, while passers by would say, “What a beautiful tree!”

A short time before Christmas, the discontented fir-tree was the first to fall. As the axe cut through the stem, and divided the pith, the tree fell with a groan to the

earth, conscious of pain and faintness, and forgetting **á**ll its anticipations of happiness, in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew **that** it **shó**uld never again see its dear old companions, the trees, n**ó**r the little bushes and many-colored flowers **th**at had grown by its side; p**ê**rhaps not even the birds. Neither **wá**s the journey at **á**ll pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked in the c**ó**urtyard of a house, with several other trees; and it h**ê**ard a man say, "We only want one, and **this** is the prettiest."

Then came two s**ê**rvents in grand livery, and carried the fir-tree into a large and beautiful apartment. On the walls hung pictures, and near the great stove stood great china vases, with lions on the lids. There were rocking chairs, silken sofas, large tables, covered with pictures, books, and playthings, worth a great deal of money,—at least, the children said so. Then the fir-tree was placed in a large tub, full of sand; but green baize hung **á**ll around it, so that no one could see it was a tub, and it stood on a very handsome carpet. How the fir-tree trembled! "What was going to happen to him now?" Some young ladies came, and the s**ê**rvents helped them to adorn the tree.

On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with sweetmeats; from other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and **á**ll round, were hundreds of red, blue, and white tapers, which were fastened on the branches. Dolls, exactly like real babies, were placed under the green leaves,—the tree had never seen such things before,—and at the very top was fastened a glittering star, made of tinsel. Oh, it was very beautiful!

"This evening," they **á**ll exclaimed, "how bright it will be!" "Oh, that the evening were come," th**ó**ught the tree, "and the tapers lighted! then I shall know what else is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? I wonder if the sparrows will peep in at the windows as they fly? shall I grow faster here, and keep on **á**ll these ornaments summer and winter?" But guessing was of very little use; it made his bark ache, and this pain is as bad for a slender fir-tree, as headache is for us. At last the tapers were lighted, and then what a glistening blaze of light the tree presented! It trembled so with joy in **á**ll its branches, that one of the candles fell among the green leaves and burnt some of them. "Help! help!" exclaimed the young ladies, but there was no danger, for they quickly extinguished the fire.

After **this**, the **tree** **tried** not to tremble at **â**ll, **tho**ugh the **fi**re **fri**ghtened him; he **wa**s so anxious not to **h**urt any of the **be**autiful **ô**rnaments, **ev**en **wh**ile **th**eir brilliançy dazzled him. And **n**ow the **fo**lding **d**ôor^s **w**êre **th**rown **o**pen, and a **tr**ee^p of **ch**ildren **rush**ed in a^s if **th**ey intended to upset the **tr**ee; **th**ey **w**êre followed **m**ôre silently by **th**eir elders^s. **F**ôr a **m**oment the little ones^s **st**ôod silent with **ast**onishment, and **th**en **th**ey **sh**outed **f**ôr joy, till the **r**oom rang, and **th**ey **dan**çed merrily **r**ound the **tr**ee, **wh**ile one **pr**esent **â**fter **an**ôther **wa**s taken from it.

“What **â**re **th**ey **do**ing? What will happen next?” **th**ôught the **fi**r. At **l**âst the **can**dles^s **b**ûrnt **d**own to the **br**anches^s and **w**êre **pu**t **o**ut. **Th**en the **ch**ildren **re**çeived **p**êrmission to plunder the **tr**ee.

Oh, **h**ow **th**ey **rush**ed upon it, till the **br**anches^s **crack**ed, and had it not **be**en **f**âstened **with** the glistening **st**âr to the **ç**eiling, it must have **be**en **th**rown **d**own. The **ch**ildren **th**en **dan**çed **ab**out **with** **th**eir pretty toys^s, and **n**o one **noti**çed the **tr**ee, **ex**çept the **ch**ildren's^s **maid** **wh**o **cam**e and **pe**e^ped among the **br**anches^s to **se**e if an apple **ô**r a fig had **be**en forgotten.

“A **st**ôry, a **st**ôry,” **cri**ed the **ch**ildren, **pu**lling a little fat man **tow**ârd^s the **tr**ee.

“**N**ow **w**e **sh**all **be** in the **gr**een **sh**ade,” said the man, a^s he **se**ated himself under it, “and the **tr**ee will have the **ple**asure of **he**aring **â**lso, but I **sh**all **o**nly **rel**ate one **st**ôry; **wh**at **sh**all it **be**? Ivede-Avede, **ô**r Humpty Dumpty, **wh**o **fell** **d**own **st**air^s, but **se**en got up **ag**ain, and at **l**âst **mar**ried a **pr**inçess.”

“Ivede-Avede,” **cri**ed **so**me. “Humpty Dumpty,” **cri**ed **ô**ther^s, and **th**ere **wa**s a **fi**ne **sh**outing and **cry**ing **o**ut. But the **fi**r-tree remained **qu**ite still, and **th**ôught to himself, “Shall I have anything to **do** **with** **â**ll **th**is?” but he had **â**lready **am**u^sed **th**em a^s **mu**ch a^s **th**ey **wish**ed. **Th**en the **old** man **told** **th**em the **st**ôry of Humpty Dumpty, **h**ow he **fell** **d**own **st**air^s, and **wa**s **rai**sed up **ag**ain, and **mar**ried a **pr**inçess. And the **ch**ildren **clapp**ed **th**eir **hand**s^s and **cri**ed, “Tell **an**ôther, tell **an**ôther,” **f**ôr **th**ey **w**anted to **he**ar the **st**ôry of “Ivede-Avede;” but **th**ey **o**nly had “Humpty Dumpty.” **th**is the **fi**r-tree **bec**ame **qu**ite **sil**ent and **th**ôughtful; never had the **bi**rd^s in the forest **told** **su**ch **tal**e^s a^s “Humpty Dumpty,” **wh**o **fell** **d**own **st**air^s, and yet **mar**ried a **pr**inçess.

“Ah! yes, **so** it **happ**en^s in the **w**ôrld,” **th**ôught the **fi**r-tree; he **bel**ieved it **â**ll, **bec**âuse it **wa**s **rel**ated **by** **su**ch a **ni**çe man. “Ah! well,” he **th**ôught, “**wh**o **kn**ow^s? **p**êrhaps I **may** **f**âll **d**own **tee**, and **mar**ry a **pr**inçess;” and he **l**ook^{ed} **f**ôrward **joy**fully to the next **ev**ening, **ex**pecting to **be** **ag**ain **de**cked **o**ut **with** **li**ghts and

playthings, gold and fruit. “To-morrow I will not tremble,” **th**ought he; “I will enjoy **á**ll my splendor, and I **sh**all hear the st**ó**ry of Humpty Dumpty again, and **p**êrhaps Ivede-Avede.” And the tree remained **q**uiet and **th**oughtful **á**ll night. In the m**ó**rning the s**ê**rvents and the housemaid came in. “**N**ow,” **th**ought the fir, “all my splendor **i**s going to begin again.”

But **th**ey dragged him **o**ut of the r**o**om and up stairs to the garret, and **th**rew him on the fl**ó**or, in a d**á**r**k** c**ó**rner, where **n**o daylight **sh**one, and **th**ere **th**ey left him. “**W**hat **d**oes **this** mean?” **th**ought the tree, “**wh**at am I to **d**e here? I can hear **n**othing in a place like **this**,” and he had time enough to **th**ink, f**ó**r days and nights **p**ássed and **n**o one came near him, and when at **l**ást somebody did **c**ome, it **w**ás only to **p**ut away **l**árg**e** boxes in a c**ó**rner.

So the tree **w**ás **c**ompletely hidden from **s**ight **a**s if it had never existed. “It **i**s winter **n**ow,” **th**ought the tree, “the **g**round **i**s **h**árd and **c**overed with **s**now, **s**o **th**at **p**eople cannot plant me. I **sh**all be **sh**eltered here, I **d**are **s**ay, until spring **c**ome**s**. **H**ow **th**oughtful and kind everybody **i**s to me! Still I **w**ish **this** place **w**êre not **s**o d**á**r**k**, **a**s well **a**s **l**onely, with not **e**ven a little **h**are to **l**ook at. **H**ow **p**leáasant it **w**ás **o**ut in the forest **wh**ile the **s**now **l**ay on the **g**round, **wh**en the **h**are **w**ould run **by**, yes, and jump **o**ver me **t**ee, **á**l**th**ough I did not like it **th**en. **O**h! it **i**s terrible **l**onely here.”

“**S**queak, squeak,” said a little **m**ouse, **c**reeping **c**áutiously **t**owárd**s** the tree; **th**en came **a**n**ó**ther; and **th**ey **b**oth sniffed at the fir-tree and crept between the **br**anches.

“**O**h, it **i**s very **c**old,” said the little **m**ouse, “or else **w**e **sh**ould be **s**o **c**omfortable here, **sh**ouldn’t we, **y**ou **o**ld fir-tree?”

“I am not **o**ld,” said the fir-tree, “there **á**re many **wh**o **á**re **o**lder **th**an I am.”

“**W**here **d**e **y**ou **c**ome from? and **wh**at **d**e **y**ou **k**now?” **á**ske**d** the **m**ice, **wh**o **w**êre full of **c**uriosity. “Have **y**ou **s**een the **m**ost **b**eautiful places in the **w**orld, and can **y**ou tell us **á**ll about **th**em? and have **y**ou **b**een in the st**ó**rer**o**om, where **ch**ees**e**s lie on the **sh**elf, and **h**am**s** hang from the **ç**eiling? One can run about on tallow **c**andle**s** **th**ere, and **g**o in **th**in and **c**ome **o**ut fat.”

“I **k**now **n**othing of **th**at place,” said the fir-tree, “but I **k**now the **w**óod where the sun **sh**ine**s** and the **b**ird**s** sing.” And **th**en the tree **t**old the little **m**ice **á**ll about its **y**outh. **T**hey had never **h**êard **s**uch an **a**ccount in **th**eir lives; and **á**fter **th**ey had listened to it attentively, **th**ey said, “**W**hat a number of **th**ings **y**ou have **s**een? **y**ou must have **b**een very happy.”

“Happy!” exclaimed the fir-tree, and then as he reflected upon what he had been telling them, he said, “Ah, yes! after all those were happy days.” But when he went on and related all about Christmas-eve, and how he had been dressed up with cakes and lights, the mice said, “How happy you must have been, you old fir-tree.”

“I am not old at all,” replied the tree, “I only came from the forest this winter, I am now checked in my growth.”

“What splendid stories you can relate,” said the little mouse. And the next night four other mice came with them to hear what the tree had to tell. The more he talked the more he remembered, and then he thought to himself, “Those were happy days, but they may come again. Humpty Dumpty fell down stairs, and yet he married the princess; perhaps I may marry a princess too.” And the fir-tree thought of the pretty little birch-tree that grew in the forest, which was to him a real beautiful princess.

“Who is Humpty Dumpty?” asked the little mouse. And then the tree related the whole story; he could remember every single word, and the little mouse was so delighted with it, that they were ready to jump to the top of the tree. The next night a great many more mice made their appearance, and on Sunday two rats came with them; but they said, it was not a pretty story at all, and the little mouse were very sorry, for it made them also think less of it.

“Do you know only one story?” asked the rats.

“Only one,” replied the fir-tree; “I heard it on the happiest evening of my life; but I did not know I was so happy at the time.”

“We think it is a very miserable story,” said the rats. “Don't you know any story about bacon, or tallow in the storeroom.”

“No,” replied the tree.

“Many **th**anks to **yo**u **th**en,” replied the rats, and **th**ey **m**är**ch**ed off.

The little **mi**ç**e** **ä**l**s**o kept away **ä**ft**e**r **th**is, and the **tr**ee **s**igh**e**d, and said, “It **w**ä**s** very pleä**s**ant when the merry little **mi**ç**e** sat **r**ound **m**e and listened **w**hile I **t**ä**k**ed. **N**ow **th**at **i**s **ä**ll **p**ä**s**s**e**d **t**ee.

How**e**ver, I **s**h**al**l **C**ö**n**sider myself happy when **s**ome one **c**ö**m**e**s** to **t**ake **m**e **o**ut of **th**is **p**l**a**ç**e**.” But **w**ö**ü**ld **th**is ever happen? Yes; one **m**ör**n**ing **p**eop**l**e **c**ame to **c**l**e**ar **o**ut the garret, the **b**ox**e**s **w**ê**r**e **p**ack**a**g**e** away, and the **tr**ee **w**ä**s** **p**ü**l**l**e**d **o**ut of the **c**ö**r**ner, and **th**rown **r**oughly on the garret **f**l**ö**or; **th**en the **s**ê**r**vant **d**r**a**gg**e**d it **o**ut upon the **s**tair**c**as**e** where the **d**ay**l**igh**t** **s**h**o**ne. “**N**ow **l**ife **i**s **b**eginning **a**gain,” said the **tr**ee, **r**ejoic**i**ng in the **s**un**s**hine and **f**resh **a**ir. **T**h**e**n it **w**ä**s** **c**arrie**d** **d**own **s**tair**s** and **t**aken **i**n**t**o the **c**ö**u**rt**y**ä**r**d **s**o **q**uic**k**ly, **th**at it forgot to **th**ink of itself, and **c**ö**ü**ld **o**nly **l**ö**ö**k **a**bout, **th**ere **w**ä**s** **s**o **m**uch to **b**e **s**een.



The **c**ö**u**rt **w**ä**s** **c**l**o**s**e** to a **g**ä**r**den, where **e**very**th**ing **l**ö**ö**ked **b**l**e**ö**m**ing. **F**resh and **f**ragrant **r**ö**s**e**s** hung **o**ver the little **p**alings**s**. The **l**inden-**t**ree**s** **w**ê**r**e in **b**l**o**ss**ö**m; **w**hile the **s**wä**l**l**ö**w**s** flew **h**ere and **th**ere, **c**rying, “**T**wit, **t**wit, **t**wit, **m**y **m**ate **i**s **c**ö**m**ing,”—but it **w**ä**s** not the **f**ir-**t**ree **th**ey meant. “**N**ow I **s**h**al**l **l**ive,” **c**ri**e**d the **tr**ee, **j**oy**f**ü**l**ly **s**prea**d**ing **o**ut its **b**ranch**e**s; but alas! **th**ey **w**ê**r**e **ä**ll **w**ith**e**red and **y**ellow, and it **l**ay in a **c**ö**r**ner **a**mö**n**gst **w**e**e**d**s** and **n**e**t**t**l**e**s**. The **s**tä**r** of **g**old **p**aper still stuck in the top of the **tr**ee and **g**litter**e**d in the **s**un**s**hine. In the **s**am**e** **c**ö**u**rt**y**ä**r**d **t**w**o** of the merry **c**hild**r**en **w**ê**r**e **p**laying **w**h**e** had **d**an**ç**ed **r**ound the **tr**ee at **C**hristmas, and had **b**een **s**o **h**appy. The **y**oungest **s**ä**w** the **g**ilded **s**tä**r**, and ran and **p**ü**l**l**e**d it off the **tr**ee. “**L**ö**ö**k **w**h**a**t **i**s **s**ticking to the ugly **o**ld **f**ir-**t**ree,” said the **c**hild, **t**read**i**ng on the **b**ranch**e**s till **th**ey crack**l**ed under his **b**ö**o**ts. And the **tr**ee **s**ä**w** **ä**ll the **f**resh **b**ri**g**ht **f**low**e**r**s** in the **g**ä**r**den, and **th**en **l**ö**ö**ked at itself, and **w**ish**e**d it had **r**emain**e**d in the **d**ä**r**k **c**ö**r**ner of the garret.

It **th**ö**u**ght of its **f**resh **y**outh in the forest, of the merry **C**hristmas **e**vening, and of the little **mi**ç**e** **w**h**e** had listened to the **s**tö**r**y of “**H**umpty **D**umpty.” “**P**ast! **p**ä**s**t!” said the **o**ld **tr**ee; “**O**h, had I but **e**njoy**e**d **m**yself **w**hile I **c**ö**ü**ld have **d**ö**n**e **s**o! but **n**ow it **i**s **t**ee **l**ate.” **T**h**e**n a **l**ad **c**ame and **ch**opp**e**d the **tr**ee **i**n**t**o **s**mä**l**l **p**ieç**e**s, till a **l**ä**r**g**e** **b**und**l**e **l**ay in a **h**eap on the **g**rou**n**d. The **p**ieç**e**s **w**ê**r**e **p**l**a**ç**e**d in a **f**ire under the **c**opper, and **th**ey **q**uic**k**ly **bl**az**e**d up **b**ri**g**htly, **w**hile the **tr**ee **s**igh**e**d **s**o **d**eeply **th**at **e**ach **s**igh **w**ä**s** **l**ike a **p**istol-**s**hot.

Th**e**n the **c**hild**r**en, **w**h**e** **w**ê**r**e at **p**lay, **c**ame and **s**eated **th**e**m**s**e**l**v**e**s** in **f**rö**n**t of the

fire, and **l**ooked at it and **cri**ed, “Pop, pop.” But at **ea**ch “pop,” **wh**ich **wa**s a **dee**p **si**gh, the **tree** **wa**s **th**inking of a summer day in the forest; and of Christmas evening, and of “Humpty Dumpty,” the **o**nly **st**ory it had ever **he**ard **o**r **kn**ew **ho**w to **rel**ate, till at **l**ast it **wa**s **co**nsumed. The **bo**y^s still **pl**ayed in the **g**arden, and the **yo**ungest **w**ore the **go**lden **st**ar on his **br**east, **with** **wh**ich the **tree** had **bee**n **ad**orned **du**ring the **happ**iest **eve**ning of its **ex**isten**ce**. **Now** **all** **wa**s **pa**st; the **tree**'s **li**fe **wa**s **pa**st, and the **st**ory **al**so,—for **all** **st**ories must **co**me to an end at **l**ast.



The Snow Queen

In Seven Stories

Hans Christian Andersen 1845

Story the First

Which Describes a Looking-Glass and the Broken Fragments.

YOU must attend to the **commen**cement of **this** **st**ory, **f**or **wh**en **we** get to the end **we** **sh**all **kn**ow **mo**re **th**an **we** **de** **no**w **ab**out a very wicked hobgoblin; **he** **wa**s one of the very **w**orst, **f**or **he** **wa**s a **re**al **de**mon.

One **day**, **wh**en **he** **wa**s in a merry **mo**od, **he** **ma**de a **loo**king-glass **wh**ich had the **po**wer of **ma**king every**th**ing **go**od **o**r **be**autiful **th**at **wa**s reflected in it **al**most shrink to **no**th**ing**, **wh**ile every**th**ing **th**at **wa**s **w**orthless and bad **loo**ked **inc**reased in size and **w**orse **th**an ever.



The **mo**st **lo**vly **lan**dscapes **app**ea**re**d **li**ke **bo**iled **sp**inach, and the **pe**ople **bec**ame **hi**deous, and **loo**ked **as** if **they** **sto**od on **th**eir **he**ad**s** and had **no** **bo**dies. **The**ir **co**untenan**ce**s **w**ere **so** **di**st**o**r**t**ed

that no one could recognize them, and even one freckle on the face appeared to spread over the whole of the nose and mouth.


The demon said this was very amusing. When a good or pious thought passed through the mind of any one it was misrepresented in the glass; and then how the demon laughed at his cunning invention. All who went to the demon's school — for he kept a school — talked everywhere of the wonders they had seen, and declared that people could now, for the first time, see what the world and mankind were really like. They carried the glass about everywhere, till at last there was not a land nor a people who had not been looked at through this distorted mirror. They wanted even to fly with it up to heaven to see the angels, but the higher they flew the more slippery the glass became, and they could scarcely hold it, till at last it slipped from their hands, fell to the earth, and was broken into millions of pieces.

But now the looking-glass caused more unhappiness than ever, for some of the fragments were not so large as a grain of sand, and they flew about the world into every country. When one of these tiny atoms flew into a person's eye, it stuck there unknown to him, and from that moment he saw everything through a distorted medium, or could see only the worst side of what he looked at, for even the smallest fragment retained the same power which had belonged to the whole mirror.

Some few persons even got a fragment of the looking-glass in their hearts, and this was very terrible, for their hearts became cold like a lump of ice. A few of the pieces were so large that they could be used as window-panes; it would have been a sad thing to look at our friends through them. Other pieces were made into spectacles; this was dreadful for those who wore them, for they could see nothing either rightly or justly. At all this the wicked demon laughed till his sides shook—it tickled him so to see the mischief he had done. There were still a number of these little fragments of glass floating about in the air, and now you shall hear what happened with one of them.

Second Story:

A Little Boy and a Little Girl

 IN a large town, full of houses and people, there is not room for everybody to have even a little garden, therefore they are obliged to be satisfied with a few flowers in flower pots. In one of these large towns lived two poor children who had a garden something larger and better than a few flower pots.

They **w**ere not **b**rother and sister, but **t**hey **l**oved **e**ach **o**ther **á**lmost **a**s much **a**s if **t**hey had **b**een.

Their **p**arents lived **o**pposite to **e**ach **o**ther in **t**wo garrets, *where the roofs of neighboring houses projected out towards each other and the water-pipe ran between them.* In **e**ach house **w**as a little window, **s**o **t**hat any one **c**ould step across the gutter from one window to the **o**ther. The **p**arents of **t**hes**e** children had **e**ach a **l**árg**e** **w**óóden box in **w**hich **t**hey cultivated kitchen **h**ér**b**s **f**ó**r** **t**heir **o**wn **u**se, and a little **r**ó**š**e-**b**ú**š**h in **e**ach box, **w**hich grew splendidly. **N**ow **á**fter a **w**hile the **p**arents **d**ecided to **p**lac**e** **t**hes**e** **t**wo boxes across the **w**á**t**er-**p**ipe, **s**o **t**hat **t**hey **r**eac**h**ed from one window to the **o**ther and **l**ó**o**k**e**d like **t**wo banks of **f**ló**w**er**s**.



Sweet-**p**eá**š** **d**re**o**pe**d** over the boxes, and the **r**ó**š**e-**b**ú**š**es **s**h**o**t **f**ó**r**th long **b**ranch**e**s, **w**hich **w**ere **t**rained round the **w**indow**s** and clustered together **á**lmost like a **t**riumphal **á**rch of **l**eaves and **f**ló**w**er**s**.

The boxes **w**ere very **h**igh, and the **c**hildren **k**new **t**hey must not **c**limb upon **t**hem, **w**ithout **p**ermission, but **t**hey **w**ere often, **h**owever, **á**llowed to step **o**ut together and sit upon **t**heir little **s**tó**o**ls under the **r**ó**š**e-**b**ú**š**es, **ó**r play **q**uietly. In winter **á**ll **t**his **p**leá**š**ure **c**ame to an end, **f**ó**r** the **w**indow**s** **w**ere **s**ó**m**et**i**m**e**s **q**ui**t**e **f**rozen over. But **t**hen **t**hey **w**ould **w**árm copper pennies on the **s**tov**e**, and **h**old the **w**árm pennies against the **f**rozen **p**ane; **t**here **w**ould be very **s**ee**n** a little **r**ound **h**ole **t**hr**o**ugh **w**hich **t**hey **c**ould **p**ee**p**, and the soft **b**ri**g**ht **e**y**e**s of the little boy and **g**í**r**l **w**ould **b**eá**m** **t**hr**o**ugh the hole at **e**ach window **a**s **t**hey **l**ó**o**k**e**d at **e**ach **o**ther. **T**heir **n**ame**s** **w**ere Kay and **G**érda. In summer **t**hey **c**ould **b**e together with one jump from the window, but in winter **t**hey had to **g**o up and **d**own the long **s**taircase, and **o**ut **t**hr**o**ugh the snow **b**e**f**ó**r**e **t**hey **c**ould **m**eet.

“**S**ee **t**here **á**re the **w**hite **b**e**e**s **s**wárm**i**ng,” said Kay 's **o**ld **g**rand**m**ó**t**her one **d**ay when it **w**á**š** **s**nowing.

“Have **t**hey a **q**ue**e**n **b**ee?” **á**s**k**e**d** the little boy, **f**ó**r** **h**e **k**new **t**hat the **r**eal **b**e**e**s had a **q**ue**e**n.

“To be sure they have,” said the grandmother. “She is flying there where the swarm is thickest. She is the largest of them all, and never remains on the earth, but flies up to the dark clouds. Often at midnight she flies through the streets of the town, and looks in at the windows, then the ice freezes on the panes into wonderful shapes, that look like flowers and castles.”

“Yes, I have seen them,” said both the children, and they knew it must be true.

“Can the Snow Queen, come in here?” asked the little girl.

“Only let her come,” said the boy, “I’ll set her on the stove and then she’ll melt.”

Then the grandmother smoothed his hair and told him some more tales. One evening, when little Kay was at home, half undressed, he climbed on a chair by the window and peeped out through the little hole. A few flakes of snow were falling, and one of them, rather larger than the rest, alighted on the edge of one of the flower boxes. This snow-flake grew larger and larger, till at last it became the figure of a woman, dressed in garments of white gauze, which looked like millions of starry snow-flakes linked together.

She was fair and beautiful, but made of ice — shining and glittering ice. Still she was alive and her eyes sparkled like bright stars, but there was neither peace nor rest in their glance. She nodded towards the window and waved her hand. The little boy was frightened and sprang from the chair; at the same moment it seemed as if a large bird flew by the window. On the following day there was a clear frost, and very soon came the spring. The sun shone; the young green leaves burst forth; the swallows built their nests; windows were opened, and the children sat once more in the garden on the roof, high above all the other rooms. How beautiful the roses blossomed this summer. The little girl had learnt a hymn in which roses were spoken of, and then she thought of their own roses, and she sang the hymn to the little boy, and he sang too:—

“Roses bloom and cease to be,

But we shall the Christ-child see.”

Then the little ones held each other by the hand, and kissed the roses, and looked at the bright sunshine, and spoke to it as if the Christ-child were there. Those were splendid summer days. How beautiful and fresh it was out among the rose-bushes, which seemed as if they would never leave off blooming. One day Kay and Gerda sat looking at a book full of pictures of animals and birds, and then just as the clock in the church tower struck twelve, Kay said, “Oh,

something has struck my heart!" and soon after, "There is something in my eye."

The little girl put her arm round his neck, and looked into his eye, but she could see nothing.

"I think it is gone," he said. But it was not gone; it was one of those bits of the looking-glass—that magic mirror, of which we have spoken—the ugly glass which made everything great and good appear small and ugly, while all that was wicked and bad became more visible, and every little fault could be plainly seen. Poor little Kay had also received a small grain in his heart, which very quickly turned to a lump of ice. He felt no more pain, but the glass was there still. "Why do you cry?" said he at last; "it makes you look ugly. There is nothing the matter with me now. Oh, see!" he cried suddenly, "that rose is worm-eaten, and this one is quite crooked. All they are ugly roses, just like the box in which they stand," and then he kicked the boxes with his foot, and pulled off the two roses.

"Kay, what are you doing?" cried the little girl; and then, when he saw how frightened she was, he tore off another rose, and jumped through his own window away from little Gerda.

When she afterwards brought out the picture book, he said, "It was only fit for babies in long clothes," and when grandmother told any stories, he would interrupt her with "but; or, when he could manage it, he would get behind her chair, put on a pair of spectacles, and imitate her very cleverly, to make people laugh. By-and-by he began to mimic the speech and gait of persons in the street. All that was peculiar or disagreeable in a person he would imitate directly, and people said, "That boy will be very clever; he has a remarkable genius." But it was the piece of glass in his eye, and the coldness in his heart, that made him act like this.

He would even tease little Gerda, who loved him with all her heart. His games, too, were quite different; they were not so childish. One winter's day, when it snowed, he brought out a burning-glass, then he held out the tail of his blue coat, and let the snow-flakes fall upon it. "Look in this glass, Gerda," said he; and she saw how every flake of snow was magnified, and looked like a beautiful flower or a glittering star. "Is it not clever?" said Kay, "and much more interesting than looking at real flowers. There is not a single fault in it, and the snow-flakes are quite perfect till they begin to melt."

Soon after Kay made his appearance in large thick gloves, and with his sledge

at his back. He called up stairs to Gêrda, "I've got to leave to go into the great square, where the other boys play and ride." And away he went.

In the great square, the boldest among the boys would often tie their sledges to the country people's carts, and go with them a good way. This was capital. But while they were all amusing themselves, and Kay with them, a great sledge came by; it was painted white, and in it sat some one wrapped in a rough white fûr, and wearing a white cap. The sledge drove twice round the square, and Kay fastened his own little sledge to it, so that when it went away, he followed with it. It went faster and faster right through the next street, and then the person who drove turned round and nodded pleasantly to Kay, just as if they were acquainted with each other, but whenever Kay wished to loosen his little sledge the driver nodded again, so Kay sat still, and they drove out through the town gate.

Then the snow began to fall so heavily that the little boy could not see a hand's breadth before him, but still they drove on; then he suddenly loosened the cord so that the large sled might go on without him, but it was of no use, his little carriage held fast, and away they went like the wind. Then he called out loudly, but nobody heard him, while the snow beat upon him, and the sledge flew onwards. Every now and then it gave a jump as if it were going over hedges and ditches. The boy was frightened, and tried to say a prayer, but he could remember nothing but the multiplication table.

The snow-flakes became larger and larger, till they appeared like great white chickens. All at once they sprang on one side, the great sledge stopped, and the person who had driven it rose up. The fûr and the cap, which were made entirely of snow, fell off, and he saw a lady, tall and white, it was the Snow Queen, .

"We have driven well," said she, "but Why do you tremble? here, creep into my warm fûr." Then she seated him beside her in the sledge, and as she wrapped the fûr round him he felt as if he were sinking into a snow drift.

"Are you still cold," she asked, as she kissed him on the forehead. The kiss was colder than ice; it went quite through to his heart, which was already almost a lump of ice; he felt as if he were going to die, but only for a moment; he soon seemed quite well again, and did not notice the cold around him.

"My sledge! don't forget my sledge," was his first thought, and then he looked and saw that it was bound fast to one of the white chickens, which flew behind him with the sledge at its back. The Snow Queen, kissed little Kay again, and by this time he had forgotten little Gêrda, his grandmother, and all at home.

“Now you must have no more kisses,” she said, “or I should kiss you to death.”

Kay looked at her, and saw that she was so beautiful, he could not imagine a more lovely and intelligent face; she did not now seem to be made of ice, as when he had seen her through his window, and she had nodded to him. In his eyes she was perfect, and she did not feel at all afraid. He told her he could do mental arithmetic, as far as fractions, and that he knew the number of square miles and the number of inhabitants in the country. And she always smiled so that he thought he did not know enough yet, and she looked round the vast expanse as she flew higher and higher with him upon a black cloud, while the storm blew and howled as if it were singing old songs. They flew over woods and lakes, over sea and land; below them roared the wild wind; the wolves howled and the snow crackled; over them flew the black screaming crows, and above all shone the moon, clear and bright,—and so Kay passed through the long winter's night, and by day he slept at the feet of the Snow Queen, .

Third Story:

The Flower Garden of the Woman Who Could Conjure

BUT how fared little Gerda during Kay's absence? What had become of him, no one knew, nor could any one give the slightest information, excepting the boys, who said that he had tied his sledge to another very large one, which had driven through the street, and out at the town gate. Nobody knew where it went; many tears were shed for him, and little Gerda wept bitterly for a long time. She said she knew he must be dead; that he was drowned in the river which flowed close by the school. Oh, indeed those long winter days were very dreary. But at last spring came, with warm sunshine. “Kay is dead and gone,” said little Gerda.

“I don't believe it,” said the sunshine.

“He is dead and gone,” she said to the sparrows.

“We don't believe it,” they replied; and at last little Gerda began to doubt it herself. “I will put on my new red shoes,” she said one morning, “those that Kay has never seen, and then I will go down to the river, and ask for him.” It was quite early when she kissed her old grandmother, who was still asleep; then she put on her red shoes, and went quite alone out of the town gates toward the river. “Is it true that you have taken my little playmate away from me?” said she to the river. “I will give you my red shoes if you will give him back to me.” And it seemed as if the waves nodded to her in a strange manner.

Then she took off her red shoes, which she liked better than anything else, and threw them both into the river, but they fell near the bank, and the little waves carried them back to the land, just as if the river would not take from her what she loved best, because they could not give her back little Kay.

But she thought the shoes had not been thrown out far enough. Then she crept into a boat that lay among the reeds, and threw the shoes again from the farther end of the boat into the water, but it was not fastened.



And her movement sent it gliding away from the land. When she saw this she hastened to reach the end of the boat, but before she could so it was more than a yard from the bank, and drifting away faster than ever.

Then little Gerda was very much frightened, and began to cry, but no one heard her except the sparrows, and they could not carry her to land, but they flew along by the shore, and sang, as if to comfort her, "Here we are! Here we are!" The boat floated with the stream; little Gerda sat quite still with only her stockings on her feet; the red shoes floated after her, but she could not reach them because the boat kept so much in advance.

The banks on each side of the river were very pretty. There were beautiful flowers, old trees, sloping fields, in which cows and sheep were grazing, but not a man to be seen. Perhaps the river will carry me to little Kay, thought Gerda, and then she became more cheerful, and raised her head, and looked at the beautiful green banks; and so the boat sailed on for hours. At length she came to a large cherry orchard, in which stood a small red house with strange red and blue windows. It had also a thatched roof, and outside were two wooden soldiers, that presented arms to her as she sailed past.

Gerda called out to them, for she thought they were alive, but of course they did not answer; and as the boat drifted nearer to the shore, she saw what they really were. Then Gerda called still louder, and there came a very old woman out of the house, leaning on a crutch. She wore a large hat to shade her from the sun, and on it were painted all sorts of pretty flowers. "You poor little child," said the old woman, "how did you manage to come all this distance into the wide world on

such a rapid rolling stream?" And then the old woman walked in the water, seized the boat with her crutch, drew it to land, and lifted Gêrda out. And Gêrda was glad to feel herself on dry ground, although she was rather afraid of the strange old woman. "Come and tell me who you are," said she, "and how came you here."

Then Gêrda told her everything, while the old woman shook her head, and said, "Hem-hem;" and when she had finished, Gêrda asked if she had not seen little Kay, and the old woman told her he had not passed by that way, but he very likely would come. So she told Gêrda not to be sorrowful, but to taste the cherries and look at the flowers; they were better than any picture-book, for each of them could tell a story. Then she took Gêrda by the hand and led her into the little house, and the old woman closed the door.

The windows were very high, and as the panes were red, blue, and yellow, the daylight shone through them in all sorts of singular colors. On the table stood beautiful cherries, and Gêrda had permission to eat as many as she would. While she was eating them the old woman combed out her long flaxen ringlets with a golden comb, and the glossy curls hung down on each side of the little round pleasant face, which looked fresh and blooming as a rose. "I have long been wishing for a dear little maiden like you," said the old woman, "and now you must stay with me, and see how happily we shall live together." And while she went on combing little Gêrda's hair, she thought less and less about her adopted brother Kay, for the old woman could conjure, although she was not a wicked witch; she conjured only a little for her own amusement, and now, because she wanted to keep Gêrda. Therefore she went into the garden, and stretched out her crutch towards all the rose-trees, beautiful though they were; and they immediately sunk into the dark earth, so that no one could tell where they had once stood. The old woman was afraid that if little Gêrda saw roses she would think of those at home, and then remember little Kay, and run away. Then she took Gêrda into the flower-garden.

How fragrant and beautiful it was! Every flower that could be thought of for every season of the year was here in full bloom; no picture-book could have more beautiful colors. Gêrda jumped for joy, and played till the sun went down behind the tall cherry-trees; then she slept in an elegant bed with red silk pillows, embroidered with colored violets; and then she dreamed as pleasantly as a queen on her wedding day. The next day, and for many days after, Gêrda played with the flowers in the warm sunshine.

She knew every flower, and yet, **altho**ugh **the**re **wê**re so many of **the**m, it **seem**ed as if one **wê**re missing, but **whi**ch it **w**as **she** could not tell. One day, **h**owever, as **she** sat **l**ooking at the old woman's hat with the painted flowers on it, **she** **s**aw **th**at the prettiest of **the**m **â**ll **w**as a rose. The old woman had forgotten to take it from **h**er hat when **she** made **â**ll the roses sink into the **ê**arth. But it is difficult to keep the **th**oughts together in every**th**ing; one little mistake upsets **â**ll **o**ur arrangements.

“**Wh**at, **â**re **the**re no roses here?” cried **G**êrda; and **she** ran **o**ut into the gârden, and examined **â**ll the beds, and **s**earched and **s**earched. **Th**ere **w**as not one to be found. **Th**en **she** sat **o**wn and wept, and **h**er tears fell just on the **pl**ace where one of the rose-trees had sunk down. The **w**arm tears moistened the **ê**arth, and the rose-tree sprouted up at on**ç**e, as **bl**ooming as when it had sunk; and **G**êrda embraced it and kissed the roses, and **th**ought of the beautiful roses at home, and with them, of little Kay.

“**O**h, **h**ow I have **be**en detained!” said the little maiden, “I **w**anted to **se**ek **f**or little Kay. **D**e **y**ou know where he is?” **she** **â**ske**d** the roses; “do **y**ou **th**ink he is dead?”

And the roses answered, “**N**o, he is not dead. **We** have **be**en in the ground where **â**ll the dead lie; but Kay is not **the**re.”

“**Th**ank you,” said little **G**êrda, and **the**n **she** went to the **o**ther flowers, and **l**ooked into their little cups, and **â**ske**d**, “**D**e **y**ou know where little Kay is?” But **e**ach flower, as it **st**ood in the sun**sh**ine, **dr**eamed only of its **o**wn little fairy tale of history. Not one knew any**th**ing of Kay. **G**êrda **h**ear**d** many **st**ories from the flowers, as **she** **â**ske**d** them one **â**fter **â**n**o**ther about him.

And **wh**at, said the tiger-lily? “**H**ârk, **d**e **y**ou hear the drum?— 'tûrn, tûrn,'— **the**re **â**re **o**nly **tw**o notes, **â**lways, 'turn, tûrn. **Y**ou Listen to the women's song of **m**ôurning! Hear the cry of the priest! In **h**er long red robe stands the **H**ind**ee** widow by the funeral pile. The flames rise **ar**ound **h**er as **she** **pl**aces **h**erself on the dead body of **h**er husband; but the **H**ind**ee**woman is **th**inking of the living one in **th**at **ç**ircle; of him, **h**er **s**on, **wh**o lighted **th**ose flames. **Th**ose shining eyes trouble **h**er heart **m**ôre **p**ainfully **th**an the flames which will **se**en consume **h**er body to ashes. Can the fire of the heart be extinguished in the flames of the funeral pile?”

“I **don**'t understand **th**at at **â**ll,” said little **G**êrda.

“**Th**at is my **st**ory,” said the tiger-lily.

What, says the convolvulus? “Near yonder narrow road stands an old knight’s castle; thick ivy creeps over the old ruined walls, leaf over leaf, even to the balcony, in which stands a beautiful maiden. She bends over the balustrades, and looks up the road. No rose on its stem is fresher than she; no apple-blossom, wafted by the wind, floats more lightly than she moves. Her rich silk rustles as she bends over and exclaims, ‘Will he not come? You

“Is it Kay you mean?” asked Gêrda.

“I am only speaking of a story of my dream,” replied the flower.

What, said the little snow-drop? “Between two trees a rope is hanging; there is a piece of board upon it; it is a swing. Two pretty little girls, in dresses white as snow, and with long green ribbons fluttering from their hats, are sitting upon it swinging. Their brother who is taller than they are, stands in the swing; he has one arm round the rope, to steady himself; in one hand he holds a little bowl, and in the other a clay pipe; he is blowing bubbles. As the swing goes on, the bubbles fly upward, reflecting the most beautiful varying colors. The last still hangs from the bowl of the pipe, and sways in the wind. On goes the swing; and then a little black dog comes running up. He is almost as light as the bubble, and he raises himself on his hind legs, and wants to be taken into the swing; but it does not stop, and the dog falls; then he barks and gets angry. The children steep towards him, and the bubble bursts. A swinging plank, a light sparkling foam picture,—that is my story.”

“It may be all very pretty what you are telling me,” said little Gêrda, “but you speak so mournfully, and you do not mention little Kay at all.”

What do the hyacinths say? “There were three beautiful sisters, fair and delicate. The dress of one was red, of the second blue, and of the third pure white. Hand in hand they danced in the bright moonlight, by the calm lake; but they were human beings, not fairy elves. The sweet fragrance attracted them, and they disappeared in the wood; here the fragrance became stronger. Three coffins, in which lay the three beautiful maidens, glided from the thickest part of the forest across the lake. The fire-flies flew lightly over them, like little floating torches. Do the dancing maidens sleep, or are they dead? The scent of the flower says that they are corpses. The evening bell tolls their knell.”

“You make me quite sorrowful,” said little Gêrda; “your perfume is so strong, you make me think of the dead maidens. Ah! is little Kay really dead then? The roses have been in the earth, and they say no.”

“Cling, clang,” tolled the **hyacinth** bells. “We **ä**re not tolling **för** little Kay; we **de** not know him. We sing **our** song, the **only** one we know.”

Then Gêrda went to the buttercups **that wê**re glittering amongst the **brigh**t green leaves.

“**You ä**re little **brigh**t suns,” said Gêrda; “tell me if **you know** where I can find my play-fellow.”

And the buttercups **spär**kled gayly, and **löö**ked again at Gêrda. **Wha**t song **cou**ld the buttercups sing? It **wa**s not about Kay.

“The **brigh**t **wä**rm sun **sh**one on a little **cö**urt, on the **fî**rst **wä**rm day of spring. His **brigh**t **be**am**s** rested on the **whi**te **wäll**s of the neighboring **hou**se; and **clo**se **by** **ble**omed the **fî**rst **yellow** flower of the **sea**son, glittering **like** gold in the sun's **wä**rm ray. An **old** **wö**man sat in **hê**r **ä**rm **ch**air at the **hou**se **dö**or, and **hê**r granddäughter, a **pö**or and pretty **sê**rvant-maid came to **see** **hê**r **för** a **shö**rt **vi**sit. **When she** **kiss**ed **hê**r grand**mö**ther **there wa**s gold everywhere: the gold of the **heä**rt in **that** **hol**y kiss; it **wa**s a **gold**en **mö**rning; **there wa**s gold in the **be**aming sun**li**ght, gold in the **le**aves of the **low**ly flower, and on the lips of the **maid**en. **There, that is** my **stö**ry,” said the buttercup.

“**My pö**or **old** grand**mö**ther!” **sigh**ed Gêrda; “**she is** longing to **see** me, and **gri**eving **för** me **a**s **she** did **för** little Kay; but I **shall** **seen** go home now, and **take** little Kay **with** me. It **is** no **use** **ä**sking the **flower**s; **they know** only **their** own songs, and can give me **no** information.”

And **then she** tucked up **hê**r little dress, **that she** **mi**ght run **fä**ster, but the **narc**issus **cä**ught **hê**r **by** the leg **a**s **she wa**s jumping **over** it; **so she** **stop**ped and **löö**ked at the **täll** yellow flower, and said, “**Pê**rhaps **you may** know **some**thing.”

Then she **ste**oped **down** **quite** **clo**se to the flower, and **listen**ed; and **wha**t did he **say**?

“I can **see** myself, I can **see** myself,” said the narcissus. “Oh, **how** **sweet** **is** my **pê**rume! Up in a little **re**em **with** a **bow** window, **stand**s a little **danc**ing **gî**rl, **hä**lf undressed; **she** **stand**s **sö**metime**s** on one leg, and **sö**metime**s** on **both**, and **löö**ks **a**s if **she** **wou**ld tread the **wh**ole **wö**rd under **hê**r **fee**t. **She is** **nö**thing but a **delu**sion. **She is** **pö**uring **wä**ter **out** of a **te**a-pot on a **pie**ce of stuff **whi**ch **she** **hold**s in **hê**r hand; it **is** **hê**r **bod**icé. ‘Cleanliness **is** a **gö**od **th**ing, **You** **she** **say**s. **Hê**r **whi**te dress hangs on a peg; it **has** **ä**lso **been** **wash**ed in the **te**a-pot, and **dri**ed on the **re**ef. **She** **pü**ts it on, and **tie**s a **saff**ron-cölored **hand**ker**chie**f **rou**nd **hê**r


neck, **which** makes the dress **look** *whiter*. **See** **how** **she** **stretch**es out **h**er legs, **as** if **she** **w**ere **show**ing off on a stem. I can **see** myself, I can **see** myself.”

“**What** **do** I **care** **f**or **a**ll **th**at,” said Gêrda, “**you** **need** not tell me **such** stuff.” And **then** **she** ran to the **o**ther end of the **g**arden. The **d**oor **was** **f**astened, but **she** **press**ed against the rusty **l**atch, and it **g**ave way. The **d**oor sprang **o**pen, and little Gêrda ran **o**ut with **b**are **f**ee**t** into the **w**ide **w**orld. **She** **l**ook**e**d back **th**ree **t**ime**s**, but **n**o one **se**emed to **b**e following **h**er. At **l**ast **she** **co**uld run **n**o longer, **so** **she** sat **d**own to rest on a **g**reat **s**tone, and **when** **she** **l**ook**e**d **r**ound **she** **s**aw **th**at the summer **was** **o**ver, and **a**utumn very **f**ar **a**dvan**c**ed. **She** had **kn**own **n**othing of **th**is in the **b**eautiful **g**arden, **where** the sun **sh**one and the **f**low**e**rs **g**rew **a**ll the **y**ear **r**ound.

“**O**h, **h**ow I have **w**asted **m**y **t**ime?” said little Gêrda; “it **i**s **a**utumn. I must not rest any longer,” and **she** **ro**se up to **g**o on. But **h**er little **f**ee**t** **w**ere **w**ounded and **s**ore, and every**th**ing **a**round **h**er **l**ook**e**d **s**o **c**old and **b**leak. The long **w**illow-**l**eaves **w**ere **q**uite **y**ellow. The dew-drops fell **l**ike **w**ater, **l**eaf **a**fter **l**eaf **d**ropp**e**d from the **t**rees, the **s**lo-**t**horn **a**lone still **b**ore **f**ruit, but the **s**loes **w**ere **s**our, and set the **t**ee**t**h on **e**dge. **O**h, **h**ow **d**ark and **w**ear**y** the **w**hole **w**orld **a**pp**e**ared!

Fourth Story:

The Prince and Princess

 **ERDA** **was** **o**bliged to rest **a**gain, and just **o**pposite the **pl**ace **where** **she** sat, **she** **s**aw a **g**reat **c**row **c**ome hopping across the **s**now **t**ow**a**rd **h**er. **He** **st**ood **l**ook**i**ng at **h**er **f**or **s**ome **t**ime, and **then** **he** wagged his **h**ead and said, “**C**aw, **c**aw; **g**ood-**d**ay, **g**ood-**d**ay.” **He** **pr**onou**n**ced the **w**ord**s** **a**s **plain**ly **a**s **he** **co**uld, **bec**au**s**e **he** **me**ant to **b**e **kind** to the little **g**irl; and **then** **he** **a**s**k**ed **h**er **where** **she** **was** **g**oing **a**ll **a**lone in the **w**ide **w**orld.

The **w**ord **a**lone Gêrda **under**st**oo**d very well, and **kn**ew **h**ow **m**uch it **exp**ressed. **So** **then** **she** **t**old the **c**row the **w**hole **s**t**o**ry of **h**er **l**ife and **a**dventur**e**s, and **a**s**k**ed him if **he** had **se**en little **K**ay.

The **c**row **n**odded his **h**ead very **grav**ely, and said, “**P**er**h**aps I have—it **may** **b**e.”

“**N**o! **D**e **you** **th**ink **you** have?” **cri**ed little Gêrda, and **she** **k**iss**e**d the **c**row, and **h**ugged him **a**lmost to **de**ath **w**ith **joy**.

“Gently, gently,” said the crow. “I believe I know. I think it may be little Kay; but he has certainly forgotten you by this time for the princess.”

“Does he live with a princess?” asked Gêrda.

“Yes, listen,” replied the crow, “but it is so difficult to speak your language. If you understand the crows’ language then I can explain it better. Do you?”

“No, I have never learnt it,” said Gêrda, “but my grandmother understands it, and used to speak it to me. I wish I had learnt it.”

“It does not matter,” answered the crow; “I will explain as well as I can, although it will be very badly done;” and he told her what he had heard. “In this kingdom where we now are,” said he, “there lives a princess, who is so wonderfully clever that she has read all the newspapers in the world, and forgotten them too, although she is so clever. A short time ago, as she was sitting on her throne, which people say is not such an agreeable seat as is often supposed, she began to sing a song which commences in these words:

‘Why should I not be married?’

‘Why not indeed? You said she, and so she determined to marry if she could find a husband who knew what to say when he was spoken to, and not one who could only look grand, for that was so tiresome. Then she assembled all her court ladies together at the beat of the drum, and when they heard of her intentions they were very much pleased. ‘We are so glad to hear it, you said they, ‘we were talking about it ourselves the other day. You may believe that every word I tell you is true,’ said the crow, “for I have a tame sweetheart who goes freely about the palace, and she told me all this.”

Of course his sweetheart was a crow, for “birds of a feather flock together,” and one crow always chooses another crow.

“Newspapers were published immediately, with a border of hearts, and the initials of the princess among them. They gave notice that every young man who was handsome was free to visit the castle and speak with the princess; and those who could reply loud enough to be heard when spoken to, were to make themselves quite at home at the palace; but the one who spoke best would be chosen as a husband for the princess. Yes, yes, you may believe me, it is all as true as I sit here,” said the crow. “The people came in crowds.”

There was a great deal of crushing and running about, but **no** one succeeded **either** on the first **or** second day. **They** could **all** speak very well while **they** were **outside** in the streets, but when **they** entered the palace gates, and saw the guards in silver uniforms, and the footmen in their golden livery on the staircase, and the great halls lighted up, **they** became quite confused. And when **they** stood before the throne on which the princess sat, **they** could do nothing but repeat the last words she had said; and **she** had no particular wish to hear her own words over again. It was just as if **they** had all taken something to make them sleepy while **they** were in the palace, for **they** did not recover themselves nor speak till **they** got back again into the street.

There was quite a long line of **them** reaching from the town-gate to the palace. I went myself to see them," said the crow. "**They** were hungry and thirsty, for at the palace they did not get even a glass of water. Some of the wisest had taken a few slices of bread and butter with them, but **they** did not share it with their neighbors; **they** thought if **they** went in to the princess looking hungry, there would be a better chance for themselves."

"But Kay! tell me about little Kay!" said Gerda, "was he amongst the crowd?"

"Stop a bit, we are just coming to him. It was on the third day, there came marching cheerfully along to the palace a little personage, without horses or carriage, his eyes sparkling like yours; he had beautiful long hair, but his clothes were very poor."

"That was Kay!" said Gerda joyfully. "Oh, then I have found him;" and she clapped her hands.

"He had a little knapsack on his back," added the crow.

"No, it must have been his sledge," said Gerda; "for he went away with it."

"It may have been so," said the crow; "I did not look at it very closely. But I know from my tame sweetheart that he passed through the palace gates, saw the guards in their silver uniform, and the servants in their liveries of gold on the stairs, but he was not in the least embarrassed. 'It must be very tiresome to stand on the stairs,' he said. 'I prefer to go in. The rooms were blazing with light. and ambassadors walked about with bare feet, carrying golden vessels; it was enough to make any one feel serious. His boots creaked loudly as he walked, and yet he was not at all uneasy.'"

“It must be Kay,” said Gêrda, “I know he had new boots on, I have heard them creak in grandmother's room.”

“They really did creak,” said the crow, “yet he went boldly up to the princess herself, who was sitting on a pearl as large as a spinning wheel, and all the ladies of the court were present with their maids, and all the cavaliers with their servants; and each of the maids had another maid to wait upon her, and the cavaliers' servants had their own servants, as well as a page each. They all stood in circles round the princess, and the nearer they stood to the door, the prouder they looked. The servants' pages, who always wore slippers, could hardly be looked at, they held themselves up so proudly by the door.”

“It must be quite awful,” said little Gêrda, “but did Kay win the princess?”

“If I had not been a crow,” said he, “I would have married her myself, although I am engaged. He spoke just as well as I do, when I speak the crows' language, so I heard from my tame sweetheart. He was quite free and agreeable and said he had not come to woo the princess, but to hear her wisdom; and he was as pleased with her as she was with him.”

“Oh, certainly that was Kay,” said Gêrda, “he was so clever; he could work mental arithmetic and fractions. Oh, will you take me to the palace?”

“It is very easy to ask that,” replied the crow, “but how are we to manage it? However, I will speak about it to my tame sweetheart, and ask her advice; for I must tell you it will be very difficult to gain permission for a little girl like you to enter the palace.”

“Oh, yes; but I shall gain permission easily,” said Gêrda, “for when Kay hears that I am here, he will come out and fetch me in immediately.”

“Wait for me here by the palings,” said the crow, wagging his head as he flew away.

It was late in the evening before the crow returned. “Caw, caw,” he said, “she sends you greeting, and here is a little roll which she took from the kitchen for you; there is plenty of bread there, and she thinks you must be hungry. It is not possible for you to enter the palace by the front entrance. The guards in silver uniform and the servants in gold livery would not allow it. But do not cry, we will manage to get you in; my sweetheart knows a little back-staircase that leads to the sleeping apartments, and she knows where to find the key.”

Then they went into the garden through the great avenue, where the leaves were falling one after another, and they could see the light in the palace being put out in the same manner. And the crow led little Gerda to the back door, which stood ajar. Oh! how little Gerda's heart beat with anxiety and longing; it was just as if she were going to do something wrong, and yet she only wanted to know where little Kay was. "It must be he," she thought, "with those clear eyes, and that long hair." She could fancy she saw him smiling at her, as he used to at home, when they sat among the roses. He would certainly be glad to see her, and to hear what a long distance she had come for his sake, and to know how sorry they had been at home because he did not come back. Oh what joy and yet fear she felt! They were now on the stairs, and in a small closet at the top a lamp was burning. In the middle of the floor stood the tame crow, turning her head from side to side, and gazing at Gerda, who curtsied as her grandmother had taught her to do.

"My betrothed has spoken so very highly of you, my little lady," said the tame crow, "your life-history, Vita, as it may be called, is very touching. If you will take the lamp I will walk before you. We will go straight along this way, then we shall meet no one."

"It seems to me as if somebody were behind us," said Gerda, as something rushed by her like a shadow on the wall, and then horses with flying manes and thin legs, hunters, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, glided by her, like shadows on the wall.

"They are only dreams," said the crow, "they are coming to fetch the thoughts of the great people out hunting."

"All the better, for we shall be able to look at them in their beds more safely. I hope that when you rise to honor and favor, you will show a grateful heart."

"You may be quite sure of that," said the crow from the forest.

They now came into the first hall, the walls of which were hung with rose-colored satin, embroidered with artificial flowers. Here the dreams again flitted by them but so quickly that Gerda could not distinguish the royal persons. Each hall appeared more splendid than the last, it was enough to bewilder any one. At length they reached a bedroom. The ceiling was like a great palm-tree, with glass leaves of the most costly crystal, and over the centre of the floor two beds, each resembling a lily, hung from a stem of gold.

One, in which the princess lay, was white, the other was red; and in this Gêrda had to seek for little Kay. She pushed one of the red leaves aside, and saw a little brown neck.



Oh, that must be Kay!

She called his name out quite loud, and held the lamp over him. The dreams rushed back into the room on horseback. He woke, and turned his head round, it was not little Kay! The prince was only like him in the neck, still he was young and pretty. Then the princess peeped out of her white-lily bed, and asked what was the matter. Then little Gêrda wept and told her story, and all that the crows had done to help her.

“You poor child,” said the prince and princess; then they praised the crows, and said they were not angry for what they had done, but that it must not happen again, and this time they should be rewarded.

“Would you like to have your freedom?” asked the princess, “or would you prefer to be raised to the position of court crows, with all that is left in the kitchen for yourselves?”

Then both the crows bowed, and begged to have a fixed appointment, for they thought of their old age, and said it would be so comfortable to feel that they had provision for their old days, as they called it. And then the prince got out of his bed, and gave it up to Gêrda,—he could do no more; and she lay down. She folded her little hands, and thought, “How good everyone is to me, men and animals too;” then she closed her eyes and fell into a sweet sleep. All the dreams came flying back again to her, and they looked like angels, and one of them drew a little sled, on which sat Kay, and nodded to her. But all this was only a dream, and vanished as soon as she awoke.

The following day she was dressed from head to foot in silk and velvet, and they invited her to stay at the palace for a few days, and enjoy herself, but she only begged for a pair of boots, and a little carriage, and a horse to draw it, so that she might go into the wide world to seek for Kay. And she obtained, not only boots, but also a muff, and she was neatly dressed; and when she was ready to go, there, at the door, she found a coach made of pure gold, with the coat-of-arms

of the prin**ç**e and prin**ç**ess **sh**ining upon it **lik**e a **st**är, and the **co**achman, **fo**ötman, and **ou**triders **ä**ll wearing **go**lden **cro**wn**s** on **the**ir **he**ad**s**.

The prin**ç**e and prin**ç**ess **the**mself**e**s help**e**d **h**êr into the **co**ach, and **wish**ed **h**êr **su**cc**e**ss. The forest **cro**w, **wh**o **wa**s **no**w **mar**ried, **ac**co**mp**anied **h**êr **f**ör the **fi**rst **th**ree **mi**le**s**; **he** **sa**t **by** **G**êrda's **si**de, **a**s **he** **co**u**ld** **no**t **be**ar **ri**ding **ba**ck**wa**rd**s**. The **ta**me **cro**w **st**ö**o**d in the **d**ör-**wa**y **fl**apping **h**êr **w**ing**s**. **She** **co**u**ld** **no**t **go** **with** **the**m, **be**ca**u**se **she** **ha**d **be**en **suffer**ing **from** **hea**d**ac**he **ever** **sin**ce **the** **new** **app**oint**me**nt, **no** **do**ubt **from** **e**ating **too** **mu**ch. The **co**ach **wa**s **well** **st**ö**o**red **with** **sweet** **ca**ke**s**, and **under** the **se**at **w**êre **fruit** and **ging**erbread **nu**ts. "**F**are**w**ell, **fa**re**w**ell," **cri**ed the **prin**ç**e** and **prin**ç**ess**, and **little** **G**êrda **we**pt, and the **cro**w **we**pt; and **the**n, **ä**fter a **few** **mi**le**s**, the **cro**w **ä**l**so** **sa**id "**F**are**w**ell," and **this** **wa**s **the** **sad**dest **p**är**ti**ng. **H**ow**ever**, **he** **f**lew **to** a **tree**, and **st**ö**o**d **fl**apping **hi**s **black** **w**ing**s** **a**s **long** **a**s **he** **co**u**ld** **see** the **co**ach, **wh**ich **gl**itter**e**d in the **bri**ght **sun**sh**in**e.

Fifth Story:

Little Robber-Girl



HE **co**ach **dro**ve on **th**rough a **th**ick forest, **wh**ere it **li**ghted up the **wa**y **lik**e a **t**ör**ch**, and **daz**zled the **ey**e**s** of **so**me **rob**ber**s**, **wh**o **co**u**ld** **no**t **be**ar to let it **p**äss **the**m **un**molested.

"**I**t **i**s **go**ld! **i**t **i**s **go**ld!" **cri**ed **the**y, **rush**ing **f**ör**wa**rd, and **se**izing the **h**ör**se**s. **Then** **the**y **str**uck the **li**ttle **jo**ck**e**y**s**, the **co**ach**ma**n, and the **fo**öt**ma**n **de**ad, and **p**ü**ll**ed **li**ttle **G**êrda **o**ut of the **car**ri**ag**e.

"**She** **i**s **fat** and **pre**tt**y**, and **she** **ha**s **be**en **fed** **with** the **k**êr**nel**s of **nu**ts," **sa**id the **old** **rob**ber-**w**ö**ma**n, **wh**o **ha**d a **long** **be**ard and **ey**e**bro**w**s** **th**at **hung** **o**ver **h**êr **ey**e**s**.

"**She** **i**s **a**s **g**ö**o**d **a**s a **li**ttle **la**mb; **how** **ni**ç**e** **she** **will** **ta**st**e**!" and **a**s **she** **sa**id **this**, **she** **d**rew **f**ör**th** a **sh**ining **kn**if**e**, **th**at **gl**itter**e**d **hor**r**ib**ly.

"**O**h!" **scre**amed the **old** **w**ö**ma**n the **sa**me **mo**me**nt**; **f**ör **h**êr **own** **d**ä**u**g**ht**er, **wh**o **he**ld **h**êr **ba**ck, **ha**d **bi**tten **h**êr in the **ea**r. **She** **wa**s a **w**ild and **n**ä**u**g**ht**y **g**ïr**l**, and the **mo**th**e**r **c**äl**l**ed **h**êr an **ug**ly **th**ing, and **ha**d **no**t **ti**me to **kill** **G**êrda.



“**She shall play with me,**” said the little robber-gîrl; “she **shall give me hêr muff and hêr pretty dress, and sleep with me in my bed.**” And **then she** bit hêr **móther** again, and **made hêr** spring in the **air**, and jump **about**; and **âll** the robbers **lâughed**, and said, “**See how she is dançing with hêr young cub.**”

“I will have a **ride** in the **coach**,” said the little robber-gîrl; and **she would** have hêr **own way**; **fôr she wâs** so self-willed and obstinate.

She and **Gêrda** **seated** **themselves** in the **coach**, and **drove** away, **over** stumps and **stones**, into the **depths** of the forest. The little robber-gîrl **wâs** **about** the same **size** as **Gêrda**, but stronger; **she** had **brôader** **shoulders** and a **därker** skin; hêr **eyes** **wêre** **quite** black, and **she** had a **môurnful** **look**. **She** clâsperd little **Gêrda** round the **waist**, and said,—

“**They shall not kill you** as long as **you don’t** make us vexed **with you**. I **suppose** **you äre** a **princess**.”

“**No,**” said **Gêrda**; and **then she** told hêr **âll** hêr history, and **how fond** **she wâs** of little Kay.

The robber-gîrl **looked** **êarnestly** at hêr, **nodded** hêr head **slightly**, and said, “**They shä**'nt kill **you**, even if I **de** get angry **with you**; **fôr** I will **de** it **myself**.” And **then she** **wiped** **Gêrda's** **eyes**, and stuck hêr **own** hands in the **beautiful** muff **which wâs** so soft and **wärm**.

The **coach** **stopped** in the **côurtyärd** of a robber's **cästle**, the **wälls** of **which wêre** cracked from top to **bottom**. **Ravens** and **crow**s flew in and **out** of the **holes** and **creviçes**, **while** **great** bulldogs, **either** of **which** **looked** as if it **could** **swallow** a man, **wêre** jumping **about**; but **they wêre** not **allowed** to **bärk**. In the **lärg**e and **smoky** **häll** a **bright** fire **wâs** **bürning** on the **stone** **flöör**. **There wâs** **no** **chimney**; so the **smoke** went up to the **çeiling**, and **found** a **way** **out** **fôr** itself. **Soup wâs** boiling in a **lärg**e **cäuldron**, and **hares** and **rabbits** **wêre** **roasting** on the spit.

“**You shall sleep with me** and **âll** **my** little animals **to-night**,” said the robber-gîrl, **äfter** **they** had had **some** **thing** to **eat** and drink. **So she** **töök** **Gêrda** to a **côrner** of the **häll**, **where** **some** **strâw** and **cärpets** **wêre** **laid** **down**. **Above** **them**, on **lath**s and **pêrches**, **wêre** **môre** **than** a hundred **pigeons**, **who** **âll** **seemed** to be **asleep**, **ätho**ugh **they** **möved** **slightly** **when** the **two** little **gîrl**s came **near** **them**. “**These** **âll** belong to **me**,” said the robber-gîrl; and **she** **seized** the **nearest** to hêr, held it by the **feet**, and **shöök** it till it flapped its **wings**. “**Kiss** it,” **cried** **she**, flapping it in **Gêrda**'s **façe**. “**There** sit the **wööd-pigeons**,” **continued** **she**, pointing to a number of **lath**s and a **cag**e **which** had **been** **fixed** into the **wälls**, **near** one of the **openings**.

“**Both** rascals would fly away directly, if **they** were not closely locked up. And **here** is my old sweetheart ‘Ba;’” and **she** dragged out a reindeer by the horn; **he** wore a bright copper ring round his neck, and was tied up. “**We** are obliged to hold him tight too, or else **he** would run away from us also. I tickle his neck every evening with my sharp knife, which frightens him very much.” And **then** the robber-girl drew a long knife from a chink in the wall, and let it slide gently over the reindeer's neck. The poor animal began to kick, and the little robber-girl laughed, and pulled down Gerda into bed with her.

“Will you have that knife with you while you are asleep?” asked Gerda, looking at it in great fright.

“I always sleep with the knife by me,” said the robber-girl. “No one knows what may happen. But now tell me again all about little Kay, and why you went out into the world.”

Then Gerda repeated her story over again, while the wood-pigeons in the cage over her head, and the other pigeons slept. The little robber-girl put one arm across Gerda's neck, and held the knife in the other, and was soon fast asleep and snoring. But Gerda could not close her eyes at all; **she** knew not whether **she** was to live or die. The robbers sat round the fire, singing and drinking, and the old woman stumbled about. It was a terrible sight for a little girl to witness.

Then the wood-pigeons said, “Coo, coo; we have seen little Kay. A white fowl carried his sledges, and he sat in the carriage of the Snow Queen, which drove through the wood while we were lying in our nest. **She** blew upon us, and all the young ones died excepting us two. Coo, coo.”

“What are you saying up there?” cried Gerda. “Where was the Snow Queen, going? Do you know anything about it?”

“**She** was most likely travelling to Lapland, where there is always snow and ice. Ask the reindeer that is fastened up there with a rope.”

“Yes, there is always snow and ice,” said the reindeer; “and it is a glorious place; you can leap and run about freely on the sparkling ice plains. The Snow Queen, has her summer tent there, but her strong castle is at the North Pole, on an island called Spitzbergen.”

“Oh, Kay, little Kay!” sighed Gerda.

“Lie still,” said the robber-girl, “or I shall run my knife into your body.”

In the m^orning G^erda told h^er **á**ll **th**at the w^ood-pige^on^s had said; and the little robber-gⁱrl l^ook^ed **qu**ite **ser**ious, and nodded h^er head, and said, “**Th**at **i**s **á**ll **tá**lk, **th**at **i**s **á**ll **tá**lk. **D**e **y**ou **kn**ow **w**here Lapland **i**s?” **sh**e **á**ske^d the reindeer.

“**Wh**e **sh**ou^ld **kn**ow **bet**ter **th**an I **d**e?” said the animal, **w**hile hi^s **ey**e^s sp^árkle^d. “I **w**á^s b^orn and br^ought up **th**ere, and **u**sed to run **ab**out the **sn**ow-c^overed **pl**ain^s.”

“**N**ow **li**sten,” said the robber-gⁱrl; “all **o**ur men **á**re gone **aw**ay,— **o**nly **m**óther **i**s **h**ere, and **h**ere **sh**e will **st**ay; but at **n**een **sh**e **á**lways drinks **o**ut of a **gr**eat bottle, and **á**fterwards **sl**eeps **f**ó^r a little **w**hile; and **th**en, I’ll **d**e **so**mething **f**ó^r **y**ou.” **Th**en **sh**e **ju**mpe^d **o**ut of bed, clá^sp^ed h^er **m**óther **ro**und the neck, and **p**ull^ed h^er **by** the **be**ard, crying, “**M**y **o**wn little nanny **go**at, **g**ó^od m^orning.” **Th**en h^er **m**óther fillip^ed h^er **no**s^e till it **w**á^s **qu**ite red; yet **sh**e did it **á**ll **f**ó^r **l**ó^{ve.}

When the **m**óther had drunk **o**ut of the bottle, and **w**á^s gone to **sl**ee^p, the little robber-m^aiden went to the reindeer, and said, “I **sh**ou^ld **li**ke **ve**ry **mu**ch to tickle **y**ó^ur neck a few **ti**me^s **m**ó^re **w**ith **m**y **kn**ife, **f**ó^r it **m**ake^s **y**ou **l**ó^ok **so** **fu**nn^y; but never **mi**nd,—I will **un**tie **y**ó^ur **c**ó^rd, and set **y**ou **fr**ee, **so** **th**at **y**ou **ma**y run **aw**ay to Lapland; but **y**ou must **m**ake **g**ó^od **u**se of **y**ó^ur **le**g^s, and carry **th**is little **m**aiden to the **c**á^st^le of the **Sn**ow **Q**ueen, , **w**here h^er **pl**ay-fellow **i**s. **Y**ou have **h**eá^rd **w**h^át **sh**e **to**ld **m**e, **f**ó^r **sh**e **sp**oke **lo**ud **en**ough, and **y**ou **w**é^re **li**stening.”

Then the reindeer **ju**mpe^d **f**ó^r **jo**y; and the little robber-gⁱrl lifted G^erda on hi^s **ba**ck, and had the **f**ó^r **th**ó^ught to **ti**e h^er on, and **ev**en to give h^er h^er **o**wn little **c**u^{sh}ion to sit on.

“**H**ere **á**re **y**ó^ur **f**ú^r **bo**ots **f**ó^r **y**ou,” said **sh**e; “for it will **be** **ve**ry **co**ld; but I must **ke**ep the muff; it **i**s **so** **pr**etty. **H**owever, **y**ou **sh**all not **be** **fr**ozen **f**ó^r the **w**áⁿt of it; **h**ere **á**re **m**y **m**óther’s **lá**rg^e **w**á^rm mittens; **th**ey will **re**ach up to **y**ó^ur **el**bow^s. Let **m**e **p**ú^t **th**em on. **Th**ere, **n**ow **y**ó^ur **ha**nd^s **l**ó^ok **ju**st **li**ke **m**y **m**óther’s.”

But G^erda wept **f**ó^r **jo**y.

“I **do**n’t **li**ke to **se**e **y**ou **fr**et,” said the little robber-gⁱrl; “**y**ou **ó**ught to **l**ó^ok **qu**ite **h**appy **n**ow; and **h**ere **á**re **tw**o **lo**ave^s and a **ha**m, **so** **th**at **y**ou **ne**ed not **st**á^rve.” **Th**ese **w**é^re **f**á^stened on the reindeer, and **th**en the little robber-m^aiden **o**pened the **d**ó^or, **co**ax^ed in **á**ll the **gr**eat **do**g^s, and **th**en cut the string **w**ith **w**hich the reindeer **w**á^s **f**á^stened, **w**ith h^er **sh**á^rp **kn**ife, and said, “**N**ow run, but **mi**nd **y**ou **ta**ke **g**ó^od **ca**re of the little **g**i^rl.” And **th**en G^erda **st**retch^ed **o**ut h^er hand, **w**ith the **gr**eat mitten on it, **to**wá^rd^s the little robber-gⁱrl, and said, “**F**arewell,” and **aw**ay **fl**ew the reindeer,

over stumps and stones, **through** the **great** forest, **over** **mārshes** and **plains**, **as** **quickly** **as** **he** **could**.

The **wolves** **howled**, and the **ravens** **screamed**; **while** up in the **sky** **quivered** **red** **lights** **like** **flames** of **fire**. "**There** **äre** **my** **old** **nōrthern** **lights**," said the **reindeer**; "**see** **hōw** **they** **flash**." And **he** ran on **day** and **night** still **fäster** and **fäster**, but the **loaves** and the **ham** **were** **äll** **eaten** by the **time** **they** **reached** Lapland.

Sixth Story:

The Lapland Woman and the Finland Woman



HEY **stopped** at a little hut; it **was** very **mean** **lōoking**; the **roof** sloped **nearly** **down** to the **ground**, and the **dōor** **was** **so** **low** **that** the family had to **creep** in on **their** **hands** and **knees**, **when** **they** went in and **out**. **There** **was** **no** one at **home** but an **old** Lapland**wōman**, **who** **was** **cōoking** **fish** by the **light** of a **train-oil** lamp.

The **reindeer** **told** **hēr** **äll** about **Gērda** 's **stōry**, **äfter** having **first** **told** **hiş** **own**, **which** **seemed** to him the **most** **impōrtant**, but **Gērda** **was** **so** **pinched** with the **cold** **that** **she** **could** not **speak**.

"**Oh**, **you** **pōor** **things**," said the Lapland **wōman**, "**you** have a long **way** to **go** yet. **You** must travel **mōre** **than** a hundred **miles** **färther**, to Finland. The **Snow** **Queen**, **lives** **there** **nōw**, and **she** **būrns** **Bengal** **lights** every **evening**. I will **write** a few **wōrds** on a **dried** **stock-fish**, **fōr** I have **no** **paper**, and **you** can **take** it from **me** to the Finland **wōman** **who** **lives** **there**; **she** can give **you** better **informatiōn** **than** I can." **So** **when** **Gērda** **was** **wärmed**, and had **taken** **some** **thing** to **eat** and **drink**, the **wōman** **wrote** a few **wōrds** on the **dried** **fish**, and **told** **Gērda** to **take** **great** **care** of it.



Then **she** **ried** **hēr** **again** on the **reindeer**, and **he** set off at **füll** **speed**. **Flash**, **flash**, went the **beautifūl** **blue** **nōrthern** **lights** in the **air** the **whōle** **night** long. And at **length** **they** **reached** Finland, and **knocked** at the **chimney** of the Finland woman's hut, **fōr** it had **no** **dōor** **abōve** the **ground**. **They** **crept** in, but it **was** **so** **terribly** **hot**

inside **that** **that** wóman wóre scarcely any clothe; **she** wás smáll and very dírtý lóóking. **She** loosened little Gerda's dress, and **tóók** off the fúr **boots** and the mittens, **ó**r Gêrda wóuld have **been** unable to bear the **heat**; and **then** **she** **placéd** a **pieçé** of **icé** on the reindeer's head, and read **whát** **wás** written on the **driéd** fish.

After **she** had read it **three** **time**s, **she** knew it by **heärt**, **so** **she** **poppéd** the **fish** into the **soop** **sáuçépan**, **as** **she** knew it **wás** **góód** to **eat**, and **she** never **wasted** any**th**ing. The reindeer **told** hiš **own** **stóry** **fi**rst, and **then** little Gêrda's, and the Finlander twinkled with **hêr** **clever** **eye**s, but **she** said **nóth**ing. "You **áre** **so** **clever**," said the reindeer; "I **know** you can **tie** **á**ll the **wind**s of the **wó**rd with a **pieçé** of **twine**. If a **sailor** **untie**s one **knot**, **he** **has** a **fair** **wind**; **when** **he** **untie**s the **second**, it **blow**s **hárd**; but if the **third** and **fóurth** **áre** **loosened**, **then** **come**s a **stórm**, **which** will **root** up **whole** **forests**. Cannot you give **this** little **maiden** **some****th**ing **which** will **make** **hêr** **as** **strong** **as** **twelve** **men**, to **overcómé** the **Snow** **Queen**, ?"

"The **Power** of **twelve** **men**!" said the Finland wóman; "**that** **wóuld** **be** of very little **use**." But **she** went to a **shelf** and **tóók** **down** and unrolled a **lárgé** **skin**, on **which** **wêre** **inscribed** **wónderfúl** **character**s, and **she** read till the **pêrspiration** ran **down** from **hêr** **forehead**. But the reindeer **begged** **so** **hárd** **fó**r little Gêrda, and Gêrda **lóóked** at the Finland wóman with **such** **beseeching** **tearful** **eye**s, **that** **hêr** **own** **eye**s began to **twinkle** **again**; **so** **she** drew the reindeer into a **có**rnér, and **whispered** to him **while** **she** **laid** a **fresh** **pieçé** of **icé** on hiš **head**, "Little **Kay** **is** **really** with the **Snow** **Queen**, , but **he** **find**s **every****th**ing **there** **so** **much** to hiš **taste** and hiš **liking**, **that** **he** **believes** it **is** the **finest** **placé** in the **wó**rd; but **this** **is** **becáuse** **he** **has** a **pieçé** of **broken** **gláss** in hiš **heärt**, and a little **pieçé** of **gláss** in hiš **eye**. **The**sé **must** **be** **taken** **out**, **ó**r **he** will never **be** a **human** **being** **again**, and the **Snow** **Queen**, will retain **hêr** **power** **over** him."

"But can you not give little Gêrda **some****th**ing to help **hêr** to **conquer** **this** **power**?"

"I can give **hêr** **no** **greater** **power** **than** **she** **has** **á**lready," said the wóman; "don't you **see** **how** **strong** **that** **is**? **How** **men** and **animal**s **áre** **obliged** to **sêrve** **hêr**, and **how** **well** **she** **has** got **throug**h the **wó**rd, barefooted **as** **she** **is**. **She** cannot **reçéive** any **power** from **me** **greater** **than** **she** **now** **has**, **which** consists in **hêr** **own** **purity** and **innocénçé** of **heärt**. If **she** cannot **hêrself** **obtain** **acçess** to the **Snow** **Queen**, , and **remóve** the **gláss** **fragments** from little **Kay**, **we** can **de** **nóth**ing to help **hêr**. **Two** **mile**s from **here** the **Snow** **Queen**'s **gá**rden **begin**s; you can carry the little **gírl** **so** **fá**r, and set **hêr** **down** by the **lárgé** **bush** **which** **stand**s in the **snow**, **covered** with **red** **berrie**s. **De** not stay **gossiping**, but **cómé** **back** **here** **as** **quickly**

as you can.” Then the Finland woman lifted little Gêrda upon the reindeer, and he ran away with hêr as quickly as he could.

“Oh, I have forgotten my boots and my mittens,” cried little Gêrda, as soon as she felt the cutting cold, but the reindeer dared not stop, so he ran on till he reached the bush with the red berries; here he set Gêrda down, and he kissed hêr, and the great bright tears trickled over the animal’s cheeks; then he left hêr and ran back as fast as he could.


There stood poor Gêrda, without shoes, without gloves, in the midst of cold, dreary, ice-bound Finland. She ran forward as quickly as she could, when a whole regiment of snow-flakes came round hêr; they did not, however, fall from the sky, which was quite clear and glittering with the northern lights. The snow-flakes ran along the ground, and the nearer they came to hêr, the larger they appeared. Gêrda remembered how large and beautiful they looked through the burning-glass.

But these were really larger, and much more terrible, for they were alive, and were the guards of the Snow Queen, and had the strangest shapes. Some were like great porcupines, others like twisted serpents with their heads stretching out, and some few were like little fat bears with their hair bristled; but all were dazzlingly white, and all were living snow-flakes. Then little Gêrda repeated the Lord’s Prayer, and the cold was so great that she could see hêr own breath come out of hêr mouth like steam as she uttered the words. The steam appeared to increase, as she continued hêr prayer, till it took the shape of little angels who grew larger the moment they touched the earth. They all wore helmets on their heads, and carried spears and shields. Their number continued to increase more and more; and by the time Gêrda had finished hêr prayers, a whole Legion stood round hêr. They thrust their spears into the terrible snow-flakes, so that they shivered into a hundred pieces, and little Gêrda could go forward with courage and safety. The angels stroked hêr hands and feet, so that she felt the cold less, and she hastened on to the Snow Queen’s castle.

But now we must see what Kay is doing. In truth he thought not of little Gêrda, and never supposed she could be standing in the front of the palace.

Seventh Story:

Of the Palace of the Snow Queen and What Happened There At Last

 HE walls of the palace were formed of drifted snow, and the windows and doors of the cutting winds. There were more than a hundred rooms in it, all as if they had been formed with snow blown together.

The largest of them extended for several miles; they were all lighted up by the vivid light of the aurora, and they were so large and empty, so icy cold and glittering! There were no amusements here, not even a little bear's ball, when the storm might have been the music, and the bears could have danced on their hind legs, and shown their good manners. There were no pleasant games of snap-dragon, or touch, or even a gossip over the tea-table, for the young-lady foxes.

Empty, vast, and cold were the halls of the Snow Queen. The flickering flame of the northern lights could be plainly seen, whether they rose high or low in the heavens, from every part of the castle. In the midst of its empty, endless hall of snow was a frozen lake, broken on its surface into a thousand forms; each piece resembled another, from being in itself perfect as a work of art, and in the centre of this lake sat the Snow Queen, when she was at home.



She called the lake "The Mirror of Reason," and said that it was the best, and indeed the only one in the world.

Little Kay was quite blue with cold, indeed almost black, but he did not feel it; for the Snow Queen, had kissed away the icy shiverings, and his heart was already a lump of ice. He dragged some sharp, flat pieces of ice to and fro, and placed them together in all kinds of positions, as if he wished to make something out of them; just as we try to form various figures with little tablets of wood which we call "a Chinese puzzle." Kay's fingers were very artistic; it was the icy game of reason at which he played, and in his eyes the figures were very remarkable, and of the highest importance; this opinion was owing to the piece of

gläss still sticking in hiş eyē. He composed many complete figures, forming different words, but there was one word he never could manage to form, although he wished it very much. It was the word "Eternity." The Snow Queen, had said to him, "When you can find out this, you shall be your own master, and I will give you the whole world and a new pair of skates." But he could not accomplish it.

"Now I must hasten away to warmer countries," said the Snow Queen, . "I will go and look into the black craters of the tops of the burning mountains, Etna and Vesuvius, as they are called,—I shall make them look white, which will be good for them, and for the lemons and the grapes." And away flew the Snow Queen, leaving little Kay quite alone in the great hall which was so many miles in length; so he sat and looked at his pieces of ice, and was thinking so deeply, and sat so still, that any one might have supposed he was frozen.

Just at this moment it happened that little Gêrda came through the great door of the castle. Cutting winds were raging around her, but she offered up a prayer and the winds sank down as if they were going to sleep; and she went on till she came to the large empty hall, and caught sight of Kay; she knew him directly; she flew to him and threw her arms round his neck, and held him fast, while she exclaimed, "Kay, dear little Kay, I have found you at last."

But he sat quite still, stiff and cold.

Then little Gêrda wept hot tears, which fell on his breast, and penetrated into his heart, and thawed the lump of ice, and washed away the little piece of gläss which had stuck there. Then he looked at her, and she sang—

"Roses bloom and cease to be,

But we shall the Christ-child see."

Then Kay burst into tears, and he wept so that the splinter of gläss swam out of his eye. Then he recognized Gêrda, and said, joyfully, "Gêrda, dear little Gêrda, where have you been all this time, and where have I been?" And he looked all around him, and said, "How cold it is, and how large and empty it all looks," and he clung to Gêrda, and she laughed and wept for joy. It was so pleasing to see them that the pieces of ice even danced about; and when they were tired and went to lie down, they formed themselves into the letters of the word which the Snow Queen, had said he must find out before he could be his own master, and have the whole world and a pair of new skates. Then Gêrda kissed his cheeks, and they became blooming; and she kissed his eyes, and they shone like her

own; **she** kissed his hands and his feet, and **then he** became quite healthy and cheerful. The Snow Queen, might come home now when **she** pleased, for **there** stood his certainty of freedom, in the word **she** wanted, written in shining letters of ice.

Then they took each other by the hand, and went forth from the great palace of ice. **They** spoke of the grandmother, and of the roses on the roof, and as they went on the winds were at rest, and the sun burst forth. When they arrived at the bush with red berries, there stood the reindeer waiting for them, and he had brought another young reindeer with him, whose udders were full, and the children drank her warm milk and kissed her on the mouth. **Then they** carried Kay and Gerda first to the Finland woman, where they warmed themselves thoroughly in the hot room, and she gave them directions about their journey home.

Next they went to the Lapland woman, who had made some new clothes for them, and put their sleighs in order. Both the reindeer ran by their side, and followed them as far as the boundaries of the country, where the first green leaves were budding. And here they took leave of the two reindeer and the Lapland woman, and all said—Farewell. **Then** the birds began to twitter, and the forest too was full of green young leaves; and out of it came a beautiful horse, which Gerda remembered, for it was one which had drawn the golden coach. A young girl was riding upon it, with a shining red cap on her head, and pistols in her belt. It was the little robber-maiden, who had got tired of staying at home; she was going first to the north, and if that did not suit her, she meant to try some other part of the world. She knew Gerda directly, and Gerda remembered her: it was a joyful meeting.

“You are a fine fellow to go gadding about in this way,” said she to little Kay, “I should like to know whether you deserve that any one should go to the end of the world to find you.”

But Gerda patted her cheeks, and asked after the prince and princess.

“They are gone to foreign countries,” said the robber-girl.

“And the crow?” asked Gerda.

“Oh, the crow is dead,” she replied; “his tame sweetheart is now a widow, and wears a bit of black worsted round her leg. She mourns very pitifully, but it is all stuff. But now tell me how you managed to get him back.”

Then Gêrda and Kay told hêr âll about it.

“Snip, snap, snare! it's âll riġht at läst,” said the robber-gîrl.

Then she took both their hands, and promised that if ever she should pass through the town, she would call and pay them a visit. And then she rode away into the wide world. But Gêrda and Kay went hand-in-hand towards home; and as they advanced, spring appeared more lovely with its green verdure and its beautiful flowers. Very soon they recognized the large town where they lived, and the tall steeples of the churches, in which the sweet bells were ringing a merry peal as they entered it, and found their way to their grandmother's door.

They went upstairs into the little room, where âll looked just as it used to do. The old clock was going “tick, tick,” and the hands pointed to the time of day, but as they passed through the door into the room they perceived that they were both grown up, and become a man and woman.

The roses out on the roof were in full bloom, and peeped in at the window; and there stood the little chairs, on which they had sat when children; and Kay and Gêrda seated themselves each on their own chair, and held each other by the hand, while the cold empty grandeur of the Snow Queen's palace vanished from their memories like a painful dream. The grandmother sat in God's bright sunshine, and she read aloud from the Bible, “Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God.” And Kay and Gêrda looked into each other's eyes, and âll at once understood the words of the old song,

“Roses bloom and cease to be,

But we shall the Christ-child see.”


And they both sat there, grown up, yet children at heart; and it was summer,—warm, beautiful summer.





The Elfin Hill

Hans Christian Andersen 1845

 FEW lärg lizardš wêre running nimbly about in the clefts of an old tree; they could understand one another very well, fôr they spoke the lizard language. “What a buzzing and a rumbling there is in the elfin hill,” said one of the lizardš; “I have not been able to close my eyes fôr two nights on account of the noise; I might just as well have had the teethache, fôr that always keeps me awake.”

“There is something going on within there,” said the other lizard; “they groped up the top of the hill with fôr red posts, till cock-crow this mörning, so that it is thoroughly aired, and the elfin girlš have learnt new dances; there is something.”

“I spoke about it to an êarth-wôrm of my acquaintance,” said a third lizard; “the êarth-wôrm had just come from the elfin hill, where he has been groping about in the êarth day and night. He has heard a great deal; although he cannot see, pör miserable creature, yet he understands very well how to wriggle and lûrk about. They expect friends in the elfin hill, grand company, tee; but whe they äre the êarth-wôrm would not say, ör, pêrhaps, he really did not know. All the will-o-the-wisps äre ördere to be there to hold a törch dançe, as it is cälled. The silver and gold which is plentiful in the hill will be polished and placd out in the moonlight.”

“Whe can the strangerš be?” äsked the lizardš; “what can the matter be? Härk, what a buzzing and humming there is!”

Just at this moment the elfin hill opened, and an old elfin maiden, in a hollow behind,¹ came tripping out; she waš the old elf king's housekeeper, and a distant relative of the family; therefore she wöre an amber heart on the middle of her forehead. Her feet moved very fäst, “trip, trip;” good gracious, how she could trip right down to the sea to the night-raven.²

“You äre invited to the elf hill fôr this evening,” said she; “but will you de me a great favor and undertake the invitationš? you öught to de something, fôr you have no housekeeping to attend to as I have. We äre going to have some very grand people, conjurorš, whe have always something to say; and therefore the old elf

king wishes to make a great display.”

“Who is to be invited?” asked the raven.

“All the world may come to the great ball, even human beings, if they can only talk in their sleep, or do something after our fashion. But for the feast the company must be carefully selected; we can only admit persons of high rank; I have had a dispute myself with the elf king, as he thought we could not admit ghosts. The merman and his daughter must be invited first, although it may not be agreeable to them to remain so long on dry land, but they shall have a wet stone to sit on, or perhaps something better; so I think they will not refuse this time. We must have all the old demons of the first class, with tails, and the hobgoblins and imps; and then I think we ought not to leave out the death-horse,³ or the grave-pig, or even the church dwarf, although they do belong to the clergy, and are not reckoned among our people; but that is merely their office, they are nearly related to us, and visit us very frequently.”

“Croak,” said the night-raven as he flew away with the invitations.

The elfin maidens were already dancing on the elf hill, and they danced in shawls woven from moonshine and mist, which look very pretty to those who like such things. The large hall within the elf hill was splendidly decorated; the floor had been washed with moonshine, and the walls had been rubbed with magic ointment, so that they glowed like tulip-leaves in the light. In the kitchen were frogs roasting on the spit, and dishes preparing of snail skins, with children's fingers in them, salad of mushroom seed, hemlock, noses and marrow of mice, beer from the marsh woman's brewery, and sparkling salt-petre wine from the grave cellars.

These were all substantial food. Rusty nails and church-window glass formed the dessert. The old elf king had his gold crown polished up with powdered slate-pencil; it was like that used by the first form, and very difficult for an elf king to obtain. In the bedrooms, curtains were hung up and fastened with the slime of snails; there was, indeed, a buzzing and humming everywhere.

“Now we must fumigate the place with burnt horse-hair and pig's bristles, and then I think I shall have done my part,” said the elf man-servant.

“Father, dear,” said the youngest daughter, “may I now hear who our high-born visitors are?”

“Well, I suppose I must tell you now,” he replied; “two of my daughters must prepare themselves to be married, for the marriages certainly will take place. The old goblin from Norway, who lives in the ancient Dovre mountains, and who possesses many castles built of rock and freestone, besides a gold mine, which is better than all, so it is thought, is coming with his two sons, who are both seeking a wife. The old goblin is a true-hearted, honest, old Norwegian graybeard; cheerful and straightforward. I knew him formerly, when we used to drink together to our good fellowship: he came here once to fetch his wife, she is dead now. She was the daughter of the king of the chalk-hills at Moen. They say he took his wife from chalk; I shall be delighted to see him again. It is said that the boys are ill-bred, forward lads, but perhaps that is not quite correct, and they will become better as they grow older. Let me see that you know how to teach them good manners.”

“And when are they coming?” asked the daughter.

“That depends upon wind and weather,” said the elf king; “they travel economically. They will come when there is the chance of a ship. I wanted them to come over to Sweden, but the old man was not inclined to take my advice. He does not go forward with the times, and that I do not like.”

Two will-o'-the-wisps came jumping in, one quicker than the other, so of course, one arrived first. “They are coming! they are coming!” he cried.

“Give me my crown,” said the elf king, “and let me stand in the moonshine.”

The daughters drew on their shawls and bowed down to the ground. There stood the old goblin from the Dovre mountains, with his crown of hardened ice and polished fir-cones. Besides this, he wore a bear-skin, and great, warm boots, while his sons went with their throats bare and wore no braces, for they were strong men.

“Is that a hill?” said the youngest of the boys, pointing to the elf hill, “we should call it a hole in Norway.”

“Boys,” said the old man, “a hole goes in, and a hill stands out; have you no eyes in your heads?”

Another thing they wondered at was, that they were able without trouble to understand the language.

“Take care,” said the old man, “or people will think you have not been well brought up.”

Then they entered the elfin hill, where the select and grand company were assembled, and so quickly had they appeared that they seemed to have been blown together. But for each guest the neatest and pleasantest arrangement had been made. The sea folks sat at table in great water-tubs, and they said it was just like being at home. All behaved themselves properly excepting the two young northern goblins; they put their legs on the table and thought they were all right.

“Feet off the table-cloth!” said the old goblin. They obeyed, but not immediately. Then they tickled the ladies who waited at table, with the fir-cones, which they carried in their pockets. They took off their boots, that they might be more at ease, and gave them to the ladies to hold. But their father, the old goblin, was very different; he talked pleasantly about the stately Norwegian rocks, and told fine tales of the waterfalls which dashed over them with a clattering noise like thunder or the sound of an organ, spreading their white foam on every side. He told of the salmon that leaps in the rushing waters, while the water-god plays on his golden harp. He spoke of the bright winter nights, when the sledge bells are ringing, and the boys run with burning torches across the smooth ice, which is so transparent that they can see the fishes dart forward beneath their feet. He described everything so clearly, that those who listened could see it all; they could see the saw-mills going, the men-servants and the maidens singing songs, and dancing a rattling dance,—when all at once the old goblin gave the old elfin maiden a kiss, such a tremendous kiss, and yet they were almost strangers to each other.

Then the elfin girls had to dance, first in the usual way, and then with stamping feet, which they performed very well; then followed the artistic and solo dance. Dear me, how they did throw their legs about! No one could tell where the dance began, or where it ended, nor indeed which were legs and which were arms, for they were all flying about together, like the shavings in a saw-pit! And then they spun round so quickly that the death-horse and the grave-pig became sick and giddy, and were obliged to leave the table.

“Stop!” cried the old goblin, “is that the only house-keeping they can perform? Can they do anything more than dance and throw about their legs, and make a whirlwind?”

“You shall soon see what they can do,” said the elf king. And then he called his youngest daughter to him. She was slender and fair as moonlight, and the most graceful of all the sisters. She took a white chip in her mouth, and vanished instantly; this was her accomplishment. But the old goblin said he should not like his wife to have such an accomplishment, and thought his boys would have the same objection. Another daughter could make a figure like herself follow her, as if she had a shadow, which none of the goblin folk ever had. The third was of quite a different sort; she had learnt in the brew-house of the Moor witch how to lard elfin puddings with glow-worms.

“She will make a good housewife,” said the old goblin, and then saluted her with his eyes instead of drinking her health; for he did not drink much.

Now came the fourth daughter, with a large harp to play upon; and when she struck the first chord, every one lifted up the left leg (for the goblins are left-legged), and at the second chord they found they must all do just what she wanted.

“That is a dangerous woman,” said the old goblin; and the two sons walked out of the hill; they had had enough of it. “And what can the next daughter do?” asked the old goblin.

“I have learnt everything that is Norwegian,” said she; “and I will never marry, unless I can go to Norway.”

Then her youngest sister whispered to the old goblin, “That is only because she has heard, in a Norwegian song, that when the world shall decay, the cliffs of Norway will remain standing like monuments; and she wants to get there, that she may be safe; for she is so afraid of sinking.”

“Ho! ho!” said the old goblin, “is that what she means? Well, what can the seventh and last do?”

“The sixth comes before the seventh,” said the elf king, for he could reckon; but the sixth would not come forward.

“I can only tell people the truth,” said she. “No one cares for me, nor troubles himself about me; and I have enough to do to sew my grave clothes.”

So the seventh and last came; and what could she do? Why, she could tell stories, as many as you liked, on any subject.

“Here are my five fingers,” said the old goblin; “now tell me a story for each of them.”

So she took him by the wrist, and he laughed till he nearly choked; and when she came to the fourth finger, there was a gold ring on it, as if it knew there was to be a betrothal. Then the old goblin said, "Hold fast what you have: this hand is yours; for I will have you for a wife myself."

Then the elfin girl said that the stories about the ring-finger and little Peter Playman had not yet been told.

"We will hear them in the winter," said the old goblin, "and also about the fir and the birch-trees, and the ghost stories, and of the tingling frost. You shall tell your tales, for no one over there can do it so well; and we will sit in the stone rooms, where the pine logs are burning, and drink mead out of the golden drinking-horn of the old Norwegian kings. The water-god has given me two; and when we sit there, Nix comes to pay us a visit, and will sing you all the songs of the mountain shepherdesses. How merry we shall be! The salmon will be leaping in the waterfalls, and dashing against the stone walls, but he will not be able to come in. It is indeed very pleasant to live in old Norway. But where are the lads?"

Where indeed were they? Why, running about the fields, and blowing out the will-o'-the-wisps, who so good-naturedly came and brought their torches.

"What tricks have you been playing?" said the old goblin. "I have taken a mother for you, and now you may take one of your aunts."

But the youngsters said they would rather make a speech and drink to their good fellowship; they had no wish to marry. Then they made speeches and drank toasts, and tipped their glasses, to show that they were empty. Then they took off their coats, and lay down on the table to sleep; for they made themselves quite at home. But the old goblin danced about the room with his young bride, and exchanged boots with her, which is more fashionable than exchanging rings.

"The cock is crowing," said the old elfin maiden who acted as housekeeper; "now we must close the shutters, that the sun may not scorch us."

Then the hill closed up. But the lizards continued to run up and down the riven tree; and one said to the other, "Oh, how much I was pleased with the old goblin!"


"The boys pleased me better," said the earth-worm. But then the poor miserable creature could not see.



1. There is a superstition respecting these elfin maiden, that they are only to be looked at in front, and are therefore made hollow, like the inside of a mask.
2. In former times, when a ghost appeared, the priest condemned it to enter the earth; when it was done, a stake was driven into the spot to which it had been banished. At midnight a cry was heard, "Let me out!" The stake was then pulled out, and the ex-communicated spirit flew away, in a form of a raven, with a hole in its left wing. This ghost-like bird was called the night-raven.
3. It is a popular superstition in Denmark that a living horse, or a living pig, has been buried under every church that is built. The ghost of the dead horse is supposed to limp upon three legs every night to some house, in which any one was going to die. The ghost of a pig was called a grave-pig.

The Red Shoes

Hans Christian Andersen 1845

 ONCE upon a time there was little girl, pretty and dainty. But in summer time she was obliged to go barefooted because she was poor, and in winter she had to wear large wooden shoes, so that her little instep grew quite red.

In the middle of the village lived an old shoemaker's wife; she sat down and made, as well as she could, a pair of little shoes out of some old pieces of red cloth. They were clumsy, but she meant well, for they were intended for the little girl, whose name was Karen.

Karen received the shoes and wore them for the first time on the day of her mother's funeral. They were certainly not suitable for mourning; but she had no others, and so she put her bare feet into them and walked behind the humble coffin.

Just then a large old carriage came by, and in it sat an old lady; she looked at the little girl, and taking pity on her, said to the clergyman, "Look here, if you will give me the little girl, I will take care of her."

Karen believed that this was all on account of the red shoes, but the old lady thought them hideous, and so they were burnt. Karen herself was dressed very neatly and cleanly; she was taught to read and to sew, and people said that she was pretty. But the mirror told her, "You are more than pretty— you are beautiful."

One day the **Queen**, **was** travelling **through** **that** part of the country, and had **her** little **daughter**, **who** **was** a princess, **with** **her**. **All** the people, amongst **them** Karen **too**, **streamed** **towards** the castle, **where** the little princess, in **fine** **white** **clothes**, **stood** **before** the window and **allowed** **herself** to **be** **stared** at. **She** **wore** **neither** a **train** **nor** a **golden** **crown**, but **beautiful** **red** **morocco** **shoes**; **they** **were** **indeed** **much** **finer** **than** **those** **which** the **shoemaker's** **wife** had **sewn** **for** little Karen. **There** **is** **really** **nothing** in the **world** **that** can **be** **compared** to **red** **shoes**!

Karen **was** **now** **old** **enough** to **be** **confirmed**; **she** **received** **some** **new** **clothes**, and **she** **was** **also** to have **some** **new** **shoes**. The **rich** **shoemaker** in the **town** **took** the **measure** of **her** little **foot** in **his** **own** **room**, in **which** **there** **stood** **great** **glass** **cases** **full** of **pretty** **shoes** and **white** **slippers**. It **all** **looked** **very** **lovely**, but the **old** **lady** **could** not **see** **very** **well**, and **therefore** did not get **much** **pleasure** **out** of it. Amongst the **shoes** **stood** a **pair** of **red** **ones**, **like** **those** **which** the princess had **worn**. **How** **beautiful** **they** **were**! and the **shoemaker** said **that** **they** had **been** **made** **for** a **count's** **daughter**, but **that** **they** had not fitted **her**.

“I **suppose** **they** **are** of **shiny** **leather**?” **asked** the **old** **lady**. “**They** **shine** **so**.”

“Yes, **they** **do** **shine**,” said Karen. **They** fitted **her**, and **were** **bought**. But the **old** **lady** **knew** **nothing** of **their** **being** **red**, **for** **she** **would** never have **allowed** Karen to **be** **confirmed** in **red** **shoes**, **as** **she** **was** **now** to **be**.

Everybody **looked** at **her** **feet**, and the **whole** of the **way** from the **church** **door** to the choir it **seemed** to **her** **as** if **even** the **ancient** **figures** on the **monuments**, in **their** **stiff** **collars** and **long** **black** **robes**, had **their** **eyes** **fixed** on **her** **red** **shoes**. It **was** **only** of **these** **that** **she** **thought** when the **clergyman** **laid** **his** **hand** upon **her** **head** and **spoke** of the **holy** **baptism**, of the **covenant** **with** **God**, and **told** **her** **that** **she** **was** **now** to **be** a **grown-up** **Christian**. The **organ** **pealed** **forth** **solemnly**, and the **sweet** **children's** **voices** **mingled** **with** **that** of **their** **old** **leader**; but Karen **thought** **only** of **her** **red** **shoes**. In the **afternoon** the **old** **lady** **heard** from everybody **that** Karen had **worn** **red** **shoes**. **She** said **that** it **was** a **shocking** **thing** to **do**, **that** it **was** **very** **improper**, and **that** Karen **was** **always** to **go** to **church** in **future** in **black** **shoes**, **even** if **they** **were** **old**.

On the **following** **Sunday** **there** **was** **Communion**. Karen **looked** **first** at the **black** **shoes**, **then** at the **red** **ones** — **looked** at the **red** **ones** **again**, and **put** **them** on.

The **sun** **was** **shining** **gloriously**, **so** Karen and the **old** **lady** went along the **footpath** **through** the **corn**, **where** it **was** **rather** **dusty**.

At the **chûrch** d^oor st^ood an **old** crippled **soldier** le^aning on a **crutch**; **he** had a w^onderfully long **beard**, m^ore red **than** **white**, and **he** bowed **d**own to the **g**round and **ä**ske^d the **old** lady **w**hether **he** mi^ght **w**ipe h^er **sho**e^s. **Then** Karen **p**ut **o**ut h^er little **f**oo^t **t**ee. “**D**ear **m**e, **w**h^at **p**retty **d**an^çing-**sho**e^s!” said the **soldier**. “**S**it **f**ä^st, **w**hen **y**ou **d**an^çe,” said **he**, addressing the **sho**e^s, and slapping the **so**l^es **w**ith **h**is hand.

The **old** lady **g**ave the **soldier** **s**ome **m**oney and **th**en went **w**ith Karen into the **chûrch**.

And **ä**ll the **p**eople inside **l**oo^ked at Karen's red **sho**e^s, and **ä**ll the **fi**g^ure^s **g**azed at **th**em; **w**hen Karen **k**ne^t bef^ore the **ä**ltar and **p**ut the **g**olden goblet to h^er **m**outh, **she** **th**o^ught **o**nly of the red **sho**e^s. It **s**eemed to h^er **a**s **th**ough **th**ey **w**ere swimming **a**bout in the goblet, and **she** forgot to sing the **p**sä^m, forgot to **s**ay the “**L**ord's **P**ray^er.”

Now every one **c**ame **o**ut of **chûrch**, and the **old** lady stepped into h^er **c**arri^age. But just **a**s Karen **w**as lifting up h^er **f**oo^t to get in **t**ee, the **old** **soldier** said: “**D**ear **m**e, **w**h^at **p**retty **d**an^çing **sho**e^s!” and Karen **c**o^uld not help it, **she** **w**as **o**blig^ed to **d**an^çe a few steps; and **w**hen **she** had **o**n^çe begun, h^er **l**eg^s **c**oⁿtinu^ed to **d**an^çe. It **s**eemed **a**s if the **sho**e^s had got **p**ower **o**ver **th**em. **S**he **d**an^çed **r**ound the **chûrch** **c**o^rner, **f**o^r **she** **c**o^uld not stop; the **c**o^achman had to run **a**ft^er h^er and **s**eize h^er. **H**e lifted h^er into the **c**arri^age, but h^er **f**ee^t **c**oⁿtinu^ed to **d**an^çe, **s**o **th**at **she** **k**icke^d the **g**oo^d **old** lady **v**iolently. At **l**ä^st **th**ey **t**oo^k off h^er **sho**e^s, and h^er **l**eg^s **w**ere at rest.

At **h**ome the **sho**e^s **w**ere **p**ut into the **c**up^board, but Karen **c**o^uld not help **l**oo^king at **th**em.

Now the **old** lady fell ill, and it **w**as said **th**at **she** **w**o^uld not **r**is^e from h^er **bed** again. **S**he had to be **n**u^rse^d and **w**aited upon, and **th**is **w**as **n**o one's **d**uty **m**o^re **th**an Karen's. But **th**ere **w**as a **g**rand **b**ä^ll in the **t**own, and Karen **w**as invited. **S**he **l**oo^ked at the red **sho**e^s, **s**aying to h^erself **th**at **th**ere **w**as **n**o sin in **d**oing **th**at; **she** **p**ut the red **sho**e^s on, **th**inking **th**ere **w**as **n**o **h**ä^rm in **th**at **e**ith^er; and **th**en **she** went to the **b**ä^ll; and **c**o^mmenc^ed to **d**an^çe.

But **w**hen **she** **w**anted to **g**o to the **r**ight, the **sho**e^s **d**an^çed to the left, and **w**hen **she** **w**anted to **d**an^çe up the **r**oom, the **sho**e^s **d**an^çed **d**own the **r**oom, **d**own the **s**tair^s **th**ro^ugh the **s**treet, and **o**ut **th**ro^ugh the **g**ates of the **t**own. **S**he **d**an^çed, and **w**as **o**blig^ed to **d**an^çe, **f**ä^r **o**ut into the **d**ä^rk **w**oo^d. Suddenly **s**omething **sh**one up among the **t**ree^s, and **she** **b**eliev^ed it **w**as the **m**o^on, **f**o^r it **w**as a **f**ä^çe. But it **w**as

the **old soldier** with the red **beard**; he sat **there** nodding his head and said: “Dear me, **what** pretty dancing **shoes**!”

She was frightened, and wanted to **throw** the red **shoes** away; but **they** stuck fast. **She** tore off her stockings, but the **shoes** had grown fast to her feet. **She** danced and was obliged to go on dancing over field and meadow, in rain and sunshine, by night and by day—but by night it was most horrible.

She danced out into the open churchyard; but the dead there did not dance. They had something better to do than that. **She** wanted to sit down on the pauper's grave where the bitter fern grows; but for her there was neither peace nor rest. And as she danced past the open church door she saw an angel there in long white robes, with wings reaching from his shoulder down to the earth; his face was stern and grave, and in his hand he held a broad shining sword.

“Dance you shall,” said he, “dance in your red shoes till you are pale and cold, till your skin shrivels up and you are a skeleton! Dance you shall, from door to door, and where proud and wicked children live you shall knock, so that they may hear you and fear you! Dance you shall, dance —!”

“Mercy!” cried Karen. But she did not hear what the angel answered, for the shoes carried her through the gate into the fields, along highways and byways, and unceasingly she had to dance.

One morning she danced past a door that she knew well; they were singing a psalm inside, and a coffin was being carried out covered with flowers. Then she knew that she was forsaken by every one and damned by the angel of God.

She danced, and was obliged to go on dancing through the dark night. The shoes bore her away over thorns and stumps till she was all torn and bleeding; she danced away over the heath to a lonely little house. Here, she knew, lived the executioner; and she tapped with her finger at the window and said:

“Come out, come out! I cannot come in, for I must dance.”

And the executioner said: “I don't suppose you know who I am. I strike off the heads of the wicked, and I notice that my axe is tingling to do so.”

“Don't cut off my head!” said Karen, “for then I could not repent of my sin. But cut off my feet with the red shoes.”

And **then she** confessed **all** hêr sin, and the executioner struck off hêr feet with the red **shoes**; but the **shoes** danced away with the little feet across the field into the **deep** forest.

And he **carved** hêr a pair of wooden feet and some crutches, and **taught** hêr a psalm which is **always** sung by sinners; **she** kissed the hand that guided the axe, and went away over the **heath**.

“**Now**, I have suffered enough **for** the red **shoes**,” **she** said; “I will go to **church**, so that people can see me.” And **she** went quickly up to the **church-door**; but when **she** came there, the red **shoes** were dancing before hêr, and **she** was frightened, and **turned** back.

During the whole week **she** was sad and wept many bitter tears, but when Sunday came again **she** said: “**Now** I have suffered and striven enough. I believe I am quite as good as many of those who sit in **church** and give themselves airs.” And so **she** went boldly on; but **she** had not got farther than the **churchyard gate** when **she** saw the red **shoes** dancing along before hêr. **Then she** became terrified, and **turned** back and repented right heartily of hêr sin.

She went to the parsonage, and begged that **she** might be taken into service there. **She** would be industrious, **she** said, and do everything that **she** could; **she** did not mind about the wages as long as **she** had a roof over hêr, and was with good people. The pastor's wife had pity on hêr, and took hêr into service. And **she** was industrious and thoughtful. **She** sat quiet and listened when the pastor read aloud from the Bible in the evening. **All** the children liked hêr very much, but when they spoke about dress and grandeur and beauty **she** would shake hêr head.

On the following Sunday they **all** went to **church**, and **she** was asked whether **she** wished to go too; but, with tears in hêr eyes, **she** looked sadly at hêr crutches. And **then** the others went to hear God's Word, but **she** went alone into hêr little room; this was only large enough to hold the bed and a chair. Here **she** sat down with hêr hymn-book, and as **she** was reading it with a pious mind, the wind carried the notes of the organ over to hêr from the **church**, and in tears **she** lifted up hêr face and said: “O God! help me!”

Then the sun shone so brightly, and right before hêr stood an angel of God in white robes; it was the same one whom **she** had seen that night at the **church-door**. He no longer carried the sharp sword, but a beautiful green branch, full of roses;

with this he touched the ceiling, which rose up very high, and where he had touched it there shone a golden star. He touched the walls, which opened wide apart, and she saw the organ which was peeling forth; she saw the pictures of the old pastor and their wives, and the congregation sitting in the polished chairs and singing from their hymn-books. The church itself had come to the poor girl in her narrow room, for the room had gone to the church. She sat in the pew with the rest of the pastor's household, and when they had finished the hymn and looked up, they nodded and said, "It was right of you to come, Karen."

"It was mercy," said she.

The organ played and the children's voices in the choir sounded soft and lovely. The bright warm sunshine streamed through the window into the pew where Karen sat, and her heart became so filled with it, so filled with peace and joy, that it broke. Her soul flew on the sunbeams to Heaven, and no one was there who asked after the Red Shoes.



The Shepherdess and the Sweep

Hans Christian Andersen 1845

HAVE you ever seen an old wooden cupboard quite black with age, and ornamented with carved foliage and curious figures? Well, just such a cupboard stood in a parlor, and had been left to the family as a legacy by the great-grandmother. It was covered from top to bottom with carved roses and tulips; the most curious scrolls were drawn upon it, and out of them peeped little stags' heads, with antlers. In the middle of the cupboard door was the carved figure of a man most ridiculous to look at. He grinned at you, for no one could call it laughing.

He had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard; the children in the room always called him, "Major general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs." It was certainly a very difficult name to pronounce, and there are very few who ever receive such a title, but then it seemed wonderful how he came to be

cä_rved at äll; yet **there he wäs, älwäys lööking** at the **table** under the **lööking-gläss**, *where stööd* a very pretty little **shepherdess** made of **china**. **Hêr shoës wêre** gilt, and **hêr dress** had a red **roşe ö**r an **ö**rnament. **She wöre** a hat, and carried a **cröök**, **that wêre both** gilded, and **lööked** very **bright** and pretty. **Cloşe by hêr side stööd** a little **chimney-sweep**, **aş black aş coal**, and **älsö** made of **china**. **He wäs**, **however, quite aş clean and neat aş any öther china figüre**; **he ö**nly represented a black **chimney-sweep**, and the **china wörkers might** just **aş** well have **made** him a **prinçe**, had **they** felt inclined to **de** so. **He stööd** holding hiş ladder **quite** handily, and hiş **façe wäs aş fair and roşy aş** a girl's; **indeed, that wäs räther** a mistake, it **shöüld** have had **söme black märks** on it. **He** and the **shepherdess** had **been plaçed cloşe together, side by side**; and, **being sö** **plaçed, they** became engaged to **each öther**, **för they wêre** very well **süited, being both** made of the same **sört of china**, and **being equally fragile**.

Cloşe to them stööd anöther figüre, three times aş lärge **aş they wêre**, and **älsö** made of **china**. **He wäs** an **old Chinaman**, **who cöüld** nod hiş head, and **used** to pretend **that he wäs** the **grandfäther** of the **shepherdess**, **älsö** **though he cöüld** not **proeve** it. **He however assumed äuthö** **ö**ver **hêr**, and **thereföre** when “Major-general-field-sërgëant-commander Billy-goat's-legs” **äsked** **för** the little **shepherdess** to **be** hiş **wife**, **he** nodded hiş head to **show** **that he** consented. “**You** will have a **huşband**,” said the **old Chinaman** to **hêr**, “**who** I really **believe iş** made of mahogany. **He** will **make you** a **lady** of Major-general-field-sërgëant-commander Billy-goat's-legs. **He** has the **whole cupboard full** of silver **plate, which he keeps** **lockeđ** up in **secret dräwers**.”

“I **wön't** go **into** the **dä**rk **cupboard**,” said the little **shepherdess**. “I have **hêard** **that he** has **eleven china wiveş** **there ä**lready.”

“Then **you shall** be the **twelfth**,” said the **old Chinaman**. “**To-night aş söön aş** **you hear** a rattling in the **old cupboard**, **you shall** be **married, aş true aş** I am a **Chinaman**;” and **then he** nodded hiş head and fell **asleep**.

Then the little **shepherdess** **cried**, and **lööked** at **hêr sweetheärt**, the **china chimney-sweep**. “I must **entreat you**,” said **she**, “to **go öut with me** **into** the **wide wö**ld, **för we** cannot **stay here**.”

“I will **de** **whatever you** **wişh**,” said the little **chimney-sweep**; “let us go **immediately**: I **th**ink I **shall** be **able** to **maintain you** **with** my profession.”

“If **we wêre** but **safely ö**wn from the **table!**” said **she**; “I **shall** not be **happy** till **we ä**re **really ö**ut in the **wö**ld.”

Then he comforted hêr, and showed hêr how to placê hêr little fôot on the cärvéd edgê and gilt-leaf ôrnaments of the table. He brôught hiş little ladder to help hêr, and so they contrived to reach the flôor. But when they lóokéd at the old cupboard, they sáw it wás áll in an uprôar. The cärvéd stagş pushéd out their heads, raiséd their antlerş, and twisted their necks. The major-general sprung up in the air; and cried out to the old Chinaman, "They äre running away! they äre running away!" The twe wêre räther frightened at this, so they jumpéd into the dráwer of the window-seat. Here wêre three ôr fôur packs of cärdş not quite cômplete, and a doll's theatre, which had been built up very neatly.

A comedy wás being perfôrmed in it, and áll the queenş of diamonds, clubs, and hearts,, and spades, sat in the first row fanning themselves with tulips, and behind them stóod áll the knaveş, showing that they had heads above and below as playing cards generally have. The play wás about twe lovers, who wêre not allowed to marry, and the shepherdess wept because it wás so like hêr own stôry. "I cannot bear it," said she, "I must get out of the dráwer;" but when they reachéd the flôor, and cást their eyes on the table, there wás the old Chinaman awake and shaking hiş whole body, till áll at oncê down he came on the flôor, "plump." "The old Chinaman is côming," cried the little shepherdess in a fright, and down she fell on one knee.

"I have thóught of somethîng," said the chimney-sweep; "let us get into the great pot-pourri jâr which stands in the côrner; there we can lie on rose-leaves and lavender, and throw salt in hiş eyes if he cômes near us."

"No, that will never do," said she, "because I know that the Chinaman and the pot-pourri jâr wêre lovers oncê, and there álways remains behind a feeling of good-will between those who have been so intimate as that. No, there is nothing left fôr us but to go out into the wide wôrld."

"Have you really courage enough to go out into the wide wôrld with me?" said the chimney-sweep; "have you thóught how largê it is, and that we can never cômè back here again?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

When the chimney-sweep sáw that she wás quite firm, he said, "My way is through the stove and up the chimney. Have you courage to creep with me through the fire-box, and the iron pipe? When we get to the chimney I shall know how to manage very well. We shall soon climb tée high fôr any one to reach us, and we

shall come **throu**gh a hole in the top **out into** the wide **wô**rd.” So he led **hê**r to the **dô**or of the **stov**e.

“It **lô**oks very **dâ**rk,” said **she**; still **she** went in with him **throu**gh the **stov**e and **throu**gh the **pip**e, where it **wâ**s a**s** **dâ**rk a**s** **pitch**.

“**N**ow we **â**re in the **chim**ney,” said he; “and **lô**ok, **th**ere **i**s a **be**autiful **stâ**r **sh**ining **abov**e it.” It **wâ**s a **re**al **stâ**r **sh**ining **d**own upon **th**em a**s** if it **wô**uld **sh**ow **th**em the **w**ay. So **th**ey clambered, and crept on, and a **fri**ghtful **ste**ep **plac**e it **wâ**s; but the **chim**ney-sweep help**e**d **hê**r and supp**o**rted **hê**r, till **th**ey got **hi**gher and **hi**gher. He **sh**ow**e**d **hê**r the best **plac**es on **wh**ich to set **hê**r little **ch**ina **fô**ot, so at **lâ**st **th**ey **re**ach**e**d the top of the **chim**ney, and sat **th**emselv**e**s **d**own, **fô**r **th**ey **wê**re very **tir**ed, a**s** may **b**e **supp**os**e**d.

The **sky**, with **â**ll its **stâ**rs, **wâ**s **ov**er **th**eir **head**s, and **bel**ow **wê**re the **ro**ofs of the **to**wn. **Th**ey **co**uld **se**e **fô**r a very long **distanc**e **out into** the wide **wô**rd, and the **pô**or little **she**pherdess **le**an**e**d **hê**r head on **hê**r **chim**ney-sweep's **sh**oulder, and wept till **she** **wash**e**d** the **gilt** off **hê**r sash; the **wô**rd **wâ**s **so** different to **wh**at **she** expected. “This **i**s **to**o **mu**ch,” **she** said; “I cannot bear it, the **wô**rd **i**s **to**o **lâ**rg**e**. **O**h, I **wish** I **wê**re **safe** back on the **tab**le. **ag**ain, under the **lô**oking **glâ**ss; I **sh**all never **b**e happy till I am **safe** back **ag**ain. **N**ow I have **follow**ed **you** **out into** the wide **wô**rd, **you** will **take** **me** back, if **you** **lov**e **me**.”

Then the **chim**ney-sweep **tr**ied to **re**as**o**n with **hê**r, and **sp**oke of the **old** **Ch**inaman, and of the **Major-g**eneral-**fi**eld-**sê**rgeant-commander **Billy-g**oat's **leg**s; but **she** sobbed **so** bitterly, and **kiss**e**d** **hê**r little **chim**ney-sweep till he **wâ**s **obli**g**e**d to **d**e **â**ll **she** **â**ske**d**, **fo**olish a**s** it **wâ**s. And **so**, with a **gr**eat **de**al of **tr**ouble, **th**ey **climb**e**d** **d**own the **chim**ney, and **th**en crept **throu**gh the **pip**e and **stov**e, **wh**ich **wê**re **ç**ertainly not very **plea**sant **plac**es. **Th**en **th**ey **stô**od in the **dâ**rk **fi**re-**bo**x, and **list**en**e**d **beh**ind the **dô**or, to **he**ar **wh**at **wâ**s **go**ing on in the **ro**om. **A**s it **wâ**s **â**ll **qui**et, **th**ey **peep**e**d** **o**ut. Alas! **th**ere **lay** the **old** **Ch**inaman on the **flô**or; he had **fâ**ll**e**n **d**own from the **tab**le a**s** he **at**tempted to run **â**fter **th**em, and **wâ**s **bro**ken into **th**ree **piec**es; his **back** had **se**parated **entire**ly, and his **head** had **roll**e**d** into a **cô**rner of the **ro**om. The **major-g**eneral **stô**od in his **old** **plac**e, and **app**ear**e**d **lost** in **thô**ught.

“**T**his **i**s **ter**rible,” said the little **she**pherdess. “My **pô**or **old** **grandfâ**ther **i**s **bro**ken to **piec**es, and it **i**s **o**ur **fâ**ult. I **sh**all never **live** **â**fter **th**is;” and **she** **wr**ung **hê**r little **hand**s.

“He can be riveted,” said the chimney-sweep; “he can be riveted. Do not be so hasty. If they cement his back, and put a good rivet in it, he will be as good as new, and be able to say as many disagreeable things to us as ever.”

“Do you think so?” said she; and then they climbed up to the table, and stood in their old places.

“As we have done no good,” said the chimney-sweep, “we might as well have remained here, instead of taking so much trouble.”

“I wish grandfather was riveted,” said the shepherdess. “Will it cost much, I wonder?”

And she had her wish. The family had the Chinaman's back mended, and a strong rivet put through his neck; he looked as good as new, but he could no longer nod his head.

“You have become proud since your fall broke you to pieces,” said Major-general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs. “You have no reason to give yourself such airs. Am I to have her or not?”


The chimney-sweep and the little shepherdess looked piteously at the old Chinaman, for they were afraid he might nod; but he was not able: besides, it was so tiresome to be always telling strangers he had a rivet in the back of his neck.

And so the little china people remained together, and were glad of the grandfather's rivet, and continued to love each other till they were broken to pieces.



The Darning-Needle

Hans Christian Andersen 1846

 HERE was once a darning-needle who thought herself so fine that she fancied she must be fit for embroidery. “Hold me tight,” she would say to the fingers, when they took her up, “don't let me fall; if you do I shall never be found again, I am so very fine.”

“That is your opinion, is it?” said the fingers, as they seized her round the body.

“**See**, I am **coming with** a **train**,” said the **darning-needle**, **drawing** a long **thread** **after** **hêr**; but **there was** no knot in the **thread**.

The **fingers** **then placed** the point of the **needle** against the **cook's** slipper. **There was** a crack in the upper **leather**, **which** had to **be** sewn together.

“**What** **coarse** **wôrk!**” said the **darning-needle**, “I **shall** never get **through**. I **shall** **break!**—I am **breaking!**” and **sure** enough **she** **broke**. “Did I not **say so?**” said the **darning-needle**, “I **know** I am **too** **fine** **fôr** such **wôrk** **as** **that**.”

“**This** **needle** **is** **quite** **useless** **fôr** sewing **now**,” said the **fingers**; but **they** still held it **fäst**, and the **cook** **dropped** **some** **sealing-wax** on the **needle**, and **fästened** **hêr** **handkerchief** **with** it in **front**.

“**So** **now** I am a **breast-pin**,” said the **darning-needle**; “I **knew** very well I **shôuld** **come** to **honor** **some** **day**: merit **is** **sure** to **rise**,” and **she** **läughed**, **quietly** to **hêrself**, **fôr** of **course** **no** one ever **saw** a **darning-needle** **läugh**. And **there** **she** **sat** **as** **proudly** **as** if **she** **wêre** in a state **coach**, and **looked** **äll** **around** **hêr**. “May I **be** **allowed** to **ask** if **you** **äre** **made** of **gold?**” **she** **inquired** of **hêr** **neighbor**, a **pin**; “**you** have a very pretty **appearance**, and a **curious** head, **although** **you** **äre** **räther** **smäll**.”

You must **take** **pains** to **grow**, **fôr** it **is** not every one **who** has **sealing-wax** **dropped** upon him;” and **as** **she** **spoke**, the **darning-needle** **drew** **hêrself** up so **proudly** **that** **she** **fell** **out** of the **handkerchief** **right** into the **sink**, **which** the **cook** **was** **cleaning**. “**Now** I am **going** on a **journey**,” said the **needle**, **as** **she** **floated** **away** **with** the **dirty** **wäter**, “I **do** **hope** I **shall** not **be** **lost**.” But **she** **really** **was** **lost** in a gutter. “I am **too** **fine** **fôr** **this** **wôrld**,” said the **darning-needle**, **as** **she** **lay** in the gutter; “but I **know** **who** I am, and **that** **is** **ällways** **some** **comfort**.” So the **darning-needle** kept up **hêr** **proud** **behavior**, and did not **lese** **hêr** **good** **humor**.

Then **there** **floated** **over** **hêr** **äll** **sôrts** of **things**,—**chips** and **sträws**, and **pieces** of **old** **newspaper**. “**See** **how** **they** **sail**,” said the **darning-needle**; “they **do** not **know** **what** **is** under **them**. I am **here**, and **here** I **shall** **stick**. **See**, **there** **goes** a **chip**, **thinking** of **noth**ing in the **wôrld** but **himself**— **only** a **chip**. **There's** a **straw** **going** **by** **now**; **how** **he** **türns** and **twists** **about!** **Don't** **be** **thinking** **too** **much** of **yôurself**, **ôr** **you** may **chançe** to run against a **stone**. **There** **swims** a **piece** of **newspaper**; **what** **is** **written** upon it has **been** **forgotten** long ago, and yet it **gives** itself **airs**. I sit **here** **patiently** and **quietly**. I **know** **who** I am, **so** I **shall** not **move**.”

One **day** **something** **lying** **close** to the **darning-needle** **glittered** so **splendidly** **that** **she** **thôught** it **was** a **diamond**; yet it **was** **only** a **piece** of **broken** **bottle**. The

därning-needle spoke to it, because it sparkled, and represented herself as a breast-pin. "I suppose you are really a diamond?" she said.

"Why yes, something of the kind," he replied; and so each believed the other to be very valuable, and then they began to talk about the world, and the conceited people in it.

"I have been in a lady's work-box," said the därning-needle, "and this lady was the cook. She had on each hand five fingers, and anything so conceited as these five fingers I have never seen; and yet they were only employed to take me out of the box and to put me back again."

"Were they not high-born?"

"High-born!" said the därning-needle, "no indeed, but so haughty. They were five brothers, all born fingers; they kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths. The one who stood first in the rank was named the thumb, he was short and thick, and had only one joint in his back, and could therefore make but one bow; but he said that if he were cut off from a man's hand, that man would be unfit for a soldier. Sweet-tooth, his neighbor, dipped himself into sweet or sour, pointed to the sun and moon, and formed the letters when the fingers wrote. Longman, the middle finger, looked over the heads of all the others. Gold-band, the next finger, wore a golden circle round his waist. And little Playman did nothing at all, and seemed proud of it. They were boasters, and boasters they will remain; and therefore I left them."

"And now we sit here and glitter," said the piece of broken bottle.

At the same moment more water streamed into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the piece of bottle was carried away.

"So he is promoted," said the därning-needle, "while I remain here; I am too fine, but that is my pride, and what do I care?" And so she sat there in her pride, and had many such thoughts as these,—"I could almost fancy that I came from a sunbeam, I am so fine. It seems as if the sunbeams were always looking for me under the water. Ah! I am so fine that even my mother cannot find me. Had I still my old eye, which was broken off, I believe I should weep; but no, I would not do that, it is not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys were paddling in the gutter, for they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and other treasures. It was dirty work, but they took

great pleasure in it. “Hallo!” cried one, as he pricked himself with the darning-needle, “here 's a fellow for you.”

“I am not a fellow, I am a young lady,” said the darning-needle; but no one heard her.

The sealing-wax had come off, and she was quite black; but black makes a person look slender, so she thought herself even finer than before.

“Here comes an egg-shell sailing along,” said one of the boys; so they stuck the darning-needle into the egg-shell.

“White walls, and I am black myself,” said the darning-needle, “that looks well; now I can be seen, but I hope I shall not be sea-sick, or I shall break again.” She was not sea-sick, and she did not break. “It is a good thing against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and not to forget one's own importance. Now my sea-sickness has past: delicate people can bear a great deal.”

Crack went the egg-shell, as a waggon passed over it. “Good heavens, how it crushes!” said the darning-needle. “I shall be sick now. I am breaking!” but she did not break, though the waggon went over her as she lay at full length; and there let her lie.



The Little Match-Seller

Hans Christian Andersen 1846

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own.

So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast geese, for it was New-year's eve—yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—“scratch!” how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and **then she** found hêrself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It wâs lârger and môrre beautifully decorated **than** the one **which she** had seen **through** the glâss dôor at the rich mêrchant's. **thousands** of tapers wêre bûrning upon the green branches, and colôred pictures, **like those she** had seen in the **show-windows**, lóokèd down upon it **âll**. The little one stretchèd out hêr hand towârdş **them**, and the match went **out**.

The Christmas lights roşe higher and higher, till **they lóokèd** to hêr like the stârş in the sky. **Then she** sâw a stâr fâll, leavîng behind it a bright streak of fire. "Someone **is dying**," **thó**ught the little gîrl, fôr hêr old grandmóther, the **only** one **whô** had ever loved hêr, and **whô wâs** now dead, had told hêr **that** when a stâr fâllş, a soul wâs going up to God.


She again rubbed a match on the wâll, and the light shone round hêr; in the brightness stóod hêr old grandmóther, clear and **shining**, yet mild and **lóving** in hêr appearançe. "Grandmóther," cried the little one, "**O take me with you**; I know **you** will go away when the match bûrnş out; **you** will vanish like the wârm stove, the roast geese, and the lârge, glórious Christmas-tree." And **she** made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, fôr **she wishèd** to keep hêr grandmóther **there**. And the matches glowed with a light **that wâs** brighter **than** the noon-day, and hêr grandmóther had never appeared so lârge ôr so beautiful. **She** tóok the little gîrl in hêr ârms, and **they both** flew upwardş in brightness and joy fâr abóve the **êarth**, where **there wâs** neither cold nôr hunger nôr pain, fôr **they wêre** with God.

In the dawn of mórning **there lay** the pôor little one, with pale **cheeks** and smiling **mouth**, leaning against the wâll; **she** had been frozen to death on the **lâst** evening of the year; and the New-year's sun roşe and **shone** upon a little côrpsè! The **child** still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in hêr hand, one bundle of **which wâs** bûrnt. "She tried to wârm hêrself," said **some**. **No** one imagined **whât beautiful things she** had seen, nôr **intô** **whât glôry she** had entered with hêr grandmóther, on New-year's day.



The Shadow

Hans Christian Andersen 1847

 In very hot climates, where the heat of the sun has great power, people are usually as brown as mahogany; and in the hottest countries they are negroes, with black skins. A learned man once travelled into one of these warm climates, from the cold regions of the north, and thought he would roam about as he did at home; but he soon had to change his opinion. He found that, like all sensible people, he must remain in the house during the whole day, with every window and door closed, so that it looked as if all in the house were asleep or absent. The houses of the narrow street in which he lived were so lofty that the sun shone upon them from morning till evening, and it became quite unbearable.

This learned man from the cold regions was young as well as clever; but it seemed to him as if he were sitting in an oven, and he became quite exhausted and weak, and grew so thin that his shadow shrivelled up, and became much smaller than it had been at home. The sun took away even what was left of it, and he saw nothing of it till the evening, after sunset. It was really a pleasure, as soon as the lights were brought into the room, to see the shadow stretch itself against the wall, even to the ceiling, so tall was it; and it really wanted a good stretch to recover its strength. The learned man would sometimes go out into the balcony to stretch himself also; and as soon as the stars came forth in the clear, beautiful sky, he felt revived. People at this hour began to make their appearance in all the balconies in the street; for in warm climates every window has a balcony, in which they can breathe the fresh evening air, which is very necessary, even to those who are used to a heat that makes them as brown as mahogany; so that the street presented a very lively appearance.

Here were shoemakers, and tailors, and all sorts of people sitting. In the street beneath, they brought out tables and chairs, lighted candles by hundreds, talked and sang, and were very merry. There were people walking, carriages driving, and mule trotting along, with their bells on the harness, "tingle, tingle," as they went. Then the dead were carried to the grave with the sound of solemn music, and the tolling of the church bells. It was indeed a scene of varied life in the street.

One house only, which was just opposite to the one in which the foreign learned man lived, formed a contrast to all this, for it was quite still; and yet somebody dwelt

there, fôr flowerš stóod in the balcony, blooming beautifuly in the hot sun; and this couíd not have been unless they had been wátered carefuly. Therefore some one must be in the house to do this. The dôorš leading to the balcony wêre häif opened in the evening; and áltho_{ugh} in the front reem áll wáš dârk, mušic couíd be hêard from the interior of the house.

The foreign lêarned man considered this mušic very deli_{ght}ful; but pêrhaps he fancied it; fôr every_{thing} in theše wârm countries pleašed him, ex_{cepting} the heat of the sun. The foreign landlôrd said he did not know who had taken the oppošite house — nobody wáš to be seen there; and aš to the mušic, he thô_{ught} it seemed very tedious, to him most uncommonly so. "It iš just aš if some one wáš practising a piece that he couíd not manage; it iš álways the same piece. He thinks, I suppoše, that he will be able to manage it at lăst; but I do not think so, however long he may play it."



On_{ce} the foreigner woke in the ni_{ght}.

He slept with the dôor open which led to the balcony; the wind had raised the cûrtain befôre it, and there appeared a wonderful bri_{ghtness} over áll in the balcony of the oppošite house. The flowerš seemed like flameš of the most gôrgeous còlorš, and among the flowerš stóod a beautiful slender maiden. It wáš to him aš if light streamed from hêr, and dazzled hiš eyeš; but then he had only just opened them, aš he awoke from hiš sleep. With one spring he wáš out of bed, and crept softly behind the cûrtain.

But she wáš gone—the bri_{ghtness} had disappeared; the flowerš no longer appeared like flameš, áltho_{ugh} still aš beautiful aš ever. The dôor stóod ajăr, and from an inner reem sounded mušic so sweet and so lovely, that it produ_{ced} the most enchanting thô_{ughts}, and acted on the senseš with magic power. Who couíd live there? Where wáš the real entranc_e? fôr, both in the street and in the lane at the side, the whole ground flôor wáš a continuation of shops; and people couíd not álways be păssing thro_{ugh} them.

One evening the foreigner sat in the balcony. A light wáš bûrning in hiš own reem, just behind him. It wáš quite natural, therefore, that hiš shadow shouíd fáll on

the wáall of the oppoſite houſe; ſo that, aſ he ſat amongſt the flowerſ on hiſ balcony, when he moved, hiſ ſhadow moved álſo.

“I thínk my ſhadow iſ the only living thínk to be ſeen oppoſite,” ſaid the léarned man; “ſee how pleaſantly it ſitſ among the flowerſ. The dóor iſ only ajar; the ſhadow óught to be clever enough to ſtep in and lóok about him, and then to cóme back and tell me what he haſ ſeen. You could make yóurſelf uſeful in thiſ way,” ſaid he, jokingly; “be ſo góod aſ to ſtep in now, will you?” and then he nodded to the ſhadow, and the ſhadow nodded in retúrn. “Now go, but don’t ſtay away áltogether.”

Then the foreigner ſtóod up, and the ſhadow on the oppoſite balcony ſtóod up álſo; the foreigner túrned round, the ſhadow túrned; and if any one had obſêrved, they might have ſeen it go ſtraight into the hálf-opened dóor of the oppoſite balcony, aſ the léarned man re-entered hiſ own réem, and let the cúrtain fáll. The next mórning he went out to take hiſ coffee and read the newſpaperſ.

“How iſ thiſ?” he exclaimed, aſ he ſtóod in the ſunſhine. “I have loſt my ſhadow. So it really did go away yeſterday evening, and it haſ not retúrned. Thiſ iſ very annoying.”

And it cêrtainly did vex him, not ſo much becauſe the ſhadow waſ gone, but becauſe he knew there waſ a ſtóry of a man without a ſhadow. Áll the people at home, in hiſ country, knew thiſ ſtóry; and when he retúrned, and related hiſ own adventureſ, they would ſay it waſ only an imitation; and he had no deſire fór ſuch thínkſ to be ſaid of him. So he decíded not to ſpeak of it at áll, which waſ a very ſenſible detêrmination.

In the evening he went out again on hiſ balcony, taking care to plaçe the light behind him; fór he knew that a ſhadow álwayſ wantſ hiſ máſter fór a ſcreen; but he could not entíçe him out. He made hiſſelf little, and he made hiſſelf táll; but there waſ no ſhadow, and no ſhadow came. He ſaid, “Hem, a-hem;” but it waſ áll uſeſſ. That waſ very vexatíouſ; but in wárm countrieſ everythínk growſ very quickly; and, áfter a week had páſſed, he ſáw, to hiſ great joy, that a new ſhadow waſ growing from hiſ feet, when he wáked in the ſunſhine; ſo that the réet muſt have remained.

After three weeks, he had quite a reſpectable ſhadow, which, during hiſ retúrn jóúrneſ to nórthern landſ, cóntinued to grow, and became at láſt ſo lárgé that he might very well have ſpared hálf of it. When thiſ léarned man arrived at home, he

wrote books about the true, the good, and the beautiful, which are to be found in this world; and so days and years passed—many, many years.

One evening, as he sat in his study, a very gentle tap was heard at the door. “Come in,” said he; but no one came. He opened the door, and there stood before him a man so remarkably thin that he felt seriously troubled at his appearance. He was, however, very well dressed, and looked like a gentleman. “To whom have I the honor of speaking?” said he.

“Ah, I hoped you would recognize me,” said the elegant stranger; “I have gained so much that I have a body of flesh, and clothes to wear. You never expected to see me in such a condition. Do you not recognize your old shadow? Ah, you never expected that I should return to you again. All has been prosperous with me since I was with you last; I have become rich in every way, and were I inclined to purchase my freedom from service, I could easily do so.” And as he spoke he rattled between his fingers a number of costly trinkets which hung to a thick gold watch-chain he wore round his neck. Diamond rings sparkled on his fingers, and it was all real.

“I cannot recover from my astonishment,” said the learned man. “What does all this mean?”

“Something rather unusual,” said the shadow; “but you are yourself an uncommon man, and you know very well that I have followed in your footsteps ever since your childhood. As soon as you found that I have travelled enough to be trusted alone, I went my own way, and I am now in the most brilliant circumstances. But I felt a kind of longing to see you once more before you die, and I wanted to see this place again, for there is always a clinging to the land of one's birth. I know that you have now another shadow; do I owe you anything? If so, have the goodness to say what it is.”

“No! Is it really you?” said the learned man. “Well, this is most remarkable; I never supposed it possible that a man's old shadow could become a human being.”

“Just tell me what I owe you,” said the shadow, “for I do not like to be in debt to any man.”

“How can you talk in that manner?” said the learned man. “What question of debt can there be between us? You are as free as any one. I rejoice exceedingly to hear of your good fortune. Sit down, old friend, and tell me a little of how it happened, and what you saw in the house opposite to me while we were in those hot climates.”

“Yes, I will tell you **all** about it,” said the **shadow**, sitting **down**; “but **then** you must promise me never to tell in **this city**, wherever you may meet me, that I have been your **shadow**. I am **thinking** of being married, **för** I have **more** than sufficient to support a family.”

“Make yourself **quite** **easy**,” said the **learned** man; “I will tell **no** one who you really **are**. Here is my hand,—I promise, and a **word** is sufficient between man and man.”

“Between man and a **shadow**,” said the **shadow**; **för** he could not help saying so.

It was really most remarkable how very much he had become a man in appearance. He was dressed in a suit of the very finest black cloth, polished boots, and an opera crush hat, which could be folded together so that nothing could be seen but the crown and the rim, besides the trinkets, the gold chain, and the diamond rings already spoken of. The shadow was, in fact, very well dressed, and this made a man of him. “Now I will relate to you what you wish to know,” said the shadow, placing his foot with the polished leather boot as firmly as possible on the arm of the new shadow of the learned man, which lay at his feet like a peedle dog.

This was done, it might be from pride, **ör** perhaps that the new shadow might cling to him, but the prostrate shadow remained quite quiet and at rest, in order that it might listen, **för** it wanted to know how a shadow could be sent away by its master, and become a man itself. “Do you know,” said the shadow, “that in the house opposite to you lived the most glorious creature in the world? It was poetry. I remained there three weeks, and it was more like three thousand years, **för** I read all that has ever been written in poetry **ör** prose; and I may say, in truth, that I saw and learned everything.”

“Poetry!” exclaimed the learned man. “Yes, she lives as a hermit in great cities. Poetry! Well, I saw her once **för** a very short moment, while sleep weighed down my eyelids. She flashed upon me from the balcony like the radiant aurora borealis, surrounded with flowers like flames of fire. Tell me, you were on the balcony that evening; you went through the door, and what did you see?”

“I found myself in an ante-room,” said the shadow. “You still sat opposite to me, looking into the room. There was no light, **ör** at least it seemed in partial darkness, **för** the door of a whole suite of rooms stood open, and they were brilliantly lighted. The blaze of light would have killed me, had I approached too near the maiden myself, but I was cautious, and took time, which is what every one ought to do.”

“And *what* didst **thou see?**” *asked* the **learned** man.

“I **saw** every**thing**, as **you shall hear**. But—it **really is** not **pride** on my **pärt**, as a **free** man and **possessing** the **knowledge** that I **do**, **besides** my **posi-tion**, not to **speak** of my **wealth**—I **wish** **you would** say **you** to me instead of **thou**.”

“I beg **your pardon**,” said the **learned** man; “it **is** an **old habit**, **which** it **is** difficult to **break**. **You are quite right**; I will **try** to **think** of it. But **now** tell me every**thing** that **you saw**.”

“Everything,” said the **shadow**; “for I **saw** and **know** every**thing**.”

“*What was* the **appearance** of the inner **rooms?**” *asked* the scholar. “*Was* it **there** like a **cool grove**, **ör** like a **holy temple**? *Were* the **chambers** like a **starry sky** seen from the top of a **high mountain?**”

“It **was all** that **you describe**,” said the **shadow**; “but I did not go **quite** in—I remained in the **twilight** of the ante-**room**—but I **was** in a very **good** **posi-tion**,—I **could see** and **hear all** that **was** going on in the **court** of poetry.”

“But *what* did **you see?** Did the **gods** of **ancient times** **pass through** the **rooms?** Did **old heroes** **fight** their **battles** over again? *Were* **there** **lovely children** at play, **who** related their **dreams?**”

“I tell **you** I have **been there**, and **therefore** **you may be sure** that I **saw** every**thing** that **was** to be **seen**. If **you** had gone **there**, **you would** not have remained a **human being**, **whereas** I **became** one; and at the **same moment** I **became aware** of my inner **being**, my **inborn** affinity to the **nature** of **poetry**. It **is true** I did not **think** much about it **while** I **was with** **you**, but **you** will remember that I **was always** much **larger** at **sunrise** and **sunset**, and in the **moonlight** even **more visible** than **yourself**, but I did not **then** understand my inner **existence**. In the ante-**room** it **was** revealed to me. I **became** a man; I **came out** in **full maturity**. But **you** had left the **warm countries**. As a man, I felt **ashamed** to go about **without boots** **ör** **clothes**, and that exterior **finish** by **which** man **is** known.

So I went **my own way**; I can tell **you**, **för** **you** will not **put** it in a **book**. I hid **myself** under the **cloak** of a **cake woman**, but **she** little **thought** **who she** **concealed**. It **was** not till **evening** that I **ventured out**. I ran about the **streets** in the **moonlight**. I drew **myself** up to my **full height** upon the **walls**, **which** tickled my **back** very **pleasantly**. I ran **here** and **there**, **looked through** the **highest windows** into the **rooms**, and **over**

the reefs. I looked in, and saw what nobody else could see, or indeed ought to see; in fact, it is a bad world, and I would not care to be a man, but that men are of some importance. I saw the most miserable things going on between husbands and wives, parents and children,—sweet, incomparable children.

I have seen what no human being has the power of knowing, although they would all be very glad to know—the evil conduct of their neighbors. Had I written a newspaper, how eagerly it would have been read! Instead of which, I wrote directly to the persons themselves, and great alarm arose in all the town I visited. They had so much fear of me, and yet how dearly they loved me. The professor made me a professor. The tailor gave me new clothes; I am well provided for in that way. The overseer of the mint struck coins for me. The women declared that I was handsome, and so I became the man you now see me. And now I must say adieu. Here is my card. I live on the sunny side of the street, and always stay at home in rainy weather.” And the shadow departed.

“This is all very remarkable,” said the learned man.

Years passed, days and years went by, and the shadow came again. “How are you going on now?” he asked.

“Ah!” said the learned man; “I am writing about the true, the beautiful, and the good; but no one cares to hear anything about it. I am quite in despair, for I take it to heart very much.”

“That is what I never do,” said the shadow; “I am growing quite fat and stout, which every one ought to be. You do not understand the world; you will make yourself ill about it; you ought to travel; I am going on a journey in the summer, will you go with me? I should like a travelling companion; will you travel with me as my shadow? It would give me great pleasure, and I will pay all expenses.”

“Are you going to travel far?” asked the learned man.

“That is a matter of opinion,” replied the shadow. “At all events, a journey will do you good, and if you will be my shadow, then all your journey shall be paid.”

“It appears to me very absurd,” said the learned man.

“But it is the way of the world,” replied the shadow, “and always will be.” Then he went away.

Every**th**ing went *w*rong with the **l**earned man. Sorrow and trouble **p**ursued him, and **w**hat he said about the **g**ood, the **b**eautiful, and the **t**ru**e**, **w**as of a**s** much **v**alue to **m**ost **p**eople **a**s a nutmeg **w**ould be to a **c**ow. At length he fell ill. “**Y**ou really **l**ook like a **s**hadow,” **p**eople said to him, and **t**hen a cold shudder **w**ould **p**ass over him, **f**or he had his **o**wn **t**h**o**ughts on the subject.

“**Y**ou really **o**ught to go to **s**ome **w**atering-pla**c**e,” said the **s**hadow on his next visit. “There is **n**o **o**ther **c**han**c**e **f**or you. I will **t**ake you with me, **f**or the sake of **o**ld acquaintan**c**e. I will **p**ay the expenses of your jo**u**rney, and you shall **w**rite a description of it to amu**s**e us by the way. I **s**hould like to go to a **w**atering-pla**c**e; my **b**eard **d**oes not grow a**s** it **o**ught, **w**hich is from **w**eakness, and I must have a **b**eard. **N**ow **d**e be sensible and **a**cc**e**pt my **p**ro**p**osal; we shall travel a**s** intimate friends.”

And at last they started together. The **s**hadow was **m**aster **n**ow, and the **m**aster became the **s**hadow. They **d**rove together, and **r**ode and **w**alk**e**d in **c**ompany with **e**ach **o**ther, side by side, **o**r one in front and the **o**ther behind, acc**o**rding to the **p**osition of the sun. The **s**hadow **a**lways knew when to **t**ake the **p**la**c**e of honor, but the **l**earned man **t**ook **n**o **n**otice of it, **f**or he had a **g**ood **h**eart, and was **e**x**c**eedingly mild and friendly.

One day the **m**aster said to the **s**hadow, “**W**e have grown up together from **o**ur **c**hild**h**ood, and **n**ow **t**hat we have become travelling **c**ompanions, shall we not drink to **o**ur **g**ood fellowship, and say **t**hee and **t**hou to **e**ach **o**ther?”

“**W**hat you say is very **s**traight**f**orward and kindly meant,” said the **s**hadow, who was **n**ow really **m**aster. “I will be **e**qually kind and **s**traight**f**orward. You **a**re a **l**earned man, and **k**now **h**ow **w**onderful human nature is. **T**here **a**re **s**ome men who cannot **e**ndure the smell of **b**rown paper; it **m**akes **t**hem ill. **o**thers will **f**eel a shuddering **s**ensati**o**n to **t**heir very marrow, if a **n**ail is **s**cratch**e**d on a **p**ane of **g**lass. I **m**yself have a similar **k**ind of **f**eeling when I **h**ear any one say **t**hou to me. I **f**eel **c**rush**e**d by it, a**s** I **u**sed to **f**eel in my **f**ormer **p**osition with you. You will **p**er**c**eive **t**hat **t**his is a matter of **f**eeling, not **p**ride. I cannot **a**llow you to say **t**hou to me; I will gladly say it to you, and **t**here**f**ore your **w**ish will be **h**aif **f**ulfilled.” **T**hen the **s**hadow address**e**d his **f**ormer **m**aster as **t**hou.

“It is going **r**ather **t**ee **f**ar,” said the latter, “**t**hat I am to say **y**ou when I **s**peak to him, and he is to say **t**hou to me.” **H**owever, he was **o**bliged to submit.

They arrived at length at the **bäthş**, where **there wêre** many **strangerş**, and among **them** a **beautifülf** **prinçess**, whose **real dişease** consisted in being **tee şhärp-sighted**, which **made** every one very **uneaşy**. **She sâw** at onçe **that** the new **cómer** **wâş** very different to every one else. **“They say he iş here to make hiş beard grow,” she thóught**; “but I **know** the **real cáuşe**, **he iş** unable to **cäst** a **shadow**.” **Then she** became very **curious** on the matter, and one **day**, while on the **promenäde**, **she** entered into **conversatíon** with the **strangeg** gentleman. Being a **prinçess**, **she wâş** not **obliged** to stand upon much **çeremóny**, so **she** said to him **without heşitation**, “**Yôur** illness consists in not being **able** to **cäst** a **shadow**.”

“**Yôur** royal highness must **be** on the **hiğh road** to **recóver**y from **yôur** illness,” said **he**. “I **know** **yôur** **cómplaint** **aroşe** from being **tee şhärp-sighted**, and in **this case** it has **entirely failed**. I happen to have a **most unuşual shadow**. Have **you** not **seen** a **pêrşon** **who iş** **âlwâş** at my **side**? **Pêrşonş** often give **their sêrvants** **finer cloth** **fôr** **their liverieş** **than fôr** **their own clotheş**, and **so** I have **dressed out** my **shadow** **like** a man; nay, **you** may **obşerve** **that** I have **even** given him a **shadow** of **hiş own**; it **iş** **râther** expensive, but I **like** to have **thingş** about **me** **that äre** peculiar.”

“**How iş this?**” **thóught** the **prinçess**; “am I **really cured**? **This** must **be** the best **wâtering-plaçe** in **existençe**. **Wâter** in **our timeş** has **çertainly** **wónderfölf** **power**. But I will not **leave** **this plaçe** yet, just **aş** it **beginş** to **be** **amuşing**. **This** foreign prince—for **he** must **be** a **prinçe** — **pleaşeş** **me** **âbove** **âll thingş**. I **only hope** **hiş** **beard** **won't grow**, **ôr** **he** will **leave** at **onçe**.”

In the **evening**, the **prinçess** and the **shadow** **dançed** **together** in the **lärgg** **assembly röömş**. **She wâş** **liğht**, but **he wâş** **liğhter** still; **she** had never **seen** **such** a **dançer** **befôre**. **She** **told** him from **whät** **country** **she** had **cóme**, and **found** **he** **knew** it and had **been** **there**, but not **while** **she wâş** at **home**. **He** had **lóoked** into the **windowş** of **hêr fâther's** **palaçe**, **both** the upper and the **lower** **windowş**; **he** had **seen** many **thingş**, and **cóuld** **therefôre** **answer** the **prinçess**, and **make** **allusionş** **which** **quite** **astonished** **hêr**.

She thóught **he** must **be** the **cleverest** man in **âll** the **wórd**, and felt the **greatest** respect **fôr** **hiş** **knowledgg**. When **she** **dançed** **with** him again **she** **fell** in **love** **with** him, **which** the **shadow** **quickly** **discóvered**, **fôr** **she** had **with** **hêr** **eyeş** **lóoked** him **through** and **through**. **They** **dançed** **onçe** **môre**, and **she wâş** **nearly** **telling** him, but **she** had **some** **discretíon**; **she thóught** of **hêr** **country**, **hêr** **kingdóm**, and the number of **people** **over** **whem** **she** **wóuld** **one** **day** **have** to **rule**. “**He iş** a **clever** man,”

she **th**ought to h**er**self, “**wh**ich **i**s a **g**ood **th**ing, and he **d**ances admirably, **wh**ich **i**s **á**lso **g**ood. But has he well-grounded **kn**owledge? **th**at **i**s an **imp**ortant **qu**estion, and I must **tr**y him.” **Th**en she **á**ske**d** him a **mo**st difficult **qu**estion, she h**er**self **co**uld not have answered it, and the **sh**adow **ma**de a **mo**st unaccountable grimace.

“**Y**ou cannot answer **th**at,” said the **pr**incess.

“I **l**earnt **so**me**th**ing about it in my **ch**ildh**oo**d,” he **r**eplied; “and **bel**ieve **th**at **ev**en my very **sh**adow, standing **ov**er **th**ere by the **d**oor, **co**uld answer it.”

“**Y**our **sh**adow,” said the **pr**incess; “**inde**ed **th**at **w**ould be very **re**markable.”

“I **do** not **sa**y **so** positively,” **ob**serve**d** the **sh**adow; “but I am inclined to **bel**ieve **th**at he can **do** so. He has followed me **f**or **so** many **ye**ars, and has **h**ear**d** **so** much from me, **th**at I **th**ink it **i**s very **li**kely. But **y**our royal **hi**ghness must **all**ow me to **ob**serve, **th**at he **i**s very **pr**oud of **be**ing **co**nside**r**ed a man, and to **pu**t him in a **g**ood **hu**mor, **so** **th**at he **ma**y answer correctly, he must **be** **tr**eated **as** a man.”

“I **sh**all **be** very **ple**as**e**d to **do** so,” said the **pr**incess. **So** she **wá**ke**d** up to the **l**earned man, **wh**o **st**oo**d** in the **d**oorway, and **sp**oke to him of the sun, and the **m**oon, of the **gr**een forests, and of **pe**ople **ne**ar **ho**me and **fá**r off; and the **l**earned man **con**ve**r**se**d** with h**er** **ple**as**an**tly and **sen**sibly.

“**Wh**at a **w**onder**fu**l man he **mu**st **be**, to have **su**ch a **cle**ver **sh**adow!” **th**ought she. “If I **w**ere to **che**ese him it **w**ould **be** a **re**al **bl**essing to my **co**untry and my **su**bjects, and I will **do** it.” **So** the **pr**incess and the **sh**adow **w**ere **se**en **eng**ag**e**d to **ea**ch **o**ther, but **no** one **wa**s to **be** **to**ld a **w**ord about it, till she **re**tu**r**ned to h**er** **ki**ng**do**m.

“**No** one **sh**all **kn**ow,” said the **sh**adow; “not **ev**en my **ov**n **sh**adow;” and he had very **pá**rticular **re**asons **f**or **sa**ying **so**.

After a **ti**me, the **pr**incess **re**tu**r**ned to the land **ov**er **wh**ich she **re**ign**e**d, and the **sh**adow **ac**co**m**panie**d** h**er**.

“Listen my **fr**ie**n**d,” said the **sh**adow to the **l**earned man; “now **th**at I am **as** **f**ortu**n**ate and **as** **po**wer**fu**l **as** any man can **be**, I will **do** **so**me**th**ing **un**usu**al**ly **g**ood **f**or **yo**u. **Y**ou **sh**all live in my **pa**la**ce**, **dr**ive **with** me in the royal **car**riage, and have a hundred **th**ou**s**and **do**llar**s** a **ye**ar; but **yo**u must **all**ow every one to **ca**ll **yo**u a **sh**adow, and never **ven**ture to **sa**y **th**at **yo**u have **be**en a man. And **on**ce a **ye**ar, **wh**en I sit in my **bal**co**n**y in the **sun**sh**in**e, **yo**u must **li**e at my **fe**et **as** **bec**ome**s** a **sh**adow to **do**; **f**or I must **te**ll **yo**u I am **go**ing to **ma**rry the **pr**incess, and **o**ur **w**edding will **ta**ke **pl**ace **th**is **ev**ening.”

“Now, really, **this is too** ridiculous,” said the **learned** man. “I cannot, and will not, submit to **such** folly. It **would be cheating** the **whole** country, and the **princess** **also**. I will **disclose** every**thing**, and **say** **that** I am the man, and **that you** **are** **only** a **shadow** dressed up in men's **clothes**.”

“**No** one **would** believe **you**,” said the **shadow**; “be **reasonable**, **now**, **or** I will **call** the **guards**.”

“I will **go** **straight** to the **princess**,” said the **learned** man.

“But I **shall** be **there** **first**,” replied the **shadow**, “and **you** will be sent to **prison**.”

And **so** it **turned** **out**, **for** the **guards** readily **obeyed** him, **as** **they** **knew** **he** **was** **going** to marry the king's **daughter**.



“**You** tremble,” said the **princess**, **when** the **shadow** **appeared** **before** **her**. “Has **anything** happened? **You** must not be ill to-**day**, **for** **this** **evening** **our** wedding will **take** **place**.”

“I have gone **through** the **most** terrible affair **that** **could** possibly happen,” said the **shadow**; “only **imagine**, **my** **shadow** **has** gone mad; I **suppose** **such** a **poor**, **shallow** **brain**, **could** not bear **much**; **he** **fancies** **that** **he** **has** **become** a **real** man, and **that** I am **his** **shadow**.”

“**How** very terrible,” cried the **princess**; “is **he** **locked** up?”

“Oh yes, **certainly**; **for** I **fear** **he** will never **recover**.”

“Poor **shadow**!” said the **princess**; “it **is** very **unfortunate** **for** him; it **would** **really** be a **good** **deed** to **free** him from **his** **frail** **existence**; and, **indeed**, **when** I **think** **how** often **people** **take** the **part** of the **lower** **class** **against** the **higher**, in **these** **days**, it **would** be **policy** to **put** him **out** of the **way** **quietly**.”

“It **is** **certainly** **rather** **hard** upon him, **for** **he** **was** a **faithful** **servant**,” said the **shadow**; and **he** pretended to **sigh**.

“**Your** **is** a **noble** character,” said the **princess**, and bowed **herself** **before** him.

In the evening the whole town was illuminated, and cannons fired “boom,” and the soldiers presented arms. It was indeed a grand wedding. The princess and the shadow stepped out on the balcony to show themselves, and to receive one cheer more. But the learned man heard nothing of all these festivities, for he had already been executed.



The Old House

Hans Christian Andersen 1848



A VERY old house stood once in a street with several that were quite new and clean. The date of its erection had been carved on one of the beams, and surrounded by scrolls formed of tulips and hop-tendrils; by this date it could be seen that the old house was nearly three hundred years old. Verses too were written over the windows in old-fashioned letters, and grotesque faces, curiously carved, grinned at you from under the cornices.

One story projected a long way over the other, and under the roof ran a leaden gutter, with a dragon's head at the end. The rain was intended to pour out at the dragon's mouth, but it ran out of his body instead, for there was a hole in the gutter. The other houses in the street were new and well built, with large window panes and smooth walls. Any one could see they had nothing to do with the old house. Perhaps they thought, “How long will that heap of rubbish remain here to be a disgrace to the whole street. The parapet projects so far forward that no one can see out of our windows what is going on in that direction. The stairs are as broad as the staircase of a castle, and as steep as if they led to a church-tower. The iron railing looks like the gate of a cemetery, and there are brass knobs upon it. It is really too ridiculous.”

Opposite to the old house were more nice new houses, which had just the same opinion as their neighbors.

At the window of one of them sat a little boy with fresh rosy cheeks, and clear sparkling eyes, who was very fond of the old house, in sunshine or in moonlight.

He would sit and look at the wall from which the plaster had in some places fallen off, and fancy all sorts of scenes which had been in former times. How the street must have looked when the houses had all gable roofs, open staircases, and gutters with dragons at the spout. He could even see soldiers walking about with halberds. Certainly it was a very good house to look at for amusement.

An old man lived in it, who wore knee-breeches, a coat with large brass buttons, and a wig, which any one could see was a real wig. Every morning an old man came to clean the rooms, and to wait upon him, otherwise the old man in the knee-breeches would have been quite alone in the house. Sometimes he came to one of the windows and looked out; then the little boy nodded to him, and the old man nodded back again, till they became acquainted, and were friends, although they had never spoken to each other; but that was of no consequence.

The little boy one day heard his parents say, "The old man opposite is very well off, but is terribly lonely." The next Sunday morning the little boy wrapped something in a piece of paper and took it to the door of the old house, and said to the attendant who waited upon the old man, "Will you please give this from me to the gentleman who lives here; I have two tin soldiers, and this is one of them, and he shall have it, because I know he is terribly lonely."

And the old attendant nodded and looked very pleased, and then he carried the tin soldier into the house.

Afterwards he was sent over to ask the little boy if he would not like to pay a visit himself. His parents gave him permission, and so it was that he gained admission to the old house.

The brass knobs on the railings shone more brightly than ever, as if they had been polished on account of his visit; and on the door were carved trumpeters standing in tulips, and it seemed as if they were blowing with all their might, their cheeks were so puffed out. "Tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming; Tanta-ra-ra, the little boy is coming."

Then the door opened. All round the hall hung old portraits of knights in armor, and ladies in silk gowns; and the armor rattled, and the silk dresses rustled. Then came a staircase which went up a long way, and then came down a little way and led to a balcony, which was in a very ruinous state. There were large holes and long cracks, out of which grew grass and leaves, indeed the whole balcony, the courtyard, and the walls were so overgrown with green that they looked like a

gärden. In the balcony stood flower-pots, on which were heads having asses' ears, but the flowers in them grew just as they pleased. In one pot pinks were growing all over the sides, at least the green leaves were shooting forth stalk and stem, and saying as plainly as they could speak, "The air has fanned me, the sun has kissed me, and I am promised a little flower for next Sunday—really for next Sunday."

Then they entered a room in which the walls were covered with leather, and the leather had golden flowers stamped upon it.

"Gilding will fade in damp weather,

To endure, there is nothing like leather," said the walls.

Chairs handsomely carved with elbow on each side and with very high backs, stood in the room, and as they creaked seemed to say, "Sit down. Oh dear, how I am creaking. I shall certainly have the gout like the old cupboard. Gout in my back, ugh."

And then the little boy entered the room where the old man sat.

"Thank you for the tin soldier my little friend," said the old man, "and thank you also for coming to see me."

"Thanks, thanks," or "Creak, creak," said all the furniture.

There was so much that the pieces of furniture stood in each other's way to get a sight of the little boy.

On the wall near the centre of the room hung the picture of a beautiful lady, young and gay, dressed in the fashion of the olden times, with powdered hair, and a full, stiff skirt. She said neither "thanks" nor "creak," but she looked down upon the little boy with her mild eyes; and then he said to the old man,

"Where did you get that picture?"

"From the shop opposite," he replied. "Many portraits hang there that none seem to trouble themselves about. The persons they represent have been dead and buried long since. But I knew this lady many years ago, and she has been dead nearly half a century."

Under a glass beneath the picture hung a nosegay of withered flowers, which were no doubt half a century old too, at least they appeared so.

And the pendulum of the old clock went to and fro, and the hands turned round; and as time passed on, everything in the room grew older, but no one seemed to notice it.

“They say at home,” said the little boy, “that you are very lonely.”

“Oh,” replied the old man, “I have pleasant thoughts of all that has passed, recalled by memory; and now you are come to visit me, and that is very pleasant.”

Then he took from the book-case, a book full of pictures representing long processions of wonderful coaches, such as are never seen at the present time. Soldiers like the knave of clubs, and citizens with waving banners. The tailors had a flag with a pair of scissors supported by two lions, and on the shoemakers' flag there were not boots, but an eagle with two heads, for the shoemakers must have everything arranged so that they can say, “This is a pair.” What a picture-book it was; and then the old man went into another room to fetch apples and nuts. It was very pleasant, certainly, to be in that old house.

“I cannot endure it,” said the tin soldier, who stood on a shelf, “it is so lonely and dull here. I have been accustomed to live in a family, and I cannot get used to this life. I cannot bear it. The whole day is long enough, but the evening is longer. It is not here like it was in your house opposite, when your father and mother talked so cheerfully together, while you and all the dear children made such a delightful noise. No, it is all lonely in the old man's house. Do you think he gets any kisses? Do you think he ever has friendly looks, or a Christmas tree? He will have nothing now but the grave. Oh, I cannot bear it.”

“You must not look only on the sorrowful side,” said the little boy; “I think everything in this house is beautiful, and all the old pleasant thoughts come back here to pay visits.”

“Ah, but I never see any, and I don't know them,” said the tin soldier, “and I cannot bear it.”

“You must bear it,” said the little boy. Then the old man came back with a pleasant face; and brought with him beautiful preserved fruits, as well as apples and nuts; and the little boy thought no more of the tin soldier. How happy and delighted the little boy was; and after he returned home, and while days and weeks passed, a great deal of nodding took place from one house to the other, and then the little boy went to pay another visit.

The cärvéd trumpeterş blew “Tanta-ra-ra. **There iş** the little boy. Tanta-ra-ra.” The swôrdş and ärmor on the old knight's pictureş rattled. The silk dresses rustled, the leather repeated its rhyme, and the old chairş had the gout in their backs, and cried, “Creak;” it wäş äll exactly like the first time; fôr in that house, one day and one hour wêre just like another.

“I cannot bear it any longer,” said the tin soldier; “I have wept tearş of tin, it iş so melancholy here. Let me go to the wärs, and leşse an ärm ôr a leg, that wôuld be some change; I cannot bear it. Now I know what it iş to have vişits from one's old recollectionş, and äll they bring with them. I have had vişits from mine, and you may believe me it iş not ältogether pleasant. I wäş very nearly jumping from the shelf. I säw you äll in yôur house opposite, aş if you wêre really preşent. It wäş Sunday môrning, and you children stôod round the table, singing the hymn that you sing every môrning. You wêre standing quietly, with yôur handş folded, and yôur fäther and môtter. You wêre standing quietly, with yôur handş folded, and yôur fäther and môtter wêre lóoking just aş serious, when the dôor opened, and yôur little sister Maria, who iş not twe yearş old, wäş brôught into the reem. You know she älwäş dançeş when she hearş muşic and singing of any sôrt; so she began to dançe immediately, älthough she ôught not to have dône so, but she could not get into the right time becauše the tune wäş so slow; so she stôod first on one leg and then on the ôther, and bent hêr head very low, but it wôuld not suit the muşic. You äll stôod lóoking very grave, älthough it wäş very difficult to de so, but I läughed so to myself that I fell down from the table, and got a bruişe, which iş there still; I know it wäş not right to läugh. So äll this, and everything else that I have seen, keeps running in my head, and theşe must be the old recollectionş that bring so many thóughts with them. Tell me whether you still sing on Sundayş, and tell me about yôur little sister Maria, and how my old comrade iş, the ôther tin soldier. äh, really he must be very happy; I cannot endure this life.”

“You äre given away,” said the little boy; “you must stay. Don't you see that?” Then the old man came in, with a box containing many curious things to show him. Rouge-pots, sçent-boxeş, and old cärdş, so lärg and so richly gilded, that nône äre ever seen like them in theşe dayş. And there wêre smäller boxeş to lóok at, and the piano wäş opened, and inside the lid wêre painted landscapes. But when the old man played, the piano sounded quite out of tune. Then he lóoked at the picture he had bôught at the broker's, and hiş eyeş sparkled brightly aş he nodded at it, and said, “Ah, she could sing that tune.”

“I will go to the w^ár^š! I will go to the w^ár^š!” cried the tin soldier as loud as he could, and th^rew himself down on the fl^óor. Where could he have f^állen? The old man s^éarched, and the little boy s^éarched, but he w^ás gone, and could not be found. “I shall find him again,” said the old man, but he did not find him. The b^óard^š of the fl^óor w^ére open and full of holes. The tin soldier had f^állen th^rough a crack between the b^óard^š, and lay there now in an open grave.

The day went by, and the little boy returned home; the week passed, and many more weeks. It w^ás winter, and the windows w^ére quite frozen, so the little boy w^ás obliged to breathe on the panes, and rub a hole to peep th^rough at the old house. Snow drifts w^ére lying in ^áll the scrolls and on the inscriptions, and the steps w^ére covered with snow as if no one w^ére at home. And indeed nobody w^ás home, f^ór the old man w^ás dead. In the evening, a h^éarse stopped at the d^óor, and the old man in his coffin w^ás placed in it.

He w^ás to be taken to the country to be buried there in his own grave; so they carried him away; no one followed him, f^ór ^áll his friends w^ére dead; and the little boy kissed his hand to the coffin as the h^éarse moved away with it. A few days ^áfter, there w^ás an ^áuction at the old house, and from his window the little boy s^áw the people carrying away the pictures of old knights and ladies, the flower-pots with the long ears, the old chairs, and the cup-b^óard^š. Some w^ére taken one way, some another. H^ér p^ótrait, which had been b^óught at the picture dealer's, went back again to his shop, and there it remained, f^ór no one seemed to know h^ér, ^ór to care f^ór the old picture.

In the spring; they began to pull the house itself down; people called it complete rubbish. From the street could be seen the room in which the walls w^ére covered with leather, ragged and t^órn, and the green in the balcony hung straggling over the beams; they pulled it down quickly, f^ór it looked ready to fall, and at last it w^ás cleared away ^áltogether. “What a good riddance,” said the neighbors' houses.

Very shortly, a fine new house w^ás built farther back from the road; it had lofty windows and sm^éeth walls, but in front, on the spot where the old house really stood, a little g^árden w^ás planted, and wild vines grew up over the neighboring walls; in front of the g^árden w^ére larg^e iron railings and a great gate, which looked very stately. People used to stop and peep th^rough the railings.

The sparrows assembled in dozens upon the wild vines, and chattered ^áll together as loud as they could, but not about the old house; none of them could

remember it, **f**ör many **y**ear**s** had **p**ässe**d** by, **s**o many **i**n**d**eed, **t**hat the little boy **w**as **n**ow a man, and a **r**eally **g**oo**d** man **t**oo, and his **p**arents **w**ere very **p**rou**d** of him. He **w**as just **m**arrie**d**, and had **c**ome, **w**ith his **y**oung **w**ife, to **r**eside in the new **h**ouse **w**ith the **g**ärden in **f**ront of it, and **n**ow he **st**oo**d** **t**here **b**y **h**er **s**ide **w**hile **s**he planted a **f**ield **f**lower **t**hat **s**he **th**o**u**ght very **p**retty. **S**he **w**as planting it **h**er**s**elf **w**ith **h**er little **h**and**s**, and pressing **d**own the **e**ar**t**h **w**ith **h**er **f**inger**s**. “**O**h **d**ear, **w**hat **w**as **t**hat?” **s**he **e**xclai**m**ed, **a**s **s**ome**t**hing **p**ricke**d** **h**er. **o**ut of the soft **e**ar**t**h **s**ome**t**hing **w**as sticking up. It was—only **t**h**i**n**k**!—it **w**as **r**eally the tin **s**oldier, the very **s**ame **w**h**i**ch had **b**een lost up in the **o**ld man's **r**oo**m**, and had **b**een hidden **a**mong **o**ld **w**oo**d** and **r**ubbish **f**ör a long **t**ime, till it sunk into the **e**ar**t**h, **w**here it must have **b**een **f**ör many **y**ear**s**.

And the young **w**ife **w**ipe**d** the **s**oldier, **f**irst **w**ith a **g**reen **l**eaf, and **t**hen **w**ith **h**er **f**ine pocket-handker**ch**ief, **t**hat smelt of **s**uch **b**eautiful **p**er**f**ume. And the tin **s**oldier felt **a**s if he **w**as **r**ecovering from a **f**ainting fit. “Let **m**e **s**ee him,” said the young man, and **t**hen he **s**miled and **sh**oo**k** his **h**ead, and said, “It can **s**car**ce**ly **b**e the **s**ame, but it **r**emind**s** **m**e of **s**ome**t**hing **t**hat happened to one of my **t**in **s**oldier**s** **w**hen I **w**as a little boy.” And **t**hen he **t**old his **w**ife **a**bout the **o**ld **h**ouse and the **o**ld man, and of the tin **s**oldier **w**h**i**ch he had sent across, **b**e**ca**use he **th**o**u**ght the **o**ld man **w**as **l**onely; and he **r**elated the **st**öry **s**o **cl**early **t**hat **t**ear**s** **c**ame into the **e**y**e**s of the young **w**ife **f**ör the **o**ld **h**ouse and the **o**ld man. “It **i**s very **l**ikely **t**hat **t**his **i**s **r**eally the **s**ame **s**oldier,” said **s**he, and I will **t**ake **c**are of him, and **ä**lways remember **w**hat **y**ou have **t**old **m**e; but **s**ome **d**ay **y**ou must **sh**ow **m**e the **o**ld man's **g**rave.”

“I **d**on't **k**now **w**here it **i**s,” he **r**eplied; “**n**o one **k**nows. **ä**ll his **f**riend**s** **ä**re **d**ead; **n**o one **t**oo**k** **c**are of him, and I **w**as **o**nly a little boy.”

“**O**h, **h**ow **d**read**f**ully **l**onely he must have **b**een,” said **s**he.

“**Y**es, **t**erribly **l**onely,” **c**ried the tin **s**oldier; “still it **i**s **d**eli**g**ht**f**ul not to **b**e **f**orgotten.”

“**D**eli**g**ht**f**ul **i**n**d**eed,” **c**ried a **v**oi**ce** **q**uite **n**ear to **t**hem; **n**o one but the tin **s**oldier **s**äw **t**hat it **c**ame from a rag of the **l**eath**e**r **w**h**i**ch hung in tatters; it had lost **ä**ll its **g**ilding, and **l**oo**k**ed **l**ike wet **e**ar**t**h, but it had an **o**pinion, and it **s**poke **i**t **t**hus:—

“Gilding will **f**ade in **d**amp **w**eath**e**r,

To **e**ndure, **t**here **i**s **n**o**t**hing like **l**eath**e**r.”

But the tin **s**oldier did not **b**elieve any **s**uch **t**hing.



The Happy Family

Hans Christian Andersen 1848

THE largest green leaf in this country is certainly the burdock-leaf. If you hold it in front of you, it is large enough for an apron; and if you hold it over your head, it is almost as good as an umbrella, it is so wonderfully large. A burdock never grows alone; where it grows, there are many more, and it is a splendid sight; and all this splendor is good for snails. The great white snails, which grand people in olden times used to have made into fricassees; and when they had eaten them, they would say, "O, what a delicious dish!" for these people really thought them good; and these snails lived on burdock-leaves, and for them the burdock was planted.

There was once an old estate where no one now lived to require snails; indeed, the owners had all died out, but the burdock still flourished; it grew over all the beds and walks of the garden—its growth had no check—till it became at last quite a forest of burdocks. Here and there stood an apple or a plum-tree; but for this, nobody would have thought the place had ever been a garden. It was burdock from one end to the other; and here lived the last two surviving snails. They knew not themselves how old they were; but they could remember the time when there were a great many more of them, and that they were descended from a family which came from foreign lands, and that the whole forest had been planted for them and theirs.

They had never been away from the garden; but they knew that another place once existed in the world, called the Duke's Palace Castle, in which some of their relations had been boiled till they became black, and were then laid on a silver dish; but what was done afterwards they did not know. Besides, they could not imagine exactly how it felt to be boiled and placed on a silver dish; but no doubt it was something very fine and highly genteel. Neither the cockchafer, nor the toad, nor the earth-worm, whom they questioned about it, would give them the least information; for none of their relations had ever been cooked or served on a silver dish. The old white snails were the most aristocratic race in the world,—they knew

that. The forest had **been** planted **fôr** **them**, and the nobleman's **cä**stle had **been** built entirely **that they might be cöök**ed and laid on silver dishes.

They lived **quite** retired and very happily; and **aş** **they** had **no** children of **their** own, **they** had adopted a little common snail, **which they brö**ught up **aş** **their** own **child**. The little one **wö**uld not grow, **fôr** **he wä**s only a common snail; but the old people, **pä**rticularly the **mö**ther-snail, declared **that she cö**uld **eä**sily see how he grew; and **when** the **fä**ther said **he cö**uld not **pê**rceive it, **she** begged him to feel the little snail's **shell**, and **he** did so, and **found** **that** the **mö**ther **wä**s right.

One **day** it **rained** very **fä**st. "Listen, **whä**t a drumming **there** **iş** on the **bü**rdock-leaves; **tü**rn, **tü**rn, **tü**rn; **tü**rn, **tü**rn, **tü**rn," said the **fä**ther-snail.

"**There** **cö**me the drops," said the **mö**ther; "they **ä**re trickling **dö**wn the **stä**lks. **We** shall have it very wet **he**re **pre**sently. I am very glad **we** have **such** **gö**od **hö**useş, and **that** the little one has one of his own. **There** has **been** really **mö**re **dö**ne **fôr** us **than** **fôr** any **ö**ther creature; it **iş** **quite** plain **that** **we** **ä**re the most noble people in the **wö**rd. **We** have **hö**useş from **ö**ur **bî**rth, and the **bü**rdock forest has **been** planted **fôr** us. I **shö**uld very much like to **know** **how** **fä**r it extends, and **whä**t **lie**ş beyond it."

"**There** can be **nö**thing better **than** **we** have **he**re," said the **fä**ther-snail; "I **wi**sh **fôr** **nö**thing **mö**re."

"Yes, but I **dö**," said the **mö**ther; "I **shö**uld like to be taken to the **palä**ce, and boiled, and laid upon a silver dish, **aş** **wä**s **dö**ne to **äl**l **ö**ur **an**cestorş; and **you** may be **sure** it must be **sö**me**th**ing very uncommon."

"The nobleman's **cä**stle, **pê**rhaps, has **fä**llen to decay," said the snail-**fä**ther, "or the **bü**rdock **wö**öd may have grown **ö**ut. **You** need not be in a hurry; **you** **ä**re **äl**ways so impatient, and the youngster **iş** getting just the same. **He** has **been** **th**ree **day**ş creeping to the top of **that** **stä**lk. I feel **quite** giddy **when** I **lö**ök at him."

"**You** must not scold him," said the **mö**ther-snail; "**he** **creeps** so very **care**fully. **He** will be the joy of **ö**ur **home**; and **we** old **fol**ks have **nö**thing else to live **fôr**. But have **you** ever **thö**ught **where** **we** **ä**re to get a wife **fôr** him? **Dö** **you** **th**ink **that** **fä**rther **ö**ut in the **wö**öd **there** may be **ö**therş of **ö**ur **ra**ce?"

"**There** may be black snailş, **no** **dö**ubt," said the old snail; "black snailş **with**out **hö**useş; but **they** **ä**re so vulgar and **cön**ceited **tee**. But **we** can give the ants a commission; **they** run **he**re and **the**re, **aş** if **they** **äl**l had so much business to get **th**rough. **They**, most likely, will **know** of a wife **fôr** **ö**ur youngster."

“I **c**ertainly know a most beautiful bride,” said one of the ants; “but I fear it would not do, f**o**r she is a queen.”

“That **d**oes not matter,” said the old snail; “has she a house?”

“She has a palace,” replied the ant,—“a most beautiful ant-palace with seven hundred passages.”

“Thank-you,” said the mother-snail; “but our boy shall not go to live in an ant-hill. If you know of nothing better, we will give the commission to the white gnats; they fly about in rain and sunshine; they know the burdock wood from one end to the other.”

“We have a wife for him,” said the gnats; “a hundred man-steps from here there is a little snail with a house, sitting on a gooseberry-bush; she is quite alone, and old enough to be married. It is only a hundred man-steps from here.”

“Then let her come to him,” said the old people. “He has the whole burdock forest; she has only a bush.”

So they brought the little lady-snail. She took eight days to perform the journey; but that was just as it ought to be; for it showed her to be one of the right breeding. And then they had a wedding. Six glow-worms gave as much light as they could; but in other respects it was all very quiet; for the old snails could not bear festivities or a crowd. But a beautiful speech was made by the mother-snail. The father could not speak; he was too much overcome.


Then they gave the whole burdock forest to the young snails as an inheritance, and repeated what they had so often said, that it was the finest place in the world, and that if they led upright and honorable lives, and their family increased, they and their children might some day be taken to the nobleman's palace, to be boiled black, and laid on a silver dish. And when they had finished speaking, the old couple crept into their houses, and came out no more; for they slept.

The young snail pair now ruled in the forest, and had a numerous progeny. But as the young ones were never boiled or laid in silver dishes, they concluded that the castle had fallen into decay, and that all the people in the world were dead; and as nobody contradicted them, they thought they must be right. And the rain fell upon the burdock-leaves, to play the drum for them, and the sun shone to paint colors on the burdock forest for them, and they were very happy; the whole family were entirely and perfectly happy.



The Shirt-Collar

Hans Christian Andersen 1848

 **HERE** was once a fine gentleman who possessed among other things a bootjack and a hair-brush; but he had also the finest shirt-collar in the world, and of this collar we are about to hear a story. The collar had become so old that he began to think about getting married; and one day he happened to find himself in the same washing-tub as a garter. "Upon my word," said the shirt-collar, "I have never seen anything so slim and delicate, so neat and soft before. May I venture to ask your name?"

"I shall not tell you," replied the garter.

"Where do you reside when you are at home?" asked the shirt-collar. But the garter was naturally shy, and did not know how to answer such a question.

"I presume you are a girdle," said the shirt-collar, "a sort of under girdle. I see that you are useful, as well as ornamental, my little lady."

"You must not speak to me," said the garter; "I do not think I have given you any encouragement to do so."

"Oh, when any one is as beautiful as you are," said the shirt-collar, "is not that encouragement enough?"

"Get away; don't come so near me," said the garter, "you appear to me quite like a man."

"I am a fine gentleman certainly," said the shirt-collar, "I possess a boot-jack and a hair-brush." This was not true, for these things belonged to his master; but he was a boaster.

"Don't come so near me," said the garter; "I am not accustomed to it."

"Affectation!" said the shirt-collar.

Then they wêre taken out of the wash-tub, stârched, and hung over a chair in the sunshine, and then laid on the ironing-board. And now came the glowing iron. "Mistress widow," said the shirt-collar, "little mistress widow, I feel quite wârm. I am changing, I am leşing âll my creases. You äre brûning a hole in me. Ugh! I propose to you."

"You old rag," said the flat-iron, driving proudly over the collar, fôr she fancied hêrself a steam-engine, which rolls over the railway and drâws carriages. "You old rag!" said she.

The edges of the shirt-collar wêre a little frayed, so the scissors wêre brôught to cut them smêeth. "Oh!" exclaimed the shirt-collar, "what a first-rate dancer you wôuld make; you can stretch out yôur leg so well. I never sâw anything so chârming; I am sure no human being couîd de the same."

"I shouîd think not," replied the scissors.

"You ôught to be a countess," said the shirt collar; "but âll I possess consists of a fine gentleman, a beet-jack, and a comb. I wish I had an estate fôr yôur sake."

"What! is he going to propose to me?" said the scissors, and she became so angry that she cut tee shârpely into the shirt collar, and it wâş obliged to be thrown by aş useless.

"I shall be obliged to propose to the hair-brush," thôught the shirt collar; so he remarked one day, "It is wonderful what beautiful hair you have, my little lady. Have you never thôught of being engaged?"

"You might know I shouîd think of it," answered the hair brush; "I am engaged to the beet-jack."

"Engaged!" cried the shirt collar, "now there is no one left to propose to;" and then he pretended to despise âll love-making.

A long time pässeð, and the shirt collar wâş taken in a bag to the paper-mill. Here wâş a lârge company of rags, the fine ones lying by themselves, separated from the côarser, aş it ôught to be. They had âll many things to relate, especially the shirt collar, who wâş a terrible boaster. "I have had an immense number of love affairs," said the shirt collar, "no one left me any pecçe. It is true I wâş a very fine gentleman; quite stuck up. I had a beet-jack and a brush that I never used. You shouîd have seen me then, when I wâş tûrned down. I shall never forget my first love; she wâş a girdle, so chârming, and fine, and soft, and she threw hêrself into a washing tub fôr my sake.

There **was** a widow **too**, **who was** warmly in **love with** me, but I left **her** alone, and **she** became **quite** black. The next **was** a **first-rate** dancer; **she gave** me the wound from **which** I still suffer, **she was** so **passionate**. **Even my own** hair-brush **was** in **love with** me, and lost **all her** hair **through** neglected **love**. Yes, I have had **great** experience of **this kind**, but my **greatest** grief **was** **for** the garter—the **girdle** I meant to say—that jumped into the wash-tub. I have a **great deal** on my **conscience**, and it **is** really **time** I **should be** **turned into** **white paper**.”

And the **shirt** collar came to **this** at **last**. **All** the rags **were** made into **white paper**, and the **shirt** collar became the very **identical** piece of paper **which** we **now see**, and on **which** **this** **story** **is** printed. It happened as a **punishment** to him, **for** having **boasted** so shockingly of **things** **which** **were** not **true**. And **this** **is** a **warning** to us, to be **careful** **how** we act, **for** we may **some day** find **ourselves** in the rag-bag, to be **turned into** **white paper**, on **which** **our** **whole** history may be written, **even** its **most** **secret** **actions**. And it **would** not be **pleasant** to have to run about the **world** in the **form** of a **piece** of **paper**, telling **everything** we have **done**, like the **boasting** **shirt** collar.



THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

A MODERN VERSION OF
AN ANCIENT TEACHING METHOD BUT FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING STUDENTS TODAY

The PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT by Virtual **Ph**onetics Pty Ltd is a simple first stage toward helping students and workers to read and spell English words with greater accuracy. It is based upon a method for the teaching of basic literacy that first originated some 3,200 years ago.

This ancient method is still being used today for the teaching of Hebrew literacy skills throughout the world. The **ph**onetic English script basically does for modern English words what the “vocalization marks” of Hebrew have done for Hebrew words for many centuries.

SOME ‘NEW’ LETTERS WITH THE OLD ONES

a	a	á	ä	â	b	c	ç	ch	
d	d	e	e	ê	ë	f	g	g	gh
h	i	i	î	j	k	l	m	n	
o	o	ô	ó	ô	ó	œ	ø	p	ph
q	qu	r	s	ş	sh	t	th	th	
u	u	û	ú	v	w	x	y	y ²	y z

Above are the **59** letters and letter combinations used by the phonetic English text in this booklet. These **59** letters, when combined with the silent (*smaller and slanted*) letters, add up to the reported **60** sounding-out “rules” that are taught by the phonetic English script.

In a strict sense, this text successfully applies these **60** rules to an impressive 98.7% of the near **360** spelling or sounding-out ‘rules’ that are estimated to exist in English writing.

It is relevant to note too, that the 2017 update of the computer based English **phonetic text conversion** program contains some 15,000 coded words in its support word bank.

THE **10** SIGNS AROUND THE LETTERS: HOW THEY WORK

- SIGN 1.** Faint and smaller letters are not to be sounded out. They are silent:
knob writ wrestle trouble debt
- SIGN 2.** **BOLDED** pairs of consonant letters make one common English sound unit:
gh as in rough **ph** as in philosophy
ch as in chin **sh** as in shut **qu** as in quit
- SIGN 3.** **BOLDED** single vowels **a e i o u** changes their sounds from short to long:
apron even icon oval unit
stra**igh**t **thou**gh **throu**gh gh**ost**
- SIGN 4.** A vertical line under the letters **ç g ş đ** changes their sounds to s j z and t respectively:
ç**ell** g**em** rub**ş** jumpe**đ** cru**iş**e
- SIGN 5.** A vertical line over the letters **a** and **o** changes their sounds to short **o** and **u** sounds respectively:
w**aş** w**atch** qu**ádş** qu**ality** y**á**cht
c**ó**me fr**ó**nt am**ó**ng w**ó**nder m**ó**ther
- SIGN 6.** A dot over the letters **o** and **u** changes their sounds to *hard u* sound :
p**ù**ll b**ù**tcher b**òş**óm w**ò**man t**ò**ok
- SIGN 7.** Two dots over a letter tells you that there is an **ah** sound below:
he**ä**rt st**är** l**ä**ugh sp**ä**rse s**ë**rgeant
- SIGN 8.** A horizontal curved line over a letter tells you that there is **er** sound below:
b**î**rd t**ê**rm b**û**rn w**ô**rthy l**ê**arn
- SIGN 9.** A vertical ^c shape over a letter tells you that there is an **or** sound below:
ch**â**lk b**ô**ught b**â**ld b**ô**rn d**â**ughter
- SIGN 10.** A slanted line through a letter tells you about the sound of **ew** as in 'now' sound:
b**o**unç**e** allow**ing** scr**ou**ng**e** pl**ou**gh

THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT: PRONUNCIATION KEY

VOWELS

a apple ant rabbit
a ac**o**rn gre**a**tly vac**a**nt
á w**a**nt sw**á**t qu**á**rrel ya**ch**t
ä ä**ä**rt p**ä**/m c**ä**rnag**e**
â â**ll** r**â**w h**â**ul

e egg empty ent**iç**e
e even **e**vil se**ç**ret
ê h**ê**r v**ê**rg**e** **ê**arly
ë cl**ë**r**k** s**ë**rg**e**ant

i ink igl**ee** it**ch**y
 y yet yonder yellow

i id**l**e del**i**ght **i**c**o**n
y my**s**elf pig**st**y den**y**
î î**r**k g**î**rder b**î**r**th**

o orang**e** oct**o**p**u**s odd
o **o**mit **o**ver eskimo
ó s**ó**n m**ó**ther **ó**n**í**o**n**
ô w**ô**lf h**ô**od w**ô**man
ô w**ô**rd w**ô**rse w**ô**rk
ô **ô**rder s**ô**rt transp**ô**rt
ö **ö**ut sc**ö**wl l**ö**udly
ö m**ö**ve t**ö**e into**e** tw**ö**e

u ugly umbrella cut
u **u**n**í**o**n** **u**n**í**ty r**u**d**e**
ù p**ù**t p**ù**ll b**ù**t**ç**er
û **û**rg**e** n**û**rse p**û**rp**l**e

CONSONANTS

c cat cut cot cabbage
ç **ç**ent **ç**ity **ç**ycle
 g get got gun give
g **g**em **g**entle **g**ing**ç**er
 d dig dug dog
d l**i**k**e****d** l**i**c**k**e**d** k**i**s**s**e**d**
 s sit sat set
ş dig**ş** dog**ş** pre**ş**ent

ch **ch**at **ch**in rich much
sh **sh**ed **sh**ut rush rash
th **th**at **th**en **th**is **th**o**ş**e
th **th**in **th**ick **th**ink **th**ing
ph **ph**one **ph** graph **ph** nephew
gh **gh**ough l**ä**ugh **gh**ough
qu **qu**ickly **qu**een **qu**it

r
r

The **TOP** 'r' is spoken before vowels and
 the **BOTTOM** 'r' is not usually spoken after vowels.

THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT : PRONUNCIATION KEY

a apple ant rabbit
 e egg empty entic^e
 i ink igl~~ee~~ itchy
 y typical happy
 o orang^e octop^us oggl^e
 à want swat quarrel yacht

u ugly umbrella cut
 ó sòn móther óniòn

ò wòlf hòod wòman
 ù pùt pùll bùtcher

a acòrn greatly vacant

e even evil secret

i idle delight icòn

y myself pigsty deny

o omit over eskimo

u uniòn unity rude

e move tee into twe

o out scowl loudly

ä ärt pä/m càrnag^e

ë clèrk sèrg^eant

ê hêr vèrg^e éarly

î îrk gîrder bîrth

ô wôrd wôrs^e wôrth

û ûrg^e nûrs^e pûrple

å åll råw hául

ó order sórt transpórt

**SHORT VOWEL SOUNDS
 IN ENGLISH**

In the teachers' manual, SHORT VOWEL word lists are found on pages 10 through to 21.

**LONG VOWEL SOUNDS
 IN ENGLISH**

In the teachers' manual, LONG VOWEL word lists are found on pages 22 through to 32.

**ENGLISH VOWEL SOUNDS
 THAT ARE USUALLY
 INFLUENCED BY THE
 LETTER 'R'**

In the teachers' manual, words whose VOWELS ARE INFLUENCED by the letter 'r' are found on pages 33 to 38.

The final word lists on pages 39 to 44 of the teachers' manual are taken up by words that can best be classified as polysyllabic and phonetically complex.