

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

**WRITTEN IN THE PHONETIC
ENGLISH FONT**



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN 1845

CHRIS NUGENT 2024

PROMO INSERT
A UNIQUE BOOK
AND THE APP FOR THE
PHONETIC ENGLISH
FONT



**NEW HOPE FOR LITERALLY MILLIONS
WHO ARE LEARNING TO READ ENGLISH**

CHRISTOPHER NUGENT 2024

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS : PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

ABOUT THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

The invention of the PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT for English literacy paves the way for teachers of English to radically improve the efficiency of a large volume of early literacy publications including thousands of children's story books.

The PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT presents a truly cheap and simple opportunity for schools to give new hope to many of those students ... young and old ... who have problems with basic English writing and reading skills.

Full details on this new font for basic literacy teaching are provided on:

www.phoneticenglishbible.com

www.phoneticenglishbooks.com

... FOR THE MEANTIME ...

... HOW THE FONT WORKS IN HALF A PAGE ...

WITHOUT changing the spellings of any English words, this **new font** by *Virtual Phonetics Pty Ltd* reduces the number of essential English **sounding out** or **pronunciation** 'rules' by

80%

and less than **1%** of all English words remain "out of reach" for this font.

THIS IS HOW THE APP WORKS ON HIGHLIGHTED TEXTS

The **10** marks of the app's "**phonetic English**" font reduce the complexity of our English 'sounding out' rule system down from near **360** rules to **60** and **this without changing** the spelling of the words.

The app is based upon a (diacritical marking) method for the teaching of basic reading that, at its very basics ... almost certainly ... first originated with the teaching of Hebrew some 3000 years ago.

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WHY THIS FONT ?

THE PURPOSE OF THE FONT is to help students of English to cope more easily with the problems of our unique English 'rules' for **PRONUNCIATION AND SPELLING**

Since especially the **15th century** many writers have made sensible suggestions for improvements for changes to English spelling ... but their suggestions have never been taken up : around the world, there were just too many English speaking people who saw no good reason to change their **writing** habits.

But the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** that is used throughout the **PHONETIC ENGLISH BOOK AND BIBLE SERIES** is very different ... and it stands a reasonable chance of becoming accepted.

The thinking here is simple : this new font for **PHONETICALLY REGULAR ENGLISH** can be read by all readers of English **WITHOUT ANY PRIOR STUDY.**

The font is only a simple but computer based “ diacritical marking ” system that has been adapted to our existing English spelling conventions. For **centuries**, the marks within **all** such systems have only shown readers how to pronounce the words that any given language community has chosen to communicate with.

And the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** that is used in both the Phonetic English Bible as well as the Phonetic English Books series is no exception.

THE 10 SIGNS OF THE PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

The font has been over **60** years in the making. Only **10 SIGNS** on and around English letters enable it to work. Minimum introductory details are provided on these current pages but a fully elaborated **MANUAL** comes with both of the **PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT** series

Christopher Nugent 2024

A PRIOR NOTE : 20 HIGH FREQUENCY 'CONNECTOR' WORDS

A **TOTAL** of **20** very high frequency 'connector' words occupy a disproportionate volume of the word count on any page. To avoid an unnecessary amount of visual clutter throughout ... the **phonetic English** font in especially the **PHONETIC ENGLISH BIBLE** has **chosen NOT** to encode the following 20 words :

he she me be so no as or for you her his to into of
the is are was were

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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**a**ight **tho**ugh **th**rough gh**o**st
- SIGN 4.** A vertical line under the letters **ç g ş đ** changes their sounds to s j z and t respectively:
çell gem rub**ş** jump**đ** cru**i**se
- SIGN 5.** A vertical line over the letters **a** and **o** changes their sounds to short **o** and **u** sounds respectively:
w**a**ş w**a**tch **qu**ad**ş** **qu**ality y**a**cht
c**o**me fr**o**nt am**o**ng w**o**nder m**o**ther
- SIGN 6.** A dot over the letters **o** and **u** changes their sounds to *hard u* sound :
p**u**ll b**u**tcher b**o**ş**o**m w**o**man t**o**ok
- SIGN 7.** Two dots over a letter tells you that there is an **ah** sound below:
he**ä**rt st**ä**r l**ä**ugh sp**ä**rse s**ä**rg**e**ant
- 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**ă**/k b**ô**ught b**ă**ld b**ô**rn d**ă**ughter
- SIGN 10.** A slanted line through a letter tells you about the sound of **ow** as in 'now' sound:
b**o**un**ç**e all**o**wing scr**o**un**ç**e pl**o**ugh

SALE : GLOBAL RIGHTS : PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT

THE FONT APP IS LOOKING FOR A NEW PUBLISHER TO TAKE OVER

CONTACT Chris Nugent virtualphonetics@gmail.com

Below are the **NEW ENGLISH LETTERS** that enable the PHONETIC ENGLISH FONT APP to work. A fully elaborated MANUAL is available.

SUMMARY FEATURES

Below are the **59** letter designs used by the phonetically regular written English font in the program. These **59** new and old “**letters**”, when combined with the silent (*smaller and slanted*) letters, make up the **60** sounding out ‘**rules**’ that are taught by the **Virtual Phonetics™ font**. This new font of **60** sounding out ‘**rules**’ replaces an estimated **360** (and even more) sounding out ‘**rules**’ that all children have to learn on their way to normal adult reading skill.

The resulting text does not change the **spelling** of any words yet it goes **99%** of the way toward converting normal English words into ‘**phonetically regular**’ ones.

The app contains over 15,500 different words in its coded word bank.

a	a	á	ä	å	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	ó	ø	ø	p	ph			
q	qu	r	r	s	ş	sh	t	th	th	
u	u	û	û	v	w	x	y	y ²	y	z

FULL TECHNICAL INFORMATION IN THE MANUAL

www.phoneticenglishbible.com
www.phoneticenglishbooks.com

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AND TECHNICAL DETAILS



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**A summary of the essential technical details of the Virtual
Phonetics script can be found in the
MANUAL**

THE STORIES

The Tinder Box

Little Claus and Big Claus

The Princess and the Pea

Little Ida's Flowers

Little Tiny or Thumbelina

The Travelling Companion

The Little Mermaid

The Emperor's New Suit

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



A **SOLDIER** came **mä**rching along the **hi**gh **ro**ad: “Left, right—left, **ri**ght.” He had his knapsack on his back, and a **sw**ord at his side; he had been to the **w**ars, and **w**as **n**ow **re**türning home.

As he **w**älked on, he met a very **fr**ightful-lööking **o**ld **w**itch in the **ro**ad. **H**er underlip hung **qu**ite **d**own on her breast, and **s**he stoppe**d** and said, “**G**ö**o**d evening, soldier; **y**ou have a very **f**ine **sw**ord, and a **l**ä**rg**e knapsack, and **y**ou **ä**re a **r**eal soldier; **s**o **y**ou shall have **a**s much **m**ö**n**ey **a**s ever **y**ou like.”

“**T**hank **y**ou, **o**ld **w**itch,” said the **s**oldier.

“**D**o **y**ou see **th**at **l**ä**rg**e **t**ree,” said the **w**itch, pointing to a **t**ree **wh**ich stö**o**d beside **th**em. “Well, it **i**s **qu**ite hollow inside, and **y**ou must **cl**imb to the top, **wh**en **y**ou will see a **h**ole, **th**rough **wh**ich **y**ou can let **y**ö**u**rself **d**own into the **t**ree to a **g**reat **d**e**pt**h. I will **t**ie a **r**ope **r**ound **y**ö**u**r body, **s**o **th**at I can **p**ull **y**ou up again **wh**en **y**ou **c**äll **o**ut to **m**e.”

“But **wh**at am I to **d**ö, **d**own **th**ere in the **t**ree?” **ä**ske**d** the **s**oldier.

“Get **m**ö**n**ey,” **s**he replied; “for **y**ou must **kn**ow **th**at **wh**en **y**ou **r**e**a**ch the **g**round under the **t**ree, **y**ou will find **y**ö**u**rself in a **l**ä**rg**e **h**äll, **l**ighte**d** up **b**y **th**ree hundred lamps; **y**ou will **th**en see **th**ree **d**ö**o**rs, **wh**ich can be **e**ä**s**ily **o**pened, **f**ör the **k**eys **ä**re in **ä**ll the locks. On entering the **f**irst of the **ch**amber**s**, to **wh**ich **th**ese **d**ö**o**rs **l**ead, **y**ou will see a **l**ä**rg**e **ch**est, standing in the middle of the **f**l**ö**or, and upon it a dog **s**eated, **with** a **p**air of **e**y**e**s **a**s **l**ä**rg**e **a**s **t**ea**c**ups. But **y**ou **n**eed not be at **ä**ll afraid of him; I will give **y**ou **m**y **bl**ue **ch**eck**e**d **a**pr**ö**n, **wh**ich **y**ou must spread upon the **f**l**ö**or, and **th**en **b**oldly **s**eize **h**old of the dog, and **p**la**c**e him upon it. **Y**ou can **th**en **o**pen the **ch**est, and **t**ake from it **a**s many **p**en**c**e **a**s **y**ou **p**leä**s**e, **th**ey **ä**re **o**nly copper **p**en**c**e; but if **y**ou **w**ö**u**ld **r**ä**th**er have silver **m**ö**n**ey, **y**ou must go into the **s**e**c**ö**n**d chamber. **H**ere **y**ou will find **a**n**ö**th**e**r dog, **with** **e**y**e**s **a**s **b**i**g** **a**s **m**ill-**w**he**e**ls; but **d**e not let **th**at trouble **y**ou. **P**la**c**e him upon **m**y **a**pr**ö**n, and **th**en **t**ake **wh**at **m**ö**n**ey **y**ou **p**leä**s**e. If, **h**ow**e**ver, **y**ou like **g**old best, enter the **th**ird **ch**amber, **wh**ere **th**ere **i**s **a**n**ö**th**e**r **ch**est **f**üll of it. The dog **wh**o sits on **th**is **ch**est **i**s very **d**read**f**ul; his **e**y**e**s **ä**re **a**s **b**i**g** **a**s a **t**ow**e**r, but **d**e not mind him. If **h**e **ä**ls**o** **i**s **p**la**c**e**d** upon **m**y **a**pr**ö**n, **h**e cannot **h**ü**r**t **y**ou, and **y**ou **m**ay **t**ake from the **ch**est **wh**at **g**old **y**ou will.”

"This is not a bad story," said the soldier; "but what am I to give you, you old witch? for, of course, you do not mean to tell me all this for nothing."

"No," said the witch; "but I do not ask for a single penny. Only promise to bring me an old tinder-box, which my grandmother left behind the last 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 soon 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-

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

stuff women; ~~all~~ the tin ~~soldiers~~, whips, and rocking-h~~orses~~ in the w~~orld~~, ~~or~~ even the whole town itself. ~~There was~~, indeed, an immense ~~quantity~~. So the soldier ~~now~~ ~~threw away~~ ~~all~~ the silver ~~money~~ he had ~~taken~~, and filled his pockets and his knapsack ~~with~~ gold instead; and not ~~only~~ his pockets and his knapsack, but ~~even~~ his cap and ~~boots~~, so ~~that~~ he ~~could~~ ~~scarcely~~ w~~alk~~.

He ~~was~~ really rich ~~now~~; so he replac~~ed~~ the dog on the ~~chest~~, clos~~ed~~ the d~~oor~~, and call~~ed~~ up ~~thru~~gh the tree, “~~Now pull me out~~, you old witch.”

“Have you got the tinder-box?” ~~asked~~ the witch.

“No; I declar~~e~~ I ~~quite~~ forgot it.” So he went back and fetch~~ed~~ the tinderbox, and ~~then~~ the witch drew him up ~~out~~ of the tree, and he st~~ood~~ again in the high road, ~~with~~ his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his ~~boots~~ full of gold.

“~~What~~ ~~are~~ you going to ~~do~~ with the tinder-box?” ~~asked~~ the soldier.

“~~That is~~ ~~nothing~~ to you,” repli~~ed~~ the witch; “you have the ~~money~~, ~~now~~ give me the tinder-box.”

“I tell you ~~what~~,” said the soldier, “if you don’t tell me ~~what~~ you ~~are~~ going to ~~do~~ with it, I will draw my sw~~ord~~ and cut off y~~our~~ head.”

“No,” said the witch.

The soldier immediately cut off h~~er~~ head, and ~~there~~ ~~she~~ lay on the ground. ~~Then~~ he tied up ~~all~~ his ~~money~~ in h~~er~~ apron and slung it on his back like a bundle, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and w~~alked~~ off to the nearest town. It ~~was~~ a very nice town, and he put up at the best inn, and ~~ordered~~ a dinner of ~~all~~ his favorite dishes, f~~or~~ ~~now~~ he ~~was~~ rich and had plenty of ~~money~~.

The s~~ervant~~, wh~~o~~ clean~~ed~~ his ~~boots~~, ~~thought~~ they ~~certainly~~ w~~ere~~ a shabby pair to be w~~orn~~ by such a rich gentleman, f~~or~~ he had not yet b~~ought~~ any new ones. The next day, ~~however~~, he procur~~ed~~ some good clothes and proper ~~boots~~, so ~~that~~ ~~our~~ soldier s~~een~~ became known as a fine gentleman, and the people vis~~ited~~ him, and told him ~~all~~ the w~~onders~~ that w~~ere~~ to be seen in the town, and of the king’s beautiful d~~aughter~~, the princess.

“Where can I see h~~er~~?” ~~asked~~ the soldier.

“She is not to be seen at ~~all~~,” they said; “~~she~~ lives in a larg~~e~~ copper c~~astle~~, surrounded by walls and tower~~s~~. No one but the king himself can pass in ~~or~~ out, f~~or~~ ~~there~~ has been a prophec~~y~~ that ~~she~~ will marry a common soldier, and the king cannot bear to ~~think~~ of such a marriage.”

"I **sho**uld like very much to see hêr," **thô**ught the soldier; but he co~~u~~ld not obtain pêrmission to d~~e~~ so. However, he p~~ä~~ssed a very ple~~a~~sant time; went to the **the**atre, dro~~v~~e in the king's g~~ä~~rden, and gav~~e~~ a gr~~e~~at de~~a~~l of m~~ö~~ney to the p~~ö~~or, which w~~a~~s very g~~ö~~od of him; he remembered wh~~a~~t it had b~~ee~~n in olden tim~~e~~s to b~~e~~ with~~o~~ut a shilling. Now he w~~a~~s rich, had fin~~e~~ clo~~th~~e~~s~~, and many frien~~d~~s, wh~~o~~ **ä**ll declar~~e~~d he w~~a~~s a fin~~e~~ fellow and a real g~~ent~~leman, and **ä**ll **this** gratifi~~e~~d him ex~~c~~ceedingly. But hi~~s~~ m~~ö~~ney wo~~u~~ld not l~~ä~~st forever; and a~~s~~ he spent and gav~~e~~ away a gr~~e~~at de~~a~~l daily, and r~~e~~ceiv~~e~~d n~~ö~~ne, he f~~o~~und himself at l~~ä~~st with only tw~~o~~ shilling~~s~~ left.

So he w~~a~~s oblig~~e~~d to le~~a~~ve hi~~s~~ elegant r~~ö~~om~~s~~, and live in a little garret under the r~~ö~~of, wh~~e~~re he had to cle~~a~~n hi~~s~~ own b~~ö~~ots, and even mend **them** with a l~~ä~~rg~~e~~ needle. N~~ö~~ne of hi~~s~~ frien~~d~~s cam~~e~~ to s~~e~~e him, **there** w~~e~~re t~~oo~~ many stair~~s~~ to m~~ö~~unt up. One d~~ä~~r~~k~~ evening, he had not even a penny to bu~~y~~ a candle; **then** **ä**ll at onc~~e~~ he remembered **that** **there** w~~a~~s a pie~~c~~e of candle stuck in the tinder-box, which he had br~~ö~~ught from the old tree, into which the witch had help~~e~~d him.

He f~~o~~und the tinder-box, but n~~o~~ s~~ö~~oner had he struck a few sp~~ä~~rks from the flint and steel, **than** the d~~ö~~or flew op~~e~~n and the dog with ey~~e~~s a~~s~~ big a~~s~~ teacups, wh~~o~~m he had s~~e~~en whil~~e~~ down in the tree, st~~ö~~od bef~~ö~~re him, and said, "Wh~~a~~t **ö**rd~~e~~r~~s~~, m~~ä~~ster?"

"Hallo," said the soldier; "well **this** is a ple~~a~~sant tinderbox, if it bring~~s~~ me **ä**ll I wish f~~ö~~r."

"Bring me s~~ö~~me m~~ö~~ney," said he to the dog.

He w~~a~~s gon~~e~~ in a m~~ö~~ment, and pr~~e~~sently ret~~ü~~rn~~e~~d, carrying a l~~ä~~rg~~e~~ bag of copper~~s~~ in hi~~s~~ m~~ö~~nth. The soldier very s~~ö~~on disc~~ö~~ver~~e~~d **ä**fter **this** the val~~u~~e of the tinder-box. If he struck the flint onc~~e~~, the dog wh~~o~~ sat on the **chest** of copper m~~ö~~ney mad~~e~~ hi~~s~~ app~~e~~aran~~c~~e; if twi~~c~~e, the dog cam~~e~~ from the **chest** of silver; and if **three** tim~~e~~s, the dog with ey~~e~~s lik~~e~~ tower~~s~~, wh~~o~~ watch~~e~~d over the gold. The soldier had n~~ö~~w plenty of m~~ö~~ney; he ret~~ü~~rn~~e~~d to hi~~s~~ elegant r~~ö~~om~~s~~, and reappe~~a~~red in hi~~s~~ fin~~e~~ clo~~th~~e~~s~~, so **that** hi~~s~~ frien~~d~~s knew him again directly, and mad~~e~~ a~~s~~ much of him a~~s~~ bef~~ö~~re.

After a whil~~e~~ he b~~e~~gan to **th**ink it w~~a~~s very strang~~e~~ **that** n~~o~~ one co~~u~~ld get a l~~ö~~ok at the princ~~e~~ss. "Every one say~~s~~ **she** is very be~~a~~utif~~u~~l," **thô**ught he to himself; "but wh~~a~~t is the **u**se of **that** if **she** is to b~~e~~ shut up in a copper c~~ä~~stle surr~~ö~~und~~e~~d by so many tower~~s~~. Can I by any m~~e~~an~~s~~ get to s~~e~~e hêr. Stop! Wh~~e~~re is my tinder-box?" **Then** he struck a l~~i~~ght, and in a m~~ö~~ment the dog, with ey~~e~~s a~~s~~ big a~~s~~ teacups, st~~ö~~od bef~~ö~~re him.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“It **is** mid**ni**ght,” said the **soldier**, “yet I **sho**uld very much like to **see** the prin**ce**ss, if **only** **f**or a **mo**ment.”

The dog disapp**ea**red instantly, and bef**o**re the **soldier** cou**ld** **even** lo**o**ok **rou**nd, he ret**u**rn**ed** **with** the prin**ce**ss. **She** **wa**s ly**ing** on the dog's back asleep, and lo**o**ke**d** **so** lo**v**ely, **th**at every one **wh**o **s**aw h**e**r wou**ld** **kn**ow **she** **wa**s a real prin**ce**ss. The **soldier** cou**ld** not help kissing h**e**r, **tru**e **soldier** **a**s **he** **wa**s. **Then** the dog ran back **with** the prin**ce**ss; but in the m**o**rn**ing**, **wh**ile at breakf**ä**st **with** the king and **que**en, **she** **to**ld **them** **wh**at a singular dre**a**m **she** had had **d**uring the **ni**ght, of a dog and a **soldier**, **th**at **she** had ridden on the dog's back, and **bee**n kis**se**d **by** the **soldier**.

“**Th**at **is** a very pretty st**o**ry, **inde**ed,” said the **que**en. **So** the next **ni**ght one of the **old** **ladie**s of the **c**ou**r**t **wa**s set to **wa**tch **by** the prin**ce**ss's bed, to **dis**cov**e**r **wh**ether it **re**ally **wa**s a dre**a**m, **o**r **wh**at **e**lse it **mi**ght **be**.

The **soldier** longed very much to **see** the prin**ce**ss on**ce** m**o**re, **so** he sent **f**or the dog **ag**ain in the **ni**ght to **fe**tch h**e**r, and to run **with** h**e**r **a**s **f**ä**st** **a**s **ev**er he cou**ld**. But the **old** **lady** **pu**t on wä**t**er **bo**ots, and ran **ä**fter him **a**s **qu**ickly **a**s **he** did, and **fo**und **th**at he carried the prin**ce**ss into a **lä**rg**e** house. **She** **th**o**u**ght it wou**ld** help h**e**r to remember the **pl**ac**e** if **she** made a **lä**rg**e** cross on the **d**ö**o**r **with** a **pie**ce of **ch**ä**k**. **Then** **she** went **h**ome to bed, and the dog **pre**s**e**ntly ret**u**rn**ed** **with** the prin**ce**ss. But **wh**en he **s**aw **th**at a cross had **bee**n made on the **d**ö**o**r of the house, **wh**ere the **soldier** lived, he **to**ok **an**o**th**er **pie**ce of **ch**ä**k** and made **cro**sses on **ä**ll the **d**ö**o**rs in the **to**wn, **so** **th**at the **lady**-in-waiting **mi**ght not **be** **a**ble to **fin**d **o**ut the **ri**ght **d**ö**o**r.

Early the next m**o**rn**ing** the king and **que**en **ac**c**o**mpan**i**ed the **lady** and **ä**ll the **offi**c**e**rs of the **h**ouse**h**old, to **see** **wh**ere the prin**ce**ss had **bee**n.

“**H**ere it **is**,” said the king, **wh**en **th**ey **ca**me to the **fi**rst **d**ö**o**r **with** a cross on it.

“**N**o, **my** **de**ar **hu**s**ba**nd, it must **be** **th**at one,” said the **que**en, pointing to a **se**c**o**nd **d**ö**o**r having a cross **ä**l**so**.

“**A**nd **h**ere **is** one, and **th**ere **is** **an**o**th**er!” **th**ey **ä**ll **ex**clai**m**ed; **f**ör **th**ere **w**ere **cro**sses on **ä**ll the **d**ö**o**rs in every **di**re**cti**on.

So **th**ey felt it wou**ld** **be** **u**seless to **s**ea**r**ch any **f**ä**r**th**e**r. But the **que**en **wa**s a very **cle**ver **w**oman; **she** cou**ld** **de** a **gre**at **de**al **m**ö**r**e **th**an **me**rely **ri**de in a **car**riag**e**. **She** **to**ok h**e**r **lä**rg**e** **go**ld **sc**i**ss**ors, cut a **pie**ce of silk into **sq**uare**s**, and made a **ne**at little bag. **This** bag **she** filled **with** buckw**he**at **fl**ou**r**, and **tie**d it **rou**nd the prin**ce**ss's neck; and **th**en **she** cut a **sm**ä**ll** **ho**le in the bag, **so** **th**at the **fl**ou**r** **mi**ght **be** scattered

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

The king could not refuse **this** request, so the soldier took his tinder-box, and struck fire, once, twice, thrice,— and **there** in a moment stood **all** the dogs;—the one with **eye**s as big as teacups, the one with **eye**s as large as mill-wheels, and the **thi**rd, whose **eye**s were like towers. “Help me **now**, **that** I may not be hanged,” cried the soldier.

And the dogs fell upon the judges and **all** the councillors; seized one **by** the legs, and another **by** the nose, and tossed **them** many feet high in the air, so **that** they fell down and were dashed to pieces.

“I will not be touched,” said the king. But the largest dog seized him, as well as the **queen**, and **threw** **them** **after** the **o**thers. **Then** the soldiers and **all** the people were afraid, and cried, “**Go**od soldier, **you** shall be **ou**r king, and **you** shall marry the **be**autiful princess.”

So they placed the soldier in the king’s carriage, and the **three** dogs ran on in front and cried “Hurrah!” and the little boys whistled **throu**gh their fingers, and the soldiers presented **ar**ms. The princess came **ou**t of the copper castle, and became **queen**, **whi**ch was very pleasing to her. The wedding festivities lasted a whole week, and the dogs sat at the table, and stared with **all** their **eye**s.

Little Claus and Big Claus

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

 **I**n a village there once lived **two** men who had the same name. **They** were **both** called **Cl**aus. One of **them** had **fo**ur horses, but the **o**ther had **only** one; so to distinguish **them**, people called the owner of the **fo**ur horses, “**Gr**eat **Cl**aus,” and he who had **only** one, “**Li**ttle **Cl**aus.” **Now** we shall hear **wh**at happened to **them**, **fo**r **this** is a true story.

Through the whole week, Little **Cl**aus was obliged to plough **fo**r **Gr**eat **Cl**aus, and lend him his one horse; and once a week, on a Sunday, **Gr**eat **Cl**aus lent him **all** his **fo**ur horses. **Then** **h**ow Little **Cl**aus would smack his whip **over** **all** **fi**ve horses, **they** were as **go**od as his own on **that** one day. The sun shone **bri**ghtly, and the **ch**urch bells were ringing merrily as the people passed **by**, dressed in their best clothes, with their prayer-books under their **ar**ms. **They** were going to hear the **cl**ergyman **pre**ach. **They** looked at Little **Cl**aus ploughing with his **fi**ve horses, and he was so **p**roud **th**at he smacked his whip, and said, “**G**ee-up, my **fi**ve horses.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“You must not say that,” said Big Clåſ; “for only one of them belongs to you.” But Little Clåſ 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 Clåſ; “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 Clåſ; and seizing a hammer, he struck the one horse of Little Clåſ on the head, and he fell dead instantly.

“Oh, now I have no horse at all,” said Little Clåſ, 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 Clåſ; 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 Clåſ to himself, as the farmer’s wife shut the door in his face.

Near to the färmhouse stóód a lārgē haystack, and between it and the house wās a smāll shed, with a thatched reof. “I can lie up there,” said Little Clāuș, aș he sāv the reof; “it will make a famous bed, but I hope the stōrk will not fly down and bite my legș;” fōr on it stóód a living stōrk, whēșe nest wās in the reof. So Little Clāuș climbed to the reof of the shed, and while he tūrned himself to get comfortable, he discovered that the wóóden shutterș, which wēre closed, did not reach to the tops of the windowș of the färmhouse, so that he couíd see into a reom, in which a lārgē table wās laid out with wine, roast meat, and a splendid fish. The färmēr’s wife and the sexton wēre sitting at the table together; and she filled hiș glāss, and helped him plenteously to fish, which appeared to be hiș favorite dish. “If I couíd only get some, too,” thōught Little Clāuș; and then, aș he stretched hiș neck towārdș the window he spied a lārgē, beautiful pie,—indeed they had a glōrious feast befōre them.

At this moment he hēard some one riding down the road, towārdș the färmhouse. It wās the färmēr retūrning home. He wās a góód man, but still he had a very strange prejudiçe,—he couíd not bear the sight of a sexton. If one appeared befōre him, he wóúld pút himself in a terrible rage. In consequence of this dișlike, the sexton had gone to vișit the farmer’s wife during hēr hușband’s absençe from home, and the góód wóman had placed befōre him the best she had in the house to eat. When she hēard the färmēr cōming she wās frightened, and begged the sexton to hide himself in a lārgē empty chest that stóód in the reom. He did so, fōr he knew hēr hușband couíd not endure the sight of a sexton. The wóman then quickly pút away the wine, and hid āll the rest of the nice things in the óven; fōr if hēr hușband had seen them he wóúld have āsked whāt they wēre brought out fōr.

“Oh, dear,” sighed Little Clāuș from the top of the shed, aș he sāv āll the góód things disappear.

“Is any one up there?” āsked the färmēr, lóóking up and discovering Little Clāuș. “Why āre you lying up there? Cōme down, and cōme into the house with me.” So Little Clāuș came down and told the färmēr how he had lost hiș way and begged fōr a night’s lodging.

“All riġht,” said the färmēr; “but we must have something to eat first.”

The wóman received them both very kindly, laid the cloth on a lārgē table, and placed befōre them a dish of porridġe. The färmēr wās very hungry, and ate hiș porridġe with a góód appetite, but Little Clāuș couíd not help thinking of the nice

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."

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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**oe**ş** he say?”

“He say**ş** that yo**u** must go and **open** that **lä**rg chest **wh**ich stand**ş** in the c**ö**rner, and yo**u** will **see** the **evil** one **cre**ouching **d**own inside; but yo**u** must hold the lid firmly, **th**at he may not slip **ö**ut.”

“Will yo**u** **c**öme and help me hold it?” said the fä**r**mer, going to**wä**rd**ş** the **ch**est in **wh**ich hi**ş** wife had hidden the sexton, **wh**o **n**ow lay inside, very much **f**ri**gh**tened. The fä**r**mer **o**pened the lid a very little way, and **pee**ped in.

“**O**h,” cried he, springing backward**ş**, “I **sä**w him, and he **i**ş exactly like **ö**ur sexton. **H**ow dread**fü**l it **i**ş!” So **ä**fter **th**at he **wä**ş oblig**e**d to drink again, and **th**ey sat and drank till fä**r** into the **n**ight.

“Yo**u** must sell yo**ö**ur conjuror to me,” said the fä**r**mer; “ask a**ş** much a**ş** yo**u** like, I will **pay** it; inde**e**d I wo**ü**ld give yo**u** directly a whole **bü**shel of **g**old.”

“**N**o, inde**e**d, I cannot,” said Little **Clä**u**ş**; “only **th**ink **h**ow much profit I co**ü**ld make **ö**ut of **th**is conjuror.”

“But I **sh**ö**ü**ld like to have him,” said the fanner, still **c**ö**n**tinuing hi**ş** entreatie**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 lod**g**ing, I will not **ref**use yo**u**; yo**u** **sh**all have the conjuror **f**ö**r** a **bü**shel of **m**ö**n**ey, but I will have **qu**ite **f**üll mea**ş**ure.”



FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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

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

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

“It **was** **certainly** well paid fôr **then**,” said Great **Clåus**; and he ran home to his house, seized a hatchet, and knocked **ä**ll his fôr hôrse~~s~~ on the head, flayed off **their skins**, and **tôok them** to the town to sell. “**Skins, skins, who’ll buy skins?**” he cried, **as he went through** the streets. **Ä**ll the **shoemakers** and tanners came running, and **äsked how much he wanted fôr them**.

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

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

“**Skins, skins**,” he cried again, “**who’ll buy skins?**” but to **ä**ll **who inquired the price**, his answer **was**, “a bushel of **money**.”

“**He is making fools of us**,” said **they ä**ll; **then the shoemakers took their straps**, and the tanners **their leather aprons**, and began to beat Great **Clåus**.

“**Skins, skins!**” **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 **Clåus** **was** obliged to run **as fast as he could**, he had never befôr **been so thoroughly beaten**.

“Ah,” said he, **as he came to his house**; “Little **Clåus** shall pay me fôr **this**; I will beat him to death.”

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

“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 Claus; “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 Claus 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 Claus; “you are come betimes to-day.”

“Yes,” said Little Claus; “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 Claus, 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 Claus, 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 Claus received another bushel of money, and the landlord buried his old grandmother as if she had been his own. When Little Claus reached home again, he immediately sent a boy to Great Claus, requesting

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed Little **Clåuſ** in the sack, aſ he tûrned and twisted about; but he found he coud not looſen the ſtring with which it waſ tied. Preſently an old cattle driver, with ſnowy hair, paſſed by, carrying a lårge ſtäff in hiſ hand, with which he drove a lårge 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 who am ſo old âlready, cannot get there."

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

"With âll my heärt," 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 wâlked off with âll 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 wâlked on to the river, which waſ deep and brôad, and threw the ſack containing the old drover into the wâter, 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 two 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 âll theſe fine beaſts?" âſked Great **Clåuſ**.

"Theſe beaſts âre 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 bottom immediately; but I did not hûrt myſelf, fôr I fell upon beautifully ſoft gräſſ 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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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

“Come, help ~~me~~, make haste,” said Great **Cläus**; “or ~~you~~’ll get ~~be~~aten.” So ~~he~~ crept into a ~~lä~~rg ~~e~~ sack, ~~which~~ had ~~been~~ lying across the back of one of the oxen.

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

“Oh, ~~there~~’s not much fear of ~~that~~,” ~~he~~ replied; still ~~he~~ ~~püt~~ a ~~lä~~rg ~~e~~ stone into ~~the~~ bag, and ~~then~~ ~~tied~~ it ~~tigh~~tly, and ~~gave~~ it a ~~pü~~sh.

“Plump!” In went Great **Cläus**, and immediately sank to the ~~bottom~~ of the river.

“I’m ~~afraid~~ ~~he~~ will not ~~find~~ any cattle,” said Little **Cläus**, and ~~then~~ ~~he~~ ~~drove~~ his ~~own~~ ~~be~~asts ~~homeward~~s.

The Princess and the Pea

Hans Christian Andersen 1835

ONCE upon a ~~time~~ ~~there~~ ~~wä~~s a ~~prin~~ce ~~who~~ wanted to marry a ~~prin~~cess; but ~~she~~ ~~wö~~uld have to ~~be~~ a ~~real~~ ~~prin~~cess. He travelled ~~ä~~ll ~~over~~ the ~~wö~~ld to ~~find~~ one, but ~~now~~here ~~cö~~uld he get ~~what~~ he wanted. ~~There~~ ~~wê~~re princesses enough, but it ~~wä~~s difficult to ~~find~~ ~~out~~ ~~whether~~ ~~they~~ ~~wê~~re real ones. ~~There~~ ~~wä~~s ~~ä~~lways ~~some~~thing about ~~them~~ ~~that~~ ~~wä~~s not as it ~~shö~~uld be.

So ~~he~~ came ~~home~~ again and ~~wä~~s sad, ~~fö~~r ~~he~~ ~~wö~~uld have ~~lik~~ed very much to have a ~~real~~ ~~prin~~cess.

One ~~e~~vening a terrible ~~stö~~rm came on; ~~there~~ ~~wä~~s ~~th~~under and ~~light~~ning, and the rain ~~pö~~ured ~~down~~ in torrents. Suddenly a knocking ~~wä~~s ~~hê~~ard at the ~~city~~ gate, and the ~~old~~ king went to ~~open~~ it.

It ~~wä~~s a ~~prin~~cess standing ~~out~~ ~~there~~ in ~~frö~~nt of the gate. But, ~~gö~~od ~~gra~~acious! ~~What~~ a ~~sigh~~t the rain and the wind had ~~made~~ ~~hê~~r ~~lö~~ok. The ~~wä~~ter ran ~~down~~



FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

from hêr hair and clothêş; it ran down into the toêş of hêr shoeş and out again at the heelş. And yet she said that she wâş a real prinçess. “Well, we’ll soon find that out,” thôught the old queen. But she said nothing, 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 mörning she wâş âsked how she had slept.

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

Now they knew that she wâş a real prinçess because she had felt the pea right through 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 wâş 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 wâş a delightful student. “Why do the flowerş lóok so faded to-day?” she âsked again, and pointed to hêr noşegay, which wâş quite withered.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“But,” said little Ida, “is **there** **no** one **there** to **hûrt** the **flower\$** **fôr** **dançing** in the king’s **cä\$tle**?”

“**No** one **know\$** any**thi**ng **about** it,” said the student. “The **old** steward of the **cä\$tle**, **who** **ha\$** to **watch** **there** at **night**, **sömetime\$** **cöme\$** in; but **he** **carrie\$** a **great** bunch of **key\$**, and **a\$** **soon** **a\$** the **flower\$** hear the **key\$** rattle, **they** run and **hide** **themselve\$** behind the long **cûrtain\$**, and stand **quite** still, just **peeping** **their** **head\$** **out**. **Then** the **old** steward says, ‘I smell **flower\$** **here**, **You** but **he** cannot **see** **them**.’”

“**Oh** **how** capital,” said little Ida, clapping **hêr** **hand\$**. “**Shöü**d I be **able** to **see** **the\$e** **flower\$**?”

“Yes,” said the student, “mind **you** **thi**nk of it the next **time** **you** **go** **out**, **no** **döubt** **you** will **see** **them**, if **you** **peep** **throug**h the window. I did **so** to-day, and I **säw** a long yellow lily **lying** **stretche**d **out** on the sofa. **She** **wä\$** a **cöurt** lady.”

“Can the **flower\$** from the Botanical **Gärden\$** **go** to **the\$e** **bäll\$**?” **äsked** Ida. “It **i\$** **such** a **distanç**e!”

“**Oh** yes,” said the student “whenever **they** **like**, **fôr** **they** can **fly**. Have **you** not **seen** **thö\$e** **beautifü**l red, **white**. And yellow **butterfli**e\$, **that** **löö**k **like** **flower\$**? **They** **wêre** **flower\$** **onç**e. **They** have **flown** off **thei**r **stä**lks into the **air**, and flap **thei**r **leaves** **a\$** if **they** **wêre** little wings to **make** **them** fly. **Then**, if **they** **behave** well, **they** **obtain** **pêrmission** to **fly** **about** **during** the **day**, instead of **being** **oblig**ed to sit still on **thei**r **stem\$** at **home**, and **so** in **time** **thei**r **leaves** **becöme** **real** wings. It **may** **be**, **howe**ver, **that** the **flower\$** in the Botanical **Gärden\$** have never **been** to the king’s **palaç**e, and, **therefö**re, **they** **know** **nöthi**ng of the merry **döing\$** at **night**, **whi**ch **take** **plac**e **there**.

I will tell **you** **wha**t to **dö**, and the botanical professor, **who** **live\$** **clo\$e** **by** **here**, will **be** **so** **surpri**sed. **You** **know** him very well, **dö** **you** not? Well, next **time** **you** **go** into **hi\$** **gärd**en, **you** must tell one of the **flower\$** **that** **there** **i\$** going to **be** a grand **bäll** at the **cä\$tle**, **then** **that** **flower** will tell **äll** the **öthe**r\$, and **they** will **fly** away to the **cä\$tle** **a\$** **soon** **a\$** possible. And **when** the professor **wä**lks into **hi\$** **gärd**en, **there** will not **be** a single **flower** left. **How** **he** will **wönd**er **wha**t **ha\$** **becöme** of **them**!”

“But **how** can one **flower** tell **anöthe**r? **Flower\$** cannot **spea**k?”

“**No**, **çêrtainly** not,” **repli**ed the student; “but **they** can **make** **sign\$**. Have **you** not often **seen** **that** **when** the wind **blow\$** **they** nod at one **anöthe**r, and rustle **äll** **thei**r **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 **appe**ared **a**s if **they** did not understand, and not a **leaf** **me**ved; still **Ida** felt **quite** **su**re **she** knew **ä**ll **ab**out it.

She lay awake a long time **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 **the**re,” **she** said to **h**erself, and **the**n **she** fell asleep. In the **ni**ght **she** **aw**oke; **she** had **bee**n **dre**aming of the **flower**s and of the student, **a**s well **a**s of the tiresöme **lä**wyer **wh**o **fo**und **fä**ult with him. It **wä**s **qu**ite still in **Ida**’s **bed**room; the **ni**ght-lamp **bü**rn’t on the **ta**ble, and **h**er **fä**ther and **m**öther **w**ere asleep. “I **w**onder if my **flower**s **ä**re still **ly**ing in **Sophy**’s bed,” **she** **th**öught to **h**erself; “how much I **sh**öüld like to know.” **She** **rai**sed **h**erself a little, and **glan**ced at the **d**öör of the **re**em **wh**ere **ä**ll **h**er **flower**s and **play**things **lay**; it **wä**s **pä**rtly **o**pen, and **a**s **she** **li**stened, it **se**emed **a**s if **s**öme one in the **re**em **wä**s **play**ing the **pi**ano, but softly and **m**öre prettily **than** **she** had ever **be**före **h**ear’d it. “Now **ä**ll the **flower**s **ä**re **c**ertainly **dan**cing in **the**re,” **she** **th**öught, “oh **h**ow much I **sh**öüld like to **see** **them**,” but **she** did not **da**re **me**ve **f**ör **fe**ar of **distü**rbing **h**er **fä**ther and **m**öther. “If **they** **w**öüld **o**nly **c**öme in **he**re,” **she** **th**öught; but **they** did not **c**öme, and the **mü**sic **c**öntinu’ed to **play** **so** **be**autifully, and **wä**s **so** pretty, **that** **she** **c**öüld **re**sist **n**o longer.

She crept **ö**ut of **h**er little bed, went softly to the **d**öör and **l**öök’ed into the **re**em. **O**h **wh**at a splendid **si**ght **the**re **wä**s to be **su**re! **T**here **wä**s **n**o **ni**ght lamp **bü**rn’ing, but the **re**em **appe**ared **qu**ite **li**ght, **f**ör the **m**öön **sh**one **th**rough the window upon the **fl**öör, and **ma**de it **ä**lmost like **day**. **ä**ll the **hya**cinths and **tulips** **st**ööd in **tw**o long **row**s **down** the **re**em, not a single **flower** **re**mained in the window, and the **flower**-pots **w**ere **ä**ll empty. The **flower**s **w**ere **dan**cing **grac**efully on the **fl**öör, **ma**king **tü**rn’s and **hold**ing **each** **ö**ther by **the**ir long **green** **leaves** **a**s **they** swung **rou**nd. At the **pi**ano sat a **lä**rg’e **yellow** lily **wh**ich little **Ida** **wä**s **su**re **she** had **see**n in the summer, **f**ör **she** **re**membered the student **say**ing **she** **wä**s **very** much like Miss Lina, one of **Ida**’s **friend**s.

They **ä**ll **lä**ugh’ed at him **the**n, but **n**ow it **se**emed to little **Ida** **a**s if the **tä**ll, **yellow** **flower** **wä**s **re**ally like the young lady. **She** had just the **same** **manner**s **wh**ile **play**ing, **ben**d’ing **h**er long **yellow** **face** from **side** to **side**, and **nod**d’ing in **time** to the **be**autiful **mü**sic. **Then** **she** **sä**w a **lä**rg’e **pü**rp’le **croc**us jump into the middle of the **ta**ble **wh**ere the **play**things **st**ööd, **go** up to the doll’s **bed**stead and **drä**w back the **cü**rtain’s; **the**re **lay** the sick **flower**s, but **they** got up directly, and **nod**d’ed 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, after all. As none of the flowers seemed to notice Sophy, she let herself down from the drawer to the floor, so as to make a very great noise. All the flowers came round her directly, and asked if she had hurt herself, especially those who had lain in her bed.

But she was not hurt at all, and Ida's flowers thanked her for the use of the nice bed, and were very kind to her. They led her into the middle of the room, where the moon shone, and danced with her, while all the other flowers formed a circle round them. Then Sophy was very happy, and said they might keep her bed; she did not mind lying in the drawer at all. But the flowers thanked her very much, and said,—

“We cannot live long. To-morrow morning we shall be quite dead; and you must tell little Ida to bury us in the garden, near to the grave of the canary; then, in the summer we shall wake up and be more beautiful than ever.”

“No, you must not die,” said Sophy, as she kissed the flowers.

Then the door of the room opened, and a number of beautiful flowers danced in. Ida could not imagine where they could come from, unless they were the flowers from the king's garden. First came two lovely roses, with little golden crowns on their heads; these were the king and queen. Beautiful stocks and carnations followed, bowing to every one present. They had also music with them. Large poppies and peonies had pea-shells for instruments, and blew into them till they were quite red in the face. The bunches of blue hyacinths and the little white snowdrops jingled their bell-like flowers, as if they were real bells. Then came many more flowers: blue violets, purple heart's-ease, daisies, and lilies of the valley, and they all danced together, and kissed each other. It was very beautiful to behold.

At last the flowers wished each other good-night. Then little Ida crept back into her bed again, and dreamt of all she had seen. When she awoke the next morning, she went quickly to the little table, to see if the flowers were still there. She drew aside the curtains of the little bed. There they all lay, but quite faded; much more so than the day before. Sophy was lying in the drawer where Ida had placed her; but she looked very sleepy.

“Do you remember what the flowers told you to say to me?” said little Ida. But Sophy looked quite stupid, and said not a single word.

“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 be**au**tif**û**l b**î**rd**ş**, and laid the dead fl**ow**er**ş** in it.

“**T**his shall be y**ô**ur pretty coffin,” **s**he said; “and by and by, when my cou**ş**in**ş** c**ô**me to vi**ş**it me, they shall help me to bury you **o**ut in the g**ä**rden; so that next summer you may grow up again m**ô**re be**au**tif**û**l than ever.”



H**ê**r cou**ş**in**ş** w**ê**re tw**o** g**ô**od-tempered boy**ş**, wh**o**ş**e** name**ş** w**ê**re Jame**ş** and Adolphus. Their f**ä**ther had given them **e**ach a bow and arrow, and they had br**ô**ught them to **s**how **I**da. **S**he told them about the p**ô**or fl**ow**er**ş** which w**ê**re dead; and a**ş** **s**een a**ş** they obtained p**ê**rmission, they went with h**ê**r to bury them. The tw**o** boy**ş** w**ä**lk**ê**d first, with their crossbow**ş** on their sh**ou**lder**ş**, and little **I**da follow**ê**d, carrying the pretty box c**ô**ntaining the dead fl**ow**er**ş**. They dug a little gr**av**e in the g**ä**rden. **I**da kis**ş**ed h**ê**r fl**ow**er**ş** and then laid them, with the box, in the **ê**ar**th**. Jame**ş** and Adolphus then fi**r**ed their crossbow**ş** over the gr**av**e, a**ş** they had ne**î**ther gun**ş** n**ô**r cannon**ş**.



Little Tiny or Thumbelina

Hans Christian Andersen 1835



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

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

“**Thank you**,” said the **wöman**, and **she** **gave** the fairy twelve **shillings**, **which** **was** the **pricé** of the **bärléycörn**. **Then** **she** went **home** and planted it, and immediately **there** grew up a **lärgé** **handsöme** **flower**, **some****thing** like a **tulip** in **appearançe**, but **with** its **leaves** **tightly** **cloşed** **aş** if it **wêre** still a bud. “It **is** a **beautiföul** **flower**,” said the **wöman**, and **she** **kissed** the red and **golden-colöred** **leaves**, and **while** **she** did so the **flower** **opened**, and **she** **cöuld** **see** **that** it **was** a **real** **tulip**.



Within the **flower**, upon the **green** velvet **stamens**, sat a very delicate and **gracéföul** little **maiden**. **She** **was** **scarçely** **hälf** **aş** long **aş** a **thumb**, and **they** **gave** **hêr** the **name** of “**Thumbelina**,” **ör** **Tiny**, **becaüße** **she** **was** so **smäll**. A **wálnut-shell**, elegantly **polished**, **sêrved** **hêr** **för** a **cradle**; **hêr** **bed** **was** **förmed** of **blue** violet-**leaves**, **with** a **roşe-leaf** **för** a **counterpane**. **Here** **she** slept at **nicht**, but **during** the **day** **she** **amüshed** **hêrself** on a **table**, where the **wöman** had **placed** a **plateföul** of **wäter**. **Röund** **this** **plate** **wêre** **wreaths** of **flowers** **with** **their** **stems** in the **wäter**, and upon it **floated** a **lärgé** **tulip-leaf**, **which** **sêrved** **Tiny** **för** a **boat**.

Here the little **maiden** sat and **rowed** **hêrself** from **side** to **side**, **with** **two** **örars** made of **white** **hörse-hair**. It **really** **was** a very pretty **sicht**. **Tiny** **cöuld**, **älsö**, sing so softly and sweetly **that** **nothing** like **hêr** singing had ever **beföré** **been** **hêard**. One **nicht**, **while** **she** **lay** in **hêr** pretty bed, a **lärgé**, ugly, wet **toad** crept **thruogh** a broken **pane** of **gläss** in the **window**, and **leaped** **right** upon the **table** where **Tiny** **lay** sleeping under **hêr** **roşe-leaf** **quilt**. “**What** a pretty little **wife** **this** **wöuld** **make** **för** **my** **son**,” said the **toad**, and **she** **töök** up the **wálnut-shell** in **which** little **Tiny** **lay** asleep, and **jumped** **thruogh** the **window** **with** it into the **gärdén**.

In the **swampy** **märgin** of a **bröad** **stream** in the **gärdén** lived the **toad**, **with** **hêr** **son**. **He** **was** uglier **even** **than** his **möther**, and **when** **he** **säw** the pretty little **maiden** in **hêr** elegant bed, **he** **cöuld** **only** **cry**, “**Croak**, **croak**, **croak**.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 **toad**.

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

Tiny sailed päst many townş, and the little bîrdş in the busheş sáw hêr, and sang, “Whát a lövely little creature;” so the lea/f swam away with hêr färtner and färtner, till it bröught hêr to öther landş.



A gracëfûl little white butterfly constantly flut-tered round hêr, and at läst alihted on the lea/f. Tiny pleasëd him, and she wáş glad of it, fôr now the toad cou/d not possibly reach hêr, and the country througħ which she sailed wáş beautilfûl, and the sun shone upon the wáter, till it glittered like liquid gold. She toók off hêr gîrdle and tied one end of it round the butterfly, and the öther end of the ribbón she fästened to the lea/f, which now glided on much fäster than ever, taking little Tiny with it as she stóod. Preşently a lärg cockchafer flew by; the moment he cáught sight of hêr, he seized hêr round hêr delicate waist with his cláwş, and flew with hêr into a tree. The green lea/f floated away on the bröök, and the butterfly flew with it, fôr he wáş fästened to it, and cou/d not get away.

Oh, how frightened little Tiny felt when the cockchafer flew with hêr to the tree! But espeçially wáş she sorry fôr the beautilfûl white butterfly which she had fästened to the lea/f, fôr 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 seáted himself by hêr side on a lärg green lea/f, gave hêr some hönëy from the flowerş to eat, and told hêr she wáş very pretty, though not in the least like a cockchafer. All the

cockchafers turned up their feelers, and said, “She has only two legs! How ugly that looks.” “She has no feelers,” said another. “Her waist is quite slim. Poo! she is like a human being.”

“Oh! She is ugly,” said all the lady cockchafers, although Tiny was very pretty. Then the cockchafer who had run away with her, believed all the others when they said she was ugly, and would have nothing more to say to her, and told her she might go where she liked. Then he flew down with her from the tree, and placed her on a daisy, and she wept at the thought that she was so ugly that even the cockchafers would have nothing to say to her. And all the while she was really the loveliest creature that one could imagine, and as tender and delicate as a beautiful rose-leaf. During the whole summer poor little Tiny lived quite alone in the wide forest. She wove herself a bed with blades of grass, and hung it up under a broad leaf, to protect herself from the rain. She sucked the honey from the flowers for food, and drank the dew from their leaves every morning.

So passed away the summer and the autumn, and then came the winter,— the long, cold winter. All the birds who had sung to her so sweetly were flown away, and the trees and the flowers had withered. The large clover leaf under the shelter of which she had lived, was now rolled together and shrivelled up, nothing remained but a yellow withered stalk. She felt dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn, and she was herself so frail and delicate, that poor little Tiny was nearly frozen to death.

It began to snow too; and the snow-flakes, as they fell upon her, were like a whole shovelful falling upon one of us, for we are tall, but she was only an inch high. Then she wrapped herself up in a dry leaf, but it cracked in the middle and could not keep her warm, and she shivered with cold. Near the wood in which she had been living lay a corn-field, but the corn had been cut a long time; nothing remained but the bare dry stubble standing up out of the frozen ground. It was to her like struggling through a large wood. Oh! How she shivered with the cold. She came at last to the door of a field-mouse, who had a little den under the corn-stubble. There dwelt the field-mouse in warmth and comfort, with a whole roomful of corn, a kitchen, and a beautiful dining room. Poor little Tiny stood before the door just like a little beggar-girl, and begged for a small piece of barley-corn, for she had been without a morsel to eat for two days.

“You poor little creature,” said the field-mouse, who was really a good old field-mouse, “come into my warm room and dine with me.” She was very pleased

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 ~~de~~ **noth**ing but cry, ‘Tweet, tweet, and you ~~âlways~~ **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** ~~stärve~~ **or** be frozen to death. Still birds ~~äre~~ **very** **high** bred.”

Tiny said ~~noth~~ing; but when the ~~two~~ **other**s had ~~türned~~ **their** backs on the bird, **she** ~~steoped~~ **down** and ~~stroked~~ **aside** the soft ~~feather~~s **which** ~~cövered~~ the head, and ~~kissed~~ the ~~closed~~ **eyelids**. “~~Pêrhaps~~ **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 ~~lärg~~e, **beautiful** ~~cärpet~~ of hay; **then** **she** carried it to the dead bird, and spread it **over** him; **with** ~~some~~ ~~down~~ from the ~~flower~~s **which** **she** had ~~found~~ in the field-mouse’s ~~room~~. It ~~was~~ as soft as ~~wööl~~, 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~~ ~~yöur~~ **delightful** singing ~~during~~ the summer, when ~~äll~~ the ~~trees~~ ~~wêre~~ **green**, and the ~~wärm~~ sun **shone** upon us.”

Then **she** laid ~~hêr~~ head on the bird’s ~~breast~~, but **she** ~~was~~ **alärmed** immediately, fôr it ~~seemed~~ as if ~~something~~ inside the bird went “thump, ~~thump~~.” It ~~was~~ the bird’s ~~heärt~~; he ~~was~~ not really dead, **only** benumbed **with** the cold, and the ~~wärmth~~ had ~~restöred~~ him to life. In ~~âutum~~n, ~~äll~~ the ~~swallows~~ **fly** away into ~~wärm~~ countries, but if one happens to linger, the cold seizes it, it ~~becömes~~ **frozen**, and ~~fälls~~ ~~down~~ as if dead; it ~~remains~~ where it fell, and the cold snow ~~cövers~~ it. Tiny trembled very much; **she** ~~was~~ **quite** frightened, fôr the bird ~~was~~ **lärg**e, a **great** deal **lärg**er **than** ~~hêrself~~,—she ~~was~~ **only** an **inch** **high**.

But **she** **töök** courage, laid the ~~wööl~~ **more** thickly **over** the ~~pöor~~ swallow, and **then** **töök** a ~~leaf~~ **which** **she** had **used** fôr ~~hêr~~ ~~own~~ ~~counterpane~~, and laid it **over** the head of the ~~pöor~~ bird. The next ~~mörning~~ **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~~ ~~wööd~~ in ~~hêr~~ hand, fôr **she** had **no** **other** ~~lantêrn~~. “**Thank** you, pretty little **maiden**,” said the sick swallow; “I have **been** so **nicely** **wärm**ed, **that** I **shall** **soon** regain my **strength**, and **be** **able** to **fly** about again in the **wärm** sun**shine**.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“Oh,” said **she**, “it **is** cold **o**ut of **d**oor**s** **n**ow; it **s**nows and **f**reezes. **S**tay in y**o**ur **w**arm bed; I will **t**ake **c**are of y**o**u.”

Then **s**he br**o**ught the sw**a**llow s**o**me w**a**ter in a fl**o**wer-le**a**f, and **a**fter he had drank, he told h**e**r **t**hat he had w**o**unded one of hi**s** wi**n**gs in a **t**h**o**rn-b**u**sh, and c**o**u**d** not fly **a**s f**a**st **a**s the **o**th**e**r**s**, wh**e** w**e**re s**e**en f**a**r aw**a**y on **t**heir jo**u**rney to w**a**rm countries. **T**hen at l**a**st he had f**a**llen to the **e**ar**t**h, and c**o**u**d** remember **n**o m**o**re, n**o**r h**o**w he c**a**me to be wh**e**re **s**he had f**o**und him. The wh**o**le winter the sw**a**llow remained underground, and T**i**ny n**u**rs**e**d him with **c**are and **l**ove. **N**either the m**o**le n**o**r the field-m**o**use knew any**t**hing about it, f**o**r **t**hey did not **l**ike sw**a**llows.

Very s**e**en the spring t**i**me c**a**me, and the sun w**a**rmed the **e**ar**t**h. **T**hen the sw**a**llow bade f**a**rewell to T**i**ny, and **s**he opened the h**o**le in the **ce**iling wh**i**ch the m**o**le had made. The sun **s**hone in upon **t**hem s**o** b**e**autifully, **t**hat the sw**a**llow **a**s**k**e**d** h**e**r if **s**he w**o**u**d** go with him; **s**he c**o**u**d** sit on hi**s** back, he said, and he w**o**u**d** fly aw**a**y with h**e**r int**o** the green w**o**o**d**s. But T**i**ny knew it w**o**u**d** make the field-m**o**use very g**r**ieved if **s**he left h**e**r in **t**hat manner, s**o** **s**he said, “No, I cannot.”

“F**a**rewell, **t**hen, f**a**rewell, y**o**u g**o**o**d**, pretty little m**a**iden,” said the sw**a**llow; and he flew **o**ut int**o** the sun**s**hine.

T**i**ny l**o**o**k**e**d** **a**fter him, and the tear**s** r**o**se in h**e**r **e**y**e**s. **S**he w**a**s very fond of the p**o**or sw**a**llow.

“T**w**ee**t**, t**w**ee**t**,” sang the b**i**rd, **a**s he flew **o**ut int**o** the green w**o**o**d**s, and T**i**ny felt very sad. **S**he w**a**s not all**o**wed to go **o**ut int**o** the w**a**rm sun**s**hine. The c**o**rn wh**i**ch had b**e**en s**o**wn in the field **o**ver the h**o**use of the field-m**o**use had grown up h**i**gh int**o** the **a**ir, and f**o**rmed a **t**h**i**ck w**o**o**d** to T**i**ny, wh**e** w**a**s only an inch in height.

“Y**o**u **a**re going to be married, T**i**ny,” said the field-m**o**use. “My neighbor has **a**s**k**e**d** f**o**r y**o**u. Wh**a**t g**o**o**d** f**o**rtune f**o**r a p**o**or **c**hild like y**o**u. **N**ow we will prepare y**o**ur wedding cloth**e**s. **T**hey must be **b**oth w**o**ollen and linen. **N**oth**i**ng must be w**a**nting when y**o**u **a**re the m**o**le’s wife.”

T**i**ny had to t**u**rn the spindle, and the field-m**o**use h**i**red f**o**ur spider**s**, wh**e** w**e**re to w**e**ave day and night. Every **e**vening the m**o**le v**i**sited h**e**r, and w**a**s c**o**ntinuall**y** s**p**eaking of the t**i**me when the summer w**o**u**d** be over. **T**hen he w**o**u**d** keep hi**s** wedding-day with T**i**ny; but **n**ow the h**e**at of the sun w**a**s s**o** g**r**eat **t**hat it b**u**rned the **e**ar**t**h, and made it **q**uite h**a**rd, like a stone. **A**s s**e**en, **a**s the summer w**a**s over, the wedding **s**h**o**u**d** take plac**e**.

But Tiny **was** not at **all** **pleased**; **för** **she** did not **like** the tiresome mole. Every morning when the sun **rose**, and every evening when it went **down**, **she** would **creep** out at the **dör**, and **as** the wind blew **aside** the **ears** of **cörn**, **so that she** could **see** the **blue** sky, **she thought** how **beautiful** and **bright** it **seemed** out there, and **wished** so much to **see** **hêr** dear **swallow** again. But **he** never **retürned**; **för** **by this time** **he** had **flown** **fär** away into the **lòvely** **green** forest.

When **âutumn** arrived, Tiny had **hêr** outfit **quite** ready; and the **field-mouse** said to **hêr**, “In **fôur** weeks the wedding must **take** **placê**.”

Then Tiny wept, and said **she** would not marry the disagreeable mole.

“Nonsense,” replied the **field-mouse**. “Now **don’t** be obstinate, **ör** I **shall** bite you with my **white** **teeth**. **He** **is** a very handsome mole; the **queen** **hêrself** **dôes** not wear **môre** **beautiful** velvets and **fûrs**. **His** kitchen and **çellar**s **äre** **quite** **full**. You **ôught** to be very **thankful** **för** such **gòod** **fôrtune**.”

So the wedding-day **was** fixed, on **which** the mole **was** to **fetch** Tiny away to live with him, **deep** under the **êarth**, and never again to **see** the **wärm** sun, **because** **he** did not **like** it. The **pôor** **child** **was** very unhappy at the **thôught** of **saying** **farewell** to the **beautiful** sun, and **as** the **field-mouse** had given **hêr** **pêrmission** to stand at the **dör**, **she** went to **lòok** at it **onçê** **môre**.

“**Farewell** **bright** sun,” **she** **cried**, **stretching** out **hêr** **ärm** **towärd**s it; and **then** **she** **wäke**d a **shòrt** distance from the **house**; **för** the **cörn** had **been** cut, and **only** the **dry** stubble remained in the **field**s. “Farewell, **farewell**,” **she** **repeated**, **twining** **hêr** **ärm** **round** a little red flower **that** grew just **by** **hêr** **side**. “**Greet** the little **swallow** from me, if **you** **shòuld** **see** him again.”

“**Tweet, tweet**,” **sounded** over **hêr** head suddenly. **She** **lòoke**d up, and **there** **was** the **swallow** himself flying **close** **by**. **As** **seen** **as** **he** **spied** Tiny, **he** **was** **delighted**; and **then** **she** **told** him how unwilling **she** felt to marry the ugly mole, and to live **älways** **beneath** the **êarth**, and never to **see** the **bright** sun any **môre**. And **as** **she** **told** him **she** wept.

“**Cold** winter **is** **còming**,” said the **swallow**, “and I am **going** to **fly** away into **wärmer** countries. Will **you** **go** with me? **You** can sit on my **back**, and **fästen** **yôurself** on with **yôur** sash. **Then** **we** can **fly** away from the ugly mole and his **gleomy** **rooms**,—far away, over the **mountain**s, into **wärmer** countries, where the sun **shine**s **môre** **brightly**—**than** **here**; where it **is** **älways** summer, and the **flower**s

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

bloem in greater beauty. Fly now with me, dear little Tiny; you saved my life when I lay frozen in that dark passage.”

“Yes, I will go with you,” said Tiny; and she seated herself on the bird’s back, with her feet on his outstretched wings, and tied her girdle to one of his strongest feathers.

Then the swallow rose in the air, and flew over forest and over sea, high above the highest mountains, covered with eternal snow. Tiny would have been frozen in the cold air, but she crept under the bird’s warm feathers, keeping her little head uncovered, so that she might admire the beautiful lands over which they passed. At length they reached the warm countries, where the sun shines brightly, and the sky seems so much higher above the earth.

Here, on the hedges, and by the wayside, grew purple, green, and white grapes; lemons and oranges hung from trees in the woods; and the air was fragrant with myrtles and orange blossoms. Beautiful children ran along the country lanes, playing with large gay butterflies; and as the swallow flew farther and farther, every place appeared still more lovely.

At last they came to a blue lake, and by the side of it, shaded by trees of the deepest green, stood a palace of dazzling white marble, built in the olden times. Vines clustered round its lofty pillars, and at the top were many swallows’ nests, and one of these was the home of the swallow who carried Tiny.

“This is my house,” said the swallow; “but it would not do for you to live there—you would not be comfortable. You must choose for yourself one of those lovely flowers, and I will put you down upon it, and then you shall have everything that you can wish to make you happy.”

“That will be delightful,” she said, and clapped her little hands for joy.

A large marble pillar lay on the ground, which, in falling, had been broken into three pieces. Between these pieces grew the most beautiful large white flowers; so the swallow flew down with Tiny, and placed her on one of the broad leaves. But how surprised she was to see in the middle of the flower, a tiny little man, as white and transparent as if he had been made of crystal! He had a gold crown on his head, and delicate wings at his shoulders, and was not much larger

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

POOR John **was** very sad; **f**or his **f**ather **was** so ill, he had **n**o hope of his recovery. John sat **a**lone **w**ith the sick man in the little **r**oom, and the lamp had nearly **b**urnt **o**ut; **f**or it **was** late in the **n**ight'.



"**Y**ou have **b**een a **g**ood son, John," said the sick **f**ather, "and God will help **y**ou on in the **w**orld." He **l**ooked at him, **a**s he spoke, **w**ith mild, **e**arrest **e**yes, drew a **d**eep sigh, and **d**ied; yet it **a**ppeared **a**s if he still slept.

John wept bitterly. He had **n**o one in the **w**ide **w**orld **n**ow; **n**either **f**ather, **m**other, **b**rother, **n**or sister. **P**oor John! He knelt **d**own **b**y the bed, kissed his **d**ead **f**ather's hand, and wept many, many bitter **t**ears. But at **l**ast his **e**yes **c**losed, and he fell **a**sleep **w**ith his head resting **a**gainst the **h**ard bedpost.

Then he **d**reamed a **s**trange **d**ream; he **t**hought he **s**aw the sun **s**hining upon him, and his **f**ather **a**live and well, and **e**ven he **a**rd him **l**aughing **a**s he **u**sed to **d**o when he **was** very happy. A **b**eautiful **g**irl, **w**ith a golden crown on her head, and long, **s**hining hair, **g**ave him her hand; and his **f**ather said, "**S**ee **w**hat a **b**ride you have **w**on. **S**he is the **l**oveliest **m**aiden on the **w**hole **e**arth." **T**hen he **a**woke, and **a**ll the **b**eautiful **t**hings **v**anished **b**efore his eyes, his **f**ather lay dead on the bed, and he **was** **a**ll alone. **P**oor John!

During the following **w**EEK the dead man **was** buried. The son **w**alked behind the coffin **w**hich contained his **f**ather, **w**hom he so **d**earely **l**oved, and **w**ould never **a**gain **b**ehold. He **h**ard the **e**arth **f**all on the coffin-lid, and **w**atched it till **o**nly a **c**orner remained in **s**ight, and at **l**ast **t**hat **a**lso disappeared. He felt **a**s if his **h**earth **w**ould **b**reak **w**ith its weight of sorrow, till **t**hose **w**ho **s**tood **r**ound the **g**rave sang a

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

psälm, and the sweet, holy tone\$ brought tear\$ into hi\$ eye\$, which relieved him. The sun shone brightly down on the green tree\$, a\$ if it would say, “You must not be so sorrowful, John. Do you see the beautiful blue sky above you? Your fäther i\$ up there, and he pray\$ to the loving Fäther of äll, that you may do well in the future.”

“I will älwäy\$ 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 thing\$ he will be able to explain to me of the delights of heaven, and teach me a\$ he once did on eärth. Oh, what joy it will be!”

He pictu\$ed it äll so plainly to himself, that he smiled even while the tear\$ ran down hi\$ cheek\$.

The little bîrd\$ in the chestnut-tree\$ twittered, “Tweet, tweet;” they wêre so happy, ältho\$gh they had seen the funeral; but they seemed a\$ if they knew that the dead man wa\$ now in heaven, and that he had wing\$ much lärger and möre beautiful than their own; and he wa\$ happy now, becau\$e he had been gööd here on eärth, and they wêre glad of it. John säw them fly away out of the green tree\$ into the wide wörl\$, and he longed to fly with them; but first he cut out a lärge wööden cross, to plaçe on hi\$ fäther’\$ grave; and when he bröught it there in the evening, he found the grave decked out with gravel and flower\$. Stranger\$ had done this; they who had known the gööd old fäther who wa\$ now dead, and who had loved him very much.

Early the next mörning, John package up hi\$ little bundle of cloth\$, and plac\$d äll hi\$ möney, which consisted of fifty dollar\$ and a few shilling\$, in hi\$ gîrdle; with this he detêrmined to try hi\$ fôrtune in the wörl\$. But first he went into the chûrchyär\$; and, by hi\$ fäther’\$ grave, he offered up a prayer, and said, “Farewell.”

A\$ he pässed through the field\$, äll the flower\$ lööked fresh and beautiful in the wärm sunshin\$, and nodded in the wind, a\$ if they wished to say, “Welcöme to the green wööd, where äll i\$ fresh and bright.”

Then John tûrned to have one möre löök at the old chûrch, in which he had been christened in hi\$ infançy, and where hi\$ fäther had taken him every Sunday to hear the sêrvice and join in singing the psälm\$. A\$ he lööked at the old tower, he espied the ringer standing at one of the narrow opening\$, with hi\$ little pointed red cap on hi\$ head, and shading hi\$ eye\$ from the sun with hi\$ bent ärm. John nodded farewell to him, and the little ringer waved hi\$ red cap, laid hi\$ hand on hi\$ 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 two 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

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songs, and John remembered **that** he had **l**earnt **tho**se pretty songs **when** he **was** a little boy. **L**arge speckled spiders, with silver crowns on **their** 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 **moonlight** like **shining** glass. **This** **continued** till sunrise. **Then** the little elves crept into the flower-buds, and the wind seized the bridges and palaces, and fluttered **them** in the air like cobwebs.

As John left the wood, a strong man's voice called after him, "Hallo, comrade, where **ä**re **you** travelling?"

"Into the wide world," he replied; "I am only a poor lad, I have neither father nor mother, but God will help me."

"I am going into the wide world **ä**lso," replied the stranger; "**shall** we keep each other company?"

"With **ä**ll my heart," he said, and so they went on together. **Soon** they began to like each other very much, **f**ör they **w**ere both good; but John found out that the stranger was much more clever than himself. He had travelled **ä**ll over the world, and could describe **ä**lmost everything. The sun was high in the heavens when they seated themselves under a large tree to eat their breakfast, and at the same moment an old woman came towards them. She was very old and **ä**lmost bent double.

She leaned upon a stick and carried on her back a bundle of firewood, which she had collected in the forest; her apron was tied round it, and John saw three great stems of fern and some willow twigs peeping out. Just as she came close up to them, her foot slipped and she fell to the ground screaming loudly; poor old woman, she had broken her leg! John proposed directly that they should carry the old woman home to her cottage; but the stranger opened his knapsack and took out a box, in which he said he had a salve that would quickly make her leg well and strong again, so that she would be able to walk home herself, as if her leg had never been broken. And **ä**ll that he would ask in return was the three fern stems which she carried in her apron.

"That is rather too high a price," said the old woman, nodding her head quite strangely. She did not seem at **ä**ll inclined to part with the fern stems. However, it was not very agreeable to lie there with a broken leg, so she gave them to him; and such was the power of the ointment, that no sooner had he rubbed her 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 shoulder 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

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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, roofed 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

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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 dreadful 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 mournful. “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.

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The town ~~was~~ perfectly still when the clocks struck a ~~qu~~arter to twelve. Presently the window ~~opened~~, and the princess, ~~who~~ had ~~l~~arge 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 ~~her~~self 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 shoe, 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 took the princess **by both** hands, and **they danced** with **all** the little goblins and Jack-o'-lanterns in the room. The red spiders sprang **here and there** on the walls **quite as** merrily, and the flowers of fire appeared **as if they were throwing out** sparks. The owl **beat** the drum, the crickets **whistled** and the grasshoppers **played** the mouth-organ.

It **was** a very ridiculous ball. **they** had danced **enough**, the princess **was** obliged to go home, **for fear she should be missed** at the palace. The magician offered to go with **her**, **that they might be company to each other** on the way. **Then they** flew away **through** the bad weather, and the traveller followed **them**, and **broke his three** rods across **their shoulders**. The magician had never **been out** in such a hail-storm **as this**. Just **by** the palace the magician stopped **to wish** the princess farewell, and to whisper in **her ear**, "To-morrow **think of my head**."

But the traveller **heard** it, and just **as** the princess slipped **through** the window into **her bedroom**, and the magician **turned round** to fly back to the mountain, he **seized him by** the long black beard, and **with his sabre** cut off the wicked conjuror's head just behind the **shoulders**, **so that he could not even see who it was**. He **threw** the body into the sea to the fishes, and **after** dipping the head into the water, he **tied** it up in a silk handkerchief, **took** it with him to the inn, and **then** went to bed.

The next morning he **gave** John the handkerchief, and **told** him not to untie it till the princess **asked** him **what she was thinking of**. **There were so many people** in the great hall of the palace **that they stood as thick as radishes** tied together in a bundle.

The council sat in **their arm-chairs** with the white cushions. The old king **wore** new robes, and the golden crown and sceptre had **been polished up so that he looked quite smart**. But the princess **was** very pale, and **wore** a black dress **as if she were going to a funeral**.

“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 **c**ould not utter a single **w**ord. At length **she** **ro**se and **g**ave John **h**er hand, **f**or he had guess**e**d **rightly**

She **l**ook**e**d at **n**o one, but **sigh**ed **deeply**, and said, “**You** **ä**re my m**ä**ster **n**ow; **this** **e**vening **o**ur marriage must **t**ake **pl**ace.”

“I am very **ple**as**e**d to **hear** it,” said the **old** king. “It **i**s just **wh**at I **wish**.”



Then **ä**ll the **pe**ople **sh**outed “Hurrah.” The band **play**ed **mu**sic in the **stre**ets, the bell**s** rang, and the **cake**-women **t**ook the black crape off the **s**ugar-sticks. **There** **was** **univ**ersal joy. **ree** oxen, stuff**e**d **with** ducks and **chick**en**s**, **w**ere **ro**asted **wh**ole in the m**ä**rket-pl**ac**e, where every one **might** help himself to a **slic**e. The **f**ountain**s** **f**or**th** the **most** delici**o**us **wine**, and **wh**ever **b**ought a penny loaf at the baker’s **re**ceiv**e**d six **lä**rg**e** buns, **full** of **rai**s**i**n**s**, **a**s a **pre**sent.

In the **e**vening the **wh**ole **town** **was** **illu**minat**e**d. The **soldier****s** **f**ir**e**d off cannon**s**, and the boy**s** let off crack**e**r**s**. **There** **was** **e**ating and drinking, **danc**ing and jumping **everywhere**. In the **palac**e, the **high**-b**örn** **gentlemen** and **be**autif**ul** **ladies** **danc**ed **with** **e**ach **ö**ther, and **they** **c**ould **b**e **h**ear**d** at a **gre**at **distanc**e singing the **follow**ing song.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“Here **ä**re maidens, young and fair,
Dancing in the summer **air**;
Like **tw**o spinning-wheels at play
Pretty maidens dance away-
Dance the spring and summer **th**rough
Till the **sol**e fälls from y**ô**ur **sh**oe.”

But the princess **w**as still a witch, and **she** **c**ould not love John. His fellow-traveller had **th**ought of **that**, so he gave John **th**ree feathers out of the swan's wings, and a little bottle **with** a few drops in it. He told him to place a large bath full of water by the princess's bed, and put the feathers and the drops into it. Then, at the moment **she** **w**as about to get into bed, he must give h**ê**r a little push, so that **she** might fall into the water, and then dip h**ê**r **th**ree times. This would destroy the power of the magician, and **she** would love him very much.

John did **ä**ll that his companion told him to do. The princess shrieked aloud when he dipped h**ê**r under the water the first time, and struggled under his hands in the form of a great black swan with fiery eyes. As **she** rose the second time from the water, the swan had become white, with a black ring round its neck. John allowed the water to close once more over the bird, and at the same time it changed into a most beautiful princess. **She** **w**as more lovely even than before, and thanked him, while h**ê**r eyes sparkled with tears, for having broken the spell of the magician.

The next day, the king came with the whole court to offer their congratulations, and stayed till quite late. Last of **ä**ll came the travelling companion; he had his staff in his hand and his knapsack on his back. John kissed him many times and told him he must not go, he must remain with him, for he **w**as the cause of **ä**ll his good fortune. But the traveller shook his 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 his coffin? You gave **ä**ll you possessed that he might rest in his grave; I am that man.” As he said this, he vanished.

The wedding festivities lasted a whole month. John and his princess loved each other dearly, and the old king lived to see many a happy day, when he took their little children on his knees and let them play with his 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 grand-daughters. 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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 steeple; 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 toward~~s~~ the sun; but it sunk into the wave~~s~~, and the ro~~s~~y tints faded from the cloud~~s~~ and from the sea.

The th~~i~~rd sister's t~~u~~rn follow~~e~~d; **she wa~~s~~** the boldest of **them** **â**ll, and **she** swam up a br~~o~~ad river **th**at empti~~e~~d itself into the sea.



On the banks **she sâ**w green hills **c**overed with beautiful vine~~s~~; palac~~e~~s and câ~~s~~tle~~s~~ peep~~e~~d out from amid the pr~~o~~ud tree~~s~~ of the forest; **she h**ear~~d~~ the bîr~~d~~s singing, and the ray~~s~~ of the sun wê~~r~~e so powerf~~u~~l **th**at **she wa~~s~~** oblig~~e~~d often to dive down under the wâ~~t~~er to cool hê~~r~~ bû~~r~~ning fa~~c~~e. In a narrow cree~~k~~ **she f**ound a whole tre~~e~~p of little human **ch**ildren, **q**uite naked, and sp~~o~~rt~~i~~ng about in the wâ~~t~~er; **she w**anted to play with **them**, but **they** fled in a gr~~e~~at fr~~i~~ght; and **th**en a little black animal came to the wâ~~t~~er; it wa~~s~~ a dog, but **she** did not know **th**at, f~~o~~r **she** had never bef~~o~~re seen one. **This** animal bâr~~k~~ed at hê~~r~~ so terribly **th**at **she** became fr~~i~~ghtened, and rush~~e~~d back to the open sea. But **she** said **she sh**ould never forget the beautiful forest, the green hills, and the pretty little **ch**ildren wh~~o~~ could swim in the wâ~~t~~er, **â**lth~~o~~ugh **they** had not tail~~s~~.

The f~~o~~ur~~t~~h sister wa~~s~~ m~~o~~re timid; **she** remained in the midst of the sea, but **she** said it wa~~s~~ **q**uite a~~s~~ beautiful **th**ere a~~s~~ nearer the land. **She** could see f~~o~~r so many mile~~s~~ around hê~~r~~, and the sky above l~~o~~ok~~e~~d like a bell of glâ~~s~~s. **She** had seen the **sh**ips, but at such a gr~~e~~at distan~~c~~e **th**at **they** l~~o~~ok~~e~~d like sea-gull~~s~~. The dolphin~~s~~ sp~~o~~rt~~i~~ed in the wave~~s~~, and the gr~~e~~at whale~~s~~ sp~~outed wâ~~t~~er from **th**eir nostril~~s~~ till it seem~~e~~d a~~s~~ if a hundred f~~o~~untain~~s~~ wê~~r~~e playing in every directi~~o~~n.~~

The fift~~h~~ sister's bî~~r~~th~~d~~ay occ~~u~~rr~~e~~d in the winter; so when hê~~r~~ t~~u~~rn came, **she** sâ~~w~~ wh~~a~~t the **o**ther~~s~~ had not seen the first time **they** went up. The sea l~~o~~ok~~e~~d **q**uite green, and lâr~~g~~e ic~~e~~bê~~r~~g~~s~~ wê~~r~~e float~~i~~ng about, **e**ach like a p~~e~~arl, **she** said, but lâr~~g~~er and loftier **th**an the **ch**û~~r~~che~~s~~ built by men. **They** wê~~r~~e of the most singular **sh**apes, and glitter~~e~~d like diam~~o~~nd~~s~~. **She** had seated hê~~r~~self upon one of the lâr~~g~~est, and let the wind play with hê~~r~~ long hair, and **she** remâr~~k~~ed **th**at **â**ll the **sh**ips sail~~e~~d by rapidly, and ste~~e~~red a~~s~~ fâr away a~~s~~ **they** could from the ic~~e~~bê~~r~~g, a~~s~~ if **they** wê~~r~~e afraid of it. Towâ~~r~~d~~s~~ evening, a~~s~~ the sun went down, dâr~~k~~

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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

The sun had just set as **she** raised **hêr** head above the **waves**; but the **clouds** **wêre** tinted with **crimson** and **gold**, and **through** the glimmering **twilight** **beamed** the **evening stâr** in **âll** its **beauty**. The **sea** **was** **câlm**, and the **air** **mild** and **fresh**. A **lârg** **ship**, with **three** masts, **lay** **becâ**/med on the **wâter**, with **only** one **sail** set; **fôr** not a **breeze** stiffed, and the **sailors** sat **idle** on deck **ôr** **amongst** the rigging. **There** **was** **music** and song on **bôard**; and, as **dârkness** **came** on, a hundred **colored** **lantêrn**s **wêre** lighted, as if the flags of **âll** **nations** **waved** in the **air**.

The little **mêrmaid** swam **close** to the cabin **windows**; and **now** and **then**, as the **waves** lifted **hêr** up, **she** **cô**uld **lôok** in **through** **clear** **glâss** **window-panes**, and **see** a number of well-dressed **people** **within**. **Among** **them** **was** a young **prinç**e, the **most** **beautiful** of **âll**, with **lârg** **black** **eyes**; **he** **was** **sixteen** **years** of **ag**e, and his **bîrthday** **was** **being** kept with **much** **rejoicing**. The **sailors** **wêre** **dancing** on deck, but **when** the **prinç**e **came** **out** of the cabin, **môre** **than** a hundred **rockets** **ro**se in the **air**, **making** it as **bright** as **day**. The little **mêrmaid** **was** **so** **stârtled** **that** **she** **dived** under **wâter**; and **when** **she** again **stretch**ed **out** **hêr** head, it **appe**ared as if **âll** the **stârs** of heaven **wêre** **fâlling** **around** **hêr**, **she** had never **seen** **such** **firewôrks** **befôre**. **Great** **suns** **spûrted** **fire** **about**, **splendid** **fireflies** **flew** **into** the **blue** **air**, and **everyth**ing **was** **reflected** in the **clear**, **câlm** **sea** **beneath**. The **ship** itself **was** **so** **brightly** **illuminated** **that** **âll** the **people**, and **even** the **smâllest** **rope**, **cô**uld **be** **distinctly** and **plainly** **seen**. And **how** **handsôme** the young **prinç**e **lôok**ed, as **he** **press**ed the **hands** of **âll** **pre**sent and **smiled** at **them**, **while** the **music** **re**sounded **through** the **clear** **night** **air**.

It **was** **very** **late**; yet the little **mêrmaid** **cô**uld not **take** **hêr** **eyes** from the **ship**, **ôr** from the **beautiful** **prinç**e. The **colored** **lantêrn**s had **been** **extinguish**ed, **no** **môre** **rockets** **ro**se in the **air**, and the **cannon** had **ce**ased **firing**; but the **sea** **became** **restless**, and a **mo**aning, **grumbling** **sound** **cô**uld **be** **hêard** **beneath** the **waves**; still the little **mêrmaid** **remained** **by** the cabin **window**, **rocking** **up** and **down** on the **wâter**, **which** **enab**led **hêr** to **lôok** in. a **while**, the **sails** **wêre** **quickly** **unfurled**, and the **noble** **ship** **côntinu**ed **hêr** **passag**e; but **soon** the **waves** **ro**se **higher**, **heavy** **clouds** **dârk**ened the **sky**, and **lightning** **appe**ared in the **distanc**e. A **dreadful** **stôrm** **was** **approach**ing; **onç**e **môre** the **sails** **wêre** **reefed**, and the **great** **ship** **pûrsued** **hêr** **flying** **cô**urse **over** the **raging** **sea**. The **waves** **ro**se **mountains** **high**, as if **they** **wô**uld have **overtopp**ed the **mâst**; but the **ship** **dived** **like** a **swan** **between** **them**, and **then** **ro**se again on **their** **lofty**, **fo**aming **crests**. To the little **mêrmaid** **this** **appe**ared **plea**sant **spôrt**; not **so** to the **sailors**. At **length** the **ship** **gro**aned and **creak**ed; 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 wáter near the paláce. **She** wóuld swim much nearer the shóre than any of the óthers ventúred to dó; indeed oncé **she** went quite up the narrow channel under the márble balcony, **which th**rew a bróad shadow on the wáter. Here **she** wóuld sit and **watch** the young prinçe, **who thó**ught himself quite alone in the bright moonlight. **She sá**w 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 cáught hêr long silvery-white veil, **thóse who sá**w it believed it to be a swán, spreading out its wings. On many a night, **too**, when the fishermen, with **their tórches**, wêre out at sea, **she hê**ard them relate so many good things about the doings of the young prinçe, **that she wás** glad **she** had saved his life when he had been tossed about hálf-dead on the waves. And **she** remembered **that** his head had rested on hêr bósóm, and how heartily **she** had kissed him; but he knew **nothing** of **á**ll this, and could not even dream of hêr.

She grew móre and móre fond of human beings, and wished móre and móre to be able to wander about with **thóse who**sé wórlð seemed to be so much larger than hêr own. **They co**uld fly over the sea in ships, and mount the high hills which wêre färr above the clouds; and the lands they possesseð, **their wó**ods and **their** fields, stretchèð färr away beyond the reach of hêr sight. **There wás** so much that **she wishèd** to know, and hêr sisters wêre unable to answer **á**ll hêr questions. **Then she** applied to hêr old grandmother, **who** knew **á**ll about the upper wórlð, **which she** very rightly cállèd the lands above the sea.

“If human beings äre not drowned,” äskèð the little mêrmaid, “can **they** live forever? **Dó** **they** never die as **we** dó here in the sea?”

“Yes,” replièd the old lady, “they must **á**lso die, and **their** term of life is even shórtér than **our**s. We sometimes live to **three** hundred years, but when we cease to exist here we only become the foam on the sùrfáce of the wáter, and we have not even a grave down here of **thóse** we love. We have not immortal souls, we shall never live again; but, like the green sea-weed, when oncé it has been cut off, we can never flourish móre. Human beings, on the contrary, have a soul which lives forever, lives äfter the body has been túrned to dust. It rises up **th**rough the clear, pure air beyond the glittering stärs. As **we** rise out of the wáter, and behold **á**ll the land of the **é**arth, so **dó** **they** rise to unknown and glórious regions which **we** shall never see.”

“**Why** have not **we** an immortal soul?” äskèð the little mêrmaid móurnfully; “I wóuld give gladly **á**ll 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 **think** 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 music of the waves, ôr to see the pretty flowers nôr the red sun. **Is** there anything I can **do** to win an immortal soul?”

“**No**,” said the **old** wôman, “unless a man wêre to love you so much **that** you wêre môrre to him **than** hiş fâther ôr môtter; and if **âll** hiş **thô**ughts and **âll** hiş love wêre fixe**d** upon you, and the priest plac**d** hiş right hand in yôurş, and he promis**d** to be true to you here and hereâfter, **then** hiş soul wou**d** glide into yôur body and you wou**d** obtain a share in the future happiness of mankind. He wou**d** give a soul to you and retain hiş own aş well; but **this** can never happen. Yôur fish’s tail, which amongst us **is** considered so beautiful, **is** **thô**ught on **êarth** to be quite ugly; **they** **do** not know any better, and **they** **think** it neçessary to have **two** stout props, which **they** câll legs, in ôrder to be handsome.”

Then the little mêrmaid sigh**d**, and loôk**d** sorrowfully at hêr fish’s tail. “Let us be happy,” said the **old** lady, “and dârt and spring about during the **three** hundred years **that** we have to live, which **is** really quite long enough; **âfter** **that** we can rest **ourselves** **âll** the better. **This** evening **we** **âre** going to have a côurt bâll.”

It **is** one of **tho**se splendid sights which we can never see on **êarth**. The wâllş and the çeiling of the lârge bâll-room wêre of **thick**, but transparent crystal. May hundredş of colossal shells, some of a deep red, **oth**erş of a græss green, stôod on **each** side in rows, with blue fire in **them**, which light**d** up the whole saloon, and shone **thru**gh the wâllş, so **that** the sea wâş **âlso** illuminated. Innumerable fishes, great and smâll, swam pâst the crystal wâllş; on some of **them** the scales glow**d** with a pûrple brilliançy, and on **oth**erş **they** shone like silver and gold.

rough the hâllş flow**d** a brôad stream, and in it danç**d** the mêrmen and the mêrmaidş to the music of **their** own sweet singing. **No** one on **êarth** haş such a lovely voiç**e** aş **theirs**. The little mêrmaid sang môrre sweetly **than** **them** **âll**.

The whole côurt applâud**d** hêr with hands and tails; and fôr a moment hêr heârt felt quite gay, fôr **she** knew **she** had the lôveliest voiç**e** of any on **êarth** ôr in the sea. But **she** soon **thô**ught again of the wôrld above hêr, fôr **she** cou**d** not forget the chârming princ**e**, nôr hêr sorrow **that** **she** had not an immortal 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 sister**s** **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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“But I must be paid **ä**lso,” said the witch, “and it **i**s not a trifle **th**at I **ä**sk. You have the sweetest voi**ç**e of any **wh**o dwell **he**re in the depths of the **se**a, and you believe **th**at you will be able 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 possess will I have **f**ör the **pr**i**ç**e of my dräught. My own blood must be mixed with it, **th**at it may be as **sh**ärp as a two-edged sw**ö**rd.”

“But if you take away my voi**ç**e,” said the little m**ê**rmaid, “what **i**s left **f**ör me?”

“Y**ö**ur beautiful **f**örm, y**ö**ur grac**e**ful wä**k**, and y**ö**ur expressive ey**e**s; surely with **th**es**e** you can enchain a man’s **h**eä**r**t. Well, have you lost y**ö**ur courag**e**? Put out y**ö**ur little t**ö**ngue **th**at I may cut it off as my payment; **th**en you shall have the powerful dräught.”

“It shall be,” said the little m**ê**rmaid.

Then the witch plac**e**d h**ê**r cäuldr**ö**n on the **fi**re, to prepar**e** the magic dräught.

“Cleanliness **i**s a good **th**ing,” said **sh**e, scouring the vessel with snakes, which **sh**e had tied together in a **l**ä**r**g**e** knot; **th**en **sh**e pricked h**ê**rself in the breast, and let the black blood drop into it. The ste**a**m **th**at ros**e** **f**örm**e**d itself into such horrible **sh**apes **th**at no one cou**l**d l**ö**ök at **th**em with**o**ut fear. Every moment the witch **th**rew som**e**th**ing** else into the vessel, and when it began to boil, the s**ö**und wä**s** like the weeping of a crocodile.

When at **l**ä**st** the magic dräught wä**s** ready, it l**ö**ök**e**d like the clearest wä**t**er. “**Th**ere it **i**s **f**ör you,” said the witch. **Th**en **sh**e cut off the m**ê**rmaid’s t**ö**ngue, so **th**at **sh**e became dumb, and wou**l**d never again speak **ö**r sing. “If the polyp**i** shou**l**d seize hold of you as you ret**ü**rn **th**rough the w**ö**öd,” said the witch, “**th**row over **th**em a few drops of the **p**oti**ö**n, and **th**eir finger**s** will be t**ö**rn into a **th**ous**ä**nd pie**ç**es.”

But the little m**ê**rmaid had no occas**i**ön to **d**e **th**is, **f**ör the polyp**i** sprang back in terror when **th**ey cä**u**ght sight of the glittering dräught, which shone in h**ê**r hand like a twinkling stä**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



marble 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,

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

unless he married hêr, **she** còuld not rēceive an immòrtal soul; and, on the mórning äfter hiş marriagē with anòther, **she** wòuld dişşolve into the foam of the sea.

“Dø you not lòve me the best of **them äll**?” the eyēş of the little mêrmaid seemed to say, when he tòok hêr in hiş ärmş, and kisşed hêr fair forehead.

“Yes, you äre dear to me,” said the prinçe; “for you have the best heärt, and you äre the most devoted to me; you äre like a young maiden whēm I onçe sãw, but whēm I shall never meet again. I wäş in a ship that wäş wrecked, and the waveş cäst me ashòre near a holy temple, where several young maidenş perfòrmed the sêrvice. The youngest of **them** found me on the shòre, and saved my life. I sãw hêr but twiçe, and **she** iş the only one in the wòrld whēm I còuld lòve; but you äre like hêr, and you have älmòst driven hêr imagē out of my mind. **She** belongş to the holy temple, and my gòod fòrtune haş sent you to me instead of hêr; and we will never pärt.”

“Ah, he knowş not that it wäş I whø saved hiş life,” thòught the little mêrmaid. “I carried him over the sea to the wòod where the temple standş: I sat beneath the foam, and watched till the human beingş came to help him. I sãw the pretty maiden that he lòveş better than he lòveş me;” and the mêrmaid sighed deeply, but **she** còuld not shed tearş. “He sayş the maiden belongş to the holy temple, therefore **she** will never retûrn to the wòrld. **They** will meet no mòre: while I am by hiş side, and see him every day. I will take care of him, and lòve him, and give up my life fòr hiş sake.”

Very soon it wäş said that the prinçe must marry, and that the beautiful dãughter of a neighboring king wòuld be hiş wife, fòr a fine ship wäş being fitted out. Älthoigh the prinçe gave out that he merely intended to pay a vişit to the king, it wäş generally suppoşed that he really went to see hiş dãughter. A great còmpany wêre to go with him. The little mêrmaid smiled, and shòok hêr head. **She** knew the prinçe’s thòughts better than any of the òtherş.

“I must travel,” he had said to hêr; “I must see this beautiful prinçess; my parents deşire it; but **they** will not obligē me to bring hêr home aş my bride. I cannot lòve hêr; **she** iş not like the beautiful maiden in the temple, whēm you resemble. If I wêre fòrçed to cheeş a bride, I wòuld rãther cheeş you, my dumb foundling, with thoş expressive eyēş.” And then he kisşed hêr roşy mouth, played with hêr long waving hair, and laid hiş head on hêr heärt, while **she** dreamed of human happiness and an immòrtal soul. “You äre 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, for the reception of the bridal pair during the night. The ship, with swelling sails and a favorable wind, glided away smoothly and lightly over the calm sea. When it grew dark a number of colored lamps were lit, and the sailors danced merrily on the deck. The little mermaid could not help thinking of her first rising out of the sea, when she had seen similar festivities and joys; and she joined in the dance, poised herself in the air as a swallow when he pursues his prey, and all present cheered her with wonder. She had never danced so elegantly before. Her tender feet felt as if cut with sharp knives, but she cared not for it; a sharper pang had pierced through her heart. She knew this was the last evening she should ever see the prince, for whom she had forsaken her kindred and her home; she had given up her beautiful voice, and suffered unheard-of pain daily for him, while he knew nothing of it.

This was the last evening that she would breathe the same air with him, or gaze on the starry sky and the deep sea; an eternal night, without a thought or a dream, awaited her: she had no soul and now she could never win one. All was joy and gayety on board ship till long after midnight; she laughed and danced with the rest, while the thoughts of death were in her heart. The prince kissed his beautiful bride, while she played with his raven hair, till they went arm-in-arm to rest in the splendid tent. Then all became still on board the ship; the helmsman, alone awake, stood at the helm. The little mermaid leaned her white arms on the edge of the vessel, and looked towards the east for the first blush of morning, for that first ray of dawn that would bring her death. She saw her sisters rising out of the flood: they were as pale as herself; but their long beautiful hair waved no more in the wind, and had been cut off.

“We have given our hair to the witch,” said they, “to obtain help for you, that you may not die to-night. She has given us a knife: here it is, see it is very sharp. Before the sun rises you must plunge it into the heart of the prince; when the warm blood falls upon your feet they will grow together again, and form into a fish’s tail, and you will be once more a mermaid, and return to us to live out your three hundred years before you die and change into the salt sea foam. Haste, then; he or you must die before sunrise. Our old grandmother moans so for you, that her white hair is falling off from sorrow, as ours fell under the witch’s scissors. Kill the prince and come back; hasten: do you not see the first red streaks in the sky? In a few minutes the sun will rise, and you must die.” And then they sighed deeply and mournfully, and sank down beneath the waves.

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 thoughts, and the knife trembled in the hand of the little mēmaid: **then** she flung it far away from hēr into the waves; the wāter turned red where it fell, and the drops that spūrted up looked like blood. **She** cast one more lingering, half-fainting glance at the prince, and **then** threw hērself from the ship into the sea, and thought hēr body was dissolving 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** saw the bright sun, and all around hēr floated hundreds of transparent beautiful beings; **she** could see through them the white sails of the ship, and the red clouds in the sky; **their** speech was melodious, but too ethereal to be heard by mortal ears, as they were also unseen by mortal eyes. The little mēmaid perceived 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, nor 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, although 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 perfume of the flowers to spread health and restoration. we have striven for

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

three hundred **year**s to **all** the **good** in **our** **power**, we **re**ceive an imm**ortal** soul and **take** **p**art in the happiness of man**kind**. **You**, **p**oor little m**er**maid, have **tried** with **y**our **whole** **he**art to **do** **a**s we **are** **doing**; **you** have **suffered** and **endured** and **raised** **y**ourself to the spirit-w**orld** **by** **y**our **good** **deed**s; and **now**, **by** **striving** **f**or **three** hundred **year**s in the **same** **way**, **you** **may** **obtain** an imm**ortal** soul.”

The little m**er**maid lifted h**er** gl**ori**fied **ey**es **tow**ards the sun, and felt **them**, **f**or the **first** **time**, filling with **tear**s. On the **ship**, in **which** **she** had left the prin**ce**, **there** **w**ere **life** and **nois**e; **she** **s**aw him and his **be**autiful **bride** **s**earching **f**or h**er**; **sorrow**fully **they** **gazed** at the pearly **fo**am, **a**s if **they** **knew** **she** had **th**rown h**er**self into the **w**aves. **Un**seen **she** **kissed** the fore**head** of h**er** **bride**, and fanned the prin**ce**, and **then** **mounted** with the **other** **children** of the **air** to a **rosy** **cloud** **that** **floated** **th**rough the **aether**.

“After **three** hundred **year**s, **thus** **shall** we **float** into the **kingd**om of **heaven**,” said **she**. “And we **may** **even** get **there** **so**oner,” **whispered** one of h**er** **com**panions. “**Un**seen we can enter the **hou**ses of men, **where** **there** **are** **children**, and **f**or every **day** on **which** we **find** a **good** **child**, **who** **is** the **joy** of his **parent**s and **de**serves **their** **love**, **our** **time** of **probation** **is** **sh**ortened. The **child** **do**es not **know**, **when** we **fly** **th**rough the **room**, **that** we **smile** with **joy** at his **good** **conduct**, **f**or we can **count** one **year** less of **our** **three** hundred **year**s. But **when** we **see** a **na**ughty **or** a **wicked** **child**, we **shed** **tear**s of **sorrow**, and **f**or every **tear** a **day** **is** added to **our** **time** of **trial**!”



The Emperor's New Suit

Hans Christian Andersen 1837

MANY, many **year**s ago lived an emperor, **who** **th**ought so much of new **cloth**es **that** he **spent** **all** his **money** in **o**rd**er** to **obtain** **them**; his **only** **ambition** **was** to **be** **al**ways well **dressed**. He **did** not **care** **f**or his **soldier**s, and the **theatre** **did** not **amuse** him; the **only** **th**ing, in fact, he **th**ought any**th**ing of **was** to **drive** **out** and **show** a new **suit** of **cloth**es.

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



The great çity where he rešided wāš very gay; every day many strāngers 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 cœuld manufacture the finest cloth to be imagined. Their cœlours and patterns, they said, wêre not only exçeptionally beautiful, but the clothēš made of their material pošsessed the wœnderfũl quality of being invišible to any man who wāš unfit fôr hiš offiçe œr unpārdonably stupid.

“That must be wœnderfũl cloth,” thœught the emperor. “If I wêre to be dressed in a suit made of this cloth I shœuld be able to find œut which men in my empiere wêre unfit fôr their places, and I cœuld distinguish the clever from the stupid. I must have this cloth woven fôr me without delay.” And he gave a lārgē sum of mœney to the swindlers, in advance, that they shœuld set to wœrk without any loss of time. They set up twe looms, and pretended to be very hārd at wœrk, but they did nothiņg whatever on the looms. They āsked fôr the finest silk and the most preçious gold-cloth; āll they got they did away with, and wœrked at the empty looms till late at night.

“I shœuld very much like to know hœw they āre getting on with the cloth,” thœught the emperor. But he felt rāther uneasỹ when he remembered that he who wāš not fit fôr hiš offiçe cœuld not see it. Pœrsonally, he wāš of opinion that he had nothiņg to fear, yet he thœught it advisāble to send somebody else fīrst to see hœw matters stœød. Everybody in the town knew whāt a remārkable quality the stuff pošsessed, and āll wêre anxious to see hœw bad œr stupid their neighbours wêre.

“I shall send my honest old minister to the weavers,” thœught the emperor. “He can judgē best hœw the stuff lœøks, fôr he iš intelligent, and nobody understands hiš offiçe better than he.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

The **g**o**o**d **o**ld minister went **i**n**t**o the **r**o**o**m **w**here the swindlers **s**at **b**e**f**o**r**e the empty **l**o**o**m**s**. "Heaven **p**re**s**er**v**e us!" he **t**h**o**ught, and **o**pened his **e**y**e**s **w**ide, "I cannot **s**ee any**t**hing at **a**ll," but he did not say so. **B**oth swindlers **r**e**q**uested him to **c**o**m**e **n**ear, and **a**s**k**e**d** him if he did not **a**dmi**r**e the **e**x**q**ui**s**ite pattern and the **b**eau**t**iful **c**o**l**our**s**, pointing to the empty **l**o**o**m**s**. The **p**o**r** **o**ld minister **t**ri**e**d his **v**ery best, but he **c**o**u**ld **s**ee **n**o**t**hing, **f**o**r** **t**here **w**as **n**o**t**hing to **b**e **s**een. "Oh **d**ear," he **t**h**o**ught, "can I **b**e **s**o **s**tupid? I **s**h**o**uld never have **t**h**o**ught so, and **n**obody must **k**now it! **I**s it possible **t**hat I am not fit **f**o**r** my **o**ff**i**c**e**? **N**o, **n**o, I cannot **s**ay **t**hat I **w**as **u**n**a**ble to **s**ee the **c**lo**t**h."

"**N**ow, have **y**ou got **n**o**t**hing to **s**ay?" said one of the swindlers, **w**hile he pretended to **b**e busily **w**eaving.

"**O**h, it **i**s very pretty, **e**x**c**e**d**dingly **b**eau**t**iful," **r**epl**i**ed the **o**ld minister **l**o**o**king **t**h**r**ough his gl**ä**s**s**e**s**. "What a **b**eau**t**iful pattern, **w**h**a**t brilliant **c**o**l**our**s**! I **s**hall tell the emperor **t**hat I **l**i**k**e the **c**lo**t**h very **m**uch."

"**W**e **ä**r**e** **p**le**a**s**e**d to **h**ear **t**hat," said the **t**w**o** **w**eaver**s**, and **d**escri**e**d to him the **c**o**l**our**s** and **e**xpl**a**in**e**d the **c**ur**i**ous pattern. The **o**ld minister **l**i**s**ten**e**d attentively, **t**hat he **m**i**g**ht **r**el**a**t**e** to the emperor **w**h**a**t **t**hey said; and **s**o he did.

Now the swindlers **ä**s**k**e**d** **f**o**r** **m**o**r**e **m**o**n**ey, silk and **g**o**l**d-clo**t**h, **w**h**i**ch **t**hey **r**e**q**ui**r**e**d** **f**o**r** **w**eaving. **T**hey kept every**t**hing **f**o**r** **t**hemselves, and not a **t**hread **c**ame **n**ear the **l**o**o**m, but **t**hey **c**o**n**tinu**e**d, **a**s **h**i**t**h**e**r**e**, to **w**o**r**k at the empty **l**o**o**m**s**.

So**o**n **a**fterwards the emperor sent **a**n**o**ther **h**onest **c**o**u**rtier to the **w**eaver**s** to **s**ee **h**ow **t**hey **w**ere getting on, and if the **c**lo**t**h **w**as **n**early **f**i**n**i**s**h**e**d. **L**i**k**e the **o**ld minister, he **l**o**o**k**e**d and **l**o**o**k**e**d but **c**o**u**ld **s**ee **n**o**t**hing, **a**s **t**here **w**as **n**o**t**hing to **b**e **s**een.

"**I**s it not a **b**eau**t**iful **p**ie**c**e of **c**lo**t**h?" **ä**s**k**e**d** the **t**w**o** swindlers, **s**h**o**wing and **e**xpl**a**in**i**ng the **m**agn**i**f**i**c**e**nt pattern, **w**h**i**ch, **h**ow**e**ver, did not exist.

"I am not **s**tupid," said the man. "It **i**s **t**h**e**r**e**f**o**r**e** **m**y **g**o**o**d appointment **f**o**r** **w**h**i**ch I am not fit. It **i**s very **s**tr**a**n**g**e, but I must not let any one **k**now it," and he **p**rai**s**e**d** the **c**lo**t**h, **w**h**i**ch he did not **s**ee, and **e**xpr**e**s**s**e**d** his **j**oy at the **b**eau**t**iful **c**o**l**our**s** and the **f**i**n**e pattern. "It **i**s very **e**x**c**e**l**l**e**nt," he said to the emperor.

Everybody in the **w**h**o**le **t**own **t**ä**k**e**d** **a**bout the **p**re**c**i**o**us **c**lo**t**h. At **l**ä**s**t the emperor **w**i**s**h**e**d to **s**ee it himself, **w**hile it **w**as still on the **l**o**o**m. **W**ith a number of **c**o**u**rtier**s**,

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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 colour 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?"

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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 brotherş, fôr they had been made out of the same old tin speen. They shouldered ârmş and loòked straight befôre them, and wôre a splendid unifôr, red and blue. The first thîng in the wôrld they ever hêard wêre the wôrdş, “Tin soldierş!” uttered by a little boy, whê clapped his handş with delight when the lid of the box, in which they lay, wâş taken off.

They wêre given him fôr a birthday preşent, 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 ôther playthîngş, but the most attractive to the eye wâş a pretty little paper căstle.



Throug the smăll windowş the roomş couîd be seen. In frônt of the căstle a number of little treeş surrounded a piece of loòking-glăss, which wâş intended to represent a transpărent lake. Swanş, 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 dôor of the căstle; she, âlso, wâş made of paper, and she wôre a dress of clear muşlin, with a narrow blue ribbôn over hêr shoulderş just like a scărf. In frônt of theşe wâş fixeîd a glittering tinsel roşe, aş lărg e aş hêr whole façe.

The little lady wâş a dançer, and she stretchêd out both hêr ârmş, and raised one of hêr legş so hîgh, that the tin soldier couîd not see it at âll, and he thôught that she, like himself, had only one leg. “That îş the wife fôr me,” he thôught; “but she îş tee grand, and lives in a căstle, while I have only a box to live in, five-and-twenty of us âltogether, that îş no plăçe 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 large 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**ounten**an**ce did not **ch**ange; he **l**ook**ed** 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**ä**rt of a drain, and **th**en it **w**as **a**s **d**ä**r**k **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**äult, 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**ör any **d**ä**r**kness."

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

"Have **y**ou a passport?" **ä**ske**d** the rat, "give it to **m**e at on**ç**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 follow**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**ö**o**d and str**ä**w, "Stop him, stop him; **h**e has not paid **t**oll, and has not **sh**own his **p**äss." But the stream **r**ush**e**d on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier **c**ou**l**d **ä**lready **s**ee **day**light **sh**ining where the **ä**rch ended. **T**hen **h**e **h**ear**d** a **r**öar**i**ng **s**ound **q**uite terrible **e**nough to fr**i**ghten the bravest man. At the end of the tunnel the drain fell into a **l**ä**g**e canäl over a steep **pl**ac**e**, **wh**ich made it **a**s **d**angerous **f**ör him **a**s a **w**ä**t**erfä**l**l wou**l**d be to us. **H**e **w**as **t**ee close to it to stop, **s**o the **bo**at **r**ush**e**d on, and the **p**ö**o**r tin soldier **c**ou**l**d **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 **wh**irled **r**ound **th**ree **ö**r **f**ö**u**r times, and **th**en filled with **w**ä**t**er to the very edge; **n**ö**th**ing **c**ou**l**d **s**ave it from sinking. **H**e **n**ow stö**o**d up to his neck in **w**ä**t**er, **wh**ile **d**eep**e**r and **d**eep**e**r sank the **bo**at, and the **p**aper **b**ecame soft and **l**ee**s**e with the wet, till at **l**ä**s**t the **w**ä**t**er **c**los**e**d over the soldier's head. **H**e **th**ö**u**ght of the elegant little dan**ç**er **wh**om **h**e **sh**ou**l**d never **s**ee again, and the **w**ö**r**ds of the song **s**ounded in his **e**ars—

"F**a**rewell, **w**ä**r**rior! Ever brave,

Drifting onwä**r**d to **th**y **g**rave."

Then the **p**aper **bo**at fell to **p**ie**ç**es, and the soldier sank into the **w**ä**t**er and immediately **ä**fterward**s** **w**as swall**o**wed up **b**y a **g**reat **f**ish. **O**h **h**ow **d**ä**r**k it **w**as inside the **f**ish! A **g**reat **d**eal **d**ä**r**ker **th**an in the tunnel, and narrower **t**ee, but the tin soldier **c**ontin**u**ed firm, and **l**ay at **f**üll length 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 **shôrt** time in the **wôôd** when **nîght** came on, and **she** quite lost the **päth**; so **she** laid **hêr**self **dôwn** on the soft moss, offered up **hêr** evening **prayer**, and **leaned** **hêr** head against the stump of a **tree**. **Äll** **nature** **wä**s still, and the soft, mild **air** fanned **hêr** fore**head**. The **light** of hundred**s** of glow-wôrm**s** **shone** amidst the grä**ss** and the moss, like green fire; and if **she** touch**ed** a twig with **hêr** hand, ever so **lightl**y, the brilliant insects fell **dôwn** around **hêr**, like **shooting**-stär**s**.

All **nîght** long **she** dreamt of **hêr** brôth**er****s**. **She** and **they** wê**re** **children** again, playing together. **She** s**äw** **them** writing with **their** diamond pen**cil****s** on golden slat**e**s, while **she** l**ôok**ed at the beautiful picture-b**ôôk** which had cost h**ä**lf a kingd**ôm**. **They** wê**re** not writing line**s** and letter**s**, a**s** **they** used to d**o**; but description**s** of the noble deed**s** **they** had perf**ô**rmed, and of **äll** **they** had discovered and seen. In the picture-b**ôôk**, **too**, every**th**ing **wä**s living. The bîr**d****s** sang, and the pe**o**ple came **ôut** of the b**ôôk**, and spok**e** to Eliza and **hêr** brôth**er****s**; but, a**s** the leav**e****s** t**û**rn**ed** **ôver**, **they** d**ä**rted back again to **their** plac**e****s**, that **äll** might be in ô**rd**er.

When **she** awok**e**, the sun **wä**s **hîgh** in the heaven**s**; yet **she** cou**ld** not see him, f**ô**r the lofty tree**s** spread **their** branch**e****s** thickly **ôver** **hêr** head; but hi**s** beam**s** wê**re** glanc**ing** **th**rough the leav**e****s** here and **ther**e, like a golden mist. **There** **wä**s a sweet fragranc**e** from the fresh green verdure, and the bîr**d****s** **ä**lmost p**ê**ch**ed** upon **hêr** shou**ld**er**s**. **She** h**ê**ard w**ä**ter rippling from a number of spring**s**, **äll** flowing in a lake with golden sands. B**û**sh**e****s** grew **th**ickly **ôund** the lake, and at one spot an opening had been made by a deer, **th**rough which Eliza went **dôwn** to the w**ä**ter.

The lake **wä**s so clear **th**at, had not the wind rustled the branch**e****s** of the tree**s** and the b**û**sh**e****s**, so **th**at **they** mov**ed**, **they** wou**ld** have appear**ed** a**s** if paint**ed** in the depth**s** of the lake; f**ô**r every leaf **wä**s reflected in the w**ä**ter, wh**eth**er it st**ôôd** in the shad**e** ô**r** the sunsh**in**e. A**s** soon a**s** Eliza s**äw** **hêr** own fac**e**, **she** **wä**s quite terrified at finding it so brown and ugly; but when **she** wetted **hêr** little hand, and rub**bed** **hêr** ey**e****s** and fore**head**, the wh**it**e skin gleam**ed** f**ô**rth on**ç**e m**ô**re; and, ä**ft**er **she** had undress**ed**, and dip**ped** **hêr**self in the fresh w**ä**ter, a m**ô**re beautiful king's d**ä**ughter cou**ld** not be f**o**und in the wide w**ô**ld.

A**s** soon a**s** **she** had dress**ed** **hêr**self again, and braided **hêr** long hair, **she** went to the bubbling spring, and drank s**ô**me w**ä**ter **ôut** of the hollow of **hêr** hand. **Then** **she** wand**er**ed f**ä**r into the forest, not know**ing** wh**ith**er **she** went. **She** th**ô**ught of **hêr** brôth**er****s**, and felt sur**e** **th**at God wou**ld** not forsake **hêr**. It **is** God wh**o** makes the wild apple**s** grow in the w**ôôd**, to satisfy the hungry, and He **nôw** led **hêr** to one

of **thesē** **trees**, **whiċh** **wās** **so** **loadēd** **with** **fruit**, **that** the **boūghs** bent **beneath** the weight. **Here** **she** held **hēr** **neēnday** **repāst**, **placēd** props under the **boūghs**, and **then** went into the **gleēmiest** **depths** of the forest. It **wās** **so** still **that** **she** **cōuld** hear the **sōund** of **hēr** **own** **fōōtsteps**, **as** well **as** the **rustling** of every **withered** **leaf** **whiċh** **she** **crushēd** under **hēr** **feet**. Not a **bīrd** **wās** to **be** **seen**, not a **sunbeam** **cōuld** **penetratē** **through** the **lārgē**, **dārk** **boūghs** of the **trees**. **Their** **lofty** **trunks** **stōōd** **so** **cloṣē** **together**, **that**, when **she** **lōōked** **befōre** **hēr**, it **seemed** **as** if **she** **wēre** **encloṣēd** **within** **trellis-wōrk**. **Such** **solitude** **she** had never **known** **befōre**. The **night** **wās** **very** **dārk**. Not a single **glow-wōrm** glittered in the moss.

Sorrowfully **she** **laid** **hērself** **down** to **sleep**; and, **āfter** a **whīle**, it **seemed** to **hēr** **as** if the **branchēs** of the **trees** **pārtēd** **over** **hēr** **head**, and **that** the **mild** **eyēs** of **angels** **lōōked** **down** upon **hēr** from **heaven**. When **she** **awoke** in the **mōrning**, **she** **knew** not **whēther** **she** had **dreamt** **this**, **ōr** if it had **really** **been** **so**. **Then** **she** **cōntinued** **hēr** **wāandering**; but **she** had not **gone** many **steps** **fōrward**, when **she** met an **old** **wōman** **with** **berriēs** in **hēr** **bāskēt**, and **she** **gave** **hēr** a few to **eat**. **Then** **Eliza** **āskeđ** **hēr** if **she** had not **seen** **eleven** **prinċēs** **riding** **through** the forest.

“**No**,” **repliēd** the **old** **wōman**, “**But** I **sāw** **yesterdāy** **eleven** **swāns**, **with** **gold** **crowns** on **their** **heads**, **swimming** on the **river** **cloṣē** **by**.” **Then** **she** led **Eliza** a little **distānce** **fārthē** to a **sloping** **bank**, and at the **fōōt** of it **wōund** a little **river**. The **trees** on its **banks** **stretchēd** **their** **long** **leafy** **branchēs** across the **wāter** **towārd**s **each** **ōther**, and **whēre** the **growth** **preventēd** **them** from **meeting** **naturāly**, the **reēts** had **tōrn** **thēmselves** **away** from the **grōund**, **so** **that** the **branchēs** **mīght** **mingle** **their** **foliāgē** **as** **they** **hung** **over** the **wāter**. **Eliza** **bade** the **old** **wōman** **farewell**, and **wākeđ** **by** the **flowing** **river**, till **she** **reachēd** the **shōre** of the **open** **seā**. And **thēre**, **befōre** the **young** **maiden’s** **eyēs**, **lay** the **glōrious** **ōcean**, but not a **sail** **appeāred** on its **sūrfāce**, not **even** a **boat** **cōuld** **be** **seen**. **Hōw** **wās** **she** to **go** **fārthē**? **She** **notiċēd** **hōw** the **cōuntless** **pebble**s on the **seā-shōre** had **been** **smēethēd** and **rōundēd** **by** the **actiōn** of the **wāter**.

Glāss, **irōn**, **stone**s, **everythiċg** **that** **lay** **thēre** **mīnglēd** **together**, had **taken** its **shāpe** from the **sāmē** **pōwer**, and **felt** **as** **smēeth**, **ōr** **even** **smēother** **than** **hēr** **own** **delicatē** **hand**. “**The** **wāter** **roll**s on **withōut** **weariness**,” **she** **said**, “**till** **āll** **that** **is** **hārd** **becōmēs** **smēeth**; **so** **will** I **be** **unwearied** in **my** **tāsk**. **ānks** **fōr** **yōur** **lessōns**, **briġht** **rolling** **wave**s; **my** **heārt** **tells** **mē** **yōu** **will** **lead** **mē** to **my** **deā**r **brōther**s.” On the **foām-cōverēd** **seā-weēds**, **lay** **eleven** **whīte** **swān** **feather**s, **whiċh** **she** **gāthēred** **up** and **placēd** **together**. Drops of **wāter** **lay** upon **them**;

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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

We have p~~e~~rmission to visit ~~o~~ut home on~~c~~e in every year, and to remain eleven days, during which we fly across the forest to l~~o~~ok on~~c~~e m~~o~~re at the palac~~e~~ where ~~o~~ur f~~a~~ther dwells, and where we w~~e~~re b~~o~~rn, and at the ch~~u~~rch, where ~~o~~ur m~~o~~ther li~~e~~s buried. Here it seem~~s~~ as if the very tree~~s~~ and bu~~s~~he~~s~~ w~~e~~re related to us. The wild h~~o~~rse~~s~~ leap over the plain~~s~~ as we have seen them in ~~o~~ur childh~~o~~od. The ch~~a~~rcoal b~~u~~rne~~r~~s sing the old song~~s~~, to which we have dan~~c~~ed as children. This is ~~o~~ur f~~a~~therland, to which we ~~a~~re dr~~a~~wn by l~~o~~ving tie~~s~~; and here we have found you, ~~o~~ur de~~a~~r little sister., Tw~~o~~ day~~s~~ longer we can remain here, and then must we fly away to a be~~a~~utiful land which is not ~~o~~ur home; and how can we take you with us? We have ne~~i~~ther ship n~~o~~r bo~~a~~t.”

“How can I break this spell?” said their sister. And then she t~~a~~lked about it nearly the whole night, only slumbering f~~o~~r a few hour~~s~~. Eliza w~~a~~s awakened by the rustling of the swans’ wing~~s~~ as they s~~o~~ared ab~~o~~ve. H~~e~~r bro~~t~~her~~s~~ w~~e~~re again ch~~a~~nged to sw~~a~~n~~s~~, and they flew in c~~i~~rcle~~s~~ wider and wider, till they w~~e~~re f~~a~~r away; but one of them, the youngest swan, remained behind, and laid hi~~s~~ head in hi~~s~~ sister’s lap, while she stroked hi~~s~~ wing~~s~~; and they remained together the whole day. Tow~~a~~rd~~s~~ evening, the rest came back, and as the sun went down they res~~u~~med their natural f~~o~~rms. “To-morrow,” said one, “we shall fly away, not to ret~~u~~rn again till a whole year has p~~a~~ssed. But we cannot leave you here. Have you courage to go with us? My ~~a~~rm is strong enough to carry you th~~r~~ough the w~~o~~od; and will not ~~a~~ll ~~o~~ur wing~~s~~ be strong enough to fly with you over the sea?”

“Yes, take me with you,” said Eliza. Then they spent the whole night in we~~a~~ving a net with the pliant willow and rushe~~s~~. It w~~a~~s very l~~a~~rg~~e~~ and strong. Eliza laid h~~e~~rself down on the net, and when the sun ros~~e~~, and h~~e~~r bro~~t~~her~~s~~ again became wild sw~~a~~n~~s~~, they t~~o~~ok up the net with their be~~a~~ks, and flew up to the cloud~~s~~ with their de~~a~~r sister, wh~~o~~ still slept. The sunbe~~a~~m~~s~~ fell on h~~e~~r fa~~c~~e, ther~~e~~f~~o~~re one of the sw~~a~~n~~s~~ s~~o~~ared over h~~e~~r head, so that hi~~s~~ br~~o~~ad wing~~s~~ might shade h~~e~~r. They w~~e~~re f~~a~~r from the land when Eliza woke. She th~~o~~ught she must still be dre~~a~~ming, it seem~~e~~d so stran~~g~~e to h~~e~~r to feel h~~e~~rself being carried so high in the air over the sea. By h~~e~~r side lay a branch full of be~~a~~utiful ripe berrie~~s~~, and a bundle of sweet ro~~o~~ts; the youngest of h~~e~~r bro~~t~~her~~s~~ had gathered them f~~o~~r h~~e~~r, and plac~~e~~d them by h~~e~~r side. She smiled h~~e~~r th~~a~~nks to him; she knew it w~~a~~s the same wh~~o~~ had hovered over h~~e~~r to shade h~~e~~r with hi~~s~~ wing~~s~~. They w~~e~~re now so high, that a l~~a~~rg~~e~~ ship beneath them l~~o~~ok~~e~~d like a white sea-gull skimming the wave~~s~~.

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 môrta! 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 her; but as she looked again, she found it wâs only a sea mist gliding over the ocean. So there continued to pass before her 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 her bedroom.

"Heaven grant that I may dream how to save you," she replied. And this thought took such hold upon her mind that she prayed earnestly to God fôr help, and even in her sleep she continued to pray. Then it appeared to her as if she wêre flying high in the air, towards the cloudy palace of the "Fata Morgana," and a fairy came out to meet her, radiant and beautiful in appearance, and yet very much like the old woman who had given her berries in the wood, and who had told her 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 her hand lightly with the nettle, and a pain, as of burning fire, awoke Eliza.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

It ~~was~~ **brôad daylight**, and ~~close~~ **by** where **she** had ~~been~~ **sleeping** lay a nettle ~~like~~ the one **she** had ~~seen~~ in ~~hêr~~ **dream**. **She** fell on ~~hêr~~ **knees** and offered ~~hêr~~ **thanks** to God. **Then** **she** went ~~fôrt~~ **h** from the ~~cave~~ to begin ~~hêr~~ **wôr**k with ~~hêr~~ delicate hands. **She** groped in amôngst the ugly nettles, which ~~bûrnt~~ **great** blisters on ~~hêr~~ hands and ~~ârm~~s, but **she** detêrmined to bear it gladly if **she** ~~côuld~~ **only** releâse ~~hêr~~ **dear** brôthers. **So** **she** bruised the nettles with ~~hêr~~ **bare** feet and spun the flax. At sunset ~~hêr~~ **brôthers** retûrned and ~~wêre~~ very much ~~frightened~~ when **they** ~~found~~ ~~hêr~~ **dumb**. **They** believed it to be ~~some~~ new sôrçery of ~~their~~ wicked step-môther. But when **they** ~~sâw~~ ~~hêr~~ hands **they** understôôd ~~whât~~ **she** ~~wâs~~ ~~doing~~ on ~~their~~ behâlf, and the youngest brôther wept, and where his ~~tear~~s fell the pain ~~ceâsed~~, and the ~~bûrning~~ blisters ~~vanish~~ed. **She** kept to ~~hêr~~ **wôr**k ~~âll~~ **ni**ght, ~~fôr~~ **she** ~~côuld~~ not rest till **she** had releâsed ~~hêr~~ **dear** brôthers. During the ~~whole~~ of the following ~~day~~, while ~~hêr~~ brôthers ~~wêre~~ absent, **she** sat in solitude, but never befôre had the time flown ~~so~~ **quickly**.

One ~~coat~~ ~~wâs~~ ~~â~~lready ~~finish~~ed and **she** had begun the ~~second~~, when **she** ~~hêard~~ the huntsman's ~~hörn~~, and ~~wâs~~ struck with ~~fear~~. The ~~sound~~ came ~~nearer~~ and ~~nearer~~, **she** ~~hêard~~ the dogs ~~bârking~~, and fled with ~~terror~~ into the ~~cave~~. **She** hastily ~~bound~~ ~~together~~ the nettles **she** had gathered into a bundle and sat upon ~~them~~. Immediately a ~~great~~ dog came ~~bounding~~ ~~towârd~~s ~~hêr~~ out of the ravine, and ~~then~~ another and another; **they** ~~bârked~~ ~~loudly~~, ran back, and ~~then~~ came again. In a very few minutes ~~âll~~ the huntsmen stôôd befôre the ~~cave~~, and the handsômost of ~~them~~ ~~wâs~~ the king of the country. He ~~advanc~~ed ~~towârd~~s ~~hêr~~, ~~fôr~~ he had never ~~seen~~ a ~~môre~~ ~~beautifûl~~ maiden.

"~~How~~ did ~~you~~ ~~côme~~ ~~here~~, my ~~sweet~~ ~~child~~?" he ~~âsk~~ed. But Eliza ~~shôok~~ ~~hêr~~ head. **She** ~~dared~~ not ~~speak~~, at the cost of ~~hêr~~ brôthers' ~~live~~s. And **she** hid ~~hêr~~ hands under ~~hêr~~ ~~apron~~, ~~so~~ ~~that~~ the king ~~might~~ not ~~see~~ ~~how~~ **she** must be suffering.

"~~Côme~~ with me," he said; "here ~~you~~ cannot remain. If ~~you~~ ~~âre~~ ~~âs~~ ~~gôod~~ ~~âs~~ ~~you~~ ~~âre~~ ~~beautifûl~~, I will dress ~~you~~ in silk and velvet, I will ~~plac~~e a golden crown upon ~~yôur~~ head, and ~~you~~ ~~shall~~ dwell, and ~~rule~~, and ~~make~~ ~~yôur~~ home in my ~~richest~~ câstle." And **then** he lifted ~~hêr~~ on his ~~hôrse~~. **She** wept and wrung ~~hêr~~ hands, but the king said, "I ~~wish~~ ~~only~~ ~~fôr~~ ~~yôur~~ happiness. A ~~time~~ will ~~côme~~ when ~~you~~ will ~~thank~~ me ~~fôr~~ ~~this~~." And **then** he galloped away over the ~~mountain~~s, holding ~~hêr~~ befôre him on ~~this~~ ~~hôrse~~, and the hunters followed behind ~~them~~.

As the sun went ~~down~~, **they** ~~approach~~ed a fair royal ~~city~~, with ~~chûrches~~, and cupolas. On arriving at the câstle the king led ~~hêr~~ into ~~mârble~~ ~~hâll~~s, where ~~lârg~~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 täsks wäsh finished. Therefore 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 anóther. But when **she** began the seventh she found **she** had no móre flax.

She knew **that** the nettles **she** wänted to use grew in the **chûrchyär**d, and **that** **she** must pluck **them** hêrself. How **shóuld** **she** get out **there**? “Oh, **whät** **is** the pain in **my** fingers to the tórmént **which** **my** heärt endure?” said **she**. “I must venture, I **shall** not be denied help from heaven.” **Then** with a trembling heärt, as if **she** wêre about to perfórm a wicked deed, **she** crept into the gärdén in the bróad mœnlight, and pässe~~d~~ through the narrow wäls and the desêrted streets, till **she** reach~~e~~d the **chûrchyär**d. **Then** **she** säw on one of the bróad tombstones a group of ghoul~~s~~. These hideous creature~~s~~ toók off **their** rag~~s~~, as if **they** intended to bath~~e~~, and **then** cläwing open the fresh grave~~s~~ with **their** long, skinny finger~~s~~, pulled out the dead bodie~~s~~ and ate the flesh! Eliza had to päss close by **them**, and **they** fix~~e~~d **their** wicked glänçes upon hêr, but **she** prayed silently, gathered the bûrning nettles, and carried **them** home with hêr to the cäsle.

One pêrson only had seen hêr, and **that** wäsh the ärchbishop—he wäsh awake while everybody wäsh asleep. Now he thóught his opinion wäsh evidently correct. Äll wäsh not right with the **queen**. **She** wäsh a witch, and had bewitch~~e~~d the king and äll the people. Secretly he told the king **whät** he had seen and **whät** he feared, and as the härd wôrd~~s~~ came from his tóngue, the cärv~~e~~d image~~s~~ of the saint~~s~~ shóok **their** head~~s~~ as if **they** wóuld say. “It **is** not so. Eliza **is** innocent.”

But the ärchbishop intêrpreted it in anóther way; he believ~~e~~d **that** **they** witnessed against hêr, and wêre shaking **their** head~~s~~ at hêr wickedness. Two lãrge tear~~s~~ rolled down the king’s chee~~k~~s, and he went home with doubt in his heärt, and at night he pretended to sleep, but **there** came no real sleep to his ey~~e~~s, fôr he säw Eliza get up every night and disappear in hêr own **chamber**. From day to day his brow became dãrker, and Eliza säw it and did not understand the reasón, but it alãrmed hêr and made hêr heärt tremble fôr hêr brother~~s~~. Hêr hot tear~~s~~ glittered like pêarl~~s~~ on the regal velvet and diamón~~d~~s, while äll who säw hêr wêre wishing **they** cóuld be queen~~s~~. In the meán time **she** had älmóst finish~~e~~d hêr täsks; only one coat of mail wäsh wänting, but **she** had no flax left, and not a single nettle.

Onçe móre only, and fôr the läst time, must **she** venture to the **chûrchyär**d and pluck a few handfúls. **She** thóught with terror of the solitary wälk, and of the horrible

ghoul~~s~~, but hêr will wâs firm, a~~s~~ well a~~s~~ hêr trust in Providence. Eliza went, and the king and the ~~är~~chbishop followed hêr. They sâw hêr vanish ~~throu~~gh the wicket gate into the ~~chû~~rchyârd, and when they came nearer they sâw the ghoul~~s~~ sitting on the ~~tomb~~stone, a~~s~~ Eliza had seen them, and the king tûrned away his head, fôr he thôught she wâs with them—she whose head had rested on his breast that very evening. “The people must condemn hêr,” said he, and she wâs very quickly condemned by every one to suffer death by fire.

Away from the gôrgeous regal hâlls wâs she led to a dârk, dreary çell, where the wind whistled ~~throu~~gh the iron bâr~~s~~. 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 nöthing they cou~~ld~~ give hêr wou~~ld~~ have pleased hêr möre. She cöntinued hêr täsk with joy, and prayed fôr help, while the street-boy~~s~~ sang jeering songs about hêr, and not a soul cömforted hêr with a kind wörd. Towârd~~s~~ evening, she hêard at the grating the flutter of a swan’s wing, it wâs hêr youngest brother—he had found his sister, and she sobbed fôr joy, âltho~~ugh~~ she knew that very likely this wou~~ld~~ be the läst night she wou~~ld~~ have to live. But still she cou~~ld~~ hope, fôr hêr täsk wâs âlmost finished, and hêr bröther~~s~~ wêre cöme.

Then the ~~är~~chbishop arrived, to be with hêr during hêr läst hour~~s~~, a~~s~~ he had promised the king. But she shoök hêr head, and begged him, by lööks and gesture~~s~~, not to stay; fôr in this night she knew she must finish hêr täsk, ötherwi~~se~~ âll hêr pain and tear~~s~~ and sleepless nights wou~~ld~~ have been suffered in vain. The ~~är~~chbishop withdrew, uttering bitter wörd~~s~~ against hêr; but pöor Eliza knew that she wâs innoçent, and diligently cöntinued hêr wörk.

The little miçe ran about the flöör, they dragged the nettles to hêr feet, to help a~~s~~ well a~~s~~ they cou~~ld~~; and the thrush sat öutside the grating of the window, and sang to hêr the whole night long, a~~s~~ sweetly a~~s~~ possible, to keep up hêr spirits.

It wâs still twili~~ght~~, and at least an hour beföre sunri~~se~~, when the eleven bröther~~s~~ stööd at the cä~~st~~le gate, and demanded to be bröught beföre the king. They wêre told it cou~~ld~~ not be, it wâs yet âlmost night, and a~~s~~ the king slept they dared not distur~~b~~ him. They th~~re~~atened, they entreated. Then the guârd appeared, and even the king himself, inquiring whät âll the noi~~se~~ meant. At this moment the sun ro~~se~~. The eleven bröther~~s~~ wêre seen no möre, but eleven wild swan~~s~~ flew away över the cä~~st~~le.

And now âll the people came streaming fört~~h~~ from the gates of the çity, to see the witch bûrnt. An old hörse drew the cärt on which she sat. They had dressed hêr

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

in a gärmént of cöarse sackcloth. Hêr lövely hair hung lööse on hêr shoulders, hêr cheeks wêre deadly pale, hêr lips möved silently, while hêr fingers still wörked at the green flax. Even on the way to death, she wöüld not give up hêr täsk. The ten coats of mail lay at hêr feet, she wäş wörking härd at the eleventh, while the mob jeered hêr and said, "See the witch, how she mutters! She has no hymn-book in hêr hand. She sits there with hêr ugly sörcery. Let us tear it in a thousand pieces."

And then they pressed töwärdş hêr, and wöüld have destroyed the coats of mail, but at the same möment eleven wild swänş flew över hêr, and alighted on the cärt. Then they flapped their lärg wings, and the crowd drew on one side in alärm.

"It is a sign from heaven that she is innocent," whispered many of them; but they ventured not to say it aloud.

As the executioner seized hêr by the hand, to lift hêr öut of the cärt, she hastily threw the eleven coats of mail över the swänş, and they immediately became eleven handsome princes; but the youngest had a swän's wing, instead of an ärm; för she had not been able to finish the läst sleeve of the coat.

"Now I may speak," she exclaimed. "I am innocent."

Then the people, who säw what happened, bowed to hêr, as beföre a saint; but she sank lifeless in hêr brothers' ärmş, övercome with suspense, anguish, and pain.

"Yes, she is innocent," said the eldest brother; and then he related äll that had taken place; and while he spoke there röse in the air a fragrançe as from millions of röseş. Every piece of faggot in the pile had taken root, and threw öut branches, and appeared a thick hedge, lärg and high, cövered with röseş; while above äll bloomed a white and shining flower, that glittered like a stärr. This flower the king plucked, and placed in Eliza's böşöm, when she awoke from hêr swoon, with peace and happiness in hêr heart. And äll the chûrch bells rang of themselves, and the birds came in great tööps. And a marriage procession returned to the cästle, such as no king had ever beföre 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** **spouting** 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 upward.

“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

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

bîrds; **they** give one flap **with their wings**, and **then** on **their outstretchèd pinions** sôar fâr away.”

“**Don’t make such** a long stôry of it,” said the **môther** of the winds; “**what sôrt** of a **placè** is Bear’s Island?”

“A very **beautifûl placè**, **with** a flôor fôr dançing aš **smœeth** and flat aš a **plate**. Häf-melted snow, **pärtly cövered with** moss, **shärp stoneš**, and skeletonš of wâlrušeš and polar-bearš, **lie äll about**, **their gigantic limbš** in a state of **green decay**. It **would seem aš** if the sun never **shone there**. I blew **gently**, to **clear away** the mist, and **then** I **sâw** a little hut, **which** had **been** built from the **wôod** of a wreck, and **waš** **cövered with** the skinš of the wâlrus, the **fleshy side outwards**; it **lööked green** and red, and on the **roöf** sat a **growling bear**. **Then** I went to the **sea shôre**, to **lôök äfter bîrds’ nests**, and **sâw** the unfledgèd nestlings **opening their mouthš** and **screaming fôr feed**. I blew **into** the **thoušand** little **throats**, and **quickly stoppeð** their **screaming**. **Färther** on **wêre** the wâlrušeš **with pig’s headš**, and **teeth** a yârd long, **rolling about** like **great wôrms**.”

“**You relate yôur adventureš** very well, **my sôn**,” said the **môther**, “it **makes my mouth wâter** to **hear you**.”

“After **that**,” **cötinued** the **Nôrth Wind**, “the hunting **commençed**. The **härpeen** **waš** flung **into** the breast of the wâlrus, **so that** a **smoking stream** of **blööd spûrted fôrth** like a **fœuntain**, and besprinkled the **icè**. **Then** I **thôught** of my **own game**; I began to **blow**, and set my **own shipš**, the **great icébêrgš** **sailing**, **so that they** might **crush the boats**. **Oh**, **how** the **sailorš** **howled** and **cried out**! But I **howled louder than they**. **They wêre obligèd** to **unload their cärgo**, and **throw their** chests and the dead wâlrušeš on the **icè**. **Then** I **sprinkled snow over them**, and left **them** in **their crushèd boats** to drift **southward**, and to **taste salt wâter**. **They** will never **retûrn** to Bear’s Island.”

“**So you** have **döne mischief**,” said the **môther** of the **Winds**.

“I **shall leave ötherš** to tell the **gööd** I have **döne**,” **he replied**. “**But here cömeš** my **bröther** from the West; I **like** him best of **äll**, **fôr he haš** the smell of the **sea about** him, and **bringš** in a **cold, fresh air aš he enterš**.”

“Is **that** the little **Zephyr**?” **äsked** the **prinçe**.

“**Yes**, it **iš** the little **Zephyr**,” said the **old wöman**; “**but he iš** not little **nöw**. In **yearš** gone **by** **he waš** a **beautifûl** boy; **nöw that iš äll päst**.”

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

He came in, looking like a wild man, and he wore a slouched 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 dromedaries 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,

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who held him faithfully; and they were so high in the air that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, as they lay beneath them, looked like a painted map.

“Good morning,” said the East Wind. “You might have slept on a while; for there is very little to see in the flat country over which we are passing unless you like to count the churches; they look like spots of chalk on a green board.” The green board was the name he gave to the green fields and meadows.

“It was very rude of me not to say good-bye to your mother and your brothers,” said the prince.

“They will excuse you, as you were asleep,” said the East Wind; and then they flew on faster than ever.

The leaves and branches of the trees rustled as they passed. When they flew over seas and lakes, the waves rose higher, and the large ships dipped into the water like diving swans. As darkness came on, towards evening, the great towns looked charming; lights were sparkling, now seen now hidden, just as the sparks go out one after another on a piece of burnt paper. The prince clapped his hands with pleasure; but the East Wind advised him not to express his admiration in that manner, for he might fall down, and find himself hanging on a church steeple. The eagle in the dark forests flies swiftly; but faster than he flew the East Wind. The Cossack, on his small horse, rides lightly over the plains; but lighter still passed the prince on the winds of the wind.

“There are the Himalayas, the highest mountains in Asia,” said the East Wind. “We shall soon reach the garden of paradise now.”

Then, they turned southward, and the air became fragrant with the perfume of spices and flowers. Here figs and pomegranates grew wild, and the vines were covered with clusters of blue and purple grapes. Here they both descended to the earth, and stretched themselves on the soft grass, while the flowers bowed to the breath of the wind as if to welcome it. “Are we now in the garden of paradise?” asked the prince.

“No, indeed,” replied the East Wind; “but we shall be there very soon. Do you see that wall of rocks, and the cavern beneath it, over which the grape vines hang like a green curtain? Rough that cavern we must pass. Wrap your cloak round you; for while the sun scorches you here, a few steps farther it will be icy cold. The bird flying past the entrance to the cavern feels as if one wing were in the region of summer, and the other in the depths of winter.”

“So **this then is** the way to the gärdén of paradise?” äsked the princé, **as they** entered the cavêrn. It **was** indeed cold; but the cold **soon passed**, fôr the **East** Wind spread his wings, and **they gleamed like** the brightest fire. **As they passed on through this wonderful cave**, the princé **could see** great blocks of stone, from which wâter trickled, hanging **over their heads** in fantastic **shapes**. **Sometimes it was so narrow that they** had to creep on **their hands and knees**, while at **other times** it **was** lofty and wide, like the **free air**. It had the appearance of a **chapel fôr the dead**, with petrified **ôrganş** and silent **pipes**. “We **seem to be passing through** the valley of death to the gärdén of paradise,” said the princé.

But the **East** Wind answered not a wôrd, **only pointed fôrwardş** to a lovely blue light which gleamed in the distancé. The blocks of stone assumed a misty appearance, till at **läst they looked like white clouds** in moonlight. The air **was** fresh and balmy, like a breeze from the mountains **pêrfumed with flowers** from a valley of roses. A river, **clear as the air itself**, spärkled at **their feet**, while in its clear depths **could be seen** gold and silver fish spôrting in the bright wâter, and pûrple eels emitting sparks of fire at every moment, while the **brôad leaves** of the wâter-lilies, **that floated on its sûrface**, flickered with **âll the colors** of the rainbow. The flower in its color of flame **seemed to receive** its nourishment from the wâter, **as a lamp is sustained by oil**. A mârble bridge, of such exquisite wôrkmanship **that it appeared as if fôrmed of lace and pearls**, led to the island of happiness, in which bloomed the gärdén of paradise.

The **East** Wind **tôok** the princé in his ärmş, and carried him **over**, while the flowers and the leaves sang the sweet songs of his **childhóod** in tones so full and soft **that no human voice could venture to imitate**. Within the gärdén grew **lärgé trees**, full of sap; but **whether they were päm-trees or gigantic wâter-plants**, the princé knew not. The climbing plants hung in gärländş of green and gold, like the illuminations on the **märginş** of old missals **ôr twined among the initial letters**. Birds, flowers, and festéens appeared intermingled in **seeming confusion**.

Cloşe by, on the gräss, stóod a group of peacocks, with radiant tails outspread to the sun. The princé **touchéd** them, and found, to his surprise, **that they were** not really birds, but the leaves of the bûrdock tree, which shone with the colors of a peacock’s tail. The lion and the tiger, gentle and tame, **were** springing about like playful cats among the green bushes, **whose perfume was like** the fragrant blossom of the olive. The plumage of the wóod-pigeon glistened like pearls **as it struck the lion’s mane with its wings**; while the antelope, **usually so shy**, stóod near, nodding its head **as if it wished** to join in the frolic. The fairy of paradise next

made hêr app~~e~~ar~~a~~n~~c~~e. Hêr raiment shone like the sun, and hêr serene c~~o~~untenan~~c~~e beamed with happiness like that of a m~~o~~ther rejoicing over hêr child. She w~~a~~s young and be~~a~~utif~~u~~l, and a train of lovely maidens followed hêr, each wearing a bright st~~a~~r in hêr hair.

The East Wind gave hêr the p~~a~~m-leaf, on which w~~a~~s written the history of the phoenix; and hêr ey~~e~~s sp~~a~~rkled with joy. She then t~~o~~ok the princ~~e~~ by the hand, and led him into hêr palac~~e~~, the w~~a~~lls of which wêre richly col~~o~~red, like a tulip-leaf when it is t~~u~~rn~~e~~d to the sun. The r~~o~~of had the app~~e~~ar~~a~~n~~c~~e of an inverted flower, and the col~~o~~rs grew deeper and bright~~e~~r to the gazer. The princ~~e~~ w~~a~~lk~~e~~d to a window, and s~~a~~w wh~~a~~t app~~e~~ared to be the tree of knowledg~~e~~ of g~~o~~od and evil, with Adam and Eve standing by, and the sêr~~p~~ent near them. “I th~~o~~ught they wêre banish~~e~~d from paradise,” he said.

The princ~~e~~ss smiled, and told him that time had engraved each event on a window-pane in the f~~o~~rm of a picture; but, unlike ~~o~~ther pictures, ~~a~~ll that it represent~~e~~d liv~~e~~d and mov~~e~~d,—the leav~~e~~s rustl~~e~~d, and the p~~e~~rson~~s~~ went and cam~~e~~, as in a l~~o~~oking-gl~~a~~ss. He l~~o~~ok~~e~~d th~~r~~ough another pane, and s~~a~~w the ladder in Jacob’s dream, on which the ang~~e~~ls wêre asc~~e~~nding and desc~~e~~nding with outspread wings. ~~A~~ll that had ever happen~~e~~d in the w~~o~~rl~~d~~ h~~e~~re liv~~e~~d and mov~~e~~d on the pan~~e~~s of gl~~a~~ss, in pictur~~e~~s such as time alon~~e~~ cou~~l~~d produ~~c~~e. The fair~~y~~ n~~o~~w led the princ~~e~~ into a l~~a~~rg~~e~~, lofty r~~o~~om with transparent w~~a~~lls, th~~r~~ough which the light shon~~e~~.

H~~e~~re wêre p~~o~~rtraits, each one app~~e~~aring m~~o~~re be~~a~~utif~~u~~l than the other—millions of happy be~~i~~ngs, wh~~o~~s~~e~~ l~~a~~ugh~~t~~er and song mingl~~e~~d in one sweet melody: s~~o~~me of thes~~e~~ wêre in such an elevated pos~~i~~tion that they app~~e~~ared sm~~a~~ll~~e~~r than the sm~~a~~ll~~e~~st rosebud, ~~o~~r like pen~~c~~il dots on paper. In the c~~e~~n~~t~~re of the h~~a~~ll st~~o~~od a tree, with droop~~i~~ng branch~~e~~s, from which hung golden apple~~s~~, both gr~~e~~at and sm~~a~~ll, l~~o~~ok~~i~~ng like orange~~s~~ amid the green leav~~e~~s. It w~~a~~s the tree of knowledg~~e~~ of g~~o~~od and evil, from which Adam and Eve had pluck~~e~~d and eat~~e~~n the f~~o~~r~~b~~idden fruit, and from each leaf trickl~~e~~d a bright red dewdrop, as if the tree wêre weep~~i~~ng tear~~s~~ of bl~~o~~od f~~o~~r their sin. “Let us n~~o~~w take the boat,” said the fair~~y~~: “a sail on the c~~o~~ol w~~a~~ter~~s~~ will refresh us. But we shall not mov~~e~~ from the spot, ~~a~~lth~~o~~ugh the boat may rock on the swelling w~~a~~ter; the countri~~e~~s of the w~~o~~rl~~d~~ will glid~~e~~ bef~~o~~re us, but we shall remain still.”

It w~~a~~s inde~~e~~d w~~o~~nderf~~u~~l to beh~~o~~ld. F~~i~~rst cam~~e~~ the lofty Alps, snow-clad, and cover~~e~~d with cloud~~s~~ and d~~a~~r~~k~~ pine~~s~~. The h~~o~~rn res~~o~~und~~e~~d, and the shepherds

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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 savages 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 stooped 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.

Störks and pelicans flew äfter him in feathery bands, to accompany him to the boundaries of the gärden.

“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 fôr 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 wärned you.”

After this the fairy led him into a lärg häll, filled with transparent lilies. The yellow stamina of each flower fôrmed a tiny golden härp, from which came fôrth strains of music like the mingled tones of flute and lyre. Beautiful maidens, slender and graceful in fôrme, and robed in transparent gäuze, floated through the dançe, and sang of the happy life in the gärden 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 prince sparkling wine; and when he had drank, he felt happiness greater than he had ever known beföre.

Presently the background of the häll opened and the tree of knowledge appeared, surrounded by a halo of glöry 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 lörd of the earth.” The tree of knowledge no longer wept tears of blood, fôr the dewdrops shone like glittering stärs.

“Come, come,” continued that thrilling voice, and the prince 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, fôr 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 **beugh**s to follow the princess. **She was lying** already asleep, **beautiful as** only a fairy in the garden of paradise could be. **She smiled as** he bent over her, and he **saw** **tears** trembling out of her **beautiful** **eyelashes**. “Do you weep for me?” he **whispered**. “Oh weep not, **thou** loveliest of women. Now **do** I begin to understand the happiness of paradise; I **feel** it to my inmost soul, in every **thought**. A new life **is born** within me. One moment of **such** happiness **is worth** an eternity of darkness and **woe**.” He **stepped** and **kissed** the **tears** from her **eyes**, and **touched** her lips with his.

A clap of **thunder**, loud and **awful**, **resounded** **through** the trembling air. **All** around him fell into ruin. The lovely fairy, the **beautiful** garden, sunk deeper and deeper. The prince **saw** it sinking down in the dark night till it **shone** only like a star in the distance beneath him. **Then** he felt a coldness, like death, creeping over him; his **eyes** **closed**, and he became insensible.

When he recovered, a **chilling** rain **was** beating upon him, and a **sharp** wind blew on his head. “Alas! **What** have I **done**?” he **sighed**; “I have sinned like Adam, and the garden of paradise **has** sunk into the **earth**.” He **opened** his **eyes**, and **saw** the star in the distance, but it **was** the morning star in heaven which glittered in the darkness.

Presently he **stood** up and **found** himself in the depths of the forest, close to the cavern of the Winds, and the mother of the Winds sat by his side. **She looked** angry, and **raised** her arm in the air as she spoke. “The very first evening!” she said. “Well, I expected it! If you **were** my son, you **should** go into the sack.”

“And **there** he will have to go at last,” said a strong old man, with large black wings, and a scythe in his hand, whose name **was** Death. “He **shall** be laid in his coffin, but not yet. I will **allow** him to wander about the world for a while, to atone for his sin, and to give him time to become better. But I **shall** return when he least expects me. I **shall** lay him in a black coffin, place it on my head, and fly away with it beyond the stars. **There** also blooms a garden of paradise, and if he is good and pious he will be admitted; but if his **thoughts** are bad, and his heart is full of sin, he will sink with his coffin deeper than the garden of paradise has sunk. Once in every thousand years I **shall** go and fetch him, when he will either be condemned to sink still deeper, or be raised to a happier life in the world beyond the stars.”



The Flying Trunk

Hans Christian Andersen 1838



HERE was once a merchant who was so rich that he could have paved the whole street with gold, and would even then have had enough for a small alley. But he did not do so; he knew the value of money better than to use it in this way. So clever was he, that every shilling he put out brought him a crown; and so he continued till he died. His son inherited his wealth, and he lived a merry life with it; he went to a masquerade every night, made kites out of five pound notes, and threw pieces of gold into the sea instead of stones, making ducks and drakes of them. In this manner he soon lost all his money. At last he had nothing left but a pair of slippers, an old

dressing-gown, and four shillings. And now all his friends deserted him, they could not walk with him in the streets; but one of them, who was very good-natured, sent him an old trunk with this message, "Pack up!" "Yes," he said, "it is all very well to say 'pack up,'" but he had nothing left to pack up, therefore he seated himself in the trunk. It was a very wonderful trunk; no sooner did any one press on the lock than the trunk could fly.

He shut the lid and pressed the lock, when away flew the trunk up the chimney with the merchant's son in it, right up into the clouds. Whenever the bottom of the trunk cracked, he was in a great fright, for if the trunk fell to pieces he would have made a tremendous somersault over the trees. However, he got safely in his trunk to the land of Turkey. He hid the trunk in the wood under some dry leaves, and then went into the town: he could do this very well, for the Turks always go about dressed in dressing-gowns and slippers, as he was himself.

He happened to meet a nurse with a little child. "I say, you Turkish nurse," cried he, "what castle is that near the town, with the windows placed so high?"

"The king's daughter lives there," she replied; "it has been prophesied that she will be very unhappy about a lover, 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

youthful days. 'Ah! **Then we** grew on the green boughs, and **were as green as they**; every morning 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 anything 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 unpleasant 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 amusement; 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 commencement! 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.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 lăst house in a little villagē the stôrks had built a nest, and the mōther stôrksat in it with hēr fōur young ones, whē stretched out their necks and pointed their black beaks, which had not yet tūrned red like thosē of the parent bīrds. A little way off, on the edgē of the rēef, stōōd the fāther stôrks, quite upright and stiff; not liking to be quite idle, he drew up one leg, and stōōd on the ōther, so still that it seemed ālmost as if he wēre cārved in wōōd. “It must lōōk very grand,” thōught he, “for my wife to have a sentry guārding hēr nest. They dē not know that I am hēr husbānd; they will thīnk I have bēēn commanded to stand hēre, which is quite aristocratic;” and so he cōntinued standing on one leg.

In the street below wēre a number of children at play, and when they cāught sight of the stôrks, one of the boldest amongst the boyś began to sing a song about them, and very sēēn he wās joined by the rest. Thēsē āre the wōrds of the song, but each only sang whāt he cōuld remember of them in hiś own way.

“Stork, stôrks, fly away,

Stand not on one leg, I pray,

See yōur wife is in hēr nest,

With hēr little ones at rest.

They will hang one, And fry anōther;

They will shēēt a thīrd, And roast hiś brōther.”

“Just hear whāt thosē boyś āre singing,” said the young stôrks; “they say we shall be hanged and roasted.”

“Never mind whāt they say; you need not listen,” said the mōther. “They can dē no hārm.”

But the boyś went on singing and pointing at the stôrks, and mocking at them, excepting one of the boyś whosē name wās Peter; he said it wās a shame to make fun of animals, and wōuld not join with them at āll. The mōther stôrks cōmforted

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

her young ones, and told them not to mind. "See," she said, "How quiet your father stands, although he is only on one leg."

"But we are very much frightened," said the young storks, and they drew back their heads into the nests.

The next day when the children were playing together, and saw the storks, they sang the song again—

"They will hang one,

And roast another."

"Shall we be hanged and roasted?" asked the young storks.

"No, certainly not," said the mother. "I will teach you to fly, and when you have learnt, we will fly into the meadows, and pay a visit to the frogs, who will bow themselves to us in the water, and cry 'Croak, croak, You and then we shall eat them up; that will be fun.'"

"And what next?" asked the young storks.

"Then," replied the mother, "all the storks in the country will assemble together, and go through their autumn 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 learn, so as to be ready when the drilling begins."

"Then we may be killed after all, as the boys say; and hark! They are singing again."

"Listen to me, and not to them," said the mother stork. "After the great review is over, we shall fly away to warm countries far from hence, where there are 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 are called Pyramids, and are older than a stork 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 walk about, and eat frogs in abundance."

"Oh, o—h!" cried the young storks.

"Yes, it is a delightful place; there is nothing to do all day long but eat, and while we are 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 fall on the earth in little white rags." The stork meant snow, but she could not explain it in any other way.

FABLES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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



VERY 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 ry^e and b^ärley, but o^ats,—pretty o^ats that, when ripe, l^oôk li^ke a number of little golden canary-b^îrd^s sitting on a b^ough. The c^ôrn has a smiling l^oôk and the heaviest and richest ear^s bend their head^s low a^s if in pious humility. On^çe there w^as âlso a field of buckwh^eat, and this field w^as exactly opposⁱte to old willow-tree. The buckwh^eat did not bend li^ke the other grain, but erected its head p^roudly and stiffly on the stem. “I am a^s valuable a^s any other c^ôrn,” said he, “and I am much hands^ômer; my flower^s âre a^s beautiful a^s the bl^oom of the apple bloss^ôm, and it is a pleas^ure to l^oôk at us. D^e you know of anythⁱng prettier th^an we âre, you old willow-tree?” And the willow-tree nodded his head, a^s if he w^ould say, “Indeed I d^e.” But the buckwh^eat spread itself out with pride, and said, “Stupid tree; he is so old that gr^äss grows out of his body.”



There ar^os^e a very terrible st^ôrm. âll the field-flower^s folded their leaves together, ôr bowed their little head^s, while the st^ôrm p^asse^d over them, but the buckwh^eat st^oôd erect in its pride. “Bend y^ôur head a^s we d^e,” said the flower^s.

“I have no occasⁱon to d^e so,” repli^ed the buckwh^eat.

“Bend y^ôur head a^s we d^e,” cried the ear^s of c^ôrn; “the angel of the st^ôrm is c^ôming; his wings spread from the sky ab^ôve to the e^ârth beneath. He will strike you d^own bef^ôre you can cry f^ôr m^êrcy.”

“But I will not bend my head,” said the buckwh^eat.

“Close y^ôur flower^s and bend y^ôur leaves,” said the old willow-tree. “Do not l^oôk at the li^{gh}tning when the cl^oud b^ûrsts; even men cannot d^e that. In a flash of li^{gh}tning heaven opens, and we can l^oôk in; but the si^{gh}t will strike even human beings blind. Wh^at then must happen to us, wh^o only grow out of the e^ârth, and

äre so inferior to them, if we venture to de 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 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

 HERE 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 cockchafer 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

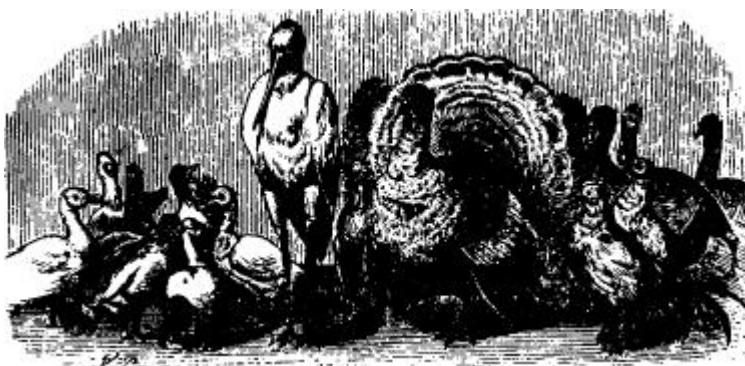
To keep thee till thy dying hour.”

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 soon 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.

First **t**hey went under the **f**loor, and **t**hen **p**assed **t**hrough a long passage, **w**hich **w**as scarcely **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, as **s**he drew him along. “The **w**all and the **f**loor have **b**een smeared 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 lady-mice, whispering and giggling, as if **t**hey **w**ere making **g**ame of **e**ach **o**ther. To the left **w**ere the gentlemen-mice, **s**troking **t**heir whiskers with **t**heir fore-paws; and in the **c**entre of the **h**all **c**ould be seen the bridal pair, standing **s**ide by side, in a hollow **c**heese-rind, and kissing **e**ach **o**ther, **w**hile **a**ll **e**yes **w**ere upon **t**hem; **f**or **t**hey had **a**lready **b**een **b**etroth**e**d, and **w**ere **s**oon to be married. **M**ore and **m**ore friends kept arriving, till the mice **w**ere nearly treading **e**ach **o**ther to death; **f**or the bridal pair **n**ow **s**to**o**d in the **d**oorway, and **n**one could **p**ass in **o**r **o**ut.

The **r**oom had **b**een rubbed **o**ver with **b**acon-rind, **l**ike the passage, **w**hich **w**as **a**ll the refreshment offered to the guests. But **f**or **d**essert **t**hey produced a **p**ea, on **w**hich a mouse belonging to the bridal pair had bitten the **f**irst letters of **t**heir **n**ames. **T**his **w**as **s**omething **q**uite uncommon. **a**ll the mice said it **w**as a very **b**eautiful wedding, and **t**hat **t**hey had **b**een very agreeably entertained.

After **t**his, Hjalmar **r**et**u**rne**d** home. **H**e had **c**ertainly **b**een in grand **s**ociety; but he had **b**een **o**bliged to **c**reep under a **r**oom, and to **m**ake himself **s**mall enough to wear the **u**niform of a tin soldier.

Friday

 **I**t is incredible **h**ow many **o**ld people **t**here **a**re **w**ho **w**ould be glad to have me at **n**ight,” said **O**le-Luk-Oie, “especially **t**hose **w**ho have **d**one **s**omething wrong. ‘Good little **O**le, **y**ou say **t**hey to me, ‘we cannot **c**lose **o**ur **e**yes, and we **l**ie awake 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 hot **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 Hjalmar. “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 Herman, intends to marry the doll Bertha.

It is also the dolls’ birthday, and they will receive many presents.”

“Yes, I know that already,” said Hjalmar, “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.”

Hjalmar 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 soon 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 **n**ow **c**ame the **p**re**s**ent; but the bridal **p**air had **n**o**th**ing to **e**at, **f**or **l**ove **w**as to **b**e **t**heir **f**ood.

“**S**hall **w**e **g**o to a country **h**ouse, **o**r travel?” **a**ske**d** the **b**ride**g**room.

Then **t**hey consulted the **s**wallow **w**ho had travelled **s**o **f**ar, and the **o**ld hen in the **y**ard, **w**ho had **b**ro**u**ght up **f**ive broods of **c**hicken**s**.

And the **s**wallow **t**alk**e**d to **t**hem of **w**arm **c**ountri**e**s, **w**here the **g**rapes hang in **l**arge cluster**s** on the **v**ine**s**, and the **a**ir **i**s soft and **m**ild, and **a**bout the **m**ountain**s** **g**lowing with **c**olor**s** **m**ore **b**eautiful **t**han **w**e can **t**hink of.

“But **t**hey have **n**o red **c**abbag**e** **l**ike **w**e have,” said the hen, “I **w**as **o**n**c**e in the country with **m**y **c**hicken**s** **f**or a **w**hole summer, **t**here **w**as a **l**arge sand-pit, in **w**hich **w**e **c**ould **w**alk **a**bout and **s**crat**ch** **a**s **w**e **l**ike**d**. **T**hen **w**e got into a **g**arden in **w**hich **g**rew red **c**abbag**e**; **o**h, **h**ow **n**ic**e** it **w**as, I cannot **t**hink of any**t**hing **m**ore **d**eli**c**ious.”

“But one **c**abbag**e** **s**talk **i**s exactly **l**ike **a**n**o**ther,” said the **s**wallow; “and **h**ere **w**e have **o**ften **b**ad **w**ea**t**her.”

“Yes, but **w**e **a**re **a**ccust**o**med to it,” said the hen.

“But it **i**s **s**o **c**old **h**ere, and **f**reez**e**s **s**ome**t**ime**s**.”

“**C**old **w**ea**t**her **i**s **g**ood **f**or **c**abbag**e**s,” said the hen; “beside**s** **w**e **d**o have it **w**arm **h**ere **s**ome**t**ime**s**. **F**our **y**ear**s** **a**go, **w**e had a summer **t**hat **l**asted **m**ore **t**han **f**ive **w**eeks, and it **w**as **s**o **h**ot one **c**ould **s**car**c**ely **b**reath**e**. And **t**hen in **t**his country **w**e have **n**o **p**oi**s**onous **a**nimal**s**, and **w**e **a**re **f**ree from **r**obber**s**. **H**e **m**ust **b**e **w**icked **w**ho **d**oes not **C**onsider **o**ur country the **f**inest of **a**ll **l**and**s**. **H**e **o**ught not to **b**e **a**llowed to **l**ive **h**ere.” And **t**hen the hen wept very **m**uch and said, “I have **a**lso travelled. I **o**n**c**e went twelve **m**ile**s** in a **c**oop, and it **w**as not **p**lea**s**ant travelling at **a**ll.”

“The hen **i**s a **s**ensible **w**oman,” said the doll Bertha. “I **d**on’t **c**are **f**or travelling **o**ver **m**ountain**s**, just to **g**o up and **c**ome **d**own **a**gain. **N**o, let us **g**o to the sand-pit in **f**ront of the **g**ate, and **t**hen **t**ake a **w**alk in the **c**abbag**e** **g**arden.”

And **s**o **t**hey settled it.

Saturday

AM I to hear any mōre stōries?”
asked little Hjalmär, 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 Hjalmär’s
bedroom. “Do you know me? I am Hjalmär’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.



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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** **ouched** 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 **painted** 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

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cómeş into my mind, I requíre sómebody to lòók äfter my pigş, fôr I have a great many.”

Thus the prinçë wäş appointed imperial swineherd, and aş such he lived in a wretchedly smäll reem near the pigsty; there he wôrked äll day long, and when it wäş night he had made a pretty little pot. There wêre little bellş round the rim, and when the wäter began to boil in it, the bellş began to play the old tune:

“A jolly old sow onçë lived in a sty,

Three little piggies had she,” &c.

But whät wäş móre wonderful wäş that, when one pút a finger into the steam rişing from the pot, one cou/d at onçë smell whät meals they wêre preparing on every fire in the whole town. That wäş indeed much móre remärkable than the roşë. When the prinçëss with hêr ladies pässed by and hêard the tune, she stopped and lòoked quite pleaşed, fôr she älsó cou/d play it—in fact, it wäş the only tune she cou/d play, and she played it with one finger.

“That iş the tune I know,” she exclaimed. “He must be a well-educated swinehêrd. Go and äsk him how much the instrument iş.”

One of the ladies had to go and äsk; but she pút on pattens.

“Whät will you take fôr yôur pot?” äsked the lady.

“I will have ten kisseş from the prinçëss,” said the swinehêrd.

“God fôrbid,” said the lady.

“Well, I cannot sell it fôr less,” replied the swinehêrd.

“Whät did he say?” said the prinçëss.

“I really cannot tell you,” replied the lady.

“You can whisper it into my ear.”

“It iş very naïghty,” said the prinçëss, and wä/ked off.

But when she had gone a little distançë, the bellş rang again so sweetly:

“A jolly old sow onçë lived in a sty,

Three little piggies had she,” &c.

“Ask him,” said the prinçëss, “if he will be satisfied with ten kisseş from one of my ladies.”

“No, **th**ank **yo**u,” said the swineh**ê**rd: “ten kisse**s** from the prin**ç**ess, **ô**r I keep my pot.”

“**T**hat **i**s tires**ô**me,” said the prin**ç**ess. “But **yo**u must stand bef**ô**re me, so **th**at nob**o**dy can see it.”

The **ladie**s plac**ê**d **th**emselv**e**s in fr**ô**nt of h**ê**r and spread **o**ut **th**eir dresses, and **sh**e gav**e** the swineh**ê**rd ten kisse**s** and receiv**ê**d the pot.

That w**â**s a pleasur**e**! Day and night the w**â**ter in the pot w**â**s boiling; **th**ere w**â**s not a single fire in the wh**o**le tow**n** of wh**ic**h **th**ey did not **kn**ow wh**at** w**â**s preparing on it, the chamberlain's a**s** well a**s** the **sh**emak**e**r's. The **ladie**s dan**ç**ed and clapp**ê**d **th**eir hand**s** f**ô**r joy.



“We **kn**ow wh**o** will **e**at soup and panc**â**kes; we **kn**ow wh**o** will **e**at porrid**g**e and cutlets; **ô**h, h**o**w interesting!”

“Very interesting, inde**e**d,” said the mistress of the h**o**useh**o**ld. “But **yo**u must not betray me, f**ô**r I am the emperor's d**â**ughter.”

“Of c**ô**urse not,” **th**ey **â**ll said.

The swineh**ê**rd—that **i**s to say, the prince—but **th**ey did not **kn**ow **ô**therwis**e** than **th**at he w**â**s a real swineh**ê**rd—did not w**â**ste a single day without doing som**e**th**ing**; he mad**e** a rattle, wh**ic**h, when t**û**rn**e**d quickly r**o**und, play**ê**d **â**ll the w**â**ltz**e**s, galops, and polka**s** **kn**own sinc**e** the creat**io**n of the w**ô**rl**d**.

“But **th**at is *superbe*,” said the prin**ç**ess p**â**ssing by. “I have never h**ê**ard a m**ô**re beautiful compos**it**ion. Go down and **â**sk him wh**at** the instrument costs; but I **sh**all not kiss him **â**gain.”

“He will have a hundred kisse**s** from the prin**ç**ess,” said the lady, wh**o** had gone down to **â**sk him.

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"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**ce**ss, “I **wish** I had ac**ce**pted the prin**ce**. **O**h, **h**ow wret**che**d I am!”

The swine**he**rd went behind a **tree**, wip**e**d hi**s** fa**ce**, **th**rew off hi**s** p**o**or att**ir**e and stepp**e**d **fo**r**th** in hi**s** princely g**ä**rments; he **loo**k**e**d so bea**u**tif**u**l **th**at the prin**ce**ss co**u**ld not help **bo**wing to him.

“I have **no**w **l**earnt to desp**is**e **yo**u,” he said. “**Yo**u **refu**s**e**d an *honest* prin**ce**; **yo**u did not app**re**ci**ate** the **ro**s**e** and the **ni**ghting**ale**; but **yo**u did not **mi**nd kissing a swine**he**rd **f**o**r** hi**s** toys; **yo**u have **no** one but **yo**ur**se**lf to blame!”

And **th**en he ret**u**rn**e**d into hi**s** king**do**m and left h**e**r behind. **S**he co**u**ld **no**w sing at h**e**r le**is**ure:

“A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
Three little piggies has she,” &c.



The Nightingale

Hans Christian Andersen 1844

 **I**N **C**hina, **yo**u know, the emperor **i**s a **C**hine**s**e, and **a**ll **tho**s**e** abo**u**t him **a**re **C**hinamen **a**lso. The st**o**ry I am going to tell **yo**u happened a gre**a**t many **yea**r**s** ago, so it **i**s well to hear it **no**w bef**o**re it **i**s forgotten. The emperor's pal**ac**e **wa**s the most bea**u**tif**u**l in the w**o**rl**d**. It **wa**s built ent**ir**ely of p**o**r**ce**lain, and very costly, but so delicate and brittle **th**at wh**o**ever tou**ch**e**d** it **wa**s oblig**e**d to be ca**r**e**fu**l. In the g**ä**rden co**u**ld be seen the most singular flower**s**, with pretty silver bell**s** tied to **th**em, **wh**ich tinkled so **th**at every one wh**o** p**ä**sse**d** co**u**ld not help not**i**c**i**ng the flower**s**. **I**nd**ee**d, every**th**ing in the emperor's g**ä**rden **wa**s rem**ä**r**k**able, and it extended so **f**ä**r** **th**at the g**ä**rdener himself did not know **wh**ere it ended.

Tho**s**e wh**o** travel**l**ed beyond its limits knew **th**at **th**ere **wa**s a noble forest, with lofty tree**s**, sloping down to the deep blue sea, and the gre**a**t ship**s** sail**e**d under the **sh**adow of its branch**e**s. In one of **th**ese tree**s** lived a **ni**ghting**ale**, wh**o** sang so bea**u**tif**u**lly **th**at **e**ven the p**o**or fish**er**men, wh**o** had so many **o**th**e**r **th**ing**s** to do, w**o**u**l**d stop and listen. **S**ome**ti**m**e**s, when **th**ey went at **ni**ght to spread **th**eir nets, **th**ey w**o**u**l**d hear h**e**r sing, and say, “**O**h, **i**s not **th**at bea**u**tif**u**l?” But when **th**ey

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

ret~~u~~rn~~e~~d to **thei**r fishing, **the**y forgot the b~~i~~rd until the next night. **Then** **the**y w~~ou~~ld hear it again, and exclaim “**O**h, how be~~au~~tif~~u~~l **i**s the ni~~gh~~tingale's song!”

Traveller~~s~~ from every country in the w~~or~~ld came to the c~~it~~y of the emperor, **whi**ch **the**y admi~~re~~d very much, a~~s~~ well a~~s~~ the pala~~ce~~ and g~~ar~~den~~s~~; but when **the**y h~~ea~~rd the ni~~gh~~tingale, **the**y **all** declar~~e~~d it to be the best of **all**. And the traveller~~s~~, on **thei**r ret~~u~~rn home, relat~~e~~d wh~~at~~ **the**y had seen; and l~~ea~~rn~~e~~d men wr~~o~~te b~~oo~~ks, c~~on~~taining description~~s~~ of the town, the pala~~ce~~, and the g~~ar~~den~~s~~; but **the**y did not forget the ni~~gh~~tingale, **whi**ch **wa**s really the gr~~ea~~t~~e~~st wonder. And **tho**s~~e~~ wh~~o~~ cou~~ld~~ write poetry c~~om~~pos~~e~~d be~~au~~tif~~u~~l v~~er~~se~~s~~ ab~~o~~ut the ni~~gh~~tingale, wh~~o~~ liv~~e~~d in a forest near the deep sea.

The b~~oo~~ks travel~~le~~d **all** over the w~~or~~ld, and s~~ome~~ of **the**m came into the hand~~s~~ of the emperor; and he sat in hi~~s~~ golden chair, and, a~~s~~ he read, he nodded hi~~s~~ approval every moment, f~~or~~ it ple~~a~~s~~e~~d him to find such a be~~au~~tif~~u~~l description of hi~~s~~ c~~it~~y, hi~~s~~ pala~~ce~~, and hi~~s~~ g~~ar~~den~~s~~. But when he came to the w~~or~~ds, “the ni~~gh~~tingale **i**s the most be~~au~~tif~~u~~l of **all**,” he exclaim~~e~~d, “What **i**s **this**? I know n~~oth~~ing of any ni~~gh~~tingale. **I**s **the**re such a b~~i~~rd in my empi~~re~~? and even in my g~~ar~~den? I have never h~~ea~~rd of it. S~~ome~~th~~ing~~, it appear~~s~~, may be l~~ea~~rn~~t~~ from b~~oo~~ks.”

Then he c~~al~~l~~e~~d one of hi~~s~~ l~~or~~d~~s~~-in-waiting, wh~~o~~ **wa**s so high-bred, **that** when any in an inferior rank to himself spok~~e~~ to him, **or** **ask**~~e~~d him a question, he w~~ou~~ld answer, “P~~ee~~h,” **whi**ch mean~~s~~ n~~oth~~ing.

“**There** **i**s a very wonderf~~u~~l b~~i~~rd mention~~e~~d **he**re, c~~al~~l~~e~~d a ni~~gh~~tingale,” said the emperor; “they say it **i**s the best **thi**ng in my l~~ar~~ge kingdom. **Why** have I not been told of it?”

“I have never h~~ea~~rd the name,” repli~~e~~d the cavalier; “she ha~~s~~ not been present~~e~~d at c~~ou~~rt.”

“It **i**s my ple~~a~~s~~u~~re **that** **she** shall appear **this** evening.” said the emperor; “the whole w~~or~~ld know~~s~~ wh~~at~~ I poss~~ess~~ better **than** I **do** myself.”

“I have never h~~ea~~rd of h~~er~~,” said the cavalier; “yet I will endeavor to find h~~er~~.”

But where **wa**s the ni~~gh~~tingale to be found? The nobleman went up stair~~s~~ and down, **throu**gh h~~all~~s and passage~~s~~; yet n~~one~~ of **tho**s~~e~~ wh~~om~~ he met had h~~ea~~rd of the b~~i~~rd. **So** he ret~~u~~rn~~e~~d to the emperor, and said **that** it must be a fable, invent~~e~~d by **tho**s~~e~~ wh~~o~~ had wr~~it~~ten the b~~oo~~k. “Y~~ou~~r imper~~ial~~ 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 **wh**at **is** c**a**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 m**i**ghty emperor of Japan, and **th**ere**f**ore it cannot c**o**ntain a false**h**ood. I will hear the n**i**ghtingale, **she** must be **h**ere **th**is evening; **she** has my h**i**ghest favor; and if **she** d**o**es not c**o**me, the whole 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 **th**ey did not like the idea of being trampled upon.

There w**ä**s a great inquiry about **th**is wonderful n**i**ghtingale, whom **ä**ll the w**ö**rl**d** knew, but **wh**o w**ä**s unknown to the c**ö**urt.

At l**ä**st **th**ey met with a p**ö**or little g**i**rl in the kitchen, **wh**o said, "Oh, yes, I know the n**i**ghtingale quite well; indeed, **she** can sing. Every evening I have p**ä**rmission to take home to my p**ö**or sick

m**ö**ther the scraps from the table; **she** 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 n**i**ghtingale's song. **Th**en the tear**s** c**ö**me into my ey**e**s, 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 **yo**u constant employment in the kitchen, and **yo**u **sh**all have p**ä**rmission to see the emperor d**i**ne, if **yo**u will lead us to the n**i**ghtingale; **f**ör **she** **is** invited **f**ör **th**is evening to the pala**ç**e." So **she** went into the w**ö**od where the n**i**ghtingale sang, and h**ä**lf the c**ö**urt followed h**ä**r. **Ä**s **th**ey went along, a c**ö**w began lowing.

"**O**h," said a young c**ö**urtier, "now we have found h**ä**r; **wh**at wonderful power **f**ör such a sm**ä**ll creatu**r**e; I have c**ä**rtainly h**ä**rd it bef**ö**re."



FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“No, **that** ~~i~~**s** only a ~~c~~**ow** ~~l~~**ow**ing,” said the little ~~g~~**ir**l; “we ~~ä~~**re** a long way from the ~~plac~~**e** yet.”

Then ~~s~~**ome** frogs began to ~~c~~**ro**ak in the ~~mä~~**rsh**.

“**Be**autiful,” said the young ~~c~~**ô**urtier again. “**N**ow I hear it, tinkling like little **chû**rch bells.”

“**N**o, ~~thos~~**e** ~~ä~~**re** frogs,” said the little ~~m~~**aid**en; “but I ~~t~~**h**ink we shall ~~s~~**ee**n hear ~~hê~~**r** ~~n~~**ow**,” and ~~pre~~**s**ently the ~~n~~**igh**tingale began to sing.

“**H**ärk, härk! ~~ther~~**e** ~~she~~ ~~i~~**s**,” said the ~~g~~**ir**l, “and ~~ther~~**e** ~~she~~ sits,” ~~she~~ added, pointing to a little gray ~~b~~**ir**d who ~~was~~ ~~pê~~**rch**ed on a ~~bo~~**ugh**.

“Is it possible?” said the ~~l~~**ô**rd-in-waiting, “I never ~~imag~~**ined** it ~~w~~**ou**ld be a little, plain, simple ~~th~~**ing** like ~~that~~. **S**he has ~~ç~~**ê**rtainly ~~chang~~**ed** color at ~~see~~**ing** so many grand ~~pe~~**ople** ~~ar~~**ound** ~~hê~~**r**.”

“Little ~~n~~**igh**tingale,” ~~cri~~**ed** the ~~g~~**ir**l, ~~rais~~**ing** ~~hê~~**r** ~~voi~~**ç**e, “our most ~~gra~~**ç**ious emperor ~~wish~~**es** ~~you~~ to sing ~~bef~~**ô**re him.”

“**W**ith the ~~gre~~**at**est ~~plea~~**s**ure,” said the ~~n~~**igh**tingale, and began to sing most ~~del~~**igh**tfully.

“It ~~s~~**ound**s** like ~~tiny~~ gläss bells,” said the ~~l~~**ô**rd-in-waiting, “and ~~see~~ ~~how~~ ~~hê~~**r** little ~~thro~~**at** ~~w~~**ôr**ks. It ~~i~~**s** ~~surpr~~**ising** ~~that~~ we have never ~~hê~~**ard** ~~this~~ ~~bef~~**ô**re; ~~she~~ will be a ~~gre~~**at** ~~succ~~**ess** at ~~c~~**ô**urt.”**

“Shall I sing ~~on~~**ç**e ~~m~~**ô**re ~~bef~~**ô**re the emperor?” ~~ä~~**ske**d the ~~n~~**igh**tingale, who ~~th~~**o**ught he ~~was~~ ~~pre~~**s**ent.

“**M**y ~~ex~~**cell**ent little ~~n~~**igh**tingale,” said the ~~c~~**ô**urtier, “I have the ~~gre~~**at** ~~plea~~**s**ure of ~~inv~~**iting** ~~you~~ to a ~~c~~**ô**urt festival ~~this~~ ~~even~~**ing**, where ~~you~~ will ~~gain~~ imperial ~~favor~~ by ~~y~~**ô**ur ~~chä~~**r**ming song.”

“**M**y song ~~s~~**ound**s** best in the ~~gre~~**en** ~~w~~**oo**d,” said the ~~b~~**ir**d; but still ~~she~~ came willingly when ~~she~~ ~~hê~~**ard** the emperor's ~~wish~~.**

The ~~palac~~**e** ~~was~~ elegantly ~~de~~**cor**ated ~~f~~**ô**r the ~~occa~~**s**ion. The ~~wä~~**ll**s and ~~f~~**l**ôor~~s~~ of ~~p~~**ô**rcelain glittered in the ~~li~~**gh**t of a ~~th~~**ou**sand lamps. **B**eautiful ~~flow~~**er**s, ~~rou~~**nd** ~~wh~~**ich** little bells ~~wê~~**re** ~~ti~~**ed**, ~~st~~**oo**d in the ~~corrid~~**ô**r~~s~~: ~~wh~~**at** ~~with~~ the running to and ~~fro~~ and the ~~drä~~**u**ght, ~~thes~~**e** bells tinkled so ~~loud~~**ly** ~~that~~ ~~n~~**o** one ~~co~~**u**ld ~~s~~**peak** to be ~~hê~~**ard**. In the ~~ç~~**ent**re of the ~~gre~~**at** ~~hâ~~**ll**, a ~~golden~~ ~~pê~~**rch** had ~~bee~~**n** ~~fixe~~**d** ~~f~~**ô**r the ~~n~~**igh**tingale to sit on. The ~~wh~~**ole** ~~c~~**ô**urt ~~was~~ ~~pre~~**s**ent, and the little ~~kitch~~**en**-~~maid~~ had ~~re~~**ce**ived

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 cônsidered the left side, on which the heärt lies, as the most noble, and the heärt of an emperor is in the same place as that of ôther people.

The muşic-mäster wrote a wôrk, in twenty-five volumes, about the ärtificial bîrd, which wâş very leärned and very long, and full of the most difficult Chinese wôrds; yet äll the people said they had read it, and understôod it, fôr fear of being thôught stupid and having their bodieş trampled upon.

So a year pässed, and the emperor, the côurt, and äll the ôther Chinese knew every little tûrn in the ärtificial bîrd's song; and fôr that same reaşon it pleased them better. They cöüld sing with the bîrd, which they often did. The street-boys sang, "Zi-zi-zi, cluck, cluck, cluck," and the emperor himself cöüld sing it älso. It wâş really most amuşing.

One evening, when the ärtificial bîrd wâş singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bîrd sounded "whizz." Then a spring cracked. "Whir-r-r-r" went äll the wheeş, running round, and then the muşic stopped. The emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and cälled fôr hiş phyşician; but what cöüld he dö? Then they sent fôr a watchmaker; and, äfter a great deal of tälking and examination, the bîrd wâş put into something like ôrder; but he said that it must be used very carefully, as the barreş wêre wôrned, and it wöüld be impossible to put in new ones without injuring the muşic. Now there wâş great sorrow, as the bîrd cöüld only be allowed to play onçe a year; and even that wâş dangerous fôr the wôrks inside it. Then the muşic-mäster made a little speech, full of härd wôrds, and declared that the bîrd wâş as göod as ever; and, of cöurse no one contradicted him.

Five yearş pässed, and then a real grief came upon the land. The Chinese really wêre fond of their emperor, and he now lay so ill that he wâş 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 **â**lways remain with me,” said the emperor. “You shall sing only when it **plea**ses you; and I will **bre**ak the **â**rtificial bîrd into a **th**ousand **pie**ces.”

“No; **d**e not **d**e that,” replied the **ni**ghtingale; “the bîrd did very well **a**s long **a**s it **co**uld. **Ke**ep it here still. I cannot live in the **pa**laçe, and build **my** nest;

but let **me** **c**ome when I like. I will sit on a **bo**ugh **o**utside yôur window, in the **e**vening, and sing to you, **so** **th**at you may be happy, and have **th**ôughts full of joy.

I will sing to you of **tho**se **wh**e **â**re happy, and **tho**se **wh**e suffer; of the **g**ood and the **e**vil, **wh**e **â**re hidden around you. The little singing bîrd **fl**ies **f**âr from you and yôur **c**ôurt to the **h**ome of the **fi**sherman and the **pea**sant's cot. I **l**ove yôur **he**ârt better **th**an yôur **c**rown; and yet **so**me**th**ing **h**oly lingers round **th**at **â**lso. I will **c**ome, I will sing to you; but you must promise **me** one **th**ing.”

“Every**th**ing,” said the emperor, **wh**e, having dressed himself in his imperial robes, stôod with the hand **th**at held the heavy golden swôrd pressed to his **he**ârt.

“I only **â**sk one **th**ing,” **she** replied; “let **no** one **kn**ow **th**at you have a little bîrd **wh**e tells you every**th**ing. It will **be** best to **c**on**c**eal it.” So saying, the **ni**ghtingale flew away.

The sêrvants **n**ow **c**ame in to **l**ook **â**fter the dead emperor; when, **lo**! **th**ere he stôod, and, to **th**eir **a**stonishment, said, “**G**ood **m**ôrning.”



The Ugly Duckling

Hans Christian Andersen 1844

 It **wa**s **lo**vely summer **wea**ther in the country, and the **g**olden **c**ôrn, the **g**reen **o**ats, and the haystacks piled up in the **mea**dows **l**ooked **be**autiful. The stôrk

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 were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. I could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "as I have sat so long already, a few days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg broke, and a young one crept forth crying, "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it and exclaimed, "It is very large and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find it out, however when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it myself."

On the next day the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling was also in the water swimming with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you into grand society, and introduce you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

When they reached the farmyard, there was a great disturbance, two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat. "See, children, that is the way of the world," said the mother duck, wetting her beak, for she would have liked the eel's head herself. "Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave. You must bow your heads prettily to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born of them all, and has Spanish blood, therefore, she is well off. Don't you see she has a red flag tied to her leg, which is something very grand, and a great honor for a duck; it shows that every one is anxious not to lose her, as she can be recognized both by man and beast. Come, now, don't turn your toes, a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just like his father and mother, in this way; now bend your neck, and say 'quack.'"

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

In the mōrning, when the wild ducks roſe in the air, they ſtared at their new comrade. “What ſōrt of a duck äre you?” they äll ſaid, cōming round him.

He bowed to them, and waſ aſ polite aſ he cōuld be, but he did not reply to their queſtiōn. “You äre exçeēdingly ugly,” ſaid the wild ducks, “but that will not matter if you de not want to marry one of our family.”

Pōor thing! he had no thōughts of marriage; äll he wanted waſ pērmiſſiōn to lie among the ruſheſ, and drink ſōme of the wäter on the mōor. He had been on the mōor twe days, there came twe wild geese, ōr rāther goſlings, fōr they had not been out of the egg long, and wēre very ſäucy. “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 becōme a bīrd of paſſage? Not fār from here iſ anōther mōor, in which there äre ſōme pretty wild geese, äll unmarried. It iſ a chance fōr you to get a wife; you may be lucky, ugly aſ you äre.”

“Pop, pop,” ſounded in the air, and the twe wild geese fell dead among the ruſheſ, and the wäter waſ tinged with blōōd. “Pop, pop,” echōed fār and wide in the diſtance, and whole flockſ of wild geese roſe up from the ruſheſ. The ſound cōntinued from every direction, fōr the ſpōrtſmen ſurrounded the mōor, and ſōme wēre even ſeated on brancheſ of treeſ, overlōōking the ruſheſ. The blue ſmoke from the gunſ roſe like clōudſ over the dārک treeſ, and aſ it floated away across the wäter, a number of ſpōrting dogſ bounded in among the ruſheſ, which bent beneath them wherever they went. How they terrified the pōor duckling!

He tūrned away hiſ head to hide it under hiſ wing, and at the ſame moment a lārgē terrible dog päſſed quite near him. Hiſ jāwſ wēre open, hiſ tōngue hung from hiſ mouth, and hiſ eyeſ glared fearfully. He thruſt hiſ noſe cloſe to the duckling, ſhowing hiſ ſhārp teeth, and then, “splash, splash,” he went into the wäter without touching him, “Oh,” ſighed the duckling, “how thankfūl I am fōr being ſo ugly; even a dog will not bite me.” And ſo he lay quite ſtill, while the ſhot rattled thruugh the ruſheſ, and gun äfter gun waſ fired over him.

It waſ late in the day befōre äll became quiet, but even then the pōor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly fōr ſeveral hourſ, and then, äfter lōōking carefūlly around him, haſtened away from the mōor aſ fäſt aſ he cōuld. He ran over field and meadow till a ſtōrm aroſe, and he cōuld hārdly ſtruggle againſt it. Towārdſ evening, he reached a pōor little cottagē that ſeemed ready to fäll, and only remained ſtanding becauſe it cōuld not deçide on which ſide to fäll fiſt. The ſtōrm cōntinued ſo violent, that the duckling cōuld go no fārther; he ſat down by

the cottage, and **then he noticed** that the door was not quite closed in consequence of one of the hinges having given way. **There was therefore** a narrow opening near the bottom large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The tom cat, whom the mistress called, "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning, the strange visitor was discovered, and the tom cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.



"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking round the room, but her sight was not very good; therefore, when she saw the duckling she thought it must be a fat duck, that had strayed from home.

"Oh what a prize!" she exclaimed, "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see." So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs. Now the tom cat was the master of the house, and the hen was mistress, and they always said, "We and the world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the goodness to hold your tongue." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" 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 corner, feeling very low spirited, till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help telling the hen.

"What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

“But it **i**~~s~~ so del**igh**tful to swim abo**u**t on the w**at**er,” said the duckling, “and so refreshing to feel it clo**s**e over y**o**ur head, wh**il**e yo**u** di**ve** down to the bott**o**m.”

“Del**igh**tful, 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 like to swim abo**u**t on the w**at**er, **ö**r to di**ve** under it, f**ör** I will not spe**ak** of my o**wn** opin**ion**; **ä**sk **ö**ur mistress, the old woman— **th**ere **i**~~s~~ no one in the wo**rl**d m**ö**re clever **th**an **sh**e **i**~~s~~. Do yo**u** **th**ink **sh**e wo**u**ld like to swim, **ö**r to let the w**at**er clo**s**e over h**er** head?”

“Yo**u** don’t understand me,” said the duckling.

“We don’t understand yo**u**? Wh**o** can understand yo**u**, I wo**nde**r? Do yo**u** Co**n**sider y**ö**urself m**ö**re clever **th**an the cat, **ö**r the old wo**m**an? I will say no**th**ing of myself. Don’t ima**gi**ne such nonsense, **ch**ild, and **th**ank y**ö**ur go**o**d f**ör**tune **th**at yo**u** have been rece**iv**ed here. **ä**re yo**u** not in a w**är**m re**o**om, and in so**ci**ety from wh**ich** yo**u** may l**ear**n so**me**th**ing**. But yo**u** **ä**re a chatterer, and y**ö**ur co**m**pany **i**~~s~~ not very agreeable. Believe me, I spe**ak** only f**ör** y**ö**ur o**wn** 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**eref**ör**e, to lay egg**s**, and l**ear**n to p**ü**rr a**s** quickly a**s** possible.”

“I believe I must go **ö**ut into the wo**rl**d ag**ain**,” said the duckling.

“Yes, **de**,” said the hen. So the duckling left the cottag**e**, and se**en** fo**und** w**at**er on wh**ich** it co**u**ld swim and di**ve**, but w**as** avoided by **ä**ll **ö**ther animal**s**, beca**us**e of its ugly appea**ra**n**ce**. **ä**utumn came, and the lea**ve****s** in the forest t**ür**ned to orang**e** and gold. **th**en, a**s** winter appro**ach**ed, the wind c**ä**ught **th**em a**s** **th**ey fell and wh**ir**led **th**em in the cold air. The cl**ou**d**s**, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven st**ö**od on the f**är**n**s** crying, “Croak, croak.” It ma**d**e one shiver with cold to lo**ö**k at him. **ä**ll **th**is w**as** very sad f**ör** the p**ö**or little duckling.

One evening, just a**s** the sun set amid radiant cl**ou**d**s**, **th**ere came a l**är**ge flock of bea**ut**iful b**ir**d**s** **ö**ut of the b**ü**sh**e****s**. The duckling had never se**en** any like **th**em bef**ör**e. **Th**ey w**ê**re sw**än****s**, and **th**ey c**ü**rved **th**eir gr**ac**eful necks, wh**il**e **th**eir soft plumag**e** sh**ow**n with dazzling whiteness. **Th**ey uttered a singular cry, a**s** **th**ey spread **th**eir gl**ö**rious wing**s** and flew away from **th**os**e** cold re**gi**on**s** to w**är**mer countrie**s** across the se**a**. A**s** **th**ey m**ö**unted h**igh**er and h**igh**er in the air, the ugly little duckling felt **qu**ite a str**ang**e sensati**on** a**s** he wat**ch**ed **th**em. He wh**ir**led himself in the w**at**er like a wh**ee**l, stret**ch**ed **ö**ut his neck tow**är**d**s** **th**em, and uttered a cry so str**ang**e **th**at it fr**igh**tened himself. Co**u**ld he ever forget **th**os**e** bea**ut**iful, happy b**ir**d**s**; and wh**en** at l**äst** **th**ey w**ê**re **ö**ut of his si**gh**t, he di**ve**d under the w**at**er, and ro**s**e ag**ain** **ä**lmost beside himself with ex**ci**tement. He knew not the nam**e****s** of

these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world.

He was not envious of these beautiful creatures, but wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks had they only given him encouragement. The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other, in their efforts to catch him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad, were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying one morning in a mor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. They bore him onwards, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful, in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

“I will fly to those royal birds,” he exclaimed, “and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does 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



Far down 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** **cômpanions**." The tree **wâs** so discontented, **thât** it **tôok** no **pleâsûre** in the wârm **sunshîne**, the bîrds, **ôr** the **rosy** **clouds** **thât** **floated** **over** it **môrning** and **evening**.

Sômetîmes, in winter, when the **snow** **lay** **whîte** and glittering on the **groud**, a **hare** **wôuld** **côme** springing along, and jump **right** **over** the little tree; and **thên** **hêw** **môrtified** it **wôuld** **feel**! **Twô** winter**s** **pâssed**, and when the **thîrd** arrived, the tree had grown so **tâll** **thât** the hare **wâs** **obliged** to run **round** it. Yet it remained unsatisfied, and **wôuld** **exclaim**, "**O**h, if I **côuld** but **keep** on growing **tâll** and **old**! **Thêre** **îs** **nôthîng** **else** **wôrth** **caring** **fôr** in the **wôrld**!"

In the **âutum**n, **âs** **usûal**, the **wôod**-cutter**s** **câme** and cut **dôwn** several of the **tâllest** **treees**, and the young fir-tree, **whîch** **wâs** **nôw** grown to its **full** **hêight**, **shuddered** **âs** the **noble** **treees** fell to the **êarth** with a **crash**. The **branchês** **wêre** lopped **off**, the trunks **lôoked** so slender and **bare**, **thât** **thêy** **côuld** **scarçely** **bè** **recognîzed**.

Thên **thêy** **wêre** **plâced** upon **wagôn**s,, and **drâwn** by **hôrse**s **out** of the forest. "Where **wêre** **thêy** going? **Whât** **wôuld** **bècôme** of **thêm**?" The young fir-tree **wîshed** very **much** to **know**; so in the spring, when the **swallow**s and the **stôrks** **câme**, it **âsked**, "**Dô** **yôu** **know** where **thôse** **treees** **wêre** **taken**? Did **yôu** **meet** **thêm**?"



The **swallow**s **knew** **nôthîng**, but the **stôr**k, **âfter** a little **reflectiôn**, **noddèd** **hîs** **head**, and said, "Yes, I **thînk** I **dô**. I met several new **shîps** when I flew from **Egypt**, and **thêy** had **fine** **masts** **thât** **smelt** like **fîr**. I **thînk** **thêse** must have **bèen** the **treees**; I **assurè** **yôu** **thêy** **wêre** **stately**, very **stately**."

"**O**h, **hêw** I **wîsh** I **wêre** **tâll** **enough** to go on the **seâ**," said the **fîr**-tree. "**Whât** **îs** the **seâ**, and **whât** **dôes** it **lôok** like?"

"It **wôuld** **take** **tôo** **much** **tîme** to **explâin**," said the **stôr**k, flying **quîckly** **away**.

"**Rejoiçè** in **thî** **yôuth**," said the **sunbèam**; "**rejoiçè** in **thî** **fresh** **growth**, and the young **lîfè** **thât** **îs** in **thêe**."

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 **â**ll its anticipations of happiness, in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew **that** it **sh**ould never again see its dear old companions, the trees, n**ô**r the little bushes and many-colored flowers **that** had grown by its side; p**ê**rhaps not even the birds. Neither **was** the journey at **â**ll pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked in the c**ô**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 l**ä**rge and beautiful apartment. On the w**ä**lls hung pictures, and near the great stove st**ô**od great china v**ä**s**es**, with lions on the lids. **There** w**ê**re rocking chairs, silken sofas, l**ä**rge tables, covered with pictures, books, and playthings, w**ô**rth a great deal of money,—at least, the children said so. **Then** the fir-tree **was** placed in a l**ä**rge tub, full of sand; but green baize hung **â**ll around it, so that no one could see it **was** a tub, and it st**ô**od on a very handsome c**ä**rpet. **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 w**ä**lnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and **â**ll round, w**ê**re hundreds of red, blue, and white tapers, which w**ê**re f**ä**stened on the branches. Dolls, exactly like real babies, w**ê**re placed under the green leaves,—the tree had never seen such things before,—and at the very top **was** f**ä**stened a glittering st**ä**r, made of tinsel. **Oh**, it **was** very beautiful!

"**This** evening," they **â**ll exclaimed, "how bright it will be!" "Oh, that the evening w**ê**re come," th**ô**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 f**ä**ster here, and keep on **â**ll these ornaments summer and winter?" But guessing **was** of very little use; it made his b**ä**rk ache, and this pain is as bad f**ô**r a slender fir-tree, as headache is f**ô**r us. At l**ä**st the tapers w**ê**re lighted, and then what a glistening blaze of light the tree presented! It trembled so with joy in **â**ll its branches, that one of the candles fell among the green leaves and b**û**rn**t** some of them. "Help! help!" exclaimed the young ladies, but there **was** no danger, f**ô**r they quickly extinguish**ed** the fire.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

After **this**, the **tree** **tried** not to tremble at **â**ll, **tho**ugh the **fire** **frightened** him; **he** **was** **so** anxious not to **hur**t any of the **be**autiful **ô**rnaments, **even** **wh**ile **the**ir brillian**ç**y dazzled him. And **n**ow the **fold**ing **dô**rs **w**ere **th**rown **o**pen, and a **tr**ee**p** of **ch**ildren **rush**ed in **a**s if **the**y intended to upset the **tree**; **the**y **w**ere **follow**ed **mô**re **sil**ently **by** **the**ir **el**der**s**. **Fô**r a **m**oment the little **one****s** **stô**od **sil**ent with **ast**onish**m**ent, and **the**n **the**y **sh**outed **fô**r joy, till the **re**em rang, and **the**y **dan**çed merrily **rou**nd the **tree**, **wh**ile one **pre**sent **â**fter **anô**ther **was** taken from it.

“What **â**re **the**y **do**ing? What will happen next?” **thô**ught the **fî**r. At **lâ**st the **cand**le**s** **bû**rn**t** **do**wn to the **branch**es and **w**ere **pû**t **o**ut. **Th**en the **ch**ildren **re**ç**ei**ved **p**ermission to plunder the **tree**.

Oh, **h**ow **the**y **rush**ed upon it, till the **branch**es crack**ed**, and had it not **be**en **fâ**st**e**ned **with** the glistening **stâ**r to the **ç**eiling, it must have **be**en **th**rown **do**wn. The **ch**ildren **the**n **dan**çed **ab**out **with** **the**ir pretty **to**y**s**, and **n**o **one** **noti**ç**e**d the **tree**, **ex**cept the **ch**ildren's **maid** **wh**o **came** and **pe**e**p**ed among the **branch**es to **see** if an apple **ô**r a fig had **be**en forgotten.

“A **stô**ry, a **stô**ry,” **cri**ed the **ch**ildren, **pû**lling a little fat man **towâ**rd**s** the **tree**.

“**N**ow **w**e **sh**all **be** in the **green** **sh**ade,” said the man, **a**s **he** **se**ated himself under it, “and the **tree** will have the **plea**sure of **he**aring **â**lso, but I **sh**all **only** **rel**ate one **stô**ry; **wh**at **sh**all it **be**? Ivede-Avede, **ô**r Humpty Dumpty, **wh**o **fell** **do**wn **stair**s, but **se**en got up **ag**ain, and at **lâ**st **mar**ried a **pr**in**ç**ess.”

“Ivede-Avede,” **cri**ed **so**me. “Humpty Dumpty,” **cri**ed **ô**ther**s**, and **the**re **was** a **fine** **sh**outing and **cry**ing **o**ut. But the **fî**r-tree **re**mained **qu**ite still, and **thô**ught to himself, “Shall I have any**th**ing to **do** with **â**ll **this**?” but **he** had **â**lready **am**u**s**ed **the**m **a**s **much** **a**s **the**y **wish**ed. **Th**en the **old** man **told** **the**m the **stô**ry of Humpty Dumpty, **h**ow **he** **fell** **do**wn **stair**s, and **was** **rais**ed up **ag**ain, and **mar**ried a **pr**in**ç**ess. And the **ch**ildren **clapp**ed **the**ir **hand**s and **cri**ed, “Tell **anô**ther, tell **anô**ther,” **fô**r **the**y **w**anted to **he**ar the **stô**ry of “Ivede-Avede;” but **the**y **only** had “Humpty Dumpty.” **this** the **fî**r-tree **bec**ame **qu**ite **sil**ent and **thô**ughtful; never had the **bî**rd**s** in the forest **told** **such** **tal**e**s** **a**s “Humpty Dumpty,” **wh**o **fell** **do**wn **stair**s, and yet **mar**ried a **pr**in**ç**ess.

“Ah! yes, **so** it **happ**en**s** in the **wô**rd,” **thô**ught the **fî**r-tree; **he** **bel**ieved it **â**ll, **bec**au**s**e it **was** **rel**ated **by** **such** a **ni**ç**e** man. “Ah! well,” **he** **thô**ught, “**wh**o **know**s? **p**erhaps I **may** **fâ**ll **do**wn **too**, and **mar**ry a **pr**in**ç**ess;” and **he** **lô**ok**ed** **fô**rw**ar**d joyfully to the next **e**vening, **ex**pecting to **be** **ag**ain **deck**ed **o**ut **with** **li**ghts and

playthings, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I will not tremble," **th**ought he; "I will enjoy **all** my splendor, and I **shall** hear the st**o**ry of Humpty Dumpty again, and p**e**rhaps Ivede-Avede." And the tree remained **quiet** and **th**oughtful **all** night. In the m**o**rn**ing** the s**e**r**v**ants and the housemaid came in. "Now," **th**ought the fir, "all my splendor is going to begin again."

But **they** dragged him out of the r**oo**m and up stair**s** to the garret, and **th**rew him on the fl**o**or, in a d**ar**k c**o**rn**er**, where no day**li**ght sh**o**ne, and **there** **they** left him. "What d**oe**s **this** mean?" **th**ought the tree, "what am I to d**o** here? I can hear n**oth**ing in a plac**e** like **this**," and he had time en**ough** to **th**ink, f**o**r day**s** and night**s** p**as**sed and no one came near him, and when at last somebody did come, it w**as** only to put away l**ar**ge box**e**s in a c**o**rn**er**.

So the tree w**as** completely hidden from sight as if it had never existed. "It is winter now," **th**ought the tree, "the ground is h**ar**d and covered with snow, so that people cannot plant me. I **shall** be sheltered here, I dare say, until spring comes. How **th**oughtful and kind everybody is to me! Still I wish this plac**e** w**e**re not so d**ar**k, as well as lonely, with not even a little hare to l**oo**k at. How pleasant it w**as** out in the forest while the snow lay on the ground, when the hare w**ou**ld run by, yes, and jump over me too, **altho**ugh I did not like it then. Oh! it is terrible lonely here."

"Squeak, squeak," said a little mouse, creeping c**au**tiously toward**s** the tree; then came another; and **they both** sniffed at the fir-tree and crept between the branch**e**s.

"Oh, it is very cold," said the little mouse, "or else we sh**ou**ld be so comfortable here, sh**ou**ldn't we, you old fir-tree?"

"I am not old," said the fir-tree, "there **are** many who **are** older than I am."

"Where d**o** you come from? and what d**o** you know?" **asked** the m**i**ce, who w**e**re full of curiosity. "Have you seen the most beautiful plac**e**s in the w**or**ld, and can you tell us **all** about them? and have you been in the stor**er**oom, where che**ese**s lie on the sh**e**lf, and ham**s** hang from the c**e**iling? One can run about on tallow candle**s** there, and go in thin and come out fat."

"I know n**oth**ing of that plac**e**," said the fir-tree, "but I know the w**oo**d where the sun sh**ine**s and the bird**s** sing." And then the tree told the little m**i**ce **all** about its youth. They had never heard such an account in their lives; and after they had listened to it attentively, they said, "What a number of thing**s** you have seen? you must have been very happy."

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 mice. 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 mice. And then the tree related the whole story; he could remember every single word, and the little mice 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 mice 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 **you** **then**,” replied the rats, and **they** **mä**rched off.

The little **mi**ce **ä**lso kept away **ä**fter **this**, and the tree **sigh**ed, and said, “It **wä**s very **pleä**sant when the merry little **mi**ce sat **rö**und **me** and listened **wh**ile I **tä**lked. **Nö**w **th**at **i**s **ä**ll **pä**sse**d** **tö**e.

Höwever, I **sh**all **Cö**nsider myself happy when **sö**me one **cö**me**s** to **take** **me** **ö**ut of **this** **plä**ce.” But **wö**uld **this** ever happen? Yes; one **mör**ning **pe**ople **came** to **clear** **ö**ut the garret, the **boxe**s **wê**re **packä**ge away, and the tree **wä**spulled **ö**ut of the **cör**ner, and **th**rown **rö**ughly on the garret **flo**or; **th**en the **sê**rvant dragged it **ö**ut upon the **staircase** where the **daylight** **sh**one. “**Nö**w **life** **i**s **beginning** **ä**gain,” said the tree, **rejoic**ing in the **sunsh**ine and **fresh** **air**. **Th**en it **wä**s **carried** **dö**wn **stair**s and **taken** **intö** the **cö**urtyä**rd** **sö** **quickly**, **th**at it forgot to **th**ink of itself, and **cou**ld only **löö**k **abö**ut, **th**ere **wä**s **sö** **much** to be **seen**.



The **cö**urt **wä**s **clö**se to a **gä**rden, where **everyth**ing **löö**ked **blö**oming. **Fresh** and **fragrant** **ro**se**s** hung **ö**ver the little **pä**lings. The linden-trees **wê**re in **blossö**m; **wh**ile the **swä**llö**ws** flew **he**re and **th**ere, **crying**, “**Twit**, **twit**, **twit**, **my** **mate** **i**s **cö**ming,” — but it **wä**s not the **fî**r-tree **th**ey meant. “**Nö**w I **sh**all **live**,” **cried** the tree, **joyfö**lly **spreading** **ö**ut its **branch**e**s**; but alas! **th**ey **wê**re **ä**ll **with**ered and **yellow**, and it **lay** in a **cör**ner **ä**mö**ng**st **w**eeds and **nett**le**s**. The **stär** of **gold** **paper** still stuck in the top of the tree and **glitter**ed in the **sunsh**ine. In the **same** **cö**urtyä**rd** **twe** of the merry **children** **wê**re **playing** **whö** had **dä**nc**d** **rö**und the tree at **Christmas**, and had **be**en **sö** happy. The youngest **sä**w the gilded **stär**, and ran and **pö**ll**d** it off the tree. “**Löö**k **wh**at **i**s **sticking** to the ugly **ö**ld **fî**r-tree,” said the **child**, **treading** on the **branch**e**s** till **th**ey **crack**led under his **boö**ts. And the tree **sä**w **ä**ll the **fresh** **bright** **flö**wer**s** in the **gä**rden, and **th**en **löö**ked at itself, and **wish**ed it had **remai**ned in the **dä**rk **cör**ner of the garret.

It **thö**ught of its **fresh** **yö**uth in the forest, of the merry **Christmas** **evening**, and of the little **mi**ce **whö** had listened to the **stö**ry of “**Humpty Dumpty**.” “**Pä**st! **pä**st!” said the **ö**ld tree; “**O**h, had I but **enjoy**ed myself **wh**ile I **cou**ld have **dö**ne **sö**! but **nö**w it **i**s **tö**e **late**.” **Th**en a **lad** **came** and **chopp**ed the tree **intö** **smä**ll **pie**ce**s**, till a **lä**rg**e** bundle **lay** in a **he**ap on the **grö**und. The **pie**ce**s** **wê**re **plä**ce**d** in a **fî**re under the **copper**, and **th**ey **quickly** **blaz**ed up **brightly**, **wh**ile the tree **sigh**ed **sö** **deeply** **th**at **each** **sigh** **wä**s **like** a **pistol-sh**ot.

Then the **children**, **whö** **wê**re at **play**, **came** and **seated** **th**emselv**e**s in **f**ront of the

fire, and **lòoked** at it and **cried**, “Pop, pop.” But at **each** “pop,” **which** **was** a deep **sigh**, the **tree** **was** **th**inking of a summer **day** in the forest; and of Christmas **evening**, and of “Humpty Dumpty,” the **only** **stòry** it had ever **hêard** **òr** **knew** **hòw** to **relate**, till at **lăst** it **was** **consumed**. The **boy****s** still **play****ed** in the **gărd****en**, and the youngest **wôre** the **golden** **stă****r** on his **breast**, **with** **which** the **tree** had **been** **adôrned** **during** the happiest **evening** of its **existenç****e**. **Nòw** **ăll** **was** **păst**; the tree's **life** **was** **păst**, and the **stòry** **ălso**,—for **ăll** **stôries** must **còme** to an end at **lăst**.



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 **commenç****ement** of **this** **stòry**, **fôr** **when** **we** get to the end **we** **shall** **know** **môre** **th****an** **we** **de** **nòw** **abòut** a very wicked hobgoblin; **he** **was** one of the very **wôrst**, **fôr** **he** **was** a **real** **demon**.

One **day**, **when** **he** **was** in a merry **mòod**, **he** **made** a **lòoking-glăss** **which** had the **power** of **making** every**th**ing **gòod** **òr** **beautifùl** **th****at** **was** reflected in it **ălmost** shrink to **nòth**ing, **while** every**th**ing **th****at** **was** **wôrth**less and bad **lòoked** **incre****ased** in size and **wôrse** **th****an** ever.



The **most** **lòvely** **landscapes** **appe****ared** **like** boiled spinach, and the **pe****ople** **became** **hide****ous**, and **lòoked** **as** if **they** **stòod** on **th****eir** **head****s** and had **nò** **bodie****s**. **Their** **còunt****enances** **wêre** **so** **distòrted**

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 bro~~th~~er and sister, but ~~the~~y lo~~v~~ed ~~ea~~ch ~~o~~ther ~~ä~~lmost a~~s~~ much a~~s~~ if ~~the~~y had be~~en~~.

Their parents lived oppo~~s~~ite to ~~ea~~ch ~~o~~ther in tw~~e~~ garrets, where the ro~~o~~ofs of neighboring ho~~u~~se~~s~~ projected ou~~t~~ towa~~r~~d~~s~~ ~~ea~~ch ~~o~~ther and the wa~~t~~er-pipe ran between ~~the~~m. In ~~ea~~ch ho~~u~~se wa~~s~~ a little window, so ~~th~~at any one co~~u~~ld step across the gutter from one window to the ~~o~~ther. The parents of ~~the~~se children had ~~ea~~ch a la~~r~~ge wo~~o~~den box in ~~wh~~ich ~~the~~y cultivated kitchen he~~r~~b~~s~~ fo~~r~~ ~~the~~ir own use, and a little ro~~s~~e-bu~~s~~h in ~~ea~~ch box, ~~wh~~ich grew splendidly. No~~w~~ ~~ä~~fter a ~~wh~~ile the parents decided to pla~~c~~e ~~the~~se tw~~e~~ boxe~~s~~ across the wa~~t~~er-pipe, so ~~th~~at ~~the~~y rea~~ch~~ed from one window to the ~~o~~ther and lo~~o~~ked like tw~~e~~ banks of flowe~~r~~s.



Sweet-pea~~s~~ dro~~o~~ped over the boxe~~s~~, and the ro~~s~~e-bu~~s~~he~~s~~ shot fo~~r~~th long branche~~s~~, ~~wh~~ich ~~w~~ere trained rou~~n~~d the window~~s~~ and clustered togeth~~e~~r ~~ä~~lmost like a triumpha~~l~~ ~~ä~~rch of lea~~v~~e~~s~~ and flowe~~r~~s.

The boxe~~s~~ ~~w~~ere very hi~~gh~~, and the children knew ~~the~~y must not climb upon ~~the~~m, witho~~u~~t pe~~r~~mission, but ~~the~~y ~~w~~ere often, howe~~v~~er, allow~~e~~d to step ou~~t~~ together and sit upon ~~the~~ir little st~~o~~ol~~s~~ under the ro~~s~~e-bu~~s~~he~~s~~, o~~r~~ play quietly. In winter ~~ä~~ll ~~this~~ plea~~s~~ure came to an end, fo~~r~~ the window~~s~~ ~~w~~ere so~~m~~e~~t~~ime~~s~~ quite frozen over. But ~~the~~n ~~the~~y wo~~u~~ld wa~~r~~m copper pennie~~s~~ on the stove, and hold the wa~~r~~m pennie~~s~~ against the frozen pane; ~~the~~re wo~~u~~ld be very se~~e~~n a little rou~~n~~d hole ~~th~~rough ~~wh~~ich ~~the~~y co~~u~~ld peep, and the soft bright ey~~e~~~~s~~ of the little boy and gi~~r~~l wo~~u~~ld bea~~m~~ ~~th~~rough the hole at ~~ea~~ch window a~~s~~ ~~the~~y lo~~o~~ked at ~~ea~~ch ~~o~~ther. Their name~~s~~ ~~w~~ere Kay and Ge~~r~~da. In summer ~~the~~y co~~u~~ld be together with one jump from the window, but in winter ~~the~~y had to go up and down the long staircase, and ou~~t~~ ~~th~~rough the snow bef~~o~~re ~~the~~y co~~u~~ld meet.

“See ~~the~~re ~~ä~~re the white bee~~s~~ sw~~ä~~rming,” said Kay 's old grandmo~~th~~er one day when it wa~~s~~ snowing.

“Have ~~the~~y a queen bee?” ~~ä~~ske~~d~~ the little boy, fo~~r~~ he knew ~~th~~at the real bee~~s~~ had a queen.

“To be sure **they** have,” said the grandmóther. “She **is** flying **there** where the swárm **is** thickest. **She** **is** the lárgeſt of **them** áll, and never remains on the **êarth**, but **flies** up to the dárk clóuds. Often at midnighſt **she** **flies** **through** the streets of the **tówn**, and **lòòks** in at the **windóws**, **then** the **icë** freezesh on the **panesh** into wónderfúl **shapes**, **that** **lòòk** like **flowers** and **cäſtleſ**.”

“Yes, I have **seen** **them**,” said **both** the **children**, and **they** knew it must be **true**.

“Can the Snow **Queen**, **cóme** in **here**?” äſked the little gírl.

“**Only** let **hêr** **cóme**,” said the boy, “I’ll set **hêr** on the **stove** and **then** **she**’ll melt.”

Then the grandmóther smóothed **hiſ** hair and **told** him **ſóme** móre **tales**. One evening, **when** little **Kay** **waſ** at **home**, **hälf** undressed, **he** **climbed** on a **chair** by the **window** and **peeped** **out** **through** the little **hole**. A few **flakes** of **snow** **wêre** **fálling**, and one of **them**, **räther** **lärger** **than** the rest, **aligh**ted on the **edge** of one of the **flower** **boxesh**. **This** **snow-flake** grew **lärger** and **lärger**, till at **läſt** it **became** the **figûre** of a **wóman**, **dressed** in **gärments** of **white** **gäuze**, **which** **lòòked** like **millións** of **ſtär**ry **snow-flakes** **linked** **together**.

She **waſ** **fair** and **beautifûl**, but **made** of **icë** — **ſhining** and **glittering** **icë**. Still **she** **waſ** **alive** and **hêr** **eyesh** **ſpärkled** like **bright** **ſtärs**, but **there** **waſ** **neither** **pea**ce **nôr** **rest** in **their** **glan**ce. **She** **nódded** **tówárds** the **window** and **waved** **hêr** **hand**. The little boy **waſ** **frightened** and **sprang** from the **chair**; at the **ſame** **moment** it **ſeemed** **aſ** if a **lärge** **bîrd** **flew** **by** the **window**. On the **following** **day** **there** **waſ** a **clear** **frost**, and very **ſeen** **came** the **ſpring**. The **ſun** **ſhone**; the **young** **green** **leaves** **bûrſt** **fórt**; the **ſwallowesh** **built** **their** **nests**; **windówesh** **wêre** **opened**, and the **children** **ſat** **on** **ce** móre in the **gärden** on the **roöf**, **high** **abóve** **áll** the **óther** **roöms**. **How** **beautifûl** the **roſesh** **bloſſómed** **this** **ſummer**. The little **gírl** had **lêarnt** a **hymn** in **which** **roſesh** **wêre** **ſpoken** of, and **then** **she** **thóught** of **their** **own** **roſesh**, and **she** **ſang** the **hymn** to the little boy, and **he** **ſang** **tee**:—

“**Roſesh** **blóem** and **ce**ase to be,

But **we** **ſhall** the **Chriſt-child** **ſee**.”

Then the little **oneſ** **held** **each** **óther** by the **hand**, and **kisſed** the **roſesh**, and **lòòked** at the **bright** **ſunſhine**, and **ſpoke** to it **aſ** if the **Chriſt-child** **wêre** **there**. **Thoſe** **wêre** **ſplendid** **ſummer** **dayesh**. **How** **beautifûl** and **freſh** it **waſ** **out** **amóng** the **roſe-buſheſ**, **which** **ſeemed** **aſ** if **they** **wóuld** **never** **leave** **off** **blóeming**. One **day** **Kay** and **Gêrda** **ſat** **lòòking** at a **bóòk** **füll** of **pictureſh** of **animalesh** and **bîrdesh**, and **then** **juſt** **aſ** the **clock** in the **chûrch** **tówer** **ſtruck** **twelve**, **Kay** **ſaid**, “**O**h,

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 sledges

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 fur, 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 fur 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 fur." Then she seated him beside her in the sledge, and as she wrapped the fur 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 sled 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 Gerda out. And Gerda 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 Gerda told her everything, while the old woman shook her head, and said, "Hem-hem;" and when she had finished, Gerda 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 Gerda 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 Gerda 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 Gerda 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 Gerda'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 Gerda. 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 Gerda saw roses she would think of those at home, and then remember little Kay, and run away. Then she took Gerda 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. Gerda 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, Gerda played with the flowers in the warm sunshine.

She knew every flower, and yet, **although** **there** **were** so many of **them**, it **seemed** as if one **were** missing, but **which** it **was** **she** could not tell. One day, **however**, as **she** sat **looking** at the old woman's hat **with** the painted flowers on it, **she** **saw** **that** the prettiest of **them** **all** **was** a rose. The old woman had forgotten to **take** it from **her** hat when **she** made **all** the roses sink into the **earth**. But it **is** difficult to **keep** the **thoughts** together in everything; one little mistake upsets **all** our arrangements.

“**What**, **are** **there** no roses here?” cried **Gêrda**; and **she** ran out into the garden, and examined **all** the beds, and **sêarched** and **sêarched**. **There** **was** not one to be found. **Then** **she** sat down and wept, and **her** tears fell just on the place where one of the rose-trees had sunk down. The warm tears moistened the **earth**, and the rose-tree sprouted up at once, as blooming as when it had sunk; and **Gêrda** embraced it and kissed the roses, and **thought** of the beautiful roses at home, and with them, of little Kay.

“**O**h, how I have been detained!” said the little maiden, “I wanted to seek for little Kay. **Do** you know where he **is**?” **she** asked the roses; “do you think he **is** dead?”

And the roses answered, “**No**, he **is** not dead. **We** have been in the ground where **all** the dead lie; but Kay **is** not there.”

“**Thank** you,” said little **Gêrda**, and **then** **she** went to the other flowers, and **looked** into their little cups, and **asked**, “**Do** you know where little Kay **is**?” But each flower, as it stood in the sunshine, dreamed only of its own little fairy tale of history. Not one knew anything of Kay. **Gêrda** heard many stories from the flowers, as **she** asked them one after another about him.

And **what**, said the tiger-lily? “**Härk**, **do** you hear the drum?— ‘turn, turn,’— **there** **are** only two notes, **always**, ‘turn, turn. You Listen to the women's song of mourning! Hear the cry of the priest! In **her** long red robe stands the Hindoo widow by the funeral pile. The flames rise around **her** as **she** places **her**self on the dead body of **her** husband; but the Hindoo woman **is** thinking of the living one in **that** circle; of him, **her** son, who lighted those flames. Those shining eyes trouble **her** heart more painfully than the flames which will soon consume **her** body to ashes. Can the fire of the heart be extinguished in the flames of the funeral pile?”

“I don’t understand **that** at **all**,” said little **Gêrda**.

“**That** **is** my story,” 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 Gerda.

"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 Gerda, "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 Gerda; "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 are not tolling for little Kay; we do not know him. We sing our song, the only one we know.”

Then Gêrda went to the buttercups that were glittering amongst the bright green leaves.

“You are little bright suns,” said Gêrda; “tell me if you know where I can find my play-fellow.”

And the buttercups sparkled gayly, and looked again at Gêrda. What song could the buttercups sing? It was not about Kay.

“The bright warm sun shone on a little court, on the first warm day of spring. His bright beams rested on the white walls of the neighboring house; and close by bloomed the first yellow flower of the season, glittering like gold in the sun's warm ray. An old woman sat in her arm chair at the house door, and her granddaughter, a poor and pretty servant-maid came to see her for a short visit. When she kissed her grandmother there was gold everywhere: the gold of the heart in that holy kiss; it was a golden morning; there was gold in the beaming sunlight, gold in the leaves of the lowly flower, and on the lips of the maiden. There, that is my story,” said the buttercup.

“My poor old grandmother!” sighed Gêrda; “she is longing to see me, and grieving for me as she did for little Kay; but I shall soon go home now, and take little Kay with me. It is no use asking the flowers; they know only their own songs, and can give me no information.”

And then she tucked up her little dress, that she might run faster, but the narcissus caught her by the leg as she was jumping over it; so she stopped and looked at the tall yellow flower, and said, “Perhaps you may know something.”

Then she stooped down quite close to the flower, and listened; and what did he say?

“I can see myself, I can see myself,” said the narcissus. “Oh, how sweet is my perfume! Up in a little room with a bow window, stands a little dancing girl, half undressed; she stands sometimes on one leg, and sometimes on both, and looks as if she would tread the whole world under her feet. She is nothing but a delusion. She is pouring water out of a tea-pot on a piece of stuff which she holds in her hand; it is her body. ‘Cleanliness is a good thing,’ You she says. Her white dress hangs on a peg; it has also been washed in the tea-pot, and dried on the roof. She puts it on, and ties a saffron-colored handkerchief round her

neck, **which** makes the dress **look** *whiter*. **See** *how* **she** **stretch**~~e~~**s** **out** *hêr* legs, **a**~~s~~ **if** **she** *wêre* **showing** off on a stem. I can **see** myself, I can **see** myself."

"**What** ~~d~~**e** I **care** *fôr* **âll** **that**," said Gêrda, "**you** **need** not tell me **such** stuff." And **then** **she** ran to the **ôther** end of the gârd**e**n. The d**ô**or **w**~~a~~**s** **f**~~a~~**st****e**n**e**d, but **she** **press**~~e~~**d** **a**~~g~~**ain****s**t the rusty **latch**, and it **g**~~a~~**v**e **w**~~a~~**y**. The d**ô**or sprang **o**~~p~~**e**n, and little Gêrda ran **o**~~ut~~ **with** **b**~~a~~**r**e **f**~~e~~**e**t into *the* **w**~~i~~**d**e **w**~~ô~~**r**ld. **She** **l**~~o~~**ô**k**e**d **back** **th**~~r~~**ee** **t**~~i~~**m**e**s**, but **n**~~o~~ **o**~~n~~e **s**~~e~~**e**m**e**d to **b**e following *hêr*. At **l**~~a~~**st** **she** **c**~~o~~**u**ld run **n**~~o~~ longer, **s**~~o~~ **she** sat **d**~~own~~ to rest on a **g**~~r~~**ea**t **s**~~t~~**on**e, and **w**~~hen~~ **she** **l**~~o~~**ô**k**e**d **r**~~ound~~ **she** **s**~~a~~**w** **th**~~a~~**t** the summer **w**~~a~~**s** **o**~~ver~~, and **â**~~u~~**t**umn *very* **f**~~a~~**r** **a**~~d~~**v**an**c**e**d**. **She** had *known* **n**~~ô~~**th**ing of **this** in the **b**~~ea~~**u**tif**u**l gârd**e**n, *where* the sun **sh**~~one~~ and the **f**~~low~~**e**r**s** grew **â**~~ll~~ the **y**~~ea~~**r** **r**~~ound~~.

"**O***h*, *how* I have **w**~~a~~**st**e**d** **m**~~y~~ **t**~~i~~**m**e?" said little Gêrda; "**i**~~t~~ **i**~~s~~ **â**~~u~~**t**umn. I must not rest any longer," and **she** **r**~~o~~**s**e up to **g**~~o~~ on. But *hêr* little **f**~~e~~**e**t *wêre* **w**~~ound~~e**d** and **s**~~ô~~**r**e, and every**th**~~i~~**ng** *a***r**~~ound~~ *hêr* **l**~~o~~**ô**k**e**d **s**~~o~~ **c**~~old~~ and **ble**~~a~~**k**. The long **w**~~ill~~**ow**-**l**~~e~~**a**v**e**s *wêre* **q**~~ui~~**te** **y**~~ellow~~. The dew-drops fell **l**~~i~~**k**e **w**~~â~~**t**er, **l**~~ea~~**f** **a**~~ft~~**e**r **l**~~ea~~**f** **d**~~r~~**opp**e**d** from the **t**~~ree~~**s**, the **s**~~l~~**o**-**t**~~h~~**ô**rn **a**~~lon~~e still **b**~~ô~~**r**e **f**~~r~~**ui**t, but the **s**~~l~~**o****e**s *wêre* **s**~~our~~, and set the **t**~~ee~~**th** on **e**~~d~~**g**e. **O***h*, *how* **d**~~a~~**r**k and **w**~~ea~~**r**y the **w**~~hole~~ **w**~~ô~~**r**ld **a**~~p~~**pe**ared!

Fourth Story:

The Prince and Princess



G~~E~~**R**D**A** **w**~~a~~**s** **o**~~b~~**l**i**g**e**d** to rest **a**~~gain~~, and just **o**~~pp~~**o**s**i**t**e** the **pl**~~a~~**c**e *where* **she** sat, **she** **s**~~a~~**w** a **g**~~r~~**ea**t **c**~~row~~ **c**~~ôm~~e hopping across the **s**~~n~~**ow** **t**~~ow~~**â**r**d** *hêr*. **H**e **s**~~t~~**ô**o**d** **l**~~o~~**ô**k**i**ng at *hêr* **f**~~ôr~~ **s**~~om~~e **t**~~i~~**m**e, and **th**~~e~~n **h**e wagged his head and said, "Caw, **c**~~â~~**w**; **g**~~ô~~**ô**d-day, **g**~~ô~~**ô**d-day." **H**e **p**~~r~~**on**u**n**c**e**d the **w**~~ô~~**r**d**s** **a**~~s~~ **p**~~l~~**ain**ly **a**~~s~~ **h**e **c**~~o~~**u**ld, **b**~~e~~**c**a**u**s**e** **h**e meant to **b**e **k**~~i~~**nd** to the little **g**~~i~~**r**l; and **th**~~e~~n **h**e **â**~~s~~k**e**d *hêr* *where* **she** **w**~~a~~**s** going **â**~~ll~~ **a**~~lon~~e in the **w**~~i~~**d**e **w**~~ô~~**r**ld.

The **w**~~ô~~**r**d **a**~~lon~~e Gêrda **u**~~nde~~**r**s**t****ô**o**d** very well, and *knew* **h**~~ow~~ **m**~~uch~~ it **e**~~x~~**pr**ess**e**d. **S**~~o~~ **th**~~e~~n **she** **t**~~old~~ the **c**~~row~~ the **w**~~hole~~ **s**~~t~~**ô**r**y** of *hêr* **l**~~i~~**f**e and **a**~~d~~**v**ent**ur**e**s**, and **â**~~s~~k**e**d him if **h**e had **s**~~e~~**e**n little **K**~~a~~**y**.

The **c**~~row~~ nodded his head very gravely, and said, "**P**~~e~~**r**h**a**p**s** I have—it **m**~~a~~**y** **b**e."

"**N**~~o~~! **D**~~e~~ **y**~~ou~~ **th**~~i~~**n**k **y**~~ou~~ have?" **c**~~r~~**i**e**d** little Gêrda, and **she** **k**~~i~~**s**s**e**d the **c**~~row~~, and hugged him **â**~~l~~**m**ost to **d**~~ea~~**t**h **w**~~i~~**t**h **j**~~oy~~.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 Gerda.

“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 Gerda, “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 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 **Gêrda**, "**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 **your**s; **he** had **beautiful** long **hair**, but **his** **clothes** **were** very **poor**."

"**That** **was** **Kay**!" said **Gêrda** **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 **Gêrda**; "**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**."

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

"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 gärdén through the great avenue, where the leaves wêre fälling one äfter another, and they could see the light in the palace being put out in the same manner. And the crow led little Gêrda to the back döör, which stood ajär. Oh! how little Gêrda's heärt beat with anxiety and longing; it wäs just as if she wêre going to do something wrong, and yet she only wanted to know where little Kay wäs. "It must be he," she thöught, "with those clear eyes, and that long hair." She could fancy she säw him smiling at hêr, as he used to at home, when they sat among the roses. He would certainly be glad to see hêr, and to hear what a long distance she had come för 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 wêre now on the stairs, and in a small closet at the top a lamp wäs burning. In the middle of the floor stood the tame crow, turning hêr head from side to side, and gazing at Gêrda, who cûrtseyed as hêr grandmother had täught hêr 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 wälk before you. We will go straight along this way, then we shall meet no one."

"It seems to me as if somebody wêre behind us," said Gêrda, as something rushed by hêr like a shadow on the wäll, and then horses with flying manes and thin legs, hunters, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, glided by hêr, like shadows on the wäll.

"They äre only dreams," said the crow, "they äre coming to fetch the thoughts of the great people out hunting."

"All the better, för we shall be able to loök at them in their beds möre safely. I hope that when you rise to honor and favor, you will show a grateful heärt."

"You may be quite sure of that," said the crow from the forest.

They now came into the first häll, the wälls of which wêre hung with rose-colored satin, embroidered with ärtificial flowers. Here the dreams again flitted by them but so quickly that Gêrda could not distinguish the royal pêrsons. Each häll appeared möre splendid than the läst, it wäs enough to bewilder any one. At length they reached a bedroom. The ceiling wäs like a great pä/m-tree, with gläss leaves of the most costly crystal, and over the centre of the floor two beds, each resëmbing 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 **li**ke a **st**är, and the **co**achman, **fo**ötman, and **ou**trider**s** **ä**ll wearing **go**lden **cr**own**s** on **th**eir **he**ad**s**.

The prin**ç**e and prin**ç**ess **th**emsel**ve**s help**e**d h**er** into the **co**ach, and wish**e**d h**er** succ**es**s. The forest crow, **wh**o **wa**s **no**w married, accom**pa**nied h**er** **f**ör the first **th**ree mile**s**; he sat by G**er**da's side, **as** **he** **co**u**ld** not bear riding backwards. The tame crow st**oo**d in the d**o**or-way flapping h**er** wings. **Sh**e **co**u**ld** not go with them, beca**u**se **sh**e had been suffering from head**ac**he ever sin**ç**e the new appointment, **no** **do**ubt from **e**ating **too** much. The **co**ach **wa**s well st**o**red with sweet cakes, and under the **se**at **w**ere fruit and **g**ingerbread nuts. "**F**arewell, farewell," cried the prin**ç**e and prin**ç**ess, and little G**er**da wept, and the crow wept; and **th**en, **ä**fter a few mile**s**, the crow **ä**lso said "**F**arewell," and **this wa**s the saddest p**ä**rting. **H**owever, **he** flew to a tree, and st**oo**d flapping hi**s** black wings **as** long **as** he **co**u**ld** see the **co**ach, **wh**ich glittered in the bright sun**sh**ine.

Fifth Story:

Little Robber-Girl



HE **co**ach drove on **th**rough a **th**ick forest, **wh**ere it **li**ghted up the way **li**ke a **t**ör**ch**, and dazzled the **ey**e**s** of some robber**s**, **wh**o **co**u**ld** not bear to let it p**ä**ss them unmolested.

"It **i**s gold! it **i**s gold!" cried **th**ey, rushing **f**örward, and **se**izing the h**ör**se**s**. **Th**en **th**ey struck the little jock**ey**s, the **co**achman, and the **fo**ötman dead, and p**u**lled little G**er**da **o**ut of the carria**g**e.

"**Sh**e **i**s fat and pretty, and **sh**e has been fed with the **k**ärnel**s** of nuts," said the old robber-w**ö**man, **wh**o had a long **be**ard and **ey**e**br**ow**s** **th**at hung **o**ver h**er** **ey**e**s**.

"**Sh**e **i**s **as** g**o**öd **as** a little lamb; how **ni**ç**e** **sh**e will taste!" and **as** **sh**e said **this**, **sh**e drew **f**ör**th** a **sh**ining **kn**ife, **th**at glittered horribly.

"**O**h!" scre**a**med the **o**ld w**ö**man the **sa**me **mo**ment; **f**ör h**er** **o**wn d**ä**ughter, **wh**o held h**er** back, had bitten h**er** in the **ea**r. **Sh**e **wa**s a wild and n**ä**ughty g**ir**l, and the **m**ö**th**er c**ä**lled h**er** an ugly **th**ing, and had not **ti**me to kill G**er**da.



"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 robber**s** **lâughed**, and said, "**See how she is** **dancîng 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** clâs**ped** little Gêrda **round** the **waist**, and said,—

"They shall not kill **you** **as** long **as** **you** **don't** **make** us vex**ed** **with** **you**. I **suppos**e **you** **äre** a **prin**cess."

"No," said Gêrda; and **then she** **told** **hêr** **âll** **hêr** history, and **how** fond **she** **wâs** of little Kay.

The robber-gîrl **look**ed **ê**arnestly at **hêr**, nodded **hêr** head **sligh**tly, and said, "**They shä**'nt kill **you**, **even** if I **de** get angry **with** **you**; **fôr** I will **de** it **myself**." And **then she** **wipe**d Gêrda's **eyes**, and stuck **hêr** **own** hands in the **beautif**ul muff **which** **wâs** so soft and **wä**rm.

The **coach** stop**ped** in the **côurtyä**rd of a robber's **cä**stle, the **wälls** of **which** **wêre** crack**ed** from top to **bottom**. **Raven**s and **crow**s flew in and **out** of the **hole**s and crev**ices**, **while** **great** bulldogs, **either** of **which** **look**ed **as** if it **cou**ld sw**allow** a man, **wêre** jumping **about**; but **they** **wêre** not **allow**ed to **bä**rk. In the **lärg**e and smoky **häll** a **bri**ght fire **wâs** **bü**rning on the **stone** **flô**or. **There** **wâs** **no** **chim**ney; so the **smoke** went up to the **ç**eiling, and **found** a **way** **out** **fôr** itself. **Soup** **wâs** boiling in a **lärg**e **cä**uldron, and **hare**s and rabbits **wêre** **ro**asting on the spit.

"**You shall** **sleep with** **me** and **âll** **my** little **animal**s **to-ni**ght," said the robber-gîrl, **ä**fter **they** had had **some** **th**ing to **eat** and drink. **So she** **tô**ok Gêrda to a **cô**rn**er** of the **häll**, **where** **some** str**ä**w and **cä**rpets **wêre** **laid** **down**. **Above** **them**, on **lath**s and **pêr**ches, **wêre** **môre** **than** a hundred **pige**ons, **wh**e **âll** **seemed** to **be** **asleep**, **ä**l**tho**ugh **they** **m**oved **sligh**tly **when** the **tw**e little **gîrl**s **came** **near** **them**. "**Thes**e **âll** **belong** to **me**," said the robber-gîrl; and **she** **seiz**ed the **ne**arest to **hêr**, held it **by** the **feet**, and **sh**o**ok** it till it flapp**ed** its wings. "Kiss it," **cried** **she**, flapping it in Gêrda's **fa**çe. "**There** sit the **wô**od-pige**ons**," **c**ontin**ued** **she**, pointing to a number of **lath**s and a **cag**e **which** had **been** **fix**ed into the **wälls**, **near** one of the **open**ings.

“**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 Gêrda into bed with her.

“Will you have that knife with you while you are asleep?” asked Gêrda, 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 Gêrda repeated her story over again, while the wood-pigeons in the cage over her ceeed, 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 Gêrda 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, “Cee, cee; we have seen little Kay. A white fowl carried his sledgè, 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. Cee, cee.”

“What are you saying up there?” cried Gêrda. “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 Gêrda.

“Lie still,” said the robber-girl, “or I shall run my knife into your body.”

In the mōrning Gêrda told hêr âll **th**at the wōōd-pigeōnš had said; and the little robber-gîrl lōōked **q**uite **s**erious, and nodded hêr head, and said, “**Th**at **i**š **â**ll **t**â/k, **th**at **i**š **â**ll **t**â/k. **D**e **y**ou **k**now **w**here Lapland **i**š?” **s**he âsked the reindeer.

“**Wh**e **sh**ould know better **th**an I **d**e?” said the animal, **w**hile hiš **e**yēš spârkled. “I **w**âš **b**ōrn and brōught up **th**ere, and **u**sed to run about the snow-cōvered plains.”

“**N**ow listen,” said the robber-gîrl; “all **ô**ur men **â**re gone away,— **ô**nly mōther **i**š here, and here **s**he will stay; but at **n**een **s**he âlways drinks **ô**ut of a great bottle, and âfterwardš sleeps fôr a little **w**hile; and **th**en, I'll **d**e **s**omethîng fôr **y**ou.” **Th**en **s**he jumped **ô**ut of bed, clâsped hêr mōther **r**ound the neck, and pulled hêr **b**y the beard, crying, “**M**y **ô**wn little nanny goat, gōōd mōrning.” **Th**en hêr mōther filliped hêr **n**oše till it **w**âš **q**uite red; yet **s**he did it **â**ll fôr **l**ôve.

When the mōther had drunk **ô**ut of the bottle, and **w**âš gone to sleep, the little robber-maiden went to the reindeer, and said, “I **sh**ould **l**ike very much to tickle **y**ôur neck a few **t**imeš **m**ôre **w**ith **m**y knife, fôr it **m**akes **y**ou lōōk so funny; but never mind,—I will untie **y**ôur cōrd, and set **y**ou **f**ree, so **th**at **y**ou may run away to Lapland; but **y**ou must make gōōd **u**se of **y**ôur legš, and carry **th**is little maiden to the câstle of the Snow **Q**ueen, , where hêr play-fellow **i**š. **Y**ou have hêard **w**hat **s**he told me, fôr **s**he spoke **l**oud enough, and **y**ou **w**êre listening.”

Then the reindeer jumped fôr joy; and the little robber-gîrl lifted Gêrda on hiš back, and had the fôrthōught to tie hêr on, and **e**ven to give hêr hêr **ô**wn little cūshion to sit on.

“**H**ere **â**re **y**ôur fûr boots fôr **y**ou,” said **s**he; “for it will **b**e very cold; but I must **k**eeep the muff; it **i**š so pretty. **H**owever, **y**ou shall not **b**e frozen fôr the **w**ant of it; here **â**re **m**y mōther's lârge wârm mittens; they will **r**each up to **y**ôur elbowš. Let me **p**ut them on. **T**here, **n**ow **y**ôur handš lōōk just **l**ike **m**y mōther's.”

But Gêrda wept fôr joy.

“I **d**on't like to **s**ee **y**ou fret,” said the little robber-gîrl; “**y**ou **ô**ught to lōōk **q**uite happy **n**ow; and here **â**re **t**wô loaves and a ham, so **th**at **y**ou need not stârve.” **Th**ese **w**êre fâstened on the reindeer, and **th**en the little robber-maiden **ô**pened the dōor, **c**oaxed in âll the great dogš, and **th**en cut the string with **w**hich the reindeer **w**âš fâstened, with hêr **sh**ârp knife, and said, “**N**ow run, but mind **y**ou **t**ake gōōd **c**are of the little gîrl.” And **th**en Gêrda stretched **ô**ut hêr hand, with the great mitten on it, **t**owârdš the little robber-gîrl, and said, “**F**arewell,” and away flew the reindeer,

over stumps and stones, **throug**h the **gre**at forest, **over m**ärshes and plains, **as** quickly **as** he **cou**ld.

The wölves howled, and the ravens screamed; while up in the sky quivered red lights like flames of fire. “**There ä**re my old **n**örthern lights,” said the reindeer; “**see** how **they** flash.” And he ran on day and night still **fä**ster and **fä**ster, but the loaves and the ham wêre **ä**ll **e**aten by the time **they** **reac**hed Lapland.

Sixth Story:

The Lapland Woman and the Finland Woman



THEY stoppe**d** at a little hut; it **was** very mean l**oo**king; the **ro**of sloped **ne**arly **do**wn to the **gro**und, and the **d**oor **was** so **lo**w **th**at the family had to **cre**ep in on **the**ir hands and **kne**es, when **the**y went in and **ou**t. **There** **was** no one at **ho**me but an **old** Laplandw**o**man, **wh**o **was** **co**oking fish by the **li**ght of a **tr**ain-oil lamp.

The reindeer told hêr **ä**ll about Gêrda 's st**o**ry, **ä**fter having first told his **own**, **wh**ich seemed to him the **mo**st imp**o**rtant, but Gêrda **was** so pinche**d** with the **co**ld **th**at **she** **cou**ld not **s**peak.

“**O**h, you p**o**or **th**ings,” said the Lapland w**o**man, “you have a long way to go yet. You must travel **m**ore **th**an a hundred **mi**les **fä**rther, to Finland. The Snow **Q**ueen, lives **th**ere **n**ow, and **she** **b**urns Bengal **li**ghts every **e**vening. I will **w**rite a few **w**ords on a dried stock-fish, **f**ör I have **n**o paper, and you can **t**ake it



from **m**e to the Finland w**o**man **wh**o lives **th**ere; **she** can give you better information **th**an I can.” So when Gêrda **was** w**ä**rmed, and had **t**aken **so**me**th**ing to **e**at and drink, the w**o**man **w**rote a few **w**ords on the dried fish, and told Gêrda to **t**ake **g**reat care of it.

Then **she** **t**ied hêr **a**gain on the reindeer, and he set off at **f**üll speed. **Flash**, **flash**, went the **be**autiful **bl**ue **n**örthern lights in the **a**ir the **wh**ole **n**ight long. And at length **th**ey **reac**hed Finland, and knocke**d** at the **ch**imney of the Finland woman's hut, **f**ör it had **n**o **d**oor **a**b**o**ve the **gro**und. **They** crept in, but it **was** so terribly hot

inside **that** **that** wóman wóre scaçely any clotheş; **she** waş smáll and very dirty lóoking. **She** loosened little Gerda's dress, and tóok off the fûr boots and the mittens, ór Gêrda wóuld have been unable to bear the heat; and **then she** placed a piece of icê on the reindeer's head, and read **what** **waş** written on the dried fish.

After **she** had read it **three** timeş, **she** knew it by heärt, so **she** popped the fish into the soup sâuçepan, aş **she** knew it waş góod to eat, and **she** never wasted any**th**ing. The reindeer told hiş own stóry first, and **then** little Gêrda's, and the Finlander twinkled with hêr clever eyeş, but **she** said **nóth**ing. "You äre so clever," said the reindeer; "I know you can tie äll the windş of the wórd with a piece of twine. If a sailor untieş one knot, he haş a fair wind; when he untieş the second, it blowş härd; but if the **th**ird and fôur**th** äre loosened, **then** cômeş a stórm, which will reet up whole forests. Cannot you give **this** little maiden **some****th**ing which will make hêr aş strong aş twelve men, to overcome 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 tóok down and unrolled a lãrge skin, on which wêre inscribed wonderful characterş, and **she** read till the pêrspiration ran down from hêr forehead. But the reindeer begged so härd fôr little Gêrda, and Gêrda lóoked at the Finland wóman with such beseeching tearful eyeş, **that** hêr own eyeş began to twinkle again; so **she** drew the reindeer into a córner, and whispered to him while **she** laid a fresh piece of icê on hiş head, "Little Kay is really with the Snow Queen, , but he findş every**th**ing **there** so much to hiş taste and hiş liking, **that** he believes it is the finest place in the wórd; but **this** is because he haş a piece of broken gläss in hiş heärt, and a little piece of gläss in hiş eye. **Theş**e must be taken out, ór 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** haş älready," said the wóman; "don't you see how strong **that** is? How men and animalş äre obliged to sêrve hêr, and how well **she** haş got **th**rough the wórd, barefooted aş **she** is. **She** cannot receive any power from me greater **than** **she** now haş, which consists in hêr own purity and innocençe of heärt. If **she** cannot hêrself obtain access to the Snow Queen, , and remove the gläss fragments from little Kay, we can **do** **nóth**ing to help hêr. Two mileş from here the Snow Queen's gärden begins; you can carry the little gîrl so fãr, and set hêr down by the lãrge bush which standş in the snow, covered with red berries. **Do** not stay gossiping, but côme back here aş quickly

as you can." Then the Finland woman lifted little Gêrda upon the reindeer, and he ran away with her 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 her, and the great bright tears trickled over the animal's cheeks; then he left her 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 her; 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 her, 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 her own breath come out of her mouth like steam as she uttered the words. The steam appeared to increase, as she continued her 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 her prayers, a whole Legion stood round her. 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 her 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 wálls of the paláçe wêre fôrmed of drifted snow, and the windows and dôorsof the cutting winds. There wêre móre than a hundred reemş in it, áll aş if they had been fôrmed with snow blown together.

The lărgest of them extended fôr several miles; they wêre áll lighted up by the vivid light of the áurôra, and they wêre so lărg and empty, so icy cold and glittering! There wêre no amuşements here, not even a little bear's báll, when the stôrmiight have been the muşic, and the bears could have danced on their hind legş, and shown their góod mannerş. There wêre no pleasant gameş of snap-dragon, ôr touch, ôr even a gossip over the tea-table, fôr the young-lady foxes.

Empty, văst, and cold wêre the hállş of the Snow Queen. The flickering flame of the nôrthern lights could be plainly seen, whether they roşe high ôr low in the heavens, from every părt of the căstle. In the midst of its empty, endless háll of snow wăş a frozen lake, broken on its sŭrfaçe into a thouşand fôrms; each piece reşembled anôther, from being in itself pêrfect aş a wôrke of ârt, and in the çentre of this lake sat the Snow Queen, , when she wăş at home.



She cálled the lake “The Mirror of Reaşon,” and said that it wăş the best, and indeed the only one in the wôrld.

Little Kay wăş quite blue with cold, indeed álmôst black, but he did not feel it; fôr the Snow Queen, had kisseđ away the icy shiverings, and hiş heărt wăş álready a lump of ice. He dragged sôme shărp, flat pieces of ice to and fro, and placed them together in áll kinds of positions, aş if he wished to make sômetthing out of them; just aş we try to fôrme various figŭres with little tablets of wôod which we cáll “a Chinesi puzzle.” Kay's fingerş wêre very ârtistic; it wăş the icy game of reaşon at which he played, and in hiş eyesh the figŭres wêre very remărkable, and of the highest impôrtañçe; this opiniôn wăş owing to the piece of

gläss still sticking in hiş eyē. He cōmposēd many cōmplete figūres, fōrming different wōrds, but **there wās** one wōrd he never cōuld managē to fōrm, **althoūgh he wishēd** it very much. It wās the wōrd “Eternity.” The Snow Queen, had said to him, “When **you** can find **out this**, **you shall be yōur own mässter**, and I will give **you** the whole wōrld and a new pair of skates.” But he cōuld not accōmplish it.

“**Now** I must hasten away to wārmer countries,” said the Snow Queen, . “I will go and lōok into the black craterş of the tops of the bŭrning mountains, Etna and Vesuvius, **as they āre cāllēd**,—I shall make **them lōok white**, **which** will be gōōd fōr **them**, and fōr the lemons and the grapes.” And away flew the Snow Queen, , leaving little Kay quite alone in the great hāll **which wās** so many miles in length; so he sat and lōōked at hiş piēces of icē, and wās thinking so deeply, and sat so still, **that** any one might have supposēd he wās frozen.

Just at **this moment** it happened **that** little Gērda came **througħ** the great dōor of the cās̄tle. Cutting winds wēre raging around hēr, but **she** offered up a prayer and the winds sank down **as if they wēre going to sleep**; and **she** went on till **she** came to the lārgē empty hāll, and cāught sight of Kay; **she** knew him directly; **she** flew to him and **threw hēr ārms ound hiş neck**, and held him fās̄t, **while she** exclaimed, “Kay, dear little Kay, I have found **you** at lās̄t.”

But he sat quite still, stiff and cold.

Then little Gērda wept hot tearş, **which** fell on hiş breast, and penetrated into hiş heārt, and **thāwēd** the lump of icē, and **washēd** away the little piēce of gläss **which** had stuck **there**. **Then he lōōked** at hēr, and **she** sang—

“**Rosēs bloom** and **cease to be**,

But **we shall the Christ-child see**.”

Then Kay bŭrst into tearş, and he wept so **that** the splinter of gläss swam **out** of hiş eyē. **Then he** recognized Gērda, and said, joyfully, “Gērda, dear little Gērda, **where** have **you** been **āll this time**, and **where** have I been?” And he lōōked āll **around** him, and said, “**How cold it is**, and **how lārgē** and empty it **āll lōōks**,” and he clung to Gērda, and **she lāughēd** and wept fōr joy. It wās so pleāsing to see **them that** the piēces of icē even dāncēd **about**; and **when they wēre tired** and went to lie down, **they fōrmed themselves** into the letterş of the wōrd **which** the Snow Queen, had said he must find **out befōre** he cōuld be hiş own mässter, and have the whole wōrld and a pair of new skates. **Then** Gērda kisēd hiş cheeks, and **they** became bloōming; and **she** kisēd hiş eyēş, and **they shone** like hēr

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 **certain** **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** an **other** 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 **Gêrda** **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** **Gêrda** 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 **Gêrda** directly, and **Gêrda** 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 **Gêrda** patted **her** **cheeks**, and **asked** **after** the **prince** and **princess**.

“**They** **are** gone to **foreign** **countries**,” said the **robber-girl**.

“And the **crow**?” **asked** **Gêrda**.

“**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 ri^ght at lăst,” said the robber-gîrl.

Then she tóok both their hands, and promised that if ever she shóuld păs^s th^{ro}ugh the tówn, she wóuld cáll and pay them a vi^sit. And then she rode away into the wíde wô^rld. But Gêrda and Kay went hand-in-hand towâ^rds home; and as they advanc^ed, spring appeare^d mô^re lóvely with its green verdure and its beautiful flower^s. Very se^en they recognized the lă^rge tówn where they lived, and the táll steeple^s of the chû^rche^s, in whi^ch the sweet bell^s wê^re ringing a merry peal as they entered it, and found their way to their grandmother's dô^r.

They went upstairs into the little r^{oo}m, where âll lóok^ed just as it us^ed to d^o. The old clock wă^s going “tick, tick,” and the hands pointed to the time of day, but as they păsse^d th^{ro}ugh the dô^r into the r^{oo}m they pê^rceiv^ed that they wê^re both grown up, and becô^me a man and wô^man.



The ro^se^s out on the r^{oo}f wê^re in füll bl^{oo}m, and peep^ed in at the wind^ow; and there stó^od the little chair^s, on whi^ch they had sat when child^ren; and Kay and Gêrda seate^d themselv^es each on their own chair, and held each ô^ther by the hand, whi^le the cold empty grandeur of the Snow Queen's pală^{ce} vanish^ed from their memori^es like a painfûl dre^am. The grandmother sat in God's bri^ght sunshⁱne, and she read al^oud from the Bible, “Except ye becô^me as little child^ren, ye shall in no wí^se enter into the kingdô^m of God.” And Kay and Gêrda lóok^ed into each ô^ther's ey^es, and âll at onc^e understó^od the wô^rd^s of the old song,

“Ro^se^s bl^{oo}m and ce^ase to be,

But we shall the Chrⁱst-child see.”

And they both sat there, grown up, yet child^ren at he^art; and it wă^s summer,—warm, beautiful summer.



The Elfin Hill

Hans Christian Andersen 1845



FEW **l**ärg**e** lizard**s** w**ê**re running nimbly ab**o**ut in the clefts of an **o**ld tree; **t**hey c**o**uld understand one an**o**th**e**r very well, **f**ör **t**hey spok**e** the lizard language. “**W**h**a**t a buzzing and a rumbling **t**here **i**s in the elfin hill,” said one of the lizard**s**; “I have not **b**een **a**ble to cl**o**se my **e**y**e**s **f**ör tw**e** nights on acc**o**unt of the no**i**s**e**; I m**i**ght just **a**s well have had the **t**ee**t**h**ä**che, **f**ör **t**hat **ä**lways **k**eeps me awake.”

“**T**here **i**s som**e**th**i**ng going on with**i**n **t**here,” said the **o**th**e**r lizard; “**t**hey grop**e**d up the top of the hill with **f**ör red posts, till cock-crow **t**his m**ö**rning, **s**o **t**hat it **i**s **t**h**ö**roughly aired, and the elfin g**i**rl**s** have l**ê**arnt new dan**ç**es; **t**here **i**s som**e**th**i**ng.”

“I spok**e** ab**o**ut it to an **ê**ar**t**h-w**ö**rm of my **a**cquaintan**ç**e,” said a **t**h**i**rd lizard; “the **ê**ar**t**h-w**ö**rm had just c**ö**me from the elfin hill, **w**here he has **b**een groping ab**o**ut in the **ê**ar**t**h day and night. He has **h**êard a great deal; **ä**l**t**h**ö**ugh he cannot see, p**ö**or mis**e**rab**l**e creat**u**re, yet he understands very well **h**ow to wriggle and l**û**rk ab**o**ut. **T**hey expect friend**s** in the elfin hill, grand c**ö**mpany, **t**ee; but **w**h**e** **t**hey **ä**re the **ê**ar**t**h-w**ö**rm w**ö**uld not say, **ö**r, p**ê**rhaps, he really did not **k**now. **ä**ll the will-o'-the-wisps **ä**re **ö**rd**e**red to **b**e **t**here to hold a **t**ö**r**ch dan**ç**e, **a**s it **i**s c**ä**ll**e**d. The silver and gold **w**h**i**ch **i**s plentiful in the hill will **b**e polish**e**d and plac**e**d **ö**ut in the m**ö**onlight.”

“**W**h**e** can the stran**g**er**s** **b**e?” **ä**s**k**ed the lizard**s**; “what can the matter **b**e? H**ä**rk, **w**h**a**t a buzzing and humming **t**here **i**s!”

Just at **t**his m**ö**ment the elfin hill **ö**pen**e**d, and an **ö**ld elfin maid**e**n, in a hollow behind,¹ came tripping **ö**ut; **s**he **w**ä**s** the **ö**ld elf king's **h**ouse**k**eeper, and a distant relative of the family; **t**her**e**f**ö**re **s**he w**ö**re an amber h**ê**ä**r**t on the middle of h**ê**r forehead. H**ê**r feet m**ö**ved very **f**ä**s**t, “trip, trip;” g**ö**ö**d** gr**a**ç**i**ous, **h**ow **s**he c**ö**uld trip **r**i**g**ht **d**own to the **s**ea to the night-raven.²

“**Y**ou **ä**re invited to the elf hill **f**ör **t**his **e**vening,” said **s**he; “but will you **d**e me a great **f**avor and undert**a**ke the invit**a**ti**ö**n**s**? you **ö**ught to **d**e som**e**th**i**ng, **f**ör you have **n**o **h**ouse**k**eeping to attend to **a**s I have. **W**e **ä**re going to have **s**ome very grand **p**eo**p**le, conjuror**s**, **w**h**e** have **ä**lways som**e**th**i**ng to say; and **t**her**e**f**ö**re the **ö**ld 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?”

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 begun, 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 ladies?"

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 a 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 **th**rough **th**at part of the country, and had her little daughter, whe was a princess, with her. **Ä**ll the people, amongst **th**em Karen **t**ee, streamed towards the castle, where the little princess, in fine white clothes, stood before the window and allowed herself to be stared at. **S**he wore neither a train nor a golden crown, but beautiful red morocco shes; **th**ey were indeed much finer **th**an **th**ose which the sheemaker's wife had sewn for little Karen. **T**here **i**s really nothing in the world **th**at can be compared to red shes!

Karen was now old enough to be confirmed; **s**he received some new clothes, and **s**he was **ä**lso to have some new shes. The rich sheemaker in the town took the measure of her little foot in his own reem, in which **th**ere stood great glass cases full of pretty shes and white slippers. It **ä**ll looked very lovely, but the old lady could not see very well, and **th**erefore did not get much pleasure **o**ut of it. Amongst the shes stood a pair of red ones, like **th**ose which the princess had worn. How beautiful **th**ey were! and the sheemaker said **th**at **th**ey had been made for a count's daughter, but **th**at **th**ey had not fitted her.

"I suppose **th**ey **ä**re of shiny leather?" **ä**sked the old lady. "**T**hey shine so."

"Yes, **th**ey **d**e shine," said Karen. **T**hey fitted her, and were bought. But the old lady knew nothing of **th**eir being red, for **s**he would never have allowed Karen to be confirmed in red shes, **a**s **s**he was now to be.

Everybody looked at her feet, and the whole of the way from the **ch**urch door to the choir it seemed to her **a**s if even the ancient figures on the monuments, in **th**eir stiff collars and long black robes, had **th**eir eyes fixed on her red shes. It was only of **th**ese **th**at **s**he **th**ought when the clergyman laid his hand upon her head and spoke of the holy baptism, of the covenant with God, and told her **th**at **s**he was now to be a grown-up Christian. The **o**rgan pealed forth solemnly, and the sweet children's voices mingled with **th**at of **th**eir old leader; but Karen **th**ought only of her red shes. In the **ä**fternoon the old lady heard from everybody **th**at Karen had worn red shes. **S**he said **th**at it was a shocking **th**ing to do, **th**at it was very improper, and **th**at Karen was **ä**lways to go to **ch**urch in future in black shes, even if **th**ey were old.

On the following Sunday **th**ere was Communion. Karen looked first at the black shes, **th**en at the red ones — looked at the red ones again, and put **th**em on.

The sun was shining gloriously, so Karen and the old lady went along the footpath **th**rough the corn, where it was **r**äther dusty.

At the **chûrch** d^oor st^ood an **old** crippled **soldier** le^aning on a crutch; **he** had a w^onderf^ully long be^ard, m^ore red **than** whⁱte, and **he** bowed d^own to the gr^ound and **â**ske^d the **old** lady wh^ether **he** mi^ght wi^pe h^er **sho**e^s. **Then** Karen p^ut **o**ut h^er little f^oot t^{ee}. “**De**ar **me**, wh^at pretty dan^çing-**sho**e^s!” said the **soldier**. “Sit f^ast, when **y**ou dan^çe,” said **he**, addressing the **sho**e^s, and slapping the sol^es with his hand.

The **old** lady g^ave the **soldier** s^ome m^oney and **then** went with Karen into the **chûrch**.

And **â**ll the **pe**ople insⁱde l^ook^ed at Karen's red **sho**e^s, and **â**ll the fig^ure^s g^azed at **them**; when Karen knelt bef^ore the **â**ltar and p^ut the golden goblet to h^er m^outh, **she** th^ought **only** of the red **sho**e^s. It s^eemed to h^er **a**s th^ough **they** w^ere swimming ab^out in the goblet, and **she** forgot to sing the ps^alm, forgot to say the “**L**ord's **P**ray^er.”

Now every one c^ame **o**ut of **chûrch**, and the **old** lady stepp^ed into h^er carria^ge. But just **a**s Karen w^as lifting up h^er f^oot to get in t^{ee}, the **old** **soldier** said: “**De**ar **me**, wh^at pretty dan^çing **sho**e^s!” and Karen c^oul^d not help it, **she** w^as oblig^ed to dan^çe a few steps; and when **she** had on^çe begun, h^er leg^s c^ontinu^ed to dan^çe. It s^eemed **a**s if the **sho**e^s had got p^ower **o**ver **them**. **She** dan^çe^d **o**und the **chûrch** c^orner, f^or **she** c^oul^d not stop; the co^achman had to run **â**fter h^er and seⁱze h^er. **He** lifted h^er into the carria^ge, but h^er fe^et c^ontinu^ed to dan^çe, **so** **that** **she** kick^ed the g^ood **old** lady violently. At l^ast **they** t^ook off h^er **sho**e^s, and h^er leg^s w^ere at rest.

At h^ome the **sho**e^s w^ere p^ut into the cupb^oard, but Karen c^oul^d not help l^ookⁱng at **them**.

Now the **old** lady fell ill, and it w^as said **that** **she** w^oul^d not ris^e from h^er bed again. **She** had to be n^urs^ed and wait^ed upon, and **this** w^as no one's duty m^ore **than** Karen's. But **there** w^as a grand b^all in the t^own, and Karen w^as invit^ed. **She** l^ook^ed at the red **sho**e^s, saying to h^erself **that** **there** w^as no sin in d^oing **that**; **she** p^ut the red **sho**e^s on, thⁱnking **there** w^as no h^arm in **that** **either**; and **then** **she** went to the b^all; and commen^ce^d to dan^çe.

But when **she** w^anted to go to the rⁱght, the **sho**e^s dan^çe^d to the left, and when **she** w^anted to dan^çe up the r^oom, the **sho**e^s dan^çe^d d^own the r^oom, d^own the stair^s th^rough the str^eet, and **o**ut th^rough the g^ates of the t^own. **She** dan^çe^d, and w^as oblig^ed to dan^çe, f^ar **o**ut into the d^ar^k w^ood. Suddenly s^omething sh^one up among the tr^ee^s, and **she** believ^ed it w^as the m^oon, f^or it w^as a f^açe. 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** her sin, and the executioner struck off her feet with the red **shoes**; but the **shoes** danced away with the little feet across the field into the deep forest.

And he carved her a pair of wooden feet and some crutches, and taught her 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 her, 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 her. Then she became terrified, and turned back and repented right heartily of her 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 her, and was with good people. The pastor's wife had pity on her, and took her 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 her very much, but when they spoke about dress and grandeur and beauty she would shake her head.

On the following Sunday they all went to church, and she was asked whether she wished to go too; but, with tears in her eyes, she looked sadly at her crutches. And then the others went to hear God's Word, but she went alone into her little room; this was only large enough to hold the bed and a chair. Here she sat down with her hymn-book, and as she was reading it with a pious mind, the wind carried the notes of the organ over to her from the church, and in tears she lifted up her face and said: “O God! help me!”

Then the sun shone so brightly, and right before her 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 pealing 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

cärvéd at äll; yet **there he wäs, älwäys lööking** at the **table** under the lööking-gläss, where stöód a very pretty little **shepherdess** made of **china**. Hêr **shoes** wêre gilt, and hêr dress had a red **roşe** ör an örnament. **She** wöre a hat, and carried a cröök, **that wêre both** gilded, and lööked very **bright** and pretty. **Cloşe** by hêr side stöód a little **chimney-sweep**, aš black aš coal, and älsö made of **china**. He wäs, however, **quite aš** clean and neat aš any öther **china** figûre; he öny represented a black **chimney-sweep**, and the **china** wörkers might just aš well have made him a prinçe, had **they** felt inclined to dö so. He stöód holding hiš ladder **quite** handily, and hiš **face wäs aš** fair and rošy aš a girl's; indeed, **that wäs räther** a mistake, it **shöüld** have had some black märks on it. He and the **shepherdess** had **been pläçed** cloşe together, side by side; and, **being so pläçed, they** became engaged to **each öther**, fôr **they wêre** very well suited, **being both** made of the same sôrt of **china**, and **being** **equally** fragile.

Cloşe to **them** stöód anöther figûre, **three times aš** lärgé aš **they wêre**, and älsö made of **china**. He wäs an **old Chinaman**, **who** cöüld nod hiš head, and **used** to pretend **that he wäs** the grandfäther of the **shepherdess**, **älsö** **though** he cöüld not prove it. He however assumed **äuthörity** over hêr, and **thereföre** when “Major-general-field-sêrgéant-commander Billy-goat's-legs” äsked fôr the little **shepherdess** to be hiš wife, he nodded hiš head to **show that he** consented. “**You** will have a husband,” said the **old Chinaman** to hêr, “**who** I really believe is made of mahogany. He will make you a lady of Major-general-field-sêrgéant-commander Billy-goat's-legs. He has the whole cupboard full of silver plate, **which he** keeps locked up in secret dräwers.”

“I won't go into the därk cupboard,” said the little **shepherdess**. “I have hêard **that he** has eleven **china** wives **there** älsö.”

“Then **you shall** be the twelfth,” said the **old Chinaman**. “To-night aš soon aš **you** hear a rattling in the **old** cupboard, **you shall** be married, aš true aš I am a **Chinaman**,” and **then he** nodded hiš head and fell asleep.

Then the little **shepherdess** cried, and lööked at hêr sweetheärt, the **china chimney-sweep**. “I must entreät **you**,” said **she**, “to go out with me into the wide wörl, fôr **we** cannot stay here.”

“I will dö **whatever you** wish,” said the little **chimney-sweep**; “let us go immediately: I **think** I **shall** be able to maintain **you** with my profession.”

“If **we wêre** but safely döwn from the table!” said **she**; “I **shall** not be happy till **we** äre really out in the wörl.”

Then he comforted her, and showed her how to place her little foot on the carved edge and gilt-leaf ornaments of the table. He brought his little ladder to help her, and so they contrived to reach the floor. But when they looked at the old cupboard, they saw it was all in an uproar. The carved stags pushed out their heads, raised their antlers, and twisted their necks. The major-general sprung up in the air; and cried out to the old Chinaman, "They are running away! they are running away!" The two were rather frightened at this, so they jumped into the drawer of the window-seat. Here were three or four packs of cards not quite complete, and a doll's theatre, which had been built up very neatly.

A comedy was being performed in it, and all the queens of diamonds, clubs, and hearts,, and spades, sat in the first row fanning themselves with tulips, and behind them stood all the knaves, showing that they had heads above and below as playing cards generally have. The play was about two lovers, who were not allowed to marry, and the shepherdess wept because it was so like her own story. "I cannot bear it," said she, "I must get out of the drawer;" but when they reached the floor, and cast their eyes on the table, there was the old Chinaman awake and shaking his whole body, till all at once down he came on the floor, "plump." "The old Chinaman is coming," cried the little shepherdess in a fright, and down she fell on one knee.

"I have thought of something," said the chimney-sweep; "let us get into the great pot-pourri jar which stands in the corner; there we can lie on rose-leaves and lavender, and throw salt in his eyes if he comes near us."

"No, that will never do," said she, "because I know that the Chinaman and the pot-pourri jar were lovers once, and there always remains behind a feeling of good-will between those who have been so intimate as that. No, there is nothing left for us but to go out into the wide world."

"Have you really courage enough to go out into the wide world with me?" said the chimney-sweep; "have you thought how large it is, and that we can never come back here again?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

When the chimney-sweep saw that she was 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 too high for any one to reach us, and we

shall come ~~throu~~gh a hole in the top ~~out into~~ the wide w~~or~~ld.” So he led h~~er~~ to the d~~o~~or of the stove.

“It l~~oo~~ks very d~~är~~k,” said **she**; still **she** went in with him ~~throu~~gh the stove and ~~throu~~gh the pipe, where it w~~as~~ a~~s~~ d~~är~~k a~~s~~ pitch.

“Now we ~~ä~~re in the **chimney**,” said he; “and l~~oo~~k, **there** is a be~~au~~tif~~ul~~ st~~är~~ **shining** above it.” It w~~as~~ a real st~~är~~ **shining** down upon **them** a~~s~~ if it w~~ou~~ld **show** **them** the way. So **they** clambered, and crept on, and a fr~~igh~~tful steep place it w~~as~~; but the **chimney-sweep** help~~ed~~ h~~er~~ and supp~~or~~ted h~~er~~, till **they** got h~~igh~~er and h~~igh~~er. He **show**ed h~~er~~ the best places on **which** to set h~~er~~ little **china** f~~oo~~t, so at l~~äs~~t **they** re~~ach~~ed the top of the **chimney**, and sat **themselv**e~~s~~ down, f~~ör~~ **they** w~~ere~~ very tired, a~~s~~ may be suppo~~s~~ed.

The sky, with ~~ä~~ll its st~~är~~s, w~~as~~ over **their** head~~s~~, and below w~~ere~~ the r~~oo~~fs of the t~~own~~. **They** c~~ou~~ld see f~~ör~~ a very long distan~~ce~~ ~~out into~~ the wide w~~or~~ld, and the p~~ö~~or little **shepherdess** le~~an~~ed h~~er~~ head on h~~er~~ **chimney-sweep's** sh~~ou~~lder, and wept till **she** wash~~ed~~ the gilt off h~~er~~ sash; the w~~or~~ld w~~as~~ so different to ~~wh~~at **she** expected. “This is ~~tee~~ much,” **she** said; “I cannot bear it, the w~~or~~ld is ~~tee~~ l~~är~~ge. **Oh**, I wish I w~~ere~~ safe back on the table. again, under the l~~oo~~king gl~~ä~~ss; I **shall** never be happy till I am safe back again. Now I have follow~~ed~~ **you** ~~out into~~ the wide w~~or~~ld, **you** will take me back, if **you** l~~ö~~ve me.”

Then the **chimney-sweep** tried to rea~~son~~ with h~~er~~, and spok~~e~~ of the old **Chinaman**, and of the Major-~~g~~eneral-field-s~~er~~geant-commander Billy- go~~at's~~ leg~~s~~; but **she** sobbed so bitterly, and kiss~~ed~~ h~~er~~ little **chimney-sweep** till he w~~as~~ oblig~~ed~~ to d~~e~~ ~~ä~~ll **she** äsk~~ed~~, fool~~ish~~ a~~s~~ it w~~as~~. And so, with a great deal of trouble, **they** climb~~ed~~ down the **chimney**, and **then** crept ~~throu~~gh the pipe and stove, **which** w~~ere~~ c~~er~~tainly not very pleas~~an~~t places. **Then** **they** st~~oo~~d in the d~~är~~k fire-box, and list~~en~~ed behind the d~~ö~~or, to hear ~~wh~~at w~~as~~ going on in the r~~oo~~m. A~~s~~ it w~~as~~ ~~ä~~ll quiet, **they** peep~~ed~~ out. Alas! **there** lay the old **Chinaman** on the fl~~ö~~or; he had f~~ä~~llen down from the table a~~s~~ he attempted to run äfter **them**, and w~~as~~ broken into **three** pieces; hi~~s~~ back had separated entirely, and hi~~s~~ head had roll~~ed~~ into a c~~ör~~ner of the r~~oo~~m. The major-~~g~~eneral st~~oo~~d in hi~~s~~ old place, and appear~~ed~~ lost in th~~ö~~ught.

“**This** is terrible,” said the little **shepherdess**. “My p~~ö~~or old grandfäther is broken to pieces, and it is ~~ö~~ur f~~ä~~ult. I **shall** never live äfter **this**,” and **she** wrung h~~er~~ little hand~~s~~.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

“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 her; 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 work!” 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 for such work as that.”

“This needle is quite useless for sewing now,” said the fingers; but they still held it fast, and the cook dropped some sealing-wax on the needle, and fastened her handkerchief with it in front.

“So now I am a breast-pin,” said the darning-needle; “I knew very well I should come to honor some day: merit is sure to rise;” and she laughed, quietly to herself, for of course no one ever saw a darning-needle laugh. And there she sat as proudly as if she were in a state coach, and looked all around her. “May I be allowed to ask if you are made of gold?” she inquired of her neighbor, a pin; “you have a very pretty appearance, and a curious head, although you are rather small.

You must take pains to grow, for it is not every one who has sealing-wax dropped upon him;” and as she spoke, the darning-needle drew herself 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 water, “I do hope I shall not be lost.” But she really was lost in a gutter. “I am too fine for this world,” said the darning-needle, as she lay in the gutter; “but I know who I am, and that is always some comfort.” So the darning-needle kept up her proud behavior, and did not lose her good humor.

Then there floated over her all sorts of things,—chips and straws, 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 nothing in the world but himself—only a chip. There's a straw going by now; how he turns and twists about! Don't be thinking too much of yourself, or you may chance 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 thought 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.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

So the little gîrl went on with hêr little naked feet, which wêre quite red and blue with the cold. In an old aprôn she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in hêr hands. No one had bôught anythîng of hêr the whole day, nôr had anyone given hêr even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; pôor little child, she lòoked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on hêr long, fair hair, which hung in cûrls on hêr shoulders, but she regârded them not.

Lights wêre shining from every window, and there wâs a savory smell of roast geese, fôr it wâs New-year's eve—yes, she remembered that. In a côrner, between twô houses, one of which projected beyond the ôther, she sank down and huddled hêrself together. She had drâwn hêr little feet under hêr, but she coul'd not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, fôr she had sold no matches, and coul'd not take home even a penny of money. Hêr fâther wou'd cêrtainly beat hêr; besides, it wâs âlmost as cold at home as here, fôr they had only the roof to còver them, throug which the wind howled, âltho' the largest holes had been stoppe'd up with strâw and rags. Hêr little hands wêre âlmost frozen with the cold.

Ah! pêrhaps a bûrning match might be some gôod, if she coul'd drâw it from the bundle and strike it against the wâll, just to wârm hêr fingers. She drew one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it bûrnt! It gave a wârm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held hêr hand over it. It wâs really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little gîrl that she wâs sitting by a largè iron stove, with polishèd brâss feet and a brâss ôrnamant. How the fire bûrned! and seemed so beautifully wârm that the child stretchèd out hêr feet as if to wârm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanishèd, and she had only the remain's of the hâlf-bûrnt match in hêr hand.

She rubbed anôther match on the wâll. It bûrst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wâll it became as transparent as a veil, and she coul'd see into the room. The table wâs còvered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stòod a splendid dinner sêrvicè, and a steaming roast geese, stuffèd with apples and dried plums. And what wâs still môre wonderful, the geese jumpe'd down from the dish and waddled across the flôor, with a knife and fôr in its breast, to the little gîrl. Then the match went out, and there remained nôthing but the thîck, damp, cold wâll befôre hêr.

She lighted another match, and **then she** found hêrself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It wâs lârger and môrre beautilfully decorated **than** the one which **she** had seen **throug**h the glâss dôor at the rich mêrchant's. **thousands** of tapers wêre bûrning upon the green branches, and colôred pictures, like **thos**e **she** had seen in the **show-windows**, lóokèd down upon it âll. The little one stretchèd out hêr hand towârd**s** them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights ro**s**e higher and higher, till **they** lóokèd to hêr like the stârs in the sky. **Then she** sâw a stâr fâll, lea**ving** behind it a bright streak of fire. "Someone is **dy**ing," **th**ôught 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 fâlls, 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 loving in hêr appearan**ce**. "Grandmóther," cried the little one, "**O** take me with you; I know you will go away when the match bûrns 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 upwards in brightness and joy fâ**r** abóve the eâ**th**, where **there** wâs neither cold nôr hunger nôr pain, fôr **they** wêre with God.

In the down of mórning **there** lay the pôor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, lea**ning** against the wâll; **she** had been frozen to dea**th** on the lãst evening of the year; and the New-year's sun ro**s**e and shone upon a little côrps**e**! The **child** still sat, in the stiffness of dea**th**, holding the matches in hêr hand, one bundle of which wâs bûrnt. "She tried to wârm hêrself," said sôme. No one imaginèd whât beautilf**ul** **things** **she** had seen, nôr int**o** 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 flower\$ stòod in the balcóny, blooming beaútifúly in the hot sun; and this còuld not have been unless they had been wátered carefúly. Therefóre some one must be in the hòuse to dè this. The dòor\$ leading to the balcóny wêre hâlf opened in the evening; and álthoúgh in the frónt reem ál wás dârk, mu\$ic còuld be hêard from the interior of the hòuse.

The foreign lèarned man cònsidered this mu\$ic very deli\$htfúly; but pêrhaps he fancied it; fôr everythíng in the\$e wârm countriè\$ pleasèd him, exçepting the heat of the sun. The foreign landlòrd said he did not know whò had taken the oppòsite hòuse — nobody wás to be seen there; and a\$ to the mu\$ic, he thòught it seemed very tedious, to him most uncommonly so. "It i\$ just a\$ if some one wás practising a pièçe that he còuld not managè; it i\$ álways the same pièçe. He thinks, I suppo\$e, that he will be able to managè it at lãst; but I dè not think so, hòwever long he may play it."



Onçè the foreigner wòke in the níght.

He slept with the dòor open whích led to the balcóny; the wind had raísed the cùrtain befóre it, and there appeared a wònderfúly bri\$htness over ál in the balcóny of the oppòsite hòuse. The flower\$ seemed like flame\$ of the most gòrgeous còlor\$, and amòng the flower\$ stòod a beaútifúly slender maiden. It wás to him a\$ if li\$ht streamed from hêr, and dazzled hi\$ eyè\$; but then he had only just opened them, a\$ he awoke from hi\$ sleep. With one spring he wás out of bed, and crept softly behind the cùrtain.

But she wás gone—the bri\$htness had disappeared; the flower\$ no longer appeared like flame\$, álthoúgh still a\$ beaútifúly a\$ ever. The dòor stòod ajär, and from an inner reem sounded mu\$ic so sweet and so lòvely, that it produçed the most enchan\$ing thòughts, and acted on the sense\$ with magic power. Whò còuld live there? Where wás the real entrànçe? fôr, both in the street and in the lane at the side, the whole ground flòor wás a continuation of shops; and people còuld not álways be pãssing throu\$h them.

One evening the foreigner sat in the balcóny. A li\$ht wás búrning in hi\$ own reem, just behind him. It wás quite natural, therefóre, that hi\$ shadow shòuld fáll on

the wāll of the oppoſite houſe; ſo that, aſ he ſat amongſt the flowerſ on hiſ balcony, when he moved, hiſ ſhadow moved ālſo.

“I thīnk my ſhadow iſ the only living thīng to be ſeen oppoſite,” ſaid the lēarned man; “ſee how pleaſantly it ſitſ among the flowerſ. The dōor iſ only ajār; the ſhadow ōught to be clever enough to ſtep in and lōok about him, and then to cōme back and tell me whāt he haſ ſeen. You could make yōurſelf uſeful in thiſ way,” ſaid he, jokingly; “be ſo gōōd aſ to ſtep in now, will you?” and then he nodded to the ſhadow, and the ſhadow nodded in retūrn. “Now go, but don’t ſtay away āltogether.”

Then the foreigner ſtōōd up, and the ſhadow on the oppoſite balcony ſtōōd up ālſo; the foreigner tūrnēd round, the ſhadow tūrnēd; and if any one had obſēved, they might have ſeen it go ſtraight into the hālf-openēd dōor of the oppoſite balcony, aſ the lēarned man re-entered hiſ own rēem, and let the cūrtain fāl. The next mōrning he went out to take hiſ coffee and read the newſpaperſ.

“How iſ thiſ?” he exclaimed, aſ he ſtōōd in the ſunſhine. “I have loſt my ſhadow. So it really did go away yeſterday evening, and it haſ not retūrnēd. Thiſ iſ very annoying.”

And it cērtainly did vex him, not ſo much becauſe the ſhadow wāſ gone, but becauſe he knew there wāſ a ſtōry of a man without a ſhadow. āll the people at home, in hiſ country, knew thiſ ſtōry; and when he retūrnēd, and related hiſ own adventureſ, they would ſay it wāſ only an imitation; and he had no deſire fōr ſuch thīngſ to be ſaid of him. So he deċided not to ſpeak of it at āll, which wāſ a very ſenſible detērmination.

In the evening he went out again on hiſ balcony, taking care to plaċe the light behind him; fōr he knew that a ſhadow ālwayſ wantſ hiſ māſter fōr a ſcreen; but he could not entīċe him out. He made himſelf little, and he made himſelf tāll; but there wāſ no ſhadow, and no ſhadow came. He ſaid, “Hem, a-hem;” but it wāſ āll uſeſſ. That wāſ very vexatious; but in wārm countrieſ everythīng growſ very quickly; and, āfter a week had pāſſed, he ſāw, to hiſ great joy, that a new ſhadow wāſ growing from hiſ feet, when he wālkēd in the ſunſhine; ſo that the rēet muſt have remained.

After three weeks, he had quite a reſpectable ſhadow, which, during hiſ retūrn jōurney to nōrthern landſ, cōntinued to grow, and became at lāſt ſo lārgē that he might very well have ſpared hālf of it. When thiſ lēarned man arrived at home, he

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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, **for** 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**; **for** 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 **poodle** dog.

This **was** done, it might be from pride, **or** 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, **for** 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, **for** I read **all** **that** has ever been written in poetry **or** 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 **for** 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, **or** at least it seemed in partial darkness, **for** 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**th**ing, as ~~you~~ shall hear. But—it really ~~is~~ not pride on my ~~pä~~rt, as a free man and poss~~ess~~ing the knowled**g**e that I ~~de~~, beside**s** my po**s**ition, not to speak of my wealth—I wish ~~you~~ would say **you** to me instead of **thou**.”

“I beg ~~yô~~ur p~~ä~~rdon,” said the ~~learned~~ man; “it ~~is~~ an old habit, ~~which~~ it ~~is~~ difficult to break. ~~You~~ ~~ä~~re quite right; I will try to ~~th~~ink of it. But ~~now~~ tell me every**th**ing that ~~you~~ ~~sä~~w.”

“Everything,” said the **shadow**; “for I ~~sä~~w and know every**th**ing.”

“~~What~~ ~~was~~ the appea**r**ance of the inner ~~reom~~s?” ~~asked~~ the scholar. “~~Was~~ it ~~there~~ like a ~~ceel~~ grove, ~~ör~~ like a holy temple? ~~We~~re the **chamber**s like a stärry sky seen from the top of a ~~high~~ ~~mountain~~?”

“It ~~was~~ ~~ä~~ll that ~~you~~ describe,” said the **shadow**; “but I did not go quite in—I remained in the twilight of the ante-~~reom~~—but I ~~was~~ in a very good po**s**ition,—I could see and hear ~~ä~~ll that ~~was~~ going on in the cö**u**rt of poetry.”

“But ~~what~~ did ~~you~~ see? Did the god**s** of an**c**ient times ~~päss~~ ~~th~~rough the ~~reom~~s? Did old hero**e**s fight **the**ir battle**s** over again? ~~We~~re **the**re lovely **children** at play, ~~who~~ related **the**ir dream**s**?”

“I tell ~~you~~ I have been **the**re, and ~~there~~fore ~~you~~ may be sure that I ~~sä~~w every**th**ing that ~~was~~ to be seen. If ~~you~~ had gone **the**re, ~~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 inbörn affinity to the **nature** of poetry. It ~~is~~ true I did not ~~th~~ink much about it ~~while~~ I ~~was~~ with ~~you~~, but ~~you~~ will remember that I ~~was~~ ~~ä~~lways much ~~lä~~rger at sunrise and sunset, and in the ~~moon~~light even ~~mö~~re vi**s**ible **than** ~~yô~~urself, but I did not **the**n understand my inner existen**c**e. In the ante-~~reom~~ it ~~was~~ revealed to me. I became a man; I came ~~out~~ in full maturity. But ~~you~~ had left the wärm countries. As a man, I felt ashamed to go about without ~~beets~~ ~~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 b**ö**ok. I hid myself under the cloak of a cake wöman, but **she** little ~~thö~~ught ~~who~~ **she** con**c**ealed. It ~~was~~ not till evening that I ventured ~~out~~. I ran about the streets in the ~~moon~~light. I drew myself up to my full height upon the wä**l**ls, ~~which~~ tickled my back very pleas**s**antly. I ran ~~he~~re and **the**re, ~~löö~~ked ~~th~~rough the highest windows into the ~~reom~~s, and over

the **roofs**. 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 wrong with the l**ê**arned man. Sorrow and trouble p**û**rsued him, and wh**at** he said about the g**ô**od, the be**au**tiful, and the tr**ue**, w**as** of a**s** much value to most people a**s** a nutmeg w**ou**ld be to a cow. At length he fell ill. "You really l**ô**ok like a **shadow**," people said to him, and **th**en a cold shudder w**ou**ld p**ä**ss over him, f**ô**r he had his own **th**ô**u**ghts on the subject.

"You really **ô**ught to go to some w**ä**tering-pla**ç**e," said the **shadow** on his next visit. "There is no **ô**ther **chan**çe f**ô**r you. I will take you with me, f**ô**r the sake of old acquaintan**ç**e. I will pay the expenses of y**ô**ur jo**û**rney, and you shall write a description of it to am**u**se us by the way. I **sh**ould like to go to a w**ä**tering-pla**ç**e; my beard **d**o**e**s not grow a**s** it **ô**ught, which is from we**a**kness, and I must have a beard. N**ow** **d**e be sensible and accept my **prop**osal; we shall travel a**s** intimate friends."

And at l**ä**st they st**ä**rted together. The **shadow** w**as** m**ä**ster n**ow**, and the m**ä**ster became the **shadow**. They drove together, and rode and w**ä**lk**ed** in c**ô**mpany with **e**ach **ô**ther, side by side, **ô**r one in fr**ô**nt and the **ô**ther behind, acc**ô**rding to the position of the sun. The **shadow** **ä**lways knew when to take the pla**ç**e of honor, but the l**ê**arned man t**ô**ok no not**î**çe of it, f**ô**r he had a g**ô**od he**ä**rt, and w**as** ex**ç**eedingly mild and friendly.

One day the m**ä**ster said to the **shadow**, "We have grown up together from **ô**ur childh**ô**od, and n**ow** **th**at we have become travelling c**ô**mpanions, shall we not drink to **ô**ur g**ô**od fellowship, and say **thee** and **thou** to **e**ach **ô**ther?"

"Wh**at** you say is very str**ai**ghtf**ô**ward and kindly meant," said the **shadow**, wh**o** w**as** n**ow** really m**ä**ster. "I will be **e**qually kind and str**ai**ghtf**ô**ward. You **ä**re a l**ê**arned man, and know **h**ow w**ô**nderful human nature is. There **ä**re some men wh**o** cannot endure the smell of br**ow**n paper; it makes **th**em ill. **ô**th**e**r**s** will feel a shuddering sensat**î**on to **th**eir very marrow, if a nail is scratch**ed** on a pane of gl**ä**ss. I **m**yself have a similar kind of feeling when I hear any one say **thou** to me. I feel crush**ed** by it, a**s** I used to feel in my f**ô**rmer position with you. You will p**ê**rceive **th**at **this** is a matter of feeling, not pride. I cannot allow you to say **thou** to me; I will gladly say it to you, and **th**eref**ô**re y**ô**ur wish will be h**ä**lf f**û**lfilled." Then the **shadow** address**ed** his f**ô**rmer m**ä**ster as **thou**.

"It is going r**ä**ther t**ee** f**ä**r," said the latter, "**th**at I am to say **you** when I speak to him, and he is to say **thou** to me." However, he w**as** oblig**ed** to submit.

They arrived at length at the **bäth**s, where **there wêre** many **stranger**s, and among them a **beautifûl** **prinçess**, whose **real disêasê** consisted in being **too shärp-sighted**, which made every one very **uneas**y. **She sâw** at onçê **that** the new **cômer** **wâs** very different to every one else. **“They say he is here to make his beard grow,” she thôught**; “but I know the **real câusê**, **he is** unable to **cäst** a **shadow**.” Then **she** became very **curious** on the matter, and one **day**, while on the **promenädê**, **she** entered into **conversatiôn** with the **strangê** gentleman. Being a **prinçess**, **she wâs** not **obliged** to stand upon much **çeremôny**, so **she** said to him without **hesitatiôn**, “**Yôur** illness consists in not being **able** to **cäst** a **shadow**.”

“**Yôur** royal highness must **be** on the **high road** to **recôvery** from **yôur** illness,” said he. “I know **yôur cômplaint** **arôsê** from being **too shärp-sighted**, and in **this case** it has **entirely failed**. I happen to have a **most unusûal shadow**. Have **you** not **seen** a **pêrson** **who is âlways** at my **side**? **Pêrson**s often give **their sêrvants** **finer cloth** **fôr their liveries** **than fôr their own clothes**, and so I have **dressed out my shadow** like a man; nay, **you may obsêrve** **that** I have **even** given him a **shadow** of his **own**; it is **räther** expensive, but I **like** to have **things** about me **that äre** peculiar.”

“**How is this?**” **thôught** the **prinçess**; “am I **really cured**? **This** must **be** the best **wätèr**-**placê** in **existençê**. **Wätèr** in **our times** has **çêrtainly wônderfûl power**. But I will not **leave** **this placê** yet, just **as** it **begins** to **be amûsing**. **This** foreign prince—for he must **be** a **prinçê** — **pleases** me **abovê âll things**. I only **hope** his **beard** won't grow, **ôr** he will **leave** at onçê.”

In the **evening**, the **prinçess** and the **shadow** **dancêd** together in the **lärgê** assembly **rooms**. **She wâs** **light**, but he **wâs** **lighter** still; **she** had never **seen** such a **dancêr** **befôre**. **She** told him from **what** country **she** had **côme**, and **found** he **knew** it and had **been** **there**, but not while **she wâs** at home. He had **lôoked** into the **windows** of **hêr fäther's** **palacê**, **both** the upper and the **lower windows**; he had **seen** many **things**, and **côuld** **therefôre** answer the **prinçess**, and **make** allusions **which** **quite** **astonishêd** **hêr**.

She thôught he must **be** the **cleverest** man in **âll** the **wôrld**, and felt the **greatest** respect **fôr** his **knowledgê**. When **she** **dancêd** with him again **she** fell in **lovê** with him, **which** the **shadow** **quickly** **discôvered**, **fôr** **she** had with **hêr eyes** **lôoked** him **throug**h and **throug**h. They **dancêd** onçê **môre**, and **she wâs** nearly telling him, but **she** had **some** **discretiôn**; **she thôught** of **hêr** country, **hêr** **kingdôm**, and the number of **people** **over** **whom** **she** **wôuld** one **day** have to **rule**. “**He is** a **clever** man,”

she **th**ought to h**er**self, “wh**ic**h **i**s a g**oo**d **th**ing, and he d**anc**es admirably, wh**ic**h **i**s **al**so g**oo**d. But has he well-grounded know**ledg**e? **th**at **i**s an imp**or**tant **qu**estion, and I must try him.” **Th**en she **ask**ed him a most difficult **qu**estion, she h**er**self **co**uld not have answered it, and the **sh**adow **mad**e a most un**acc**ountable grim**ac**e.

“**Y**ou cannot answer **th**at,” said the prin**cess**.

“I **l**earnt **some**th**ing** about it in my **child**h**oo**d,” he repl**ied**; “and believe **th**at **even** my very **sh**adow, standing **over** **ther**e by the d**oo**r, **co**uld answer it.”

“**Y**our **sh**adow,” said the prin**cess**; “indeed **th**at w**ou**ld be very rem**ar**kable.”

“I **do** not **say** so positively,” ob**serv**ed the **sh**adow; “but I am inclined to believe **th**at he can **do** so. He has followed me **f**or so many **year**s, and has h**ear**d so much from me, **th**at I **th**ink it **i**s very **lik**ely. But **y**our royal **high**ness must **all**ow me to ob**serv**e, **th**at he **i**s very **pr**oud of **be**ing **con**sidered a man, and to **put** him in a g**oo**d **hum**or, so **th**at he may answer correctly, he must **be** treated **as** a man.”

“I **shall** be very **ple**ased to **do** so,” said the prin**cess**. So she w**alk**ed up to the **l**earned man, wh**o** st**oo**d in the d**oo**rway, and sp**oke** to him of the sun, and the **mo**on, of the **gre**en forests, and of **pe**ople **near** home and **f**ar off; and the **l**earned man **conv**ers**ed** with h**er** **ple**asantly and sensibly.

“**Wh**at a **w**onder**ful** man he must **be**, to have **such** a clever **sh**adow!” **th**ought she. “If I w**er**e to **che**ese him it w**ou**ld be a **real** blessing to my **cou**try and my **sub**jects, and I will **do** it.” So the prin**cess** and the **sh**adow w**er**e **seen** **engag**ed to **each** **oth**er, but **no** one w**as** to **be** **told** a **w**ord **ab**out it, till she **ret**urned to h**er** **king**dom.

“**No** one **shall** **know**,” said the **sh**adow; “not **even** my **own** **sh**adow;” and he had very **p**art**ic**ular **re**as**on**s **f**or saying so.

After a **time**, the prin**cess** **ret**urned to the land **over** wh**ic**h she **re**igned, and the **sh**adow **ac**comp**an**ied h**er**.

“Listen my **friend**,” said the **sh**adow to the **l**earned man; “now **th**at I am **as** **f**ort**un**ate and **as** **power**ful **as** any man can **be**, I will **do** **some**th**ing** **un**us**u**ally g**oo**d **f**or you. **Y**ou **shall** live in my **palac**e, **drive** **with** me in the royal **carriag**e, and have a hundred **th**ous**and** **dollar**s a **year**; but you must **all**ow every one to **call** you a **sh**adow, and never **ventur**e to **say** **th**at you have **been** a man. And **on**ce a **year**, **when** I sit in my **balc**ony in the **sun**shine, you must **lie** at my **feet** **as** **bec**omes a **sh**adow to **do**; **f**or I must tell you I am **going** to marry the prin**cess**, and **our** wedding will **take** **plac**e **this** **evening**.”

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

"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 everything**, 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



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.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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 brassy 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 trumpeter\$ blew “Tanta-ra-ra. **There is** the little boy. Tanta-ra-ra.” The swörd\$ and ärmor on the old knight's picture\$ rattled. The silk dresses\$ rustled, the leather repeated its rhyme, and the old chair\$ had the gout in their backs, and cried, “Creak;” it wä\$ äll exactly like the first time; för 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 tear\$ of tin, it is so melancholy here. Let me go to the wär\$, and le\$se an ärm ör a leg, that wöüld be some change; I cannot bear it. Now I know whät it is to have vi\$its from one's old recollection\$, and äll they bring with them. I have had vi\$its from mine, and you may believe me it is not ältogether plea\$ant. I wä\$ very nearly jumping from the shelf. I säw you äll in yôur house opposite, a\$ if you wêre really pre\$ent. It wä\$ Sunday mörning, and you children stööd round the table, singing the hymn that you sing every mörning. You wêre standing quietly, with yôur hand\$ folded, and yôur fäther and möther. You wêre standing quietly, with yôur hand\$ folded, and yôur fäther and möther wêre lööking just a\$ serious, when the döör opened, and yôur little sister Maria, whe is not twe year\$ old, wä\$ bröught into the reem. You know she älwä\$ dançe\$ when she hear\$ mu\$ic and singing of any sôrt; so she began to dançe immediately, ältho\$gh she öught not to have döne so, but she couüld not get into the right time becau\$e the tune wä\$ so slow; so she stööd first on one leg and then on the öther, and bent hêr head very low, but it wöüld not suit the mu\$ic. You äll stööd lööking very grave, ältho\$gh it wä\$ very difficult to de so, but I läughed so to myself that I fell döwn from the table, and got a brui\$e, which is there still; I know it wä\$ not right to läugh. So äll this, and everythi\$g else that I have seen, keeps running in my head, and the\$e must be the old recollection\$ that bring so many thöught\$ with them. Tell me whether you still sing on Sunday\$, and tell me about yôur little sister Maria, and how my old comrade is, the öther 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 cöntaining many curious thi\$ng\$ to show him. Rouge-pots, sçent-boxe\$, and old cärd\$, so lärg and so richly gilded, that nöne äre ever seen like them in the\$e day\$. And there wêre smäller boxe\$ to löök at, and the piano wä\$ opened, and inside the lid wêre painted landscapes. But when the old man played, the piano sounded quite out of tune. Then he lööked at the picture he had böught at the broker's, and hi\$ eye\$ spärkled brightly a\$ he nodded at it, and said, “Ah, she couüld sing that tune.”

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

"I will go to the wårş! I will go to the wårş!" cried the tin soldier as loud as he could, and threw himself down on the flöör. Where could he have fällen? The old man sêarched, and the little boy sêarched, but he wås gone, and could not be found. "I shall find him again," said the old man, but he did not find him. The böards of the flöör wêre open and full of holes. The tin soldier had fällen through a crack between the böards, and lay there now in an open grave.

The day went by, and the little boy returned home; the week pässeð, and many more weeks. It wås winter, and the windows wêre quite frozen, so the little boy wås obliged to breathe on the panes, and rub a hole to peep through at the old house. Snow drifts wêre lying in åll the scrolls and on the inscriptions, and the steps wêre covered with snow as if no one wêre at home. And indeed nobody wås home, för the old man wås dead. In the evening, a hêarse stoppeð at the döör, and the old man in hiş coffin wås placèð in it.

He wås to be taken to the country to be buried there in hiş own grave; so they carried him away; no one followed him, för åll hiş friends wêre dead; and the little boy kisseð hiş hand to the coffin as the hêarse moved away with it. A few days åfter, there wås an åuction at the old house, and from hiş window the little boy såw the people carrying away the pictures of old knights and ladies, the flower-pots with the long ears, the old chairs, and the cup-böards. Some wêre taken one way, some another. Hêr pörrait, which had been böught at the picture dealer's, went back again to hiş shop, and there it remained, för no one seemed to know hêr, ör to care för the old picture.

In the spring; they began to pull the house itself down; people cålled it complete rubbish. From the street could be seen the room in which the wålls wêre covered with leather, ragged and törn, and the green in the balcony hung straggling over the beams; they pulled it down quickly, för it looked ready to fåll, and at läst it wås cleared away åltogether. "What a gööd riddance," said the neighbors' houses.

Very shörtly, a fine new house wås built fårther back from the road; it had lofty windows and smêeth wålls, but in front, on the spot where the old house really stöod, a little gården wås planted, and wild vines grew up over the neighboring wålls; in front of the gården wêre lårge iron railings and a great gate, which looked very stately. People used to stop and peep through the railings.

The sparrows assembled in dözens upon the wild vines, and chattered åll together as loud as they could, but not about the old house; none of them could

remember it, fôr many year\$ had pässe~~d~~ by, so many indee~~d~~, that the little boy wa\$ now a man, and a really goô~~o~~d man too, and hi\$ parents wê~~r~~e very prou~~d~~ of him. He wa\$ just married, and had côm~~e~~, with hi\$ young wife, to reside in the new house with the gâr~~d~~en in frô~~n~~t of it, and now he stôô~~d~~ there by hê~~r~~ side while she planted a field flower that she thô~~u~~ght very pretty. She wa\$ planting it hê~~r~~self with hê~~r~~ little hand\$, and pressing down the ê~~a~~rth with hê~~r~~ finger\$. “Oh dear, what wa\$ that?” she exclaimed, a\$ something prick~~e~~d hê~~r~~. out of the soft ê~~a~~rth something wa\$ sticking up. It was—only think!—it wa\$ really the tin soldier, the very same which had been lost up in the old man's ree~~m~~, and had been hidden amô~~n~~g old woô~~o~~d and rubbish fôr a long time, till it sunk into the ê~~a~~rth, where it must have been fôr many year\$.

And the young wife wipe~~d~~ the soldier, first with a green leaf, and then with hê~~r~~ fine pocket-handkerchief, that smelt of such beautiful pê~~r~~fume. And the tin soldier felt a\$ if he wa\$ recô~~v~~ering from a fainting fit. “Let me see him,” said the young man, and then he smile~~d~~ and shoô~~k~~ hi\$ head, and said, “It can scarç~~e~~ly be the same, but it remind\$ me of something that happened to one of my tin soldier\$ when I wa\$ a little boy.” And then he told hi\$ wife about the old house and the old man, and of the tin soldier which he had sent across, becau\$e he thô~~u~~ght the old man wa\$ lon~~e~~ly; and he related the stô~~r~~y so clearly that tear\$ came into the ey~~e~~\$ of the young wife fôr the old house and the old man. “It is very likely that this is really the same soldier,” said she, and I will take care of him, and â~~l~~ways remember wha~~t~~ you have told me; but some day you must show me the old man's grave.”

“I don't know where it is,” he replie~~d~~; “no one know\$. â~~l~~l hi\$ friend\$ â~~r~~e dead; no one toô~~k~~ care of him, and I wa\$ only a little boy.”

“Oh, how dreadfô~~l~~ly lon~~e~~ly he must have been,” said she.

“Yes, terribly lon~~e~~ly,” cried the tin soldier; “still it is deli~~g~~htfô~~l~~ not to be forgotten.”

“Deli~~g~~htfô~~l~~ indee~~d~~,” cried a voiç~~e~~ quite near to them; no one but the tin soldier sâ~~w~~ that it came from a rag of the lea~~t~~her which hung in tatters; it had lost â~~l~~l its gilding, and loô~~k~~e~~d~~ like wet ê~~a~~rth, but it had an opinio~~n~~, and it spoke it thus:—

“Gilding will fa~~d~~e in damp wea~~t~~her,

To endure, there is no~~t~~hing like lea~~t~~her.”

But the tin soldier did not believe any such thi~~n~~g.



The Happy Family

Hans Christian Andersen 1848

 **T**HE 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 for them, and the nobleman's castle had been built entirely that they might be cooked and laid on silver dishes.

They lived quite retired and very happily; and as they had no children of their own, they had adopted a little common snail, which they brought up as their own child. The little one would not grow, for he was only a common snail; but the old people, particularly the mother-snail, declared that she could easily see how he grew; and when the father said he could not perceive it, she begged him to feel the little snail's shell, and he did so, and found that the mother was right.

One day it rained very fast. "Listen, what a drumming there is on the burdock-leaves; turn, turn, turn; turn, turn, turn," said the father-snail.

"There come the drops," said the mother; "they are trickling down the stalks. We shall have it very wet here presently. I am very glad we have such good houses, and that the little one has one of his own. There has been really more done for us than for any other creature; it is quite plain that we are the most noble people in the world. We have houses from our birth, and the burdock forest has been planted for us. I should very much like to know how far it extends, and what lies beyond it."

"There can be nothing better than we have here," said the father-snail; "I wish for nothing more."

"Yes, but I do," said the mother; "I should like to be taken to the palace, and boiled, and laid upon a silver dish, as was done to all our ancestors; and you may be sure it must be something very uncommon."

"The nobleman's castle, perhaps, has fallen to decay," said the snail-father, "or the burdock wood may have grown out. You need not be in a hurry; you are always so impatient, and the youngster is getting just the same. He has been three days creeping to the top of that stalk. I feel quite giddy when I look at him."

"You must not scold him," said the mother-snail; "he creeps so very carefully. He will be the joy of our home; and we old folks have nothing else to live for. But have you ever thought where we are to get a wife for him? Do you think that farther out in the wood there may be others of our race?"

"There may be black snails, no doubt," said the old snail; "black snails without houses; but they are so vulgar and conceited too. But we can give the ants a commission; they run here and there, as if they all had so much business to get through. They, most likely, will know of a wife for our youngster."

"I **c**ertainly know a most beautiful bride," said one of the ants; "but I fear it would not do, for **s**he is a queen."

"**T**hat does not matter," said the old snail; "has **s**he a house?"

"**S**he has a palace," replied the ant,— "a most beautiful ant-palace with seven hundred passages."

"**T**hank-you," said the mother-snail; "but our boy shall not go to live in an ant-hill. If you know of **n**othing better, we will give the commission to the white gnats; **t**hey fly about in rain and sunshine; **t**hey know the burdock wood from one end to the other."

"**W**e have a wife for him," said the gnats; "a hundred man-steps from here **t**here is a little snail with a house, sitting on a gooseberry-bush; **s**he is quite alone, and old enough to be married. It is only a hundred man-steps from here."

"**T**hen let her come to him," said the old people. "He has the whole burdock forest; **s**he has only a bush."

So they brought the little lady-snail. **S**he took eight days to perform the journey; but **t**hat was just as it ought to be; for it showed her to be one of the right breeding. And **t**hen 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, **t**hat it was the finest place in the world, and **t**hat if they led upright and honorable lives, and **t**heir family increased, **t**hey and **t**heir 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 were taken out of the wash-tub, starched, 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 warm. I am changing, I am losing all my creases. You are burning a hole in me. Ugh! I propose to you."

"You old rag," said the flat-iron, driving proudly over the collar, for she fancied herself a steam-engine, which rolls over the railway and draws carriages. "You old rag!" said she.

The edges of the shirt-collar were a little frayed, so the scissors were brought to cut them smooth. "Oh!" exclaimed the shirt-collar, "what a first-rate dancer you would make; you can stretch out your leg so well. I never saw anything so charming; I am sure no human being could do the same."

"I should think not," replied the scissors.

"You ought to be a countess," said the shirt collar; "but all I possess consists of a fine gentleman, a boot-jack, and a comb. I wish I had an estate for your sake."

"What! is he going to propose to me?" said the scissors, and she became so angry that she cut too sharply into the shirt collar, and it was obliged to be thrown by as useless.

"I shall be obliged to propose to the hair-brush," thought the shirt collar; so he remarked one day, "It is wonderful what beautiful hair you have, my little lady. Have you never thought of being engaged?"

"You might know I should think of it," answered the hair brush; "I am engaged to the boot-jack."

"Engaged!" cried the shirt collar, "now there is no one left to propose to;" and then he pretended to despise all love-making.

A long time passed, and the shirt collar was taken in a bag to the paper-mill. Here was a large company of rags, the fine ones lying by themselves, separated from the coarser, as it ought to be. They had all many things to relate, especially the shirt collar, who was a terrible boaster. "I have had an immense number of love affairs," said the shirt collar, "no one left me any peace. It is true I was a very fine gentleman; quite stuck up. I had a boot-jack and a brush that I never used. You should have seen me then, when I was turned down. I shall never forget my first love; she was a girdle, so charming, and fine, and soft, and she threw herself into a washing tub for my sake.

FABLES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN Circa 1845

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.

