

Historical English Literature
Oral Story Telling - Fairy Tales



**"I know Grimms - who gave you permission
to change them?"**

Students Package
HAN Deeltijd English – 2017-2018

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▪ **Booklet Snow White**



*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall ... 'It's so subjective'
is not an acceptable answer."*

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a king and queen ruled over a distant land. The queen was kind and lovely and all the people of the realm adored her. The only sadness in the queen's life was that she wished for a child but did not have one. One winter day, the queen was doing needle work while gazing out her ebony window at the new fallen snow. A bird flew by the window startling the queen and she pricked her finger. A single drop of blood fell on the snow outside her window. As she looked at the blood on the snow she said to herself, "Oh, how I wish that I had a daughter that had skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony." Soon after that, the kind queen got her wish when she gave birth to a baby girl who had skin white as snow, lips red as blood, and hair black as ebony.

They named the baby princess Snow White, but sadly, the queen died after giving birth to Snow White. Soon after, the king married a new woman who was beautiful, but proud and cruel as well. She had studied dark magic and owned a magic mirror, of which she would daily ask:

'Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?'

Each time this question was asked, the mirror would give the same answer, "Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all." This pleased the queen greatly as she knew that her magical mirror could speak nothing but the truth. One morning when the queen asked:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?"

she was shocked when it answered:

"You, my queen, are fair; it is true.

But Snow White is even fairer than you."

The Queen flew into a jealous rage and ordered her huntsman to take Snow White into the woods to be killed. She demanded that the huntsman return with Snow White's heart as proof. The poor huntsman took Snow White into the forest, but found himself unable to kill the girl. Instead, he let her go, and brought the queen the heart of a wild boar. Snow White was now all alone in the great forest, and she did not know what to do. The trees seemed to whisper to each other, scaring Snow White who began to run. She ran over sharp stones and through thorns. She ran as far as her feet could carry her, and just as evening was about to fall she saw a little house and went inside in order to rest. Inside the house everything was small but tidy. There was a little table with a tidy, white tablecloth and seven little plates. Against the wall there were seven little beds, all in a row and covered with quilts. Because she was so hungry Snow White ate a few vegetables and a little bread from each little plate and from each cup she drank a bit of milk. Afterward, because she was so tired, she lay down

on one of the little beds and fell fast asleep. After dark, the owners of the house returned home. They were the seven dwarves who mined for gold in the mountains. As soon as they arrived home, they saw that someone had been there, for not everything was in the same order as they had left it.

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

The second one, "Who has been eating from my plate?"

The third one, "Who has been eating my bread?"

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

The fifth one, "Who has been eating with my fork?"

The sixth one, "Who has been drinking from my cup?"

But the seventh one, looking at his bed, found Snow White lying there asleep. The seven dwarves all came running up, and they cried out with amazement. They fetched their seven candles and shone the light on Snow White.

"Oh good heaven! " they cried. "This child is beautiful!" They were so happy that they did not wake her up, but let her continue to sleep in the bed. The next morning Snow White woke up, and when she saw the seven dwarves she was frightened. But they were friendly and asked, "What is your name?" "My name is Snow White," she answered. "How did you find your way to our house?" the dwarves asked further. Then she told them that her stepmother had tried to kill her, that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run the entire day through the forest, finally stumbling upon their house. The dwarves spoke with each other for a while and then said, "If you will keep house for us, and cook, make beds, wash, sew, and knit, and keep everything clean and orderly, then you can stay with us, and you shall have everything that you want." "Yes," said Snow White, "with all my heart." For Snow White greatly enjoyed keeping a tidy home.

So Snow White lived happily with the dwarves. Every morning they went into the mountains looking for gold, and in the evening when they came back home Snow White had their meal ready and their house tidy. During the day the girl was alone, except for the small animals of the forest that she often played with. Now the queen, believing that she had eaten Snow White's heart, could only think that she was again the first and the most beautiful woman of all. She stepped before her mirror and said:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?"

It answered:

"You, my queen, are fair; it is true.
But Snow White, beyond the mountains
With the seven dwarves,
Is still a thousand times fairer than you."

This startled the queen, for she knew that the mirror did not lie, and she realized that the huntsman had deceived her and that Snow White was still alive. Then she thought, and thought again, how she could rid herself of Snow White. For as long as she was not the most beautiful woman in the entire land her jealousy would give her no rest. At last she thought of something. She went into her most secret room, no one else was allowed inside, and she made a poisoned

apple. From the outside it was beautiful, and anyone who saw it would want it. But anyone who might eat a little piece of it would die. Coloring her face, she disguised herself as an old peddler woman, so that no one would recognize her, traveled to the dwarves house and knocked on the door. Snow White put her head out of the window, and said, "I must not let anyone in; the seven dwarves have forbidden me to do so." "That is all right with me," answered the peddler woman. "I'll easily get rid of my apples. Here, I'll give you one of them." "No," said Snow White, "I cannot accept anything from strangers." "Are you afraid of poison?" asked the old woman. "Look, I'll cut the apple in two. You eat half and I shall eat half."

Now the apple had been so artfully made that only the one half was poisoned. Snow White longed for the beautiful apple, and when she saw that the peddler woman was eating part of it she could no longer resist, and she stuck her hand out and took the poisoned half. She barely had a bite in her mouth when she fell to the ground dead. The queen looked at her with an evil stare, laughed loudly, and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony wood! The dwarves shall never awaken you." Back at home she asked her mirror:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?"
It finally answered:
"You, my queen, are fairest of all."

Then her cruel and jealous heart was at rest, as well as a cruel and jealous heart can be at rest. When the dwarves came home that evening they found Snow White lying on the ground. She was not breathing at all. She was dead. They lifted her up and looked at her longingly. They talked to her, shook her and wept over her. But nothing helped. The dear child was dead, and she remained dead. They laid her on a bed of straw, and all seven sat next to her and mourned for her and cried for three days. They were going to bury her, but she still looked as fresh as a living person, and still had her beautiful red cheeks. They said, "We cannot bury her in the black earth," and they had a transparent glass coffin made, so she could be seen from all sides. They laid her inside, and with golden letters wrote on it her name, and that she was a princess. Then they put the coffin outside on a mountain, and one of them always stayed with it and watched over her. The animals too came and mourned for Snow White, first an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove. Now it came to pass that a prince entered these woods and happened onto the dwarves' house, where he sought shelter for the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain with beautiful Snow White in it, and he read what was written on it with golden letters. Then he said to the dwarves, "Let me have the coffin. I will give you anything you want for it." But the dwarves answered, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Then give it to me, for I cannot live without being able to see Snow White. I will honour her and respect her as my most cherished one." As he thus spoke, the good dwarves felt pity for him and gave him the coffin. The prince had his servants carry it away on their shoulders. But then it happened that one of them stumbled on some brush, and this dislodged from Snow White's throat the piece of poisoned apple that she had bitten off. Not long afterward she opened her eyes, lifted the lid from her coffin, sat up, and was alive again.

"Good heavens, where am I?" she cried out.

The prince said joyfully, "You are with me." He told her what had happened, and then said, "I love you more than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle. You shall become my wife." Snow White loved him, and she went with him. Their wedding was planned with great splendour and majesty. Snow White's wicked step-mother was invited to the feast, and when she had arrayed herself in her most beautiful garments, she stood before her mirror, and said:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?"

The mirror answered:

"You, my queen, are fair; it is true.

But the young queen is a thousand times fairer than you."

Not knowing that this new queen was indeed her stepdaughter, she arrived at the wedding, and her heart filled with the deepest of dread when she realized the truth - the evil queen was banished from the land forever and the prince and Snow White lived happily ever after.

Questions Snow White

1. Discuss in your group what you think is the most important theme in this fairy tale.

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2. Why is this an important theme?

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3. Mention at least 2 symbols occurring in this fairy tale.

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4. What do these symbols represent?

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5. What information can you find about the original version of this fairy tale? When was it first documented?

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▪ **Booklet Jack and the Beanstalk**



"I traded our milk cow for magic beans,
which I then traded for a yoga mat."

Once upon a time, there lived a widow woman and her son Jack, on their small farm in the country. Every day, Jack would help his mother with the chores - chopping the wood, weeding the garden and milking the cow. But despite all their hard work, Jack and his mother were very poor with barely enough money to keep themselves fed. "What shall we do, what shall we do?" said the widow, one spring day. "We don't have enough money to buy seed for the farm this year! We must sell our cow, Old Bess, and with the money buy enough seed to plant a good crop." "All right, mother," said Jack, "it's market-day today. I'll go into town and sell Bessy."

So Jack took the cow's halter in his hand, walked through the garden gate and headed off toward town. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking, old man who said to him, "Good morning, Jack." "Good morning to you," said Jack, wondering how the little, old man knew his name. "Where are you off to this fine morning?" asked the man. "I'm going to market to sell our cow, Bessy." "Well what a helpful son you are!" exclaimed the man, "I have a special deal for such a good boy like you." The little, old man looked around to make sure no one was watching and then opened his hand to show Jack what he held. "Beans?" asked Jack, looking a little confused.

"Three magical bean seeds to be exact, young man. One, two, three! So magical are they, that if you plant them over-night, by morning they grow right up to the sky," promised the funny little man. "And because you're such a good boy, they're all yours in trade for that old milking cow." "Really?" said Jack, "and you're quite sure they're magical?" "I am indeed! And if it doesn't turn out to be true you can have your cow back." "Well that sounds fair," said Jack, as he handed over Bessy's halter, pocketed the beans and headed back home to show his mother.

"Back already, Jack?" asked his mother; "I see you haven't got Old Bess, you've sold her so quickly. How much did you get for her?" Jack smiled and reached into his pocket, "Just look at these beans, mother; they're magical, plant them over-night and----" "What!" cried Jack's mother. "Oh, silly boy! How could you give away our milking cow for three measly beans." And with that she did the worst thing Jack had ever seen her do, she burst into tears. Jack ran upstairs to his little room in the attic, so sorry he was, and threw the beans angrily out the window thinking, "How could I have been so foolish - I've broken my mother's heart." After much tossing and turning, at last Jack dropped off to sleep.

When Jack woke up the next morning, his room looked strange. The sun was shining into part of it like it normally did, and yet all the rest was quite dark and shady. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? Why, the beans he had thrown out of the window into

the garden had sprung up into a big beanstalk which went up and up and up until it reached the sky. Using the leaves and twisty vines like the rungs of a ladder, Jack climbed and climbed until at last, he reached the sky. And when he got there he found a long, broad road winding its way through the clouds to a tall, square castle off in the distance. Jack ran up the road toward the castle and just as he reached it, the door swung open to reveal a horrible lady giant, with one great eye in the middle of her forehead. As soon as Jack saw her he turned to run away, but she caught him, and dragged him into the castle.

"Don't be in such a hurry, I'm sure a growing boy like you would like a nice, big breakfast," said the great, big, tall woman, "It's been so long since I got to make breakfast for a boy." Well, the lady giant wasn't such a bad sort, after all, even if she was a bit odd. She took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a chunk of cheese and a glass of milk. But Jack had only taken a few bites when thump! thump! thump! the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming. "Goodness gracious me! It's my husband," said the giant woman, wringing her hands, "what on earth shall I do? There's nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast and I haven't any bread left. Oh dear, I never should have let you stay for breakfast. Here, come quick and jump in here." And she hurried Jack into a large copper pot sitting beside the stove just as her husband, the giant, came in. He ducked inside the kitchen and said, "I'm ready for my breakfast. I'm so hungry I could eat three cows. Ah, what's this I smell?"

Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead
I'll have his bones to grind my bread.

"Nonsense, dear," said his wife, "we haven't had a boy for breakfast in years. Now you go and wash up and by the time you come back your breakfast will be ready for you." So the giant went off to tidy up. Jack was about to make a run for it when the woman stopped him. "Wait until he's asleep," she said, "he always has a little snooze after breakfast." Jack peeked out of the copper pot just as the giant returned to the kitchen carrying a basket filled with golden eggs and a sickly-looking, white hen. The giant poked the hen and growled, "Lay" and the hen laid an egg made of gold which the giant added to the basket.

After his breakfast, the giant went to the closet and pulled out a golden harp with the face of a sad, young girl. The giant poked the harp and growled, "Play" and the harp began to play a gentle tune while her lovely face sang a lullaby. Then the giant began to nod his head and to snore until the house shook. When he was quite sure the giant was asleep, Jack crept out of the copper pot and began to tiptoe out of the kitchen. Just as he was about to leave, he heard the sound of the harp-girl weeping. Jack bit his lip, sighed and returned to the kitchen. He grabbed the sickly hen and the singing harp, and began to tiptoe back out. But this time the hen gave a cackle which woke the giant, and just as Jack got out of the house he heard him calling, "Wife, wife, what have you done with my white hen and my golden harp?"

Jack ran as fast as he could and the giant, realizing he had been tricked, came rushing after, away from the castle and down the broad, winding road. When he got to the beanstalk the giant was only twenty yards away when suddenly he

saw Jack disappear. Confused, the giant peered through the clouds and saw Jack underneath climbing down for dear life. The giant stomped his foot and roared angrily.

Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead
I'll have his bones to grind my bread.

The giant swung himself down onto the beanstalk which shook with his weight. Jack slipped, slid and climbed down the beanstalk as quickly as he could, and after him climbed the giant. As he neared the bottom, Jack called out, "Mother! Please! Hurry, bring me an axe, bring me an axe." And his mother came rushing out with Jack's wood chopping axe in her hand, but when she came to the enormous beanstalk she stood stock still with fright. Jack jumped down, got hold of the axe and began to chop away at the beanstalk. Luckily, because of all the chores he'd done over the years, he'd become quite good at chopping and it didn't take long for him to chop through enough of the beanstalk that it began to teeter. The giant felt the beanstalk shake and quiver so he stopped to see what was the matter. Then Jack gave one last big chop with the axe, and the beanstalk began to topple over. Then the giant fell down and broke his crown, and the beanstalk came toppling after.

The singing harp thanked Jack for rescuing her from the giant. She had hated being locked up in the closet all day and night and wanted nothing more than to sit in the farmhouse window and sing to the birds and the butterflies in the sunshine. With a bit of patience and his mother's help, it didn't take long for Jack to get the sickly hen back in good health and the grateful hen continued to lay a fresh golden egg every day. Jack used the money from selling the golden eggs to buy back Old Bess, purchase seed for the spring crop and to fix up his mother's farm. He even had enough left over to invite everyone of his neighbours over for a nice meal, complete with music from the singing harp. And so Jack, his mother, Old Bess, the golden harp and the white hen lived happy ever after.

Questions Jack and the Beanstalk

1. Discuss in your group what you think is the most important theme in this fairy tale.

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2. Why is this an important theme?

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3. Mention at least 2 symbols occurring in this fairy tale.

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4. What do these symbols represent?

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5. What information can you find about the original version of this fairy tale? When was it first documented?

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▪ **Booklet *Hansel and Gretel***



Once upon a time a very poor woodcutter lived in a tiny cottage in the forest with his two children, Hansel and Gretel. His second wife often ill-treated the children and was forever nagging the woodcutter. "There is not enough food in the house for us all. There are too many mouths to feed! We must get rid of the two brats," she declared. And she kept on trying to persuade her husband to abandon his children in the forest. "Take them miles from home, so far that they can never find their way back! Maybe someone will find them and give them a home." The downcast woodcutter didn't know what to do. Hansel who, one evening, had overheard his parents' conversation, comforted Gretel.

"Don't worry! If they do leave us in the forest, we'll find the way home," he said. And slipping out of the house he filled his pockets with little white pebbles and then went back to bed. All night long, the woodcutter's wife harped on and on at her husband till, at dawn, he led Hansel and Gretel away into the forest. But as they went into the depths of the trees, Hansel dropped a little white pebble here and there on the mossy green ground. At a certain point, the two children found they really were alone: the woodcutter had plucked up enough courage to desert them, had mumbled an excuse and was gone.

Night fell but the woodcutter did not return. Gretel began to sob bitterly. Hansel too felt scared but he tried to hide his feelings and comfort his sister. "Don't cry, trust me! I swear I'll take you home even if father doesn't come back for us!" Luckily the moon was full that night and Hansel waited till its cold light filtered through the trees. "Now give me your hand!" he said. "We'll get home safely, you'll see!" The tiny white pebbles gleamed in the moonlight, and the children found their way home. They crept through a half open window, without waking their parents. Cold, tired but thankful to be home again, they slipped into bed.

Next day, when their stepmother discovered that Hansel and Gretel had returned, she went into a rage. Stifling her anger in front of the children, she locked their bedroom door, reproaching her husband for failing to carry out her orders. The weak woodcutter protested, torn as he was between shame and fear of disobeying his cruel wife. The wicked stepmother kept Hansel and Gretel under lock and key all day with nothing for supper but a sip of water and some hard bread. All night, husband and wife quarreled, and when dawn came, the woodcutter led the children out into the forest again.

Hansel, however, had not eaten his bread, and as he walked through the trees, he left a trail of crumbs behind him to mark the way. But the little boy had forgotten about the hungry birds that lived in the forest. When they saw him, they flew along behind and in no time at all, had eaten all the crumbs.

Again, with a lame excuse, the woodcutter left his two children by themselves.

"I've left a trail, like last time!" Hansel whispered to Gretel, consolingly. But when night fell, they saw to their horror, that all the crumbs had gone. "I'm

frightened!" wept Gretel bitterly. "I'm cold and hungry and I want to go home!" "Don't be afraid. I'm here to look after you!" Hansel tried to encourage his sister, but he too shivered when he glimpsed frightening shadows and evil eyes around them in the darkness. All night the two children huddled together for warmth at the foot of a large tree.

When dawn broke, they started to wander about the forest, seeking a path, but all hope soon faded. They were well and truly lost. On they walked and walked, till suddenly they came upon a strange cottage in the middle of a glade. "This is chocolate!" gasped Hansel as he broke a lump of plaster from the wall. "And this is icing!" exclaimed Gretel, putting another piece of wall in her mouth. Starving but delighted, the children began to eat pieces of candy broken off the cottage. "Isn't this delicious?" said Gretel, with her mouth full. She had never tasted anything so nice. "We'll stay here," Hansel declared, munching a bit of nougat. They were just about to try a piece of the biscuit door when it quietly swung open. "Well, well!" said an old woman, peering out with a crafty look. "And haven't you children a sweet tooth?" "Come in! Come in, you've nothing to fear!" went on the old woman. Unluckily for Hansel and Gretel, however, the sugar candy cottage belonged to an old witch, her trap for catching unwary victims. The two children had come to a really nasty place.

"You're nothing but skin and bones!" said the witch, locking Hansel into a cage. I shall fatten you up and eat you!" "You can do the housework," she told Gretel grimly, "then I'll make a meal of you too!" As luck would have it, the witch had very bad eyesight, and when Gretel smeared butter on her glasses, she could see even less. "Let me feel your finger!" said the witch to Hansel every day to check if he was getting any fatter. Now, Gretel had brought her brother a chicken bone, and when the witch went to touch his finger, Hansel held out the bone. "You're still much too thin!" she complained. When will you become plump?"

One day the witch grew tired of waiting. "Light the oven," she told Gretel. "We're going to have a tasty roasted boy today!" A little later, hungry and impatient, she went on: "Run and see if the oven is hot enough." Gretel returned, whimpering: "I can't tell if it is hot enough or not." Angrily, the witch screamed at the little girl: "Useless child! All right, I'll see for myself." But when the witch bent down to peer inside the oven and check the heat, Gretel gave her a tremendous push and slammed the oven door shut.

The witch had come to a fit and proper end. Gretel ran to set her brother free and they made quite sure that the oven door was tightly shut behind the witch. Indeed, just to be on the safe side, they fastened it firmly with a large padlock. Then they stayed for several days to eat some more of the house, till they discovered amongst the witch's belongings, a huge chocolate egg. Inside lay a casket of gold coins. "The witch is now burnt to a cinder," said Hansel, "so we'll take this treasure with us." They filled a large basket with food and set off into the forest to search for the way home. This time, luck was with them, and on the second day, they saw their father come out of the house towards them, weeping. "Your stepmother is dead. Come home with me now, my dear children!" The two children hugged the woodcutter. "Promise you'll never ever desert us again," said Gretel, throwing her arms round her father's neck. Hansel opened the casket. "Look, Father! We're rich now . . . You'll never have to chop wood again." And they all lived happily together ever after.

Questions Hansel and Gretel

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▪ Booklet *Pinocchio*



Long ago in Italy there lived an old clock-maker named Geppetto. When he worked, Geppetto felt happy. But when he rested, a sad feeling came over him. "Ah!" he would think. "All my life and no child to call my own!" One day Geppetto carved a puppet from wood in the shape of a boy. The arms and legs could move easily. He cut and sewed a nice outfit for the puppet, as if it were a real boy. That night, Geppetto lay the puppet down onto the bed. From out of the window, a big star twinkled bright. "Bright star," said Geppetto. "If I could make one wish, it would be I could have a real boy of my own." But of course, he knew that was not possible.

That night, the same big star swooshed right into Geppetto's window. It changed into a Blue Fairy, who flew over to the bed. "Little wood puppet," said the Blue Fairy. "In the morning, you will be able to walk and talk like a real boy." She tapped the puppet one time with her wand. "And if you can prove that you are brave and true, someday you will be a real boy." Pinocchio's eyes opened. "One more thing," said the Blue Fairy. Suddenly, a cricket appeared. And not just any cricket, a big cricket! He was dressed mighty fine and even could talk! "Meet the Cricket", said the Blue Fairy. He will stay with you to help you make good choices." And with that, the Blue Fairy was a star again.

When Geppetto woke up the next morning, he said, "I will go take my puppet out of bed." But the puppet was gone! "Here I am, Father!" said Pinocchio from the other side of the room. Geppetto swung around. "What? You can talk?" "Yep! I am Pinocchio, your boy!" "How could this be?" said Geppetto in shock. Then he said, "But who cares?" He rushed over and swept the puppet into his arms. "Pinocchio, my son!" he said in great happiness.

One day Pinocchio said, "I want to go to school, like other boys." "Of course you do," said Geppetto. But he did not have the money to buy schoolbooks. Later that day, Geppetto came back home. "Here are your books," said he. "You can go to school tomorrow!" "Oh, boy!" said Pinocchio. "But where is your warm coat, Father?" With a wave of his hand Geppetto said, "No need to care about that. What matters is that you will go to school!" He did not want Pinocchio to know he had traded his warm coat to buy the schoolbooks.

The next morning, Pinocchio said good-bye to Geppetto. He skipped along the path to school, humming as he went. The Cricket rode on his shoulder, happy, too. Coming up to them on the path was a Fox and a Cat. "And where are you going on this fine day?" said the Fox. "I am going to school!" said Pinocchio. "On such a day as this?" said the Fox. "It is too nice to be stuck inside! You should come with us, to the fair." "Listen to me," said the Fox. He put his arm around Pinocchio's shoulder. "Anything you need to know, you can learn better at the fair." "Really?" said Pinocchio. "Take it from me," said the Fox.

"Pinocchio, he does not know what he is talking about!" said the Cricket. The Fox covered the Cricket with his hat. No one could hear the little fellow as he tried to call out, "Pinocchio, do not listen to him!" "Okay!" said Pinocchio. And they headed off to the fair.

What a fair it was! By the gate was a man dressed all in white. He called out, "Come in, come in! Right this way! Get your tickets here!" With a sad look Pinocchio said to the Fox and Cat, "I do not have a ticket." A man was selling old things at a table near the gate. He called, "Hey, you! Sell me those new schoolbooks of yours! That is how you can get money for a ticket." The fair was so happy and bright and colorful, that the next thing Pinocchio knew he had sold his schoolbooks for a ticket. "No, Pinocchio, stop!" called the Cricket, who finally got out from under the Fox's hat. But Pinocchio, the Fox and Cat did not hear. They were already inside the fair.

On stage was a puppet show! "I am a puppet, too! I can dance like that!" said Pinocchio. He jumped right onto the stage and started to dance with the other puppets. "Look at that puppet!" someone called. "It has no strings!" "No strings?" said another. "Amazing!" Everyone laughed and laughed. They threw coins on the stage. The man who ran the fair saw coins fly onto the stage. "Well, now!" he said, rubbing his chin. "This puppet with no strings will make me rich!" The next thing Pinocchio knew, he was picked up and thrown in a birdcage. In the next moment, the door was locked shut. "Hey, get me out!" called Pinocchio. But the person who had thrown him in just left the room. Only the Cricket heard his calls. The Cricket ran in and out of the birdcage, but the lock stayed shut. "I will never go to school now!" cried Pinocchio.

All of a sudden, poof! There was the Blue Fairy. "Please!" said Pinocchio. "Can you help me?" "Tell me something first," said the Blue Fairy. "How did you get inside that cage?" "Tell her what happened," said the Cricket. "Well, I..." Pinocchio stopped. But could he really tell the Blue Fairy what had happened? What would she think of him? "Um, I was robbed," said Pinocchio. "Is that right?" said the Blue Fairy with a frown. Pinocchio's nose began to grow. "Yes, robbed!" said Pinocchio. "By three mean men – no, four!" The nose grew more. "They took my books. And threw me into this cage!" More and more his nose grew. Until Pinocchio could see nothing in front of his face but one big wide nose. "What's happened to my nose?" Pinocchio cried out. "Pinocchio!" said the Blue Fairy in a stern voice. "You must know what the truth really is." "I guess so," said Pinocchio. "I came to the fair with a Fox and Cat." The nose got shorter. "I had to sell my books to get a ticket." "Had to?" said the Blue Fairy. "I mean, I decided to sell my books to get a ticket," said he. The nose got shorter still. "Then someone put me in this cage," he said. The nose was back to normal. "Good job, Pinocchio!" said the Cricket. "Well done," said the Blue Fairy. "Now I will get you out of here." With a wave of her wand, Pinocchio was outside the cage. "Here are your books." And Pinocchio was holding schoolbooks in his hands again. "Know this," said the Blue Fairy, "you are on your own from now on. Make sure you do the right thing." And she was gone.

A Coachman drove up to Pinocchio, who was back on the road to school. "Hey kid, how about a ride?" "No, thank you," said Pinocchio. "I am going to school." "You will ride faster with me," said the Coachman to Pinocchio. He said to himself, "He will ride faster all right, but not to where he thinks he is going!"

When Pinocchio was inside the coach, the Coachman said, "Say kid, why do you think boys like you go to school?" "To learn things," said Pinocchio. "And grow up, I guess." "Well," said the Coachman, "what if I told you that could do whatever you want, right away?" "Right away?" "Yep! Think of it. Skip the schoolbooks. Skip the tests. Right now, you could have all the candy you can eat! Ice cream of every flavor. Ever want to smoke a cigar or play pool? All this and more, at Pleasure Island." "Pleasure Island?" "Best place in the world for boys like you!" "Don't listen to him, Pinocchio!" shouted the Cricket.

"Why wait?" said the Coachman. "I know just where Pleasure Island is. This is your lucky day, kid. So what do you say?" "Let's go there!" said Pinocchio. "I'm going to Pleasure Island!" "Augh!" said the Cricket, his arms in the air. "Good move," said the Coachman. He turned around the coach, and they sped off. "You got a boy with you in that coach?" said a dark stranger to the Coachman. "Yep." The Coachman grabbed Pinocchio and threw him onto the ground. "He's all yours. Now pay up." The Coachman reached out for something (was it money?) from the dark stranger. Then the Coachman drove off. What could it all mean? But as Pinocchio looked around, he no longer cared. For everything the Coachman had told him was true! Heaps of candy all about. Tubs of ice cream in every flavor. None of the boys had to work or clean up. There were even cigars if you wanted one, and pool tables. What fun! But after a few days, something was odd. "Where did all the boys go?" he asked the Cricket.

"All I see now is donkeys," said Pinocchio. "I must say, there used to be more boys around here," said the Cricket. Just then, one of his ears popped into a donkey ear. His other ear popped into a donkey ear, too. "Oh!" cried the Cricket. "What is happening to you?" "I don't know.- HONK!" said Pinocchio. Then Pinocchio and the Cricket saw a line of donkeys led by a dark stranger onto a truck. "Oh, no!" said the Cricket. "Now I get it! Boys are turned into donkeys here. Then the donkeys are sold! Pinocchio, we have to get you one of here - fast!" "Let's go - HONK!" said Pinocchio. His two feet popped into four. "Run, quick!" said the Cricket. One good thing about Pinocchio's new four legs is that he could run very fast! Quick, quick, they ran out of Pleasure Island. Soon they were at a dock by the ocean. "Please sir!" Pinocchio called out to a man by the dock. "I am looking for an old man named Geppetto. Do you know him? - HONK!" "Sounds like you are getting a bad cold," said the old man. "Hmm, Geppetto. That's the old man whose son left one morning and did not come back. He went out on a boat to look for him. No one has seen the poor fellow since." "Oh no! This is all my fault - HONK!" said Pinocchio. "I must look for him!" Pinocchio jumped over the dock into the ocean. The Cricket jumped in too, close behind.

Most of Pinocchio was still made of wood, so he could float on the ocean. "Father!" he called out. "Father!" but there was no answer. All Pinocchio could see around him was blue water, everywhere. Until - what was that far away? Something was rushing up. Something very big, and fast! In a moment, a giant whale was upon them. It opened its giant jaws and with one gulp, swallowed Pinocchio! Rushing inside with all the sea water tumbled Pinocchio and the Cricket. When they came to a stop, they saw that they were in the dark belly of the whale. "Are you okay?" said Pinocchio to the Cricket. "I am fine," said a voice of an old man. "Wait a minute," said Pinocchio. "Father, is that you?" There was

Geppetto! "Father, Father, it's me!" said Pinocchio. "My son!" said Geppetto. "I thought I was dreaming!" They hugged in joy.

"Look!" said Geppetto as three fish swam by. "There goes dinner!" "Father, I have an idea. Let's make a fire." "Grilled fish!" said Geppetto. "No, I mean for us to get out!" said Pinocchio. He gathered driftwood and got a flame going. "This is how we can make the whale sneeze!" He waved his arms over the flame to make a lot of smoke. Soon, clouds of black smoke were rising up. The whale gave a cough. "Hang on!" said Pinocchio. And then... WAM!! In one big sneeze, Pinocchio, Geppetto and the Cricket flew out of the whale's mouth. Rolling over in the sea water, at last they were rolled up onto dry shore. "Pinocchio?" Geppetto rose to his feet. The Cricket was there, but where was Pinocchio? And then they found him! He was face down, his head in a puddle. "Pinocchio!" But it was too late. Geppetto and the Cricket wept over Pinocchio, the boy puppet, who lay still in the water. Then in a flash, who was there but the Blue Fairy! "Pinocchio," said she. "You saved your father. You proved that you are brave and true." She tapped his head with her wand. "And so now you will be a real boy." Pinocchio woke up and looked at his soft arms and legs. "Father!" he cried out. "Look! I am a real boy!" "That you are!" cried Geppetto. The Blue Fairy turned to the Cricket. "Come," she said. In a flash, the two of them were gone. And Pinocchio and Geppetto lived many long and happy years together.

Questions Pinocchio

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▪ **Booklet *The Emperor's New Clothes***



"... And this guy in the fancy suit is a big fan of my work, too."

Many years ago there lived an emperor who loved beautiful new clothes so much that he spent all his money on being finely dressed. His only interest was in going to the theatre or in riding about in his carriage where he could show off his new clothes. He had a different costume for every hour of the day. Indeed, where it was said of other kings that they were at court, it could only be said of him that he was in his dressing room!

One day two swindlers came to the emperor's city. They said that they were weavers, claiming that they knew how to make the finest cloth imaginable. Not only were the colours and the patterns extraordinarily beautiful, but in addition,

this material had the amazing property that it was to be invisible to anyone who was incompetent or stupid. "It would be wonderful to have clothes made from that cloth," thought the emperor. "Then I would know which of my men are unfit for their positions, and I'd also be able to tell clever people from stupid ones." So he immediately gave the two swindlers a great sum of money to weave their cloth for him for the upcoming procession. They set up their looms and pretended to go to work, although there was nothing at all on the looms. They asked for the finest silk and the purest gold, all of which they hid away, continuing to work on the empty looms, often late into the night.

"I would really like to know how they are coming with the cloth!" thought the emperor, but he was a bit uneasy when he recalled that anyone who was unfit for his position or stupid would not be able to see the material. Of course, he himself had nothing to fear, but still he decided to send someone else to see how the work was progressing. "I'll send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. He's the best one to see how the material is coming. He is very sensible, and no one is more worthy of his position than he. So the good old minister went into the hall where the two swindlers sat working at their empty looms. "Goodness!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes wide. "I cannot see a thing!" But he did not say so.

The two swindlers invited him to step closer, asking him if it wasn't a beautiful design and if the colours weren't magnificent. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister opened his eyes wider and wider. He still could see nothing, for nothing was there. "Gracious" he thought. "Is it possible that I am stupid? I have never thought so. Am I unfit for my position? No one must know this. No, it will never do for me to say that I was unable to see the material." "You aren't saying anything!" said one of the weavers. "Oh, it is magnificent! The very best!" said the old minister, peering through his glasses. "This pattern and these colours! Yes, I'll tell the emperor that I am very satisfied with it!" "That makes us happy!" said the two weavers, and they called the colours and the unusual pattern by name. The old minister listened closely so that he would be

able to say the same things when he reported back to the emperor, and that is exactly what he did. The swindlers now asked for more money, more silk, and more gold, all of which they hid away. Then they continued to weave away as before on the empty looms. The emperor sent other officials as well to observe the weavers' progress. They too were startled when they saw nothing, and they too reported back to him how wonderful the material was, advising him to have it made into clothes that he could wear in a grand procession. The entire city was alive in praise of the cloth. "Magnifique! Nysseligt! Excellent!" they said, in all languages. The emperor awarded the swindlers with medals of honour, bestowing on each of them the title Lord Weaver.

The swindlers stayed up the entire night before the procession was to take place, burning more than sixteen candles. Everyone could see that they were in a great rush to finish the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the material from the looms. They cut in the air with large scissors. They sewed with needles but without any thread. Finally they announced, "Behold! The clothes are finished!" The emperor came to them with his most distinguished cavaliers. The two swindlers raised their arms as though they were holding something and said, "Just look at these trousers! Here is the jacket! This is the cloak!" and so forth. "They are as light as spider webs! You might think that you didn't have a thing on, but that is the good thing about them." "Yes," said the cavaliers, but they couldn't see a thing, for nothing was there.

"Would his imperial majesty, if it please his grace, kindly remove his clothes." said the swindlers. "Then we will fit you with the new ones, here in front of the large mirror." The emperor took off all his clothes, and the swindlers pretended to dress him, piece by piece, with the new ones that were to be fitted. They took hold of his waist and pretended to tie something about him. It was the train. Then the emperor turned and looked into the mirror. "Goodness, they suit you well! What a wonderful fit!" they all said. "What a pattern! What colours! Such luxurious clothes!" "The canopy to be carried above your majesty awaits outside," said the grandmaster of ceremonies. "Yes, I am ready!" said the emperor. "Don't they fit well?" He turned once again toward the mirror, because it had to appear as though he were admiring himself in all his glory.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train held their hands just above the floor as if they were picking up the train. As they walked they pretended to hold the train high, for they could not let anyone notice that they could see nothing. The emperor walked beneath the beautiful canopy in the procession, and all the people in the street and in their windows said, "Goodness, the emperor's new clothes are incomparable! What a beautiful train on his jacket. What a perfect fit!" No one wanted it to be noticed that he could see nothing, for then it would be said that he was unfit for his position or that he was stupid. None of the emperor's clothes had ever before received such praise.

"But he doesn't have anything on!" said a small child. "Good Lord, let us hear the voice of an innocent child!" said the father, and whispered to another what the child had said. "A small child said that he doesn't have anything on!" Finally everyone was saying, "He doesn't have anything on!" The emperor shuddered, for he knew that they were right, but he thought, "The procession must go on!" He carried himself even more proudly, and the chamberlains walked along behind carrying the train that wasn't there.

Questions The Emperor’s New Clothes

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▪ **Booklet Rumpelstiltskin**



"Rumplestiltskin' sounds like an alias to me!"

In a land, far from here, there lived an old miller who had a young daughter. One day, as the miller was tending to his grain, the king and his men rode by on horseback, stopping to collect taxes. "I have little money, your majesty. I do, however, have a beautiful daughter," said the miller. "I have little time for beauty," began the king. "My true desire comes from the wealth and riches of the world," he continued. "Did I mention my daughter can spin straw into gold?" the old miller asked without thinking. "Really?" the king questioned as he sat on his horse, thinking. "If this is true, bring her to my palace tomorrow and I will put her so-called ability to the test." And so, the miller sent his daughter away to the king's palace.

When she arrived, the king immediately took her to a room filled with yellow straw. In the centre of the room sat a spindle and wheel. "Spin this straw into gold before sunrise. If you fail to comply, you will be punished by death," the king stated. Then he turned on his heel, shut the door, and locked the miller's daughter alone inside the room filled with yellow straw.

The girl turned to the heaps of straw before her and, having no idea how to spin straw into gold, began to cry. Suddenly, the girl heard the door creak open slowly. At first, she only saw a large nose peeking out from behind the door. Then suddenly, in walked a strange little man. He was humming a funny tune. "Gooooood evening, Mr. Miller's daughter," he said. "You look awfully sad! May I ask why you are crying so terribly?" "I - I have been ordered to spin this straw into gold by sunrise!" she explained to the little man between sobs. "A - and I don't know how." "Hmm..." the funny little man pondered this. He walked back and forth across the room, kicking bits of straw in his way, "I know how to spin straw into gold..." he began. "Oh, you do!?" cried the girl. "What will you give me if I spin this straw for you?" he asked slyly. "Oh! I will give you my necklace! Take it! Take it!" she replied. The odd little man took the necklace, grabbed a handful of straw, and sat down at the spinning wheel. *Swoosh, swooosh, swoooooosh* - went the wheel three times. The little man handed the girl a spindle filled with gold thread, grabbed another handful of straw, and sat down at the spinning wheel once more. He repeated this process until the entire room, which was once filled with straw, was now entirely filled with gorgeous gold thread. Then, humming his funny tune, the odd little man pranced out of the room, swinging the girl's necklace from side to side.

When the king came into the room at sunrise he was amazed to see that the miller had been telling the truth about his daughter's abilities. The king was pleased to see the room filled with gold; however, his pleasure was short-lived for the sight of so much gold made the king greedier than ever. Now he took the beautiful girl into an even larger room filled with yellow straw. "Spin this into

gold, and I will let you live," the king said curtly. Again, he turned on his heel, shut the door, and locked the girl all alone in the room filled with straw. At this point, the girl was hopeless. She sobbed at the sight of even more yellow straw than there had been in the previous room. She cried and cried until she heard the door slowly creak open. A large nose peered around the door and moments later the little man walked into the room humming his funny song. "Why hello there, Mr. Miller's daughter." the little man said strangely. The poor girl cried softly with no answer. "What will you give me in return for spinning this straw into gold?" he asked. The girl looked up at the man and searched herself for something to give him. "I will give you this ring from my finger," she said finally. The little man took the ring and slipped it on his own finger. He held his hand out in front of him, smiled with glee at his newly acquired accessory, and then danced around the room happily. Then, he grabbed a handful of straw and sat down at the spinning wheel. *Swoosh, swoosh, swoooooosh* – went the wheel three times. The man handed the girl a spindle filled with gold thread, grabbed another handful of straw, and sat down at the spinning wheel once more. He repeated this process until the entire room was filled with gold thread. Humming, prancing, and gazing at his new ring, the little man left the girl once more.

When sunrise came again, the king entered the room and was even more amazed to see so much gold before him. Delighted but even greedier, the king led the miller's daughter into the largest room in the palace. This room was filled to the ceiling with yellow straw. "If you can spin this into gold, I will have you as my queen," the king said. For though she is only a miller's daughter, thought the king, I will not find a richer woman to have as my wife. Without waiting for the girl to answer, the king turned on his heel, shut the door, and locked her all alone in the largest room in the palace, filled with straw. The girl looked around the room, shocked at the sight of even more yellow straw than there had been in the previous two rooms combined. Without time to cry, she heard the door creak open. She turned and saw a large nose poking out from behind the door. Then the funny little man pranced and danced his way into the room. "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?" the man asked without greeting the girl. "I have nothing left to give you," she cried. "Hmm..." the funny little man pondered this for a while. He walked back and forth across the room, kicking bits of straw in his way. "I know!" he said suddenly. "If I spin this straw into gold, promise me your first born child when you are queen." Without thinking, the girl promised the little man her first child once she was queen. She assumed that he would forget their deal anyway and so she happily watched him spin all the straw from the largest room in the palace into gorgeous gold thread. As the funny little man left the room, the miller's daughter figured she would never have to see his large-nosed face again.

In the morning when the king came to check on the girl, he was happy to see that his palace's largest room was now filled to the brim with mounds of brilliant gold. The king and the miller's daughter were married immediately. Later that year, the new queen had a beautiful baby boy. She had forgotten about her promise to the funny little man and so, one day while she was rocking her baby to sleep, she was shocked to hear the door creak open followed by a large familiar nose peering behind. The little man pranced into the room and said, "Now give me what you promised, my queen." The queen was horrified at the thought of handing her beloved child over to the odd man and, thus, she attempted to bribe him with all of the riches of her new kingdom. "No. I would

like what you promised me. All the riches in the world could not match the reward of a living thing," he said. The queen sobbed terribly and, because the little man felt sorry for her, he walked back and forth across the room, deep in thought. "Hmm... I know!" he said finally, with an odd grin on his face. "I will give you three days. If you can figure out what my name is by the end of the third day, I will let you keep your child." The queen agreed immediately and watched as the little man skipped out of her room humming his funny tune.

That night the queen thought long and hard about all the names that she had heard throughout her life. She collected names from the servants in the castle. She sent out messengers to scour the kingdom for more names. Her list grew and grew. John and Ron. Bill and Will. Lucas and Joseph and Xavier and Youssef. When the little man came on the first day, the queen recited every name that she had collected. "Could it be Caspar, Melchior, or Balthazar?" she asked. But no matter how many names she gave him, the little man simply replied, "No, that is not my name."

On the second day, the queen asked the people of the countryside nearby. She acquired some very strange names indeed. When the little man came again, the queen recited these names. "Could it be Skinnyribs? Muttonchop? Or – Or perhaps it is Spindleshanks? Yes it must be Spindleshanks!" the queen cried. But no matter how many names she gave him, the little man replied, "No, that is not my name."

By now the queen was desperate. In her desperation the queen sent out her most trusted servant to search the forbidden wood for any names he could find. When the messenger returned on the third day he told the queen that he had wandered the forest and come across a strange little man dancing and prancing around a large fire. Her servant began to sing a song that had a very familiar tune.

She is large and I am small -- but
Oh! How I dance and prance `round all!
And though she's queen
How I will glean
Her only child as I'd foreseen
For she will never ever claim
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name!

With this, the queen recognized the tune as the one that the strange little man had always been humming. She herself danced and pranced around her room, happy with the news. Moments later the little man bounced into her room. "Well, my queen. What is my name?" he asked with a sly grin on his face. "Hmm..." the queen pondered convincingly, walking back and forth across her room. "You said it wasn't Bill or Will... Could it be Phil?" she asked. "No. That is not my name," the man replied. "And you said it wasn't John or Ron. Could it be Juan?" "No. That is not my name," he replied, tapping his foot impatiently. "Hmm... Could it be, by chance, Rumpelstiltskin?" "Impossible! No fair! No fair!" the little man screeched angrily, stamping his foot hard on the ground. He scurried around the queen's room in a fit of rage. He smashed into walls; he thumped his foot; and he bumped his head. He smashed and thumped and bumped and jumped. And then, so blind with anger, the strange little man jumped right out of the queen's window. He was never ever ever seen again.

Questions Rumpelstiltskin

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