

The Story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks. She went for a walk in the forest. Pretty soon, she came upon a house. She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. Goldilocks was hungry. She tasted the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she said

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest her feet.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

So she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too big, too!" she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest chair.

"Ahhh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces!

Goldilocks was very tired by this time, so she went upstairs to the bedroom. She lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. Then she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Then she lay down in the third bed and it was just right. Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried the Baby bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and they've broken it all to pieces," cried the Baby bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa bear growled, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed,"

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said the Mama bear

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!" exclaimed Baby bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. And she never returned to the home of the three bears.

THE END

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. Whenever she went out, the little girl wore a red riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother as it had been awhile since they'd seen each other.

"That's a good idea," her mother said. So they packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother.

When the basket was ready, the little girl put on her red cloak and kissed her mother goodbye.

"Remember, go straight to Grandma's house," her mother cautioned. "Don't dawdle along the way and please don't talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous."

"Don't worry, mommy," said Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll be careful."

But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the woods, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few, watched the butterflies flit about for awhile, listened to the frogs croaking and then picked a few more.

Little Red Riding Hood was enjoying the warm summer day so much, that she didn't notice a dark shadow approaching out of the forest behind her...

Suddenly, the wolf appeared beside her.

"What are you doing out here, little girl?" the wolf asked in a voice as friendly as he could muster.

"I'm on my way to see my Grandma who lives through the forest, near the brook," Little Red Riding Hood replied.

Then she realized how late she was and quickly excused herself, rushing down the path to her Grandma's house.

The wolf, in the meantime, took a shortcut...The wolf, a little out of breath from running, arrived at Grandma's and knocked lightly at the door.

"Oh thank goodness dear! Come in, come in! I was worried sick that something had happened to you in the forest," said Grandma thinking that the knock was her granddaughter.

The wolf let himself in. Poor Granny did not have time to say another word, before the wolf gobbled her up! The wolf let out a satisfied burp, and then poked through Granny's wardrobe to

find a nightgown that he liked. He added a frilly sleeping cap, and for good measure, dabbed some of Granny's perfume behind his pointy ears.

A few minutes later, Red Riding Hood knocked on the door. The wolf jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his nose. "Who is it?" he called in a cackly voice.

"It's me, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Oh how lovely! Do come in, my dear," croaked the wolf.

When Little Red Riding Hood entered the little cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother.

"Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, I just have touch of a cold," squeaked the wolf adding a cough at the end to prove the point.

"But Grandmother! What big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer to the bed.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to see you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big teeth you have," said Little Red Riding Hood her voice quivering slightly.

"The better to eat you with, my dear," roared the wolf and he leapt out of the bed and began to chase the little girl.

Almost too late, Little Red Riding Hood realized that the person in the bed was not her Grandmother, but a hungry wolf.

She ran across the room and through the door, shouting, "Help! Wolf!" as loudly as she could.

A woodsman who was chopping logs nearby heard her cry and ran towards the cottage as fast as he could.

He grabbed the wolf and made him spit out the poor Grandmother who was a bit frazzled by the whole experience, but still in one piece.

"Oh Grandma, I was so scared!" sobbed Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll never speak to strangers or dawdle in the forest again."

"There, there, child. You've learned an important lesson. Thank goodness you shouted loud enough for this kind woodsman to hear you!"

The woodsman knocked out the wolf and carried him deep into the forest where he wouldn't bother people any longer.

Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.

THE END

The Three Little Pigs by Leanne Guenther

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs, named Peter, Patty and Penny, who left their mommy and daddy to see the world.

All summer long, they roamed through the woods and fields, playing games and having fun. None were happier than the three little pigs, and they easily made friends with everyone they met.

Wherever they went, they were given a warm welcome and never had to worry about where they would sleep. But as summer drew to a close, they realized that people were starting to prepare their homes for winter. The three little pigs decided that they too needed a home of their own to keep them safe and warm through the winter.

Peter, the first little pig, was the oldest of the three. He decided to build a straw hut. "It'll only take a day! Then I'll go have fun and play," he sang enthusiastically.

The others disagreed.

"It's too fragile," they said disapprovingly, but Peter refused to listen (after all, he WAS the oldest by 3 whole minutes).

Patty Pig was the second little pig (born 3 minutes after Peter and 4 seconds before Penny). She decided that a house of straw would be too cold during the winter (and that bugs might get in!) So she went off in search of twigs and wood to build her house.

"Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!" It took her two days to nail her house of wood together.

Patty finished, looked at her house and thought to herself, "Well..., it's a little wobbly and maybe it isn't my VERY best job... but it's supposed to be warm this winter so it should do."

Penny quietly voiced her opinion that the house didn't look sturdy enough to stand up to wind, rain, snow (or bugs). Peter teased that Patty had wasted a whole day searching for wood when she could have been having fun playing with him.

Patty turned and sang out, "It only took an extra day. Now I can go have fun and play."

Penny Pig was the youngest of the three and being the youngest loved to play at least as much as Peter and Patty did. But she remembered what her mommy and daddy had taught her growing up.

Her daddy always told her, "We don't expect you to be perfect Penny."

And her mommy always added, "We'll always be proud of you as long as you've done your very best job."

So Penny Pig sighed and thought, "It will take time, patience and hard work to build a safe, warm, comfortable house. I've never done it before and I'm a little nervous, but I'm going to do my very best job!"

Penny went to the library and took out some books about building houses. She spent two whole days reading the books before she decided that a house of bricks would be the best choice.

Penny spent another whole day collecting supplies. A day to lay the foundation. Another to pour the cement. Yet another to stack the bricks and four more to put on the roof and paint. Just to make sure that she'd tried her best, she decided to take a few more days to build some cozy wooden furniture to put in her house of bricks. By the time she was done with her house, two weeks had passed and the leaves outside had taken on their autumn colours.

Penny looked at her little house with pride. Sure, the chimney was a little crooked and the paint had dripped a bit here and there, but Penny knew that she'd done her very best job and was quite proud of what she'd accomplished.

Peter, Patty and Penny spent the next day playing. The two older pigs teased Penny that she'd wasted the whole fall building her house (and Peter couldn't resist pointing out that even after all that work, Penny hadn't even managed to get the chimney on straight!) But Penny was happy with the choices she'd made as she sat in front of her cozy fireplace that night.

Peter wasn't nearly as comfortable in his house of straw. The cold night air crept in quickly. Peter hadn't taken the time to build a bed so he huddled in the corner on a mound of leftover straw. As the sun rose the next morning, Peter was starting to wish that he'd spent a bit more time on his house. As he pondered what he was going to use to cook breakfast with, Peter heard a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" Peter asked... it was awfully early for visitors.

Peter hadn't been the only one wondering about breakfast. A big, bad, hungry wolf had wandered through the forest. He hadn't eaten for awhile and a nice young piggy was just the kind of breakfast he was craving!

"Come out!" ordered the wolf, his mouth watering. "I want to speak to you!"

Peter may have been a bit lazy, but he certainly wasn't dumb. "I'd rather stay where I am," he replied.

"Come out now!" yelled the wolf fiercely.

"Not by the hair on my chin-y chin chin," teased Peter (after all, what could the wolf do about it).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" threatened the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house. All the straw that Peter had heaped against some thin

poles fell down in the great blast.

Peter dashed as fast as he could to his sister Patty's house. Patty had heard the commotion. She ran to the door, accidentally squishing a beetle that was sitting by her bed. She bravely brushed the two spiders that had built webs inside the doorframe out of her way and pulled the door open for her brother.

The wolf ran after Peter and shouted "Come out and play with me!" just as the door slammed in his face.

"Not by the hair on our chin-y chin chins," replied Patty (almost as upset about all the bugs she had begun to notice scurrying around her floor as she was about the wolf).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" yelled the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house. The wooden house creaked and squeaked and then collapsed like a pack of cards.

Peter and Patty dashed out and were halfway to Penny's house before the last twig had hit the ground. Penny urged them in, took one last look at the crooked chimney, crossed her fingers and slammed the door.

"Come out here, now! I want my breakfast," growled the wolf, not bothering to pretend anymore.

"Not by the hair on our chin-y chin chins," replied Peter, Patty and Penny (her fingers still crossed tightly).

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll bloooooow your house in!" yelled the wolf who blew with all his might, right onto the house.

Nothing happened.

The wolf drew an even deeper breath and blew again. And again! But Penny Pig's house of bricks with the crooked chimney and drippy paint was her very best job and it would NOT fall down no matter how hard the wolf blew.

After all his huffing and puffing the wolf was even hungrier than he'd been to begin with and he was not about to give up. He climbed carefully up a nearby ladder and scrambled onto the roof. Before Peter, Patty and Penny knew what was happening, the wolf started to slide down the chimney!

"Yikes!" cried Peter.

"We're toast!" sobbed Patty.

"Bacon, actually!" wailed Penny.

But slowly the three little pigs realized that the wolf had somehow gotten stuck before he had made it all the way down. Understanding what had happened, Penny started to giggle nervously. "I think he got caught in the crooked part of my chimney!"

Peter nodded with disbelief, jumped up and threw some wood onto the fireplace. Patty grabbed the matches and started a fire which was soon roaring. It didn't take long for the three little pigs to hear the anguished howl of the wolf as he scrambled back up the chimney. The flames licked his hairy coat and his tail became a flaming torch.

"Never again! Never again will I go down a chimney!" he squealed, as he tried to put out the flames in his tail. Then he ran away as fast as he could.

That very same day, Peter and Patty took out library books on how to build a brick house. Penny did her best to give them some instruction and Peter showed his sisters how to put on paint without it getting drippy (after all, he WAS the oldest by 3 whole minutes).

The wolf did return once to roam in the neighbourhood, but when he caught sight of THREE crooked chimneys, he remembered the terrible pain of a burnt tail and he left for good.

Now safe and happy, Penny sang out to her brother and sister, "No more working for today... Come on let's go out to play!"

THE END

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time, a dog, a cat, a pig, and a little red hen lived on an old farm on a flowery hill surrounded by fields of golden wheat. One day, the Little Red Hen found some grains of wheat scattered in the barnyard. "Look what I've found!" she said to the other animals. "Who will help me plant these grains of wheat?"

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. She knew that seeds need water to grow tall and strong. "Who will help me water these seeds?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen watered the soil and waited patiently for the wheat to grow. When the wheat was tall and golden, she knew it was ready to be cut. "Who will help me harvest the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen's basket was soon filled with wheat. "Who will help me take the wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The kind miller ground the wheat into powdery, velvety flour, and the Little Red Hen carried it home in a rough brown sack. "Who will help me make this flour into bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The Little Red Hen mixed the flour into sticky dough and kneaded it into a smooth loaf. "Who will help me put this bread into the oven to bake?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the dog.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the Little Red Hen. And so she did. The kitchen filled with the delicious scent of baking bread, and the other animals came to see what was happening. The Little Red Hen took the warm, crusty loaf out of the oven, and set it on the table. "Who will help me eat this fresh, tasty bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I will!" said the dog.

"I will!" said the cat.

"I will!" said the pig.

"No, you will not," said the Little Red Hen. "You didn't help me plant it, or water it, or harvest it, or mill it, or bake it. I shall eat it myself!" And so she did.

"Oh me!" said the dog.

"Oh my!" said the cat.

"Oh me, oh my!" said the pig.

The next time the Little Red Hen found some grains of wheat, the dog planted it in the rich, brown soil, the cat watered it carefully every day, and the pig harvested the wheat when it had grown tall and strong. When the dough was baked, together the animals made hot chocolate and ate the fresh, warm bread. It was delicious! The animals lived happily ever after, cooperating and helping every day.

THE END

The Hare and the Tortoise

"Nah nah nah boo boo, I'm faster than you!" shouted Harriet Hare as she sped down the road.

Normally, Timothy Tortoise was a very easy going reptile. He was happy roaming through the forest at his own pace. But the nasty taunts of Harriet Hare were starting to make him angry.

Later that day Timothy finally arrived (last as usual) at the playground by the river. Sure enough, as soon as he arrived, Harriet started teasing him again.

"A heavy green shell and short little feet, you're the slowest guy I ever did meet!", Harriet taunted.

Timothy slowly turned his head to look Harriet straight in the eye, "I am too slow or so you say. To find the truth, let's race today!"

All the animals in the playground gasped. A race? Between Harriet Hare, the fastest runner and Timothy Turtle the last to show up? What an odd thing that would be to watch.

"I'll set up a course for you to race on", offered Freddy the Fox.

Harriet Hare laughed out loud, "A race you want? A race you'll see. I know I'm faster than Timothy!"

And so Freddy the Fox set up a race course all the way from the playground by the river to the big oak tree at the edge of the forest. All of the animals met at the starting line early in the afternoon.

"On your mark..." shouted Freddy.

"Just a minute Freddy," giggled Beatrice the Bear, "um, Timothy hasn't quite made it to the starting line yet."

"I'm fine," smiled Timothy, "I always make it to where I'm headed."

"Get set...Go!" chanted the animals all together.

Harriet Hare was off like a shot. She made it around the corner by the meadow before Timothy even had all of his feet across the starting line.

Freddy the Fox groaned and shook his head. He'd been hoping his friend Timothy would somehow manage to beat Harriet -- she was always such a show off. "Oh well, let's head over to the finish line everyone. If we cut across the meadow maybe we'll manage to get there in time to watch Harriet cross the finish line." Off the animals went, leaving Timothy to slowly make his way down the path Freddy had set as the race course.

Meanwhile, Harriet had run so fast that she could actually see the finish line already. She had to sit down, she was laughing so hard, "I can't believe the nerve of him, to think that he might actually win!"

Harriet gazed over to the finish line and realized that none of the spectators were there yet. "Perhaps I'll rest underneath this tree, so when I win the crowds will see. After all that turtle's slow, he'll take all day to catch up I know."

Harriet lay down and promptly fell asleep.

Timothy made his way down the path along the river, across the meadow and right past the snoozing Harriet. He didn't stop and rest anywhere along the race track.

As Timothy approached the finish line all of the animals began to cheer. Harriet awoke from her nap and ran as fast as she could, but she was too late. Timothy picked his last foot up across the line an instant before she made it there.

Harriet pulled her ears and stomped her feet, "No fair, no fair, no fair, I say! I am the fastest any day."

Timothy smiled and nodded slowly, "It's true I have a slower pace, but

slow but steady wins the race!"

THE END

The Grasshopper and the Ants

In a field one summer's day a grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. A group of ants walked by, grunting as they struggled to carry plump kernels of corn.

"Where are you going with those heavy things?" asked the grasshopper.

Without stopping, the first ant replied, "To our ant hill. This is the third kernel I've delivered today."

"Why not come and sing with me," teased the grasshopper, "instead of working so hard?"

"We are helping to store food for the winter," said the ant, "and think you should do the same."

"Winter is far away and it is a glorious day to play," sang the grasshopper.

But the ants went on their way and continued their hard work.

The weather soon turned cold. All the food lying in the field was covered with a thick white blanket of snow that even the grasshopper could not dig through. Soon the grasshopper found itself dying of hunger.

He staggered to the ants' hill and saw them handing out corn from the stores they had collected in the summer. He begged them for something to eat.

"What!" cried the ants in surprise, "haven't you stored anything away for the winter? What in the world were you doing all last summer?"

"I didn't have time to store any food," complained the grasshopper; "I was so busy playing music that before I knew it the summer was gone."

The ants shook their heads in disgust, turned their backs on the grasshopper and went on with their work.

Don't forget -- there is a time for work and a time for play!

THE END

The Lion and the Mouse

A lion lay asleep in the forest, his great head resting on his paws. A timid little mouse came upon him unexpectedly, and in her fright and haste to get away, ran across the lion's nose. Woken from his nap, the lion laid his huge paw angrily on the tiny creature to kill her.

"Spare me!" begged the poor mouse. "Please let me go and some day I will surely repay you."

The lion was so amused at the idea of the little mouse being able to help the King of Beasts, that he lifted up his paw and let her go.

Some weeks later, the lion was caught in a net. The hunters, who desired to carry the lion alive to their King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him.

Just then the little mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the lion's sad plight, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes of the net, freeing the lion.

"You have helped me and now I have returned the favor. Was I not right - even a mouse can help a lion!" said the little mouse.

Don't forget: even the smallest friend is worthwhile!

THE END

The Cat and the Fox

A fox was bragging to a cat of its clever ways of escaping its enemies.

"I have a whole bag of tricks," he said, "which contains a hundred ways of escaping my enemies."

"I have only one," said the cat; "but I can generally manage with that."

Just at that moment they heard the cry of a pack of hounds coming towards them, and the cat immediately scampered up a tree and hid herself in the boughs.

"This is my plan," said the cat. "What are you going to do?"

The fox thought first of one way and started to scamper off. But then another, even better trick popped into his head and he started in the other direction. Then the fox stopped. Another trick had come to him but he wasn't quite sure if it was better than the second one he'd had.

While he was debating the hounds came nearer and nearer.

At last, the fox in his confusion as to which plan was best was caught by the hounds, putting an end to all of his clever plans.

Don't forget -- a little common sense is better than many sneaky tricks!

THE END

The Goose with the Golden Eggs

One day a countryman going to the nest of his goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he picked it up it was very heavy and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played on him.

But he decided to take it home and soon discovered that it was an egg of pure gold.

Every morning the same thing occurred, and he grew rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get all the gold the goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find nothing.

Don't forget -- it isn't good to be greedy!

THE END

The Bulls and the Lion

A lion had been watching three bulls feeding in an open field. He had tried to attack them several times, but they kept together and helped each other to drive him off.

The lion had little hope of eating them, for he was no match for three strong bulls with their sharp horns and hoofs. But he could not keep away from that field, for it is hard to resist watching a good meal, even when there is little chance of getting it.

Then one day the bulls had a fight. When the hungry lion came to lick his chops and watch them as he did each day, he found them in separate corners of the field, as far away from one another as they could get.

It was now an easy matter for the lion to attack the bulls one at a time.

Don't forget: united we stand, divided we fall!

THE END

Rapunzel

Grimm's Fairy Tale version - translated by Margaret Hunt - language modernized a bit by Leanne Guenther

Note: Rapunzel is an old nickname for a herb with leaves like lettuce and roots like a radish -- it is also called rampion.

There once lived a man and a woman who always wished for a child, but could not have one. These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen. The garden was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go into it because it belonged to an witch, who had great power and was feared by all the world.

One day the woman was standing by the window and looking down into the garden, when she saw a bed which was planted with the most tasty rapunzel. It looked so fresh and green that she longed for it and had the greatest desire to eat some. This desire increased every day. The woman knew that she could not get any of it and grew more pale and miserable each day.

Her husband was worried about her and asked "What is wrong my dear?"

"Ah," she replied, "if I can't eat some of the rapunzel from the garden behind our house I think I shall die."

The man, who loved her, thought, "Sooner than let my lovely wife die, I will bring her some of the rapunzel myself, no matter what the cost."

In the twilight of the evening, he climbed over the wall into the garden of the witch, hastily grabbed a handful of rapunzel and took it to his wife. She at once made herself a salad and ate it happily. She, however, liked it so much -- so very much, that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before. If he was to have any rest, her husband must once more descend into the garden. In the gloom of evening, therefore, he set out again; but when he had climbed over the wall he was terribly afraid, for he saw the witch standing before him.

"How dare you," she said with angry look, "sneak into my garden and steal my rapunzel like a thief? You shall suffer for this!"

"Ah," the frightened husband answered, "please have mercy, I had to have the rapunzel. My wife saw it from the window and felt such a longing for it that she would have died if she had not got some to eat."

Then the witch allowed her anger to be softened, and said to him, "If this is true, I will allow you to take as much as you like, only I make one condition. You must give me the baby daughter your wife will bring into the world; she shall be well treated, and I will care for it like a mother." The man in his fear consented and when the baby was born the witch appeared at once, gave the child the name of Rapunzel and took the baby away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child beneath the sun. When she was twelve years old, the witch shut her into a tower, which lay in a forest. The tower had no stairs or doors, but only a little window at the very top. When the witch wanted to go in, she stood beneath the window and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the witch she wound her braids round one of the hooks of the window, and then the hair fell down the side of the tower and the witch climbed up by it.

After a year or two, it came to pass that the Prince rode through the forest and went by the tower. He heard a song which was so lovely that he stood still and listened. This was Rapunzel who in her loneliness passed her time singing. The Prince wanted to climb up to her, and looked for the door of the tower, but none was to be found. He rode home, but the singing had so deeply touched his heart, that every day he went out into the forest and listened to it.

Once when he was standing behind a tree listening to Rapunzel's song, he saw the witch come and heard how she cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair, and the witch climbed up to her.

"If that is the ladder by which one mounts, I will for once try my fortune," thought the Prince and the next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

Immediately the hair fell down and the Prince climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man such as her eyes had never seen, came to her; but the Prince began to talk to her quite like a friend and told her that his heart had been so stirred by her singing that it had let him have no rest. Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would take him for her husband -- and she saw that he was kind and handsome, she said yes, and laid her hand in his.

She said, "I will willingly go away with you, but I do not know how to get down. Bring a bit of silk with you every time you come and I will weave a ladder with it. When that is ready I will climb down and we shall escape together." They agreed that until that time he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day.

The witch knew nothing of this, until once Rapunzel said in her distraction, "Oh my, you are so much heavier when you climb than the young Prince."

"Ah! you wicked child," cried the witch "What do I hear thee say! I thought I had separated you from all the world but you have deceived me."

In her anger she clutched Rapunzel's beautiful hair, seized a pair of scissors -- and snip, snap -- cut it all off. Rapunzel's lovely braids lay on the ground but the witch was not through. She was so angry that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert where she had to live in great grief and misery.

The witch rushed back to the tower and fastened the braids of hair which she had cut off, to the hook of the window, and when the Prince came and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair,"

She let the hair down. The Prince climbed to the window, but he did not find his dearest Rapunzel above, but the witch, who gazed at him with a wicked and venomous look.

"Aha!" she cried mockingly, "You've come for Rapunzel but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing in the nest; the cat has got it and will scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is banished and you will never see her again!"

The Prince was beside himself and in his despair he fell down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell pierced his eyes. Then he wandered quite blind about the forest, ate nothing but roots and berries and did nothing but weep over the loss of his dearest Rapunzel.

In this way, the Prince roamed in misery for some months and at length came to the desert where the witch had banished Rapunzel. He heard a voice singing and it seemed so familiar to him that he went towards it. When he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell into his arms and wept.

Two of her tears fell on his eyes and the Prince could see again. He led her to his kingdom where he was joyfully received, and they lived for a long time afterwards, happy and contented.

THE END

Sleeping Beauty

Grimm's Fairy Tale version - translated by Margaret Hunt - language modernized a bit by Leanne Guenther

Long ago there lived a King and Queen who said every day, "If only we had a child!" But for a long time they had none.

One day, as the Queen was bathing in a spring and dreaming of a child, a frog crept out of the water and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year has passed you shall bring a daughter into the world."

And since frogs are such magical creatures, it was no surprise that before a year had passed the Queen had a baby girl. The child was so beautiful and sweet that the King could not contain himself for joy. He prepared a great feast and invited all his friends, family and neighbours. He invited the fairies, too, in order that they might be kind and good to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but as the King only had twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of the fairies had to be left out. None of the guests was saddened by this as the thirteenth fairy was known to be cruel and spiteful.

An amazing feast was held and when it came to an end, each of the fairies presented the child with a magic gift. One fairy gave her virtue, another beauty, a third riches and so on -- with everything in the world that anyone could wish for.

After eleven of the fairies had presented their gifts, the thirteenth suddenly appeared. She was angry and wanted to show her spite for not having been invited to the feast. Without hesitation she called out in a loud voice,

"When she is fifteen years old, the Princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead!"

Then without another word, she turned and left the hall.

The guests were horrified and the Queen fell to the floor sobbing, but the twelfth fairy, whose wish was still not spoken, quietly stepped forward. Her magic could not remove the curse, but she could soften it so she said,

"Nay, your daughter shall not die, but instead shall fall into a deep sleep that will last one hundred years."

Over the years, the promises of the fairies came true -- one by one. The Princess grew to be beautiful, modest, kind and clever. Everyone who saw her could not help but love her.

The King and Queen were determined to prevent the curse placed on the Princess by the spiteful fairy and sent out a command that all the spindles in the whole kingdom should be destroyed. No

one in the kingdom was allowed to tell the Princess of the curse that had been placed upon her for they did not want her to worry or be sad.

On the morning of her fifteenth birthday, the Princess awoke early -- excited to be another year older. She was up so early in the morning, that she realized everyone else still slept. The Princess roamed through the halls trying to keep herself occupied until the rest of the castle awoke. She wandered about the whole place, looking at rooms and halls as she pleased and at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow, winding staircase and reached a little door. A rusty key was sticking in the lock and when she turned it, the door flew open.

In a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax. The old woman was so deaf that she had never heard the King's command that all spindles should be destroyed.

"Good morning, Granny," said the Princess, "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman.

"What is the thing that whirls round so merrily?" asked the Princess and she took the spindle and tried to spin too.

But she had scarcely touched the spindle when it pricked her finger. At that moment she fell upon the bed which was standing near and lay still in a deep sleep.

The King, Queen and servants had all started their morning routines and right in the midst of them fell asleep too. The horses fell asleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof and the flies on the wall. Even the fire in the hearth grew still and went to sleep. The kitchen maid, who sat with a chicken before her, ready to pluck its feathers, fell asleep. The cook was in the midst of scolding the kitchen boy for a mess he'd made but they both fell fast asleep. The wind died down and on the trees in front of the castle not a leaf stirred.

Round the castle a hedge of brier roses began to grow up. Every year it grew higher until at last nothing could be seen of the sleeping castle.

There was a legend in the land about the lovely Sleeping Beauty, as the King's daughter was called, and from time to time Princes came and tried to force their way through the hedge and into the castle. But they found it impossible for the thorns, as though they were alive, grabbed at them and would not let them through.

After many years a Prince came again to the country and heard an old man tell the tale of the castle which stood behind the brier hedge and the beautiful Princess who had slept within for a hundred years. He heard also that many Princes had tried to make it through the brier hedge but none had succeeded and many had been caught in it and died.

The young Prince said, "I am not afraid. I must go and see this Sleeping Beauty."

The good old man did all in his power to persuade him not to go, but the Prince would not listen.

Now the hundred years were just ended. When the Prince approached the brier hedge it was covered with beautiful large roses. The shrubs made way for him of their own accord and let him pass unharmed.

In the courtyard, the Prince saw the horses and dogs lying asleep. On the roof sat the sleeping doves with their heads tucked under their wings. When he went into the house, the flies were asleep on the walls and the servants asleep in the halls. Near the throne lay the King and Queen, sleeping peacefully beside each other. In the kitchen the cook, the kitchen boy and the kitchen maid all slept with their heads resting on the table.

The Prince went on farther. All was so still that he could hear his own breathing. At last he reached the tower and opened the door into the little room where the Princess was asleep. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her. He bent down and gave her a kiss. As he touched her, Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

Throughout the castle, everyone and everything woke up and looked at each other with astonished eyes. Within the month, the Prince and Sleeping Beauty were married and lived happily all their lives

THE END