

Fairytales Classics

Rumpelstiltskin

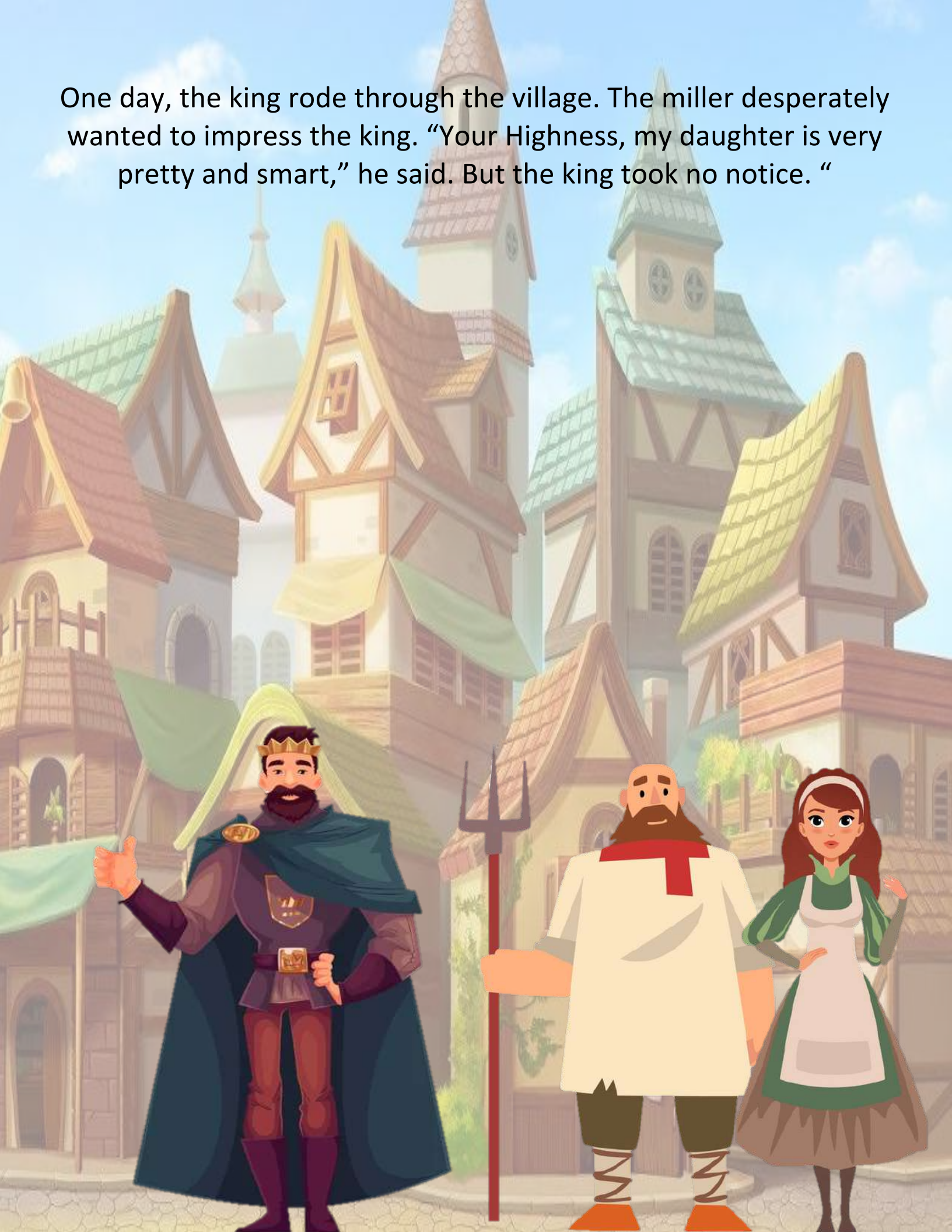


Once Upon a Time

There was a poor miller who had just one daughter. She was very beautiful and he told many people about her.



One day, the king rode through the village. The miller desperately wanted to impress the king. “Your Highness, my daughter is very pretty and smart,” he said. But the king took no notice. “



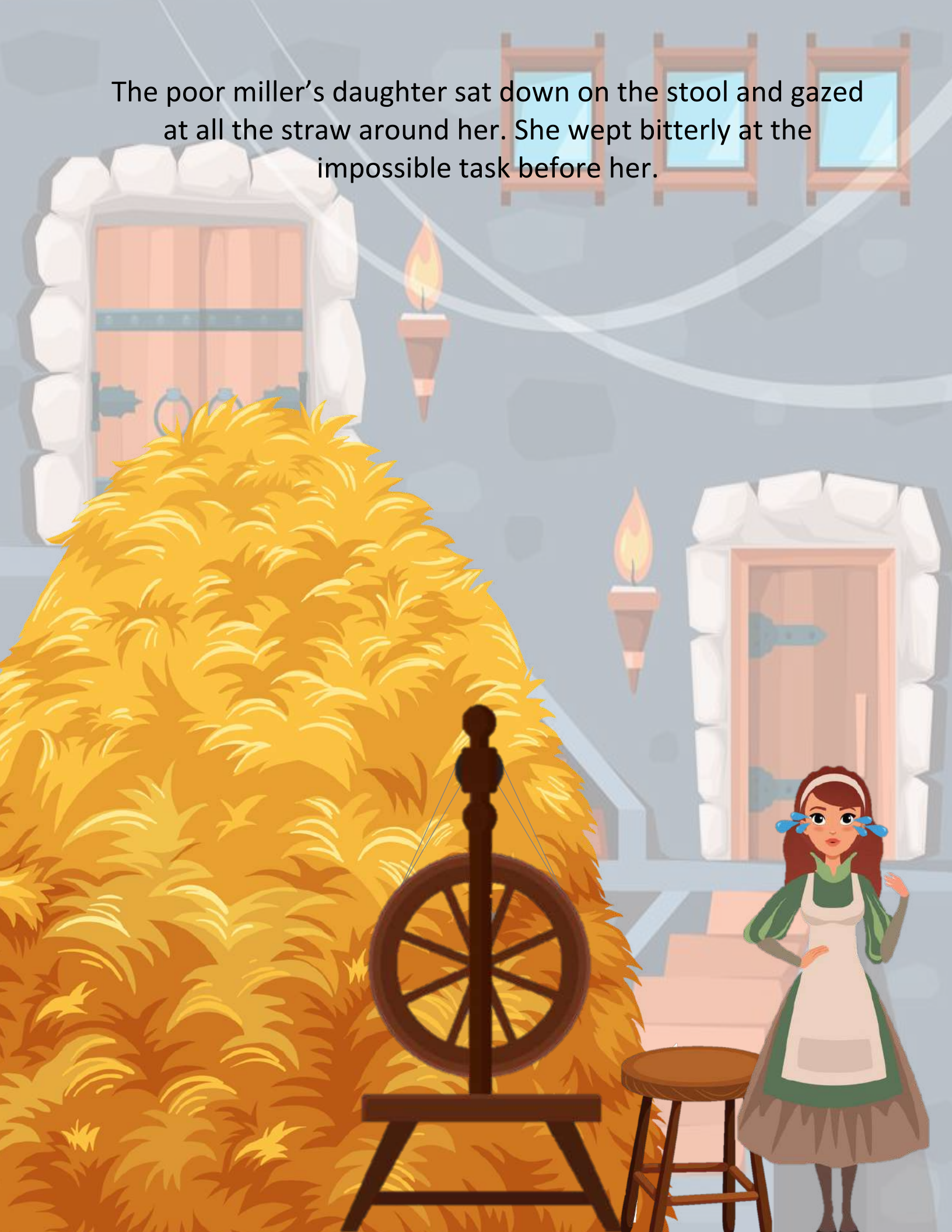
The miller didn't dare disobey the king, so the next day he brought his daughter to the palace.



The king led the girl to a room filled with straw. On the floor stood a little stool and a spinning wheel. “Spin this straw into gold by tomorrow morning, or you will be thrown into the dungeon,” said the king. Then he left the room and locked the door.



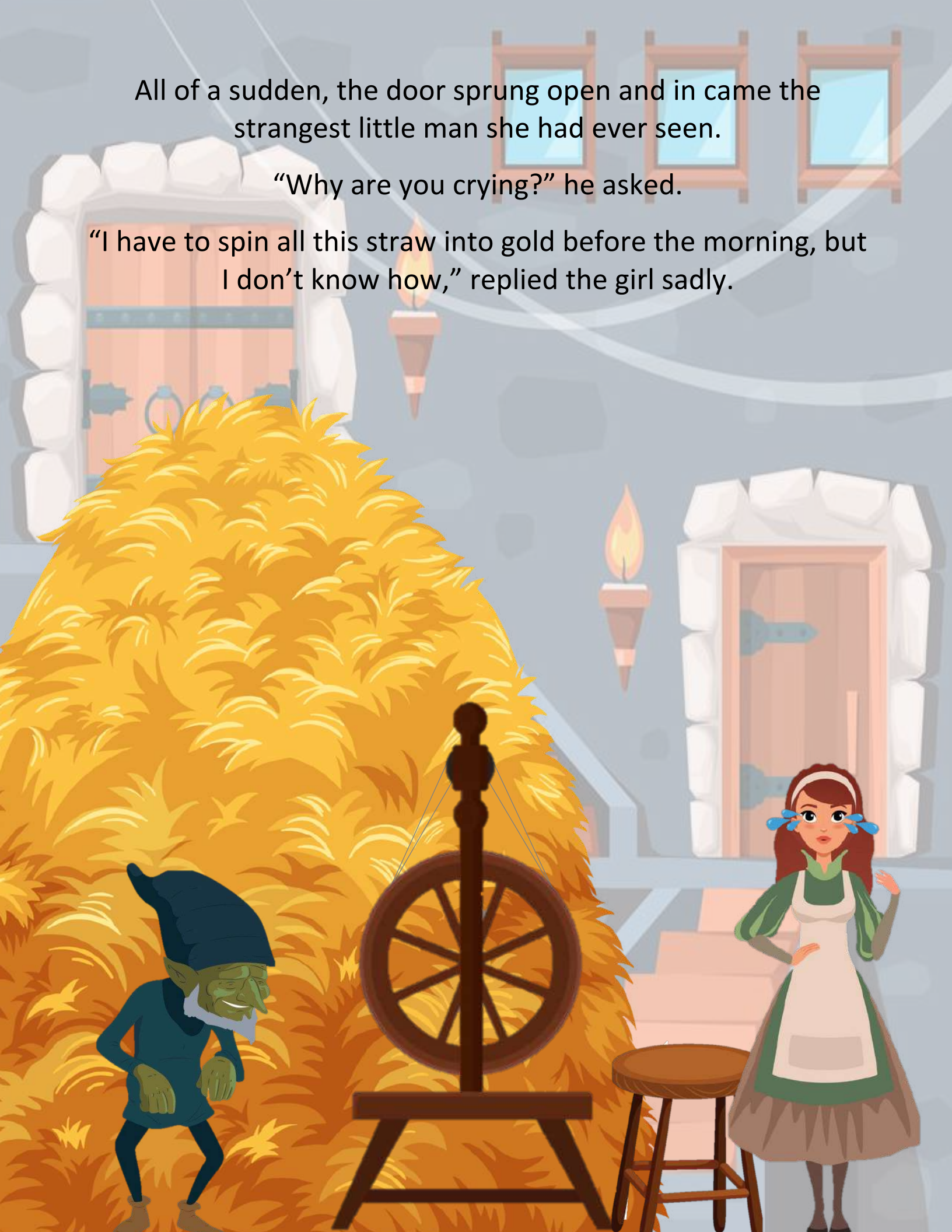
The poor miller's daughter sat down on the stool and gazed at all the straw around her. She wept bitterly at the impossible task before her.



All of a sudden, the door sprung open and in came the strangest little man she had ever seen.

“Why are you crying?” he asked.

“I have to spin all this straw into gold before the morning, but I don’t know how,” replied the girl sadly.



“If you give me your pretty necklace, I will spin the straw into gold,” said the strange little man.

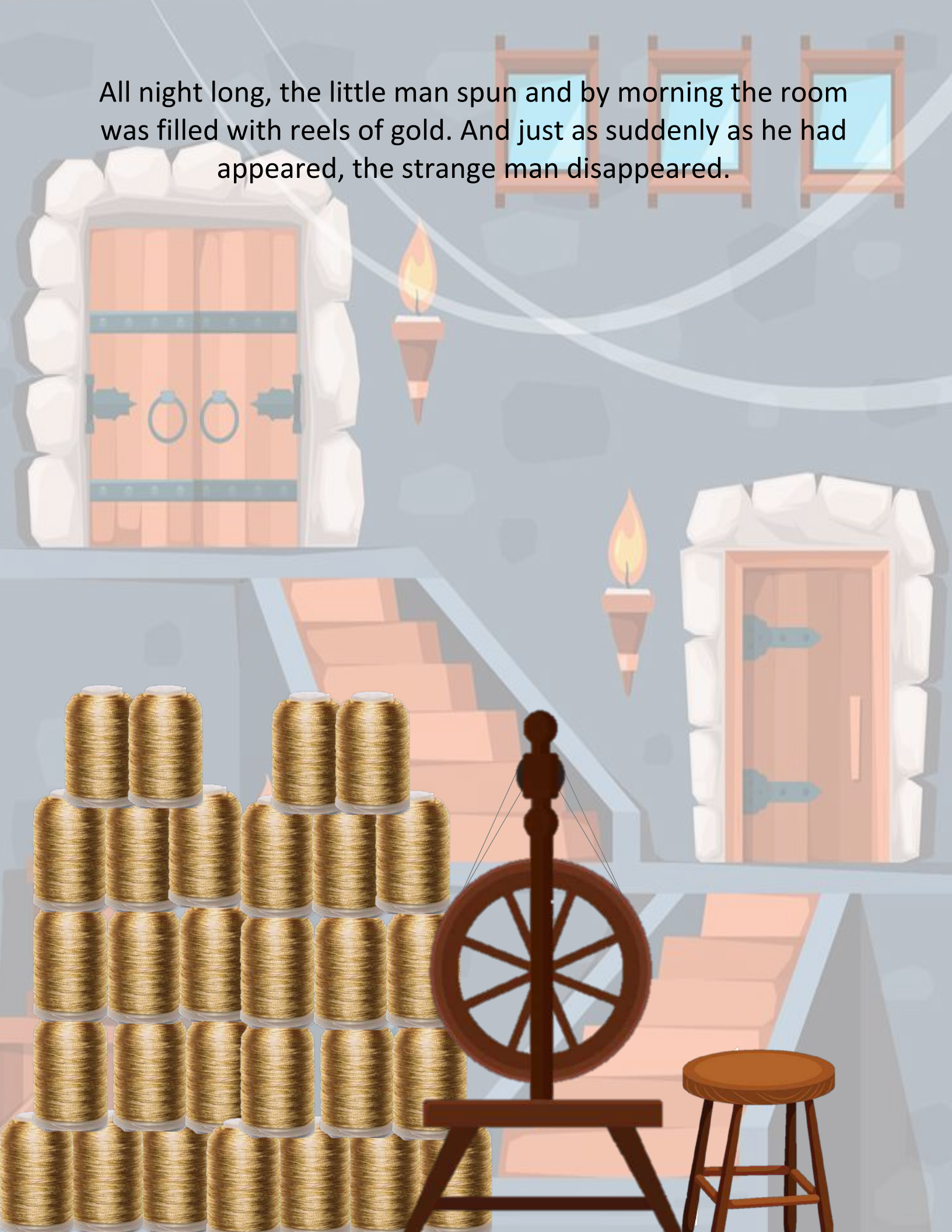
“Oh, thank you!” gasped the girl, wiping away her tears and handing over her necklace.



The little man sat down in front of the spinning wheel and set to work.



All night long, the little man spun and by morning the room was filled with reels of gold. And just as suddenly as he had appeared, the strange man disappeared.



When the king arrived, he was astonished to see so much gold. "You have done very well," he said, "but I wonder if you can do the same thing again?"



He took miller's daughter to a much bigger room. It, too, was filled with straw.

“Spin this straw into gold by tomorrow morning, or you will be thrown into the dungeon,” said the king and once more he locked the girl in the room.



The miller's daughter was very frightened. The strange man appeared before her again. "Don't cry," he said. "Give me your shiny ring and I will spin the straw into gold."

She handed over her ring gracefully and the little man set to work.



Once again, all the straw was turned into gold.

The king wanted to try one more time. "If you can do this again, you shall be queen!" cried the king.



The poor miller's daughter wept even more bitterly this time when the king left.

“Why are you crying?” said the little man, appearing for the third time. “You know that I will help you.”



“But I have nothing left to give you,” sobbed the girl.

“if you become queen,” he replied the little man, “you can give me your first-born child.”

The desperate miller’s daughter agreed to the man’s request.



And once again, he spun all the straw into gold. The king was so delighted when he saw the gold the next day that he kept his promise and married the miller's daughter.



The new queen was very happy and soon forgot about the promise she had made to the strange little man who saved her from the dungeon.



A year later, the king and queen had a beautiful baby boy.



Late one night, the little man appeared in the queen's bedroom as she watched over her sleeping baby.

"I'm here for your baby," he said. "Just as you promised." The queen was horrified. "Oh, please, take all my jewels and money instead," she begged. "Not my son!"



“No,” replied the little man. “You made a promise. But I will give you three days. If in that time you can guess my name, then you will keep your baby.”

The desperate queen agreed.



The next day she sent messengers all over the kingdom to collect all the boys' names they could find.



That night, the strange man appeared again and the queen read out the names she had gathered.

But after each name he just laughed.



The next day, the queen sent her messengers out to find even more names ...



... and that night she read out the new names when the little man appeared. But once again, the queen's guesses were wrong.



On the third day, the poor queen was in despair, it was getting later by the time her last messenger returned.

“Your Highness, I haven’t found any names,” he said, “but as I was returning through the forest, I saw a little man leaping and dancing around a fire, singing a song.



It went like this:

***'The queen will never win my fame, for
Rumpelstiltskin is my name!'***



The queen was overjoyed!

When the little man appeared that night, the queen said, “Are you perhaps called ... Rumpelstiltskin?”



The little man was furious. He stamped his foot so hard it went through the floor. Then, pulling on his legs until he was free, he stomped out of the room and was never seen or heard from again.



And the king and queen and their son, lived happily ever after.

The End





THINK
DIGITAL ACADEMY