Introduction to Literature

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FAIRY TALES, FOLK TALES, AND HOW THEY SHAPE US

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Contents

Introduction to Literature: What? Why? How?

When is the last time you read a book or a story simply because it interested you? If you were to classify that book, would you call it fiction or literature? This is an interesting separation, with many possible reasons for it. One is that "fiction" and "literature" are regarded as quite different things. "Fiction," for example, is what people read for enjoyment. "Literature" is what they read for school. Or "fiction" is what living people write and is about the present. "Literature" was written by people (often white males) who have since died and is about times and places that have nothing to do with us. Or "fiction" offers everyday pleasures, but "literature" is to be honored and respected, even though it is boring. Of course, when we put anything on a pedestal, we remove it from everyday life, so the corollary is that literature is to be honored and respected, but it is not to be read, certainly not by any normal person with normal interests.

Sadly, it is the guardians of literature, that is, of the classics, who have done so much to take the life out of literature, to put it on a pedestal and thereby to make it an irrelevant aspect of American life. People study literature because they love

literature. They certainly don't do it for the money. But what happens too often, especially in colleges, is that teachers forget what it was that first interested them in the study of literature. They forget the joy that they first felt (and perhaps still feel) as they read a new novel or a poem or as they reread a work and saw something new in it. Instead, they erect formidable walls around these literary works, giving the impression that the only access to a work is through deep learning and years of study. Such study is clearly important for scholars, but this kind of scholarship is not the only way, or even necessarily the best way, for most people to approach literature. Instead it makes the literature seem inaccessible. It makes the literature seem like the province of scholars. "Oh, you have to be smart to read that," as though Shakespeare or Dickens or Woolf wrote only for English teachers, not for general readers.

What is Literature?

In short, literature evokes imaginative worlds through the conscious arrangement of words that tell a story. These stories are told through different genres, or types of literature, like novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and the essay. Each genre is associated with certain conventions. In this course, we will study poetry, short fiction, and drama (in the form of movies).

Some Misconceptions about Literature

Of course, there are a number of misconceptions about literature that have to be gotten out of the way before anyone can enjoy it. One misconception is that literature is full of **hidden meanings**. There are certainly occasional works that contain hidden meanings. The biblical book of *Revelation*, for example, was written in a kind of code, using images that

had specific meanings for its early audience but that we can only recover with a great deal of difficulty. Most literary works, however, are not at all like that. Perhaps an analogy will illustrate this point. When I take my car to my mechanic because something is not working properly, he opens the hood and we both stand there looking at the engine. But after we have looked for a few minutes, he is likely to have seen what the problem is, while I could look for hours and never see it. We are looking at the same thing. The problem is not hidden, nor is it in some secret code. It is right there in the open, accessible to anyone who knows how to "read" it, which my mechanic does and I do not. He has been taught how to "read" automobile engines and he has practiced "reading" them. He is a good "close reader," which is why I continue to take my car to him.

The same thing is true for readers of literature. Generally authors want to communicate with their readers, so they are not likely to hide or disguise what they are saying, but reading literature also requires some training and some practice. Good writers use language very carefully, and readers must learn how to be sensitive to that language, just as the mechanic must learn to be sensitive to the appearances and sounds of the engine. Everything that the writer wants to say, and much that the writer may not be aware of, is there in the words. We simply have to learn how to read them.

Another popular misconception is that a literary work has a **single "meaning"** (and that only English teachers know how to find that meaning). There is an easy way to dispel this misconception. Just go to a college library and find the section that holds books on Shakespeare. Choose one play, *Hamlet*, for example, and see how many books there are about it, all by scholars who are educated, perceptive readers. Can it be the case that one of these books is correct and all the others are

mistaken? And if the correct one has already been written, why would anyone need to write another book about the play? The answer is this:

Key Takeaways

There is no single correct way to read any piece of literature.

Again, let me use an analogy to illustrate this point. Suppose that everyone at a meeting were asked to describe a person who was standing in the middle of the room. Imagine how many different descriptions there would be, depending on where the viewer sat in relation to the person. For example, an optometrist in the crowd might focus on the person's glasses; a hair stylist might focus on the person's haircut; someone who sells clothing might focus on the style of dress; a podiatrist might focus on the person's feet. Would any of these descriptions be incorrect? Not necessarily, but they would be determined by the viewers' perspectives. They might also be determined by such factors as the viewers' ages, genders, or ability to move around the person being viewed, or by their previous acquaintance with the subject. So whose descriptions would be correct? Conceivably all of them, and if we put all of these correct descriptions together, we would be closer to having a full description of the person.

Key Takeaways

This is most emphatically NOT to say, however, that all descriptions are correct simply because each person is entitled to his or her opinion

If the podiatrist is of the opinion that the person is five feet, nine inches tall, the podiatrist could be mistaken. And even if the podiatrist actually measures the person, the measurement could be mistaken. Everyone who describes this person, therefore, must offer not only an opinion but also a basis for that opinion. "My feeling is that this person is a teacher" is not enough. "My feeling is that this person is a teacher because the person's clothing is covered with chalk dust and because the person is carrying a stack of papers that look like they need grading" is far better, though even that statement might be mistaken.

So it is with literature. As we read, as we try to understand and interpret, **we must deal with the text that is in front of us**; but we must also recognize (1) that language is slippery and (2) that each of us individually deals with it from a different set of perspectives. Not all of these perspectives are necessarily legitimate, and it is always possible that we might misread or misinterpret what we see. Furthermore, it is possible that contradictory readings of a single work will both be legitimate, because literary works can be as complex and multi-faceted as human beings. It is vital, therefore, that in reading literature we **abandon** both the idea that any individual's reading of a work is the "correct" one and the idea that there is one simple way to read any work. Our interpretations may, and probably should, change according to the way we approach the work. If we read *The Chronicles of Narnia* as teenagers, then

in middle age, and then in old age, we might be said to have read three different books. Thus, multiple interpretations, even contradictory interpretations, can work together to give us a fuller and possibly more interesting understanding of a work.

Why Reading Literature is Important

Key Takeaways

Reading literature can teach us new ways to read, think, imagine, feel, and make sense of our own experiences. Literature forces readers to confront the complexities of the world, to confront what it means to be a human being in this difficult and uncertain world, to confront other people who may be unlike them, and ultimately to confront themselves.

The relationship between the reader and the world of a work of literature is complex and fascinating. Frequently when we read a work, we become so involved in it that we may feel that we have become part of it. "I was really into that movie," we might say, and in one sense that statement can be accurate. But in another sense it is clearly inaccurate, for actually we do not enter the movie or the story as IT enters US; the words enter our eyes in the form of squiggles on a page which are transformed into words, sentences, paragraphs, and meaningful concepts in our brains, in our imaginations, where scenes and characters are given "a local habitation and a name." Thus, when we "get into" a book, we are actually "getting into" our own mental conceptions that have been produced by the

book, which, incidentally, explains why so often readers are dissatisfied with cinematic or television adaptations of literary works.

In fact, though it may seem a trite thing to say, writers are close observers of the world who are capable of communicating their visions, and the more perspectives we have to draw on, the better able we should be to make sense of our lives. In these terms, it makes no difference whether we are reading a Homeric epic poem like *The Odyssey*, a twelfth-century Japanese novel like *The Tale of Genji*, or a Victorian novel by Dickens, or even, in a sense, watching someone's TikTok video (a video or movie is also a kind of text that can be "read" or analyzed for multiple meanings). The more different perspectives we get, the better. And it must be emphasized that we read such works not only to be well-rounded (whatever that means) or to be "educated" or for antiquarian interest. We read them because they have something to do with us, with our lives. Whatever culture produced them, whatever the gender or race or religion of their authors, they relate to us as human beings; and all of us can use as many insights into being human as we can get. Reading is itself a kind of experience, and while we may not have the time or the opportunity or or physical possibility to experience certain things in the world, we can experience them through reading. So literature allows us to broaden our experiences.

Reading also forces us to focus our thoughts. The world around us is so full of stimuli that we are easily distracted. Unless we are involved in a crisis that demands our full attention, we flit from subject to subject. But when we read a book, even a book that has a large number of characters and covers many years, the story and the writing help us to focus, to think about what they show us in a concentrated manner.

When I hold a book, I often feel that I have in my hand another world that I can enter and that will help me to understand the everyday world that I inhabit.

Literature invites us to meet interesting characters and to visit interesting places, to use our imagination and to think about things that might otherwise escape our notice, to see the world from perspectives that we would otherwise not have.

Watch this video for a discussion of why reading fiction matters.

One or more interactive elements has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view them online here:
https://pressbooks.uwf.edu/fairytalelit/?p=4#oembed-1

How to Read Literature: The Basics

Exercises

1. Read with a pen in hand! Yes, even if you're reading an electronic text, in which case you may want to open a new document in which you can take notes. Jot down questions, highlight things you find significant, mark confusing passages, look up unfamiliar words/references, and record first impressions.

2. Think critically to form a response. Here are some things to be aware of and look for in the story that may help you form an idea of meaning.

- **Repetitions**. You probably know from watching movies that if something is repeated, that means something. Stories are similar—if something occurs more than once, the story is calling attention to it, so notice it and consider why it is repeated. The repeated element can be a word or a phrase, an action, even a piece of clothing or gear.
- **Not Quite Right**: If something that happens that seems Not Quite Right to you, that may also have some particular meaning. So, for example, if a violent act is committed against someone who's done nothing wrong, that is unusual, unexpected, that is, Not Quite Right. And therefore, that act means something.
- **Address your own biases** and compare your own experiences with those expressed in the piece.
- **Test your positions and thoughts** about the piece with what others think (we'll do some of this in class discussions).

While you will have your own individual connection to a piece based on your life experiences, interpreting literature is not a

willy-nilly process. Each piece of writing has purpose, usually more than one purpose–you, as the reader, are meant to uncover purpose in the text. As the speaker notes in the video you watched about how to read literature, you, as a reader, also have a role to play. Sometimes you may see something in the text that speaks to you; whether or not the author intended that piece to be there, it still matters to you.

Examples

For example, I've had a student who had life experiences that she was reminded of when reading "Chonguita, the Monkey Bride" and another student whose experience was mirrored in part of "The Frog King or Iron Heinrich." I encourage you to honor these perceptions if they occur to you and possibly even to use them in your writing assignments. I can suggest ways to do this if you're interested.

But remember that when we write about literature, our observations must also be supported by the text itself. Make sure you aren't reading into the text something that isn't there. Value the text for what is and appreciate the experience it provides, all while you attempt to create a connection with your experiences.

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PART I

Reading and Understanding Fairy Tales and Folk Tales

1. Chapter 1: Why Study Literature? Why Fairy Tales and Folk Tales?

WHY focus on fairy takes and folk tales?

The widely respected writer C. S. Lewis (author of *The Narnia Chronicles*), gives us a clue:

Key Takeaways

"***Someday you will be old enough to start reading fairy tales again.***

Are you old enough yet? We're going to find out in this course.

But, FIRST

We need a common language to discuss literature as a discipline. So before you read any farther, watch the following three videos:

One or more interactive elements has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view them online here:
https://pressbooks.uwf.edu/fairytalelit/?p=5#oembed-1

Source: "How and Why We Read." *YouTube*, uploaded by Crash Course in English Literature, 15 Nov. 2012, www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSYw502dJNY&t=14s.

One or more interactive elements has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view them online here:
https://pressbooks.uwf.edu/fairytalelit/?p=5#oembed-2

Source: "Fiction-Writing: Understand Elements of Story." *YouTube*, uploaded by Executive Function, ADHD, 2e. Seth Perler, 11 Oct. 2015, youtu.be/TX07–4bybE.

One or more interactive elements has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view them online here: https://pressbooks.uwf.edu/fairytalelit/?p=5#oembed-3

Source: "Writer's Toolkit: Audience and Purpose." *YouTube*, uploaded by Executive Function, ADHD, 2e. Seth Perler, 18 Oct. 2015, youtu.be/O9by2yFy4do.

The information in these videos may be review for some of you, but reminders are helpful. In any case, there's nothing mysterious here, just some terms we can use to be precise in our discussions and writings.

The first video features an English teacher and his views, but the other two videos are created and presented by a writer of literature. See if you think it makes for a different experience—when you're getting this info from someone who writes actual stories himself. And remember that when I say "literature," I mean pretty much any fiction, and even non-fiction.

So just to review and add some highlights:

- Plot
- Setting
- Character
- Point of View
- Motifs
- Theme

PLOT:

Plot is simply what happens in the text. "Text" by the way can mean anything we can discuss in language—a story, a poem, a novel, a graphic novel, a song, a movie, even visual arts.

Plot is important because things in the text happen for a reason—the text's reasons, which contribute to meaning.

SETTING:

WHERE and WHEN the whole thing happens—could be a place, a time period, a season, even in some cases a "feeling"—dark/light, pleasant/threatening/confusing—we find this sense of setting mainly in visual texts such as graphic novels and movies. And setting can change, as it does in "Beauty and the Beast" from Beauty's home to the Beast's palace.

Setting, too, has meaning
Can suggest certain feelings in the characters
or even **Create** feelings in characters or in the reader.

CHARACTER:

The people or other creatures who populate the story. What they say (DIALOGUE) and what they do: all of it has meaning.

These are NOT supposed to be real people just going about their lives. They do and say and think certain things not for their own reasons, like real people do, but **for the story's reasons**. It might help you to think of the story itself as an entity in its own right—a BEING. The story has a life of its own, and the story's goals are

- To tell you an interesting tale
- To leave you feeling and thinking in certain ways. NOT the author, The story ITSELF. Again, Think of the story as having a life of its own—which it does!
- And the STORY wants to push you around—again to make you feel and think certain things, maybe even in a sneaky way, so you don't even notice that the story is implanting its own choice of thoughts and feelings into you.

For example, the Beast says to Beauty, "my heart is good, but still I am a monster." Of course, this shows us what the Beast thinks of himself, but his use of the term "monster" ALSO might cause you, the reader, to think about monsters in general. IS the beast the monster? What does it MEAN to think of him as a monster? Or to think of him as NOT a monster—is there a way to do that?

What in this story is or is not monstrous—ARE there other kinds of monsters than the Beast? More on that later.

POINT OF VIEW:

Who's telling this story? Is it one of the characters (first person), or an omniscient narrator (usually third-person), or is the story being told in what sounds like third person, but only giving you the viewpoint of one of the characters (third person, central intelligence)?

MOTIF:

Motif is somewhat like a pattern in that it is found when certain elements are repeated in the text, such as objects (a ring, a flower, a sword), phrases (such as "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair"), or even descriptions or actions (repeatedly calling someone "beautiful," playing tricks, refusing requests, making friends). Repeated elements **mean something** and therefore they are often related to THEME.

As you read, watch for motifs in the text. You are meant to notice them and to think about what they are doing to make meaning in the story.

THEME:

There are other important elements of narrative, such as tone, figurative language, and others—we'll discuss these as they come up in the texts we're reading. The IMPORTANT thing to remember about all these elements is that they ALL contribute to THE MAIN EVENT: **THEME.**

THEME refers to subtext or meaning. A story is not told ONLY for its own sake. Of course the writer or the storyteller wants to create an interesting story, But the storyteller, as Seth Perler says, has their own PURPOSE. And that purpose is related to THEME—the MEANING the storyteller intends.

BUT also, there are ALWAYS underlying MEANINGS, whether the writer intends them or not. So, in some ways, we'll think about what the storyteller is up to,

BUT we'll also go beyond that purpose to consider what the STORY ITSELF tells us, **regardless** of what the storyteller might have had in mind.

Notice that when I say "Meanings," it's plural. Because any

given story will have multiple meanings or multiple THEMES. So when we discuss meaning in this class, I'll try to alert you to at least a few possibilities—AND THERE MAY BE MORE.

Not that the text can mean anything, but that it can mean various things. And I don't insist that you agree with my ideas of meaning.

But if you want to argue an alternative meaning, you must SUPPORT it.

How do you support your idea of a meaning? With TEXTUAL EVIDENCE—which is where those elements of narrative come in. How does the plot support the meaning you're arguing?

How about the setting, character, point of view, tone, and other elements? The ways in which characters behave, where they are, how they speak, even what they wear! It is all there to create meanings.

Also, as noted in the Introduction, remember the following:

Be alert to repetitions and anything that seems not quite right. Consider how your own experiences and biases are playing a part in how you read. And be prepared to discuss your responses with your classmates.

Second

Our reading focus: **CULTURAL EXPECTATION**

This is not an element of the text but a name for what we will be looking for in the stories we read.

What is **culture**?

What is an **expectation**?

So, what then is a **cultural expectation?**

Key Takeaways

Cultural expectations are simply the things that our culture expects us to do. In some cases, we can take that a step farther and call these cultural **imperatives**–things that our culture virtually demands that we do.

For example, you're in college now. Is getting an education something our culture expects us to do? The general culture of our nation expects, even demands, that we all get basic schooling through high school. Then, what we might call the micro-culture of your community and family may expect you to continue that education by going to college or to a professional trade school. That is, you are expected to learn enough to move out on your own and support yourself. That's what both the macro- and the micro-cultures want you to do.

What other things does our culture expect us to do?

Examples

Got to college? Go to a trade school?
Military service maybe?
Get a job and earn a living?
Get married? Have children? Provide for those children's education?
Care for our parents when they grow old and can't care for themselves?

These are just a few examples. We'll find more as we get deeper into our study of the tales.

Fairy tales and folk tales are uniquely created and positioned to begin teaching you these expectations–and how important they are. You begin hearing stories from the time when you begin to understand language. First storeis are told or read to you, and then you begin reading some yourself. Maybe your family takes you to see children's movies or plays that based on fairy tales. Maybe you and your siblings or friends imagine yourselves as part of these tales. Maybe you become more deeply interested in a particular tale.

All this exposure to stories means that you are absorbing them and therefore absorbing the values they illustrate. They are **teaching you those values**–they they exist, that they are important, that you must learn them and honor them and abide by them. These values suggest **cultural expectations**. (And, looking ahead, these expectations may play a part in the THEMES you argue in your essays about these tales.)

Examples

- Young men are expected to be… or to do….
  Young women are expected to be…. or to do….
- A monster/beast/wild animal is a creature who… (looks a certain way, behaves in certain ways, says certain things)
- A princess must… A prince must…
- Wives must…. Husbands must… Married couples must….

- Beauty means… Ugly means…

Fairy tales and folk tales tell stories to teach these expectations and imperatives. These are what we will be looking for, in various ways, in the stories we study throughout this semester.

"Beauty and the Beast"

This story is our first example of the principles explained above. Our task is to try to figure out what the story might MEAN in terms of cultural expectations, that is, what cultural demands might this story attempt to teach us through the experience of a beautiful young woman and a prospective bridegroom who is a Beast, a kind of monster?

The ultimate event in this story is marriage, right? Think about what marriage brings with it that might cause uncertainty or discomfort.

Examples

- Arranged marriages would have been common in the time when this story was first told. Even now, marriage may be or feel forced in various ways.

- What about sex? Some people are inexperienced in that sense when they get married. So it may be a scary thing to face. In fact, it used to be that the word MARRIAGE was a euphemism for "when you start having sex"—that certainly would've been the case when this story was first told.
- What about all the other things that are going to happen AFTER the wedding?

The point here is that a story involving a bride and groom has SOMETHING to do with marriage, and we owe it to the story to consider what that something might be.

Also, MARRIAGE is the TRANSFER of love/devotion from the father/family to the new husband/new family.

This transfer—in Beauty and the Beast—is significant in that there is no mother in this story—nobody to teach the daughter about men and marriage.

So maybe an important point is the transfer of the woman from one man to the other—and even though it's the law of the culture (of many cultures—most cultures), it can be frightening and difficult for the young woman. What does Beauty's behavior suggest about this kind of transfer?

By the way, even TODAY, in our own culture, this idea of the transfer of the woman from father to husband is still upheld. How? Think about the typical marriage ceremony today: Who is "given away"? Still today?

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

Is it possible that this is **one** meaning, and **one** reason the story of "Beauty and the Beast" remains popular?

If you're a young woman who's marrying a man you hardly know, if at all, could he seem scary to you? What else is scary? Monsters? Beasts?

Wouldn't it be great if you could somehow be assured that the scary guy would turn out to be a wonderful husband? A prince even? Might your mother or your grandmother tell you stories like that to calm your fear of the unknown groom?

Another thing this story can teach us is to look beyond the main characters, and to think about what's happening at the margins of the story.

So, here are some further questions to consider:

The **sisters**—in addition to the idea of marriage, what about that whole sibling rivalry? What's going on there, with two women hating and even conspiring against their sister? Do they have their reasons? Are they valid? What might that mean?

And what about what the beautiful **fairy** does to the sisters at the end of the story? What meaning might that have? Of course, the story is showing us that evil works are punished. But that's fairly obvious—what ELSE might be going on here?

2. Chapter 2: The Animal Husband

“Beauty and the Beast”
“The Frog King or Iron Heinrich”
“The Tiger’s Bride”

Note: These links will take you to the versions of the stories in this e-book or, in one case, a link to the library’s course reserve version. You must read these versions. If you read other versions, some of the lecture and discussion may not make sense to you as there can be great differences among different storytellers’ versions of these tales.

We begin with stories often known as Animal Groom stories. They are well-known, found in most cultures around the world, and they clearly illustrate the function of fairy tales within cultures.

Remember we’re talking about culture, not society. Here’s an

extended definition of the difference, which may be important in writing your essays.

"Culture" vs. "Society"

What might it **mean** to a culture to tell a story in which the bridegroom is an animal? Many fairy tales are based on a groom, or potential groom, who is some kind of animal: lion, frog, or other animal, even sometimes a non-specific animal, who is called simply "the Beast." These kinds of stories are found in many cultures around the world, so there must be reasons why they are so popular. Let's try to tease out some of those reasons by looking closely at the story, keeping in mind that fairy tales were designed to teach people, especially young people, to know and conform to the expectations and demands of their culture.

But let's consider a more basic question before that: Do you think that's a good thing or a bad thing—that fairy tales teach us to be compliant cultural subjects, to show us what our culture wants of us and teach us to do those things?

"Beauty and the Beast"

Let's think of this story in terms of cultural expectations.

The ultimate event in this story is marriage, right? For a very long time, people have been pairing off and getting married. So is getting married a cultural expectation? Does our culture want us to be married? How do we know, one way or the other?

There are other ways to approach Animal Groom tales, but a

story involving a bride and groom has **something** to do with marriage, and we owe it to the story and to ourselves as readers and creatures of our culture, that is, cultural objects, to attempt to understand what that something might be.

Consider some of what marriage brings with it:

- Sometimes choice, sometimes not. Arranged marriages would have been common in the time when many fairy tales were first told.
- What about all the other things that are going to happen **after** the wedding? Can those be a cause for uncertainty?
- What about sex? Some people are inexperienced in that sense when they get married. So it may be a scary thing to face. In fact, it used to be that the word "**marriage**" itself was a euphemism for "when you start having sex"—that certainly would've been the case when these stories were first told.

Traditional marriage is the TRANSFER of the daughter's love/devotion from the father/family to the new husband/new family, because traditionally, the bride went to live near or even with her husband's family (not the other way around). So, she became a member of the groom's family and community.

So maybe an important point in Animal Groom stories is this transfer of the woman from one man to the other, and that even though it's the law of the culture (of many cultures—most cultures), it can be frightening and difficult for the young woman. What does Beauty's behavior suggest about that?

By the way, even today, in our own culture, this idea of the

transfer of the woman from father to husband is still upheld. How? Think about the typical marriage ceremony today: Who is "given away"? Still today. Is it possible that this is ONE meaning, and ONE reason the story of "Beauty and the Beast" remains popular?

We learn about the problems of this transfer in "Beauty and the Beast."

Could it be scary? Could it be something the bride (and the groom—Animal Grooms in the next module) might resist?

And yet, we're supposed to get married, even though it may not always seem appealing.

If you're a young woman who's marrying a man you hardly know, if at all.

If by chance your mother is no longer here, so there's no parental wisdom to tap into about dealing with fears of your marriage and your intended groom.

Could this unknown and unknowable groom seem scary to you? What else is scary? Monsters? Beasts?

Wouldn't it be great if you could somehow be assured that the scary guy would turn out to be a wonderful husband? A prince even? Might your parents or your grandparents, or even aunts and uncles, tell you stories to calm your fear of the unknown groom, to help you feel not just unafraid but actually eager to get married?

Another thing this story can teach us is to look beyond the main characters, and to think about what's happening at the margins of the story.

So…

The SISTERS: In addition to the idea of marriage, what about

that whole sibling rivalry? What's going on there, with two women hating and even conspiring against their sister? Do they have their reasons? Are they valid? What might that mean? Aren't the sisters also cultural objects who are supposed to get married? They do get married, so what's the problem?

And what about what the beautiful fairy does to the sisters at the end of the story? What meaning might that have? Of course, the story is showing us that evil works are punished. But that's fairly obvious—what ELSE might be going on here?

Finally, consider the concept of beastliness, of **monstrosity**. **Is** the Beast a monster?

If so, how?

If not, how?

Might the answer be, somehow, "yes and no"?

This, then, may be one of those **Not Quite Right** situations. That is, if it is problematic to read the Beast as a monster, why? And why, then, is the Beast called a monster? Why does the concept of monstrosity appear in the story?

This is a case of **irony**. Look up that word if you don't know what it means.

If the Beast is at least problematic as a monster—that is, it's questionable that he is a monster—then what is the function of monstrosity in the story? That is, if some characters SEE him as a monster, and yet he actually is not very monstrous, what is the point of this irony?

For the reader to recognize that it is problematic to identify the Beast as a monster?

To question the meaning of monstrosity?

To suggest that there are other monstrosities in the story and, therefore, in life?

That is, if the Beast isn't much of a monster, is there someone or something else in the story that is a monster, and maybe one goal of the story is to teach something about what constitutes a monster and what does not?

Coming back to our study of fairy tales as texts that teach cultural expectations, what expectations does this story seem to honor and illustrate for the reader? Is the story's irony related to these expectations?

Imagine yourself as a young person who's about to be married to someone you did not choose for yourself—an arranged or forced marriage to a partner chosen by your family or your community or someone else. How would you feel about that? Might it help if you'd been hearing stories all about your life about how wonderful such marriages could turn out to be? That the scary stranger could become a handsome prince? And, by the way, that the people who'd been mean to you and unflattering to your groom would get what they had coming to them?

"The Frog King or Iron Heinrich" and "The Tiger's Bride"

These texts will be covered in class according to the ideas discussed in this chapter.

3. Chapter 3 The Animal Wife

"The Fisher Boy Urashima"
"Chonguita the Monkey Bride"
"The Swan Maiden"

> Note: These links will take you to the versions of the stories in this e-book. You must read these versions. If you read other versions, some of the lecture and discussion may not make sense to you as there can be great differences among different storytellers' versions of these tales.

The purpose of this chapter is to study tales of Animal Brides, with some comparison and contrast to Animal Groom tales. You may be less familiar with Animal Bride tales, though they are found throughout the world in one form or another, much like the tales of Animal Grooms. We will use similar techniques to study Animal Bride fairy tales: their meanings,

what they are attempting to teach, what might be problematic about those teachings, and what those meanings say about our culture or the cultures from which the tales came.

Reminder about our general process

First: Do the **reading** and write your **Journal Entr**y, which is due before the lecture.

Second—Listen to my **lecture**.

Third—Be prepared to contribute to **Book Club Discussion (BCD) and Book Club Response (BCR).**

Remember that the main goal of this work is meant to give you a start on ideas for the **CRP**.

Fourth—Using feedback from your Journal Entry and BCR, write and submit your **CRP**.

The Animal Bride Stories

We've already discussed possible themes of stories that present us with an Animal Groom. Now, we're going to consider what it might mean to tell a story in which the bride is an animal.

Of course, we can't resist—nor should we resist—the urge to compare and contrast Animal Brides with Animal Grooms. One very basic question involves the form of the Animal Spouse.

In many Animal Groom tales, the groom isn't just an animal, but he's also a Beast. He's large, scary, maybe ugly, maybe even disgusting. Does that form extend to the Animal Bride? Can Turtle, Chonguita, or the Swan Maiden be described as monstrous in any ways? Are the Animal Brides different in this way? At least judging by our three tales, aren't they more

likely to be especially attractive, like the Swan Maiden and Turtle after she turns into a woman? Chonguita, though she isn't described as beautiful at first, is especially skilled in the arts a woman is supposed to be good at, such as artwork and needlework. Her appearance is another matter, of course, and we'll discuss that.

But the points before us now involve the differences between Animal Grooms and Animal Brides:

Whereas Animal Grooms are often especially **beastlike** and therefore threatening,

Animal Brides are usually overtly **alluring** in appearance or some other aspect of womanliness "womanly arts" (for example what were known as womanly arts, such as painting, drawing, and sewing). And these brides are not found in palatial homes, like the Beast and the Tiger, but in nature.

Based on those differences alone, we can already see some general cultural concerns (possibly leading the way to various themes) which constitute a near-paradox:

The Cultural Imperative to Marry
VS.

Key Takeaways

- **Warnings against Exogamy;**
- **Warnings about women and nature:**
- **The strong lure of nature paired with the strong lure of women.**

Key Takeaways

So culture says, you must get married, but _____?

- Warnings against **exogamy**—marrying outside the clan/tribe/community,
    - which is dangerous to the man—can become an outcast, courting danger with someone from unknown culture and traditions
    - and dangerous to the community, because it threatens the closed space and known cultural rules. Anarchy!
- Warnings about **women and nature**—women in many cultures have been thought of as closer to nature than men are, and therefore more removed from civilization or less adaptable to civilizing influences—again, dangerous to the community. In some civilizations, this is an echo of the tale of Adam and Eve (which whatever you take the Christian Bible to be, is also a story).

Key Takeaways

The main idea is that many people in many cultures have seen women as less civilized and less civilizable than men, in terms of learning to go along with cultural expectations.

The point is not that everyone thinks this, but it has been a theme among many cultures worldwide.

In Christian cultures, this attitude may spring from the story of Adam and Eve, Eve being the one who was open to the advances of the Serpent and thus set in motion the events that would lead to the expulsion from the garden.

But regardless of the origins of this attitude, it has been pretty prevalent in human history, and we see this illustrated in Animal Bride stories.

Key Takeaways

The LURE of NATURE for BOTH women AND men.

This concern admits that both men and women are open to the lure of life beyond the confines and imperatives of culture, and both are therefore drawn to nature as a culture-free and tradition-free environment. (Of course, there's no such thing as humans living in a culture-free environment, because humans bring culture and tradition with them, wherever they are. But still, many people believe it is possible to escape culture and tradition. But it's not possible—don't be fooled.)

Anyway, one meaning is that men, too, are often seduced by nature, as represented by animal brides, and they must guard

against this kind of seduction because it can be dangerous to their happiness, humanity.

Key Takeaways

The cultural imperative to MARRY.

Marriage: cultural imperative for both men and women,

But matter of survival for women, in many cultures.

That is, women have ALWAYS had jobs outside the home. But it was complicated.

First, because most jobs that were open to women wouldn't pay a living wage, so it could only serve as a supplement to a spouse's salary.

Second, because upper-class women wouldn't have had skills to get jobs, so they depended on either their family money or a good marriage to survive. They could sometimes get work as live-in governesses, but those jobs were often fraught with various threats, and you could be fired at any moment for any reason. No unions!

Third, lower-class women could get jobs, but they couldn't earn enough money to live on—again, only a supplement to spouse's earnings.

Finally, even when the middle class started to appear, women's wages were generally not enough to live on.

Certainly, some cultures looked down on women working outside the home (and some still do disapprove of this). But the more common issue was that women just couldn't get jobs that that would allow them to survive on their own, so again,

Marriage was an existential requirement—we all have to

eat. Men are expected to marry also, but it was usually less of a survival issue. The figure of "the confirmed bachelor" is more culturally accepted than an unmarried woman, who traditionally arouses more suspicion.

So the imperative to marry is powerful, and it is supported by tales of a man who needs to marry so much that he takes an animal bride.

(Interesting side note: in modern sociology, researchers have argued that marriage is one of two major maturing influences on young men; the other is military service.)

So we have these two general concerns:

Key Takeaways

- The cultural imperative to marry, but
- Warnings against exogamy and the dangerous lure of nature.

Let's look at each tale and see how they engage these concerns.

"Urashima the Fisherman"

The man, Urashima, goes willingly to be married to Turtle.

And **although** Turtle IS a figure of **nature** and does represent **exogamy**,

Their relationship is pretty egalitarian.

It is also **companionate**—they behave like companions:

"Wandering every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries." In some versions of the story, they also talk everything over between them.

This is an old story, from a time when companionate marriage wasn't much of a thing, so the equality between Turtle and Urashima is exceptional. (Though maybe not so exceptional in Japanese culture of that time—you'd want to look that up if you're writing about this story.)

And yet, Urashima is ultimately punished, isn't he? Maybe suggesting that companionate marriage is somehow dangerous?

Urashima goes home to see his family but ends up sad, lonely, and finally dead because he does a human thing: he **forgets**—what does he forget? This is when the two worlds clash—his and Turtle's.

Turtle has warned him not to open the box

But he's human so he forgets that warning

So does the story warn against the lure of Nature, as represented by Turtle?

Or maybe against something else:

Key Takeaways

Turtle has something many young women in fairy tales don't have—**agency**! She's not a passive **object**, but a **subject** in her own right. And we want to say, Good for her! Don't we?

But Urashima's ultimate punishment comes from this woman with her own agency,

She's able to act on her own **and** to issue a command to her husband: Think of me, but Do Not Open!
Does Urashima's death suggest that this is a bad thing, this ability of Turtle to give him a command?

So here, the seduction and maybe even subjugation of the man by an Animal Bride—a creature of Nature—illustrates what about men and women and how they are culturally expected to interact with each other? With nature?

Should a man accept a woman's having her own agency? Demanding things of him?

Should a man commune so closely with creatures of nature? What answer does the story suggest?

According to the story, who should be the subject (with agency) and who should be the object?

But, doesn't the couple seem happy when they are together in a marriage of equality and companionship?
I'll leave those questions for you to consider.

"Chonguita, the Monkey Wife" and "The Swan Maiden" will be covered in depth in class. Meanwhile, consider the brief preview of issues and questions noted below.

"Chonguita, the Monkey Wife"

Key Takeaways

- Don Juan doesn't want to marry Chonguita, but he does anyway. Why?
- What is Chonguita's father's role in the story? What does he represent?
- What does it mean that Chonguita walks beside her husband? What role has her mother played in this behavior of Chonguita's?
- Consider Chonguita's performance in the tasks set by the king. What does her performance suggest about exogamy?
- In the final scene, what might be the meaning of the sudden change of lighting after Don Juan throws Chonguita against the wall? Does light perhaps symbolize something about how we see or perceive things?

"The Swan Maiden"

Key Takeaways

Does the story involve **exogamy** and the **dangerous lure of nature**?
Does it also suggest these problems are especially associated with women? Why or why not?

The hunter kidnaps the swan maiden by stealing her feathers, so it's easy to say he gets what he deserves in the end. But remember that characters do what they do for the story's reasons. So if he feels the need to kidnap a Swan Maiden, what might that **mean**? What could be making him feel that way?

What might it mean that it's the hunter's mother who helps him trap the Swan Maiden?

Most of the story follows the hunter's feelings and actions. Why do we learn so little about the Swan Maiden's experience and feelings? What is the story saying in this way?

Notice how fast the story moves from the kidnapping to the couple "living lovingly and contentedly together." What might that quick transition suggest regarding cultural demands or the Swan Maiden's perspective?

In some versions of the story, the hunter and his Swan Maiden wife have children. But still, she leaves the family behind as soon as she gets her feathers back. What does the story seem to be teaching about women in this way? What different ways are there of reading this feature of the story?

4. Chapter 4: Sleeping Beauties

"The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood"
"Briar Rose"
***Maleficent* (found in Canvas Module 4)**

> Note: The two links will take you to the versions of the stories in this e-book. You must read these versions. If you read other versions, some of the lecture and discussion may not make sense to you as there can be great differences among different storytellers' versions of these tales.

The purpose of this module is to study the various ways in which a single fairy tale figure, Sleeping Beauty, along with her story, has been imagined by different storytellers, and as with animal grooms and animal brides, attempts to instill in readers the demands that their culture seeks to impose on them.

We'll use similar techniques to those in previous modules to

analyze our three Sleeping Beauty tales. However, instead of discussing each story distinctly, we'll discuss them all together in terms of how they respond to the idea of a Sleeping Beauty, their meanings, what they are attempting to teach, what might be problematic about those teachings, and what those meanings say about the cultures from which the tales came and our culture too, since we still pay attention to these stories.

Remember: **Plot, Setting, Characters, Dialogue,** and the main event: **Theme**. As usual, theme is our goal—to understand the various possible meanings.

Though we're no longer dealing with animal brides or animal grooms, we are still considering **beauty.** Also **beastliness** still shows up in some ways, as in the earlier stories we've studied.

Remember that we're considering possible meanings that relate to cultural expectations. So what might it **mean** to tell a story in which the bride must sleep for 100 years and then be waked up by a prince (who may or may not have to kiss her to wake her up)?

We begin with a close consideration of the **title**. This is sometimes a good place to start thinking about meaning.

So let's **mine** this title a bit—dig into it to see how it gives us a place to begin understanding.

"Sleeping Beauty"

Though the titles of the texts are different, each one features a Sleeping Beauty character. Let's consider the two terms of this title: **1. Sleeping** and **2. Beauty.**

Key Takeaways

1. The princess is **sleeping**. That's the first thing the story tells us about her, right there in the title. So we **must** pay attention to it.

But she doesn't start off sleeping, does she?

- She starts off being adventurous—HOW do we know this?
- Don't we also see this in *Maleficent*, the movie? What does the toddler Aurora do that suggests an adventurous nature?

But then, adventure and exploration give way to what? Now, she can only do what?

In this way, the story dramatizes the before-puberty and after-puberty life of girls.

(Is it possible that this is what the blood is about? The blood spilled when Beauty pricks her finger on the spindle: possibly **illustrating** the onset of puberty, when activity (and hormones) begin to change?

This **transformation** signals a change in the lives of girls: Beauty is active and adventurous before this change, but she is passive afterwards, as girls were expected to behave.

Consider how you feel about this way of thinking of young women as moving into a passive phase of life. If you're a young woman, do you feel passive? If you're a young man, do you see young women as passive? If you have a different gender identity, what does this reading of the story say to you?

However you respond to those questions, remember that these stories are meant to dramatize how men and women are **expected** to behave and to think of themselves:

- Men: active/forthcoming/bestowing

- Women: passive/retiring/receiving
- Other gender or identity possibilities: Do these even appear in any of the Sleeping Beauty stories?

Beauty does **wake up**, which suggests another transition. It might **seem** like a transition from passive back to active. So what do we do with that? Again, let's think about what the culture would be trying to **teach.**

That is, if the life she wakes up to is a life in which

- she accepts the prince who's just kissed her—without her permission!—
- is that waking to an active or a passive life?
    - Does that bring us back to girls being taught passivity?
    - Is there a subject/object relationship here?

Key Takeaways

2. She is not just Sleeping, but Sleeping **Beauty**.

- What does *beauty*, the word, mean—something that people enjoy looking at.
- Being looked at: active or passive?
- Maybe inspiring others to certain thoughts or behaviors,
- But not necessarily doing anything in terms of action or even thought for itself/herself.

So we're back to the **subject/object** concept:

If we have a story that that teaches young women that their role is to just sit (or sleep) and wait, what is that story teaching them to know themselves as: **subjects** or **objects?**

Other Characters

Notice how we've put a lot of pressure on the title, but again that's a valid way to begin thinking about meaning, about theme. In this case, it's already given us some insight into the main character, the "Beauty." Now, with this grounding in the title and its meanings, we can begin to explore the other characters more closely.

In addition to the beautiful and active-then-passive young woman, who else is there?

- Prince's Ogre Mother (in the Perrault tale "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood")
    - Mother-in-law as Beast: Difficult relationships between wives and their mothers-in-law.
    - What about grandmothers, and husbands in relation to their mothers?
        - Do grandmothers compete with parents for grandchildren's attention?
        - Does a grandparent ever try to control a grandchild's time and love?
        - What does an overbearing mother-in-law say about her son

as a husband?
        - Will he or won't he defend his wife against his mother?
        - Will he or won't he always be around to protect his wife from threats, like his beastly mother?
    - So one way of thinking about theme in the story might involve how it illustrates beastliness as a family issue.

- The Prince: A prince is found in most versions of the story. We've discussed the prince in relation to his mother and to Beauty, but what else can we notice about the prince that relates to meaning?
    - What happens to the other princes—those who are not meant for Beauty?
    - What does this suggest about **cultural demands on young men**?
    - Has their culture planted a certain drive in them? A drive to do what?
    - And is that good for the prince or dangerous? Or some of both?
- Evil Fairy: This character doesn't appear in every version, but she's a significant player in the Charles Perrault version.
    - Is she evil, or just vengeful?
    - At the very least, what does the king's treatment of the "extra" fairy teach us?

    - What does the Evil Fairy suggest about threats to children? What kind of cultural message might there be in the inability or indifference of parents, for whatever reason, to teach their children the demands of their culture? Is there a cultural drive to teach these demands even beyond the ability or even the wishes of parents?
    -

- Let's consider beauty itself—not the character but the quality of being beautiful. I'm including beauty as a character because it plays such an essential role in the stories. In life?
    - What's the saying? Beauty is in the eye of what?
    - What does that mean? What I see as beautiful may not be beautiful to you.
    - If that's true, then what is it that **conditions and controls our ideas of beauty?**
    - **Something determines what we see as beautiful or not beautiful?**
    - **What is it?**

To help us begin to answer those questions, consider the following:

Examples

As little as a hundred years ago, fat bodies were considered the most beautiful. Even in the United States, in the early 20th century, fat men were considered appealing and powerful—I mean really fat men. Some historians now call the period "the banquet years" because huge meals were quite the thing among wealthy politicians and leaders of industry. Another hundred years from now, who knows? We might have swung back to another banquet period or something altogether different.

Key Takeaways

So what causes these differences in our perception of what beauty is?

In class, we'll consider this question in relation to the stories and to the movie Maleficent, and think about what arguable **themes** might be created from this discussion.

5. Chapter 5: Tricksters in Folk Lore, Fairy Tales, and Graphic Tales

Trickster Fairy Tales

Momotaro, or the Story of the Son of a Peach
- Little Red Cap [Little Red Riding Hood]
- Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf
- The Three Little Pigs

Trickster Folk Tales

The links will take you to websites that often include the story and some additional discussion about the trickster figures and their cultures, in Alaska, in West Africa, and in the American Southwest. In each case, you are only required to read the story

itself, though you may find it interesting to read the other material as well.

Coyote and the Golden Eagle : A Tlingit Legend
Raven
Anansi and the Box of Stories
The Ballad of Mulan
The Fox Woman

Graphic Tricksters

The Sleeper and the Spindle, written by Neil Gaiman, illustrated by Chris Riddell. This is the illustrated book we will study. It is available in print from the UWF Bookstore, from various online booksellers, and possibly other sources as well.

Trickster Figures in Literature

We've been studying fairy tales that attempt to teach how our culture wants us to think, to see the world, and to behave.

But **trickster** tales suggest other kinds of responses to culture.

1. **Characteristics of Tricksters**

Virtually every culture has some kind of trickster figure their stories, folklore and legends.

LOKI: Norse legends have the trickster god **Loki**, as well as some **Raven** figures.

FAIRIES: In Celtic cultures, **fairies**, also known as brownies, elves, selkies, pookas, or collectively as the Fae, and

all of these can be mischievous and even dangerous as well as cute and clever and helpful.

ANANSI: In West Africa, the trickster is variously a man and a spider called **Anansi**.

In the Americas, Anansi morphed into a female trickster called Aunt Nancy.

COYOTE: In the American southwest and Native American cultures.

RAVEN: Among native Alaskans, the primary trickster is **Raven**.

So tricksters come in many forms and with varying traits

But there are some broad parameters by which we can know most of them:

Underprivileged figures—tricksters are underprivileged by wealth or property or education or social position;

Boundary crossers—tricksters exist at the **MARGINS** of cultures;

Shape shifters—tricksters may shape-shift literally or metaphorically;

Rule breakers—tricksters often break rules in literal or metaphorical ways.

2. Functions of Tricksters

For a **culture** to really thrive, it cannot be **all** about obedience to **expectations and imperatives.** It has to change at some point. Otherwise, it won't last.

We see this in the basics of purity vs. hybridity in populations.

A culture that will not allow any outsiders or any difference (however that is defined)

will end up falling into ruin and dying out.

If for no other reason than inbreeding.

But when the **outsider** does find their way in, or exert some **influence**,

The culture experiences **change**, and that opens the door for **progress.**

All change is NOT progress. But **progress is change**, by definition.

SO if most fairy tales attempt to teach obedience to cultural expectations,

Then **what** do you imagine tricksters do with cultural expectations?

Most important: they ILLUSTRATE that defiance, resistance, and change ARE possible.

This kind of illustration of resistance is important not JUST as a model,

But also because just **reading** or **hearing** about it

Can **change the way you think.**

For further information about this kind of change, review the following video:

One or more interactive elements has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view them online here:
https://pressbooks.uwf.edu/fairytalelit/?p=292#oembed-1

So just reading or, in the case of folklore, hearing stories of trickster defiance can encourage an audience (of readers,

hearers of gossip, listeners around the campfire, any kind of audience) to sense the power of that defiance and the possibilities that might come out of it.

On the other hand, there **is danger** in defying expectations (exogamy, resisting marriage, resisting cultural ideas like beauty and gendered roles).

But there is also **power.**

For example, fairy tales often teach us to avoid exogamy.

They illustrate the **danger** of breaking that rule, as happens in "The Swan Maiden" and "Urashima the Fisherman."

But doesn't one story show us the **power** of risking exogamy?

* * *

So the Trickster challenges the power in cultural imperatives, and turns it on its head, which is the power and the teaching of trickster behavior and attitude: that change can happen if you're willing to take some risks.

We will cover each trickster tale in depth in class. Be sure you understand the principles discussed here, as they will apply to each of the tales in different ways.

PART II

Writing about Fairy Tales and Folk Tales

6. Writing the Critical Response Paragraph

The Critical Response Paragraph (CRP) is a short, one-paragraph mini-essay that requires you to write an argument about one aspect of the assigned reading. Often, book club discussions will help generate ideas for these essays, but you may also choose to write an individually generated response, with my prior approval. CRPs are graded on a 100-point scale.

In the CRP, you state your idea of one of the story's meanings regarding real life (theme), and then you support that claim with evidence from the text and analysis of the evidence. Writing the CRP will require that you think critically about the texts we are reading and discussing in class.

The CRP **must not simply summarize the text or evaluate whether or not you like the text**. Instead, it must be a 7- to 10-sentence persuasive argument about how you interpret the text in the context of our class discussions about

the stories and cultural expectations. Because it is a short argument, obviously it will be a partial argument. That is, a CRP generally only has space to present one piece of evidence, such as a quotation or paraphrase and your analysis to show how it supports your claim.

This work requires and helps you to think critically about the texts you read, and **it is meant to help you create a short argument that can be expanded into a longer, more complex argument for the longer critical response essays (CREs), assigned later in the semester.** So we do not work on one CRP on one story and then kick it to the curb and move on to something new right away. Instead, you will produce a number of CRPs from which you will choose two on which to base your two CREs (one at mid-term and one near the end of the semester).

The CRP has four required parts:

1) An argumentative **topic sentence**, also called a **CLAIM**. You may know this as a thesis statement. This claim must appear at or near the **beginning** of the paragraph.

2) **Evidence** in the form of quotations or paraphrases from the text about which you are writing, with the proper source information: author's last name and page number, in parentheses. Because this is a short argument, I only expect you to work on one or two pieces of evidence, but you must choose them wisely as they will be the only support for argument.

3) **Analysis and interpretation** of your evidence to show how it supports your claim. Without this part, you will not have made a complete argument. Do not expect your reader (me, in this case) to do the work of analysis and interpretation for you.

4) A strong, worthwhile **conclusion**, not just a summary of the argument or repetition of the claim.

The following guidelines tell you more about each part of the CRP. Remember: do not write a plot summary. Engage the text and try to understand what it is attempting to say about real life.

1. The Argumentative Claim, written as a Topic Sentence

As a mini-essay, the CRP must include a **topic sentence** (usually the first sentence or two) that includes the following:

- the author's name and the title of the text you are engaging
- your claim, which must state concisely what theme you will argue. Remember that THEME means what the story suggests about real life.

Creating a strong argumentative topic sentence is perhaps the most crucial step in writing a critical response paragraph.

Key Takeaways

A strong topic sentence expresses your claim and thereby gives you something to say; it helps ensure that the paragraph you write argues something that the story shows, illustrates, portrays, or dramatizes.

The most common mistakes students make when writing a critical response paragraph are to start with a weak topic sentence or to start with a topic sentence that is a statement of fact.

Key Takeaways

A weak topic sentence leads to an unfocused, rambling response, and a factual statement leads to plot summary; neither of those is a clear, persuasive argument.

If, after writing your paragraph, you find that many of your sentences say the same thing or that you have actually summarized all or part of a text, then you probably have not created a strong topic sentence.

Examples

Weak topic sentence: *In "Beauty and the Beast," the Beauty's sisters clearly do not like her.*

What do you think is a reader's response to that introductory sentence? "So what?" "Isn't that obvious?" Yes, it is obvious. It is a statement of fact that leaves no room for interpretation or analysis, and it makes no argument. This kind of topic sentence leads to plot summary of the text. There is nothing to prove.

Instead, ask yourself what is the point of a story in which two sisters dislike the third sister? WHY do they dislike her, and what does that mean if we want to apply the story to real life (which we do)?

To identify possible meanings, let's give this a little more thought. WHY do the elder sisters dislike Beauty? Isn't she obviously more beautiful than they are? Do they want her out of the way so that they can shine more brightly? Aren't they unhappy with their husbands, so maybe they want to look for new husbands? Might Beauty's presence interfere with that search for new husbands? If the answers are "yes," what might that mean for the real lives of real young women in general—outside the story?

Here's **one** possibility: maybe the writer sees the story as an example of how young women may be divided from each other because they find themselves competing with each other for husbands/partners. From that idea, we might begin to write a better claim::

Examples

In Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont's version of "Beauty and the Beast," the rivalry between Beauty and her sisters may illustrate . . .

Notice that this beginning of a claim takes the original idea that the sisters dislike Beauty and turns it into an argument about something the story shows us. Finish the claim by making that something about real life, about the cultural expectation to get married and what it might do to young women and their relationships with each other.

Examples

In Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont's version of "Beauty and the Beast," the rivalry between Beauty and her sisters may illustrate how the cultural demand to get married prevents young women from building healthy relationships with each other.

This is a strong claim because it makes a statement that can be argued.

There are various ways in which to proceed with the argument, but remember that in a CRP, you are only required to argue the claim based on one point of textual evidence which you analyze and explain to show how it supports your claim.

- You could argue about the sisters' early envy of Beauty and how they fear that Beauty will steal the spotlight from them and then they'll end up with less-than-satisfactory husbands.
- Or you could argue about the sisters' dislike of Beauty later because they have in fact married unsatisfactory husbands and they don't want to see Beauty do better than they have in choosing a husband.
- You could even argue how the story suggests that the pressure to marry may lead women (like the sisters) to accept unsuitable partners.

All three possible arguments might be written so as to support the example claim, above. But you must be sure to relate the

textual details to the claim's point about real life. That is, you must say explicitly HOW these points in the story tell us something about the problems of marriage for real-life young women.

2. The Argument: Evidence and Interpretation; Optional Confutation

Now that you have created a strong argumentative topic sentence, how do you prove your argument? Much as an attorney in a court of law does, you must **present evidence and analyze** it to show precisely **how** it supports your claim.

Quotations and paraphrases from the text, plus your analysis and interpretations, supply the evidence you need to support your argument. You may want to go through the text and mark or write down passages that illustrate what you are trying to prove. From these passages, choose one or two that most clearly support your argument. There may be more, but in a 7-10 sentence paragraph, you do not have the space to incorporate all of them, so choose the strongest one, or two at the most.

However, simply filling your paragraph with quotation and paraphrase does nothing to prove your argument. **When you use a quote or a paraphrase, you must do the following:**

1. Key Takeaways

   Introduce it. Say something about where/when it occurs in the story and, if it is dialogue, identify the speaker.

2. **Key Takeaways**

   Incorporate it accurately into one of your sentences. Include an accurate parenthetical reference that provides the author's last name and page number(s).

3. **Key Takeaways**

   Interpret or explain the evidence in relation to your argument; evidence does not stand alone as proof.

Examples

Unclear Evidence: ***Beauty's sisters dislike her, but they turn positively dangerous when they try to keep Beauty from the Beast. "'Let's try to keep Beauty here for more than a week. Her stupid beast will get angry . . . and maybe he'll eat her up'" (48)***

This example does use an interesting passage from the text with

an appropriate introductory comment. However, the passage is not connected to the introductory sentence in any way, so it isn't clear how the sentence and the quotation are related. To make this point a better use of evidence, do the following:

1. CONNECT the introductory phrase to the quotation with your words or punctuation.

Examples

Beauty's sisters dislike her, but they become positively dangerous when they try to keep Beauty from the Beast: "'Let's try to keep Beauty here for more than a week. Her stupid beast will get angry . . . and maybe he'll eat her up'" (48).

2. INTERPRET the quotation to show your reader how it supports your claim.

Examples

The sisters may be trying to get rid of Beauty as competition for eligible men, especially since both sisters are so unhappy with their husbands (47). With Beauty out of the way, they may feel they will have a better chance at finding better partners.

This way, you, as the writer, tell your reader the meaning of the quotation as you see it. Notice how you can add a little interpretation in the same sentence: **especially since both sisters are so unhappy with their husbands.**

So you're saying, in effect, that the sisters intend to clear the competition—Beauty—from the playing field because they may soon be looking for new husbands and they don't want Beauty around to grab all the attention.

Exercises

TRY THIS: If you are not sure how to analyze your evidence, try using a "because" statement.
For example: *This quotation shows that Beauty's sisters are dangerous because [now tell me specifically how the quotation shows this danger].*

Making this kind of move–properly introducing your evidence and then interpreting it–should make up most of your paragraph.

3. Optional: Confutation

Confutation means presenting some opposing idea that might challenge or disprove your argument, and then refuting or dealing with that opposing idea in some way that tends to weaken its challenge to your claim. The goal is to strengthen your argument by showing how weak the opposition is.

Confutation is **optional** in CRPs. So why would you want to include it in your CRP if it's not required? Two reasons:

1. You can earn extra points if your confutation is properly done.
2. Confutation will be required in your longer essay (CRE1 and CRE2), so it's not a bad idea to practice confutation in your CRPs so you'll be prepared to write better confutations when it's time to write your CREs.

However, the choice whether to include confutation in your CRPs is ultimately yours. You won't lose any points for not including it.

Examples

Confutation Example:
Some readers may argue that the sisters have good reason to dislike Beauty, since they have been living in her shadow for most of their lives. But Beauty should not be blamed because others see her as beautiful. On the contrary, she does her best to be kind to her sisters, but they resent and reject her kindness. **[Include some evidence here regarding Beauty's kindness and the sisters' resentment.]**

SO, now that you've produced an arguable claim, provided evidence from the text and analysis to show how it supports your claim, and possibly added confutation, it's time to wrap up your argument with a brief concluding sentence or two.

4. Concluding Statement

Don't allow your paragraph to just fade out at the end or to stop abruptly after you've proven your argument. You've stated your claim, supplied evidence to support it, and interpreted the evidence, and possibly refuted a point of opposition. Now, end your paragraph with a brief but strong conclusion (one or two sentences) that identifies how your argument is important in some way and makes your reader feel that reading your argument has been worthwhile.

Examples

In this way, "Beauty and the Beast" illustrates women's competition for marriageable men and warns young women against such competition and the cruelty it may cause.

Notice that this statement is somewhat like the argument's claim, but it says more now, in the light of what you've argued. And it says something about real people in real life, not just the characters in the story. This is what it takes to write an argument and a useful conclusion—linking your argument to real life and what the story suggests about it.

Exercises

Try this: If you are having trouble writing a useful

conclusion, try using confutation as your conclusion. Write a confutation that relates to your claim and use that to conclude your argument. See the example below.

Examples

Though some readers may think the sisters are justified in their dislike of Beauty, their deep hostility, which has been building throughout the story, illustrates the dangers that can result from cultural expectations that encourage women to compete with one another for the attentions of men.

Notice how this conclusion provides both confutation AND a reminder of the initial CLAIM and how your argument has supported it.

5. Works Cited

See the chapter titled "Citing Your Sources"

6. Some ADDITIONAL Things to Keep in Mind

Book Club Discussions and Claims

Book Club Discussions are meant to help you produce possible claims in a group discussion setting. I provide feedback on

these claims in class which is meant to help you further improve the claim so it can be used for your CRPs. Many instructors provide a list of questions as critical response paragraph topics. Generally, if you can write an argumentative response to the prompt in one or two sentences, you've created a claim.

Length

Most critical response paragraphs are between 7 and 10 sentences in length. Any shorter and you probably have not argued your point persuasively; any longer and you probably have lost focus and drifted outside the scope of your argument.

Format

Format your paragraph using **MLA format, which is the format shown in the CRP Example**.

Parenthetical Documentation

Always **document** the page number(s) you quote or paraphrase using MLA parenthetical documentation style. Your instructor may not require a works cited page, but most instructors do want to know from where the material is taken and that you can demonstrate proper documentation technique. Not documenting your sources risks plagiarism.

The "So what?" Test

Your topic sentence and your paragraph should be able to pass the **"So what?"** test. In this case, the question "So what?" is

meant to remind you that we are reading the story to figure out **what it says about real people in real life.** When you're thinking of what to argue about the story, remember that stories mean to push you around, to make you think and feel certain things. What are those things, and how can you build an argument about one of them? If you can't provide an answer, you may want to re-read the story with the connection to real life in mind.

Proofreading and Editing

Always **proofread, edit, and revise**. Silly mistakes, awkward sentences, and poor grammar detract from the authority you are trying to create to prove your argument. They will also cost you points on your grade; but you can easily avoid losing these points with careful proofreading. Two very good ideas to help you revise your paragraph are to read it out loud to yourself and to have someone else, such as the Writing Lab, proofread it with you and help you improve it.

7. Writing the Critical Response Essay (CRE)

The Critical Response Essay is a multi-paragraph, multi-page essay that requires you to take one of your Critical Response Paragraphs and revise it to create a more complex and stronger argument. You should choose your best CRP or the one that most interests you. Focus on making it not only a longer argument, but also a better argument, using what you've learned since writing the original piece to improve the argument and the writing itself (argument form, paragraph form, and grammar). Also use what you've learned from my feedback and from our discussions in class and individual conferences. You must include confutation.

ARGUMENT FORM

CREs require that you use classical argument form. The parts of this kind of argument are as follow:

Key Takeaways

- **Title**.
- **Introduction Paragraph**, ending with **claim**
- [**Confutation as first argument paragraph**?]
- **Argument Paragraphs** (two or three): Begin with a **subclaim**, then support it by providing **textual evidence and analysis** of evidence [including **confutation** within?]
- [**Confutation as final argument paragraph**?]
- **Conclusion [confutation as conclusion?]**
- **Works Cited**

TITLE

Your title **may not** be simply the title of the story or the assignment. It must be a title that is specific to your argument.

INTRODUCTION PARAGRAPH with CLAIM

1. Introduce the story and the author about which you are writing. If you're writing about a film, identify the director.
2. Call attention to the features of the story on which you will base your argument. This is the ONLY part of the essay in which you may summarize parts of the story.
3. END the introduction with your CLAIM.

THE CLAIM

- If you have no claim, you have no argument, and therefore you may earn a disappointing grade.
- Likewise, if your claim does not appear in the introduction, your reader has no way of knowing what your subclaims and evidence are attempting to prove.
- It's not like a joke where you save the punchline until last.
- It's not mystery-writing, where you don't identify the murderer until the end.
- It's an argument. So for your reader to understand what is the point of all the evidence and analysis you're working so hard to create, you must tell her, in the introduction, what you're trying to argue and prove.

Writing an Arguable Claim

- Think in terms of **theme**.
- Theme cannot be expressed with just a word or even a short phrase, like sibling rivalry or fear of marriage. Those are interesting topics, but they are not yet themes.
- To turn a topic into a theme, you must be able to say what the story shows us **about the topic**, that relates to real life beyond the story.

Examples

"Beauty and the Beast" illustrates sibling rivalry.
This is an insufficient claim about theme because it doesn't give me even a hint of what you think the story says **about** sibling rivalry. Unless you plan to tell me that in the next sentence, there's a problem with your claim. By the way, a claim can be more than one sentence.

Examples

Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont's "Beauty and the Beast" illustrates how sibling rivalry can be caused by unnecessary competition for mates, particularly in the case of sisters.
Now that's an arguable claim because it includes author, title, a topic, and what the story says about the topic and how it relates to real life.

You can make this claim even stronger (and give yourself greater confidence that your argument will be persuasive) by including the main textual evidence you will cite.

Examples

In Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont's "Beauty and the Beast," the elder sisters' abusive treatment of Beauty illustrates how sibling rivalry can be caused by competition for mates.

Or you could revise this idea to discuss how cultural expectations play a role in this kind of rivalry and unhealthy competition. See the CRP Example for something like that.

TRY THIS:

Exercises

If it helps, you can think of these components as part of a formula.
Let X be the story and some particular feature of it.
Let Y be the theme you are arguing.
Instead of an equal sign, we insert a verb that expresses the relationship between X and Y:
(=) illustrates, shows, portrays, dramatizes, suggests (etc.)

In this example:

Let X be the elder sisters' resentment toward Beauty.

Let Y be how sibling rivalry can be caused by competition for mates.

Notice in the example below how this process creates an arguable claim.

Examples

(X) The elder sisters' resentment toward Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast"

(=) illustrates, shows, portrays, dramatizes, suggests (etc.)

(Y) how sibling rivalry can be caused by competition for mates.

ARGUMENT PARAGRAPHS

- Support the claim with argument paragraphs.
- How many you need is up to you, but generally at least two, in some cases three or four.
- Begin EVERY argument paragraph with a TOPIC SENTENCE
- The topic sentence is like a mini-claim, the paragraph's claim
- Tells me what you'll argue in this paragraph
- And tells or shows how this point supports the main claim.
- Support the topic sentence with textual evidence and analysis
- Quotations and your analysis of them.
- See the Quotation Sandwich document for guidance.
- Vary the verbs you use to incorporate quotations into your sentences. DO NOT use the words "says," "states," or "writes" (or any forms of these verbs). See the document titled "Effective Verbs for Introducing Quotations in Canvas for many possible verbs that you may use.
- Use transitional terms—also called "signposts"—to

show the relationships from one point to the next and from one paragraph to the next. The internet is full of lists of transitional terms. Here's one good source: Transition Words.

CONFUTATION

Confutation makes an argument stronger by dealing with opposing points and evidence.

- Confutation includes the following parts:
- Presenting opposition fairly (opposing claims or ideas)

Remember that the opposition must not be a "straw man." That is, you must engage with something that a careful reader would actually argue, not a simplistic, obviously erroneous reading.

Examples

Some readers might argue that the sisters are not abusive toward Beauty.
This example is a straw man statement. No one would seriously argue this point because the sisters actually plot to get Beauty killed, and what could be more abusive than that?

- Refuting the opposition: showing how it is incorrect or at least as correct as your reading.

- Confutation may occur in any of four parts of the argument
    - Directly after the introduction
    - o Directly before the conclusion
    - o As part of the conclusion
    - o Within paragraphs, to deal with possible alternative interpretations of your textual evidence.

Consider a confutation involving the fairy who appears at the end of "Beauty and the Beast" and what she does to Beauty's sisters. That is, she punishes the two sisters for their bad behavior. Some readers see this as fair because those mean girls get what's coming to them. But others see it as a missed opportunity to promote sisterhood among all three of the girls. Here are examples of how to write these points as a complete confutation.

Examples

State the opposition, as fairly as possible: ***When the fairy punishes the two sisters for their bad behavior, some readers see this extreme punishment as fair because those mean girls finally get what is coming to them.***
Refute the opposition: ***But by imposing this punishment, the fairy misses a chance to promote sisterhood among all three of the girls. But if she has such powerful magic, that she can turn young women***

to stone, shouldn't she be able to teach them to love each other instead?

This refutation includes a rhetorical question; it is not meant for you to answer, but to leave the reader thinking about your ideas. You are **not required** to pose your refutation as a question; this is just one way to write your refutation.

CONCLUSION

What do you do with a conclusion? Do not just restate your claim, even if you change some of the wording. That's not worth your reader's time. So what **is** worth your reader's time?

- A kind of wrap-up: What's the point of this argument? What has been learned here and why does it matter? What do you want you and your reader to have learned or created together?
- And **why** is this important? Does it apply to real life now? How?
- Certainly the **spirit** of your claim will be here. But not just your claim reworded.
- Your claim, but more complex and stronger
    - o Because you've just been feeding it and exercising it,
    - o So now it's bigger and more interesting.
    - o So you should be able to talk it about it

with greater complexity and authority. Don't go crazy and add new ideas—remember you're wrapping things up.

- Confutation as Conclusion: You may be able to write a conclusion that includes confutation. Why might this be a useful strategy? Why might it be problematic?

Understanding the difference between claim and conclusion

- the conclusion is similar to the claim
- and yet more detailed and complete in meaning.
- Notice the relationship between the CLAIM and the Conclusion in this example:

Examples

Claim
The story of "The Frog King, or Iron Henry" illustrates and even promotes the importance of consent in relationships.

Conclusion
In this way, the story highlights the importance of

understanding and respecting the value of consent. This tale teaches readers to stand up for themselves and refuse to give in to situations that will clearly cause discomfort or danger.

Keep this guidance and these examples handy as you draft your essay, and remember that I'm happy to answer questions and review drafts within the time constraints announced in class.

8. Citing Your Sources

Citing Your Sources

Citing sources is a matter of logic and ethics. You can only support the logic and truth of your arguments if you provide evidence, and your argument can only be seen as ethical and therefore credible if you identify the source of that evidence. In the study of literature, we follow the rules and formats determined by the Modern Language Association (MLA). You may learn another set of rules and formats when you begin writing in your major discipline, but MLA formats are what you will use in this class.

There's nothing mysterious about this format or this process. It's simply a kind of code (and not a very complex one) to help the writer explain and the reader understand where the material can be found. What you'll find in this document are instructions on how to use that code.

I know that many students use online citation creators rather

than create their own Works Cited entries. I have no problem with that. However, keep in mind that you are the one who's being graded on this work, so be sure that you use the correct format, no matter who creates it.

MLA Citation Formats

This chart shows how to identify and create the parts of an MLA citation.

Element	Examples
Author (Last Name, First Name). [period]	McGowan, Britt. OR… Sometimes, all you will find is an editor or compiler or collector. In this case, add an abbreviation (ed., comp., coll.) after the author's name: McGowan, Britt, comp.
Title of Source. [period] **Italics** for a large work like a **book or movie.** **Quotation mark**s for shorter work inside a **Container** (large work), like an **article** or **short story**.	*Mediocre Book.* or "Creepy Story." or "Awesome Article."
Title of Container * [period] If citing a short work inside a longer one.	*Stories of Justin McCoy,* or *Introduction to Literature: Faiy Tales, Folk Tales, and How They Shape Us.* Or, name of website on which the source is published: *Project Gutenberg.*
Other Contributors * if there are any. [comma]	Translated by, Compiled by, Colledted by, Directed by, Adapted by, Edited by, Illustrated by Scott Satterwhite,
Edition or Version * [comma]	2nd edition, (no version/edition for journal articles)
Number * [comma]	vol. 30, no. 1, (may or may not apply to a book)
Publisher * [comma]	UP of Florida, (no publisher for journal articles) (UP stands for University Press.)

Publication date* [comma if more information to come, such a location]	2010,
Location * [final period]	Print source—page numbers: pp. 40-45. Online source—URL where the text is found: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7074.

* Indicates an element that is only included if applicable to the source. Books may or may not have an edition number or volume number. Most journal articles will have both volume and issue number, and a publisher is not necessary for journal articles. Online sources may or may not include editions, issue numbers, or publication dates.

Container #2: Elements 3-9 may repeat, e.g., if a journal or collection of short stories (Container #1) is found inside a database (Container #2):

ELEMENT	SOURCE
Title of Container [comma]	*Project Gutenberg* *JSTOR*
Location: URL [final period]	www.jstor.org/stable/41403188

Putting It All Together: Works Cited Entry EXAMPLES

NOTICE the indentations. First line begins at the margin;

second lines and any lines after it are indented as if for a paragraph.

In **MS Word**, you can make the program do these indentations for you. In the top menu bar, open the Format menu, then Paragraph. In the window that opens, look under Indentationà Special, and choose Hanging from the drop-down menu.

In **Google Docs**, open the Format menu and choose Align & Indent, scroll down to Indentation Options, and, under Special Indent, choose Hanging. Then type in 0.5, so you'll get half-inch indentations.

Book

McGowan, Britt. *Mediocre Book*. Edited by Scott Satterwhite. UP of Florida, 2010.

Story, Poem, or Article

Examples

McCoy, Justin. "Creepy Story." *Collected Creepy Stories*, edited by Judy Young, Norton, 2001, pp. 2-5.

Leprince de Beaumont, Jean Marie. "Beauty and the Beast." *The Classic Fairy Tales*, edited by Maria Tatar, Norton, 2017, pp. 39-50.

Leprince de Beaumont, Jean Marie. "Beauty and the Beast." *Introduction to Literature: Fairy Tales, Folk Tales, and How They Shape Us*, Judy Young, University of West

Florida, 2023. *Project Gutenberg,* https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7074.

MOVIE

Notice that in this example, the director is included. If you were to write specifically about one of the actors or the cinematography or the score of the movie (its music, that is), then you must include the names of those contributors, after the director.

Examples

Maleficent, Mistress of Evil. Directed by Joachim Renning, Walt Disney Pictures, 2019.

Examples for Commonly Cited Texts

Examples

Book Citation

Gaiman, Neil. *The Sleeper and the Spindle.* Illustrated by Chris Riddell, HarperCollins, 2015.

Short Story Citation from an E-book

Leprince de Beaumont, Jean Marie. "Beauty and the Beast." *Introduction to Literature: Fairy Tales, Folk Tales, and How They Shape Us*, Judy Young, University of West Florida, 2023. *Project Gutenberg*, https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7074.

Short Story Citation from an Online Text

De Beaumont, Jeanne-Marie LePrince. "Beauty and the Beast." *Project Gutenberg*, https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7074.

Short Story Citation from an Anthology of Stories

De Beaumont, Jeanne-Marie LePrince. "Beauty and the Beast." *The Classic Fairy Tales*, edited by Maria Tatar, 2nd edition, Norton, 2017, pp. 39-50.

Citation of an Article from a Collection of Articles/ Essays/Anthology

Zipes, Jack. "Breaking the Disney Spell." *The Classic*

Fairy Tales, edited by Maria Tatar, pp. 414-35. *From Mouse to Mermaid: The Politics of Film, Gender, and Culture*. Edited by Elizabeth Bell, Lynda Haas, and Laura Sells, Indiana UP, 1995, pp. 21-42.

General Format WITH SAMPLE WORKS CITED PAGE

Your Work(s) Cited page should follow this format, of course using the text(s) that you're citing.

Work Cited (use this title if you're only citing ONE text of any kind [story, poem, novel, play, movie].

Works Cited: Use this title if you are citing MORE than ONE source.

If you cite more than one source, arrange the sources **alphabetically**, based on the author's last name. If you don't know the author's or storyteller's or film director's last name, use the first word of the text's title instead of a last name.

Sample Works Cited Page

Notice that the entries are listed in **alphabetic order**. The first source is the illustrated book we'll be reading later in the semester. The second source is from our course e-book, and the third source is a movie. For CRPs, you'll only have one source and the list will be titled Work Cited (singular), but for CREs,

you may have more than one source, in which case the page is titled Works Cited (plural).

Examples

Works Cited

Gaiman, Neil. *The Sleeper and the Spindle.* Illustrated by Chris Riddell, HarperCollins, 2015.

Leprince de Beaumont, Jean Marie. "Beauty and the Beast." *Introduction to Literature: Fairy Tales, Folk Tales, and How They Shape Us*, Judy Young, University of West Florida, 2023. *Project Gutenberg*, https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/7074.

Maleficent, Mistress of Evil. Directed by Joachim Renning, Walt Disney Pictures, 2019.

PART III

Fairy Tales

9. Beauty and the Beast

A Tale for the Entertainment of Juvenile Readers.

by Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont

There was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three sons, and three daughters; being a man of sense, he spared no cost for their education, but gave them all kinds of masters. His daughters were extremely handsome, especially the youngest; when she was little, every body admired her, and called her *The little Beauty*; so that, as she grew up, she still went by the name of *Beauty*, which made her sisters very jealous. The youngest, as she was handsome, was also better than her sisters. The two eldest had a great deal of pride, because they were rich. They gave themselves ridiculous airs, and would not visit other merchants' daughters, nor keep company with any but persons of quality. They went out every day upon parties of pleasure, balls, plays, concerts, etc. and

laughed at their youngest sister, because she spent the greatest part of her time in reading good books. As it was known that they were to have great fortunes, several eminent merchants made their addresses to them; but the two eldest said they would never marry, unless they could meet with a Duke, or an Earl at least. Beauty very civilly thanked them that courted her, and told them she was too young yet to marry, but chose to stay with her father a few years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country-house at a great distance from town, and told his children, with tears in his eyes, they most go there and work for their living. The two eldest answered, that they would not leave the town, for they had several lovers, who they were sure would be glad to have them, though they had no fortune; but in this they were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved on account of their pride, every body said, "they do not deserve to be pitied, we are glad to see their pride humbled, let them go and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding their dairy. But, (added they,) we are extremely concerned for Beauty, she was such a charming, sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kindly to poor people, and was of such an affable, obliging disposition." Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country to comfort and attend him. Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune; "but, (she said to herself,) were I to cry ever so much, that would not make things better, I must try to make myself happy without a fortune." When they came to their country-house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage;

and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and breakfast ready for the family. In the beginning she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant; but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read, played on the harpsichord, or else sung whilst she spun. On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance. "Do but see our youngest sister, (said they one to the other,) what a poor, stupid mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy situation." The good merchant was of a quite different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty out-shone her sisters, in her person as well as her mind, and admired her humility, industry, and patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment.

The family had lived about a year in this retirement, when the merchant received a letter, with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, was safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hopes of returning to town; for they were quite weary of a country life; and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged of him to buy them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing, for she thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive would scarce be sufficient to purchase every thing her sisters wanted. "What will you have, Beauty?" said her father. "Since you are so kind as to think of me, (answered she,) be so kind as to bring me a rose, for as none grow hereabouts, they are a kind of rarity." Not that Beauty cared for a rose, but she asked for something,

lest she should seem by her example to condemn her sisters' conduct, who would have said she did it only to look particular. The good man went on his journey; but when he came there, they went to law with him about the merchandize, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose, he came back as poor as before.

He was within thirty miles of his own house, thinking on the pleasure he should have in seeing his children again, when going through a large forest he lost himself. It rained and snowed terribly, besides, the wind was so high, that it threw him twice off his horse; and night coming on, he began to apprehend being either starved to death with cold and hunger, or else devoured by the wolves, whom he heard howling all around him, when, on a sudden, looking through a long walk of trees, he saw a light at some distance, and going on a little farther, perceived it came from a palace illuminated from top to bottom. The merchant returned God thanks for this happy discovery, and hasted to the palace; but was greatly surprised at not meeting with anyone in the out-courts. His horse followed him, and seeing a large stable open, went in, and finding both hay and oats, the poor beast, who was almost famished, fell to eating very heartily. The merchant tied him up to the manger, and walked towards the house, where he saw no one, but entering into a large hall, he found a good fire, and a table plentifully set out, with but one cover laid. As he was wet quite through with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope, (said he,) the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take; I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, till it struck eleven, and still nobody came: at last he was so hungry that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken and ate it in two mouthfuls,

trembling all the while. After this, he drank a few glasses of wine, and growing more courageous, he went out of the hall, and crossed through several grand apartments with magnificent furniture, till he came into a chamber, which had an exceeding good bed in it, and as he was very much fatigued, and it was past midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door, and go to bed.

It was ten the next morning before the merchant waked, and as he was going to rise, he was astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled. "Certainly, (said he,) this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distress." He looked through a window, but instead of snow saw the most delightful arbours, interwoven with the most beautiful flowers that ever were beheld. He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy, (said he aloud,) for being so careful as to provide me a breakfast; I am extremely obliged to you for all your favours."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse; but passing through an arbour of roses, he remembered Beauty's request to him, and gathered a branch on which were several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him, that he was ready to faint away. "You are very ungrateful, (said the beast to him, in a terrible voice) I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and, in return, you steal my roses, which I value beyond any thing in the universe; but you shall die for it; I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare yourself, to say your prayers." The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands: "My Lord (said he,) I beseech you to forgive me, indeed I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose

for one of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one." "My name is not My Lord, (replied the monster,) but Beast; I don't love compliments, not I; I like people should speak as they think; and so do not imagine I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches; but you say you have got daughters; I will forgive you, on condition that one of them come willingly, and suffer for you. Let me have no words, but go about your business, and swear that if your daughter refuse to die in your stead, you will return within three months." The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once more; so he promised upon oath, he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased; "but, (added he,) you shall not depart empty handed; go back to the room where you lay, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home," and at the same time Beast withdrew. "Well (said the good man to himself) if I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bed-chamber, and finding a great quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled the great chest the Beast had mentioned, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of the stable, leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took one of the roads of the forest; and in a few hours the good man was at home. His children came around him, but, instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and, holding up the branch he had in his hands, he burst into tears. "Here, Beauty, (said he,) take these roses; but little do you think how dear they are like to cost your unhappy father;" and then related his fatal adventure: immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty,

who did not cry at all. "Do but see the pride of that little wretch, (said they); she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no, truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself; so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so much as shed a tear." "Why should I, (answered Beauty,) it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account, since the monster will accept of one of his daughters, I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender love for him." "No, sister, (said her three brothers,) that shall not be, we will go find the monster, and either kill him, or perish in the attempt." "Do not imagine any such thing, my sons, (said the merchant,) Beast's power is so great, that I have no hopes of your overcoming him; I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it; I am old, and have not long to live, so can only lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes alone, my dear children." "Indeed, father (said Beauty), you shall not go to the palace without me, you cannot hinder me from following you." It was to no purpose all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the fine palace; and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so afflicted at the thoughts of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest full of gold; but at night, when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber-door, than, to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside; he was determined, however, not to tell his children that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret: who informed him, that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters; she begged her father to consent to their marriage, and

give them fortunes; for she was so good, that she loved them, and forgave them heartily all their ill-usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion, to force some tears when they parted with their sister; but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness.

The horse took the direct road to the palace; and towards evening they perceived it illuminated as at first: the horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no heart to eat; but Beauty endeavoured to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. Afterwards, thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such a plentiful entertainment." When they had supped, they heard a great noise, and the merchant, all in tears, bid his poor child farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly; "y—e—s," said she, trembling. "You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you; honest man, go your ways tomorrow morning, but never think of returning here again. Farewell, Beauty." "Farewell, Beast," answered she; and immediately the monster withdrew. "Oh, daughter, (said the merchant, embracing Beauty,) I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here." "No, father, (said Beauty, in a resolute tone,) you shall set out tomorrow morning, and leave me to the care and protection of Providence." They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce were they laid down, than they fell fast asleep; and Beauty dreamed, a fine lady came, and said to her, "I am content, Beauty, with your

good will; this good action of yours, in giving up your own life to save your father's, shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked, and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly, when he took leave of his dear child.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live; for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night.

However, she thought she might as well walk about till then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring; it was a delightful pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was wrote, "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly took up her attention, was a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books. "Well, (said she to herself,) I see they will not let my time hang heavy on my hands for want of amusement." Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a day, there would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh courage; and opening the library, she took a book, and read these words in letters of gold:—

"Welcome, Beauty, banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here;
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

"Alas, (said she, with a sigh,) there is nothing I desire so much as to see my poor father, and to know what he is doing." She had no sooner said this, when casting her eyes on a great looking-glass, to her great amazement she saw her own home,

where her father arrived with a very dejected countenance; her sisters went to meet him, and, notwithstanding their endeavours to appear sorrowful, their joy, felt for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature: a moment after, every thing disappeared, and Beauty's apprehensions at this proof of Beast's complaisance.

At noon she found dinner ready, and while at table, was entertained with an excellent concert of music, though without seeing any body: but at night, as she was going to sit down to supper, she heard the noise Beast made; and could not help being sadly terrified. "Beauty, (said the monster,) will you give me leave to see you sup?" "That is as you please," answered Beauty, trembling. "No, (replied the Beast,) you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me be gone, if my presence is troublesome, and I will immediately withdraw: but tell me, do not you think me very ugly?" "That is true, (said Beauty,) for I cannot tell a lie; but I believe you are very good-natured." "So I am, (said the monster,) but then, besides my ugliness, I have no sense; I know very well that I am a poor, silly, stupid creature." "'Tis no sign of folly to think so, (replied Beauty,) for never did fool know this, or had so humble a conceit of his own understanding." "Eat then, Beauty, (said the monster,) and endeavour to amuse yourself in your palace; for every thing here is yours, and I should be very uneasy if you were not happy." "You are very obliging, (answered Beauty;) I own I am pleased with your kindness, and when I consider that, your deformity scarce appears." "Yes, yes, (said the Beast,) my heart is good, but still I am a monster." "Among mankind, (says Beauty,) there are many that deserve that name more than you, and I prefer you, just as your are, to those, who, under a human form, hide a treacherous, corrupt, and ungrateful heart." "If I had sense enough, (replied the Beast,) I would make a fine

compliment to thank you, but I am so dull, that I can only say, I am greatly obliged to you." Beauty ate a hearty supper, and had almost conquered her dread of the monster; but she had liked to have fainted away, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?" She was some time before she durst answer; for she was afraid of making him angry, if she refused. At last, however, she said, trembling, "No, Beast." Immediately the poor monster began to sigh, and hissed so frightfully, that the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for Beast having said, in a mournful voice, "then farewell, Beauty," left the room; and only turned back, now and then, to look at her as he went out.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for poor Beast. "Alas, (said she,) 'tis a thousand pities any thing so good-natured should be so ugly."

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the palace: every evening Beast paid her a visit, and talked to her during supper, very rationally, with plain good common sense, but never with what the world calls wit; and Beauty daily discovered some valuable qualifications in the monster; and seeing him often, had so accustomed her to his deformity, that, far from dreading the time of his visit, she would often look on her watch to see when it would be nine; for the Beast never missed coming at that hour. There was but one thing that gave Beauty any concern, which was, that every night, before she went to bed, the monster always asked her, if she would be his wife. One day she said to him, "Beast, you make me very uneasy, I wish I could consent to marry you, but I am too sincere to make you believe that will ever happen: I shall always esteem you as a friend; endeavour to be satisfied with this." "I must, said the Beast, for, alas! I know too well my own misfortune; but then I love you with the tenderest affection:

however, I ought to think myself happy that you will stay here; promise me never to leave me." Beauty blushed at these words; she had seen in her glass, that her father had pined himself sick for the loss of her, and she longed to see him again. "I could, (answered she), indeed promise never to leave you entirely, but I have so great a desire to see my father, that I shall fret to death, if you refuse me that satisfaction." "I had rather die myself, (said the monster,) than give you the least uneasiness: I will send you to your father, you shall remain with him, and poor Beast will die with grief." "No, (said Beauty, weeping,) I love you too well to be the cause of your death: I give you my promise to return in a week: you have shewn me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army; only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone." "You shall be there tomorrow morning, (said the Beast,) but remember your promise: you need only lay your ring on the table before you go to bed, when you have a mind to come back: farewell, Beauty." Beast sighed as usual, bidding her good night; and Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she waked the next morning, she found herself at her father's, and having rang a little bell, that was by her bed-side, she saw the maid come; who, the moment she saw her, gave a loud shriek; at which the good man ran up stairs, and thought he should have died with joy to see his dear daughter again. He held her fast locked in his arms above a quarter of an hour. As soon as the first transports were over, Beauty began to think of rising, and was afraid she had no clothes to put on; but the maid told her, that she had just found, in the next room, a large trunk full of gowns, covered with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked good Beast for his kind care, and taking one of the plainest of them, she intended to make a present of the others to her sisters. She scarce had said so, when the trunk disappeared. Her father

told her, that Beast insisted on her keeping them herself; and immediately both gowns and trunk came back again.

Beauty dressed herself; and in the mean time they sent to her sisters, who hasted thither with their husbands. They were both of them very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman, extremely handsome indeed, but so fond of his own person, that he was full of nothing but his own dear self, and neglected his wife. The second had married a man of wit, but he only made use of it to plague and torment every body, and his wife most of all. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy, when they saw her dressed like a Princess, and more beautiful than ever; nor could all her obliging affectionate behaviour stifle their jealousy, which was ready to burst when she told them how happy she was. They went down into the garden to vent it in tears; and said one to the other, "In what is this little creature better than us, that she should be so much happier?" "Sister, said the eldest, a thought just strikes my mind; let us endeavour to detain her above a week, and perhaps the silly monster will be so enraged at her for breaking her word, that he will devour her." "Right, sister, answered the other, therefore we must shew her as much kindness as possible." After they had taken this resolution, they went up, and behaved so affectionately to their sister, that poor Beauty wept for joy. When the week was expired, they cried and tore their hair, and seemed so sorry to part with her, that she promised to stay a week longer.

In the mean time, Beauty could not help reflecting on herself for the uneasiness she was likely to cause poor Beast, whom she sincerely loved, and really longed to see again. The tenth night she spent at her father's, she dreamed she was in the palace garden, and that she saw Beast extended on the grass-plot, who seemed just expiring, and, in a dying voice, reproached her with her ingratitude. Beauty started out of her

sleep and bursting into tears, “Am not I very wicked, (said she) to act so unkindly to Beast, that has studied so much to please me in every thing? Is it his fault that he is so ugly, and has so little sense? He is kind and good, and that is sufficient. Why did I refuse to marry him? I should be happier with the monster than my sisters are with their husbands; it is neither wit nor a fine person in a husband, that makes a woman happy; but virtue, sweetness of temper, and complaisance: and Beast has all these valuable qualifications. It is true, I do not feel the tenderness of affection for him, but I find I have the highest gratitude, esteem, and friendship; and I will not make him miserable; were I to be so ungrateful, I should never forgive myself.” Beauty having said this, rose, put her ring on the table, and then laid down again; scarce was she in bed before she fell asleep; and when she waked the next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast’s palace. She put on one of her richest suits to please him, and waited for evening with the utmost impatience; at last the wished-for hour came, the clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. Beauty then feared she had been the cause of his death; she ran crying and wringing her hands all about the palace, like one in despair; after having sought for him every where, she recollected her dream, and flew to the canal in the garden, where she dreamed she saw him. There she found poor Beast stretched out, quite senseless, and, as she imagined, dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread, and finding his heart beat still, she fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head. Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, “You forgot your promise, and I was so afflicted for having lost you, that I resolved to starve myself; but since I have the happiness of seeing you once more, I die satisfied.” “No, dear Beast, (said Beauty,) you must not die; live to be my husband; from this moment I

give you my hand, and swear to be none but yours. Alas! I thought I had only a friendship for you, but, the grief I now feel convinces me, that I cannot live without you." Beauty scarcely had pronounced these words, when she saw the palace sparkle with light; and fireworks, instruments of music, every thing, seemed to give notice of some great event: but nothing could fix her attention; she turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear; but how great was her surprise! Beast had disappeared, and she saw, at her feet, one of the loveliest Princes that eye ever beheld, who returned her thanks for having put an end to the charm, under which he had so long resembled a Beast. Though this Prince was worthy of all her attention, she could not forbear asking where Beast was. "You see him at your feet, (said the Prince): a wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape till a beautiful virgin should consent to marry me: the fairy likewise enjoined me to conceal my understanding; there was only you in the world generous enough to be won by the goodness of my temper; and in offering you my crown, I can't discharge the obligations I have to you." Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming Prince her hand to rise; they went together into the castle, and Beauty was overjoyed to find, in the great hall, her father and his whole family, whom the beautiful lady, that appeared to her in her dream, had conveyed thither.

"Beauty, (said this lady,) come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty, and deserve to find a person in whom all these qualifications are united: you are going to be a great Queen; I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, or make you forget yourself. As to you, ladies, (said the Fairy to Beauty's two sisters,) I know your hearts, and all the malice they contain: become two statues; but, under this transformation, still retain

your reason. You shall stand before your sister's palace gate, and be it your punishment to behold her happiness; and it will not be in your power to return to your former state till you own your faults; but I am very much afraid that you will always remain statues. Pride, anger, gluttony, and idleness, are sometimes conquered, but the conversion of a malicious and envious mind is a kind of miracle." Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand, and in a moment all that were in the hall were transported into the Prince's palace. His subjects received him with joy; he married Beauty, and lived with her many years; and their happiness, as it was founded on virtue, was complete.

FINIS

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10. The Frog-King; Or, Iron Henry

In old times, when wishing was having, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face.

Close by the King's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest, was a fountain. When the day was very warm, the King's Child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain, and when she was dull she took a golden ball, and threw it up in the air and caught it. And this ball was her favorite plaything.

Now, it so happened one day, the King's Daughter's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground, and rolled straight into the water. The King's Daughter followed it with her eyes; but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not14 be seen. On this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted.

And as she thus lamented, some one said to her, "What ails you, King's Daughter? You weep so that even a stone would show pity."

She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching its thick, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water-splasher, is it you?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the fountain."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the Frog, "I can help you. But what will you give me if I bring your plaything up again?"

"Whatever you will have, dear Frog," said she—"my clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing."

The Frog answered, "I do not care for your clothes, your pearls and jewels, or your golden crown, but if you will love me and let me be your companion and playfellow, and sit by you at your little table, and eat off your little golden plate, and drink out of your little cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me this, I will go down below, and bring your golden ball up again."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise you all you wish, if you will but bring my ball back again." She, however, thought, "How the silly Frog does talk! He lives in the water with the other frogs and croaks, and can be no companion to any human being!"

But the Frog, when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down. In a short time he came15 swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's Daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it.

"Wait, wait," said the Frog. "Take me with you. I can't run as you can." But what did it avail him to scream his croak, croak, after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran

home and soon forgot the poor Frog, who was forced to go back into his fountain again.

The next day, when she had seated herself at table with the King and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splish splash, splish splash, up the marble staircase. When it got to the top, it knocked at the door, and cried:

"King's Daughter, youngest.
Open the door!"

She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the Frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened.

The King saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said, "My Child, what are you so afraid of? Is there a Giant outside who wants to carry you away?"

"Ah, no," replied she, "it is no Giant, but a disgusting Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?"

"Ah, dear Father, yesterday when I was in the forest sitting by the fountain, playing, my golden ball fell into the16 water. And because I cried so, the Frog brought it out again for me. And because he insisted so on it, I promised him he should be my companion; but I never thought he would be able to come out of the water! And now he is here, and wants to come in."

In the meantime, it knocked a second time, and cried:

"King's Daughter, youngest!
Open to me!
Don't you remember yesterday,
And all that you to me did say,
Beside the cooling fountain's spray?
King's Daughter, youngest!
Open to me!"

Then said the King, "That which you have promised you must perform. Go and let him in."

She went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat still and cried, "Lift me up beside you."

She delayed, until at last the King commanded her to do it. When the Frog was once on the chair, he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table, he said, "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together."

She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The Frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took, choked her.

At length he said, "I have eaten and am satisfied. Now I am tired, carry me into your little room and make your little silken bed ready; and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The King's Daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the17 cold Frog, which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed.

But the King grew angry and said, "He who helped you when you were in trouble, ought not afterward to be despised."

So she took hold of the Frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed, he crept to her and said, "I am tired, I want to sleep as well as you; lift me up or I will tell your father."

Then she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall.

"Now, you will be quiet, odious Frog," said she.

But when he fell down, he was no Frog but a King's Son with beautiful kind eyes!

He, by her father's will, was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked Witch, and how no one could have delivered him from

the fountain but herself, and that to-morrow they would go together into his kingdom.

Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a coach came rolling up drawn by eight white horses, with white ostrich feathers on their heads. They were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young King's servant, Faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a Frog, that he had three iron bands laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness.

The coach was to conduct the young King into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this deliverance.18 And when they had driven a part of the way, the King's Son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried:

"Henry, the coach does break!"
"No, no, my lord, you do mistake!
It is the band around my heart,
That felt such great and bitter smart,
When you were in the fountain strange,
When you into a Frog were changed!"

Again and once again, while they were on their way, something cracked; and each time the King's Son thought the carriage was breaking. But it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of Faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

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11. The Tiger's Bride

Read "The Tiger's Bride" By angela Carter*

Note: This reading is on electronic course reserves and may require you to use your UWF log-in if you are not logged in already.

12. Chonguita

Narrated by Pilar Ejercito, a Tagalog from Pagsanjan, Laguna. She heard the story from her aunt, who had heard it when she was still a little girl.

There was a king who had three sons, named Pedro, Diego, and Juan. One day the king ordered these three gentlemen to set out from the kingdom and seek their fortunes. The three brothers took different directions, but before they separated they agreed to meet in a certain place in the forest.

After walking for many days, Don Juan met an old man on the road. This old man gave Don Juan bread, and told him to go to a palace which was a mile away. "But as you enter the gate," said the old man, "you must divide the bread which I have given you among the monkeys which are guarding the gate to the palace; otherwise you will not be able to enter."

Don Juan took the bread; and when he reached the palace, he did as the old man had advised him. After entering the gate, he

saw a big monkey. Frightened at the sight of the animal, Don Juan was about to tun away, when the animal called to him, and said, "Don Juan, I know that your purpose in coming here was to find your fortune; and at this very moment my daughter Chonguita will marry you." The archbishop of the monkeys was called, and Don Juan and Chonguita were married without delay.

A few days afterwards Don Juan asked permission from his wife to go to the place where he and his brothers had agreed to meet. When Chonguita's mother heard that Don Juan was going away, she said to him, "If you are going away, take Chonguita with you." Although Don Juan was ashamed to go with Chonguita because she was a monkey, he was forced to take her, and they set out together. When Don Juan met his two brothers and their beautiful wives at the appointed place, he could not say a word. Don Diego, noticing the gloomy appearance of his brother, said, "What is the matter with you? Where is your wife, Don Juan?"

Don Juan sadly replied, "Here she is."

"Where?" asked Don Pedro.

"Behind me," replied Don Juan.

When Don Pedro and Don Diego saw the monkey, they were very much surprised. "Oh!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "what happened to you? Did you lose your head?"

Don Juan could say nothing to this question. At last, however, he broke out, "Let us go home! Our father must be waiting for us." So saying, Don Juan turned around and began the journey. Don Pedro and Don Diego, together with their wives, followed Don Juan. Chonguita walked by her husband's side.

When the return of the three brothers was announced to the king, the monarch hastened to meet them on the stairs.

Upon learning that one of his sons had married a monkey, the king fainted; but after he had recovered his senses, he said to himself, "This misfortune is God's will. I must therefore bear it with patience." The king then assigned a house to each couple to live in.

But the more the king thought of it, the greater appeared to be the disgrace that his youngest son had brought on the family. So one day he called his three sons together, and said to them, "Tell your wives that I want each one of them to make me an embroidered coat. The one who falls to do this within three days will be put to death." Now, the king issued this order in the hope that Chonguita would be put to death, because he thought that she would not be able to make the coat; but his hope was disappointed. On the third day his daughters-in-law presented to him the coats that they had made, and the one embroidered by Chonguita was the prettiest of all.

Still anxious to get rid of the monkey-wife, the king next ordered his daughters-in-law to embroider a cap for him in two days, under penalty of death in case of failure. The caps were all done on time.

At last, thinking of no other way by which he could accomplish his end, the king summoned his three daughters-in-law, and said, "The husband of the one who shall be able to draw the prettiest picture on the walls of my chamber within three days shall succeed me on the throne." At the end of the three days the pictures were finished. When the king went to inspect them, he found that Chonguita's was by far the prettiest, and so Don Juan was crowned king.

A great feast was held in the palace in honor of the new king. In the midst of the festivities Don Juan became very angry with his wife for insisting that he dance with her, and he hurled her against the wall. At this brutal action the hall suddenly became

dark; but after a while it became bright again, and Chonguita had been transformed into a beautiful woman.

Notes.

A Visayan variant of this story, though differing from it in many details, is the story of the "Three Brothers," printed in JAFL 20 : 91–93.

A number of Indian *Märchen* seem to be related more or less closely to our story. Benfey cites one (1 : 261) which appears in the "Asiatic Journal" for 1833.

> Some princes are to obtain their wives by this device: each is to shoot an arrow; and where the arrow strikes, there will each find his bride. The arrow of the youngest hits a tamarind-tree; he is married to it, but his bride turns out to be a female monkey. However, he lives happily with her, but she never appears at his father's court. The sisters-in-law are curious to know what kind of wife he has. They persuade the father-in-law to give a least for all his sons' wives. The prince is grieved over the fact that the secret will come out. Then his wife comforts him; she lays off her monkey covering, and appears as a marvellously beautiful maiden. She enjoins him to preserve the monkey-skin carefully, since otherwise great danger threatens her; but he, in order to keep her in her present beautiful human form, burns the hide while she is at the feast. She disappears instantly. The prince seeks her again, and at last discovers her in heaven as the queen of the monkeys. There he remains with her.

In a Simla tale, "The Story of Ghose" (Dracott, 40 f.), the animal is a squirrel, which is finally changed by the god Mahadeo into a human being, after the little creature has performed many services for her husband. Somewhat analogous, also, is Maive Stokes, "The Monkey Prince" (No. x, p. 41 ff.). Compare also the notes to our No. 19 and Benfey's entire discussion of "The Enchanted Son of the Brahman" (1 : 254–269).

These forms are not close enough to our version, however, to justify our tracing it directly to any one of them. Both it and the Visayan variant are members of the European cycle of tales represented by Grimm's "Three Feathers" (No. 63). The skeleton outline of this family group Bolte and Polívka construct as follows (2 : 37):—

> A father wishes to test the skill of his three sons (or their wives), and requests that they produce extraordinary or costly articles. The despised youngest son wins the reward with the help of an enchanted princess in the form of a cat, rat, frog, lizard, monkey, or as a doll, or night-cap, or stocking. At last she regains her human form. The disenchantment is sometimes accomplished by a kiss, or by beheading, or by the hero's enduring for three nights in silence the blows of spirits.

In only two of the variants cited by Bolte-Polívka (to Grimm, No. 63) is the animal wife a monkey,—Comparetti, No. 58, "Le Scimmie;" and Von Hahn, No. 67, "Die Aeffin." Of these, only the Greek story resembles our tale; but here the similarities are so many, that I will summarize briefly the main points of Von Hahn's version:—

An old king once called his three sons to him, and said, "My sons, I am old; I should like to have you married, so that I may celebrate your wedding with you before I die. Therefore each of you are to shoot an arrow into the air, and to follow its course, for there each will find what is appointed for him." The eldest shot first: his arrow carried him to a king's daughter, whom he married. The second obtained a prince's daughter. But the arrow of the third stuck in a dung-hill. He dug a hole in it, and came to a marble slab, which, when raised, disclosed a flight of stairs leading down. Courageously he descended, and came to a cellar in which a lot of monkeys were sitting in a circle. The mother of the monkeys approached him, and asked him what he wanted. He answered, that, according to the flight of his arrow, he was destined to have a monkey-wife. "Choose one for yourself," she said. "Here sit my maids; there, my daughters." He selected one, and took her back to his father. His brothers, however, ridiculed him.

After a time the eldest son asked the king to divide up his kingdom, as he was already old and was likely to die. "I'll give you three tasks," said the king to his sons. "The one who performs them best shall be king." The first count was to be won by the son whose house forty days thence was cleanest and most beautifully adorned. The youngest son was very sad when inspection-time approached. "Why so sad?" said his wife. He told her; and she said to him on the morning of the last day, "Go to my mother, and ask her for a hazel-nut and an almond." He did so. When the time for inspection arrived, the monkey-

> wife cracked the hazel-nut and drew from it a diamond covering for the whole house. From the almond she drew a very [248]beautiful carpet for the king to walk on. Youngest son won the first count, naturally. The second task was to furnish the king with fresh fruits in the winter-time. The two oldest sons were unable to get any, but the youngest son got a fine supply from the monkeys' garden under the dunghill. The third count was to be won by the son whose wife should be declared the most beautiful at a feast to be given ten days thence. The monkey-wife sent her husband again for an almond, a hazel-nut, two stallions, and five servants. When he returned with them, she cracked the almond and drew from it a magnificent dress for herself. From the hazelnut she drew *her own beauty*, and handsome equipment for her husband. When she was arrayed, she rode into the courtyard of the king, and tried to escape without being recognized; but the king was too quick for her: she was caught, and her husband was declared the final winner. He became king when his father died.

This Greek story can hardly have any immediate relationship with "Chonguita," though it does appear in its first half to be connected with the 1833 Indian *Märchen* given above. Our story, it will be noticed, lacks the shooting of arrows, so characteristic of the European forms; it mentions the monkey-kingdom to which the youngest prince was directed by an old man, and where Chonguita is forced on him; it represents the king as requiring his daughters-in-law to perform difficult tasks because he wishes to find an excuse for putting to death the animal-wife. Moreover, the three tasks themselves are

different, although the first two are reminiscent of some found in the Occidental versions. For the third I know of no folk-tale parallel. On the whole, I am prone to believe that our story was not imported from Europe, but that it belongs to an Oriental branch of the family.

The disenchantment of the monkey-wife by hurling her in anger against the wall is exactly like the disenchantment of the frog-prince in Grimm, No. 1. This conceit is most unusual, and, it might be added, unreasonable. Hence this identity of detail in two stories so far removed in every other way is particularly striking. I know of no further occurrences of the incident.

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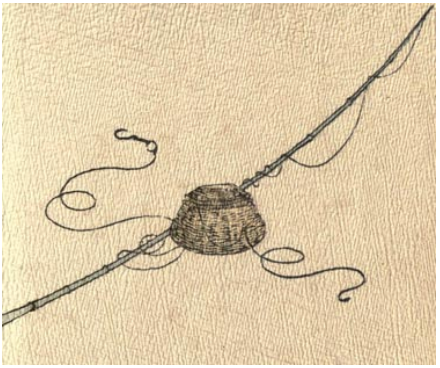
13. The Fisher-Boy Urashima

by Anonymous

Translated by B. H. Chamberlain

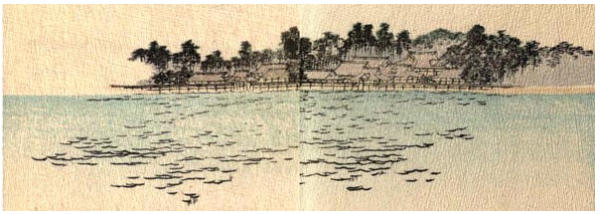


LONG, long ago there lived on the coast of the sea of Japan a young fisherman named Urashima, a kindly lad and clever with his rod and line.

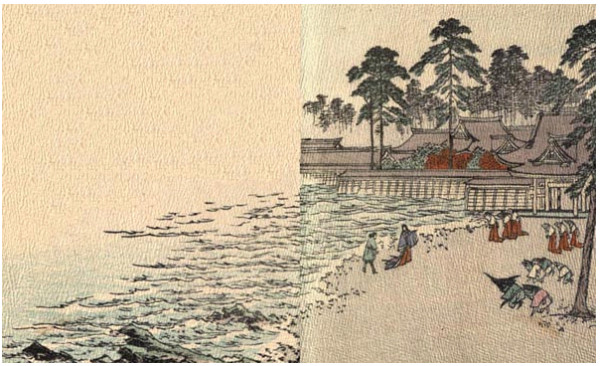
Well, one day he went out in his boat to fish. But instead of catching any fish, what do you think he caught? Why! a great big tortoise, with a hard shell and such a funny wrinkled old face and a tiny tail. Now I must tell you something which very likely you don't know; and that is that tortoises always live a thousand years,—at least Japanese tortoises do. So Urashima thought to himself: "A fish would do for my dinner just as well as this tortoise,—in fact better. Why should I go and kill the poor thing, and prevent it from enjoying itself for another nine hundred and ninety-nine years? No, no! I won't be so cruel. I am sure mother wouldn't like me to." And with these words, he threw the tortoise back into the sea.

The next thing that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat; for it was one of those hot summer days when almost everybody enjoys a nap of an afternoon. And as he slept, there came up from beneath the waves a beautiful girl, who got into the boat and said: “I am the daughter of the Sea-God, and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. It was not a tortoise that you caught just now, and so kindly threw back into the water instead of killing it. It was myself. My father the Sea-God had sent me to see whether you were good or bad.

"We now know that you are a good, kind boy who doesn't like to do cruel things; and so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, if you like; and we will live happily together for a thousand years in the Dragon Palace beyond the deep blue sea."



So Urashima took one oar, and the Sea-God's daughter took the other; and they rowed, and they rowed, and they rowed till at last they came to the Dragon Palace where the Sea-God lived and ruled as King over all the dragons and the tortoises and the fishes.



Oh dear! what a lovely place it was! The walls of the Palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the dragons' tails of solid gold. Just think of the very most beautiful, glittering things that you have ever seen, and put them all together, and then you will know what this Palace looked like. And it all

belonged to Urashima; for was he not the son-in-law of the Sea-God, the husband of the lovely Dragon Princess?

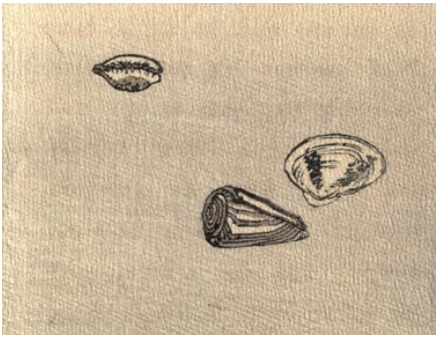
Well, they lived on happily for three years, wandering about every day among the beautiful trees with emerald leaves and ruby berries. But one morning Urashima said to his wife: "I am very happy here. Still I want to go home and see my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Just let me go for a short time, and I'll soon be back again." "I don't like you to go," said she; "I am very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However, if you will go, there is no help for it. Only you must take this box, and be very careful not to open it. If you open it, you will never be able to come back here."

So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not to open it on any account; and then, getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country.

But what had happened while he had been away? Where had his father's cottage gone to? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains indeed were there as before; but the trees on them had been cut down. The little brook that ran close by his father's cottage was still running; but there were no women washing clothes in it any more. It seemed very strange that everything should have changed so much in three short years. So as two men chanced to pass along the beach, Urashima went up to them and said: "Can you tell me please where Urashima's cottage, that used to stand here, has been moved to?"—"Urashima?" said they; "why! it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned out fishing. His parents, and his brothers, and their grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is an old, old story. How can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima's mind that the Sea-God's Palace beyond the waves, with its coral walls and its ruby fruits and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairy-land, and that one day there was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his three years in the Sea-God's Palace had really been hundreds of years. Of course there was no use in staying at home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away. So Urashima was in a great hurry to get back to his wife, the Dragon Princess beyond the sea. But which was the way? He couldn't find it with no one to show it to him. "Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave me, I shall be able to find the way." So he disobeyed her orders not to open the box,—or perhaps he forgot them, foolish boy that he was. Anyhow he opened the box; and what do you think came out of it? Nothing but a white cloud which floated away over the sea. Urashima shouted to the cloud to stop, rushed about and screamed with sorrow; for he remembered now what his wife had told him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the Sea-God's Palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more.

Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach.



Poor Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told, he might have lived another thousand years. Wouldn't you like to go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves, where the Sea-God lives and rules as King over the Dragons and the tortoises and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, where the fishes' tails are of silver and the dragons' tails all of solid gold?

Printed by the Kobunsha in Tokyo, Japan.

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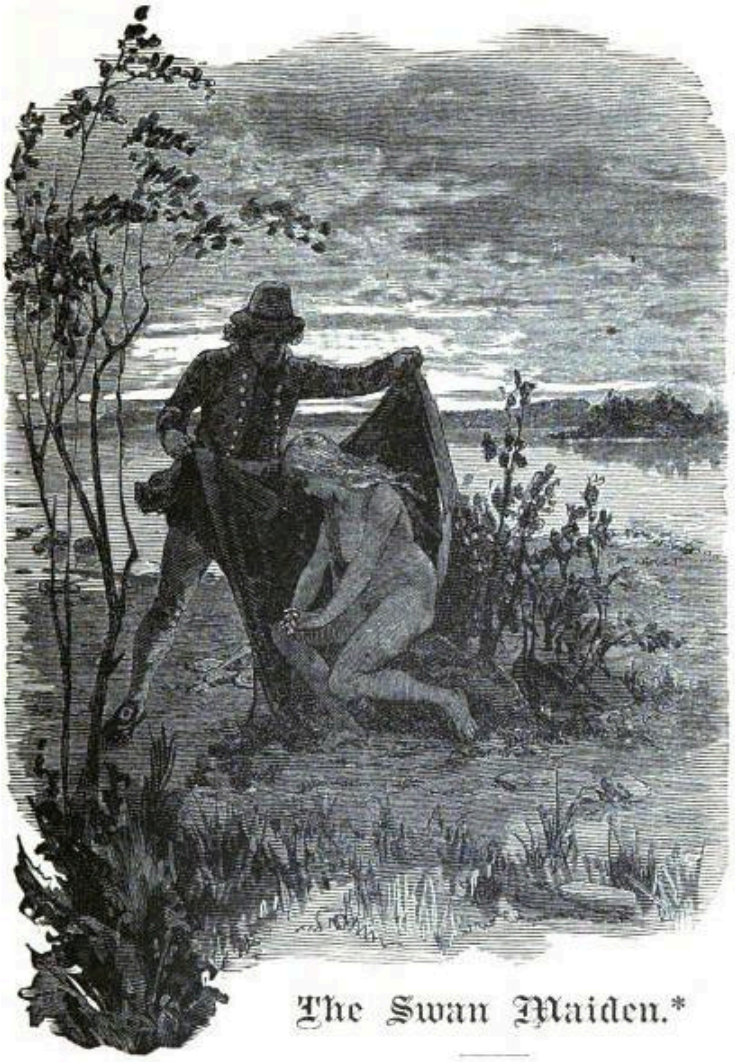
14. The Swan Maiden

by herman Hofberg,

translated by W.H. Myers



The Swan Maiden.*

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* Stories of elvemaidens, who have married humans, lived with them some time and then vanished, are not uncommon in Sweden. One such from Småland is related of a priest whose son held office under him as curate. One morning when the young man wakened he saw the sun streaming into his

A young peasant, in the parish of Mellby, who often amused himself with hunting, saw one day three swans flying toward him, which settled down upon the strand of a sound near by.

Approaching the place, he was astonished at seeing the three swans divest themselves of their feathery attire, which they threw into the grass, and three maidens of dazzling beauty step forth and spring into the water.

After sporting in the waves awhile they returned to the land, where they resumed their former garb and shape and flew away in the same direction from which they came.

One of them, the youngest and fạirest, had, in the meantime, so smitten the young hunter that neither night nor day could he tear his thoughts from the bright image.

His mother, noticing that something was wrong with her son, and that the chase, which had formerly been his favorite pleasure, had lost its attractions, asked him finally the cause of his

apartment through a knot hole in the wall. Suddenly there entered, as if on a sunbeam, a maiden, who stood before him as naked as Eve in the garden of Eden. He hurriedly threw a cloak over the beautiful apparition and conducted her down to his parents. Who she was or where she came from, neither she nor any other could tell. After a time she became the wife of the young priest and lived happily with him a number of years. But one day he was relating to her the wonderful manner of her coming, and to confirm his account removed the plug from the knot hole, whereupon she instantly, as suddenly and mysteriously as she had come, vanished, leaving him in sorrow and despair.

melancholy, whereupon he related to her what he had seen, and declared that there was no longer any happiness in this life for him if he could not possess the fair swan maiden.

Nothing is easier," said the mother. "Go at sunset next Thursday evening to the place where you last saw her. When the three swans come give attention to where your chosen one lays her feathery garb, take it and hasten away."

The young man listened to his mother's instructions, and, betaking himself, the following Thursday evening, to a convenient hiding place near the sound, he waited, with impatience, the coming of the swans. The sun was just sinking behind the trees when the young man's ears were greeted by a whizzing in the air, and the three swans settled down upon the beach, as on their former visit.

As soon as they had laid off their swan attire they were again transformed into the most beautiful maidens, and, springing out upon the white sand, they were soon enjoying themselves in the water.

From his hiding place the young hunter had taken careful note of where his enchantress had laid her swan feathers. Stealing softly forth, he took them and returned to his place of concealment in the surrounding foliage.

Soon thereafter two of the swans were heard to fly a way, but the third, in search of her clothes, discovered the young man, before whom, believing

him responsible for their disappearance, she fell upon her knees and prayed that her swan attire might be returned to her. The hunter was, however, unwilling to yield the beautiful prize, and, casting a cloak around her shoulders, carried her home.

Preparations were soon made for a magnificent wedding, which took place in due form, and the young couple dwelt lovingly and contentedly together.

One Thursday evening, seven years later, the hunter related to her how he had sought and won his wife. He brought forth and showed her, also, the white swan feathers of her former days. No sooner were they placed in her hands than she was transformed once more into a swan, and instantly took flight through the open window. In breathless astonishment, the man stared wildly after his rapidly vanishing wife, and before a year and a day had passed, he was laid, with his longings and sorrows, in his allotted place in the village churchyard.

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collected here contain outdated ideas, terms, and vi
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of their observations.
https://www.tota.world/article/998/

15. The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood

from The Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault,

illustrated by Harry Clarke with an introduction by Thomas Bodkin.

There were formerly a King and a Queen, who were so sorry that they had no children, so sorry that it cannot be expressed. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried and all to no purpose. At last, however, the Queen proved with child, and was brought to bed of a daughter. There was a very fine christening; and the Princess had for her godmothers all the Fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of Fairies in those days, and

that by this means the Princess might have all the perfections imaginable.

"At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the hangings."

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the King's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the Fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife and fork, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table, they saw come into the hall a very old Fairy whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or inchanted. The King ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had seven only made for the seven Fairies. The old Fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threat between her teeth. One of the young Fairies, who sat by her, overheard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair, as much as possible she could, the evil which the old Fairy might intend.

In the mean while all the Fairies began to give their gifts to the Princess. The youngest gave her for gift, that she should

be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in every thing she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play upon all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said, that the Princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle, and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and every body fell a-crying.

At this very instant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud:

"Be reassured, O King and Queen; your daughter shall not die of this disaster: it is true, I have no power to undo intirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years; at the expiration of which a king's son shall come and awake her."

The King, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, caused immediately proclamations to be made, whereby everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle or to have so much as any spindle in their houses.

About fifteen or sixteen years after, the King and Queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young Princess happened one day to divert herself running up and down the palace; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman, alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, Goody?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ha!" said the Princess, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so." She had no sooner taken the spindle into her hand, than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; they threw water upon the Princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary-water; but nothing would bring her to herself.

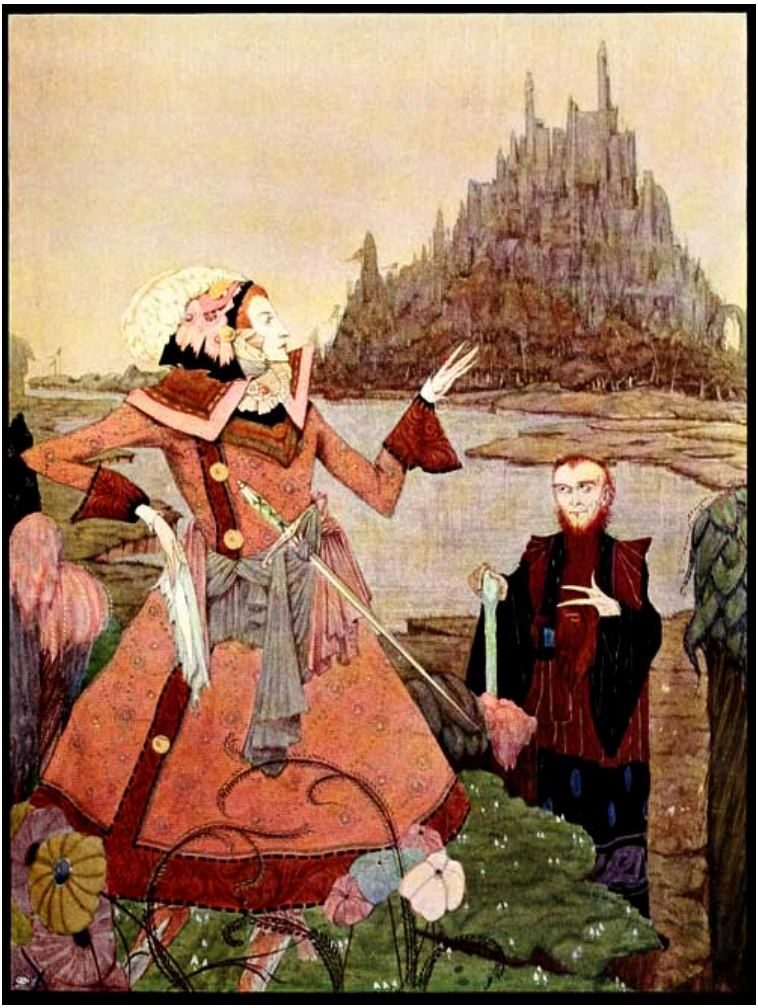
And now the King, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the Fairies, and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the Fairies had said it, caused the Princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver. One would have taken her for an angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral; indeed her eyes were shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awakening was come.

The good Fairy, who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years, was in the kingdom of Matakin, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the Princess; but she was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues, that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground at one stride. The Fairy came

away immediately, and she arrived, about an hour after, in a fiery chariot, drawn by dragons. The King handed her out of the chariot, and she approved every thing he had done; but, as she had a very great foresight, she thought, when the Princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did: She touched with her wand every thing in the palace (except the King and the Queen), governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, undercooks, scullions, guards, with their beef-eaters, pages, footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well as their grooms, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsey too, the Princess's little spaniel-bitch, which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them, they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep, and the fire likewise. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the King and the Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace, and put forth a proclamation, that nobody should dare to come near it. This, however, was not necessary; for, in a quarter of an hour's time, there grew up, all round about the park, such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass thro'; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace; and that too, not unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the Fairy gave herein a sample of her art, that the Princess, while she continued sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.



"The Prince Enquires of the Aged Countryman"

When a hundred years were gone and past, the son of the King then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping Princess, being gone a-hunting on that side of the country, asked, what were those towers which he saw in the

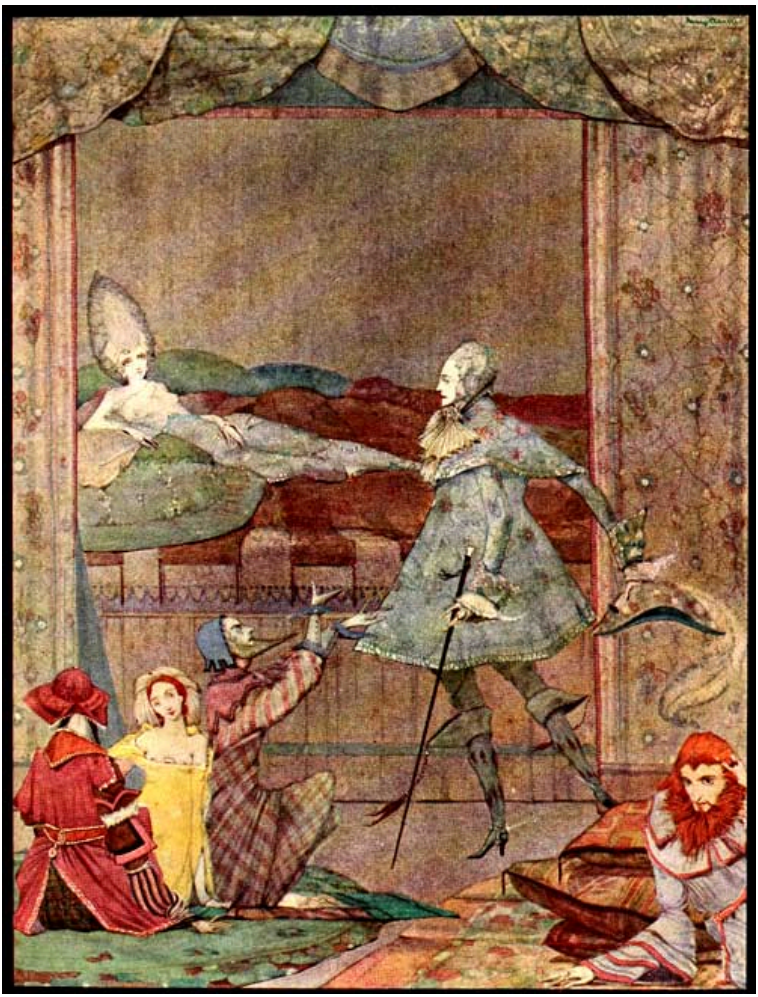
middle of a great thick wood? Every one answered according as they had heard; some said that it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits; others, that all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath, or nights meeting. The common opinion was that an Ogre[1] lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without any-body's being able to follow him, as having himself, only, the power to pass thro' the wood.

The Prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus: "May it please your Royal Highness, it is now above fifty years since I heard my father, who had heard my grandfather, say that there then was in this castle, a Princess, the most beautiful was ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be awaked by a king's son; for whom she was reserved." The young Prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without a moment's doubt, that he could put an end to this rare adventure; and pushed on by love and honour resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood, when all the great trees, the bushes and brambles, gave way of themselves to let him pass thro'; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue which he went into; and what a little surprised him was, that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again, as soon as he had pass'd thro' them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way; a young and amorous Prince is always valiant. He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned over all a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere shewed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched

out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He, however, very well knew, by the ruby faces and pimpled noses of the beef-eaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, shewed plainly, that they fell asleep in their cups.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard-chamber, where the guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw, upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight was ever beheld: a Princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner resplendent beauty, had somewhat in it divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.



"He saw, upon a bed, the finest sight was ever beheld."

And now, as the inchantment was at an end, the Princess awaked, and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of: "Is it you, my Prince," said she to him, "you have tarried long."

The Prince, charmed with these words, and much more with

the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to shew his joy and gratitude; he assured her, that he loved her better than he did himself; his discourse was not well connected, but it pleased her all the more; little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it; she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good Fairy, during so long a sleep, had entertained her with pleasant dreams. In short, when they talked four hours together, they said not half what they had to say.

In the mean while, all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular business; and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die for hunger; the chief lady of honour, being as sharp set as other folks, grew very impatient, and told the Princess aloud, That supper was served up. The Prince helped the Princess to rise, she was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his Royal Highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great grand-mother, and had a point-band peeping over a high collar; she looked not a bit the less beautiful and charming for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the Princess's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, tho' it was now above a hundred years since they had been played; and after supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honour drew the curtains. They had but very little sleep; the Princess had no occasion, and the Prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been anxious on his account. The Prince told him that he lost his way in the forest, as he was hunting, and that he had lain at the cottage of a collier, who gave him cheese and brown bread.

The King his father, who was of an easy disposition, believed him; but his mother could not be persuaded this was true; and seeing that he went almost every day a-hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready when he had laid out three or four nights together, she no longer doubted he had some little amour, for he lived with the Princess above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named Aurora, and the youngest, who was a son, they called Day, because he was even handsomer and more beautiful than his sister.

The Queen said more than once to her son, in order to bring him to speak freely to her, that a young man must e'en take his pleasure; but he never dared to trust her with his secret; he feared her, tho' he loved her; for she was of the race of the Ogres, and the King would never have married her, had it not been for her vast riches; it was even whispered about the court, that she had Ogreish inclinations, and that, whenever she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to refrain from falling upon them. And so the Prince would never tell her one word.

But when the King was dead, which happened about two years afterwards; and he saw himself lord and master, he openly declared his marriage; and he went in great ceremony to fetch his Queen from the castle. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, she riding between her two children.

Some time after, the King went to make war with the Emperor Cantalabutte, his neighbour. He left the government of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was like to be at war all the summer, and as soon as he departed, the Queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law and her children to a

country-house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing.

"'I will have it so,'" replied the Queen, 'And will eat her with a sauce Robert'"

Some few days afterwards she went thither herself, and said to her clerk of the kitchen:

"I have a mind to eat little Aurora for my dinner to morrow."

"Ah! Madam," cried the clerk of the kitchen.

"I will have it so," replied the Queen (and this she spake in the tone of an Ogress, who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat), "and will eat her with a Sauce Robert."[2]

The poor man knowing very well that he must not play tricks with Ogresses, took his great knife and went up into little Aurora's chamber. She was then four years old, and came up to him jumping and laughing, to take him about the neck, and ask him for some sugar-candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hand, and he went into the back-yard, and killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce, that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in her life. He had at the same time taken up little Aurora, and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the end of the court yard.

About eight days afterwards, the wicked Queen said to the clerk of the kitchen:

"I will sup upon little Day."

He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her, as he had done before. He went to find out little Day, and saw him with a little foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey; the child being then only three years of age. He took him up in his arms, and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber along with his sister, and in the room of little Day cooked up a young kid very tender, which the Ogress found to be wonderfully good.

This was hitherto all mighty well: but one evening this wicked Queen said to her clerk of the kitchen:

"I will eat the Queen with the same sauce I had with her children."

It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was turned of

twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep: her skin was somewhat tough, tho' very fair and white; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm, was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into her chamber, with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great a fury as he could possibly, and came into the young Queen's room with his dagger in his hand. He would not, however, surprise her, but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the Queen-mother.

"Do it, do it," said she stretching out her neck, "execute your orders, and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved," for she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge.

"No, no, Madam," cried the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears, "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children again; but it must be in my lodgings, where I have concealed them, and I shall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your stead a young hind."

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber; where leaving her to embrace her children, and cry along with them, he went and dressed a hind, which the Queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite, as if it had been the young Queen. Exceedingly was she delighted with her cruelty, and she had invented a story to tell the King, at his return, how ravenous wolves had eaten up the Queen his wife, and her two children.

One evening, as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts and yards of the palace, to see if she could smell any fresh meat, she heard, in a ground-room little Day crying, for his mamma was going to whip him, because

he had been naughty; and she heard, at the same time, little Aurora begging pardon for her brother.

The Ogress presently knew the voice of the Queen and her children, and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded next morning, by break of day (with a most horrible voice, which made every body tremble) that they should bring into the middle of the great court a large tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the King (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horseback (for he came post) and asked, with the utmost astonishment, what was the meaning of that horrible spectacle? No one dared to tell him; when the Ogress, all inraged to see what had happened, threw herself headforemost into the tub, and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it for others. The King could not but be very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife, and his pretty children.

[1] Ogre is a giant, with long teeth and claws, with a raw head and bloody-bones, who runs away with naughty little boys and girls, and eats them up. [Note by the translator.]

[2] This is a French sauce, made with onions shredded and boiled tender in butter, to which is added vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, and a little wine. [Note by the translator.]

The Moral

To get as prize a husband rich and gay,
Of humour sweet, with many years to stay,
Is natural enough, 'tis true;
To wait for him a hundred years,
And all that while asleep, appears
A thing entirely new.
Now at this time of day,
Not one of all the sex we see
Doth sleep with such profound tranquillity:
But yet this Fable seems to let us know

That very often Hymen's blisses sweet,
Altho' some tedious obstacles they meet,
Are not less happy for approaching slow.
'Tis nature's way that ladies fair
Should yearn conjugal joys to share;
And so I've not the heart to preach
A moral that's beyond their reach.

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16. Briar Rose

A king and queen once upon a time reigned in a country a great way off, where there were in those days fairies. Now this king and queen had plenty of money, and plenty of fine clothes to wear, and plenty of good things to eat and drink, and a coach to ride out in every day: but though they had been married many years they had no children, and this grieved them very much indeed. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river, at the bottom of the garden, she saw a poor little fish, that had thrown itself out of the water, and lay gasping and nearly dead on the bank. Then the queen took pity on the little fish, and threw it back again into the river; and before it swam away it lifted its head out of the water and said, 'I know what your wish is, and it shall be fulfilled, in return for your kindness to me—you will soon have a daughter.' What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl, so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy, and said he would hold a great feast and make merry, and show the child to all the land. So he asked his kinsmen, and nobles, and friends, and neighbours. But the queen said, 'I will have the fairies also, that they might be kind and good to our

little daughter.' Now there were thirteen fairies in the kingdom; but as the king and queen had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, they were forced to leave one of the fairies without asking her. So twelve fairies came, each with a high red cap on her head, and red shoes with high heels on her feet, and a long white wand in her hand: and after the feast was over they gathered round in a ring and gave all their best gifts to the little princess. One gave her goodness, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was good in the world.

Just as eleven of them had done blessing her, a great noise was heard in the courtyard, and word was brought that the thirteenth fairy was come, with a black cap on her head, and black shoes on her feet, and a broomstick in her hand: and presently up she came into the dining-hall. Now, as she had not been asked to the feast she was very angry, and scolded the king and queen very much, and set to work to take her revenge. So she cried out, 'The king's daughter shall, in her fifteenth year, be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead.' Then the twelfth of the friendly fairies, who had not yet given her gift, came forward, and said that the evil wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften its mischief; so her gift was, that the king's daughter, when the spindle wounded her, should not really die, but should only fall asleep for a hundred years.

However, the king hoped still to save his dear child altogether from the threatened evil; so he ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and burnt. But all the gifts of the first eleven fairies were in the meantime fulfilled; for the princess was so beautiful, and well behaved, and good, and wise, that everyone who knew her loved her.

It happened that, on the very day she was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, and looked at all

the rooms and chambers, till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. 'Why, how now, good mother,' said the princess; 'what are you doing there?' 'Spinning,' said the old lady, and nodded her head, humming a tune, while buzz! went the wheel. 'How prettily that little thing turns round!' said the princess, and took the spindle and began to try and spin. But scarcely had she touched it, before the fairy's prophecy was fulfilled; the spindle wounded her, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who had just come home, and all their court, fell asleep too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the house-top, and the very flies slept upon the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; the jack stopped, and the spit that was turning about with a goose upon it for the king's dinner stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; the butler, who was slyly tasting the ale, fell asleep with the jug at his lips: and thus everything stood still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker; till at last the old palace was surrounded and hidden, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Briar Rose (for so the king's daughter was called): so that, from time to time, several kings' sons came, and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This, however, none of them could ever do; for the

thorns and bushes laid hold of them, as it were with hands; and there they stuck fast, and died wretchedly.

After many, many years there came a king's son into that land: and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns; and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, and how a wonderful princess, called Briar Rose, lay in it asleep, with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many, many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but that they had all stuck fast in it, and died. Then the young prince said, 'All this shall not frighten me; I will go and see this Briar Rose.' The old man tried to hinder him, but he was bent upon going.

Now that very day the hundred years were ended; and as the prince came to the thicket he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he went with ease, and they shut in after him as thick as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep; and the horses were standing in the stables; and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep, with their heads under their wings. And when he came into the palace, the flies were sleeping on the walls; the spit was standing still; the butler had the jug of ale at his lips, going to drink a draught; the maid sat with a fowl in her lap ready to be plucked; and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand, as if she was going to beat the boy.

Then he went on still farther, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower, and opened the door of the little room in which Briar Rose was; and there she lay, fast asleep on a couch by the window. She looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her, so he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke, and smiled upon him; and they went out together; and soon the king and

queen also awoke, and all the court, and gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses shook themselves, and the dogs jumped up and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed again; the fire in the kitchen blazed up; round went the jack, and round went the spit, with the goose for the king's dinner upon it; the butler finished his draught of ale; the maid went on plucking the fowl; and the cook gave the boy the box on his ear.

And then the prince and Briar Rose were married, and the wedding feast was given; and they lived happily together all their lives long.

Attribution

17. Momotaro, Or the Story of the Son of a Peach

from *Japanese Fairy Tales*

Compiled by

Yei Theodora Ozaki

Profusely IlLustrated by Japanese Artists

Long, long ago there lived, an old man and an old woman; they were peasants, and had to work hard to earn their daily rice. The old man used to go and cut grass for the farmers around, and while he was gone the old woman, his wife, did the work of the house and worked in their own little rice field.

One day the old man went to the hills as usual to cut grass and the old woman took some clothes to the river to wash.

It was nearly summer, and the country was very beautiful to see in its fresh greenness as the two old people went on their way to work. The grass on the banks of the river looked like emerald velvet, and the pussy willows along the edge of the water were shaking out their soft tassels.

The breezes blew and ruffled the smooth surface of the water into wavelets, and passing on touched the cheeks of the old couple who, for some reason they could not explain, felt very happy that morning.

The old woman at last found a nice spot by the river bank and put her basket down. Then she set to work to wash the clothes; she took them one by one out of the basket and washed them in the river and rubbed them on the stones. The water was as clear as crystal, and she could see the tiny fish swimming to and fro, and the pebbles at the bottom.

As she was busy washing her clothes a great peach came bumping down the stream. The old woman looked up from her work and saw this large peach. She was sixty years of age, yet in all her life she had never seen such a big peach as this.

"How delicious that peach must be!" she said to herself. "I must certainly get it and take it home to my old man."

She stretched out her arm to try and get it, but it was quite out of her reach. She looked about for a stick, but there was not one to be seen, and if she went to look for one she would lose the peach.

Stopping a moment to think what she would do, she remembered an old charm-verse. Now she began to clap her hands to keep time to the rolling of the peach down stream, and while she clapped she sang this song:

"Distant water is bitter,

The near water is sweet;
Pass by the distant water
And come into the sweet."

Strange to say, as soon as she began to repeat this little song the peach began to come nearer and nearer the bank where the old woman was standing, till at last it stopped just in front of her so that she was able to take it up in her hands. The old woman was delighted. She could not go on with her work, so happy and excited was she, so she put all the clothes back in her bamboo basket, and with the basket on her back and the peach in her hand she hurried homewards.

It seemed a very long time to her to wait till her husband returned. The old man at last came back as the sun was setting, with a big bundle of grass on his back—so big that he was almost hidden and she could hardly see him. He seemed very tired and used the scythe for a walking stick, leaning on it as he walked along.

As soon as the old woman saw him she called out:

"O Fii San! (old man) I have been waiting for you to come home for such a long time to-day!"

"What is the matter? Why are you so impatient?" asked the old man, wondering at her unusual eagerness. "Has anything happened while I have been away?"

"Oh, no!" answered the old woman, "nothing has happened, only I have found a nice present for you!"

"That is good," said the old man. He then washed his feet in a basin of water and stepped up to the veranda.

The old woman now ran into the little room and brought out from the cupboard the big peach. It felt even heavier than before. She held it up to him, saying:

"Just look at this! Did you ever see such a large peach in all your life?"

When the old man looked at the peach he was greatly astonished and said:

"This is indeed the largest peach I have ever seen! Wherever did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it," answered the old woman. "I found it in the river where I was washing." And she told him the whole story.

"I am very glad that you have found it. Let us eat it now, for I am hungry," said the O Fii San.

He brought out the kitchen knife, and, placing the peach on a board, was about to cut it when, wonderful to tell, the peach split in two of itself and a clear voice said:

"Wait a bit, old man!" and out stepped a beautiful little child.

The old man and his wife were both so astonished at what they saw that they fell to the ground. The child spoke again:

"Don't be afraid. I am no demon or fairy. I will tell you the truth. Heaven has had compassion on you. Every day and every night you have lamented that you had no child. Your cry has been heard and I am sent to be the son of your old age!"

On hearing this the old man and his wife were very happy. They had cried night and day for sorrow at having no child to help them in their lonely old age, and now that their prayer was answered they were so lost with joy that they did not know where to put their hands or their feet. First the old man took the child up in his arms, and then the old woman did the same; and they named him MOMOTARO, OR SON OF A PEACH, because he had come out of a peach.

The years passed quickly by and the child grew to be fifteen years of age. He was taller and far stronger than any other boys of his own age, he had a handsome face and a heart full of courage, and he was very wise for his years. The old couple's pleasure was very great when they looked at him, for he was just what they thought a hero ought to be like.

One day Momotaro came to his foster-father and said solemnly:

"Father, by a strange chance we have become father and son. Your goodness to me has been higher than the mountain grasses which it was your daily work to cut, and deeper than the river where my mother washes the clothes. I do not know how to thank you enough."

"Why," answered the old man, "it is a matter of course that a father should bring up his son. When you are older it will be your turn to take care of us, so after all there will be no profit or loss between us—all will be equal. Indeed, I am rather surprised that you should thank me in this way!" and the old man looked bothered.

"I hope you will be patient with me," said Momotaro; "but before I begin to pay back your goodness to me I have a request to make which I hope you will grant me above everything else."

"I will let you do whatever you wish, for you are quite different to all other boys!"

"Then let me go away at once!"

"What do you say? Do you wish to leave your old father and mother and go away from your old home?"

"I will surely come back again, if you let me go now!"

"Where are you going?"

"You must think it strange that I want to go away," said Momotaro, "because I have not yet told you my reason. Far away from here to the northeast of Japan there is an island in the sea. This island is the stronghold of a band of devils. I have often heard how they invade this land, kill and rob the people, and carry off all they can find. They are not only very wicked but they are disloyal to our Emperor and disobey his laws. They are also cannibals, for they kill and eat some of the poor people who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. These devils

are very hateful beings. I must go and conquer them and bring back all the plunder of which they have robbed this land. It is for this reason that I want to go away for a short time!"

The old man was much surprised at hearing all this from a mere boy of fifteen. He thought it best to let the boy go. He was strong and fearless, and besides all this, the old man knew he was no common child, for he had been sent to them as a gift from Heaven, and he felt quite sure that the devils would be powerless to harm him.

"All you say is very interesting, Momotaro," said the old man. "I will not hinder you in your determination. You may go if you wish. Go to the island as soon as ever you like and destroy the demons and bring peace to the land."

"Thank you, for all your kindness," said Momotaro, who began to get ready to go that very day. He was full of courage and did not know what fear was.

The old man and woman at once set to work to pound rice in the kitchen mortar to make cakes for Momotaro to take with him on his journey.

At last the cakes were made and Momotaro was ready to start on his long journey.

Parting is always sad. So it was now. The eyes of the two old people were filled with tears and their voices trembled as they said:

"Go with all care and speed. We expect you back victorious!"

Momotaro was very sorry to leave his old parents (though he knew he was coming back as soon as he could), for he thought of how lonely they would be while he was away. But he said "Good-by!" quite bravely.

"I am going now. Take good care of yourselves while I am away. Good-by!" And he stepped quickly out of the house. In silence the eyes of Momotaro and his parents met in farewell.

Momotaro now hurried on his way till it was midday. He began to feel hungry, so he opened his bag and took out one of the rice-cakes and sat down under a tree by the side of the road to eat it. While he was thus having his lunch a dog almost as large as a colt came running out from the high grass. He made straight for Momotaro, and showing his teeth, said in a fierce way:

"You are a rude man to pass my field without asking permission first. If you leave me all the cakes you have in your bag you may go; otherwise I will bite you till I kill you!"

Momotaro only laughed scornfully:

"What is that you are saying? Do you know who I am? I am Momotaro, and I am on my way to subdue the devils in their island stronghold in the northeast of Japan. If you try to stop me on my way there I will cut you in two from the head downwards!"

The dog's manner at once changed. His tail dropped between his legs, and coming near he bowed so low that his forehead touched the ground.

"What do I hear? The name of Momotaro? Are you indeed Momotaro? I have often heard of your great strength. Not knowing who you were I have behaved in a very stupid way. Will you please pardon my rudeness? Are you indeed on your way to invade the Island of Devils? If you will take such a rude fellow with you as one of your followers, I shall be very grateful to you."

"I think I can take you with me if you wish to go," said Momotaro.

"Thank you!" said the dog. "By the way, I am very very hungry. Will you give me one of the cakes you are carrying?"

"This is the best kind of cake there is in Japan," said

Momotaro. “I cannot spare you a whole one; I will give you half of one.”

“Thank you very much,” said the dog, taking the piece thrown to him.

Then Momotaro got up and the dog followed. For a long time they walked over the hills and through the valleys. As they were going along an animal came down from a tree a little ahead of them. The creature soon came up to Momotaro and said:

“Good morning, Momotaro! You are welcome in this part of the country. Will you allow me to go with you?”

The dog answered jealously:

“Momotaro already has a dog to accompany him. Of what use is a monkey like you in battle? We are on our way to fight the devils! Get away!”

The dog and the monkey began to quarrel and bite, for these two animals always hate each other.

“Now, don’t quarrel!” said Momotaro, putting himself between them. “Wait a moment, dog!”

“It is not at all dignified for you to have such a creature as that following you!” said the dog.

“What do you know about it?” asked Momotaro; and pushing aside the dog, he spoke to the monkey:

“Who are you?”

“I am a monkey living in these hills,” replied the monkey. “I heard of your expedition to the Island of Devils, and I have come to go with you. Nothing will please me more than to follow you!”

“Do you really wish to go to the Island of Devils and fight with me?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the monkey.

"I admire your courage," said Momotaro. "Here is a piece of one of my fine rice-cakes. Come along!"

So the monkey joined Momotaro. The dog and the monkey did not get on well together. They were always snapping at each other as they went along, and always wanting to have a fight. This made Momotaro very cross, and at last he sent the dog on ahead with a flag and put the monkey behind with a sword, and he placed himself between them with a war-fan, which is made of iron.

By and by they came to a large field. Here a bird flew down and alighted on the ground just in front of the little party. It was the most beautiful bird Momotaro had ever seen. On its body were five different robes of feathers and its head was covered with a scarlet cap.

The dog at once ran at the bird and tried to seize and kill it. But the bird struck out its spurs and flew at the dog's tail, and the fight went hard with both.

Momotaro, as he looked on, could not help admiring the bird; it showed so much spirit in the fight. It would certainly make a good fighter.

Momotaro went up to the two combatants, and holding the dog back, said to the bird:

"You rascal! you are hindering my journey. Surrender at once, and I will take you with me. If you don't I will set this dog to bite your head off!"

Then the bird surrendered at once, and begged to be taken into Momotaro's company.

"I do not know what excuse to offer for quarreling with the dog, your servant, but I did not see you. I am a miserable bird called a pheasant. It is very generous of you to pardon my rudeness and to take me with you. Please allow me to follow you behind the dog and the monkey!"

"I congratulate you on surrendering so soon," said Momotaro, smiling. "Come and join us in our raid on the devils."

"Are you going to take this bird with you also?" asked the dog, interrupting.

"Why do you ask such an unnecessary question? Didn't you hear what I said? I take the bird with me because I wish to!"

"Humph!" said the dog.

Then Momotaro stood and gave this order:

"Now all of you must listen to me. The first thing necessary in an army is harmony. It is a wise saying which says that 'Advantage on earth is better than advantage in Heaven!' Union amongst ourselves is better than any earthly gain. When we are not at peace amongst ourselves it is no easy thing to subdue an enemy. From now, you three, the dog, the monkey and the pheasant, must be friends with one mind. The one who first begins a quarrel will be discharged on the spot!"

All the three promised not to quarrel. The pheasant was now made a member of Momotaro's suite, and received half a cake.

Momotaro's influence was so great that the three became good friends, and hurried onwards with him as their leader.

Hurrying on day after day they at last came out upon the shore of the North-Eastern Sea. There was nothing to be seen as far as the horizon—not a sign of any island. All that broke the stillness was the rolling of the waves upon the shore.

Now, the dog and the monkey and the pheasant had come very bravely all the way through the long valleys and over the hills, but they had never seen the sea before, and for the first time since they set out they were bewildered and gazed at each other in silence. How were they to cross the water and get to the Island of Devils?

Momotaro soon saw that they were daunted by the sight of the sea, and to try them he spoke loudly and roughly:

"Why do you hesitate? Are you afraid of the sea? Oh! what cowards you are! It is impossible to take such weak creatures as you with me to fight the demons. It will be far better for me to go alone. I discharge you all at once!"

The three animals were taken aback at this sharp reproof, and clung to Momotaro's sleeve, begging him not to send them away.

"Please, Momotaro!" said the dog.

"We have come thus far!" said the monkey.

"It is inhuman to leave us here!" said the pheasant.

"We are not at all afraid of the sea," said the monkey again.

"Please do take us with you," said the pheasant.

"Do please," said the dog.

They had now gained a little courage, so Momotaro said:

"Well, then, I will take you with me, but be careful!"

Momotaro now got a small ship, and they all got on board. The wind and weather were fair, and the ship went like an arrow over the sea. It was the first time they had ever been on the water, and so at first the dog, the monkey and the pheasant were frightened at the waves and the rolling of the vessel, but by degrees they grew accustomed to the water and were quite happy again. Every day they paced the deck of their little ship, eagerly looking out for the demons' island.

When they grew tired of this, they told each other stories of all their exploits of which they were proud, and then played games together; and Momotaro found much to amuse him in listening to the three animals and watching their antics, and in this way he forgot that the way was long and that he was tired of the voyage and of doing nothing. He longed to be at

work killing the monsters who had done so much harm in his country.

As the wind blew in their favor and they met no storms the ship made a quick voyage, and one day when the sun was shining brightly a sight of land rewarded the four watchers at the bow.

Momotaro knew at once that what they saw was the devils' stronghold. On the top of the precipitous shore, looking out to sea, was a large castle. Now that his enterprise was close at hand, he was deep in thought with his head leaning on his hands, wondering how he should begin the attack. His three followers watched him, waiting for orders. At last he called to the pheasant:

"It is a great advantage for us to have you with us." said Momotaro to the bird, "for you have good wings. Fly at once to the castle and engage the demons to fight. We will follow you."

The pheasant at once obeyed. He flew off from the ship beating the air gladly with his wings. The bird soon reached the island and took up his position on the roof in the middle of the castle, calling out loudly:

"All you devils listen to me! The great Japanese general Momotaro has come to fight you and to take your stronghold from you. If you wish to save your lives surrender at once, and in token of your submission you must break off the horns that grow on your forehead. If you do not surrender at once, but make up your mind to fight, we, the pheasant, the dog and the monkey, will kill you all by biting and tearing you to death!"

The horned demons looking up and only seeing a pheasant, laughed and said:

"A wild pheasant, indeed! It is ridiculous to hear such words from a mean thing like you. Wait till you get a blow from one of our iron bars!"

Very angry, indeed, were the devils. They shook their horns and their shocks of red hair fiercely, and rushed to put on tiger skin trousers to make themselves look more terrible. They then brought out great iron bars and ran to where the pheasant perched over their heads, and tried to knock him down. The pheasant flew to one side to escape the blow, and then attacked the head of first one and then another demon. He flew round and round them, beating the air with his wings so fiercely and ceaselessly, that the devils began to wonder whether they had to fight one or many more birds.

In the meantime, Momotaro had brought his ship to land. As they had approached, he saw that the shore was like a precipice, and that the large castle was surrounded by high walls and large iron gates and was strongly fortified.

Momotaro landed, and with the hope of finding some way of entrance, walked up the path towards the top, followed by the monkey and the dog. They soon came upon two beautiful damsels washing clothes in a stream. Momotaro saw that the clothes were blood-stained, and that as the two maidens washed, the tears were falling fast down their cheeks. He stopped and spoke to them:

"Who are you, and why do you weep?"

"We are captives of the Demon King. We were carried away from our homes to this island, and though we are the daughters of Daimios (Lords), we are obliged to be his servants, and one day he will kill us"—and the maidens held up the blood-stained clothes—"and eat us, and there is no one to help us!"

And their tears burst out afresh at this horrible thought.

"I will rescue you," said Momotaro. "Do not weep any more, only show me how I may get into the castle."

Then the two ladies led the way and showed Momotaro a

little back door in the lowest part of the castle wall—so small that Momotaro could hardly crawl in.

The pheasant, who was all this time fighting hard, saw Momotaro and his little band rush in at the back.

Momotaro's onslaught was so furious that the devils could not stand against him. At first their foe had been a single bird, the pheasant, but now that Momotaro and the dog and the monkey had arrived they were bewildered, for the four enemies fought like a hundred, so strong were they. Some of the devils fell off the parapet of the castle and were dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath; others fell into the sea and were drowned; many were beaten to death by the three animals.

The chief of the devils at last was the only one left. He made up his mind to surrender, for he knew that his enemy was stronger than mortal man.

He came up humbly to Momotaro and threw down his iron bar, and kneeling down at the victor's feet he broke off the horns on his head in token of submission, for they were the sign of his strength and power.

"I am afraid of you," he said meekly. "I cannot stand against you. I will give you all the treasure hidden in this castle if you will spare my life!"

Momotaro laughed.

"It is not like you, big devil, to beg for mercy, is it? I cannot spare your wicked life, however much you beg, for you have killed and tortured many people and robbed our country for many years."

Then Momotaro tied the devil chief up and gave him into the monkey's charge. Having done this, he went into all the rooms of the castle and set the prisoners free and gathered together all the treasure he found.

The dog and the pheasant carried home the plunder, and thus

Momotaro returned triumphantly to his home, taking with him the devil chief as a captive.

The two poor damsels, daughters of Daimios, and others whom the wicked demon had carried off to be his slaves, were taken safely to their own homes and delivered to their parents.

The whole country made a hero of Momotaro on his triumphant return, and rejoiced that the country was now freed from the robber devils who had been a terror of the land for a long time.

The old couple's joy was greater than ever, and the treasure Momotaro had brought home with him enabled them to live in peace and plenty to the end of their days.

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18. Little Red-Cap [Little Red Riding Hood]

by Jacob Grimm and wilhelm grimm

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by everyone who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; so she was always called 'Little Red-Cap.'

One day her mother said to her: 'Come, Little Red-Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing;

and when you go into her room, don't forget to say, "Good morning", and don't peep into every corner before you do it.'

'I will take great care,' said Little Red-Cap to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red-Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her. Red-Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

'Good day, Little Red-Cap,' said he.

'Thank you kindly, wolf.'

'Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?'

'To my grandmother's.'

'What have you got in your apron?'

'Cake and wine; yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger.'

'Where does your grandmother live, Little Red-Cap?'

'A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the nut-trees are just below; you surely must know it,' replied Little Red-Cap.

The wolf thought to himself: 'What a tender young creature! what a nice plump mouthful—she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both.' So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Cap, and then he said: 'See, Little Red-Cap, how pretty the flowers are about here—why do you not look round? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry.'

Little Red-Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought: 'Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; that would please her too. It is so

early in the day that I shall still get there in good time'; and so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

'Who is there?'

'Little Red-Cap,' replied the wolf. 'She is bringing cake and wine; open the door.'

'Lift the latch,' called out the grandmother, 'I am too weak, and cannot get up.'

The wolf lifted the latch, the door sprang open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red-Cap, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself: 'Oh dear! how uneasy I feel today, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much.' She called out: 'Good morning,' but received no answer; so she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange.

'Oh! grandmother,' she said, 'what big ears you have!'

'The better to hear you with, my child,' was the reply.

'But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!' she said.

'The better to see you with, my dear.'

'But, grandmother, what large hands you have!'

'The better to hug you with.'

'Oh! but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!'

'The better to eat you with!'

And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Red-Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself: 'How the old woman is snoring! I must just see if she wants anything.' So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. 'Do I find you here, you old sinner!' said he. 'I have long sought you!' Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf. When he had made two snips, he saw the little Red-Cap shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying: 'Ah, how frightened I have been! How dark it was inside the wolf'; and after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Red-Cap, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's belly, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he collapsed at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red-Cap had brought, and revived, but Red-Cap thought to herself: 'As long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so.'

It also related that once when Red-Cap was again taking

cakes to the old grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and tried to entice her from the path. Red-Cap, however, was on her guard, and went straight forward on her way, and told her grandmother that she had met the wolf, and that he had said ‘good morning’ to her, but with such a wicked look in his eyes, that if they had not been on the public road she was certain he would have eaten her up. ‘Well,’ said the grandmother, ‘we will shut the door, that he may not come in.’ Soon afterwards the wolf knocked, and cried: ‘Open the door, grandmother, I am Little Red-Cap, and am bringing you some cakes.’ But they did not speak, or open the door, so the grey-beard stole twice or thrice round the house, and at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait until Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to steal after her and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough, so she said to the child: ‘Take the pail, Red-Cap; I made some sausages yesterday, so carry the water in which I boiled them to the trough.’ Red-Cap carried until the great trough was quite full. Then the smell of the sausages reached the wolf, and he sniffed and peeped down, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his footing and began to slip, and slipped down from the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. But Red-Cap went joyously home, and no one ever did anything to harm her again.

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or online at www.gutenberg.org

19. Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf

Read Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf

By Roald Dahl

20. The Three Little Pigs

Read "The Three Little Pigs"

by Roald Dahl

PART IV

Folk Tales

21. Coyote and the Golden Eagle

READ Story: Coyote and the Golden Eagle

This link will take you to a website that includes the story and some additional discussion about the coyote figure in the American Southwest.

You are only required to read this section: "Story: Coyote and the Golden Eagle."

22. Raven: A Tlingit Legend

Read Raven: A Tlingit Legend

23. The Fox Woman

Read The Fox Woman: An Eskimo legend

24. Anansi and the Box of Stories

Read Anansi and the Box Of Stories [E-Book]

a west african folktale

Adapted by stephen krensky

illustrated by Jeni Reeves

25. The Ballad of Mulan

Read The Ballad of Mulan