



A Guide for *This Same Sky* 6th-8th set 2 (use for grades 3rd-8th)

At a Glances

Below are activities we strongly suggest you use in implementing the *Diversity* unit. For additional activities, please refer to the actual KidzLit guide book.

What's the Story?

Chant to the rhythm of the tomtom drum, and you've entered the realm of poetry. The poems in this anthology from poets around the world prove that the language of poetry has universal power. Whether they're describing the "ten legs" of someone who loves to run or the "sleeping anger" of night shift worker, these poems are filled with insights about ourselves, our relationships, and our world.

What kids will learn:

Youth will learn that poetry is a universal language for use to express and understand what we feel. Poetry helps us see our everyday world in new ways.

Materials:

- Kidzlit: *This Same Sky*. If needed, materials will be found below for each activity

Before You Get Started

- Read *This Same Sky* selected by

1. Suggested Activities:

- **Introduction: *Putting Ourselves on the Map* (15-20 minutes)**
 - **Discuss:** Tell the kids that the poems in this book were written by poets from all over the world. **Show the map on pages 198-199** of other book and explain that this is a map of the world. Explain that the stars on the map show where the poets in the book live. Point out the stars in Kenya (on the African continent), Italy (in Western Europe), and Japan (in East Asia) and explain that the poems they will read are from these countries.

Point out that most people in the United States have family members or ancestors who came from other countries. Ask the kids to share with the group what they know about where their family or ancestors came from. To jump-start the kids' thinking, ask questions such as:

- What country or countries are the people in your family from?
- What language is spoken in (refer the country they mentioned)?
- What special foods do people eat in (refer to the country they mentioned)?
- Have you ever been to Kenya? Italy? Japan?
- If not, would you like to go Why?



2. Introduction #2 : Music Match (15-20 minutes)

- **Game:** Explain that poets sometimes compare someone to a thing to show us something about the person. One thing they compare a person to is a musical instrument. Have the kids brainstorm the names of musical instruments, and list them on chart paper for all to see. Then have the kids secretly write the name of the instrument they think that they most resemble on a slip of paper and put the paper in the “hat”. Draw a paper from the hat and have the group try to match the instrument with the person who chose it. Invite volunteers to explain their resemblance to the instrument they chose.

Options: Repeat the game with another category such as animals, machines, or weather. After a few rounds, the kids will have a rich picture of how group members see themselves.

3. Discuss (5-10 minutes)

- Who do you think is asking the Path to “return my mother to me”?
- What do you think this poem is saying? Why?

4. Cool Words 2 (Angola poem)

Invite kids to pick words they like or want to remember and write them in the Cool Words collections in their journal.

- Rhythm: beat, as in the beat of a song
- Tomtom: small drum that is beaten with the hands
- Proclaim: announce publicly
- Exist: live

5. Reading 2: *The of the Rhythm of the Tomtom* p. 163 (Angola-5 minutes :)

- Read the poem aloud two or three times. Stop after each reading to do the “discussion questions” below.

6. Discuss (5-10 minutes)

- Do you think this poem sounds like a beating drum? Why?
- How do you think the poet feels about Africa

After discussing both poems individually, ask:

Which of these poems do you like best? Why?

7. Try This Activity!: *Tomtom Chant* (10-15 minutes)

- Explain that one way people enjoy poetry is by saying it out loud or chanting it. Explain that poems with a strong rhythm, like “The Rhythm of Tomtom”, are especially fun to chant. Point to the poem and explain that the kids will try chanting it. Have the kids chant the poem once through in unison. Then encourage them to experiment with other ways of chanting it using both loud and soft voices and repetition (for example, some kids could chant the whole poem in clear voices while others softly repeat the line “The rhythm of the tomtom beats in my heart” in the background). Explain that they will need to listen to each other carefully to understand and agree on ideas for how to do



the chant, and to say their lines at the right time so the chant sounds good. Have the group chant the poem a few times. Afterward, discuss the experience using questions such as:

- How did we do listening to each other and saying our lines clearly so that our chant sounded good? What might we do differently next time?
- What felt different about hearing e read the poem compared to chanting it as a group?

8. Connection: Scavenger Hunt (30-50 min)

Materials: A variety of printed materials (magazines, old newspapers, books, etc.)

Game: Tell the kids that poets are constantly collecting interesting words to put in their poems. Explain that the kids will go on a scavenger hunt to find interesting words and phrases that describe themselves and their feelings.

Have the kids copy the list of words below and explain that they will hunt for words and phrases that describe each item on the list. Explain that they can find words on posters, signs, product labels, billboards, game boards, books, magazines, and newspapers. For example, to describe feelings about growing up, one kid might collect words "Grand Opening" from a newspaper ad to express how excited she is about growing up. Another kid might collect the words "Return to Start" from a game board to show that he doesn't feel ready for the challenges ahead. As they find words, they can write them on their list.

Share: After the scavenger hunt, invite the kids to share what they found with the group by asking questions such as "What words or phrases did people find to describe their personalities? How does (cloudy with a chance of storms) describe your personality?"

Words that describe:

*My Hair *My Feet
 *My mind *My heart
 *My school *My mother
 *My Father *My sibling
 *My mother figure
 *My personality
 *My favorite teacher

How I feel about:

*Mondays *Friday's
 *Growing Up *Music
 *Dancing *Old people
 *Babies *Winter
 *Summer *Time
 *Life



9. Wrap It Up: *Poem of Myself* (15-20 minutes)

Write: Remind the kids that poetry is a way to help others get to know us. Have the kids write a poem using comparisons to describe or celebrate themselves. They might describe parts of their bodies (p.167), or their emotions (p.83-84), or aspects of their personal or family history (p.163), or put together several images that add up to one overall feeling or characteristic.

Option: Some kids may want to prepare by jotting down notes about their feelings, thoughts, personality, habits, physical appearance, and background. They could then brainstorm comparisons about them and use these in a poem.

Other Related Activities

Intro to Diversity

- *Celebrate w/ Multicultural Banners*
- *Join Hands to Celebrate Diversity*

Culminating Activities

- *Culture Venn Diagram Comparison*

ELA

- *Folk Tale Enrichment Activities*

Mathematics

- *Currency Conversion*



Two Flat Friends Travel the World

Grades: 3rd-4th

What's the Story?

In this script two friends make themselves flat to take on a tremendous school project. The travel to Egypt and China to learn important details that they can share with their class in a school project. The children who guide them in these foreign countries show them many important historical sites.

Objective:

Students will identify the uniqueness of various cultures around the world. Students will deliver oral presentations and read passages fluently, focusing on the use of voice and tone as they read.

Heads Up!

While this script only has six roles, there are ways to involve all students.

- Ask some students to work on presenting sonnets.
- Others can create back drops, props, mask, etc.
- Switch out a different group kids to read Act 1, and then Act 2 and so on.
- During final presentation, students can be the audience and listen respectfully

Materials:

- *Two Flat Friends* script books (3rd-4th grade Readers Theater Kit)
- *Two flat Friends* Primary Sources (pages 57-67 or teachers Resource CD)
- Performance CD and CD player or computer with CD drive speakers (optional)

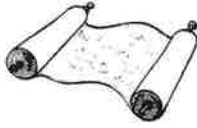
Introduce the Literature:

Read the book *Flat Stanley* by Jeff Brown to your students. Ask students to discuss the cultures featured in the book. Explain that culture relates to the traditions, customs, and way of life of different groups of people. Point out to students that all people have a cultural background. Ask them to identify the traditions and customs in their families that reflect culture.

Two Flat Friends Travel the World

World Cultures Lesson Plan

Reading the Script



1. Provide each student with a copy of the script. You can give the script booklets to small groups, or you can print copies of the *Take-Home Script: Two Flat Friends Travel the World*.
2. Play the recording of the script as students follow along. Then, choose students to help you read the script. You can read through the whole script using different sets of students for every couple of pages. A PowerPoint® presentation of the script is also included on the Teacher Resource CD. You can use this slide show like a big book to review the script with students.
3. Draw students' attention to new vocabulary and discuss unfamiliar words. There is a glossary with pronunciation at the back of the script for student reference.
4. Point out to students that it is important to become familiar with the lines of the script in order to read smoothly and fluently. Emphasize expression when reading and discuss how different characters have different ways of speaking.
5. Draw students' attention to the poem and song featured in the script. Read the poem aloud as you show the words to the students using the overhead transparency. Discuss how the poem adds to the story. Play the professionally recorded version of the song several times and encourage students to try to sing it. They can follow along using the overhead transparency.



ELL Support



Work with students on the directional words. Introduce the words: *north, south, east, and west*. Display the words on the corresponding walls of the classroom. Give students verbal directions, such as "Walk north." Have student volunteers give directions as well. Together, identify the place where your school is located. Provide each student with a map of the world and display an enlarged copy. Have students draw a school and write the word *school* next to the place. Then, have students identify Egypt and China, where the characters in the story visited. Tell students to pretend they are traveling to Egypt from school. Ask students in which direction they would be traveling. Have them draw a line connecting the school to Egypt, and have them write the direction on the line. Repeat the steps above, having students travel from Egypt to China and China to a place of their choice (such as a native country), and finally back to school. This activity can also be done with a large floor map of the world.

Two Flat Friends Travel the World

World Cultures Lesson Plan



Assigning Roles

Assign roles to students based on their reading proficiency. It is important to remember that when students practice fluency, they should read materials at or below their reading level. This helps them focus on their accuracy, expression, and reading rate. If a student is reading text that is too difficult, attention will be focused on sounding out words and comprehension, rather than fluency.

These are the approximate reading levels for the roles in this script.

- ❖ Fred's Mom: high 2nd grade
- ❖ Eman: low 3rd grade
- ❖ Willie: high 3rd grade
- ❖ Dr. Stanley Flats: high 2nd grade
- ❖ Mazu: low 3rd grade
- ❖ Fred: high 3rd grade

Meeting the Fluency Objective

1. The fluency objective for this script focuses on the use of repeated readings to increase reading rate and accuracy. Explain to students that when reading aloud, it is important to read smoothly and with few mistakes. Tell them that this is important in order to make the reader's theater experience entertaining for an audience.
2. To illustrate the importance of reading rate and accuracy, read the following lines of the script very slowly, and then read them very quickly. Point out that neither of these reading rates is appropriate for a reader's theater performance.
 - Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be flat?
 - It all began the night Willie slept over at my house. Willie and I had to learn about some countries from around the world. As usual, it was an assignment from school.
 - Our teacher, Ms. Simon, had just finished reading a story called *Flat Stanley*. The thought of being flat like Stanley got Willie and me thinking.
3. Then, read the lines again, making mistakes in pronunciation. Ask students if they noticed any problems in how you read the lines.
4. Tell students that they will practice for this performance by doing repeated readings. Explain that this process involves reading a line of the script and then rereading that same line several times until accuracy and reading rate are appropriate.
5. Have students divide into their small groups for repeated reading practice. The student who will be acting in the play reads a line of text and the other students comment (in writing) on reading rate and accuracy. After reading the comments, the student actor reads the line again. With each reading, students should use the feedback from their groups to improve their reading rates and accuracy.
6. Allow students to practice reading the scripts on many occasions to increase fluency and further familiarize them with the text. Send home copies of the take-home script with students and encourage them to get their families to help them practice.



Content-Area Connection— Social Studies

Studying world cultures is important for today's students.

Many young learners have not had the chance to travel to other countries (or even other states). Countries such as Egypt and China, which have been around for thousands of years, give students insight into how early civilizations survived.

1. Draw students' attention to the countries and cultures featured in the script. This script shares information about the United States, Egypt, and China. Point out the foods, attractions, and historical information featured for each country. Explain that each country or culture has customs, traditions, historic background, and foods unique to it.
2. Divide students into small groups to research countries of the world.
3. Instruct each group to select a country to research. You may want to give them each a list of countries from which to choose. That way, you can tailor this activity to the countries included in your social studies standards. Then, each student in the group must select an area of research. Some possible areas of research include religion, traditions, food, geographic features, and tourist attractions.
4. Allow students to research using reference books, the Internet, and encyclopedias.
5. Finally, have each group compile their information into an oral presentation to share with the class.



ELL Support

English language learners can easily participate in this group research. They

can work with partners within their groups to complete research. Or, parent helpers can come to class during research time to help these students read about and record information on their assigned topics. After researching, students can create visual aids that share the information they discovered. You might want to specifically choose which topics your English language learners are assigned so that visual representations of the information will be meaningful.



Two Flat Friends Travel the World

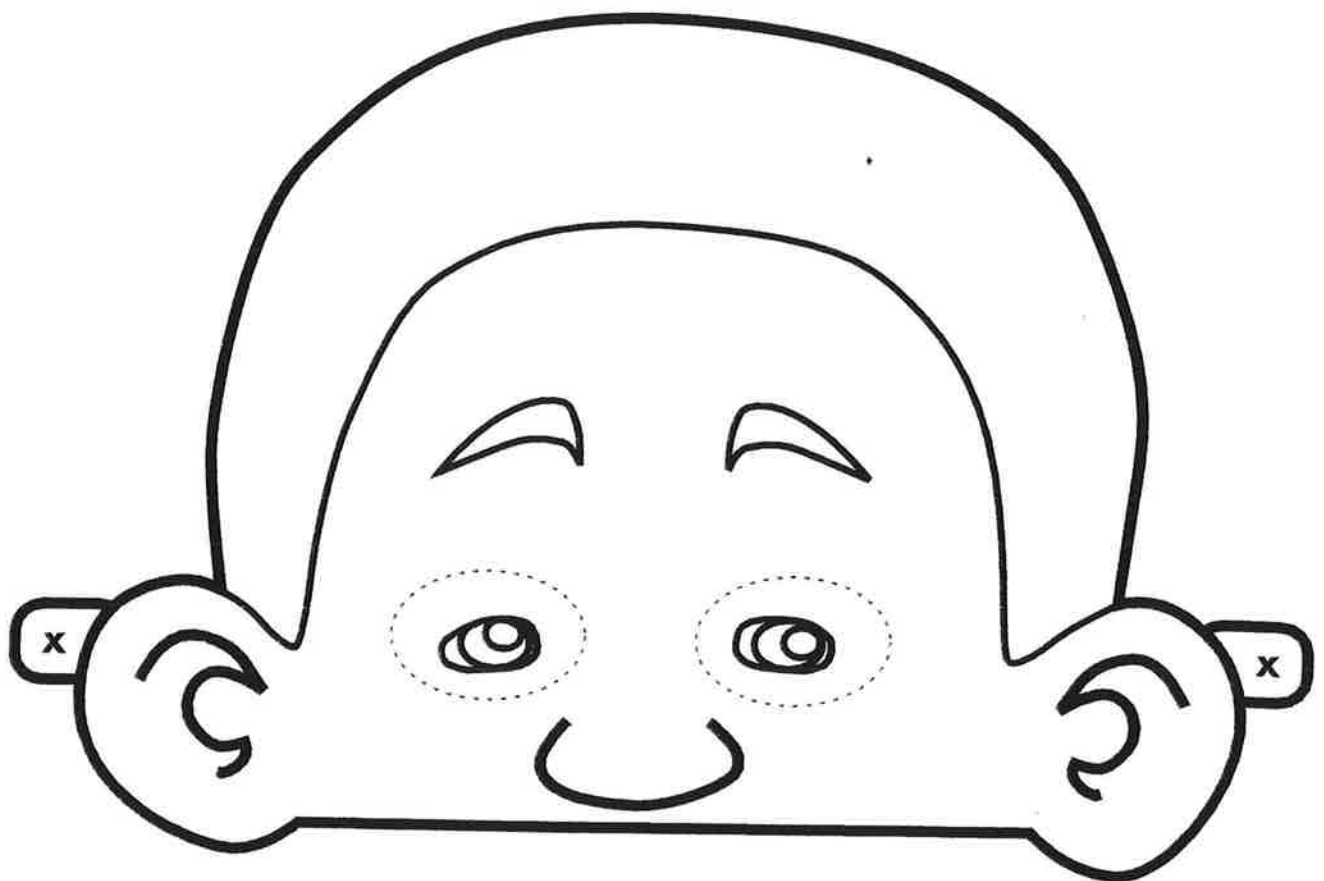
World Cultures Lesson Plan

Fine Arts Connection

1. The script contains a song and poem: "Velocity" and "We're Going on an Adventure." This song and poem are directly related to *Two Flat Friends Travel the World* but not limited to use only with this script.
2. Look up Hieroglyphic and/or Chinese calligraphy alphabets in the library or on the Internet. Have students practice either or both. After they have practiced writing their names or a favorite quote, have them fold construction paper into fourths to make cards. They can write a short greeting to send to someone special.
3. Create a musical scene to go with the song "Velocity." For example, a group struts or dances by all holding extra large envelopes with addresses. Some put on stamps with a flourish while all sing, "We'll need a stamp or two." To end the scene they might all pick up suitcases, swing them in unison, and head to "far off places."
4. Using a map of the world, have students attach items from around the globe. They may draw the items or cut them from magazines (e.g., pita bread, rice, a Chinese lantern, etc.). Place the map on the bulletin board, and with yarn or string, connect the items to the correct locations on the map.
5. Have students do a very upbeat choral reading of the poem "We're Going on an Adventure." Have individual students take turns reading the first two lines of each stanza, and then have all students join in on the chorus: "Our adventure begins tonight!"



Willie



Fred



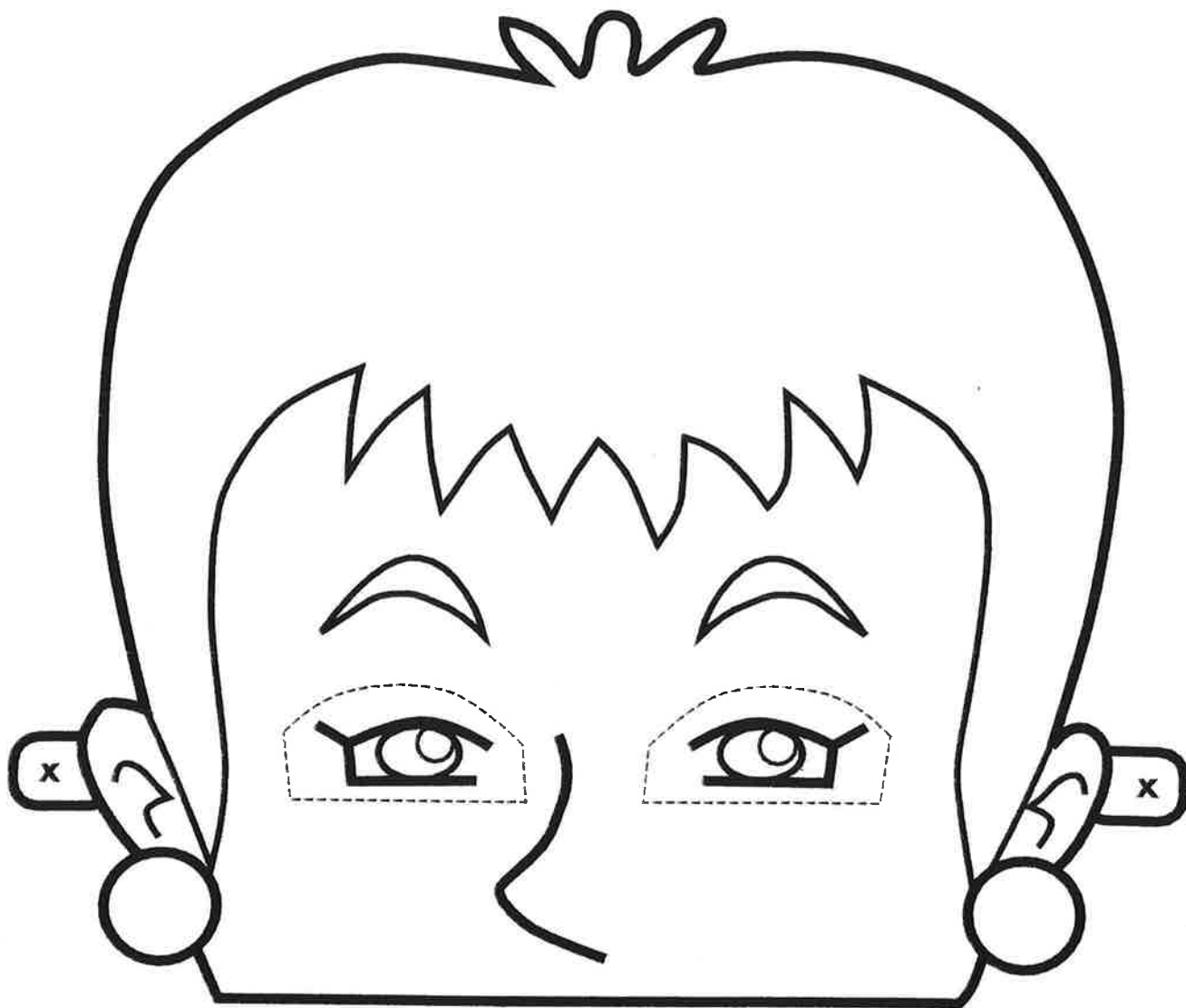
Eman



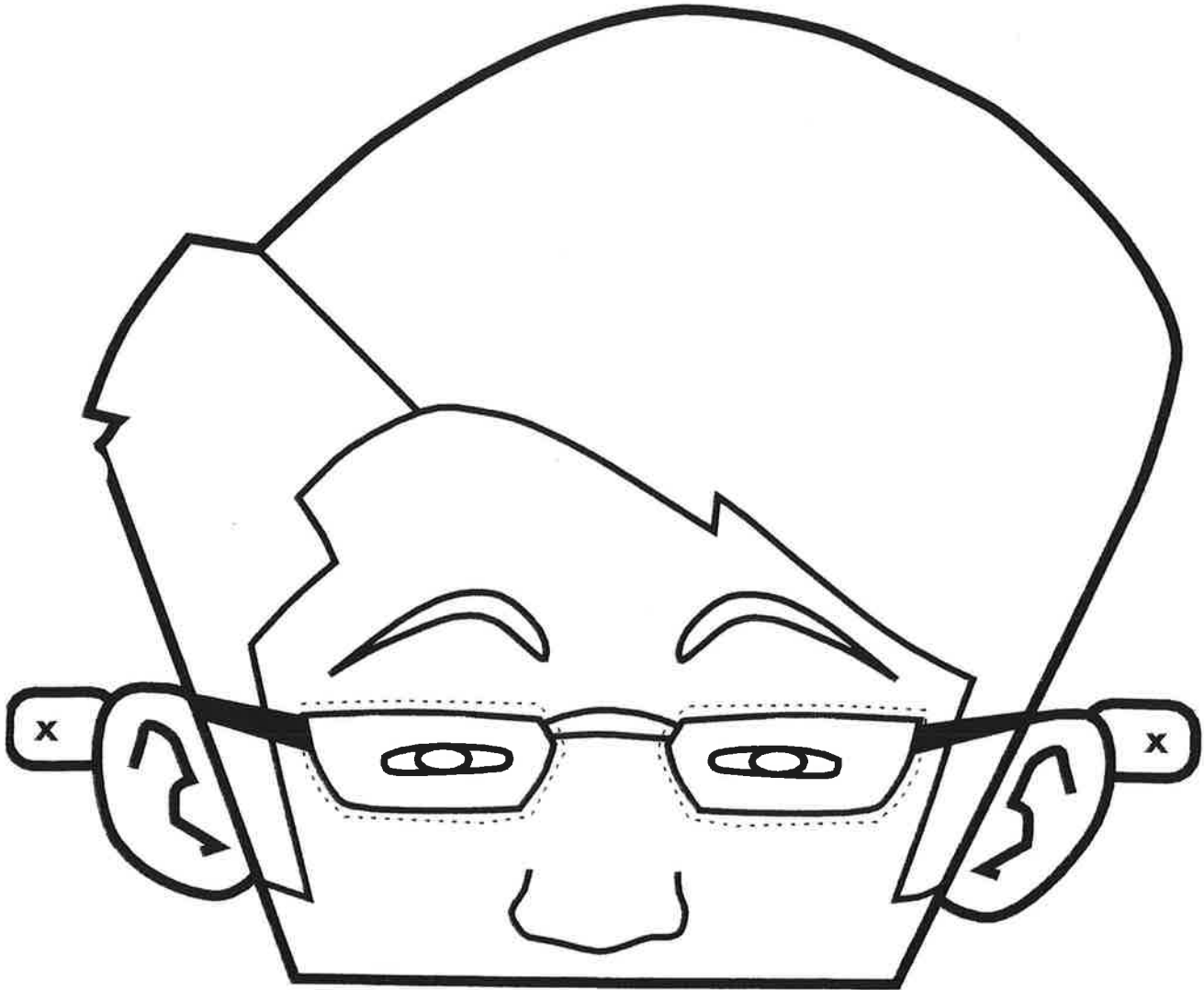
Mazu



Fred's Mom



Dr. Stanley Flats



Folktale Lesson Plan Guide

Grades K-8

Brief Description

Students use graphic organizers to take notes on various folktales from different cultures.

Objectives

Students will

- listen to a variety of stories.
- work in groups to complete graphic organizers that will help them focus on elements within different stories.

Materials Needed

- a variety of folktales from the various areas provided in the Diversity Unit
- *Storyboard (K-8)*, *Elements of a Folktale (2-8)*, *Note-taking Tree (2-8)*, and *Story Grammar Map (4-8)* graphic organizers. These do not have to be photocopied. Instead, students can write these out on paper. Some students may need more room to write.

Lesson Plan

In this lesson, read folktales aloud to the group. Ask students to think about the elements of each story as they listen or read.

- the title of the story/tale
- a list of main characters in the story
- the setting
- problem
- a summary of the story
- moral or lesson.

Provide the following questions to help facilitate discussion about the story:

- Could the story's events be real, or are they totally unbelievable (fiction)?
- Are the characters human or animal?
- Are characters doing things that are typically human or are they doing things that are superhuman?
- Does the character face a problem that must be solved?
- Does the story teach a lesson?
- Can you tell when and where the story takes place, or could it be taking place at anytime and anywhere?
- Does the story take place long ago?
- Are the people in the story ordinary/common people, or are they royalty?

Provide students with one of the graphic organizers provided.

Try this activity: Have students choose two stories to compare; they might create a Venn diagram to organize their thoughts. From the venn diagram, students can write a brief compare/contrast paragraphs. See other ideas in the Folktale Enrichment Activity Guide.

Storyboard

text: _____

Picture	Summary

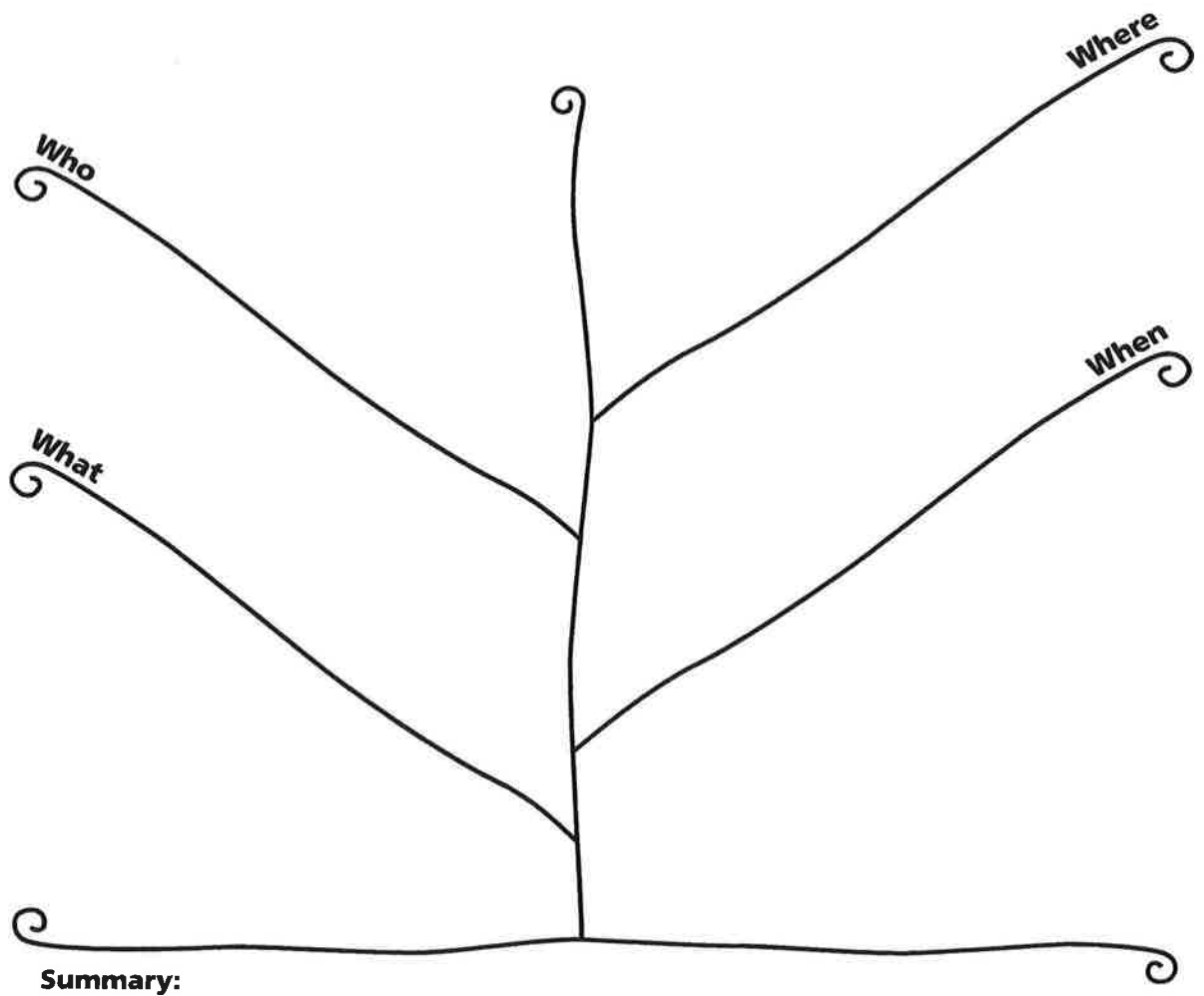
Picture	Summary

Picture	Summary

Picture	Summary

Note-taking Tree

text: _____



Elements of a Folktale

Folktale Title: _____

Characters:

Problems:

Describe the folktale:

Moral/Lesson:

FOLKTALE

Story Grammar Map

text: _____

Elements

WHO

Main Characters

--

Other Characters

--

WHERE

Setting

--

WHEN

Problem

Resolution

--	--

WHAT

HOW

Beginning

Middle

End

--	--	--

Theme – Under-the-Surface

--

FOLKTALES



Folktales are a fun way for students to learn about the culture of different countries. Folk tales are used to pass on traditional wisdom and morals. Similar tales can be found in various countries. On the accompanied list are books on folktales and other stories about your country. These can be found at the Stockton - San Joaquin Public Library. Feel free to bring in books from other sources to make your cultural study FUN!

Once you have located the type of folktale you want to share with the class, here are some tips on how to integrate them:

1. **Become a storyteller:** Reading a story aloud is very different from telling a story. Folktales were often passed down from generation to generation and across communities by storytellers. Become a storyteller by creatively expressing the story. Use role play, dynamic action, props and other actors to bring the folktale to life.
2. **Choral Reading:** Some of the books have recurring lines which students can say with you. Try to keep the rhythm going.
3. **Explore new words and objects:** Highlight words and objects from the folktale that may be new to the class. If a story mentions a bullock cart, bring pictures.
4. **Create different versions:** Take a popular folktale and find a different version of it. This could be a re-telling of the same story or a version from a different culture. (On the accompanied list those with an American version are starred.) Share both versions. Students can do the following:
 - Compare and Contrast the two stories using a Venn Diagram
 - Discuss both stories
 - Encourage the class to come up with their own versions.
5. **Story Sequencing Strips (K - 2nd)**
 - All stories have a beginning, middle, and end. Write the key sentences from each of these sections on paper. (6 - 10 sentences) Make sure to leave enough space between each sentence so you can cut them into strips big enough for small hands.

Taken from article written by Annie Besant on behalf of Global Kids Oz & Recycled Mats
<<http://simplymulticultural.com/2011/11/the-importance-of-folktales-from-around-the-world/>>

- Make enough copies for students to work in pairs and then cut into strips.
 - Put students in pairs and give each pair all of their sentence strips.
 - Students arrange the strips in order based on the story. Have the pairs summarize the story orally.
 - Higher-Level Activity:
 - Have a student select a sentence strip and remove it from the list.
 - Discuss how the rest of the story might change as a result.
- 6. Plan a presentation:**
- Divide the class into groups. Tell students to think about / discuss the main idea of the story, the values hidden in it, the main characters etc.
 - Encourage them to put on a presentation based on their answers.
 - Presentation can be done orally with presentation boards or props
- 7. Act It Out:** Students can put on a skit.
- Put students in groups.
 - Groups can act out the whole story or just their favorite part.
 - Groups can create a different story / skit based on the moral learned
 - Groups can perform before the rest of the class (Remember to keep the pace going so the class does not get bored.)
 - Group can perform during a Family Night.
- 8. KidzLit Design:** Follow the KidzLit format. Look in KidzLit Guidebooks for ideas
- 9. Readers' Theater Design:** Create a Readers' Theater or have the class help you create a Readers' Theater.

You may decide to choose to do one or more of the above activities. These activities should be done over several days.



Taken from article written by Annie Besant on behalf of Global Kids Oz & Recycled Mats
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Produce a Play/Skit

You will need imagination.

Optional are: costumes, props, a script, and a curtain.

What is a play/skit?

Actors pretend to be characters in a story.

The audience watches and shows their appreciation of the play.

1. Choose a story related to your study. OR Write a story/play using what you have learned.

Read and re-read the story so everyone is familiar with the characters and the action.

2. Select the roles (the parts) that will be in your play.
3. Assign a group to write the script (you may want to work with older students to help with this part.)
4. Prepare costumes (this can be elaborate or simple head pieces or signs that tell the audience who is who), sets and props
5. Re-tell the story or practice with the script.
6. Practice several times.
7. Present your play/skit to others.

As you get better do more and more complicated productions.

Rhodopis (The Egyptian Cinderella)

adapted from the Strabo, historian, 64 BC – 24 AD

Long ago in the land of Egypt, land of the green Nile and the blue Mediterranean and the rising sun, there lived a slave girl named Rhodopis. Rhodopis was born in Greece, but had been kidnapped by pirates and sold into Egyptian slavery. The man who bought her was a kind old man, but he spent most of his time sleeping and never saw how much Rhodopis suffered at the hands of his other servants, who teased her endlessly. Their hair was straight and black and elegant; her hair was golden, curly and coarse. Their eyes were brown and black and deep, but hers were green and bright. Their skin glowed like copper and bronze and sand, but Rhodopis had fair skin that burnt in the sun. They made her do all their work while the old man slept.

"Go to the river and wash the clothes," "Mend my robe," "Chase the geese from the garden,:" "Bake the bread," they would shout at her.

Rhodopis had only animals for friends. She had trained the birds to eat from her hand, a monkey to sit on her shoulder, and the old hippopotamus would slide up on the bank out of the mud to be closer to her. At the end of the day if she wasn't too tired she would go down to the river to be with the animals, and if she had any energy left from the hard day's work she would dance and sing for them.

One evening she had more energy than usual, as the day had been particularly cool. Even her master had been enjoying the fine weather, and had fallen asleep under a tree near the river. When the day was done, Rhodopis went down to the river near her animals, and danced and sang so lightly and so well that her feet barely touched the ground, and the old man woke from his sleep and listened to her singing. He admired her dancing, and felt that one so talented should not be without shoes. He ordered her a special pair of slippers. They were soft and a delicious rose-red color. Now the servant girls teased her even more, so jealous they were of her beautiful red slippers.

A little while after this, word arrived that the Pharaoh was holding court in Memphis and all in the kingdom were invited. There was to be dancing and singing and feasting for days on end, and naturally Rhodopis wanted to go, to dance and sing with the others. But it was not to be. For as the servant girls prepared to leave in their finest clothes they turned to Rhodopis and gave her more chores to do before they returned, and it would be impossible for her to get them all done before the court began.

They poled their raft away leaving a sad Rhodopis on the bank. As she began to wash the clothes in the river she sang a sad little song—"wash the linen, weed the garden, grind the grain." Rhodopis washed and beat the clothes harder than she ought, for she was very disappointed not to be going. The splashing of the water wet Rhodopis's slippers. She quickly grabbed them up, took them off and placed them in the sun to dry. As she was continuing with her chores the sky darkened and as she looked up she saw a falcon sweep down, snatch one of her slippers, and fly away. Rhodopis was in awe for she knew it was the god Horus who had

taken her shoe. Rhodopis tucked the other slipper away in her tunic and went back to work, wondering what Horus' appearance could mean.

Now the Pharaoh, Amasis, Pharaoh of all Egypt was just beginning to hold court, sitting on his throne looking out over the people, and feeling very bored. He much preferred to be riding across the desert in his chariot, and the dancing was uninspired. He longed for a distraction.

Suddenly the falcon swooped down and dropped the rose-red golden slipper in his lap. The Pharaoh caught up the slipper and examined it closely, for he knew this was a sign from the god Horus. He stared at the slipper until he had deciphered its meaning, and then sent out a decree that all maidens in Egypt must try on the slipper, and that he would take the owner to be his Queen, for so Horus had decreed. And so it happened that by the time the servant girls arrived the celebrations had ended, and Pharaoh had left by chariot in search of the owner of the red-rose slipper.

After searching all through the large cities and not finding the owner, Pharaoh he called for his barge and began to travel the Nile pulling into every landing, ordering maidens to try on the slipper. Soon he came to the house of Rhodopis' master, and when Rhodopis heard the sounds of the gong, the trumpets blaring, and saw the purple silk sails, she hid, fearful of what it could mean. The other servant girls ran to the landing to try on the shoe while Rhodopis hid in the rushes.

Of course, the moment that the other servant girls saw the show they recognized that it belonged to Rhodopis, but said nothing, such was their envy and hatred of her. Yet try as they might, they could not force their feet into the slipper. While they were failing and pretending to succeed, the Pharaoh spied Rhodopis hiding in the rushes and asked her to try on the slipper. She slid her tiny foot into the slipper and then pulled the other from her tunic.

Then Pharaoh knew that she had been decreed to be his wife by the Gods, and pronounced that she would be his queen. The servant girls cried out that she was a slave and not even Egyptian, and that her hair, eyes, skin and clothes were unsuitable; any of them would be a more fitting Queen.

But the Pharaoh said: "She is the most Egyptian of all...for her eyes are as green as the Nile, her hair like papyrus, and her skin as pink as the lotus flower."

Stronger Than Fate (Egyptian Folktale)

Once upon a time, the queen of Egypt gave birth to a baby boy. The fairies gathered around the child to bless him, but one of the fairies shook her head.

"I fear it is the prince's fate to die by crocodile or serpent or dog," the fairy said. "We can do nothing."

The king and queen were heartbroken and decided not to tempt fate. They built a castle atop a mountain and hired men to guard it day and night, and there the young prince lived, protected.

One day the boy noticed a dog playing outside his window. At once he wished to have a dog, and since the king and queen never denied him a wish, they decided to grant this as well. They found him a puppy, and trained him to protect the prince.

The prince and his puppy were great friends, but one day when he was 20, the prince told his father he longed to see the world.

"I know about the prophecy," he said, "but my dog will protect me."

Again, the king could not refuse. He sent the prince and his dog by ship to the other side of the Nile. There a beautiful horse awaited him, and with his dog by his side, the prince rode everywhere. He was delighted by all he saw.

One day while visiting a foreign land, he fell in love with a princess, and she fell in love with him.

"I wish to marry you," the prince told her, "but my fate is to die at the hands of a crocodile, a serpent or a dog; you must not marry me."

But the princess loved him dearly. "We shall resist fate," she said. "True love can conquer anything so long as we believe it can."

And so they married.

A few years passed, and the prince learned his father was ill. He and his wife traveled to visit him in Egypt. One night, while they were fast asleep in the palace, the princess suddenly heard a sound that woke her.

She stared into the darkness and spied a serpent coiled in the corner. She tried to recall all she had learned from the fairies. Quickly, she remembered that serpents couldn't resist milk. So she slipped out of bed and filled a bowl with milk. When the creature saw the bowl, it began to lap it up so quickly that the princess was sure it would choke to death.

When the serpent had finished the milk, it fell fast asleep, and the princess summoned the guards to capture it and send it far away.

She had saved her husband from his deadly fate.

Sadly, the king died the next day. The prince began his rule. One day, as he was out hunting with one of his dogs, he suddenly tripped over a log on the riverbank. To his astonishment, he heard a voice.

This dog was, in truth, a crocodile, and it said, "You cannot escape fate. Wherever you go, I will find you, and your only safety is a hole in sand filled with water that never dissolves."

Terrified, the prince shared the news with his wife. "I'm doomed," he said, but she was determined to save him.

"There is nothing we cannot overcome," she said, remembering a plant her fairy godmother had told her about. The four-leafed herb grew in the desert and could keep water in a pit for one whole year.

The next day the princess set out to find it.

She left in the middle of the night, guided by starlight. She rode her snow-white donkey west, toward the desert, encouraging her poor, exhausted donkey with kind words. "I will love you as I love the prince," she promised the donkey as they traveled on, enduring heat and storms and thirst.

At last they came to a mountain that cast a cool shadow. The plant grew at the very top of that mountain, but it was surrounded by a deep chasm.

The princess, however, had carried along a rope. She made a noose with one end and tossed the other across the chasm with all her strength. It caught on a branch. Trusting this to hold her weight, she climbed across the chasm.

A fierce wind assailed her, and still she climbed. Blinded by sand, she felt her way up the mountain to the very top.

She climbed on until she felt plants beneath her feet, and taking one she counted leaves -- one, two, three, four. Her heart pounding, she held fast to the plant and slid down the rock, leaped over the chasm and mounted her donkey.

"Let's go!" she cried. They rode across the desert.

Back home, the princess saw her beloved standing near the river beside a pit of sand he had dug. Beside the pit was a pot of water, and only a short distance away stood the crocodile. Its mouth was watering.

The princess ran to the hole. "Pour in the water," she said, and as the prince did, she tossed in the plant.

Sure enough, the water did not seep through the sand, but remained.

The angry crocodile plunged back into the river and swam away.

The prince stared at his wife with gratitude and love. With her strength and commitment, he had overcome the second of the three fates the fairies had predicted so long ago.

Suddenly a wild duck flew past. The prince's dog began to chase the duck, and he ran into his master's legs. The prince and his dog both lost their balance and fell into the river, where mud and rushes caught them.

It seemed they might drown, but there was the princess with the rope in her hand. She cast the rope to her beloved and pulled him and his dog ashore.

Again, the prince stared into his wife's eyes. "Your love is stronger than my fate," he said.

"This is true," she said with a smile.

And they lived happily ever after.

The Ungrateful Snake (An Ethiopian Folktale)

In the old days, people and animals lived together. Animals could speak to people, and people could speak to animals. Their languages were the same.

One day, a man was going on a journey. On the road he met a snake. The snake looked up at the man and said to him, "You are lucky, my brother. You have legs, and it is easy for you to walk. You can go fast along the road. But I don't have legs. I can only lie on the ground and crawl on my stomach. The stones hurt me, and I am very tired."

The man was sorry for the snake.

"You're right," he said. "It's not easy for you. I will carry you on my head."

So the man picked up the snake and put him on his head. He walked a long way with the snake on his head, but at last he was tired.

"Please," he said to the snake. "Get off my head now. I have carried you a long way. I'm tired, and I can't carry you any more."

The snake was angry.

"No," he said. "I didn't ask you to put me on your head. It was your idea. I want to stay here. Don't try to take me off. If you do, I will bite you, and my bite is very poisonous."

The snake's head was near the man's face. The man could see the snake's small angry eyes, and the snake's long tongue. He was frightened.

"No!" he said. "Please don't bite me. Let's go and find a judge. We will tell him about our quarrel. He can decide between us, and give us his judgment."

The snake agreed, and they went to find a judge. First, they met an elephant.

"The snake was tired and I wanted to help him," said the man. "I put him on my head, and I carried him for a long time. But the snake didn't thank me for it. He is ungrateful. I want to put him down, but he wants to stay on my head. If I take him off, he will bite me. Am I right, or is the snake right?"

The elephant looked at the snake.

"I know this animal," he thought. "His bite is very poisonous. It could kill even me, an elephant. But the man is small and weak. He cannot hurt me."

"The snake is right," the elephant said at last. "He did not ask for help. You invited him to sit on your head. You cannot ask him to go. Let the snake stay."

The snake was happy.

"You see?" he said to the man. "I was right, and you were wrong."

"Let's ask another animal," the man said. "The elephant is foolish. Look, here is the lion. Let's ask him."

So the man and the snake told their story to the lion. The lion listened carefully.

"The snake is very dangerous," he thought. "I don't want to be his enemy. He will come and bite me when I am asleep. But the man is small and weak. I am not afraid of him."

"The snake is right," the lion said. "Let him stay on your head."

"Now," the snake said to the man. "Is that enough for you? Do you agree with me now?"

"No," said the man. "I don't agree with you. Look, there is the leopard. We'll ask him."

So the man and the snake told their story to the leopard, and to the hyena, to the baboon and to the buffalo. All of them were frightened of the snake.

"The snake is right," they all said. "The man is wrong."

"We have asked all the animals now," said the snake, "and they all agree with me."

He was very happy.

"But there is one more animal," the man said. "We haven't asked the fox. Look, here he comes."

The fox was running through the forest towards them.

"Fox!" cried the man. "Stop! Please listen to us. We have quarrelled, and we want you to give your judgment."

"Why have you quarrelled?" asked the fox.

"I was sorry for the snake," said the man. "I picked him up and carried him on my head. I walked for a long way. I'm tired now, and I want to rest. But this ungrateful animal refuses to come down."

"I see," said the fox. "Now then, tell me your story again. I didn't understand it all. Begin it all again."

"Well," began the man. "I was walking along the road, and...."

"Stop!" cried the fox. "I can't hear you. You can't talk easily with the snake on your head. His tail is round your neck. It stops your voice from coming out. Come down, Snake, and sit beside the man. Then I can hear your story, and give my judgment."

So the snake came down from the man's head, and sat on the ground beside him.

The fox said:

"Oh foolish man, Why don't you take, Your big strong stick And kill the snake?"

So the man picked up his stick, and he hit the snake and killed him.

"Thank you, Fox!" he said. "You have saved my life. What can I give you? Do you want a sheep? Please, wait here, and I will bring you one from my flock."

The fox was happy. He lay down, and waited for his gift.

The man went to his flock to fetch a sheep.

On the way, he thought, "A sheep is a big gift, and I am a poor man. No, it's too much. I can't give the fox a sheep."

He called his dog. His dog ran up to him, and the man picked up the dog and hid him in his shamma. Then he went back to the fox.

When the dog saw the fox, he jumped out of his master's shamma. He ran to the fox and bit his neck.

The fox looked up to heaven, and said, "All animals are ungrateful, but man is the most ungrateful of all."

And so he died.

The Jackal and the Leopard (An Ethiopian Folktale)

Once upon a time, in the eastern part of Africa, Jackal and Leopard went hunting together.

During the hunt, Jackal caught a big healthy cow, but all Leopard managed to catch was a scrawny little goat. Leopard was very jealous because his goat was so much smaller than Jackal's cow. After the hunt, Jackal and Leopard took their animals and went their separate ways, but Leopard could not stop thinking about Jackal's cow.

That night, overcome with jealousy, Leopard went to Jackal's pasture to look at the cow. He saw that it had given birth to a calf. Leopard suddenly grew even more envious of Jackal. He snuck into the pasture, stole Jackal's big, healthy calf, and tied it up beside his own scrawny goat.

In the morning, Leopard went to Jackal and said excitedly, "Why, look at how lucky I am! Last night my scrawny little goat gave birth to a big, healthy calf. It is simply amazing!"

Jackal eyed him suspiciously and said, "That cannot be true, Leopard. For only cows can give birth to calves."

"Do you doubt me? Do you think I lie?" cried the leopard. "Come see the proof for yourself!"

They went to Leopard's pasture and saw a calf was standing beside his goat.

Jackal looked at the animals. He then looked at Leopard and said, "The calf is mine."

"What?" said Leopard. "The proof is right before your eyes! Are you blind?"

"No, I am not blind," said Jackal. "But since goats cannot give birth to calves, it is mine. It could be standing beside a crocodile, and it would still be mine."

Leopard was furious and argued for quite some time before saying, "Fine then, let us ask the opinion of someone else, and you will see that I am right!"

So off they went to find judges to hear their stories.

They first went to Gazelle. She listened to Jackal and Leopard tell their sides of the story.

"As you can see," said Jackal, "the calf is clearly mine."

But Gazelle, like many animals, was frightened of Leopard's sharp teeth and claws. She did not

want to make him angry, so she put on her most serious face and said, "Well, when I was growing up, this sort of thing was not possible, but times have changed. The world is a different place, and as you can see, it is now entirely acceptable for goats to give birth to calves."

Next they went to Hyena who nervously listened to their stories.

Like Gazelle, Hyena was afraid of Leopard's quick temper and feared angering him. So, Hyena looked around anxiously before saying, "It is common knowledge that ordinary goats cannot give birth to calves, but everyone knows that goats owned by Leopards can!"

Jackal was still not convinced, so all four animals went together to find another judge.

They next saw Heron, who listened to the story and worriedly thought long and hard before answering.

"It is true," said Heron, "that in the past, the law proclaimed that only cows could give birth to calves. However, that law has changed. The law now says that any animal can give birth to any other animal. That is the way of the world. Things change, and so must we."

Leopard was very happy. "See?" he said. "The calf belongs to my goat, and therefore it is mine."

Sighing in frustration, Jackal said, "We still must ask Baboon," for Baboon was greatly respected by all. The other animals agreed, and so they set off to find him.

They found Baboon sitting on a large rock. After listening to both sides of the story, he began to stare off into the sky. He held a small stone in his hand and began to tap at it with his fingers.

"Well?" Leopard said impatiently. "What do you have to say?"

Baboon looked down at him and said, "Can't you see that I am busy?"

"Busy?" snarled Leopard. "What could you possibly be doing?"

"I am playing a little music before I judge your case."

All the animals asked, "What music are you speaking of?"

Baboon responded, "I'm speaking of the beautiful music that is coming from this stone."

Leopard laughed loudly at Baboon. "Look at this fool! Look who we have asked to judge our case. No music can come from a stone!"

Baboon simply looked down at Leopard and said, "If a calf can come from a goat, then surely beautiful music can come from a stone."

Leopard was suddenly very embarrassed. Meekly he mumbled, "My, what beautiful music I hear...you are so talented..."

The other animals were also embarrassed at their foolishness and cried out together, "It is true, only a cow can give birth to a calf!"

And so with the community united against the greedy leopard, the calf was returned to its rightful owner, the Jackal.

Conquering Fear (An Ethiopian Folktale)

Once upon a time in an Ethiopian village, there lived a boy who was so shy and fearful of the world around him that his family called him Miobe, frightened one.

"Why do you call me that?" the boy asked his grandfather.

The old man laughed. "Because you are afraid," he answered. The boy's grandmother, his mother, his father and the neighbors said the same thing.

Miobe pondered these words and decided he must find a way to conquer fear, and that night when everyone was fast asleep, he packed a sack and set off into the world to find out what he feared and to conquer it.

That night he slept under the wide umbrella of sky and stared up at the darkness. Before drifting off, he whispered to himself, "I see you, but I will conquer you, fear."

He fell asleep wrapped in his blanket, but at midnight the wolves began to howl.

The sound woke Miobe, but instead of running away, he walked toward the sound, saying aloud, "I will conquer you, fear."

He walked until the sun began to rise, and when he saw its golden orb, he smiled with relief, for he had survived the first night. "I am becoming brave," he said as he walked on. Soon he came to a village, and for a moment he thought, "I don't know these people at all. They might be unkind to a stranger."

But he straightened up and walked right into the village, saying aloud, "I will conquer you, fear."

He walked into the village square, and there he found the village elders gathered, muttering among themselves. As Miobe came near, they looked up and sneared, "Who are you?"

"I'm traveling the world to become brave," Miobe answered.

The elders laughed. "Fool! No one can find bravery where it does not exist."

"What do you mean?" Miobe asked.

The elders sighed unhappily. "We are finished," said one old man. "Our village is being threatened by a monster up on the mountain."

Miobe followed the old man's gaze to the top of the mountain.

"See him, there," the old man said.

Miobe squinted. He did not want to insult the man, but he saw nothing there.

"Look," said another man. "See? It has the head of a crocodile. A monstrous crocodile!"

"And his body is as horrible as a hippopotamus. A gigantic hippopotamus!"

"It's like a dragon!" another man cried, "with fire shooting from its snout!"

Now Miobe began to see the monster. He began to see the smoke and fire, the wrinkled skin, the fiery eyes. "I see," he said, but silently he promised himself he would not be afraid. So he walked away from the elders, into the village proper.

Everywhere people cowered. The little children hid inside, refusing to go to school. "If the children go outside," the women said, "the monster will come down from the mountain and eat them. Everyone knows monsters eat children."

The farmers hovered inside their doorways, hoes and rakes in hand; outside their horses stood unharnessed. "We cannot work," they told Miobe. "If we go into the fields, the monster will come down and get us."

Miobe saw wandering goats, sheep and cows out at the edge of the village, but no one came to milk the animals or tend to them. No one planted crops. Few left their homes, preferring to hide indoors.

"The monster is as big as 10 barges!" they whispered among themselves as Miobe listened. "The monster is going to destroy us!"

Finally Miobe decided it was up to him to destroy the monster. "I wish to conquer fear," he announced, "and so I shall go slay the monster!"

"No, son, don't do it!" the elders cried. Mothers gathered to try to shield the young man from harm. Fathers shook their heads and warned, "You will die."

Miobe shivered and his heart fluttered, but he was determined. "I must conquer fear!" he said, and he set off.

At the base of the mountain, he looked up and felt a chill of fear run down his spine. That monster looked even bigger and fierier than any dragon, fiercer than a whole pack of wolves or a nest of snakes. He remembered the days when he had been afraid. He took a deep breath and began to climb.

As he climbed, he looked up, but now he saw the monster seemed to be growing smaller.

"How peculiar," he said aloud. "My eyes are deceiving me."

He continued to climb.

When he was halfway up, he looked again. He squinted, shielding his eyes, but the monster's eyes no longer seemed so fierce, and the flames no longer shot from its snout.

"The closer I get, the smaller he looks," Miobe said puzzlingly. He continued to climb, though now he pulled his dagger from his sack so that he would be prepared.

As he came around a bend in the path, he saw the summit before him. He gasped. The monster had disappeared.

Miobe turned and looked behind him. Surely the creature was going to sneak up from behind to attack. But when he turned, he saw nothing. He heard nothing. He held his breath. He looked left. He looked right.

He continued to climb.

At long last he reached the summit and all was empty and quiet. Nothing was there.

Suddenly he heard a sound at his feet. He looked down and saw a little creature, just like a toad with wrinkled skin and round, frightened eyes.

He bent down and picked it up. "Who are you?" he asked. "How did you become so small?" But the monster said nothing, and so he cradled it in his hand and walked down the mountain.

When he reached the village, the people cried, "He's safe!" and they surrounded him.

Miobe held out his hand and showed them the tiny wrinkled toad. "This is the monster," he said.

"What is your name?" asked the elder. The creature croaked, and the elder looked up at the crowd and said, "Miobe has brought us the monster. Its name is fear."

Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper (French)

By Charles Perrault

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the stepmother began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl, and the less because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house. She scoured the dishes, tables, etc., and cleaned madam's chamber, and those of misses, her daughters. She slept in a sorry garret, on a wretched straw bed, while her sisters slept in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, on beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking glasses so large that they could see themselves at their full length from head to foot.

The poor girl bore it all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have scolded her; for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go to the chimney corner, and sit down there in the cinders and ashes, which caused her to be called Cinderwench. Only the younger sister, who was not so rude and uncivil as the older one, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her coarse apparel, was a hundred times more beautiful than her sisters, although they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among those of quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in selecting the gowns, petticoats, and hair dressing that would best become them. This was a new difficulty for Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sister's linen and pleated their ruffles. They talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimming."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered cloak, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

They sent for the best hairdresser they could get to make up their headpieces and adjust their hairdos, and they had their red brushes and patches from Mademoiselle de la Poche.

They also consulted Cinderella in all these matters, for she had excellent ideas, and her advice was always good. Indeed, she even offered her services to fix their hair, which they very willingly accepted. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?"

"Alas!" said she, "you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go to such a place."

"You are quite right," they replied. "It would make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball."

Anyone but Cinderella would have fixed their hair awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were so excited that they hadn't eaten a thing for almost two days. Then they broke more than a dozen laces trying to have themselves laced up tightly enough to give them a fine slender shape. They were continually in front of their looking glass. At last the happy day came. They went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could. When she lost sight of them, she started to cry.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter.

"I wish I could. I wish I could." She was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, "You wish that you could go to the ball; is it not so?"

"Yes," cried Cinderella, with a great sigh.

"Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could help her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind. Having done this, she struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trapdoor. She gave each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, and the mouse was that moment turned into a fine horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse colored dapple gray.

Being at a loss for a coachman, Cinderella said, "I will go and see if there is not a rat in the rat trap that we can turn into a coachman."

"You are right," replied her godmother, "Go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy chose the one which had the largest beard, touched him with her wand, and turned him into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers that eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so but her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes," she cried; "but must I go in these nasty rags?"

Her godmother then touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world. Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay past midnight, telling her, at the same time, that if she stayed one moment longer, the coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and that her clothes would become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother to leave the ball before midnight; and then drove away, scarcely able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, had arrived, ran out to receive her. He gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence. Everyone stopped dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so entranced was everyone with the singular beauties of the unknown newcomer.

Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "How beautiful she is! How beautiful she is!"

The king himself, old as he was, could not help watching her, and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature.

All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and headdress, hoping to have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could find such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son led her to the most honorable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her. A fine meal was served up, but the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her.

She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company and hurried away as fast as she could.

Arriving home, she ran to seek out her godmother, and, after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go to the ball the next day as well, because the king's son had invited her.

As she was eagerly telling her godmother everything that had happened at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened.

"You stayed such a long time!" she cried, gaping, rubbing her eyes and stretching herself as if she had been sleeping; she had not, however, had any manner of inclination to sleep while they were away from home.

"If you had been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "you would not have been tired with it. The finest princess was there, the most beautiful that mortal eyes have ever seen. She showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter. Indeed, she asked them the name of that princess; but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must, then, be very beautiful indeed; how happy you have been! Could not I see her? Ah, dear Charlotte, do lend me your yellow dress which you wear every day."

"Yes, to be sure!" cried Charlotte; "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as you are! I should be such a fool."

Cinderella, indeed, well expected such an answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed even more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and kind speeches to her. All this was so far from being tiresome to her, and, indeed, she quite forgot what her godmother had told her. She thought that it was no later than eleven when she counted the clock striking twelve. She jumped up and fled, as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up most carefully. She reached home, but quite out of breath, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, the mate to the one that she had dropped.

The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They replied that they had seen nobody leave but a young girl, very shabbily dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball Cinderella asked them if they had been well entertained, and if the fine lady had been there.

They told her, yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had picked up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time at the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the glass slipper.

What they said was very true; for a few days later, the king's son had it proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They began to try it on the princesses, then the duchesses and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to force their foot into the slipper, but they did not succeed.

Cinderella, who saw all this, and knew that it was her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me."

Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to banter with her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and, finding her very handsome, said that it was only just that she should try as well, and that he had orders to let everyone try.

He had Cinderella sit down, and, putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, fitting her as if it had been made of wax. Her two sisters were greatly astonished, but then even more so, when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her other foot. Then in came her godmother and touched her wand to Cinderella's clothes, making them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had worn before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine, beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and, as she embraced them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and wanted them always to love her.

She was taken to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought she was more charming than before, and, a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood (French)

By Charles Perrault

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who were grieved, more grieved than words can tell, because they had no children. They tried the waters of every country, made vows and pilgrimages, and did everything that could be done, but without result. At last, however, the queen found that her wishes were fulfilled, and in due course she gave birth to a daughter.

A grand christening was held, and all the fairies that could be found in the realm (they numbered seven in all) were invited to be godmothers to the little princess. This was done so that by means of the gifts which each in turn would bestow upon her (in accordance with the fairy custom of those days) the princess might be endowed with every imaginable perfection.

When the christening ceremony was over, all the company returned to the king's palace, where a great banquet was held in honor of the fairies. Places were laid for them in magnificent style, and before each was placed a solid gold casket containing a spoon, fork, and knife of fine gold, set with diamonds and rubies. But just as all were sitting down to table an aged fairy was seen to enter, whom no one had thought to invite -- the reason being that for more than fifty years she had never quitted the tower in which she lived, and people had supposed her to be dead or bewitched.

By the king's orders a place was laid for her, but it was impossible to give her a golden casket like the others, for only seven had been made for the seven fairies. The old creature believed that she was intentionally slighted, and muttered threats between her teeth.

She was overheard by one of the young fairies, who was seated nearby. The latter, guessing that some mischievous gift might be bestowed upon the little princess, hid behind the tapestry as soon as the company left the table. Her intention was to be the last to speak, and so to have the power of counteracting, as far as possible, any evil which the old fairy might do.

Presently the fairies began to bestow their gifts upon the princess. The youngest ordained that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the temper of an angel; the third, that she should do everything with wonderful grace; the fourth, that she should dance to perfection; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play every kind of music with the utmost skill.

It was now the turn of the aged fairy. Shaking her head, in token of spite rather than of infirmity, she declared that the princess should prick her hand with a spindle, and die of it. A shudder ran through the company at this terrible gift. All eyes were filled with tears.

But at this moment the young fairy stepped forth from behind the tapestry.

"Take comfort, your Majesties," she cried in a loud voice. "Your daughter shall not die. My power, it is true, is not enough to undo all that my aged kinswoman has decreed. The princess will indeed prick her hand with a spindle. But instead of dying she shall merely fall into a profound slumber that will last a hundred years. At the end of that time a king's son shall come to awaken her."

The king, in an attempt to avert the unhappy doom pronounced by the old fairy, at once published an edict forbidding all persons, under pain of death, to use a spinning wheel or keep a spindle in the house.

At the end of fifteen or sixteen years the king and queen happened one day to be away, on pleasure bent. The princess was running about the castle, and going upstairs from room to room she came at length to a garret at the top of a tower, where an old serving woman sat alone with her distaff, spinning. This good woman had never heard speak of the king's proclamation forbidding the use of spinning wheels.

"What are you doing, my good woman?" asked the princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," replied the dame, not knowing who she was.

"Oh, what fun!" rejoined the princess. "How do you do it? Let me try and see if I can do it equally well."

Partly because she was too hasty, partly because she was a little heedless, but also because the fairy decree had ordained it, no sooner had she seized the spindle than she pricked her hand and fell down in a swoon.

In great alarm the good dame cried out for help. People came running from every quarter to the princess. They threw water on her face, chafed her with their hands, and rubbed her temples with the royal essence of Hungary. But nothing would restore her.

Then the king, who had been brought upstairs by the commotion, remembered the fairy prophecy. Feeling certain that what had happened was inevitable, since the fairies had decreed it, he gave orders that the princess should be placed in the finest apartment in the palace, upon a bed embroidered in gold and silver.

You would have thought her an angel, so fair was she to behold. The trance had not taken away the lovely color of her complexion. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, her lips like coral. Her eyes, indeed, were closed, but her gentle breathing could be heard, and it was therefore plain that she was not dead. The king commanded that she should be left to sleep in peace until the hour of her awakening should come.