

# *Finding Faerie* *Fairy Tale Collection*



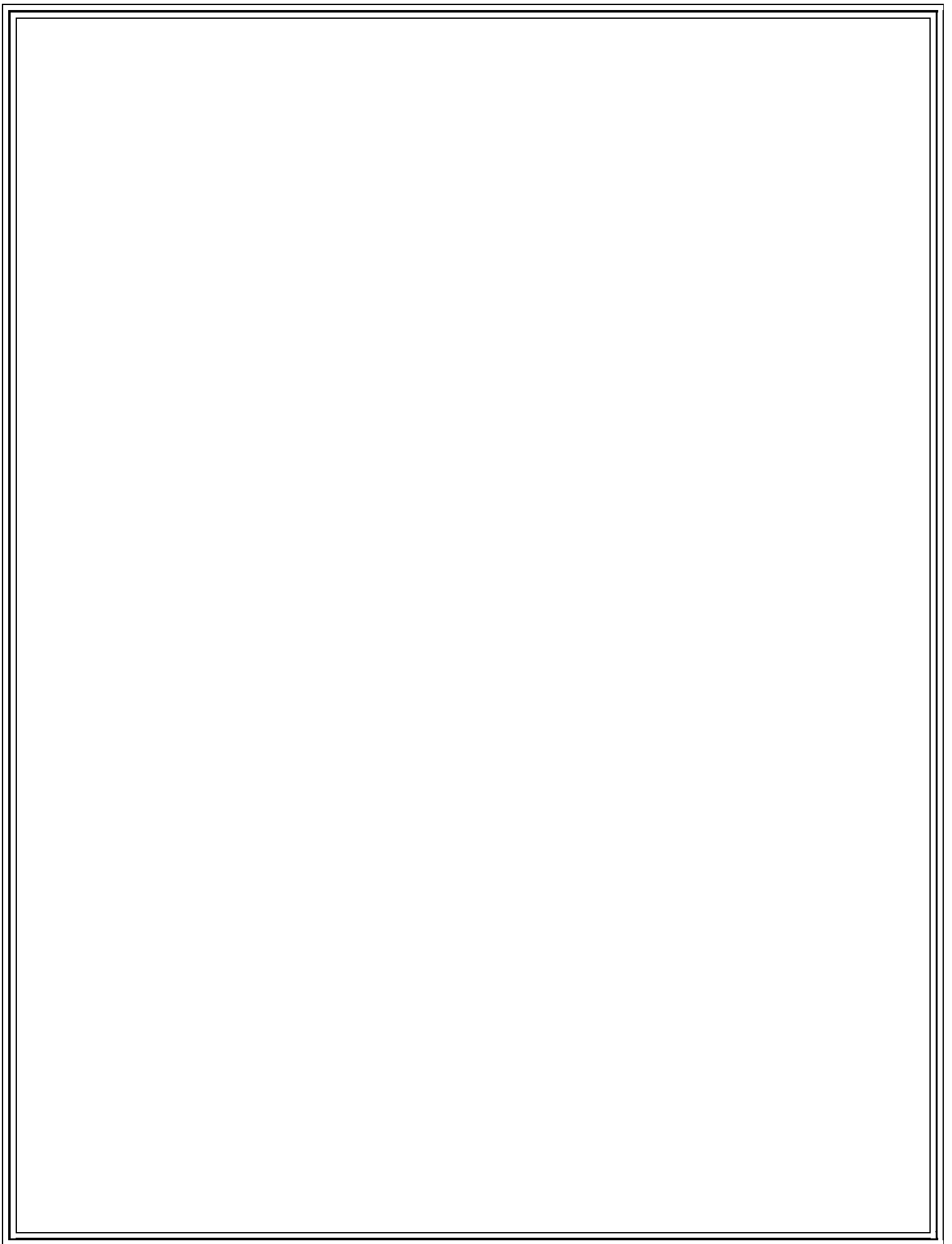
## The Complete Collection by Lisa Kelly

*Finding Faerie* consists of two volumes of carefully selected fairy tales compiled by Lisa Kelly; this reading guide is an accompaniment to those tales. Both volumes and the reading guide are contained within this complete collection.

Vol. 1 –*Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment*

Vol. 2 –*Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations*

*Fairy Tale Collection: A Reading Guide*



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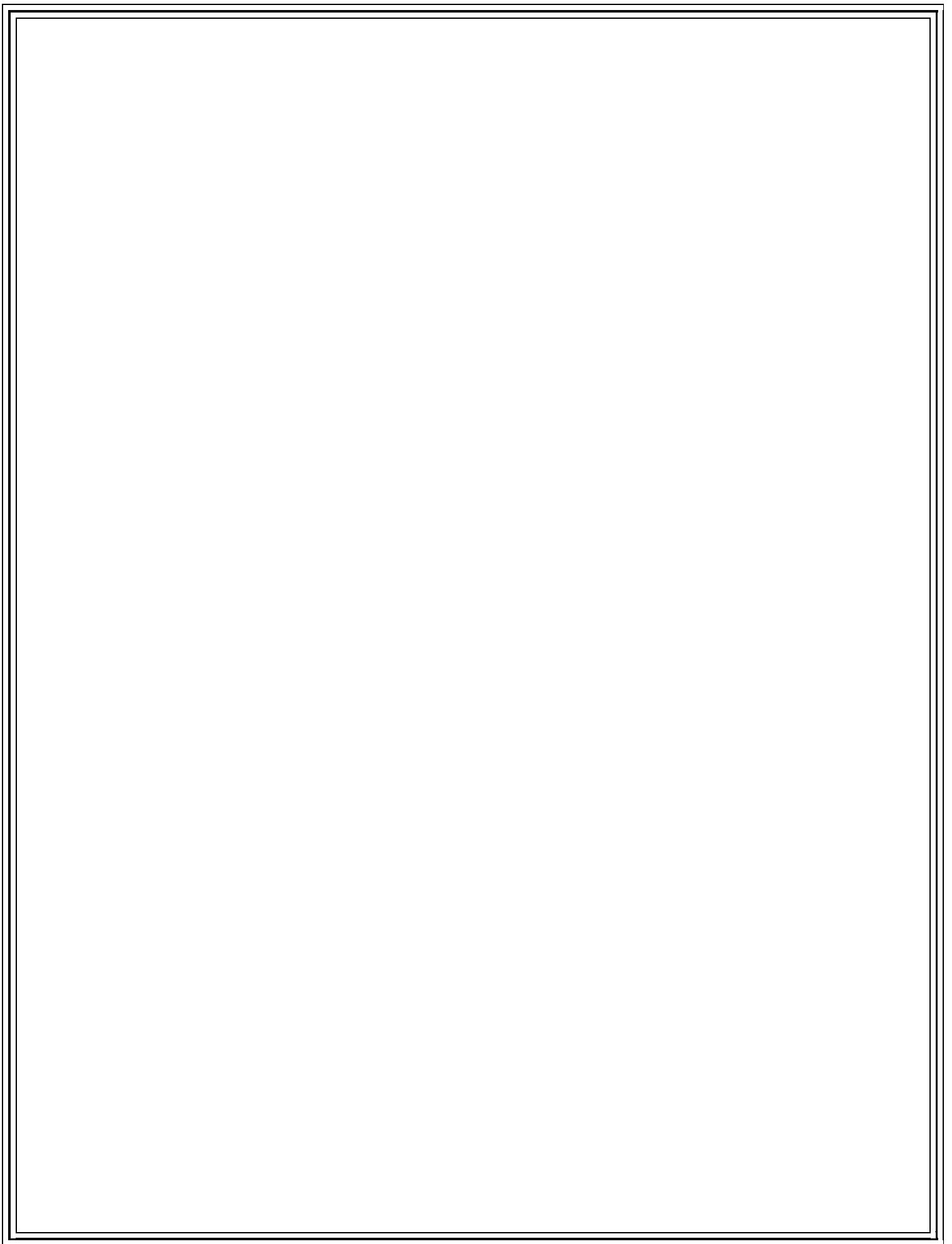
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# Finding Faerie

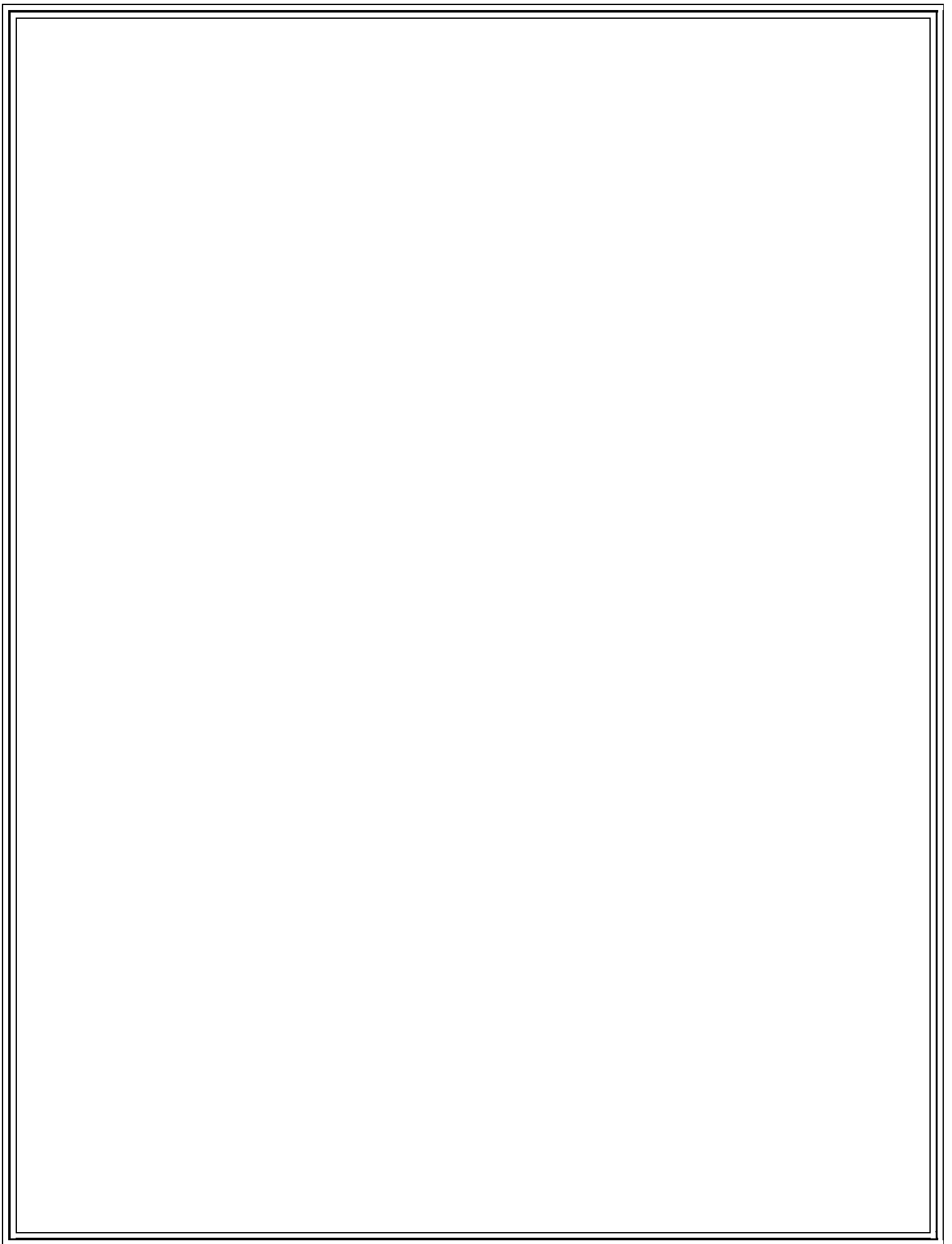


# Spinning Straw

Tales to Elicit Enchantment

Edited and Reformatted by Lisa Kelly



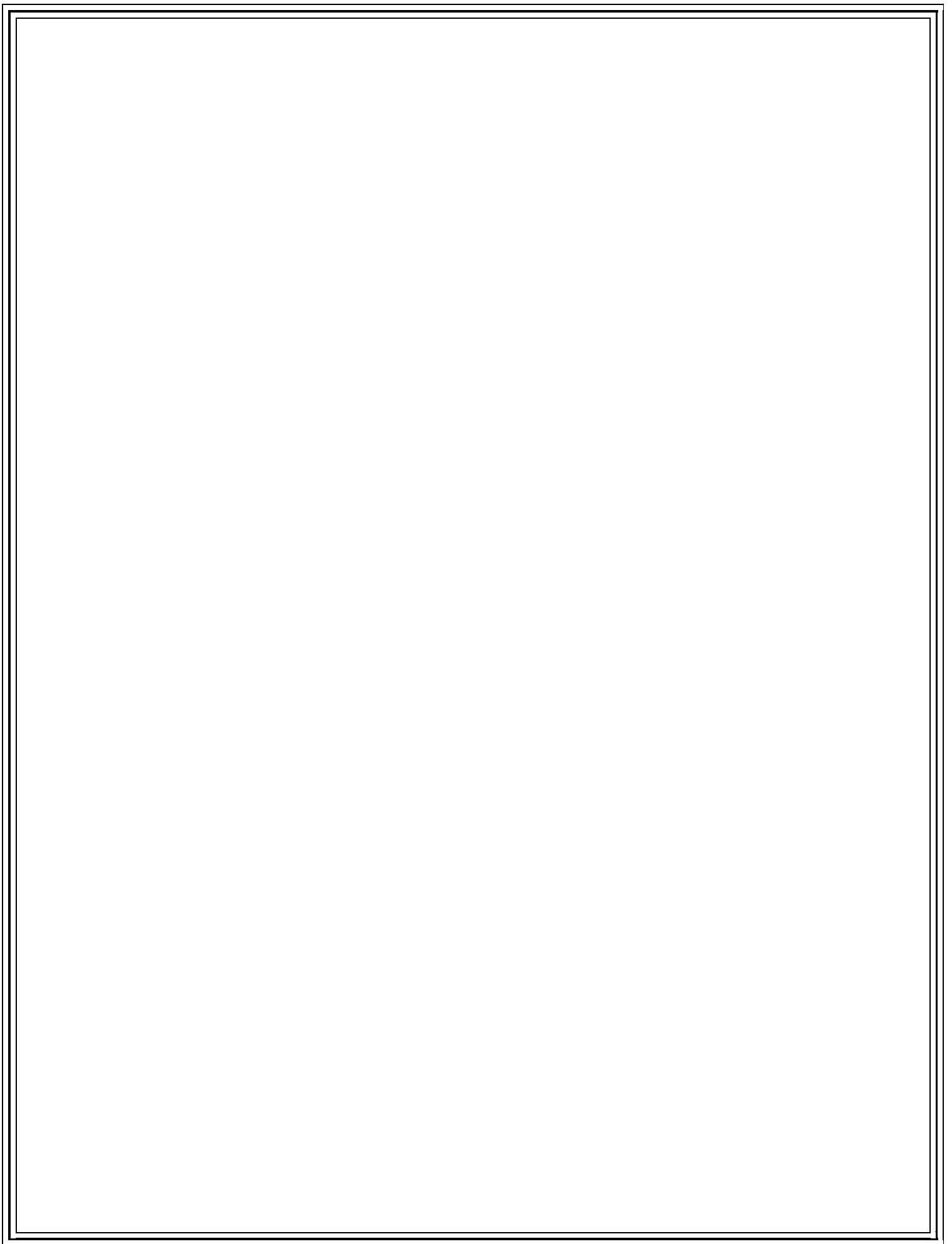


# The Faery Forest

The faery forest glimmered  
Beneath an ivory moon,  
The silver grasses shimmered  
Against a faery tune.

Beneath the silken silence  
The crystal branches slept,  
And dreaming thro' the dew-fall  
The cold white blossoms wept.

~by Sara Teasdale





# Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment

## *Andersen's Fairy Tales*

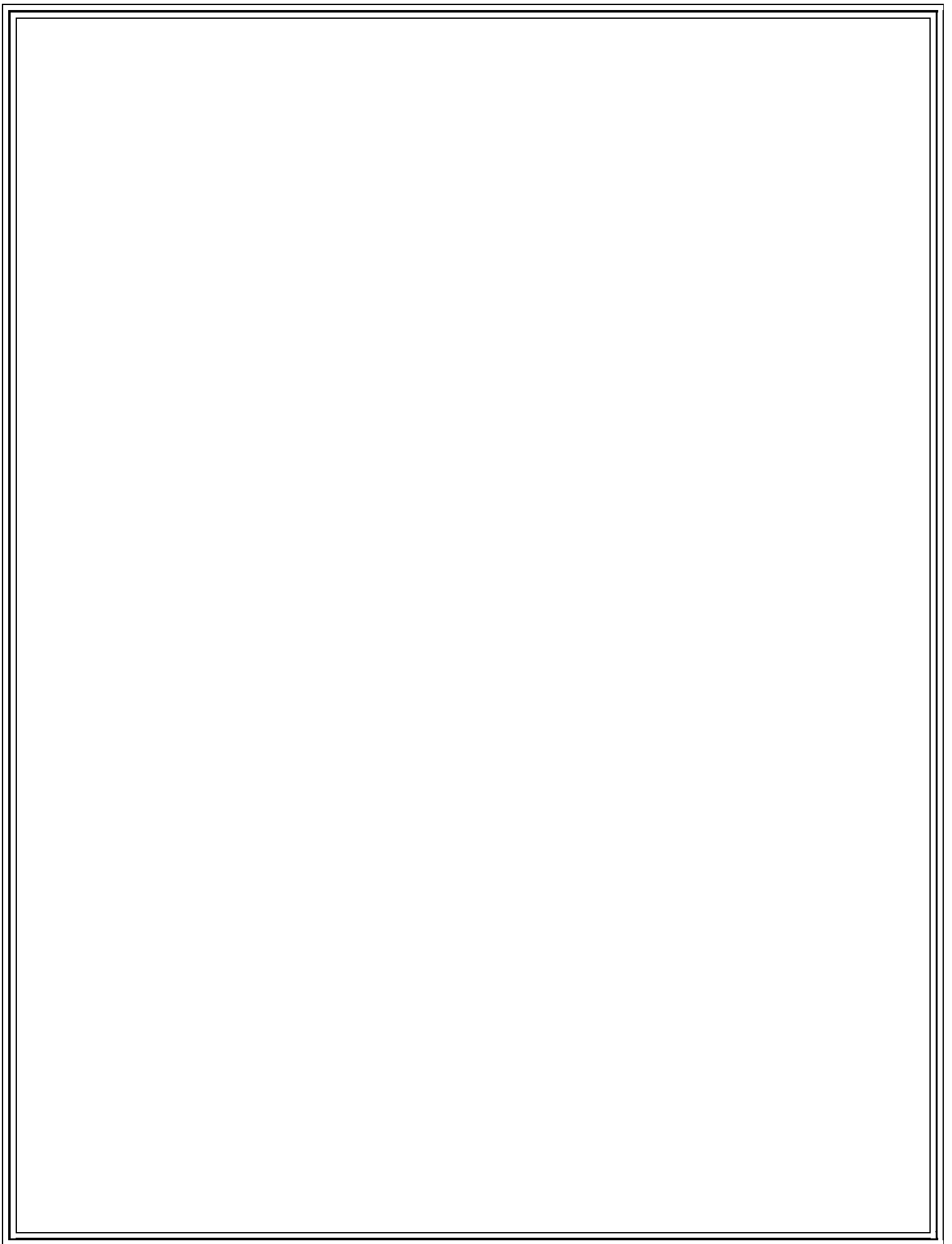
The Ugly Duckling  
Thumbelina  
The Emperor's New Clothes  
The Real Princess  
The Steadfast Tin Soldier  
The Nightingale

## *Blue Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang

Cinderella, or The Little Glass Slipper  
Rumpelstiltskin

## *The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm* by E. Lucas

Hansel and Gretel  
Rapunzel  
The Elves and the Shoemaker  
The Frog Prince



# The Ugly Duckling

The country was lovely just then; it was summer. The wheat was golden and the oats still green; the hay was stacked in the rich low-lying meadows, where the stork was marching about on his long red legs, chattering Egyptian, the language his mother had taught him.

Round about field and meadow lay great woods, in the midst of which were deep lakes. Yes, the country certainly was delicious. In the sunniest spot stood an old mansion surrounded by a deep moat, and great dock leaves grew from the walls of the house right down to the water's edge; some of them were so tall that a small child could stand upright under them. In amongst the leaves it was as secluded as in the depths of a forest; and there a duck was sitting on her nest. Her little ducklings were just about to be hatched, but she was nearly tired of sitting, for it had lasted such a long time. Moreover, she had very few visitors, as the other ducks liked swimming about in the moat better than waddling up to sit under the dock leaves and gossip with her.

At last one egg after another began to crack. "Cheep, cheep!" they said. All the chicks had come to life, and were poking their heads out.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck; and then they all quacked their hardest, and looked about them on all sides among the green leaves; their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

"How big the world is to be sure!" said all the young ones; for they certainly had ever so much more room to move about, than when they were inside in the eggshell.

"Do you imagine this is the whole world?" said the mother. "It stretches a long way on the other side of the garden, right into the parson's field; but I have never been as far as that! I suppose you are all here now?" and she got up. "No! I declare I have not got you all yet! The biggest egg is still there; how long is it going to last?" and then she settled herself on the nest again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg is taking such a long time," answered the sitting duck, "the shell will not crack; but now you must look at the others; they are the finest ducklings I have ever seen! They are all exactly like their father, the rascal! He never comes to see me."

"Let me look at the egg which won't crack," said the old duck. "You may be sure that it is a turkey's egg! I have been cheated like that once, and I had no end of trouble and worry with the creatures, for I may tell you that they are afraid of the water. I could not get them into it, I quacked and snapped at them, but it was no good. Let me see the egg! Yes, it is a turkey's egg! You just leave it alone and teach the other children to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer, I have sat so long already, that I may as well go on till the Midsummer Fair comes round."

“Please yourself,” said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the big egg cracked. “Cheep, cheep!” said the young one and tumbled out; how big and ugly he was! The duck looked at him.

“That is a monstrous big duckling,” she said; “none of the others looked like that; can he be a turkey chick? Well we shall soon find that out; into the water he shall go, if I have to kick him in myself.”

Next day was gloriously fine, and the sun shone on all the green dock leaves. The mother duck with her whole family went down to the moat.

Splash, into the water she sprang. “Quack, quack!” she said, and one duckling plumped in after the other. The water dashed over their heads, but they came up again and floated beautifully; their legs went of themselves, and they were all there, even the big ugly grey one swam about with them.

“No, that is no turkey,” she said; “see how beautifully he uses his legs and how erect he holds himself: he is my own chick! after all, he is not so bad when you come to look at him properly. Quack, quack! Now come with me and I will take you into the world, and introduce you to the duckyard; but keep close to me all the time, so that no one may tread upon you, and beware of the cat!”

Then they went into the duckyard. There was a fearful uproar going on, for two broods were fighting for the head of an eel, and in the end the cat captured it.

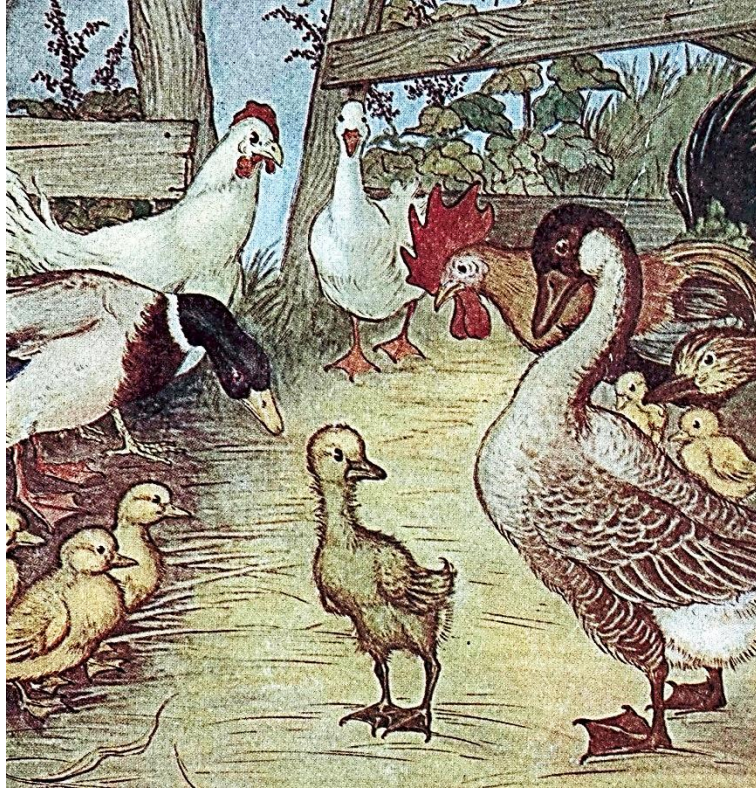
“That’s how things go in this world,” said the mother duck, and she licked her bill for she wanted the eel’s head herself.

“Use your legs,” said she; “mind you quack properly, and bend your necks to the old duck over there! She is the grandest of them all; she has Spanish blood in her veins and that accounts for her size, and, do you see? She has a red rag round her leg; that is a wonderfully fine thing, and the most extraordinary mark of distinction any duck can have. It shows clearly that she is not to be parted with, and that she is worthy of recognition both by beasts and men! Quack now! Don’t turn your toes in, a well brought up duckling keeps his legs wide apart just like father and mother; that’s it, now bend your necks, and say quack!”

They did as they were bid, but the other ducks round about looked at them and said, quite loud; “Just look there! Now we are to have that tribe! Just as if there were not enough of us already, and, oh dear! How ugly that duckling is, we won’t stand him!” and a duck flew at him at once and bit him in the neck.

“Let him be,” said the mother; “he is doing no harm.”

“Very likely not, but he is so ungainly and queer,” said the biter; “he must be whacked.”



“They are handsome children mother has,” said the old duck with the rag round her leg; “all good looking except this one, and he is not a good specimen; it’s a pity you can’t make him over again.”

“That can’t be done, your grace,” said the mother duck; “he is not handsome, but he is a thorough good creature, and he swims as beautifully as any of the others; nay, I think I might venture even to add that I think he will improve as he goes on, or perhaps in time he may grow smaller! He was too long in the egg, and so he has not come out with a very good figure.” And then she patted his neck and stroked him down. “Besides he is a drake,” said she; “so it does not matter so much. I believe he will be very strong, and I don’t doubt but he will make his way in the world.”

“The other ducklings are very pretty,” said the old duck. “Now make yourselves quite at home, and if you find the head of an eel you may bring it to me!”

After that they felt quite at home. But the poor duckling which had been the last to come out of the shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made fun of both by the ducks and the hens. “He is too big,” they all said; and the turkey-cock, who was born with his spurs on, and therefore thought himself quite an emperor, puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail, made for him, and gobbled and gobbled till he became quite red in the face. The poor duckling was at his wit’s end, and did not know which way to turn; he was in despair because he was so ugly, and the whole duckyard mocked and harassed him.

So the first day passed, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was chased and hustled by all of them, even his brothers and sisters ill-used him; and they were always

saying, "If only the cat would get hold of you, you hideous object!" Even his mother said, "I wish to goodness you were miles away." The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him aside.

Then he ran off and flew right over the hedge, where the little birds flew up into the air in a fright.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the poor duckling, shutting his eyes, but he ran on all the same. Then he came to a great marsh where the wild ducks lived; he was so tired and miserable that he stayed there the whole night.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up to inspect their new comrade.

"What sort of a creature are you?" they inquired, as the duckling turned from side to side and greeted them as well as he could. "You are frightfully ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that does not matter to us, so long as you do not marry into our family!" Poor fellow! He had no thought of marriage, all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes, and to drink a little of the marsh water.

He stayed there two whole days, then two wild geese came, or rather two wild ganders, they were not long out of the shell, and therefore rather pert.

"I say, comrade," they said, "you are so ugly that we have taken quite a fancy to you; will you join us and be a bird of passage? There is another marsh close by, and there are some charming wild geese there; all sweet young ladies, who can say quack! You are ugly enough to make your fortune among them." Just at that moment, bang! Bang! was heard up above, and both the wild geese fell dead among the reeds, and the water turned blood red. Bang! Bang! went the guns, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes and the shot peppered among them again.

There was a grand shooting party, and the sportsmen lay hidden round the marsh, some even sat on the branches of the trees which overhung the water; the blue smoke rose like clouds among the dark trees and swept over the pool.

The water dogs wandered about in the swamp, splash! splash! The rushes and reeds bent beneath their tread on all sides. It was terribly alarming to the poor duckling. He twisted his head round to get it under his wing and just at that moment a frightful, big dog appeared close beside him; his tongue hung right out of his mouth and his eyes glared wickedly. He opened his great chasm of a mouth close to the duckling, showed his sharp teeth—and—splash —went on without touching him.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" sighed the duckling, "I am so ugly that even the dog won't bite me!"

Then he lay quite still while the shot whistled among the bushes, and bang after bang rent the air. It only became quiet late in the day, but even then the poor duckling did not dare to get up; he waited several hours more before he looked about and then he hurried away from the marsh as fast as he



could. He ran across fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that he had hard work to make his way.

Towards night he reached a poor little cottage; it was such a miserable hovel that it could not make up its mind which way to fall even, and so it remained standing. The wind whistled so fiercely round the duckling that he had to sit on his tail to resist it, and it blew harder and harder; then he saw that the door had fallen off one hinge and hung so crookedly that he could creep into the house through the crack and by this means he made his way into the room. An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen. The cat, which she called "Sonnie," could arch his back, purr, and give off electric sparks, that is to say if you stroked his fur the wrong way. The hen had quite tiny short legs and so she was called "Chuckie-low-legs." She laid good eggs, and the old woman was as fond of her as if she had been her own child.

In the morning the strange duckling was discovered immediately, and the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What on earth is that!" said the old woman looking round, but her sight was not good and she thought the duckling was a fat duck which had escaped. "This is a capital find," said she; "now I shall have duck's eggs if only it is not a drake! We must find out about that!"



So she took the duckling on trial for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance. The cat was the master of the house and the hen the mistress, and they always spoke of “we and the world,” for they thought that they represented the half of the world, and that quite the better half.

The duckling thought there might be two opinions on the subject, but the cat would not hear of it.

“Can you lay eggs?” she asked.

“No!”

“Will you have the goodness to hold your tongue then!”

And the cat said, “Can you arch your back, purr, or give off sparks?”

“No.”

“Then you had better keep your opinions to yourself when people of sense are speaking!”

The duckling sat in the corner nursing his ill-humor; then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, an uncontrollable longing seized him to float on the water, and at last he could not help telling the hen about it.

“What on earth possesses you?” she asked; “you have nothing to do, that is why you get such silly notions into your head. Lay some eggs or take to purring, and you will get over it.”

“But it is so delicious to float on the water,” said the duckling; “so delicious to feel it rushing over your head when you dive to the bottom.”

“That would be a fine amusement,” said the hen. “I think you have gone mad. Ask the cat about it, he is the wisest creature I know; ask him if he is fond of floating on the water or diving under it. I say nothing about myself. Ask our mistress yourself, the old woman, there is no one in the world cleverer than she is. Do you suppose she has any desire to float on the water, or to duck underneath it?”

“You do not understand me,” said the duckling.

“Well, if we don’t understand you, who should? I suppose you don’t consider yourself cleverer than the cat or the old woman, not to mention me. Don’t make a fool of yourself, child, and thank your stars for all the good we have done you! Have you not lived in this warm room, and in such society that you might have learnt something? But you are foolish, and there is no pleasure in associating with you. You may believe me I mean you well, I tell you these truths, and there is no surer way than that, of knowing who are one’s friends. You just see about laying some eggs, or learn to purr, or to emit sparks.”

“I think I will go out into the wide world,” said the duckling.

“Oh, do so by all means,” said the hen.



So away went the duckling, he floated on the water and ducked underneath it, but he was looked askance at by every living creature for his ugliness. Now the autumn came on, the leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown; the wind took hold of them, and they danced about. The sky looked very cold, and the clouds hung heavy with snow and hail. A raven stood on the fence and croaked Caw! Caw! from sheer cold; it made one shiver only to think of it, the poor duckling certainly was in a bad case.

One evening, the sun was just setting in wintry splendor, when a flock of beautiful large birds appeared out of the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful. They were dazzlingly white with long waving necks; they were swans, and uttering a peculiar cry they spread out their magnificent broad wings and flew away from the cold regions to warmer lands and open seas. They mounted so high, so very high, and the ugly little duckling became strangely uneasy, he circled round and round in the water like a wheel, craning his neck up into the air after them. Then he uttered a shriek so piercing and so strange, that he was quite frightened by it himself. Oh, he could not forget those beautiful birds, those happy birds, and as soon as they were out of sight he ducked right down to the bottom, and when he came up again he was quite beside himself. He did not know what the birds were, or whither they flew, but all the same he was more drawn towards them than he had ever been by any creatures before. He did not envy them in the least, how could it occur to him even to wish to be such a marvel of beauty; he would have been thankful if only the ducks would have tolerated him among them—the poor ugly creature!

The winter was so bitterly cold that the duckling was obliged to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the hole in which he swam got smaller and smaller. Then it froze so hard that the surface ice cracked, and the duckling had to use his legs all the time, so that the ice should not close in round him; at last he was so weary that he could move no more, and he was frozen fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw him; he went out on to the ice and hammered a hole in it with his heavy wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. There it soon revived. The children wanted to play with it, but the duckling thought they were going to hurt him, and rushed in his fright into the milk pan, and the milk spurted out all over the room. The woman shrieked and threw up her hands, then it flew into the butter cask, and down into the meal tub and out again. Just imagine what it looked like by this time! The woman screamed and tried to hit it with the tongs, and the children tumbled over one another in trying to catch it, and they screamed with laughter—by good luck the door stood open, and the duckling flew out among the bushes and the new fallen snow—and it lay there thoroughly exhausted.

But it would be too sad to mention all the privation and misery he had to go through during that hard winter. When the sun began to shine warmly again, the duckling was in the marsh, lying among the rushes; the larks were singing and the beautiful spring had come.

Then all at once he raised his wings and they flapped with much greater strength than before, and bore him off vigorously. Before he knew where he was, he found himself in a large garden where the

apple trees were in full blossom, and the air was scented with lilacs, the long branches of which overhung the indented shores of the lake! Oh! the spring freshness was so delicious!

Just in front of him he saw three beautiful white swans advancing towards him from a thicket; with rustling feathers they swam lightly over the water. The duckling recognized the majestic birds, and he was overcome by a strange melancholy.

“I will fly to them, the royal birds, and they will peck me, because I, who am so ugly, venture to approach them! But it won’t matter; better this to happen than to be snapped at by the ducks, pecked by the hens, or spurned by the henwife, or suffer so much misery in the winter.”

So he flew into the water and swam towards the stately swans; they saw him and darted towards him with ruffled feathers.

Thinking they would attack him, the poor creature bowed his head towards the water, awaiting his death. But what did he see reflected in the transparent water?

He saw below him his own image, but he was no longer a clumsy dark grey bird, ugly and ungainly, he was himself a swan! It does not matter in the least having been born in a duckyard, if only you come out of a swan’s egg!

He felt quite glad of all the misery and tribulation he had gone through; he was the better able to appreciate his good fortune now, and all the beauty which greeted him. The big swans swam round and round him, and stroked him with their bills.

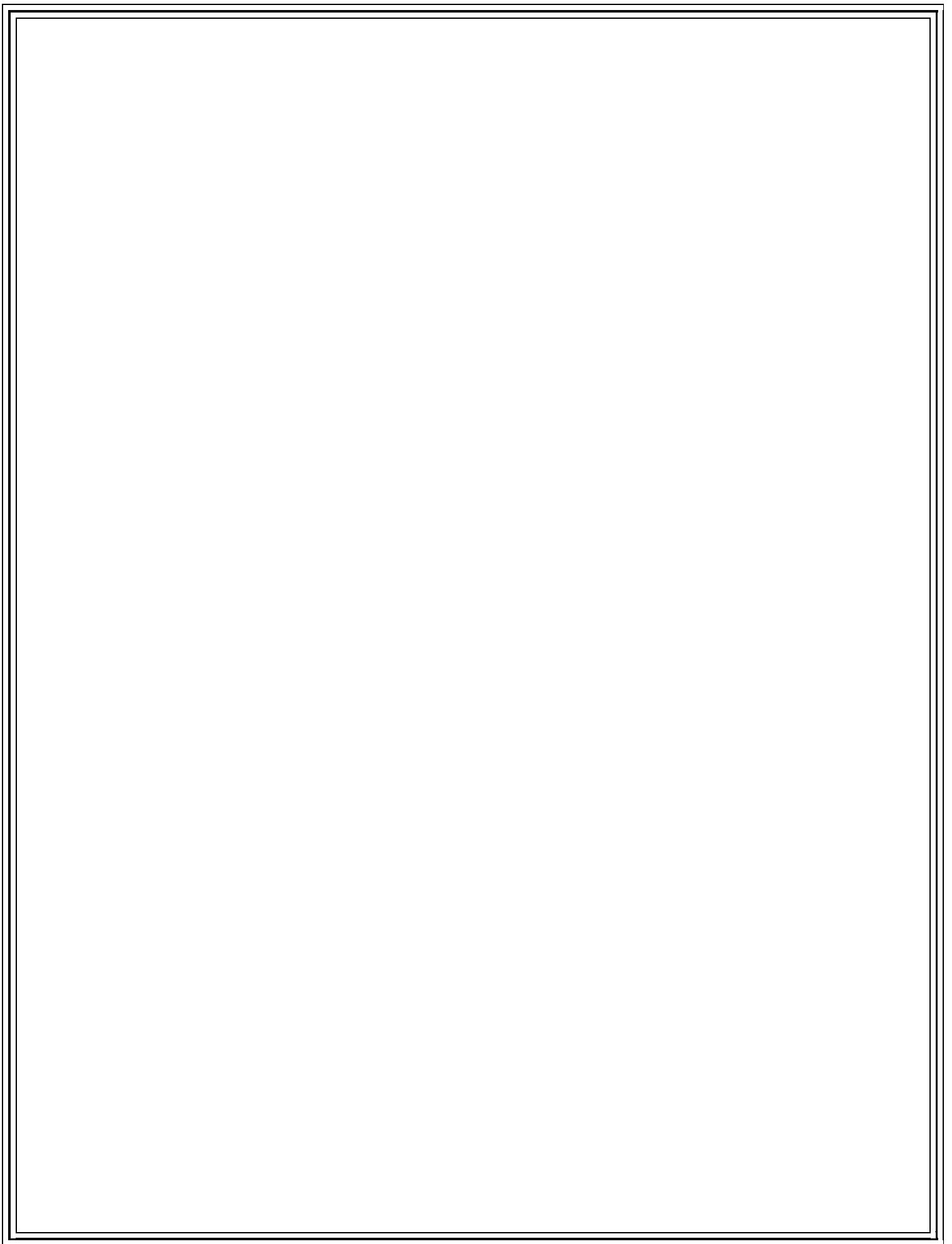


Some little children came into the garden with corn and pieces of bread, which they threw into the water; and the smallest one cried out: “There is a new one!” The other children shouted with joy, “Yes, a new one has come!” And they clapped their hands and danced about, running after their father and mother. They threw the bread into the water, and one and all said that “the new one was

the prettiest; he was so young and handsome.” And the old swans bent their heads and did homage before him.

He felt quite shy, and hid his head under his wing; he did not know what to think; he was so very happy, but not at all proud; a good heart never becomes proud. He thought of how he had been pursued and scorned, and now he heard them all say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The lilacs bent their boughs right down into the water before him, and the bright sun was warm and cheering, and he rustled his feathers and raised his slender neck aloft, saying with exultation in his heart: “I never dreamt of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!”

-From *Andersen's Fairy Tales* by Hans Christian Andersen



# Finding Faerie

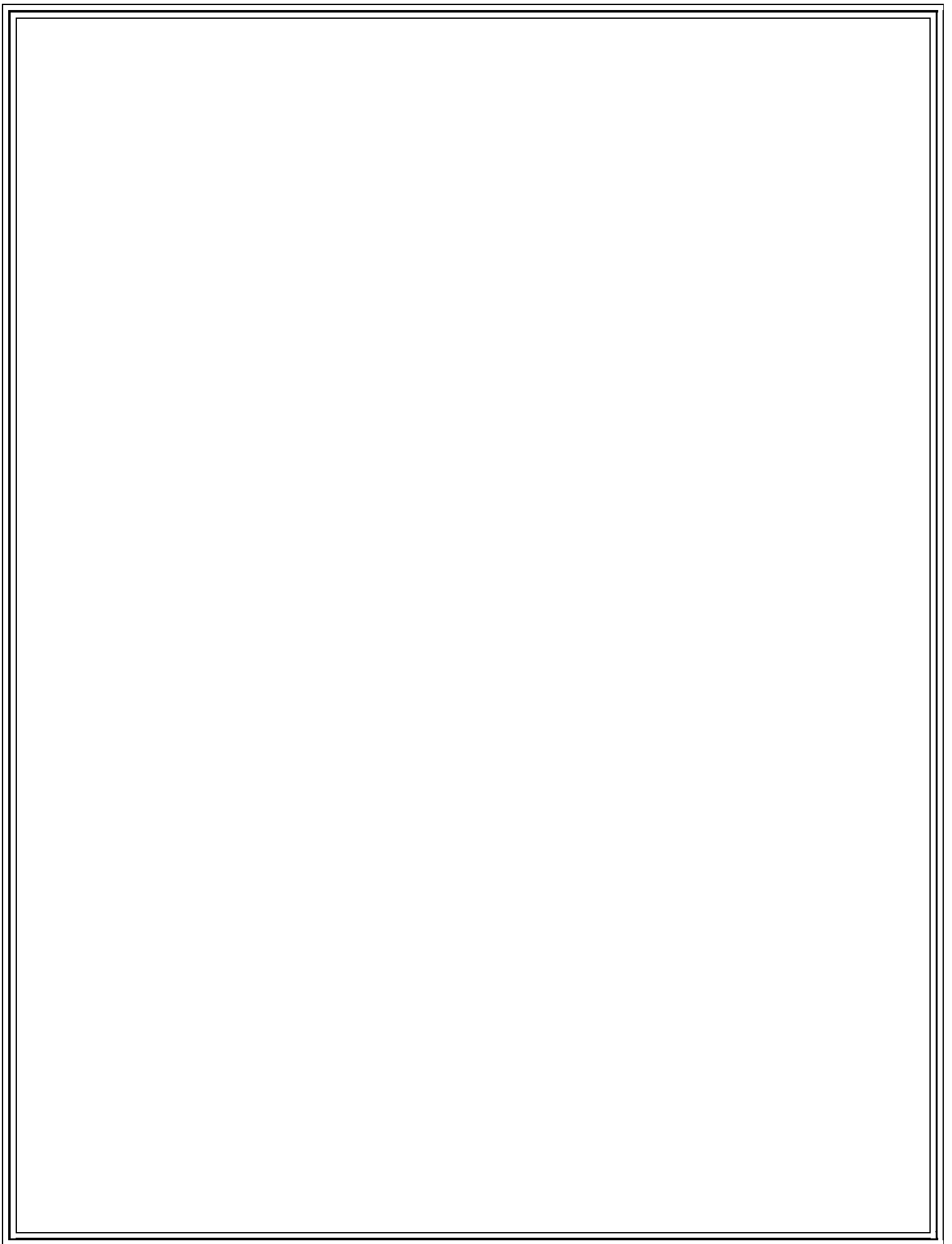


## Into the Forest

Enchanted Explorations

Edited and Reformatted by Lisa Kelly



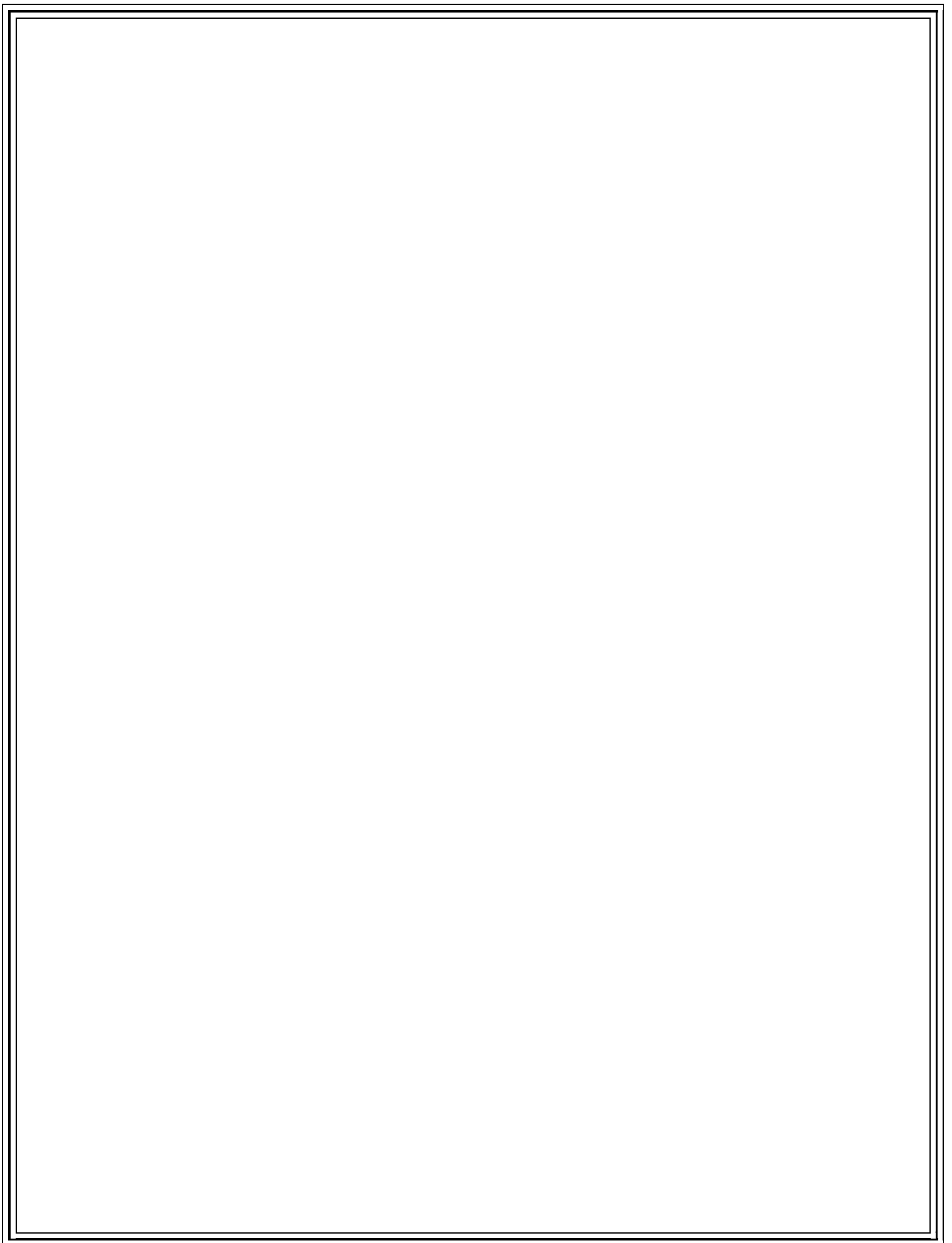


# The Faery Forest

The faery forest glimmered  
Beneath an ivory moon,  
The silver grasses shimmered  
Against a faery tune.

Beneath the silken silence  
The crystal branches slept,  
And dreaming thro' the dew-fall  
The cold white blossoms wept.

~by Sara Teasdale





## A Letter

The Finding Faerie volumes have been my attempt to republish some of the most well-known and beloved fairy tales, primarily from Andersen, Grimm and Perrault. The first volume: *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment* contains twelve tales which are, in general, a little less lengthy and a little less heavy. These are read in Foundations: Year One. I've tried to save some of the longer and more intense tales for the second volume: *Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations*, since this volume will be read in Lower School B (Years Two-Four).

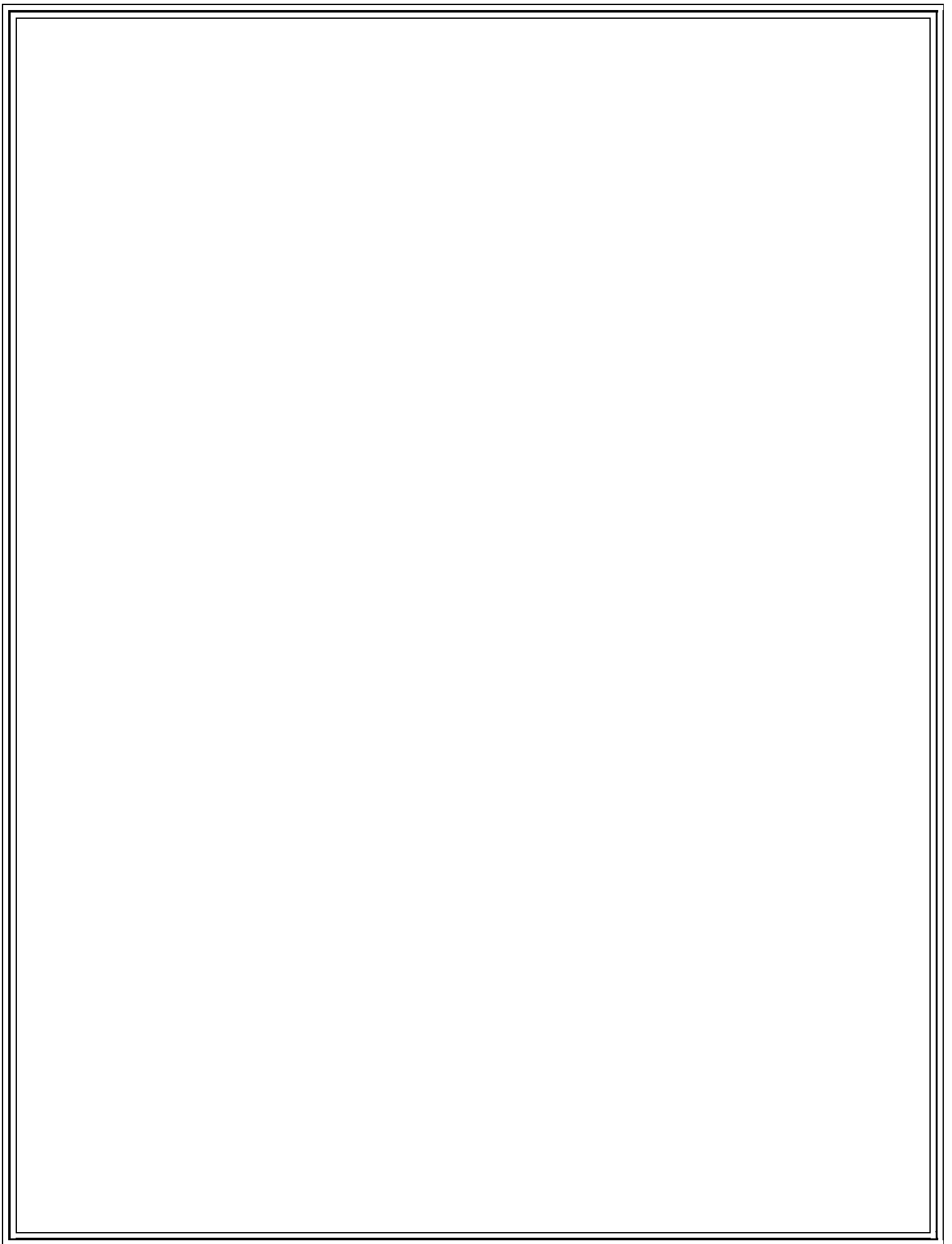
*Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations* includes some tales with tragic outcomes for the main characters ("The Mermaid") as well as some mild violence ("The Snow Queen"). Please pre-read these stories if you have sensitive listeners or readers. I've specifically chosen Lang's "The Snow Queen" version over the Andersen version, since the former holds on to the essential story, but yet tones down some of the violent word choice of the latter tale.

I've also taken the liberty to edit a few words from some of the stories, but this was kept minimal.

Please read the article "Should Fairyland be Safe?" at the website for further thoughts on this topic.

Thank you!

Lisa Kelly



# Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations

## *Andersen's Fairy Tales*

The Wild Swans

The Mermaid

## *The Blue Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang

Beauty and the Beast

Toads and Diamonds

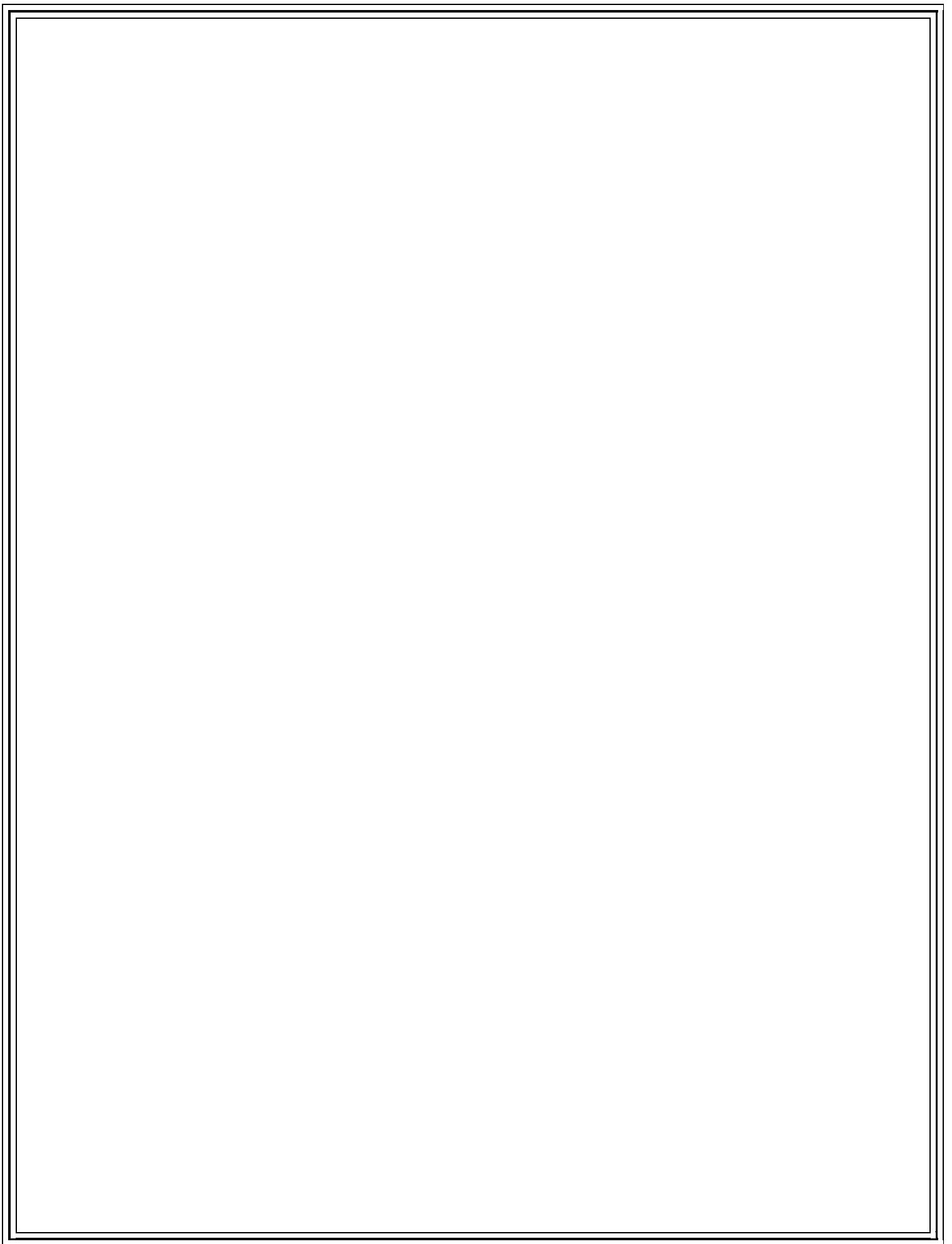
## *The Pink Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang

The Snow Queen

## *The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm* by E. Lucas

Briar Rose

Snowdrop



# The Wild Swans

Far away, where the swallows take refuge in winter, lived a king who had eleven sons and one daughter, Elise. The eleven brothers—they were all princes—used to go to school with stars on their breasts and swords at their sides. They wrote upon golden slates with diamond pencils, and could read just as well without a book as with one, so there was no mistake about their being real princes. Their sister Elise sat upon a little footstool of looking-glass, and she had a picture book which had cost the half of a kingdom. Oh, these children were very happy; but it was not to last thus forever.

Their father, who was king over all the land, married a wicked queen who was not at all kind to the poor children; they found that out on the first day. All was festive at the castle, but when the children wanted to play at having company, instead of having as many cakes and baked apples as ever they wanted, she would only let them have some sand in a tea-cup, and said they must make-believe.

In the following week she sent little Elise into the country to board with some peasants, and it did not take her long to make the king believe so many bad things about the boys, that he cared no more about them.

“Fly out into the world and look after yourselves,” said the wicked queen; “you shall fly about like birds without voices.”

But she could not make things as bad for them as she would have liked; they turned into eleven beautiful wild swans. They flew out of the palace window with a weird scream, right across the park and the woods.



It was very early in the morning when they came to the place where their sister Elise was sleeping in the peasant's house. They hovered over the roof of the house, turning and twisting their long necks, and flapping their wings; but no one either heard or saw them. They had to fly away again, and they soared up towards the clouds, far out into the wide world, and they settled in a big, dark wood, which stretched down to the shore.

Poor little Elise stood in the peasant's room, playing with a green leaf, for she had no other toys. She made a little hole in it, which she looked through at the sun, and it seemed to her as if she saw her brother's bright eyes. Every time the warm sunbeams shone upon her cheek, it reminded her of their kisses. One day passed just like another. When the wind whistled through the rose-hedges outside the house, it whispered to the roses, "Who can be prettier than you are?" But the roses shook their heads and answered, "Elise!" And when the old woman sat in the doorway reading her Psalms, the wind turned over the leaves and said to the book, "Who can be more pious than you?" "Elise!" answered the book. Both the roses and the book of Psalms only spoke the truth.

She was to go home when she was fifteen, but when the queen saw how pretty she was, she got very angry, and her heart was filled with hatred. She would willingly have turned her into a wild swan too, like her brothers, but she did not dare to do it at once, for the king wanted to see his daughter. The queen always went to the bath in the early morning. It was built of marble and adorned with soft cushions and beautiful carpets.

She took three toads, kissed them, and said to the first, "Sit upon Elise's head when she comes to the bath, so that she may become sluggish like yourself." "Sit upon her forehead," she said to the second, "that she may become ugly like you, and then her father won't know her!" "Rest upon her heart," she whispered to the third. "Let an evil spirit come over her, which may be a burden to her." Then she put the toads into the clean water, and a green tinge immediately came over it. She called Elise, undressed her, and made her go into the bath; when she ducked under the water, one of the toads got among her hair, the other got on to her forehead, and the third on to her bosom. But when she stood up three scarlet poppies floated on the water; had not the creatures been poisonous, and kissed by the sorceress, they would have been changed into crimson roses, but yet they became flowers from merely having rested a moment on her head and her heart. She was far too good and innocent for the sorcery to have any power over her. When the wicked Queen saw this, she rubbed her over with walnut juice, and smeared her face with some evil-smelling salve. She also matted up her beautiful hair; it would have been impossible to recognize pretty Elise. When her father saw her, he was quite horrified and said that she could not be his daughter. Nobody would have anything to say to her, except the yard dog, and the swallows, and they were only poor dumb animals whose opinion went for nothing.

Poor Elise wept, and thought of her eleven brothers who were all lost. She crept sadly out of the palace and wandered about all day, over meadows and marshes, and into a big forest. She did not know in the least where she wanted to go, but she felt very sad, and longed for her brothers, who, no doubt, like herself had been driven out of the palace.

She made up her mind to go and look for them, but she had only been in the wood for a short time when night fell. She had quite lost her way, so she lay down upon the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and rested her head on a little hillock. It was very still and the air was mild, hundreds of glow-worms shone around her on the grass and in the marsh like green fire. When she gently moved one of the branches over her head, the little shining insects fell over her like a shower of stars. She dreamt about her brothers all night long. Again they were children playing together: they wrote upon

the golden slates with their diamond pencils, and she looked at the picture book which had cost half a kingdom. But they no longer wrote strokes and noughts upon their slates as they used to do; no, they wrote down all their boldest exploits, and everything that they had seen and experienced. Everything in the picture book was alive, the birds sang, and the people walked out of the book, and spoke to Elise and her brothers. When she turned over a page, they skipped back into their places again, so that there should be no confusion among the pictures.

When she woke the sun was already high; it is true she could not see it very well through the thick branches of the lofty forest trees, but the sunbeams cast a golden shimmer around beyond the forest. There was a fresh delicious scent of grass and herbs in the air, and the birds were almost ready to perch upon her shoulders. She could hear the splashing of water, for there were many springs around, which all flowed into a pond with a lovely sandy bottom.

It was surrounded with thick bushes, but there was one place which the stags had trampled down and Elise passed through the opening to the water side. It was so transparent, that had not the branches been moved by the breeze, she must have thought that they were painted on the bottom, so plainly was every leaf reflected, both those on which the sun played, and those which were in shade.

When she saw her own face she was quite frightened, it was so brown and ugly, but when she wet her little hand and rubbed her eyes and forehead, her white skin shone through again. Then she took off all her clothes and went into the fresh water. A more beautiful royal child than she, could not be found in all the world.

When she had put on her clothes again, and plaited her long hair, she went to a sparkling spring and drank some of the water out of the hollow of her hand. Then she wandered further into the wood, though where she was going she had not the least idea. She thought of her brothers, and she thought of a merciful God who would not forsake her. He let the wild crab-apples grow to feed the hungry. He showed her a tree, the branches of which were bending beneath their weight of fruit. Here she made her midday meal, and, having put props under the branches, she walked on into the thickest part of the forest. It was so quiet that she heard her own footsteps; she heard every little withered leaf which bent under her feet. Not a bird was to be seen, not a ray of sunlight pierced the leafy branches, and the tall trunks were so close together that when she looked before her it seemed as if a thick fence of heavy beams hemmed her in on every side. The solitude was such as she had never known before.

It was a very dark night, not a single glow-worm sparkled in the marsh; sadly she lay down to sleep, and it seemed to her as if the branches above her parted asunder, and the Savior looked down upon her with His loving eyes, and little angel's heads peeped out above His head and under His arms.

When she woke in the morning she was not sure if she had dreamt this, or whether it was really true.

She walked a little further, when she met an old woman with a basket full of berries, of which she gave her some. Elise asked if she had seen eleven princes ride through the wood. "No," said the old

woman, “but yesterday I saw eleven swans, with golden crowns upon their heads, swimming in the stream close by here.”

She led Elise a little further to a slope, at the foot of which the stream meandered. The trees on either bank stretched out their rich leafy branches towards each other, and where, from their natural growth, they could not reach each other, they had torn their roots out of the ground, and leant over the water so as to interlace their branches.

Elise said good-bye to the old woman, and walked along by the river till it flowed out into the great open sea.

The beautiful open sea lay before the maiden, but not a sail was to be seen on it, not a single boat. How was she ever to get any further? She looked at the numberless little pebbles on the beach; they were all worn quite round by the water. Glass, iron, stone, whatever was washed up, had taken their shapes from the water, which yet was much softer than her little hand. “With all its rolling, it is untiring, and everything hard is smoothed down. I will be just as untiring! Thank you for your lesson, you clear rolling waves! Some time, so my heart tells me, you will bear me to my beloved brothers!”

Eleven white swans’ feathers were lying on the seaweed; she picked them up and made a bunch of them. There were still drops of water, on them. Whether these were dew or tears no one could tell. It was very lonely there by the shore, but she did not feel it, for the sea was changing. There were more changes on it in the course of a few hours than could be seen on an inland freshwater lake in a year.

If a big black cloud arose, it was just as if the sea wanted to say, “I can look black too,” and then the wind blew up and the waves showed their white crests. But if the clouds were red and the wind dropped, the sea looked like a rose-leaf, now white, now green. But, however still it was, there was always a little gentle motion just by the shore, the water rose and fell softly like the bosom of a sleeping child.

When the sun was just about to go down, Elise saw eleven wild swans with golden crowns upon their heads flying towards the shore. They flew in a swaying line, one behind the other, like a white ribbon streamer. Elise climbed up on to the bank and hid behind a bush; the swans settled close by her and flapped their great white wings.

As soon as the sun had sunk beneath the water the swans shed their feathers and became eleven handsome princes; they were Elise’s brothers. Although they had altered a good deal, she knew them at once; she felt that they must be her brothers and she sprang into their arms, calling them by name. They were delighted when they recognized their little sister who had grown so big and beautiful. They laughed and cried, and told each other how wickedly their stepmother had treated them all.

“We brothers,” said the eldest, “have to fly about in the guise of swans, as long as the sun is above the horizon. When it goes down we regain our human shapes. So we always have to look out for a



resting place near sunset, for should we happen to be flying up among the clouds when the sun goes down, we should be hurled to the depths below. We do not live here; there is another land, just as beautiful as this, beyond the sea; but the way to it is very long and we have to cross the mighty ocean to get to it. There is not a single island on the way where we can spend the night, only one solitary little rock juts up above the water midway. It is only just big enough for us to stand upon close together, and if there is a heavy sea the water splashes over us, yet we thank our God for it. We stay there over night in our human forms, and without it we could never revisit our beloved Fatherland, for our flight takes two of the longest days in the year. We are only permitted to visit the home of our fathers once a year, and we dare only stay for eleven days. We hover over this big forest from whence we catch a glimpse of the palace where we were born, and where our father lives; beyond it we can see the high church towers where our mother is buried. We fancy that the trees and bushes here are related to us; and the wild horses gallop over the moors, as we used to see them in our childhood. The charcoal burners still sing the old songs we used to dance to when we were children. This is our Fatherland, we are drawn towards it, and here we have found you again, dear little sister! We may stay here two days longer, and then we must fly away again across the ocean, to a lovely country indeed, but it is not our own dear Fatherland! How shall we ever take you with us, we have neither ship nor boat!”

“How can I deliver you!” said their sister, and they went on talking to each other, nearly all night, they only dozed for a few hours.

Elise was awakened in the morning by the rustling of the swan’s wings above her; her brothers were again transformed and were wheeling round in great circles, till she lost sight of them in the distance. One of them, the youngest, stayed behind.

He laid his head against her bosom, and she caressed it with her fingers. They remained together all day; towards evening the others came back, and as soon as the sun went down they took their natural forms.

“Tomorrow we must fly away, and we dare not come back for a whole year, but we can’t leave you like this! Have you courage to go with us? My arm is strong enough to carry you over the forest, so surely our united strength ought to be sufficient to bear you across the ocean.”

“Oh yes! Take me with you,” said Elise.

They spent the whole night in weaving a kind of net of the elastic bark of the willow bound together with tough rushes; they made it both large and strong. Elise lay down upon it, and when the sun rose and the brothers became swans again, they took up the net in their bills and flew high up among the clouds with their precious sister, who was fast asleep. The sunbeams fell straight on to her face, so one of the swans flew over her head so that its broad wings should shade her.

They were far from land when Elise woke; she thought she must still be dreaming, it seemed so strange to be carried through the air so high up above the sea.

By her side lay a branch of beautiful ripe berries, and a bundle of savory roots, which her youngest brother had collected for her, and for which she gave him a grateful smile. She knew it was he who flew above her head shading her from the sun. They were so high up that the first ship they saw looked like a gull floating on the water. A great cloud came up behind them like a mountain, and Elise saw the shadow of herself on it, and those of the eleven swans looking like giants. It was a more beautiful picture than any she had ever seen before, but as the sun rose higher, the cloud fell behind, and the shadow picture disappeared.

They flew on and on all day like an arrow whizzing through the air, but they went slower than usual, for now they had their sister to carry. A storm came up, and night was drawing on; Elise saw the sun sinking with terror in her heart, for the solitary rock was nowhere to be seen. The swans seemed to be taking stronger strokes than ever; alas! She was the cause of their not being able to get on faster; as soon as the sun went down they would become men, and they would all be hurled into the sea and drowned. She prayed to God from the bottom of her heart, but still no rock was to be seen! Black clouds gathered, and strong gusts of wind announced a storm; the clouds looked like a great threatening leaden wave, and the flashes of lightning followed each other rapidly.

The sun was now at the edge of the sea. Elise's heart quaked, when suddenly the swans shot downwards so suddenly, that she thought they were falling, then they hovered again. Half of the sun was below the horizon, and there for the first time she saw the little rock below, which did not look bigger than the head of a seal above the water. The sun sank very quickly, it was no bigger than a star, but her foot touched solid earth. The sun went out like the last sparks of a bit of burning paper; she saw her brothers stand arm in arm around her, but there was only just room enough for them. The waves beat upon the rock and washed over them like drenching rain. The heavens shone with continuous fire, and the thunder rolled, peal upon peal. But the sister and brothers held each other's hands and sang a psalm which gave them comfort and courage.

The air was pure and still at dawn. As soon as the sun rose the swans flew off with Elise, away from the islet. The sea still ran high, it looked from where they were as if the white foam on the dark green water were millions of swans floating on the waves.

When the sun rose higher, Elise saw before her half floating in the air great masses of ice, with shining glaciers on the heights. A palace was perched midway a mile in length, with one bold colonnade built above another. Beneath them swayed palm trees and gorgeous blossoms as big as mill wheels. She asked if this was the land to which she was going, but the swans shook their heads, because what she saw was a mirage; the beautiful and ever changing palace of Fata Morgana. No mortal dared enter it. Elise gazed at it, but as she gazed the palace, gardens and mountains melted away, and in their place stood twenty proud churches with their high towers and pointed windows. She seemed to hear the notes of the organ, but it was the sea she heard. When she got close to the seeming churches, they changed to a great navy sailing beneath her; but it was only a sea mist floating over the waters. Yes, she saw constant changes passing before her eyes, and now she saw the real land she was bound to. Beautiful blue mountains rose before her with their cedar woods and

palaces. Long before the sun went down, she sat among the hills in front of a big cave covered with delicate green creepers. It looked like a piece of embroidery.

“Now we shall see what you will dream here tonight,” said the youngest brother, as he showed her where she was to sleep.

“If only I might dream how I could deliver you,” she said, and this thought filled her mind entirely. She prayed earnestly to God for His help, and even in her sleep she continued her prayer. It seemed to her that she was flying up to Fata Morgana in her castle in the air. The fairy came towards her, she was charming and brilliant, and yet she was very like the old woman who gave her the berries in the wood, and told her about the swans with the golden crowns.

“Your brothers can be delivered,” she said, “but have you courage and endurance enough for it?” The sea is indeed softer than your hands, and it molds the hardest stones, but it does not feel the pain your fingers will feel. It has no heart, and does not suffer the pain and anguish you must feel. Do you see this stinging nettle I hold in my hand? Many of this kind grow round the cave where you sleep; only these and the ones which grow in the churchyards may be used. Mark that! Those you may pluck although they will burn and blister your hands. Crush the nettles with your feet and you will have flax, and of this you must weave eleven coats of mail with long sleeves. Throw these over the eleven wild swans and the charm is broken! But remember that from the moment you begin this work, till it is finished, even if it takes years, you must not utter a word! The first word you say will fall like a murderer’s dagger into the hearts of your brothers. Their lives hang on your tongue. Mark this well!”

She touched her hand at the same moment, it was like burning fire, and woke Elise. It was bright daylight, and close to where she slept lay a nettle like those in her dream. She fell upon her knees with thanks to God and left the cave to begin her work.

She seized the horrid nettles with her delicate hands, and they burnt like fire; great blisters rose on her hands and arms, but she suffered it willingly if only it would deliver her beloved brothers. She crushed every nettle with her bare feet, and twisted it into green flax.

When the sun went down and the brothers came back, they were alarmed at finding her mute; they thought it was some new witchcraft exercised by their wicked stepmother. But when they saw her hands, they understood that it was for their sakes; the youngest brother wept, and wherever his tears fell, she felt no more pain, and the blisters disappeared.

She spent the whole night at her work, for she could not rest till she had delivered her dear brothers. All the following day while her brothers were away she sat solitary, but never had the time flown so fast. One coat of mail was finished and she began the next. Then a hunting horn sounded among the mountains; she was much frightened, the sound came nearer, and she heard dogs barking. In terror she rushed into the cave and tied the nettles she had collected and woven, into a bundle upon which she sat.

At this moment a big dog bounded forward from the thicket, and another and another, they barked loudly and ran backwards and forwards. In a few minutes all the huntsmen were standing outside the cave, and the handsomest of them was the king of the country. He stepped up to Elise: never had he seen so lovely a girl.

“How came you here, beautiful child?” he said.

Elise shook her head; she dared not speak; the salvation and the lives of her brothers depended upon her silence. She hid her hands under her apron, so that the king should not see what she suffered.

“Come with me!” he said; “you cannot stay here. If you are as good as you are beautiful, I will dress you in silks and velvets, put a golden crown upon your head, and you shall live with me and have your home in my richest palace!” Then he lifted her upon his horse, she wept and wrung her hands, but the king said, “I only think of your happiness; “you will thank me one day for what I am doing!” Then he darted off across the mountains, holding her before him on his horse, and the huntsmen followed.

When the sun went down, the royal city with churches and cupolas lay before them, and the king led her into the palace, where great fountains played in the marble halls, and where walls and ceilings were adorned with paintings, but she had no eyes for them, she only wept and sorrowed; passively she allowed the women to dress her in royal robes, to twist pearls into her hair, and to draw gloves on to her blistered hands.

She was dazzlingly lovely as she stood there in all her magnificence; the courtiers bent low before her, and the king wooed her as his bride, although the archbishop shook his head, and whispered that he feared the beautiful wood maiden was a witch, who had dazzled their eyes and infatuated the king.

The king refused to listen to him; he ordered the music to play, the richest food to be brought, and the loveliest girls to dance before her. She was led through scented gardens into gorgeous apartments, but nothing brought a smile to her lips, or into her eyes, sorrow sat there like a heritage and a possession for all time. Last of all, the king opened the door of a little chamber close by the room where she was to sleep. It was adorned with costly green carpets, and made to exactly resemble the cave where he found her. On the floor lay the bundle of flax she had spun from the nettles, and from the ceiling hung the shirt of mail which was already finished. One of the huntsmen had brought all these things away as curiosities. “Here you may dream that you are back in your former home!” said the king. “Here is the work upon which you were engaged; in the midst of your splendor, it may amuse you to think of those times.”

When Elise saw all these things so dear to her heart, a smile for the first time played upon her lips, and the blood rushed back to her cheeks. She thought of the deliverance of her brothers, and she kissed the king’s hand; he pressed her to his heart, and ordered all the church bells to ring marriage peals. The lovely dumb girl from the woods was to be queen of the country.

The archbishop whispered evil words into the ear of the king, but they did not reach his heart. The wedding was to take place, and the archbishop himself had to put the crown upon her head. In his anger he pressed the golden circlet so tightly upon her head as to give her pain. But a heavier circlet pressed upon her heart, her grief for her brothers, so she thought nothing of the bodily pain.

Her lips were sealed, a single word from her mouth would cost her brothers their lives, but her eyes were full of love for the good and handsome king, who did everything he could to please her. Every day she grew more and more attached to him, and longed to confide in him, tell him her sufferings; but dumb she must remain, and in silence must bring her labor to completion. Therefore at night she stole away from his side into her secret chamber, which was decorated like a cave, and here she knitted one shirt after another. When she came to the seventh, all her flax was worked up; she knew that these nettles which she was to use grew in the churchyard, but she had to pluck them herself. How was she to get there? "Oh, what is the pain of my fingers compared with the anguish of my heart," she thought. "I must venture out, the good God will not desert me!" With as much terror in her heart, as if she were doing some evil deed, she stole down one night into the moonlit garden, and through the long alleys out into the silent streets to the churchyard. There she saw, sitting on a gravestone, a group of hideous ghouls, who took off their tattered garments, as if they were about to bathe, and then they dug down into the freshly-made graves with their skinny fingers, and tore the flesh from the bodies and devoured it. Elise had to pass close by them, and they fixed their evil eyes upon her, but she said a prayer as she passed, picked the stinging nettles and hurried back to the palace with them.

Only one person saw her, but that was the archbishop, who watched while others slept. Surely now all his bad opinions of the queen were justified; all was not as it should be with her, she must be a witch, and therefore she had bewitched the king and all the people.

He told the king in the confessional what he had seen and what he feared. When those bad words passed his lips, the pictures of the saints shook their heads as if to say: it is not so, Elise is innocent. The archbishop however took it differently, and thought that they were bearing witness against her, and shaking their heads at her sin. Two big tears rolled down the king's cheeks, and he went home with doubt in his heart. He pretended to sleep at night, but no quiet sleep came to his eyes. He perceived how Elise got up and went to her private closet. Day by day his face grew darker, Elise saw it but could not imagine what was the cause of it. It alarmed her, and what was she not already suffering in her heart because of her brothers? Her salt tears ran down upon the royal purple velvet, they lay upon it like sparkling diamonds, and all who saw their splendor wished to be queen.

She had, however, almost reached the end of her labors, only one shirt of mail was wanting, but again she had no more flax and not a single nettle was left. Once more, for the last time, she must go to the churchyard to pluck a few handfuls. She thought with dread of the solitary walk and the horrible ghouls; but her will was as strong as her trust in God.

Elise went, but the king and the archbishop followed her, they saw her disappear within the grated gateway of the churchyard. When they followed they saw the ghouls sitting on the gravestone as

Elise had seen them before; and the king turned away his head because he thought she was among them, she, whose head this very evening had rested on his breast.

“The people must judge her,” he groaned, and the people judged. “Let her be consumed in the glowing flames!”

She was led away from her beautiful royal apartments to a dark damp dungeon, where the wind whistled through the grated window. Instead of velvet and silk they gave her the bundle of nettles she had gathered to lay her head upon. The hard burning shirts of mail were to be her covering, but they could have given her nothing more precious.

She set to work again with many prayers to God. Outside her prison the street boys sang derisive songs about her, and not a soul comforted her with a kind word.

Towards evening she heard the rustle of swans’ wings close to her window; it was her youngest brother, at last he had found her. He sobbed aloud with joy although he knew that the coming night might be her last, but then her work was almost done and her brothers were there.

The archbishop came to spend her last hours with her as he had promised the king. She shook her head at him, and by looks and gestures begged him to leave her. She had only this night in which to finish her work, or else all would be wasted, all—her pain, tears and sleepless nights. The archbishop went away with bitter words against her, but poor Elise knew that she was innocent, and she went on with her work.

The little mice ran about the floor bringing nettles to her feet, so as to give what help they could, and a thrush sat on the grating of the window where he sang all night, as merrily as he could to keep up her courage.

It was still only dawn, and the sun would not rise for an hour when the eleven brothers stood at the gate of the palace, begging to be taken to the king. This could not be done, was the answer, for it was still night; the king was asleep and no one dared wake him. All their entreaties and threats were useless, the watch turned out and even the king himself came to see what was the matter; but just then the sun rose, and no more brothers were to be seen, only eleven wild swans hovering over the palace.

The whole populace streamed out of the town gates, they were all anxious to see the witch burnt. A miserable horse drew the cart in which Elise was seated. They had put upon her a smock of green sacking, and all her beautiful long hair hung loose from the lovely head. Her cheeks were deathly pale, and her lips moved softly, while her fingers unceasingly twisted the green yarn. Even on the way to her death she could not abandon her unfinished work. Ten shirts lay completed at her feet—she labored away at the eleventh, amid the scoffing insults of the populace.

“Look at the witch how she mutters. She has never a book of psalms in her hands, no, there she sits with her loathsome sorcery. Tear it away from her, into a thousand bits!”

The crowd pressed around her to destroy her work, but just then eleven white swans flew down and perched upon the cart flapping their wings. The crowd gave way before them in terror.

“It is a sign from Heaven! She is innocent!” they whispered, but they dared not say it aloud.

The executioner seized her by the hand, but she hastily threw the eleven shirts over the swans, who were immediately transformed to eleven handsome princes; but the youngest had a swan’s wing in place of an arm, for one sleeve was wanting to his shirt of mail, she had not been able to finish it.

“Now I may speak! I am innocent.”



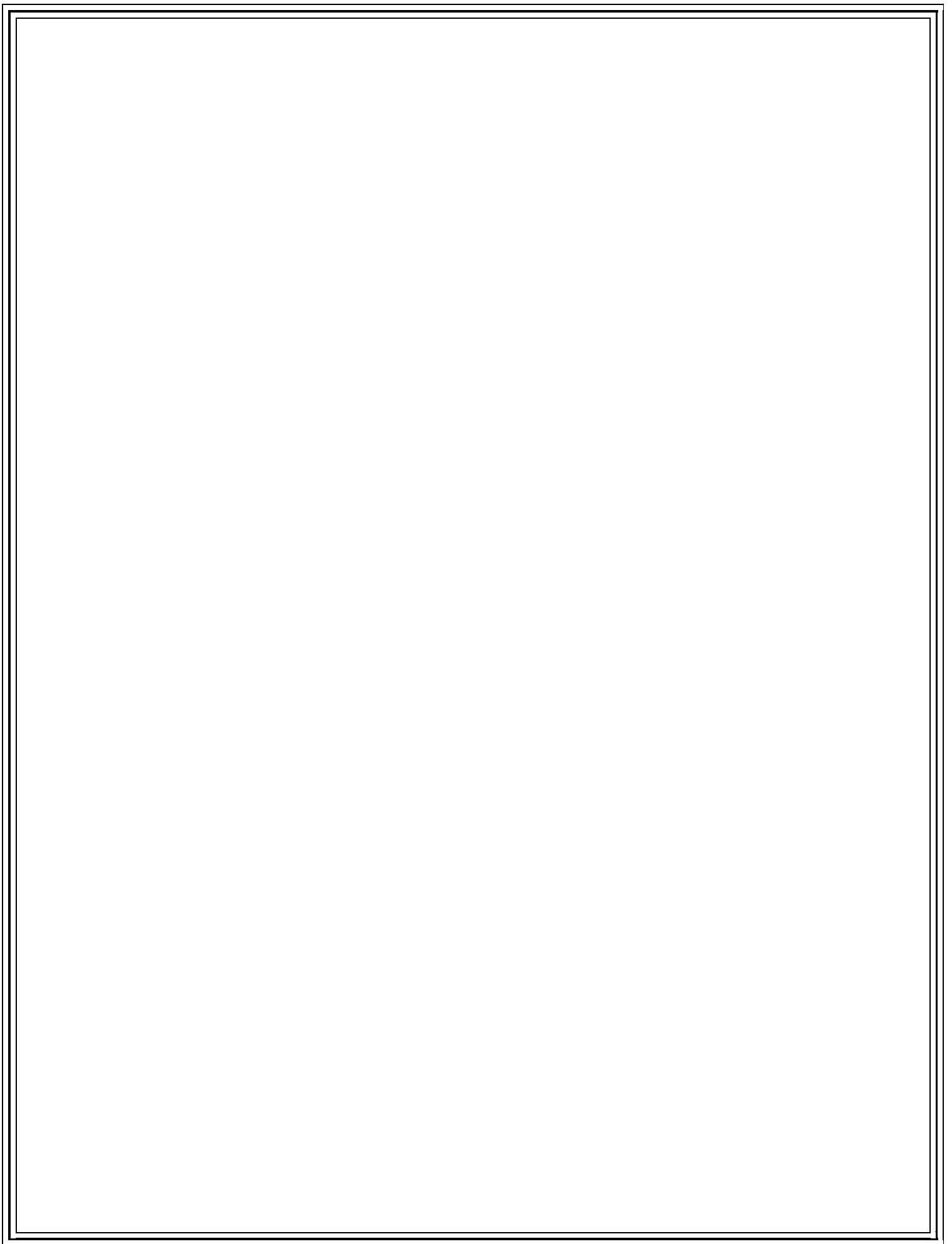
The populace who saw what had happened bowed down before her as if she had been a saint, but she sank lifeless in her brother’s arms; so great had been the strain, the terror and the suffering she had endured.

“Yes, innocent she is indeed,” said the eldest brother, and he told them all that had happened.

Whilst he spoke a wonderful fragrance spread around, as of millions of roses. Every faggot in the pile had taken root and shot out branches, and a great high hedge of red roses had arisen. At the very top was one pure white blossom, it shone like a star, and the king broke it off and laid it on Elise’s bosom, and she woke with joy and peace in her heart.

All the church bells began to ring of their own accord, and the singing birds flocked around them. Surely such a bridal procession went back to the palace as no king had ever seen before!

-From *Andersen’s Fairy Tales* by Hans Christian Andersen





# *Finding Faerie* *Fairy Tale Collection*

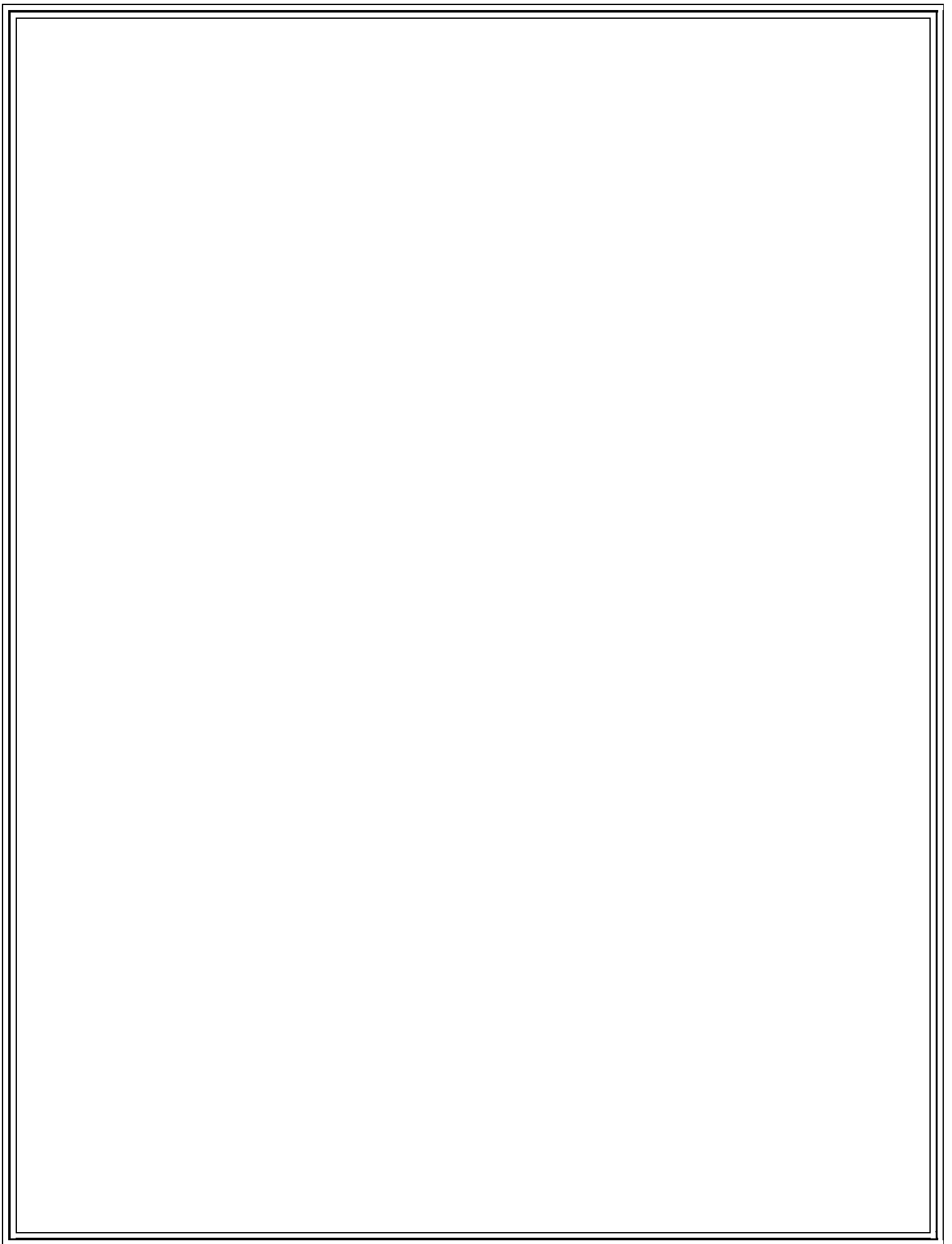


## A Reading Guide by Lisa Kelly

*Finding Faerie* consists of two volumes of carefully selected fairy tales compiled by Lisa Kelly; this reading guide is an accompaniment to those tales.

Vol. 1 – *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment*

Vol. 2 – *Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations*



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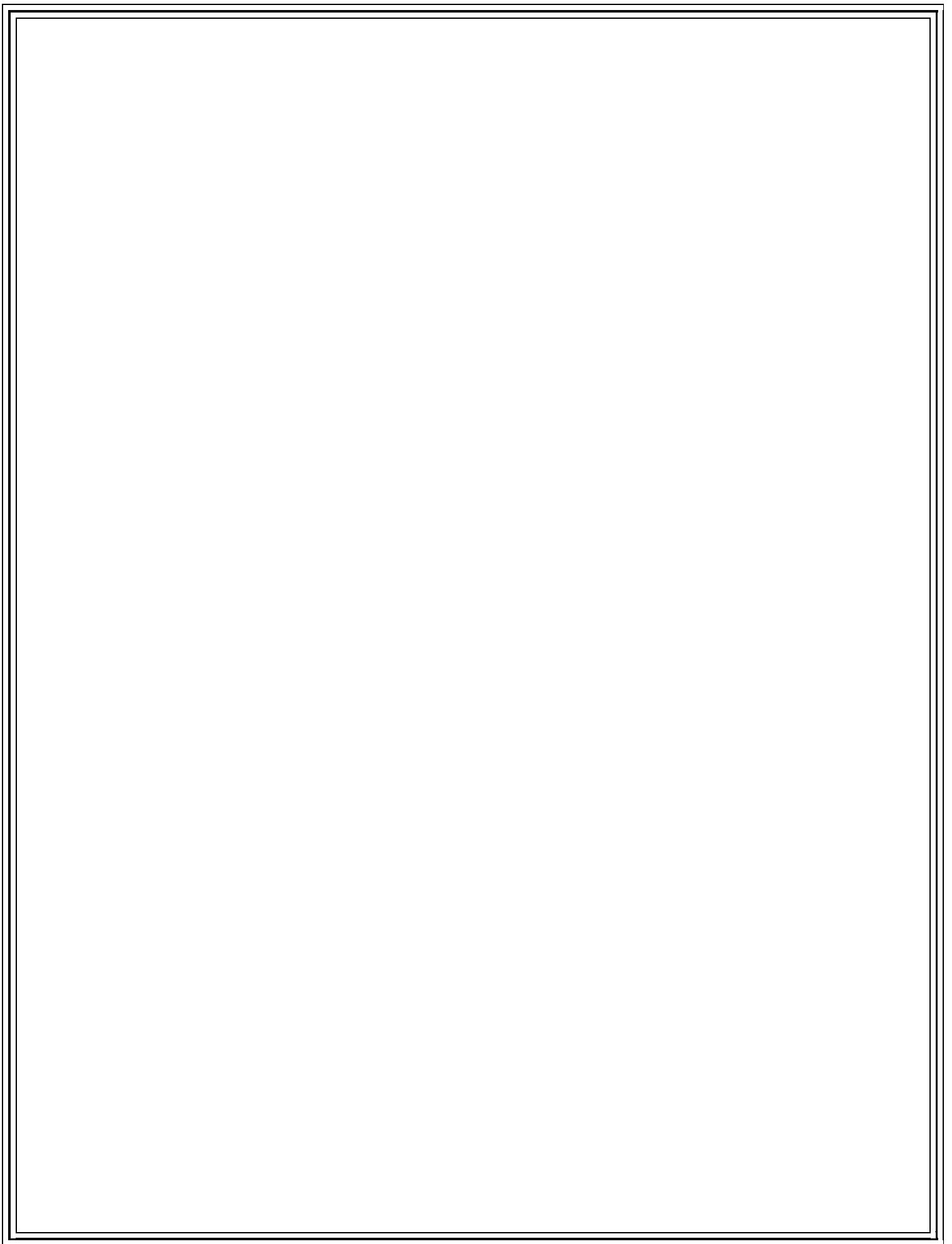
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## Author's Note

Literary Elements and Literary Techniques are incorporated as they best illustrate them based on the book itself. In other words, I do not predetermine which terms and elements I will include in advance, aside from being aware of the age range for which the guide is designed. The best introduction to them occurs when they are presented by the book itself. I then try to bring them forward as they appear.

Ideally, I will create guides for most every book and poem included in this entire curriculum. This will provide the balance needed to provide full coverage of literary elements and techniques. While this guide may introduce one or two specific terms, another guide may introduce a few different ones. There may also be some repetition, which of course offers review and repeated exposure.

I don't wish for literature to be analyzed to the point of destroying a child's natural interest in how an author creates it, especially in the younger years. This is why I emphasize that each teacher should introduce the elements and techniques as best fits each student and situation.

## Lesson Notes

1. "Connection" questions and prompts were written to bridge the gap between chapter readings. They were designed to bring forth what students already know about a topic so that the new information can be connected to it.
2. Have students define the words listed under "Words to Know" either independently or together orally with the teacher. Teachers and students should locate any listed places, read and discuss any notes included at the beginning of each lesson and discuss the pronunciation of any words, as needed.
3. Students should either have the book read aloud to them or should read each chapter (or reading section) together with the teacher or should read the book independently, whichever best fits.
4. After reading, students should narrate. There are multiple narration suggestions for each chapter.
5. Any lessons in literary terms can be included or omitted as it best fits the needs of your students.

## Booklist & Resources

- *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment* [Finding Faeries Vol. 1] compiled by Lisa Kelly\*
- *Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations* [Finding Faerie Vol. 2] compiled by Lisa Kelly\*
- *Finding Faerie: Fairy Tales Collection: A Reading Guide* by Lisa Kelly
- OPT –*The Perfect Wizard: Hans Christian Andersen* by Jane and Dennis Yolen

\*You may use alternative online resources/books for the fairy tales rather than purchasing and using *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment* and *Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations*. Links for *Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen* by Hans Christian Andersen, *Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm* translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas and *The Blue Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang –the selections included in these volumes– can all be found at the website.

## Literary Elements and Literary Techniques

- author & biography [OPT]
- characters
- setting
- fiction & nonfiction

## Picture Studies & Art Project

There are 5 picture studies, 1 image of Hans Christian Andersen [Image A] and 1 art project [optional]. Images needed for these picture studies are in color and can be found in the appendix. Image A is a portrait of Hans Christian Andersen, which can be shared with students when introducing him.

The presentation of these images will be scheduled for **after** the reading of the story. This allows children to visualize the story in their own minds first, keeping another person’s ideas from interfering with that.

## Coloring Pages

Links to websites with free printable coloring pages for some stories can be found at *A Mind in the Light*. Look under the tab “Resources” and then scroll down to “Literature”. You can find the links under “Fairy Tales”.

# Exam Prompts

- Describe a memorable scene. What made this scene memorable?
- Name several characters from the fairy tales read. Choose two and tell about each one.

More exam prompts are included in the complete guide. This is a sample only.

## Spinning Straw –Reading 2

- \* Read “Thumbelina” by Hans Christian Andersen from *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment*.

### Before the Reading

- Connection: What is wrong with the title “The Ugly Duckling”? [Ans. The story was about a swan not a duckling and neither a swan nor duck are ugly if they are seen for what they are supposed to be.] If you could meet the “Ugly Duckling”, then what would you ask or tell him? Of what does the name “Thumbelina” make you think?
- Note: Find pictures of dock leaves [see previous lesson] and a cockchafer to share with your student.



### After the Reading

#### Narration Suggestions –Choose One

- Draw a picture of Thumbelina, her cradle and her wreath of flowers on a plate. Give your picture a title and share it with someone, telling about it.
- Tell the adventures of Thumbelina from the time she is at her home with her mother up to the time of her new home with the prince.
- Tell about the swallow and his friendship with Thumbelina.
- Draw a picture of your favorite scene from the story. Share your picture with someone, telling about this scene and why it was your favorite.
- Create an imaginary map which shows Thumbelina’s travels from her home, the toads house, down the stream and to her summer home, and then on to the home of the field mouse. Finally add her new home with the prince. Add color, labels and other details that you would like to add to the map. [If your student would like to create this map, but is very young; please feel free to adjust the outcome expectations as needed.]

### Picture Study

- Present Image C: *Thumbelina Very Desolate* [from “Thumbelina”] by Eleanor Vere Boyle, 1872. Describe all that you see in this illustration. How do you think Thumbelina might be feeling? How do we know this? Do other creatures in this illustration look concerned? Describe the colors in the illustration. What colors would you have chosen? If you could jump into this illustration, what would you most like to do or say?



## *Spinning Straw* –Reading 3

- \* Read “The Emperor’s New Clothes” by Hans Christian Andersen from *Spinning Straw: Tales to Elicit Enchantment*.

### Before the Reading

- Connection: Who was Thumbelina? What was your favorite part of that story? Why might an emperor need new clothes?
- Word to Know: emperor

### After the Reading

#### Narration Suggestions –Choose One

- Tell a friend or family member about the Emperor’s new clothes.
- Design a real outfit for the emperor. Share your design with someone, telling about it.
- How was it that the Emperor was not wearing clothes when walking in the procession? Why would no one speak the truth about what they could see?
- Why do you think the child spoke truthfully?
- What does it mean to be prideful?
- When is pride a positive quality and when is it a negative quality? Who is prideful in this story? [It’s not just the emperor.]
- What do you think should be the consequence for the two swindlers?



## *Into the Forest* –Reading 13

- \* Read “Briar Rose” from *Into the Forest: Enchanted Explorations*.

### Before the Reading

- Connection: Describe your favorite scene from “The Snow Queen”. What do you hope “Briar Rose” will be about?
- Words to Know: distaff, modest, ascended, scullion, dissuade, brindled and spindle
- Note: “Briar Rose” is also known as “Sleeping Beauty”.

### After the Reading

#### Narration Suggestions –Choose One

- Tell of Briar Rose and how she came to fall into a deep sleep.
- Should all thirteen fairies have been invited to the great feast?
- Draw a picture of what you imagine the castle looked like after the spell was cast upon it. Give your picture a title or caption and share it with someone, telling about it.
- Tell how Briar Rose came by her name.
- Pretend to be any person from the story [cook, courtier, maid, etc.] and write a letter home, explaining why you have been asleep for 100 years.
- Should the Princess have been left alone on her fifteenth birthday?



### Picture Study

- Present Image F and G: *Sleeping Beauty* by Marie-Antoinette Petit-Jean, 1821 and *The Sleeping Beauty* by John Collier, 1921, respectively. Study each painting carefully and then describe each one. What scene is depicted in each one? Which figures are in Image F? Which figures are in Image G? What do you feel when you look at each one? Which one better matches your own ideas of these scenes looked like as you listened to the story? Do you prefer one over the other? Tell why.

