

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a pigsty, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the sparkling waves and watching his line, all of a sudden his float was dragged away deep into the water.

When he reeled in his line, he pulled out a golden fish. But the fish said, "Pray let me live! I am not a real fish. I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again, and let me go!"

"Oh, ho!" Said the man. "You need not go on much more about the matter. I will have nothing to do with a fish that can talk, so swim away, sir, as soon as you please!" Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him on the wave.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the pigsty, he told her how he had caught a golden fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how, on hearing it speak, he had let it go again. "Did not you ask it for anything?" Said the wife. "We live very wretchedly here, in this nasty dirty pigsty. Do go back and tell the fish we want a snug little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business - however, he went to the seashore, and when he got back there the water looked all yellow and green. He stood at the water's edge, and said,