

giant said, "What's this? Don't tell me that you're not strong enough to hold on to that twig!"

"That's nothing," the tailor responded. "Do you think that something like that is really difficult for a man who's slain twenty-nine with one stroke? Do you know why I did that? I jumped over the tree because some huntsmen were shooting there in the bushes. Let's see if you can jump over it yourself."

Now the giant believed for sure that there was nobody in the world who could surpass the little tailor in strength and cunning.

[The rest of this tale is missing.]

21

CINDERELLA

Once upon a time there was a rich man who lived happily with his wife for a long time, and they had one little girl together. Then the wife became ill, and as she became deathly ill, she called her daughter and said, "Dear child, I must leave you, but when I am up in heaven, I shall look after you. Plant a little tree on my grave, and whenever you wish for something, shake it, and you'll have what you wish. And whenever you are otherwise in a predicament, then I'll send you help. Just stay good and pure."

After she said this, she closed her eyes and died. Her child wept and planted a little tree on her grave and didn't need to water it, for her tears were good enough.

The snow covered the mother's grave like a little white blanket, and by the time the sun had taken it off again and the little tree had become green for the second time, the man had married a second wife. However, the stepmother already had two daughters from her first husband. They had beautiful features but proud, nasty, and wicked hearts. After the wedding had now been celebrated, and all three entered the house, a difficult time began for the poor child.

"What's this terrible and useless thing doing in our rooms?" the stepmother said. "Off with you into the kitchen. Whoever wants to eat bread must first earn it. She can be our maid."

The stepsisters took away her clothes and dressed her in an old gray smock.

“You look good in that!” they said, while mocking her and leading her to the kitchen, where the poor child had to do heavy work: she had to get up before dawn, carry the water into the house, make the fire, cook, and wash. Meanwhile her sisters did everything imaginable to cause her grief and make her look ridiculous. They poured peas and lentils into the ashes of the hearth so she had to sit there the entire day and separate them. In the evening, when she was tired, there was no bed for her, and she had to lie next to the hearth in the ashes. Since she always rummaged in dust and looked dirty, they named her Cinderella.

At a certain time the king decided to organize a magnificent ball that was to last three days, and his son was supposed to choose a bride at this event. The two proud stepsisters were also invited to it.

“Cinderella,” they called to her, “Come up here! Comb out our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles! We’re going to see the prince at the ball.”

Cinderella worked hard and cleaned and brushed as well as she could. However, the stepsisters continually scolded her, and when they had finished dressing, they asked her in a mocking tone: “Cinderella, wouldn’t you like to go to the ball?”

“Oh, yes,” Cinderella replied. “But how can I go? I don’t have any clothes.”

“No,” said the eldest daughter. “That’s all we’d need for you show up there! If the people heard that you were our sister, we’d be ashamed. You belong in the kitchen where there’s a bowl full of lentils. When we return, they must be sorted, and take care that we don’t find a bad one among them. Otherwise, you know what will happen to you.”

After that the stepsisters left, and Cinderella stood there and looked after them, and when she could no longer see them, she went sadly into the kitchen and shook the lentils on to the hearth, and they formed a very large pile.

“Oh,” she sighed and said, “I’ll have to sort them until midnight, and I won’t be able to shut my eyes no matter how much they may hurt. If my mother knew about this!”

Then she knelt down in the ashes in front of the hearth and wanted to begin sorting. All at once two white pigeons flew through the window and landed next to the lentils on the hearth. They nodded with their little heads and said, "Cinderella, would you like us to help you sort the lentils?"

"Yes," answered Cinderella:

"The good ones for the little pot,
the bad ones for your little crop."

And peck, peck! Peck, peck! They began and ate the bad ones and let the good ones remain. And in a quarter of an hour the lentils were so clean that there was not a bad one among them, and Cinderella could smooth them out in the little pot. Now the pigeons said to her, "Cinderella, if you want to see your sisters dance with the prince, then climb up to the pigeon coop."

Cinderella followed them and climbed to the top of the ladder of the pigeon coop and could see the ballroom from there. Indeed, she could see her sisters dance with the prince, and a thousand chandeliers glittered and glistened before her eyes. And after she had seen enough, she climbed down the ladder. Her heart was heavy, and she laid herself down in the ashes and fell asleep.

The next morning the two sisters went into the kitchen, and when they saw that Cinderella had cleanly sorted the lentils, they were angry because they would have liked to have scolded her. Since they couldn't do that, they began to tell her about the ball and said, "Cinderella, that was so much fun, especially the dance. The prince, who's the most handsome in the world, led us out onto the dance floor, and one of us will become his bride."

"Yes," Cinderella said. "I saw the chandeliers glimmer. That must have been splendid."

"What! How did you manage that?" the eldest sister asked.

"I climbed up to the pigeon coop."

When the sister heard this, she was filled with jealousy, and she immediately ordered the pigeon coop to be torn down.

Now Cinderella had to comb and clean again, and the youngest sister, who had a little sympathy in her heart, said, "Cinderella, when it turns dark, you can go to the ball and look in through the windows."

“No,” said the eldest. “That will only make her lazy. Here’s a sack of sweet peas, Cinderella. Sort the good from the bad and work hard. If you don’t have them sorted cleanly by tomorrow, then I’ll spill them all into the ashes, and you’ll have to starve until you’ve fished them out of the ashes.”

Cinderella sat down on the hearth in distress and poured the peas out of the sack. Then the pigeons flew into the kitchen once again and asked in a friendly way: “Cinderella, do you want us to sort the peas?”

“Yes.”

“The good ones for the little pot,
the bad ones for your little crop.”

Peck, peck! Peck, peck! It all went so quickly as if twelve hands were there. And when they were finished, the pigeons said: “Cinderella, do you want to go and dance at the ball?”

“Oh, my God!” she cried out. “But how can I go there in my dirty clothes?”

“Go to the little tree on your mother’s grave. Shake it and wish for clothes. However, you must return before midnight.”

So, Cinderella went to the grave, shook the little tree, and spoke:

“Shake and wobble, little tree!
Let beautiful clothes fall down to me.”

No sooner had she said all this than a splendid dress lay right before her along with pearls, silk stockings, silver slippers, and everything else that belonged to her outfit. Cinderella carried everything into the house, and after she had washed herself and dressed herself, she was as beautiful as a rose washed by the dew. And when she stepped outside, a carriage stood there drawn by six black horses adorned with feathers. There were also servants, dressed in blue and silver, who helped her inside. Then off they galloped to the king’s castle.

When the prince saw the carriage come to a halt before the gate, he thought that a strange princess from afar had come traveling to the ball. So he himself went down the stairs, helped Cinderella out of the carriage, and led her into the ballroom. And when the glitter of the four thousand

chandeliers fell upon her, she was so beautiful that everyone there was amazed, and the sisters also stood there and were annoyed that some other young lady was more beautiful than they. However, they didn't think in the least that it might be Cinderella, who was presumably at home in the ashes. Now, the prince danced with Cinderella and showed her royal honor. As he danced, he thought to himself, "I'm supposed to choose a bride, and I know she's the only one for me." On the other hand, Cinderella had lived for such a long time in ashes and sadness, and now she was in splendor and joy. But when midnight came, before the clock struck twelve, she stood up and bowed good-bye. Even though the prince begged and begged, she refused to remain any longer. So the prince led her down the stairs. The carriage was below and waiting for her, and it drove off in splendor as it had come.

When Cinderella arrived home, she went once again to the little tree on her mother's grave.

"Shake and wobble, little tree!

Take these clothes back from me."

Then the tree took the clothes, and Cinderella had her gray smock on again. And she returned to the kitchen with it, put some dust on her face, and laid herself down to sleep.

In the morning the sisters came. They looked morose and kept quiet. Then Cinderella said, "You must have had an enjoyable time last night."

"No, a princess was there, and the prince almost always danced with her. Nobody had ever seen her or knew where she came from."

"Was it perhaps that lady who arrived in the splendid carriage pulled by six black horses?" Cinderella asked.

"How do you know this?"

"As I was standing in the entrance to the house, I saw her drive by."

"In the future stay inside working," said the eldest sister, who looked angrily at Cinderella. "What business do you have to stand in the entrance to the house?"

For a third time Cinderella had to dress up the two sisters, and as a reward they gave her a bowl with peas that she was to sort. "And don't you dare to leave your work!" the eldest daughter cried out to her.

Cinderella thought, "If only my pigeons will return!" And her heart beat anxiously until the pigeons came as they had the previous night and said, "Cinderella, do you want us to sort the peas?"

"Yes."

"The good ones for the little pot,
the bad ones for your little crop."

Once more the pigeons pecked the bad ones out, and once they were finished, they said, "Cinderella, shake the little tree. It will throw down even more beautiful clothes. Go to the ball, but take care that you return before midnight."

Cinderella went to her mother's grave:

"Shake and wobble, little tree!

Let beautiful clothes fall down to me."

Then a dress fell down, and it was even more glorious and splendid than the previous one. It was made out of gold and precious gems. In addition there were golden gusseted stockings and gold slippers. And after Cinderella was completely dressed, she glistened really like the sun at midday. A carriage drawn by six white horses that had plumes on their heads stopped in front of the house, and the servants were dressed in red and gold. When Cinderella arrived, the prince was already on the stairs and led her into the ballroom. And if everyone had been astonished by her beauty the day before, they were even more astounded this evening, and the sisters stood in a corner and were pale with envy. If they had known that it was Cinderella, who was supposed to be at home in the ashes, they would have died of envy.

Now the prince wanted to know who the strange princess was, where she came from, and where she drove off to. So he had people stationed on the road, and they were to pay attention to her whereabouts. Moreover, he had the stairs painted with black pitch so that she wouldn't be able to run so fast. Cinderella danced and danced with the prince and was filled with so much joy that she didn't think about midnight. All of a sudden, as she was in the middle of a dance, she heard the clock begin to strike. She

was reminded of the pigeons' warning and was terrified. So she rushed to the door and flew down the stairs. However, since they were covered with pitch, one of her golden slippers got caught, and Cinderella didn't stop to take it with her out of fear. Indeed, just as she reached the last step of the stairs, the clock struck twelve. Consequently, the carriage and horses disappeared, and Cinderella stood in her gray smock on the dark road. In the meantime, the prince had rushed after her, and he found the golden slipper on the steps. He pulled it from the pitch and carried it with him, but by the time he made it down the stairs, everything had disappeared. Even the people who had stood guard came and said that they had seen nothing.

Cinderella was glad that nothing worse had happened, and she went home. Once there she turned on her dim oil lamp, hung it in the chimney, and laid herself down in the ashes. It didn't take long before the two sisters also returned and called out: "Cinderella, get up and light the way."

Cinderella yawned and pretended that she had been wakened from her sleep. As she showed them the way, she heard one of the sisters say, "God knows who the presumable princess is. If she were only in her grave! The prince danced just with her alone, and after she had gone, he didn't want to remain, and the entire ball came to an end."

"It was really as if all the lights had suddenly been blown out," the other said.

Meanwhile, the prince was thinking, "If everything else has gone wrong for you, now the slipper will help you find your bride." So he had a proclamation announced and declared that whichever maiden's foot fit the golden slipper was to become his wife. But the slipper was much too small for anyone who tried it on. Indeed, many couldn't even slip their foot into the slipper and couldn't have done so even if the single slipper were two. Finally, it was the turn of the two sisters to take the test. They were glad because they had small beautiful feet and believed that it couldn't go wrong for them and that the prince should have gone to them right away.

"Listen," said the mother secretly. "here's a knife, and if the slipper is still too tight for you, then cut off a piece of your foot. It will hurt a bit. But what does that matter? It will soon pass, and one of you will become queen."

So the eldest sister went into the chamber and tried on the slipper. Her toe slipped inside, but her heel was too large. So, she took the knife and cut off a part of her heel until she could force her foot into the slipper. Then she went out of the chamber to the prince, and when he saw that she had the slipper on her foot, he said that she was to be his bride. Then he led her to his carriage and wanted to drive off. However, when he came to the gate, the pigeons were above and called out:

“Looky, look, look
at the shoe that she took.
There’s blood all over, the shoe’s too small.
She’s not the bride that you met at the ball.”

The prince leaned over and saw that blood was spilling out of the slipper, and he realized that he had been deceived. So he brought the false bride back to the house. However, the mother said to her second daughter, “Take the slipper, and if it’s too short for you, then cut off one of your toes.”

So the sister took the slipper into her chamber, and since her foot was too large, she bit her lips and cut off a large part of her toes. Then she quickly slipped her foot into the slipper and came out of her chamber. Since the prince thought she was the right bride, he wanted to drive off with her. However, when he came to the gate, the pigeons called out again:

“Looky, look, look
at the shoe that she took.
There’s blood all over, and the shoe’s too small.
She’s not the bride you met at the ball.”

The prince looked down and saw that the stockings of the bride were colored red and that her blood was streaming out of the slipper. So the prince brought her to her mother and said, “She, too, is not the right bride. But is there another daughter in your house?”

“No,” said the mother, “there’s just a nasty Cinderella. She sits below in the ashes. I’m sure the slipper won’t fit her.”

The mother didn’t want to have her summoned, but the prince demanded that she do so. Therefore, Cinderella was alerted, and when she

heard that the prince was there, she washed her face and hands quickly so that they were fresh and clean. When she entered the room, she curtsied. Then the prince handed her the golden slipper and said, "Try it on! If it fits, you'll become my wife."

So Cinderella took off the heavy shoe from her left foot and put this foot into the golden slipper, and after she pressed a bit, her foot fit as though the slipper had been made for her. And when she stood up, the prince looked at her face and recognized the beautiful princess once again and cried: "This is the right bride!"

The stepmother and the two haughty sisters were horrified and became pale, but the prince led Cinderella away. He helped her into the carriage, and as they drove off through the gate, the pigeons called out:

"Looky, look, look,
there's no blood at all.
The golden shoe's a perfect fit.
She's truly the bride you met at the ball."

22

HOW SOME CHILDREN PLAYED AT SLAUGHTERING

I

In a city named Franecker, located in West Friesland, some young boys and girls between the ages of five and six happened to be playing with one another. They chose one boy to play a butcher, another boy was to be a cook, and a third boy was to be a pig. Then they selected one girl to be a cook and another girl to be her assistant. The assistant was to catch the blood of the pig in a little bowl so they could make sausages. As agreed, the butcher now fell upon the little boy playing the pig, threw him to the ground, and slit his throat open with a knife, while the assistant cook caught the blood in her little bowl.

A councilman was walking nearby and saw this wretched act. He immediately took the butcher boy with him and led him into the house of