

In olden times when wishing still helped one, there  
lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful; and  
the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which  
has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone  
in her face. Close by the king's castle lay a great dark  
forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was  
a well, and when the day was very warm, the king's  
child went out into the forest and sat down by the side  
of the cool fountain; and when she was bored she took  
a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it;  
and this ball was her favorite plaything.