A LITTLE BROTHER took his little sister by the hand and said, "Since our mother died, we've not had one moment of happiness. Our stepmother beats us every day, and when we come near her, she kicks us away with her foot. We get nothing but hard crusts of bread, just leftovers for food, and the dog under the table is better off. At least he gets a good chunk of meat to eat every now and then. Lord have
mercy on us, if our mother only knew! Come, let's go off together into the wide world."

They walked over meadows, fields, and stones the entire day, and when it began to rain, the sister said, "God and our hearts are weeping at the same time."

In the evening they came to a great forest and were so exhausted from their grief, hunger, and long journey that they crept into a hollow tree and fell asleep. When they woke up the next morning, the sun was already high in the sky and warmed the tree with its rays.

"Sister," said the brother, "I'm thirsty. If only I knew where to find a spring, I'd go and have a drink right away. Listen, I think I hear one gurgling."

The brother stood up, took his sister by the hand, and set out to look for the spring. However, the evil stepmother, who was a witch, had noticed that the children had run away. She had gone slinking after them in secret, as witches often slink, and put a curse on all the springs in the forest. So, when they found a spring rushing and leaping over stones, the brother wanted to take a drink, but the sister heard the gurgling spring say, "Whoever drinks of me will be turned into a tiger."

Then the sister exclaimed, "Please, brother, don't drink, or else you'll turn into a wild beast and tear me to pieces!"

Even though he was very thirsty, the brother did not drink. Instead he said, "I'll wait until we reach the next spring."

When they reached the next spring, once again the sister heard what it was babbling. "Whoever drinks of me will be turned into a wolf. WHOEVER drinks of me will be turned into a wolf."

"Brother!" the sister exclaimed. "Please don't drink, or else you'll be turned into a wolf and eat me up."

The brother did not drink and said, "I'll wait until we reach the next spring, but then I must drink no matter what you say. My thirst is much too great."

When they came to the third spring, the sister heard the babbling of the spring. "Whoever drinks of me will be turned into a deer. WHOEVER drinks of me will be turned into a deer."

"Oh, brother!" the sister exclaimed. "Please don't drink, or else you'll be turned into a deer and run away from me."

But the brother, who was already kneeling at the spring, leaned over and drank some of the water. Immediately after a few drops had touched his lips, he lay there in the form of a fawn. The sister began weeping over her poor bewitched brother, sitting sadly at his side, and the little fawn wept too. Finally, the girl said, "Hush, my dear little fawn. I shall never forsake you."

She took off her golden garter and put it around the fawn's neck. Then she pulled up some rushes and wove them into a soft rope, which she attached to the little animal. Afterward she led him onward and deeper into the forest. When they had gone a long, long way, they came to a little house, and the girl looked inside. Since it was empty, she thought, "We might as well stay and live right here. So she looked for leaves and moss and made a soft bed for the fawn. Every morning she went out and gathered roots, berries, and nuts for herself, and for the fawn she brought back tender grass, which he ate out of her hand. This made him content, and he would romp around her in a playful fashion. At night, when the sister was tired and had said her prayers, she would lay her head on the back of the fawn. That was her pillow, and she would fall into a sweet sleep. If only the brother could have regained his human form, it would have been a wonderful life.

For a long time they lived like this, all alone in the wilderness. However, it came to pass that the king of the country held a great hunt in the forest, and soon horns could be heard along with the barking of dogs and the merry cries of the huntsmen. The fawn listened to the sounds and longed very much to be a part of it all.

"Ah," he said to his sister, "let me go and join the hunt. I can't bear it any longer!" He kept pleading until she gave her consent.

"But make sure you're back here by evening," she said to him. "I'm going to lock the door to keep the brutal hunters out, and when you return, I want you to knock on the door and say, 'My little sister, let me in.' That way I'll recognize you. If you don't say this, I won't open the door."

Then the fawn ran off, glad and merry to be out in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature and set out in pursuit, but they could not catch up with him. Whenever they thought they had him for sure, he would burst through the bushes and disappear. When it got dark, he ran back to the little house, knocked, and said, "My little sister, let me in."

The little door was opened for him, and he jumped inside. Then he rested the entire night on his bed. The next morning the hunt began anew, and when the fawn heard the horn again and the "Tallyho!" of the huntsmen, he became very restless and said, "Sister, open the door. I must be off!"

The sister opened the door for him and said, "Remember, you must be back by evening and say the passwords."

When the king and his huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar once more, they all pursued him, but he was still too swift and nimble for them. All day long they chased him, but finally by evening they had surrounded him. Then one huntsman wounded him slightly on his foot, and as the fawn slowly ran away he was limping. This allowed a huntsman to trail him all the way to the house, and he heard the fawn cry out, "My little sister, let me in." He watched the door open and close quickly and took note of all that happened. Then the
to run away in the first place, thought that the sister had been torn to pieces by wild beasts and that the brother, as a fawn, had been shot to death by huntsmen. When she learned instead how happy they were and how well everything was going for them, jealousy and resentment stirred in her heart and gave her no peace. Her one and only thought now was to find a way to bring about their misfortune again. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as sin and had only one eye, reproached her by saying, “I’m the one who should be queen! Why don’t I have any luck?”

“Just be quiet!” said the old woman, who gave her reason to be satisfied. “When the right time comes, I’ll know what to do.”

Finally, the right time came: the queen gave birth one day to a baby boy while the king was out hunting. So the old witch assumed the form of the chambermaid, went into the room where the queen was lying, and said to the convalescent, “Come, your bath is ready. It will make you feel better and give you fresh strength. Quick, before it gets cold.”

The witch’s daughter had come too. Together they carried the frail queen into the bathroom, put her into the tub, locked the door, and ran away, for they had made such a terrible fire in the bathroom that the queen was soon suffocated to death.

When that was done, the old woman took her daughter, put a nightcap on her, and laid her in bed in place of the queen. She also gave her the shape and features of the queen. However, she could not replace the eye that the daughter had lost. Therefore, the daughter had to lie on the side where she had no eye. That way the king would not notice anything amiss. In the evening, when he returned home and heard his wife had given birth to a baby boy, he was very happy and wanted to go to his dear wife’s bedside and see how she was doing. But the old woman cried out quickly, “For goodness sake, keep the curtains closed! The queen must not be exposed to light. She needs peace and quiet.”

The king stepped back and was thus prevented from discovering the false queen lying in the bed. However, at midnight, when everyone was asleep except the nurse, who was sitting by the cradle in the nursery and watching over the baby all by herself, the door opened, and the true queen entered. She lifted the baby out of the cradle, took him in her arms, and suckled him. Then she puffed up his little pillow, put him back in the cradle, and covered him with a little blanket. Nor did she forget the fawn. She went to the corner where he was lying and stroked his back. Then she silently left the room, and when morning came, the nurse asked the guards whether they had seen anyone enter the castle during the night.

“No, we didn’t see a soul,” they replied.

Thereafter the queen came many nights and never uttered a word. The nurse always saw her, but she did not dare tell anyone about it.
After some time had passed, the queen began to speak, and one night she said:

“How’s my child? How’s my fawn? 
Twice more I’ll come, then I’ll be gone.”

The nurse did not answer her, but when the queen disappeared, she went to the king and told him everything.
“Oh, God!” he exclaimed. “What’s going on? Tonight I’ll keep watch over the child myself.”
In the evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the queen reappeared and said:

“How’s my child? How’s my fawn? 
Once more I’ll come, then I’ll be gone.”

She nursed the child as she usually did and then disappeared. The king did not dare to speak to her, but he kept watch the following night as well. Once again she said:

“How’s my child? How’s my fawn? 
There’s no more time. Soon I’ll be gone.”

The king could no longer restrain himself. He sprang forward and said, “You can be no one else but my dear wife!”
At that very moment life was restored to her by the grace of God. Indeed, she was alive and well, and the rosy color came back to her cheeks. She then told the king how the evil witch and her daughter had committed cruel crimes against her. So the king had them led before the court, and they received their sentences. The daughter was taken into the forest, where wild beasts tore her to pieces, while the witch was thrown into a fire and miserably burned to death. When there was nothing left of her but ashes, the fawn was transformed and regained his human form. From then on sister and brother lived happily until the end of their days.
When their parents had fallen asleep, Hansel put on his little jacket, opened the bottom half of the door, and crept outside. The moon was shining very brightly, and the white pebbles glittered in front of the house like pure silver coins. Hansel stooped down to the ground and stuffed his pocket with as many pebbles as he could fit in. Then he went back and said to Gretel, “Don’t worry, my dear little sister. Just sleep in peace. God will not forsake us.” And he lay down again in his bed.

At dawn, even before the sun began to rise, the woman came and woke the two children: “Get up, you lazybones! We’re going into the forest to fetch some wood.” Then she gave each one of them a piece of bread and said, “Now you have something for your noonday meal, but don’t eat it before then because you’re not getting anything else.”

Gretel put the bread under her apron because Hansel had the pebbles in his pocket. Then they all set out together toward the forest. After they had walked a while, Hansel stopped and looked back at the house. He did this time and again until his father said, “Hansel, what are you looking at there? Why are you dawdling? Pay attention, and don’t forget how to use your legs!”

“Oh, Father,” said Hansel, “I’m looking at my little white cat that’s sitting up on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me.”

“You fool,” the mother said. “That’s not a cat. It’s the morning sun shining on the chimney.”

But Hansel had not been looking at the cat. Instead, he had been taking the shiny pebbles from his pocket and constantly dropping them on the ground. When they reached the middle of the forest, the father said, “Children, I want you to gather some wood. I’m going to make a fire so you won’t get cold.”

Hansel and Gretel gathered together some brushwood and built quite a nice little pile. The brushwood was soon kindled, and when the fire was ablaze, the woman said, “Now, children, lie down by the fire, and rest yourselves. We’re going into the forest to chop wood. When we’re finished, we’ll come back and get you.”

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when noon came, they ate their pieces of bread. Since they heard the sounds of the ax, they thought their father was nearby. But it was not the ax. Rather, it was a branch that he had tied to a dead tree, and the wind was banging it back and forth. After they had been sitting there for a long time, they became so weary that their eyes closed, and they fell sound asleep. By the time they finally awoke, it was already pitch black, and Gretel began to cry and said, “How are we going to get out of the forest?”

But Hansel comforted her by saying, “Just wait awhile until the moon has risen. Then we’ll find the way.”

And when the full moon had risen, Hansel took his little sister by the hand and followed the pebbles that glittered like newly minted
silver coins and showed them the way. They walked the whole night long and arrived back at their father’s house at break of day. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw it was Hansel and Gretel, she said, “You wicked children, why did you sleep so long in the forest? We thought you’d never come back again.”

But the father was delighted because he had been deeply troubled by the way he had abandoned them in the forest.

Not long after that the entire country was once again ravaged by famine, and one night the children heard their mother talking to their father in bed. “Everything’s been eaten up again. We only have half a loaf of bread, but after it’s gone, that will be the end of our food. The children must leave. This time we’ll take them even farther into the forest so they won’t find their way back home again. Otherwise, there’s no hope for us.”

All this saddened the father, and he thought, It’d be much better to share your last bite to eat with your children. But the woman would not listen to anything he said. She just scolded and reproached him. Once you’ve given a hand, people will take your arm, and since he had given in the first time, he also had to yield a second time.

However, the children were still awake and had overheard their conversation. When their parents had fallen asleep, Hansel got up, intending to go out and gather pebbles as he had done the time before, but the woman had locked the door, and Hansel could not get out. Nevertheless, he comforted his little sister and said, “Don’t cry, Gretel. Just sleep in peace. The dear Lord is bound to help us.”

Early the next morning the woman came and got the children out of bed. They each received little pieces of bread, but they were smaller than the last time. On the way into the forest Hansel crumbled the bread in his pocket and stopped as often as he could to throw the crumbs on the ground.

“Hansel, why are you always stopping and looking around?” asked the father. “Keep going!”

“I’m looking at my little pigeon that’s sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me,” Hansel answered.

“Fool!” the woman said. “That’s not your little pigeon. It’s the morning sun shining on the chimney.”

But little by little Hansel managed to scatter all the bread crumbs on the path. The woman led the children even deeper into the forest until they came to a spot they had never in their lives seen before. Once again a large fire was made, and the mother said, “Just keep sitting here, children. If you get tired, you can sleep a little. We’re going into the forest to chop wood, and in the evening, when we’re done, we’ll come and get you.”

When noon came, Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had scattered his along the way. Then they fell asleep, and evening passed, but no one came for the poor children. Only when it was pitch black did they finally wake up, and Hansel comforted his little sister by saying, “Just wait until the moon has risen, Gretel. Then we’ll see the little bread crumbs that I scattered. They’ll show us the way back home.”

When the moon rose, they set out but could not find the crumbs, because the many thousands of birds that fly about in the forest and fields had devoured them.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find the way,” Hansel said to Gretel, but they could not find it. They walked the entire night and all the next day as well, from morning till night, but they did not get out of the forest. They were now also very hungry, for they had had nothing to eat except some berries that they had found growing on the ground. Eventually they became so tired that their legs would no longer carry them, and they lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father’s house. They began walking again, and they kept going deeper and deeper into the forest. If help did not arrive soon, they were bound to perish of hunger and exhaustion. At noon they saw a beautiful bird as white as snow sitting on a branch. It sang with such a lovely voice that the children stood still and listened to it. When the bird finished its song, it flapped its wings and flew ahead of them. They followed it until they came to a little house that was made of bread. Moreover, it had cake for a roof and pure sugar for window.

“What a blessed meal!” said Hansel. “Let’s have a taste. I want to eat a piece of the roof, Gretel, you can have some of the window, since it’s sweet.”

Hansel reached up high and broke off a piece of the roof to see how it tasted, and Gretel leaned against the windowpane and nibbled on it. Then they heard a shrill voice cry out from inside:

“Nibble, nibble, I hear a mouse. Who’s that nibbling at my house?”

The children answered:

“The wind, the wind; it’s very mild, blowing like the Heavenly Child.”

And they did not bother to stop eating or let themselves be distracted. Since the roof tasted so good, Hansel ripped off a large piece and pulled it down, while Gretel pushed out a round piece of the windowpane, sat down, and ate it with great relish. Suddenly the door opened, and a very old woman leaning on a crutch came shinking out of the house. Hansel and Gretel were so tremendously frightened
that they dropped what they had in their hands. But the old woman
wagged her head and said, "Well now, dear children, who brought
you here? Just come inside and stay with me. Nobody's going to
harm you."

She took them both by the hand and led them into her house. Then
she served them a good meal of milk and pancakes with sugar and
apples and nuts. Afterward she made up two little beds with white
sheets, whereupon Hansel and Gretel lay down in them and thought
they were in heaven.

The old woman, however, had only pretended to be friendly. She
was really a wicked witch on the lookout for children, and had built
the house made of bread only to lure them to her. As soon as she had
any children in her power, she would kill, cook, and eat them. It
would be like a feast day for her. Now, witches have red eyes and
cannot see very far, but they have a keen sense of smell, like animals,
and can detect when human beings are near them. Therefore, when
Hansel and Gretel had come into her vicinity, she had laughed wickedly
and scoffed, "They're mine! They'll never get away from me!"

Early the next morning, before the children were awake, she got up
and looked at the two of them sleeping so sweetly with full rosy
cheeks. Then she muttered to herself, "They'll certainly make for a
tasty meal!"

She seized Hansel with her scrawny hands and carried him into a
small pen, where she locked him up behind a grilled door. No matter
how much he screamed, it did not help. Then she went back to
Gretel, shook her until she woke up, and yelled, "Get up, you
lazybones! I want you to fetch some water and cook your brother
something nice. He's sitting outside in a pen, and we've got to fatten
him up. Then, when he's fat enough, I'm going to eat him."

Gretel began to weep bitter tears, but they were all in vain. She had
to do what the wicked witch demanded. So the very best food was
cooked for poor Hansel, while Gretel got nothing but crab shells.
Every morning the old woman went slinking to the little pen and
called out, "Hansel, stick out your finger so I can feel how fat you
are."

However, Hansel stuck out a little bone, and since the old woman
had poor eyesight, she thought the bone was Hansel's finger. She was
puzzled that Hansel did not get any fatter, and when a month had
gone by and Hansel still seemed to be thin, she was overcome by her
impatience and decided not to wait any longer.

"Hey there, Gretel!" she called to the little girl. "Get a move on and
fetch some water! I don't care whether Hansel's fat or thin. He's going
to be slaughtered tomorrow, and then I'll cook him."

Oh, how the poor little sister wailed as she was carrying the water,
and how the tears streamed down her cheeks!

"Dear God, help us!" she exclaimed. "If only the wild beasts had
eaten us in the forest, then we could have at least died together!"

Early the next morning Gretel had to go out, hang up a kettle full
of water, and light the fire.

"First we'll bake," the old woman said. "I've already heated the
oven and kneaded the dough." She pushed poor Gretel out to the
oven, where the flames were leaping from the fire. "Crawl inside,"
said the witch, "and see if it's properly heated so we can slide the
bread in."

The witch intended to close the oven door once Gretel had climbed
inside, for the witch wanted to bake her and eat her too. But Gretel
sensed what she had in mind and said, "I don't know how to do it.
How do I get in?"

"You stupid goose," the old woman said. "The opening's large
enough. Watch, even I can get in!"

She waddled up to the oven and stuck her head through the oven
door. Then Gretel gave her a push that sent her flying inside and shut
the iron door and bolted it. WHERE! The witch began to howl
dreadfully, but Gretel ran away, and the godless witch was miserably
burned to death.

Meanwhile, Gretel ran straight to Hansel, opened the pen, and cried
out, "Hansel, we're saved! The old witch is dead!"

Then Hansel jumped out of the pen like a bird that hops out of a
cage when the door is opened. My how happy they were! They
hugged each other, danced around, and kissed. Since they no longer
had anything to fear, they went into the witch's house, and there they
found chests filled with pearls and jewels all over the place.

"They're certainly much better than pebbles," said Hansel, and he
put whatever he could fit into his pockets, and Gretel said, "I'm going
to carry some home too," and she filled her apron full of jewels and
pears.

"We'd better be on our way now," said Hansel, "so we can get out
of the witch's forest."

When they had walked for a few hours, they reached a large river.
"We can't get across," said Hansel. "I don't see a bridge or any way
over it."

"There are no boats either," Gretel responded, "but there's a white
duck swimming over there. It's bound to help us across if I ask it."

Then she cried out:

"Help us, help us, little duck!
We're Hansel and Gretel, out of luck.
We can't get over, try as we may.
Please take us across right away!"
The little duck came swimming up to them, and Hansel got on top of its back and told his sister to sit down beside him.

"No," Gretel answered. "That will be too heavy for the little duck. Let it carry us across one at a time."

The kind little duck did just that, and when they were safely across and had walked on for some time, the forest became more and more familiar to them, and finally they caught sight of their father's house from afar. They began to run at once, and soon rushed into the house and threw themselves around their father's neck. The man had not had a single happy hour since he had abandoned his children in the forest, and in the meantime his wife had died. Gretel opened and shook out her apron so that the pearls and jewels bounced about the room, and Hansel added to this by throwing one handful after another from his pocket. Now all their troubles were over, and they lived together in utmost joy.

My tale is done. See the mouse run. Catch it, whoever can, and then you can make a great big cap out of its fur.

The Juniper Tree

All this took place a long time ago, most likely some two thousand years ago. There was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife, and they loved each other very much. Though they did not have any children, they longed to have some. Day and night the wife prayed for a child, but still none came, and everything remained the same.

Now, in the front of the house there was a yard, and in the yard stood a juniper tree. One day during winter the wife was under the tree peeling an apple, and as she was peeling it, she cut her finger and her blood dripped on the snow.

"Oh," said the wife, and she heaved a great sigh. While she looked at the blood before her, she became quite sad. "If only I had a child as red as blood and as white as snow!" Upon saying that, her mood changed, and she became very cheerful, for she felt something might come of it. Then she went home.

After a month the snow vanished. After two months everything turned green. After three months the flowers sprouted from the ground. After four months all the trees in the woods grew more solid, and the green branches became intertwined. The birds began to sing, and their song resounded throughout the forest as the blossoms fell from the trees. Soon the fifth month passed, and when the wife stood under the juniper tree, it smelled so sweetly that her heart leapt for
joy. Indeed, she was so overcome by joy that she fell down on her knees. When the sixth month had passed, the fruit was large and firm, and she was quite still. In the seventh month she picked the juniper berries and ate them so avidly that she became sad and sick. After the eighth month passed, she called her husband to her and wept.

"If I die," she said, "bury me under the juniper tree."

After that she was quite content and relieved until the ninth month had passed. Then she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood. When she saw the baby, she was so delighted that she died.

Her husband buried her under the juniper tree, and he began weeping a great deal. After some time he felt much better, but he still wept every now and then. Eventually, he stopped, and after more time passed, he took another wife. With his second wife he had a daughter, while the child from the first wife was a little boy, who was as red as blood and as white as snow. Whenever the woman looked at her daughter, she felt great love for her, but whenever she looked at the little boy, her heart was cut to the quick. She could not forget that he would always stand in her way and prevent her daughter from inheriting everything, which was what the woman had in mind. Thus the devil took hold of her and influenced her feelings toward the boy until she became quite cruel toward him: she pushed him from one place to the next, slapped him here and cuffed him there, so that the poor child lived in constant fear. When he came home from school, he found no peace at all.

One time the woman went up to her room, and her little daughter followed her and said, "Mother, give me an apple."

"Yes, my child," said the woman, and she gave her a beautiful apple from the chest that had a large heavy lid with a big, sharp iron lock.

"Mother," said the little daughter, "shouldn't brother get one too?"

The woman was irritated by that remark, but she said, "Yes, as soon as he comes home from school." And, when she looked out of the window and saw he was coming, the devil seemed to take possession of her, and she snatched the apple away from her daughter.

"You shan't have one before your brother," she said and threw the apple into the chest and shut it.

The little boy came through the door, and the devil compelled her to be friendly to him and say, "Would you like to have an apple, my son?" Yet, she gave him a fierce look.

"Mother," said the little boy, "how ferocious you look! Yes, give me an apple."

Then she felt compelled to coax him.

"Come over here," she said as she lifted the lid. "Take out an apple for yourself."

And as the little boy leaned over the chest, the devil prompted her, and crash! She slammed the lid so hard that his head flew off and fell among the apples. Then she was struck by fear and thought, How am I going to get out of this? She went up to her room and straight to her dresser, where she took out a white kerchief from a drawer. She put the boy's head back on his neck and tied the kerchief around it so nothing could be seen. Then she set him on a chair in front of the door and put the apple in his hand.

Some time later little Marlene came into the kitchen and went up to her mother, who was standing by the fire in front of a pot of hot water, which she was constantly stirring.

"Mother," said Marlene, "brother's sitting by the door and looks very pale. He's got an apple in his hand, and I asked him to give me the apple, but he didn't answer, and I became very scared."

"Go back to him," said the mother, "and if he doesn't answer you, give him a box on the ear."

Little Marlene returned to him and said, "Brother, give me the apple."

But he would not respond. So she gave him a box on the ear, and his head fell off. The little girl was so frightened that she began to cry and howl. Then she ran to her mother and said, "Oh, Mother, I've knocked my brother's head off!" And she wept and wept and could not be comforted.

"Marlene," said the mother. "What have you done? You're not to open your mouth about this. We don't want anyone to know, and besides there's nothing we can do about it now. So we'll make a stew out of him."

The mother took the little boy and chopped him into pieces. Next she put them into a pot and let them stew. But Marlene stood nearby and wept until all her tears fell into the pot, so it did not need any salt.

When the father came home, he sat down at the table and asked, "Where's my son?"

The mother served a huge portion of the stewed meat, and Marlene wept and could not stop.

"Where's my son?" the father asked again.

"Oh," said the mother, "he's gone off into the country to visit his mother's great uncle. He intends to stay there awhile."

"What's he going to do there? He didn't even say good-bye to me."

"Well, he wanted to go very badly and asked me if he could stay there six weeks. They'll take good care of him."

"Oh, that makes me sad," said the man. "It's not right. He should have said good-bye to me." Then he began to eat and said, "Marlene, what are you crying for? Your brother will come back soon."

Without pausing he said, "Oh, wife, the food tastes great! Give me some
The more he ate, the more he wanted. "Give me some more," he said. "I'm not going to share this with you. Somehow I feel as if it were all mine."

As he ate and ate he threw the bones under the table until he was all done. Meanwhile, Marlene went to her dresser and took out her best silk kerchief from the bottom drawer, gathered all the bones from beneath the table, tied them up in her silk kerchief, and carried them outside the door. There she wept

bitter tears and laid the bones beneath the juniper tree. As she put them there, she suddenly felt relieved and stopped crying. Now the juniper tree began to move. The branches separated and came together again as though they were clapping

their hands in joy. At the same time smoke came out of the tree, and in the middle of the smoke there was a flame that seemed to be burning. Then a beautiful bird flew out of the fire and began singing magnificently. He soared high in the air, and after he vanished, the juniper tree was as it was before. Yet, the silk kerchief was gone. Marlene was very happy and gay. It was as if her brother were still alive, and she went merrily back into the house, sat down at the table, and ate.

Meanwhile, the bird flew away, landed on a goldsmith's house, and began to sing:

"My mother, she killed me.
My father, he ate me.
My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see
my bones were all gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be,
and laid beneath the juniper tree.
Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

The goldsmith was sitting in his workshop making a golden chain. When he heard the bird singing on his roof, he thought it was very beautiful. Then he stood up, and as he walked across the threshold, he lost a slipper. Still, he kept on going, right into the middle of the street with only one sock and a slipper on. He was also wearing his apron, and in one of his hands he held the golden chain, in the other his tongs. The sun was shining brightly on the street as he walked, and then he stopped to get a look at the bird.

"Bird," he said, "how beautifully you sing! Sing me that song again."
"No," said the bird, "I never sing twice for nothing. Give me the golden chain, and I'll sing it for you again."
"All right," said the goldsmith. "Here's the golden chain. Now sing the song again."

The bird swooped down, took the golden chain in his right claw, went up to the goldsmith, and began singing:

"My mother, she killed me.
My father, he ate me.
My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see
my bones were all gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be,
and laid beneath the juniper tree.
Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

Then the bird flew off to a shoemaker, landed on his roof, and sang:
"My mother, she killed me.
My father, he ate me.
My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see
my bones were gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be,
and laid beneath the juniper tree.
Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

When the shoemaker heard the song, he ran to the door in his shirt sleeves and looked up at the roof, keeping his hand over his eyes to protect them from the bright sun.

"Bird," he said. "How beautifully you sing!" Then he called into the house, "Wife, come out here for a second! There's a bird up there. Just look. How beautifully he sings!" Then he called his daughter and her children, and the journeymen, apprentices, and maid. They all came running out into the street and looked at the bird and saw how beautiful he was. He had bright red and green feathers, and his neck appeared to glister like pure gold, while his eyes sparkled in his head like stars.

"Bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that song again."

"No," said the bird. "I never sing twice for nothing. You'll have to give me a present."

"Wife," said the man, "go into the shop. There's a pair of red shoes on the top shelf. Get them for me."

His wife went and fetched the shoes.

"There," said the man. "Now sing the song again."

The bird swooped down, took the shoes in his left claw, flew back up on the roof, and sang:

"My mother, she killed me.
My father, he ate me.
My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see
my bones were all gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be,
and laid beneath the juniper tree.
Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

When the bird finished the song, he flew away. He had the chain in his right claw and the shoes in his left, and he flew far away to a mill. The mill went dicky-clack, dicky-clack, dicky-clack. The miller had twenty men sitting in the mill, and they were hewing a stone. Their chisels went click-clack, click-clack, click-clack. And the mill kept going dicky-clack, dicky-clack, dicky-clack. The bird swooped down and landed on a linden tree outside the mill and sang:

"My mother, she killed me."

Then one of the men stopped working.

"My father, he ate me."

Then two more stopped and listened.

"My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see."

Then four more stopped.

"My bones were all gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be."

Now only eight kept chiseling.

"And laid beneath ..."

Now only five.

"... the juniper tree."

Now only one.

"Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

Then the last one also stopped and listened to the final words.

"Bird, how beautifully you sing! Let me hear that too. Sing your song again for me."

"No," said the bird. "I never sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, and I'll sing the song again."

"I would if I could," he said. "But the millstone doesn't belong to me alone."

"If he sings again," said the others, "he can have it."

Then the bird swooped down, and all twenty of the miller's men took beams to lift the stone. "Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Heave-ho!" Then the bird stuck his neck through the hole, put the stone on like a collar, flew back to the tree, and sang:

"My mother, she killed me.
My father, he ate me.
My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see
my bones were all gathered together,
bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be,
and laid beneath the juniper tree.
Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"
When the bird finished his song, he spread his wings, and in his right claw he had the chain, in his left the shoes, and around his neck the millstone. Then he flew away to his father's house.

The father, mother, and Marlene were sitting at the table in the parlor, and the father said, "Oh, how happy I am! I just feel so wonderful!"

"Not me," said the mother. "I feel scared as if a storm were about to erupt."

Meanwhile, Marlene just sat there and kept weeping. Then the bird flew up, and when he landed on the roof, the father said, "Oh, I'm in such good spirits. The sun's shining so brightly outside, and I feel as though I were going to see an old friend again."

"Not me," said his wife. "I'm so frightened that my teeth are chattering. I feel as if fire were running through my veins."

She tore open her bodice, while Marlene sat in a corner and kept weeping. She had her handkerchief in front of her eyes and wept until it was completely soaked with her tears. The bird swooped down on the juniper tree, where he perched on a branch and began singing:

"My mother, she killed me."

The mother stopped her ears, shut her eyes, and tried not to see or hear anything, but there was a roaring in her ears like a turbulent storm, and her eyes burned and flashed like lightning.

"My father, he ate me."

"Oh, Mother," said the man, "listen to that beautiful bird singing so gloriously! The sun's so warm, and it smells like cinnamon."

"My sister, Marlene, made sure to see."

Then Marlene laid her head on her knees and wept and wept, but the man said, "I'm going outside. I must see the bird close up."

"Oh, don't go!" said the wife. "I feel as if the whole house were shaking and about to go up in flames!"

Nevertheless, the man went out and looked at the bird.

"My bones were all gathered together, bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be, and laid beneath the juniper tree. Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

After ending his song, the bird dropped the golden chain, and it fell around the man's neck just right, so that it fit him perfectly. Then he went inside and said, "Just look how lovely that bird is! He gave me this beautiful golden chain, and he's as beautiful as well!"

But the woman was petrified and fell to the floor. Her cap slipped off her head, and the bird sang again:

"My mother, she killed me."

"Oh, I wish I were a thousand feet beneath the earth so I wouldn't have to hear this!"

"My father, he ate me."

Then the woman fell down again as if she were dead.

"My sister, Marlene, she made sure to see."

"Oh," said Marlene, "I want to go outside too and see if the bird will give me something." Then she went out.

"My bones were all gathered together, bound nicely in silk, as neat as can be."

Then the bird threw her the shoes.

"And laid them beneath the juniper tree. Tweet, tweet! What a lovely bird I am!"

Marlene felt gay and happy. She put on the new red shoes and danced and skipped back into the house.

"Oh," she said, "I was so sad when I went out, and now I feel so cheerful. That certainly is a splendid bird. He gave me a pair of red shoes as a gift."

"Not me," said the wife, who jumped up, and her hair flared up like red-hot flames. "I feel as if the world were coming to an end. Maybe I'd feel better if I went outside."

As she went out the door, crash! the bird threw the millstone down on her head, and she was crushed to death. The father and Marlene heard the crash and went outside. Smoke, flames, and fire were rising from the spot, and when it was over, the little brother was standing there. He took his father and Marlene by the hand, and all three were very happy. Then they went into the house, sat down at the table, and ate.
Now the forester had an old cook, and one evening she took two buckets and began fetching water. But she did not go to the well simply one time but many times. When Lena saw this, she asked, "Tell me, old Sanna, why are you fetching so much water?"

"If you promise to keep quiet, I'll let you in on my secret."

Lena of course replied that she would not tell a soul. Then the cook said, "Early tomorrow morning, when the forester goes out hunting, I'm going to heat some water over the fire, and when it's boiling, I'm going to throw Foundling in and cook him."

Early the next morning the forester got up to go out hunting, and when he had gone, the children were still in bed. Then Lena said to Foundling, "If you won't forsake me, I won't forsake you."

"Never ever," said Foundling.

"Well then, I'm going to tell you something," said Lena. "Last night old Sanna was fetching many buckets of water into the house, and I asked her why she was doing that. She said that if I wouldn't tell a soul, she'd let me in on her secret. I promised her not to tell a living soul. Then she said that early this morning, when my father goes out hunting, she would boil a kettle full of water, throw you in, and cook you. So let's get up quickly, dress ourselves, and go away together."

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ONCE UPON A TIME a forester went out hunting in the forest, and as he entered it, he heard some cries like those of a small child. He followed the sounds and eventually came to a big tree where he saw a little child sitting on the top. The child's mother had fallen asleep with him under the tree, and a hawk had seen the child in her lap. So it had swooped down, carried the child away with its beak, and set him down on top of the tree. The forester climbed the tree and brought the child down, and he thought, You ought to take him home with you and raise him with your little Lena.

So he took the boy home, and the two children grew up together. However, the boy who had been found on top of the tree was called Foundling because he had been carried off by a bird. Foundling and Lena were very fond of each other. In fact, they loved each other so much that they became sad if they were not constantly within sight of each other.
Then the two children got up, dressed themselves quickly, and went away. When the water in the kettle began to boil, the cook went into the bedroom to get Foundling and throw him into the kettle. But as she entered the room and went over to the beds, she saw that the two children were gone and became greatly alarmed.

“What shall I say when the forester comes home and sees that the children are gone?” she said. “I’d better send some people after them to get them back.”

The cook sent three servants to run after them and bring them back. But the children were sitting at the edge of the forest and saw the three servants coming from afar.

“If you won’t forsake me, I won’t forsake you,” said Lena.

“Never ever,” said Foundling.

“Then change yourself into a rosebush, and I’ll be the rose on it,” said Lena.

When the three servants reached the edge of the forest, they saw nothing but a rosebush with a little rose on it. The children were nowhere to be seen.

“There’s nothing doing here,” they said, and they went home, where they told the cook they had seen nothing but a rosebush with a rose on it. Then the cook scolded them. “You blockheads! You should have cut the rosebush in two, plucked the rose, and brought it back with you. Now go quickly and do it!”

So they had to set out once more and look for the children. But when the children saw them coming from afar, Lena said, “If you won’t forsake me, I won’t forsake you.”

“Never ever,” said Foundling.

“Then change yourself into a church, and I’ll be the chandelier hanging in it,” Lena said.

When the three servants arrived at the spot, there was nothing but a church and a chandelier inside.

“What’s there to do here? Let’s go home.”

When they got home, the cook asked whether they had found anything. They said no. They had found nothing but a church with a chandelier inside.

“You fools!” the cook scolded. “Why didn’t you destroy the church and bring back the chandelier?”

This time the old cook herself set out on foot and pursued the children with the three servants. But the children saw the three servants coming from afar and also the cook, who was waddling behind them.

“Foundling,” said Lena. “If you won’t forsake me, I won’t forsake you.”

“Never ever,” said Foundling.

“Then change yourself into a pond,” said Lena. “And I’ll be the duck swimming on it.”

When the cook arrived and saw the pond, she lay down beside it and began to drink it up. However, the duck quickly swam over, grabbed her head in its beak, and dragged her into the water. The old witch was thus drowned, and the children went home together. They were very happy, and if they have not died, they are still alive.
Snow White

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the middle of winter, when snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a queen was sitting and sewing at a window with a black ebony frame. And as she was sewing and looking out the window, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. The red looked so beautiful on the white snow that she thought to herself, If only I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window frame!

Soon after she gave birth to a little daughter who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony. Accordingly, the child was called Snow White, and right after she was born, the queen died. When a year had passed, the king married another woman, who was beautiful but proud and haughty, and she could not tolerate anyone else who might rival her beauty. She had a magic mirror and often she stood in front of it, looked at herself, and said:

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?”

Then the mirror would answer:

“You, my queen, are the fairest of all.”

That reply would make her content, for she knew the mirror always told the truth.

In the meantime, Snow White grew up and became more and more beautiful. By the time she was seven years old, she was as beautiful as the day is clear and more beautiful than the queen herself. One day when the queen asked her mirror:

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?”

The mirror answered:

“You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Snow White is a thousand times more fair.”

The queen shuddered and became yellow and green with envy. From that hour on, her hate for the girl was so great that her heart throbbed and turned in her breast each time she saw Snow White. Like weeds, the envy and arrogance grew so dense in her heart that she no longer had any peace, day or night. Finally, she summoned a huntsman and said, “Take the child out into the forest. I never want to lay eyes on her again. You are to kill her and to bring me back her lungs and liver as proof of your deed.”

The huntsman obeyed and led Snow White out into the forest, but when he drew his hunting knife and was about to stab Snow White’s innocent heart, she began to weep and said, “Oh, dear huntsman, spare my life, and I’ll run into the wild forest and never come home again.”

Since she was so beautiful, the huntsman took pity on her and said, “You’re free to go, my poor child!” Then he thought, The wild beasts will soon eat you up. Nevertheless, he felt as if a great weight had been lifted off his mind, because he did not have to kill her. Just then a young boar came dashing by, and the huntsman stabbed it to death. He took out the lungs and liver and brought them to the queen as proof that the child was dead. The cook was ordered to boil them in salt, and the wicked woman ate them and thought that she had eaten Snow White’s lungs and liver.

Meanwhile, the poor child was all alone in the huge forest. When she looked at all the leaves on the trees, she was petrified and did not know what to do. Then she began to run, and she ran over sharp stones and through thornbushes. Wild beasts darted by her at times, but they did not harm her. She ran as long as her legs could carry her, and it was almost evening when she saw a little cottage and went inside to rest. Everything was tiny in the cottage and indescribably dainty and neat. There was a little table with a white tablecloth, and on it were seven little plates. Each plate had a tiny spoon next to it, and there were also seven tiny knives and forks and seven tiny cups. In a row against the wall stood seven little beds covered with sheets as white as snow. Since she was so hungry and thirsty, Snow White ate some vegetables and bread from each of the little plates and had a drop of wine to drink out of each of the tiny cups, for she did not want to take everything from just one place. After that she was tired and began trying out the beds, but none of them suited her at first: one was too long, another too short, but at last, she found that the seventh one was just right. So she stayed in that bed, said her prayers, and fell asleep.
When it was completely dark outside, the owners of the cottage returned. They were seven dwarfs who searched in the mountains for minerals with their picks and shovels. They lit their seven little candles, and when it became light in the house, they saw that someone had been there, for none of their things was in the exact same spot in which it had been left.

"Who’s been sitting in my chair?" said the first dwarf.

"Who’s been eating off my plate?" said the second.

"Who’s been eating my bread?" said the third.

"Who’s been eating my vegetables?" said the fourth.

"Who’s been using my fork?" said the fifth.

"Who’s been cutting with my knife?" said the sixth.

"Who’s been drinking from my cup?" said the seventh.

Then the first dwarf looked around and noticed that his bed had been wrinkled and said, "Who’s been sleeping in my bed?"

The others ran over to their beds and cried out, "Someone’s been sleeping in my bed too!"

"Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord!" they exclaimed. "What a beautiful child!"

They were so delirious with joy that they did not wake her up. Instead, they let her sleep in the bed, while the seventh dwarf spent an hour in each one of his companions' beds until the night had passed. In the morning Snow White awoke, and when she saw the seven dwarfs, she was frightened. But they were friendly and asked, "What's your name?"

"My name’s Snow White," she replied.

"What’s brought you to our house?" the dwarfs continued.

She told them how her stepmother had ordered her to be killed, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run all day until she had eventually discovered their cottage.

Then the dwarfs said, "If you'll keep house for us, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and if you'll keep everything neat and orderly, you can stay with us, and we'll provide you with everything you need."

"Yes," agreed Snow White, "with all my heart."

So she stayed with them and kept their house in order. In the morning they went to the mountains to search for minerals and gold. In the evening they returned, and their dinner had to be ready. During the day Snow White was alone, and the good dwarfs made sure to caution her.

"Beware of your stepmother," they said. "She'll soon know that you're here. Don't let anybody in!"

Since the queen believed she had eaten Snow White's liver and lungs, she was totally convinced that she was again the most beautiful woman in the realm. And when she went to her mirror, she said:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
who in this realm is the fairest of all?"

The mirror answered:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare,
but beyond the mountains, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow White is thriving, and this I must tell:
Within this realm she's still a thousand times more fair."

The queen was horrified, for she knew that the mirror never lied, which meant that the huntsman had deceived her and Snow White was still alive. Once more she began plotting ways to kill her. As long as Snow White was the fairest in the realm, the queen's envy would leave her no peace. Finally, she thought up a plan. She painted her face and dressed as an old peddler woman so that nobody could recognize
her. Then she crossed the seven mountains in this disguise and arrived at the cottage of the seven dwarfs, where she knocked at the door and cried out, "Pretty wares for sale! Pretty wares!"

Snow White looked out of the window and called out, "Good day, dear woman, what do you have for sale?"

"Nice and pretty things! Staylaces in all kinds of colors!" she replied and took out a lace woven from silk of many different colors. I can certainly let this honest woman inside, Snow White thought. She unbolted the door and bought the pretty lace.

"My goodness, child! What a sight you are!" said the old woman.

"Come, I'll lace you up properly for once."

Snow White did not suspect anything, so she stood in front of the old woman and let herself be laced with the new staylace. However, the old woman laced her so quickly and so tightly that Snow White lost her breath and fell down as if dead.

"Well, you used to be the fairest in the realm, but not now!" the old woman said and rushed off.

Not long after, at dinnertime, the dwarfs came home, and when they saw their dear Snow White lying on the ground, they were horrified. She neither stirred nor moved and seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and when they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the staylace in two. At once she began to breathe a little, and after a while she had fully revived. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old peddler woman was none other than the wicked queen! Beware, don't let anyone in when we're not with you!"

When the evil woman returned home, she went to her mirror and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?"

Then the mirror answered as usual:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but beyond the mountains, where the seven dwarfs dwell, Snow White is thriving, and this I must tell: Within this realm she's still a thousand times more fair."

When the witch heard that, she was so upset that all her blood rushed to her heart, for she realized that Snow White had recovered. "This time I'm going to think of something that will destroy her," she said, and by using all the witchcraft at her command, she made a poison comb. Then she again disguised herself as an old woman and crossed the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, where she knocked at the door and cried out, "Pretty wares for sale! Pretty wares!"

Snow White looked out of the window and said, "Go away! I'm not allowed to let anyone in."

"But surely you're allowed to look," said the old woman, and she took out the poison comb and held it up in the air. The comb pleased the girl so much that she let herself be carried away and opened the door. After they agreed on the price, the old woman said, "Now I'll give your hair a proper combing for once."

Poor Snow White did not give this a second thought and let the old woman do as she wished. But no sooner did the comb touch her hair than the poison began to take effect, and the maiden fell to the ground and lay there unconscious.

"You paragon of beauty!" said the wicked woman. "Now you're finished!" And she went away.

Fortunately, it was nearly evening, the time when the seven dwarfs began heading home. And, when they arrived and saw Snow White lying on the ground as if she were dead, they immediately suspected the stepmother and began looking around. As soon as they found the poison comb, they took it out, and Snow White instantly regained consciousness. She told them what had happened, and they warned her again to be on her guard and not to open the door for anyone.

In the meantime, the queen returned home, went to the mirror, and said:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?"

Then the mirror answered as before:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but beyond the mountains, where the seven dwarfs dwell, Snow White is thriving, and this I must tell: Within this realm she's still a thousand times more fair."

When she heard the mirror's words, she trembled and shook with rage. "Snow White shall die!" she exclaimed. "Even if it costs me my own life!"

Then she went into a secret and solitary chamber where no one else ever went. Once inside she made a deadly poisonous apple. On the outside it looked beautiful—white with red cheeks. Anyone who saw it would be enticed, but whoever took a bite was bound to die. When the apple was ready, the queen painted her face and dressed herself up as a peasant woman and crossed the seven mountains to the cottage of
the seven dwarfs. When she knocked at the door, Snow White stuck her head out of the window and said, "I'm not allowed to let anyone inside. The seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"That's all right with me," answered the peasant woman. "I'll surely get rid of my apples in time. But let me give you one as a gift."

"No," said Snow White. "I'm not allowed to take anything."

"Are you afraid that it might be poisoned?" said the old woman. "Look, I'll cut the apple in two. You eat the red part, and I'll eat the white."

However, the apple had been made with such cunning that only the red part was poisoned. Snow White was eager to eat the beautiful apple, and when she saw the peasant woman eating her half, she could no longer resist, stretched out her hand, and took the poisoned half. No sooner did she take a bite than she fell to the ground dead. The queen stared at her with a cruel look, then burst out laughing and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! This time the dwarfs won't be able to bring you back to life!"

When she got home, she asked the mirror:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?"

Then the mirror finally answered, "You, my queen, are now the fairest of all." So her jealous heart was satisfied as much as a jealous heart can be satisfied.

When the dwarfs came home that evening, they found Snow White lying on the ground. There was no breath coming from her lips, and she was dead. They lifted her up and looked to see if they could find something poisonous. They unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but it was to no avail. The dear child was dead and remained dead. They laid her on a bier, and all seven of them sat down beside it and mourned over her. They wept for three whole days, and then they intended to bury her, but she looked so alive and still had such pretty red cheeks that they said, "We can't possibly bury her in the dingy ground."

Instead, they made a transparent glass coffin so that she could be seen from all sides. Then they put her in it, wrote her name on it in gold letters, and added that she was a princess. They carried the coffin to the top of the mountain, and from then on one of them always stayed beside it and guarded it. Some animals came also and wept for Snow White. There was an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove. Snow White lay in the coffin for many, many years and did not decay. Indeed, she seemed to be sleeping, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony.

Now it happened that a prince came to the forest one day, and when he arrived at the dwarfs' cottage, he decided to spend the night. Then he went to the mountain and saw the coffin with beautiful Snow White inside. After he read what was written on the coffin in gold letters, he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin, and I'll pay you whatever you want." But the dwarfs answered, "We won't give it up for all the gold in the world."

"Then give it to me as a gift," he said, "for I can't go on living without being able to see Snow White. I'll honor her and cherish her as my dearly beloved."
Since he spoke with such fervor, the good dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin. The prince ordered his servants to carry the coffin on their shoulders, but they stumbled over some shrubs, and the jolt caused the poisoned piece of apple that Snow White had bitten off to be released from her throat. It was not long before she opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was alive again.

“Oh, Lord! Where am I?” she exclaimed.

The prince rejoiced and said, “You’re with me,” and he told her what had happened. Then he added, “I love you more than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father’s castle. I want you to be my wife.”

Snow White felt that he was sincere, so she went with him, and their wedding was celebrated with great pomp and splendor.

Now, Snow White’s stepmother had also been invited to the wedding celebration, and after she had dressed herself in beautiful clothes, she went to the mirror and said:

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this realm is the fairest of all?”

The mirror answered:

“You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Snow White is a thousand times more fair.”

The evil woman uttered a loud curse and became so terribly afraid that she did not know what to do. At first she did not want to go to the wedding celebration. But, she could not calm herself until she saw the young queen. When she entered the hall, she recognized Snow White. The evil queen was so petrified with fright that she could not budge. Iron slippers had already been heated over a fire, and they were brought over to her with tongs. Finally, she had to put on the red-hot slippers and dance until she fell down dead.