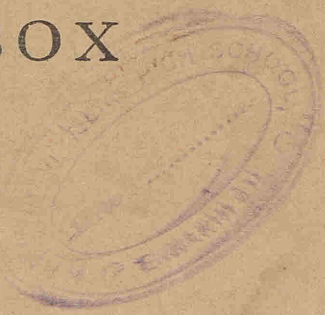
HANS ANDERSON'S

# TINDER-BOX



*Retold by*

SYLVIA MARTIN




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## PREFACE

The Tinder-box is one of Hans Anderson's best known and loved stories.

It is a fairy tale of a soldier back from the wars and out to seek his fortune. He has no money, for "no one remembered to pay him his wages". He meets a witch who tells him where he can find gold and silver to make him rich for life. All he has to do is to fetch her an old tinder-box from the bottom of a hollow tree.

He finds the treasure and the tinder-box but, before he can give it to the witch, she is dead. So he goes off to live a life of gaiety until all his money has gone. Then, by chance, he finds that the tinder-box has magic powers. It helps him to be rich once more, to escape from death and to gain the love of a beautiful princess.

In true fairy tale style, they marry and live happily ever afterwards.

The story has been retold very simply for Standard VII. The vocabulary and structures of the VI Standard have been followed so that students will already be familiar with most of the words and phrases used.

Additional words have been noted at the back of the story and simple explanations given.

There are thirty questions designed to test the students' knowledge and understanding of the story.

Hill Brow,
Liss, Hampshire,
ENGLAND.

*Sylvia Martin*

## HANS ANDERSON

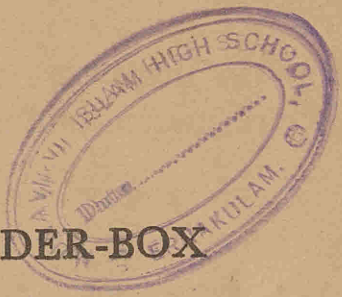
Hans Anderson was a wonderful story teller. He lived in Denmark, a country in the north of Europe, but his stories are known all over the world.

When he was a boy, he was very poor. He lived with his father and mother in one small room. His father was a shoe-maker. When Hans was eleven years old, his father died. His mother went out to work and he had to stay alone all day. To pass the time away he made up stories which he told to his friends. They loved to hear his stories.

At fourteen, Hans went to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. He wanted to become a singer or an actor. However, he could find no work to do and was soon starving.

The King of Denmark heard about the boy who could tell such wonderful stories. He decided to help Hans. He gave him money and sent him to school. At school, Hans learnt to write down his stories. Now, today we can read them in books. "The Tinder-Box" is one of the stories which Hans Anderson wrote down for girls and boys all over the world to read.

S.M.



# THE TINDER-BOX

## CHAPTER 1

A long time ago in a far-away land, there lived a soldier. He was very poor. He had been away fighting in the wars for a long time. Although he fought bravely, no one saw how bravely he fought. Every time he killed one of the enemy, his officers were all looking the other way and didn't see him. It was all most upsetting.

So the soldier came home again with no medals to pin on his chest, no gold stripes to sew on his uniform, and no money to put in his purse. For no one had even remembered to pay him his

wages. Here he was, back home, with no money and very little food. He had only his uniform, his high black boots, his long sword and his knap-sack.

One fine day, he was walking along the road. The sun was shining and the birds were singing. The soldier sang a song as he walked. It was a soldier's song all about the brave deeds he had done in the war. It went something like this.

"The war was long, the fighting hard,
But never a fear had I,
I bravely fought the enemy,
For I wanted them all to die.

I waved my sword to right and left,
And charged with all my might.
The enemy took one terrified look,
And promptly died of fright.

Then on I went, my sword held high,
To look for more and more,
Not a soul was in sight to continue the fight,
So that was the end of the war."

The soldier thought this was a very good song. He sang it over again, this time a little louder. He didn't notice a strange figure appear in the road before him. It was an old woman. Her face was wrinkled. Her hair was white. She wore a long black cloak and a blue checked apron round her waist. She was not an ordinary old woman. She was a witch.

"That's a very fine song you were singing," she said to the soldier. "A very fine song. Just the right sort of song for a soldier."

The soldier stopped singing and looked at the old woman.

"Yes," he said. "It is a soldier's song. I am singing it because I have just returned from the wars."

"Ah," said the old woman. "You have just returned from the wars, eh? No wonder you look brave and fine. What

a smart uniform you have! What a strong pair of boots you have! And what a sharp sword you have! You must be a very brave soldier."

Well, as we know, no one had even noticed how brave he was. So the soldier was very pleased. He smiled happily at the old woman.

"You are very kind," he said. "Yes, I am very brave. But, unfortunately, they forgot to give me any medals to show how brave I am."

"That's very bad," said the old witch. "But after fighting so well and so bravely, you should be a rich man."

"That's true," said the soldier. "I should be very rich. But no one remembered to pay me my wages. So I have no money at all."

"Well, now," said the witch. "If you will help me, I can help you. I can make

you richer than any man in the kingdom."

"How can that be?" asked the soldier. "Gold does not grow on trees and silver does not grow on bushes."

"True! True!" said the old woman. "But I know where there is gold and silver, as much as you could wish for. Come with me and I will tell you all about it."



## CHAPTER 2

The witch led the soldier along the road until they came to a large tree. It had a thick trunk and branches almost bare of leaves.

"Look inside that tree," said the witch. "It is a hollow tree. You might think it is the same as all the other trees along the road. But you would be wrong. This one is quite different."

The soldier climbed up and looked down into the tree. All he could see was a dark hole. The old witch took a piece of rope from the pocket of her apron.

"Take this!" she said. "Tie it to a branch of the tree and put the other end round your waist. Then climb into the

tree and lower yourself slowly downwards."



The soldier looked puzzled.

"But where shall I find the gold and silver?" he asked.

"You will find it at the bottom of the tree," the witch replied. "Now listen carefully and I will tell you what you must do."

She looked up and down the road to see if anyone might be coming. There was no one in sight, and she went on talking.

"At the bottom of the tree, you will find a long passage. Go along this passage. There are three doors at the end. There are locks on the doors and keys in the locks. Go to the first door, turn the key in the lock, open the door and go inside. There, in the middle of a room, you will find a big copper chest. It is full of copper coins. You may open it and take out all the money you want."

The soldier clapped his hands.

"I shall be rich," he cried. "I will fill

my knap-sack with the coins and I shall have money to spend for many months."

"Not so fast, not so fast!" said the witch. "I have not yet told you about the other two doors. Behind these doors, are two more rooms. In the second room, you will find another chest. This one is not made of copper. It is made of silver."

"And what is in this chest?" asked the soldier.

"This chest is full of silver coins," said the witch.

"Then I shall take some silver coins as well," said the soldier. "I shall fill my boots with the coins. Then I shall have money to spend for many years."

"Wait!" said the witch. "You have not yet heard what is in the third room. In this room, there is a golden chest. It is

full of golden coins. You may also open this chest and take as many coins as you can carry."

The soldier's eyes sparkled.

"I shall fill my hat with the golden coins," he said. "Then I shall be rich for the rest of my life."

"Ah, but it is not as easy as that," said the witch. "The chests are guarded by three dogs. They are very fierce. A brown dog sits on top of the copper chest. It is big and strong. It has eyes as big as saucers. It will not let you open the chest."

"And what about the silver chest?" asked the soldier.

"The silver chest is guarded by a white dog," answered the witch. "It is bigger and stronger than the other dog, and has eyes as big as mill-wheels. It sits

on top of the chest and will not let you open it."

"And what of the golden chest?" asked the soldier.

"The golden chest is guarded by a black dog," answered the witch. "It is the biggest and fiercest of them all. It has eyes as big as great towers. It sits on top of the golden chest and it will not let you open it."

"Then what must I do?" asked the soldier. "If I cannot open the chests, then I cannot take the coins. Then I shall never be rich."

"I will tell you what to do," the witch replied. "You must take my apron with you. It is a magic apron. You must spread it on the floor and tell the dogs to sit upon it. When they sit on it, they will become quiet and friendly. Then you can open the chests and take the money."

The soldier looked at the apron. It did not look like a magic apron. It looked old and dirty. However, he took it from the witch and thanked her. Then he tied the rope to the tree.

"There's just one more thing," said the witch. "Many years ago, my old grandmother went down this tree. She was carrying a tinder-box. She left the tinder-box at the bottom of the tree. I want you to find it and bring it to me."

The soldier promised to do as she asked. Then he tied himself to the end of the rope. The witch sat on a branch of the tree. She took the rope in her hands and helped the soldier to drop slowly downwards.

## CHAPTER 3

It was very dark inside the tree. The soldier could hardly see. He dropped down and down. As he dropped, he put out his arms and felt the inside of the tree. It was soft and slimy. Then he felt a bump. He had reached the bottom. Now it was lighter. He saw that he was in a narrow passage. There were lights stuck into the walls. He walked along the passage and found three doors. There were locks in the doors and keys in the locks, just as the witch had told him. He went to the first door. He turned the key and opened it.

The soldier looked around him. He was in a large room with lights hanging on the walls. There was a big chest in

the middle of the room. An enormous dog was sitting on top of it. It had eyes like saucers and teeth like the teeth of a lion. It growled at the soldier. The soldier tried to be brave although he was very frightened. He took the witch's apron and put it on the floor.

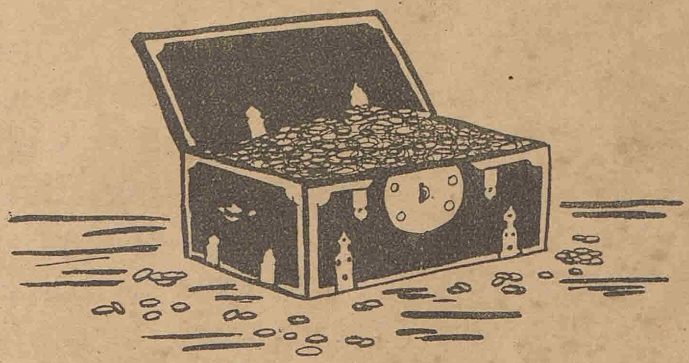


"You are a handsome dog," he said. "Will you jump down from the chest

and sit upon this apron? It is a very comfortable apron. You can lie down and go to sleep upon it."

The dog looked at the soldier and rolled its huge eyes. Then it jumped down from the chest and sat on the apron. At once it became quiet and friendly. It wagged its tail at the soldier.

The soldier went to the chest and opened it. It was full of copper coins.



He picked up the coins in his hands and filled his knap-sack with them. Then he

closed the lid of the chest and pulled the apron from beneath the dog. At once it began to growl and show its teeth. Then it jumped back on top of the chest.

The soldier was very happy. Now he could buy some new clothes and plenty of food to eat. He went back into the passage.

"Now I will open the next door," he said. "And I shall see what is in that room."

He went to the next door and turned the key in the lock. The door opened and he went in. He was in another well-lighted room. There was a big silver chest in the middle of it. On the chest, sat an enormous dog. It had eyes as big as mill-wheels and its teeth were long and sharp. The soldier held the witch's apron in front of him. He called to the dog.

"Come along, you handsome fellow," he said. "Jump down from your chest and sit upon this apron. You will be very comfortable and you can have a nice rest upon it."

The dog rolled its huge eyes and looked at the soldier. Then it jumped down and sat on the apron which the soldier had put on the floor. It was no longer fierce. It was quiet and friendly.

The soldier went to the silver chest and opened it. There were thousands of silver coins inside. He filled his boots with the coins. He could hardly walk. Then he closed the lid of the chest. He took the apron from beneath the dog. The dog jumped back on top of the chest and sat there growling at him.

"Now for the golden chest," said the soldier.

He walked from the room into the passage. Then he went to the third door. He turned the key in the lock, opened the door and went in.

Here was a room just like the others. In the middle, was a big golden chest. This time, the soldier shook with fright.



For on the top of the chest, was the most enormous dog of all. It had eyes like great towers. Its growl was like the

noise of a hundred tigers. The soldier wanted to run away. But he thought of all the golden coins inside the chest, and he stood still. He put the witch's apron on the floor and called to the dog.

"You are the most handsome dog of all," he said. "You are the most handsome dog I have ever seen. Your eyes are like lighthouses which shine in the night. And your voice is like the soft cooing of a thousand doves. Jump down from your chest and sit upon this apron. Then you can rest quietly."

The dog rolled its great eyes and looked at the soldier. Then it gave a fierce growl and jumped down on to the floor. It sat down upon the apron and immediately became quiet. The soldier went to the chest and opened it. He stood and gasped. The chest was full of gold coins. They shone and sparkled as the light fell upon them.

"Here is enough money to make me rich for life," said the soldier. "I will take all the coins I can carry. I will fill my hat with them."

He took off his hat and filled it with the golden coins. Then he put his hat on his head. Some of the coins fell out. They fell onto his face and banged his nose. One coin fell into his mouth so that he could not speak.

Now the soldier had coins all over him. They fell from his knap-sack, they fell from his hat and they fell from his



boots. Now he wanted to return to the top of the tree. But first he must find

the witch's tinder-box. Where could it be?

He looked in the first room. All the time, the big brown dog watched him. He looked all round the room but he could not find the box. All he found was a spider spinning her web in the corner of the room.

"Go away!" said the spider. "You are spoiling my web. Go back to your home and leave me in peace."

So the soldier went into the next room. He walked round the room, looking in every possible place for the box. All the time, the big white dog watched him. Still he could not find the tinder-box. All he found was a family of mice busy gnawing the wooden floor.

"Go away!" said the father mouse.

"You are stopping our work. Go away and leave us alone."

So the soldier went into the third room. Again he looked and looked. All the time, the big black dog watched him. Still he could not find the box. All he could find was an old mole asleep in the corner.

"Go away!" said the mole. "You are spoiling my sleep. Go back to your home!"

The soldier did not know what to do. Where could the tinder-box be? He walked into the passage.

"I shall just have to go back without it," he said.

Just as he said this, he saw something on the floor. It looked like a pile of dirt. But when he looked again, he saw that it was a tin box, covered with dust. He picked it up and looked at it. It was the

tinder-box. He put it under his arm and walked through the passage to the bottom of the hollow tree. The rope was still hanging there. He tied it round his waist. Then he pulled three times on the rope. The witch started to pull him upwards. Just as the soldier reached the top of the tree, the witch gave a final heave. The branch of the tree broke and she fell to the ground. Bang! Her neck was broken. She was dead. And that was the end of the witch.

## CHAPTER 4

Now the soldier had gold and silver and copper. He also had the witch's tinder-box. He marched along the road towards the town. He was very happy for now he had plenty of money to spend. He could buy lots of food to eat and new clothes to wear. He would have a fine time when he reached the town.

He walked on down the road. Now and again, he felt the money in his knapsack. He took off his boots and rattled the silver coins. He took off his hat and shook the golden coins. Then he put them all on again and walked onwards.

Soon he came to the town. It was a splendid town. The streets were wide

and clean. The houses were tall and fine. The shops were full of good things to buy. The soldier walked round the streets looking for an inn. He wanted to find a bed for the night. He passed some small inns.

"These are not good enough for me," he said. "I must stay at the best inn in the town."

As he said this, he saw a tall building. There were many people going in and out.

"This must be an inn," he said. "It looks a very fine one. I shall stay here."

He went in and ordered the best room. He asked the inn-keeper to bring him food to eat.

"I am very hungry and thirsty," he said. "Bring me the best food and drink you can find."

The inn-keeper brought him meat and fish, fruit and puddings, sweets and jellies. Now that he was rich, the soldier could have everything he wanted.

After his meal was finished, he went to the shops. He bought a fine new uniform. It had gold round the neck and gold on the sleeves. Now he did not look like a poor soldier. He looked like a rich nobleman.

He put on his fine new uniform and went back to the inn. The inn-keeper told him of a king who lived in a copper castle not far away. The king had a beautiful daughter. No one ever saw this beautiful girl. The king was very cruel to her. He kept her locked up in a high tower in the castle. For when she was a baby, a fairy had seen the princess.

"One day," she said to the king, "your child will marry a common soldier."

The king did not want this. He wanted his daughter to marry a nobleman. So he kept her locked up all day and all night, so that no one should see her. He would not let her go outside her room. The princess was very unhappy.

When the soldier heard this, he thought, "Why shouldn't I marry this princess? I was a common soldier, but now I am a nobleman. I can give the princess all she could wish for. I can buy her jewels and beautiful clothes. I will go and look for her."

## CHAPTER 5

So the soldier went off to find the copper castle. He journeyed along the broad streets of the town. Then he went out into the countryside. He saw the copper castle gleaming in the sunlight. He reached the big front gates. There were guards standing before them. They would not let him pass. He tried to climb over the gates. The guards pulled him down. He offered them money to let him go inside. The guards would not take it.

So the soldier returned to the inn. He called his friends to come and eat and drink with him. They had a merry life. They did no work. They ate and played all the time.

Soon the money, which the soldier thought would last him all his life, was all gone. All his gold coins were gone.



All his silver coins were gone. Even his copper coins were gone. There was nothing left. He had to leave his fine rooms in the inn. He went to live in the poorest room in the town. It was high in the top of a tall narrow house. He had to walk up a hundred stairs to reach it. He sat there all alone in his miserable room with nothing to eat and no fire to keep him warm.

His friends no longer came to see him. They did not want to come and see him now that he was poor, for they were not good and true friends. Now the soldier could not buy them fine clothes and give them rich food and drink. So he sat by himself feeling very miserable and unhappy.

"If only I had some tobacco," he said. "Then I could smoke my pipe. That would make me happy."

He felt in his pocket. There was one small scrap of tobacco. He put it in his pipe. Then he held the tinder-box in his hand. Inside were some flints. He rubbed them together to make a spark to light his pipe.

At once, the door of his room flew open. In ran the fierce black dog. This time it did not growl at the soldier. It looked very friendly. The soldier could not believe his eyes.



"What are my master's orders?" asked the dog.

The soldier was amazed.

"Bring me some golden coins!" he said.

The dog ran out of the room. Soon it returned with a bag in its mouth. It put the bag down in front of the soldier. The soldier picked it up and looked inside. It was full of golden coins.

"Why! The tinder-box must be magic, too," he cried.



## CHAPTER 6

Now the soldier was rich again. He left his small room and went back to the fine inn. He had lots of food to eat. He bought new clothes to wear. His friends came again to visit him. Once more, he lived a gay and merry life.

One day, as he was sitting smoking his pipe, he thought again of the princess in the copper castle.

"Now that I am rich again," he said. "I will go once more to the copper castle. Perhaps the magic tinder-box will help me."

Then he had a better idea.

"I'll strike the tinder-box," he said.

"Then the dog will come. I'll send it to fetch the princess."

So he struck the tinder-box. Immediately the dog appeared.

"What are my master's commands?" asked the dog.

"Go to the copper castle," said the



soldier. "There you will find a beautiful princess. She is locked in the highest tower in the castle. Bring her to me."

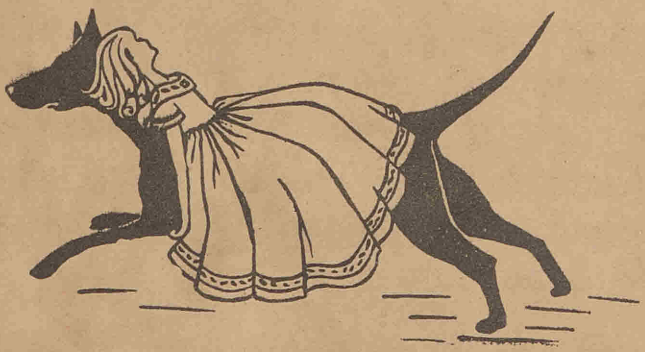
The dog ran off. It ran along the streets of the town and out into the country. Then it ran towards the copper castle. With a great leap, it was over the gates. The guards looked on in amazement. It ran through the garden and into the castle. Up the stairs it ran, into the high tower; up and up until it reached the princess's room. It burst open the door of the room. The princess was asleep in her bed. The dog picked her up and put her on its back. Then it carried her to the soldier.

She was still sleeping soundly on the dog's back. The soldier looked at her. Her skin was as pale as the lily flower and her mouth was like a red rose. Her golden hair fell nearly to the floor.

"You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," said the soldier. "I must make you my wife."

He did not wish to wake the princess. He told the dog to carry her swiftly back to the castle. The dog did as it was told, and put her back in her bed in the highest tower.

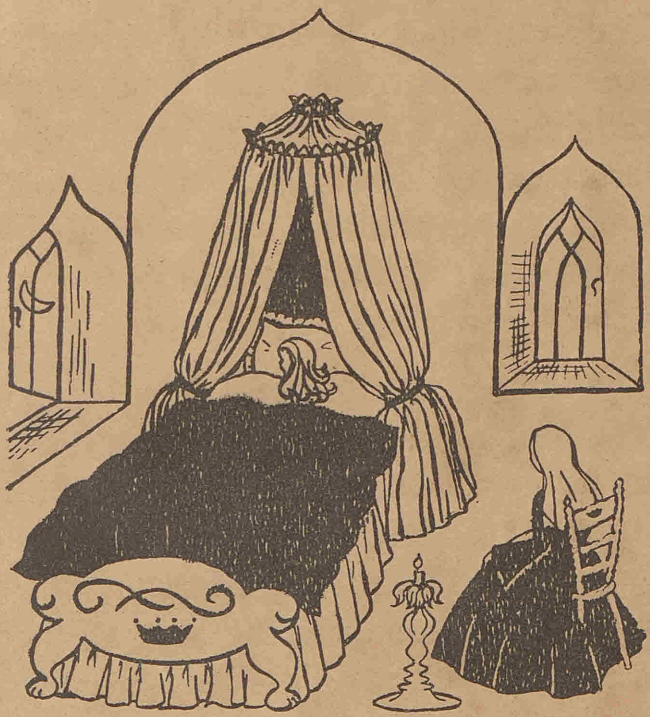
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The next morning, the princess said to her father, "Father, I had a strange dream last night. I dreamed that I was carried away by a dog. It put me on its

back and took me into the town. There, I met a soldier who told me that he would make me his wife."

The king was frightened at these words. Was it a dream? Or had his daughter really been taken to the house



of a common soldier? He decided to find out. He sent for a lady-in-waiting.

"Tonight," he said, "I want you to watch the princess. If she leaves her room, you must follow her. You must find out where she goes."

The next night, the lady-in-waiting sat in the princess's room. The clock struck midnight and the door burst open. There was the dog, ready to carry the sleeping princess away. It carefully put her on its back. Then it ran out of the door and down the stairs.

The lady-in-waiting lifted up the skirt of her long dress and ran after the dog. She ran so fast that she nearly fell down the stairs. She followed the dog out of the castle and into the garden. The dog took a flying leap over the big gates and out into the road. The lady-in-waiting called the guards.

"Open the gates and let me through!" she cried. "I must follow the dog and see where it takes the princess."

The guards quickly opened the gates and let her through. Now she had to run as fast as she could to keep up with the dog. It ran through the country lanes and into the town. All the time, the lady-in-waiting ran, panting, behind it.

At last, the dog reached the inn where the soldier was staying. It stopped outside the door and knocked. The door opened. The lady watched as the dog walked through the door and into the inn.

"I know what I will do," she said. "I will draw a cross on the door. Then the king can find out where his daughter has gone. He can come to this street tomorrow. He will see the cross on the

door. Then he will know that this is the place where the princess is taken."

She took a piece of chalk from her pocket and drew a big cross on the door of the inn.

But the dog was clever also. It knew that the lady had made a cross on the door of the inn. It took a piece of chalk and drew crosses on the doors of all the houses in the town.

The next day, the king came to search for the door with the cross. He walked down the streets of the town. He looked at all the doors. There was a cross on every one.

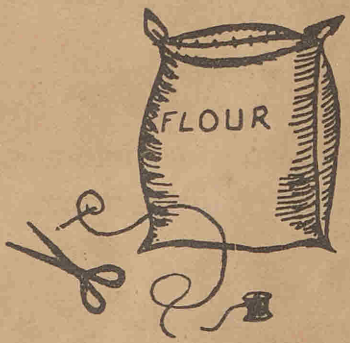
"What is this?" he screamed. "There is a cross on every door in the town. Someone has made a fool of me."

He rushed back to the castle in a great rage.

## CHAPTER 7

The next night, the king sent for the queen.

"Tonight," he told her, "you must sit beside the princess's bed. You must watch and see what happens. If the dog comes again, you must follow it. I must know where it takes the princess."




So the next night, the queen sat beside the princess's bed. She had a small bag

of flour. There was a hole in the corner of the bag. The queen sewed the bag to her daughter's dress.

"Now," she said, "if the dog comes to take the princess, the flour will spill onto the ground. It will leave a trail. Tomorrow, the king can follow the trail. He will find out where the dog takes the princess."

Then she sat down and waited. At midnight, the door opened. The dog walked in. It took the princess from her bed and put her on its back. The princess did not wake up. It walked out of the room. As the dog walked, the flour fell from the bag on the princess's dress. It made a trail across the floor. The queen followed.

The dog carried the princess out of the castle. It carried her through the streets into the town. It went to the door

of the inn and knocked. The door opened and the dog went in. All the time, the flour fell from the bag. It left a long white line. The queen watched.

"Now," she said, "the king can follow this trail. This time, he will find out where the princess goes."

* * * *

The next morning, the king got up. He was very angry.

"Now," he said, "I shall find this soldier who has dared to look at my daughter."

He called the queen and he called the guards to come with him. Together, they followed the thin white line. They went out of the castle and through the streets into the city. At last, they reached the inn. The guards knocked on the door.

"Open in the name of the king!" they called.

The door opened. The king and the queen and all the guards went in. They saw the thin white line of flour on the floor. It led to the soldier's room. They knocked at the door and the soldier opened it.

"There he is," shouted the king. "There is the common soldier who has dared to look at my daughter. Take him away! Put him in the darkest dungeon you can find."

The guards dragged the soldier away. They took him to the castle and threw him in a dark dungeon. They took away his sword. They brought him food, but this was only bread and water. The soldier could not eat it. He was used to the fine food at the inn. He could not eat dry bread and drink plain water.

He stayed in the prison for a long time. It was dark and wet. His only friends

were the rats and mice who scampered over his feet. They came at night to steal his bread and to drink his water.



He watched the spiders in the daytime. They made webs on the ceiling of his

cell. The only light came from a small window in the side of the room. The soldier dragged himself towards it. He looked through the window. He could see only the feet of the people passing by.

## CHAPTER 8

The soldier stayed in the prison for many days. He grew pale and thin. Then, one day, the king came to see him. So did the judge and the executioner. They stood in the cell and looked at the soldier.

The judge unrolled a long paper and began to read. He read all the laws of the kingdom. He said that the soldier had broken all these laws. Therefore, he was to be hanged. Then they all shook their heads and went away.

The soldier sat on the floor of his prison. What could he do? He must think of a way to escape.

"If I had some tobacco," he said,

"then I could sit and smoke. Perhaps I could think of something."

Then he had an idea. He thought of the tinder-box. If he had the tinder-box, he could call the dogs to help him. He looked through the small window of his cell. He could still see many feet passing by. They were the feet of people hurrying to watch his execution.

As he watched, the soldier saw a little boy. The little boy knelt down beside the window to tie the lace of his shoe. The soldier called to him.

"Hey, boy!" he called. "If you will do something for me, I will give you some money."

The boy looked through the window.

"What must I do?" he asked.

"You must go to the big inn," answered the soldier. "There you will

find an old tinder-box. Bring it to me! Then I will give you some money."

The boy ran off. Soon he was back with the tinder-box. The soldier took it eagerly, and gave the boy a coin.

* * * *

Now it was time for the soldier to leave his cell. The guards came to fetch him. They marched him out to an open space in front of the castle. There he was to be hanged.

The king was there, looking very stern. So was the queen. So were the judge and the executioner. They all looked at the soldier.

"Have you anything to say before you die?" asked the king.

"Have you any messages to leave?" asked the queen.

"Have you one last wish?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the soldier. "I have one last wish before I die. I want to smoke my pipe for the last time."

The king looked at the queen. The queen looked at the judge.

"Shall we grant his wish?" asked the judge.

The king thought for a moment. Then he said, "Yes, we will grant his wish."

Then he spoke to the soldier.

"You may smoke your pipe for the last time," he said. "But, after that, you must be ready to die."

The soldier had carefully hidden his pipe in his boots. Now he took it out. He had no tobacco. So he pretended to put some in his pipe. Then he took the tinder-box in his hands. He struck it three times

Immediately all three dogs appeared.

The black dog jumped upon the king. It chased him round and round until he ran away, right out of the kingdom.

The white dog jumped at the queen. It chased her round and round until she ran off after the king.

The brown dog jumped upon the judge and chased him right away. He was never seen again.

## CHAPTER 9

At this, the people started cheering. They had always hated the cruel king and they were pleased that he had gone away. They ran to the soldier.

"Will you be our king?" they asked. "For it is you who have rid us of this cruel tyrant."

"Yes, I will be your king," answered the soldier. "But, first, I must see your princess and ask her to marry me."

The people all rushed away to find the princess. They ran to the high tower. They opened the door of the princess's room. The princess was filled with joy. Now she was free! She ran

happily down the long stairs into the court-yard.

The soldier was waiting for her. When the princess saw him, she ran towards him.

"You are the soldier of my dreams," she cried.

"I am indeed," said the soldier. "And I have come to marry you. Your cruel father has gone and your people have asked me to be their king. Will you marry me and be my queen?"

The princess agreed at once, for she loved the soldier very much.

Some weeks later, they had a fine wedding. All the people in the kingdom came to the wedding. They put on their best clothes and danced along the streets.

The soldier had another new uniform. It had gold round the neck and gold on

the sleeves. The soldier was very proud of his new uniform. The princess had a beautiful dress with a long train. As she walked, the train fell behind her. And who was carrying the long train? Why! The three dogs, of course. They were no longer fierce. They did not show their teeth and growl. They were now friendly and good. They wagged their tails and barked happily.

When the wedding was over, the three dogs went to live in the copper castle. They had their own rooms. They were waited on by three servants. Once a week, they all went off to the hollow tree. They carried three bags. The brown dog went to the copper chest and filled its bag with copper coins. The white dog went to the silver chest and filled its bag with silver coins. The black dog went to the golden chest and filled its bag with golden coins. Then

they took them back to the soldier. So the soldier was always rich.

However, now he was a wise man. He did not spend all his money on himself. He gave it to the poor people. He made everyone happy. Because everyone was happy, the soldier was happy too. The kingdom became known as "The Kingdom of the Happy People."

THE END

## QUESTIONS ON THE STORY

1. Can you name the people in the story? There was a s.....r, a p.....s, a k...g, and a q...n. Can you name anyone else?

2. There were three dogs in the story. What colour were they? Are there any dogs in your village? What colour are they?

3. The soldier met an old woman in the road. Who was she?

4. The soldier went down a hollow tree. What is a hollow tree?

5. There were three chests at the bottom of the tree. What was in the first chest? What was in the second chest? What was in the third chest?

6. Gold and silver and copper are called metals. Do you know where you find these metals? Can you name some things which are made of gold and silver and copper?

7. The chests were guarded by three dogs. They were very fierce. How did the soldier make them quiet and friendly?

8. He took some coins from each chest. Where did he put the gold coins? Where did he put the silver coins? Where did he put the copper coins?

9. The witch said, "There is one more thing. You must also bring up a tinder-box." How did the tinder-box get into the bottom of the tree?

10. What happened to the witch when she pulled the soldier up again?

11. The soldier then walked to the town. Which words tell you about the town: Fine, clean, dirty, splendid or ugly?

12. Now the soldier had a lot of money. So he went to an inn. What did he eat at the inn?

13. The inn-keeper told the soldier about a princess. She lived in a copper castle. What did the soldier do?

14. Could he get into the castle?

15. Why was the princess locked in a high tower?

16. The soldier went back to the inn. Soon, he had

spent all his money. He was no longer ——. He was ——. Fill in the blanks.

17. He was very miserable. He took out his pipe and some tobacco. Then he struck the tinder-box. What happened?

18. The soldier sent the dog to the castle. The dog returned with someone on its back. Who was it?

19. The lady-in-waiting followed the dog. She made a mark on the door of the inn. What was the mark?

20. The next night, the queen watched the princess. She had a small bag of flour. What did she do with it?

21. The king found the soldier. He took him to prison. The soldier was very unhappy. Then he sent a small boy to fetch something from the inn. What was it?

22. The judge said the soldier would be killed. Was he killed?

23. What happened to the king and the queen and the judge?

24. The people asked the soldier to be their new king. Did he agree?

25. The people went to the tower. They set the princess free. Was she happy or unhappy?

26. The soldier and the princess had a wonderful wedding. Can you say what clothes they wore?

27. Who held the princess's long train?

28. All the people of the kingdom came to the wedding. They put on their best clothes. What did they do in the streets?

29. What happened to the dogs in the end of the story?

30. The soldier was now a wise man. What did he do with his money?

## DIFFICULT WORDS

| | |
|---|---|
| **amazed** | very surprised |
| **apron** | a piece of cloth worn over the clothes to keep them clean |
| **bark** | the noise a dog makes |
| **boots** | coverings for the feet, like long shoes |
| **bump** | a knock against something |
| **capital** | city of government |
| **castle** | a very big house in which a king lives |
| **cell** | a small room in a prison |
| **charge** | to run and attack |
| **chest** | a strong box |
| **cloak** | a loose coat without sleeves |
| **common** | ordinary |
| **copper** | red metal |
| **countryside** | the fields outside the town |
| **court-yard** | an open space in front of the castle |

| | |
|---|---|
| **cross** | a mark made by drawing one line across another |
| **cruel** | very unkind |
| **dare** | to be brave enough to do something |
| **drag** | to pull along the ground |
| **dream (n)** | thoughts passing through the mind when asleep |
| **dungeon** | a dark prison |
| **eagerly** | happily, full of desire |
| **execution** | killing |
| **executioner** | a man who kills people by order of the law |
| **fierce** | wild and cruel |
| **figure** | a shape |
| **flint** | a hard stone which can be struck to make fire |
| **flour** | a fine white powder made from grain |
| **frighten** | to make a person afraid |
| **gleam** | to send out light |
| **grant** | to agree to |
| **growl (n)** | a noise made by an angry dog |
| **guard (n)** | a person who watches over a prisoner |

| | |
|---|---|
| **hang** | to kill a law-breaker by putting a tight rope around his neck |
| **hardly** | not quite |
| **heave** | to pull very hard |
| **hollow** | with a hole inside |
| **immediately** | at once |
| **inn** | a house in which travellers may eat and sleep |
| **jellies** | sweet food |
| **jewels** | rings or other gold and silver things to wear, or precious stones |
| **journey** | a long way to travel |
| **kingdom** | a country which has a king |
| **lady-in-waiting** | a servant to a royal lady |
| **lid** | the top of a box or chest |
| **magic** | things that happen with the aid of strange powers |
| **merry** | happy and gay |
| **miserable** | sad and unhappy |
| **mole** | a small animal which makes holes in the ground |
| **nobleman** | a person of high birth |
| **panting** | breathing quickly |
| **promptly** | at once |

| | |
|---|---|
| **proud** | pleased with himself |
| **puddings** | sweet things to eat |
| **rage** | wild anger |
| **rattle** | a noise like stones shaking in a tin |
| **reach** | to arrive at |
| **rid** | to be free of |
| **scrap** | a small piece of something |
| **scream** | to make a loud cry |
| **search** | to look for |
| **shine** | to give out light |
| **sleeves** | the part of a coat or dress which covers the arms |
| **spark** | a small piece of burning matter |
| **spill** | to drop liquid |
| **splendid** | fine and beautiful |
| **starving** | very hungry |
| **sword** | a cutting weapon used by soldiers |
| **terrified** | very frightened |
| **tinder-box** | a box with flints inside for making fire |
| **tobacco** | a plant used for smoking |
| **tower** | a high part of a building, usually round in shape |
| **trail** | the mark left by something which has passed |

| | |
|---|---|
| **train** | part of a woman's dress which lies on the floor behind her |
| **trunk** | the thick part of a tree which comes out of the ground |
| **tyrant** | a cruel and unjust ruler |
| **uniform** | the special clothes worn by a soldier |
| **unroll** | to open something by turning it over and over |
| **wag** | to move from side to side (as applied to the movement of an animal's tail) |
| **waist** | the narrow part of a person's body |
| **wealthy** | rich |
| **web** | a fine net made by a spider |
| **witch** | a woman who does magic |
| **wrinkled** | lined, like the skin of an old person |

