THE ROSE AND THE RING

by

M. THACKERAY

4841



Retold by

E. F. DODD

4821

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Adapted and simplified

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E. F. DODD, B.A.

MUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is intended for use as a non-detailed reader in the higher forms of Secondary Schools. The story has been written within a vocabulary of two thousand words and all difficult sentence structures have been avoided.

At the same time, every effort has been made to retain the quaint style and humour of Thackeray's fairy tale classic.

E. F. D.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY

PAFLAGONIA

VALOROSO, King of Paflagonia.
The QUEEN, his wife.
PRINCESS ANGELICA, his daughter.
PRINCE GIGLIO, his nephew, and the rightful king.
BETSINDA, a beggar-girl.
JENKINS GRUFFANUFF, a porter.
MRS. GRUFFANUFF, his wife.
GLUMBOSO, Prime Minister of Paflagonia.
CAPTAIN HEDZOFF, Captain of the Guard.
SMITH AND JONES, Prince Giglio's University friends.

CRIM TARTARY

PADELLA, King of Crim Tartary.
PRINCE BULBO, his son.
PRINCESS ROSALBA, the rightful Queen of Crim Tartary.
COUNT HOGGINARMO, a wicked nobleman.
An old WOODCUTTER and his son.
FAIRY BLACKSTICK.

MUNAVIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
ERNAKULAM

Chapter 1

INTRODUCING THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK AND OTHER FAMOUS PEOPLE

Between the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary, there lived a mysterious person who was known as Fairy Blackstick, because she always carried a black stick in her hand. This stick was a magic one; the fairy rode on it to the moon sometimes, and when she waved it, anything she wished came true. Her father, who was a famous magician, had taught her how to use this stick (or wand, as it was called), and when she was young she was always practising her skill. She flew from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, and wished good luck and happiness to many royal babies. She was asked to be godmother to dozens of royal princes and princesses; and at other times she turned numberless wicked people into beasts, birds, stones, clocks, umbrellas, or other strange shapes. In fact, she was always very busy indeed.

But after two or three thousand years, Blackstick grew tired of all this magic. 'What good do I do?' she asked herself. 'I begin to think I do as much harm as good. Look at my two goddaughters, King Savio's wife and Duke Padella's wife. I gave

them each a present, which was to make them attractive to all men for as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do to these two women? No good at all! They grew so vain and proud that they still fancied themselves to be wonderfully beautiful, even when they were really old and ugly, the silly creatures!' So Fairy Blackstick locked up her magic books in her cupboard, and only used her wand as a walking-stick.

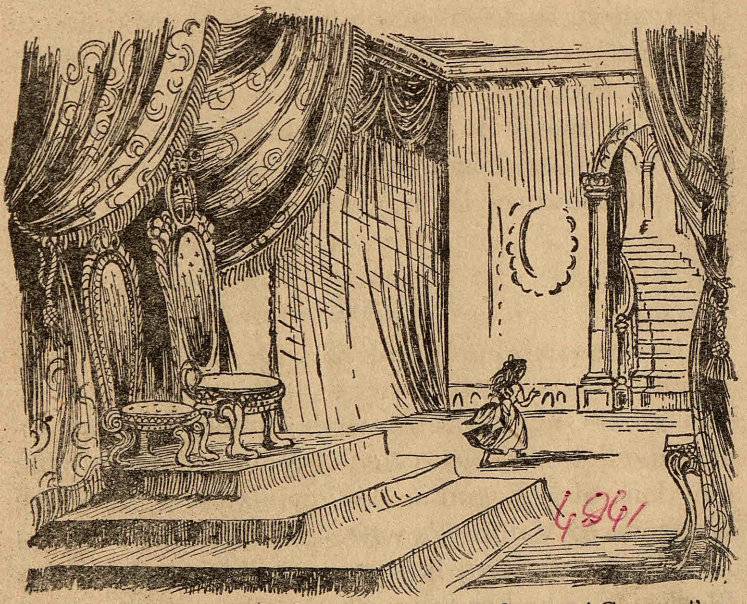
Soon after this, the Queen of Paflagonia had a son and heir. Guns were fired, and there was a great feast to celebrate the young Prince's birth. The fairy was asked to be his godmother, and it was thought that she would at least give him a magic coat, a flying horse, or a purse which was always full of money. But instead, Blackstick went up to the baby, Giglio, and said: 'My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune*.' This was all she would say; and soon afterwards Giglio's parents died, and his uncle, Valoroso, seized the kingdom.

In the same way, the King of Crim Tartary asked Blackstick to be godmother to his only child, Rosalba, but the fairy was as unkind as she had been to Prince Giglio. She looked very sadly at the baby and its mother, and said: 'My dear Queen, all your courtiers will be the first people to turn against you. As for this little lady, the best thing I can wish her is a *little* misfortune.' So she touched

Rosalba with her black wand, and sailed slowly up into the air and out of the window.

When she had gone, the Court people all began to speak at once. 'What a wicked fairy she is!' they cried. 'Would we ever turn against our King and Queen? Never, never, never, never!'

But Fairy Blackstick spoke the truth. A few years later, a wicked courtier, Duke Padella, rose against the King of Crim Tartary and killed him in battle. The poor Queen died from the shock, and all the courtiers ran away from the Palace. Poor little Rosalba was left quite alone. She ran from



She ran from one room to another, crying 'Countess! Countess!'

one room to another, crying: ' Countess! Countess! Bring me my dinner. I'm hungry!' She went all over the Palace, but nobody was there; and then she climbed down the great staircase into the hall, and nobody was there. The front door was open, and she went into the garden, and from there into the fields, and then into the forest where the wild beasts live.

A piece of her torn coat and one of her shoes were found in the wood, near a lion's cave, by King Padella's royal hunting party. ' So the poor little Princess is dead,' he said. ' Well, it can't be helped. Gentlemen, let us go home to lunch!' And one of the King's servants picked up the shoe and put it in his pocket.

Padella was now King of Crim Tartary, and his son, Bulbo, was heir to the kingdom. No one ever thought about the little Princess Rosalba any more.

Chapter 2

THE PORTER'S PUNISHMENT

You will remember that when Prince Giglio's parents died, the Prince's uncle, Valoroso, seized the kingdom of Paflagonia. A year later, a baby girl was born to Valoroso's wife; but when the Princess Angelica was born, her parents did not ask Fairy Blackstick to be her godmother. Instead, they gave

orders to their porter not to let her into the Palace if she called. This porter's name was Jenkins Gruffanuff, and he had been chosen to guard the gate because he was a very tall fierce man, who could say 'Not at home' with enough rudeness to frighten most unwelcome visitors away. But this fellow was rude once too often, as you shall hear.

Fairy Blackstick came to call upon the King and Queen one day, and Gruffanuff almost shut the door in her face! 'Get away, old Blackstick!' he said. 'I tell you, the King and Queen don't want to see you.' And, as we have said, he was *going* to shut the door rudely in her face.

But the fairy, with her wand, prevented the door from being shut, and Gruffanuff came out again and asked her rudely whether she thought he was going to stay at the door all day?

'You're going to stay at the door all day and all night, for many a long year,' the fairy said calmly.

Gruffanuff burst out laughing, and cried: 'Ha, ha, ha! This is a good story! Ha—ah—what's this? Let me down—Oo—help!' And then he was dumb, because the fairy waved her wand over him. He felt himself rising off the ground, and knocking against the door. Then he felt a terrible pain through his middle, and found he was fixed to the door. His arms flew up over his head, and his legs twisted under his body, and he felt himself



He had become a brass door-knocker!

growing colder and colder, as if he was turning into metal.

He *was* turned into metal! He had become a brass door-knocker! There he was, nailed to the door; and the postman came and knocked at him, and every caller came and hit him up against the door. The King, coming home from a walk that evening, said to the Queen: 'Hullo, my dear, you've had a new knocker put on the door! It looks rather like our porter! I wonder what has happened to that lazy wretch?'

But nobody knew, and nobody missed Gruffa-

nuff very much, not even his ugly wife. It was supposed that he had run away to Australia or America. And then the King and Queen left their old palace, and went to live in a new one, and nobody thought about the porter any more.

Chapter 3

PRINCESS ANGELICA AND THE LITTLE MAID

One day, when the Princess Angelica of Paflagonia was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the Palace with Mrs. Gruffanuff. This Mrs. Gruffanuff was the widow of that rude porter, and when he disappeared the Queen made her a lady-in-waiting to the little Princess. Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the ducks in the royal pool.

They had not reached the pool when such a funny little girl came running up to them. Her hair was long and untidy, and looked as if it had not been washed or brushed for a very long time. She wore a torn and dirty coat, and had only one shoe on.

'You little wretch, who let you in here?' asked Mrs. Gruffanuff.

'Give me that bun,' said the little girl. 'I'm very hungry.'

'Hungry? What is that?' asked Princess Angelica, who had never been hungry in her life, and gave the child the bun.

'Oh, Princess!' said Gruffanuff. 'How good, how kind you are! See,' she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, with their nephew, Prince Giglio, 'see how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden, and gave her the whole of her bun!'

'I didn't want it,' said Angelica.

'But you are a dear, kind little girl all the same,' said Mrs. Gruffanuff.



'Oh, pretty, pretty!' said the little girl, dancing and laughing and eating her bun

'Yes, I know I am,' said Angelica. 'Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?'

'Oh, pretty, pretty!' said the little girl, dancing and laughing and eating her bun; and as she ate she began to sing: 'Oh, what fun to have a bun!' At which, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen all began to laugh very merrily.

Angelica said to the Queen: 'Mother, my bird flew away out of its cage yesterday, and I don't care any more for any of my toys. I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I'll take her home and give her some of my old frocks, and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?'

Date.....

The child laughed happily and said: 'Go home with you? Yes! You pretty Princess! I'll have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!'

They all laughed again, and took the child home to the Palace. When she was washed and combed, and dressed in some of the Princess's clothes, she looked almost as pretty as Angelica. In order that the little girl should not become too proud, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her old torn coat and one shoe, and put them in a glass box, with a card upon which was written: 'These were the old clothes in which little Betsinda was found.'

At first little Betsinda was a great favourite with the Princess, and she danced and sang to amuse her mistress. But after a while the Princess got a mon-

key, and then a little dog, and she did not care for Betsinda any more. Betsinda became very sad and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody listened to her. Then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess. She had no wages, but she worked and mended, and was never bad-tempered. She was always eager to please her mistress, and became a perfect little maid. When the Princess was having her lessons, Betsinda would sit and listen, and in this way she learnt a great deal. She was always awake and interested, although her mistress was not, and she listened to the wise teachers when Angelica was looking out of the window or thinking about the next party.

And so Betsinda learnt everything that the teachers tried to teach Angelica, and when the Princess was going out in the evening she would say: 'Betsinda, will you finish my lessons for me?'

'Yes, Princess,' Betsinda would say, and sat down cheerfully, not to *finish* Angelica's lessons, but to *do* them for her. And the Court and King and Queen, and particularly poor Giglio, would look at the drawings and sewing and writing, and say: 'How clever Angelica is!' Of course, it was really Betsinda who did them all, but Angelica actually believed that she did the things herself, and received all the praise as if every word of it was true.

As for Betsinda—she heard none of the praise;

but being a most grateful and sweet-tempered girl, she was always anxious to do everything which gave her mistress pleasure.

Chapter 4

PRINCE GIGLIO QUARRELS WITH ANGELICA

And now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the ruling king of Paflagonia, and the real heir to the kingdom. When Giglio was a boy, he did not care very much about his loss of the crown, so long as he had a fine coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket. He lived quite happily at the Palace; he was very much in love with his cousin, Angelica, and he was treated kindly by the King and Queen.

The Queen, in fact, hoped that Angelica and Giglio would marry: so, of course, did Giglio: and so did Angelica, sometimes. She thought her cousin very attractive, brave, and good-tempered, and when nobody else was there, Angelica liked Giglio very well.

But there were two people in the court who hated Giglio, and these were the Countess Gruffanuff (yes, she was a Countess now), and the wicked Prime Minister, Glumboso. 'When Prince Giglio marries his cousin and becomes king,' they thought, 'we shall lose our places in a minute. Gruffanuff

will have to give up all the jewels, rings and watches which belonged to Giglio's mother; and Glumboso will be forced to repay two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, which was the money left to Prince Giglio by his father.' So the Countess and the Prime Minister hated Giglio because they had done him a wrong; and these wicked people invented a hundred cruel stories about poor Giglio, in order to influence the King, Queen and Princess against him.

They said that the Prince was so lazy at his lessons that he could hardly read or write. It was true that Giglio had no interest in learning, but then—neither had Angelica! Then they went on to say that he drank a great deal too much wine at dinner, and that he owed some money to the cook for extra food. And that he went to sleep in church, and was fond of playing cards with the servants. So did the Queen like playing cards; so did the King go to sleep in church, and eat and drink too much. And, if Giglio owed a little money for food, what about Glumboso, who owed *him* two hundred and seventeen thousand millions, nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence halfpenny?

All these stories had their effect upon Princess

Angelica, who began to treat poor Giglio so unkindly that he became quite ill, went to bed, and sent for the doctor. He was very sick for several months, and the only person who visited him was little Betsinda, who cleaned his bedroom, brought his meals, and made his bed.

Every morning and evening when she came to him, Prince Giglio said: 'Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?' And Betsinda answered: 'The Princess is very well.' And Giglio looked sad and thought: 'If Angelica were sick, I am sure *I* should not be very well.'

Betsinda was a very kind-hearted girl, and she felt sorry for the poor Prince. She even brought him roast chicken and sweets from the kitchen, saying that the Princess had made them with her own hands, specially for Giglio. Of course this wasn't true, but when Giglio heard it he cheered up and began to get better at once. The next day he felt so much better that he dressed and went downstairs, and met Angelica going into the dining-room.

'Heavens, Giglio!' cried Angelica. 'What are *you* doing here? You do look a sight!'

'Dear Angelica, I've come down to thank you for the chicken and the sweets,' Giglio answered, smiling at her fondly.

'What do *I* know about chickens and sweets?' asked Angelica.

'Why, didn't you send them, Angelica dear?' said Giglio.

'No, I did not!' said Angelica crossly. 'I am much too busy. The Prince of Crim Tartary is coming to pay my father's court a visit.'

Now Giglio had been in bed for so long that he had heard no Court news for months. Little Betsinda had not wanted to make him unhappy, so she had not told him of the royal plans for a marriage between Angelica and Prince Bulbo of Crim Tartary. So now Giglio said in great surprise: 'The—Prince—of Crim Tartary?'

'Yes, the eldest son of Padella, King of Crim Tartary,' said Angelica. 'I suppose you have never heard of such a country? You are so stupid, you know about nothing except horses and dogs, and are only fit to dine with the servants. Don't look so surprised at me! Go and put on your best clothes and get ready to meet the Prince.'

Giglio said sadly: 'Oh, Angelica, why are you so unkind? *This* wasn't the way you spoke to me, when I gave you that ring in the garden, and—'

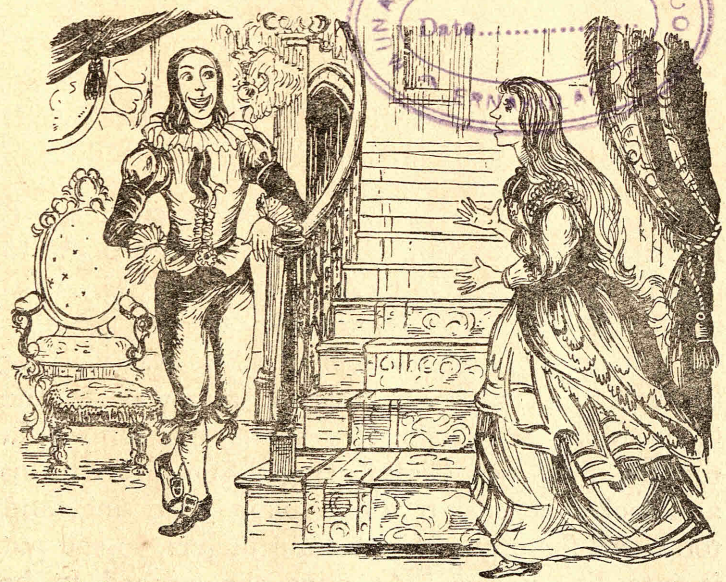
But before he could finish his sentence, Angelica shouted: 'Get away, you rude creature! How dare you speak to me like that? As for your cheap little ring, I don't want it!' and she threw it out of the window.

'It was my mother's marriage ring,' cried Giglio.

'I don't care *whose* marriage ring it was,' said

Angelica. 'Marry the person who picks it up; you shan't marry me.'

Now Angelica didn't know that the ring which Giglio had given her was a fairy ring: if a man wore it, all the women loved him; if a woman, all the gentlemen loved her. Giglio's mother had been given the ring by Fairy Blackstick, and while she wore it, everyone thought she was the most beautiful and wonderful person. But when she gave the ring to little Giglio, King Savio did not seem to care for his wife any more, and gave all his love to Giglio. Everybody loved the little Prince as



Giglio looked at her as if his eyes had been suddenly opened

long as he had the ring; but when, as quite a child, he gave it to Angelica, people began to love and admire *her*, instead.

Now that Angelica no longer had the ring, Giglio looked at her as if his eyes had been suddenly opened. She did not seem beautiful any more. He burst out laughing and said: 'Heavens! Is *this* the woman I've been in love with all my life? Why—your nose is crooked! And your hair is red, and you have one leg shorter than the other!'

And he went upstairs, still laughing, while Angelica nearly choked herself with anger.

Chapter 5

GRUFFANUFF PICKS UP THE FAIRY RING, AND PRINCE BULBO COMES TO COURT

The Court of Paflagonia was very excited about Prince Bulbo's arrival. Everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on; and Countess Gruffanuff was glad of an opportunity to dress *her* ugly old self up in her finest things. She was walking through the Palace garden on her way to the Court-room, when she saw something shining in the grass. It was Giglio's ring. She picked it up and looked at it. It was a plain little ring, and too small for any of her fat old fingers, so she put it into her pocket. At once she seemed to be

beautiful, and every man she passed looked at her in admiration. Bowing and smiling, Gruffanuff went to the Court-room and took her place behind the King and Queen, who were waiting for the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and Prince Giglio, looking very angry, stood behind the King's chair.

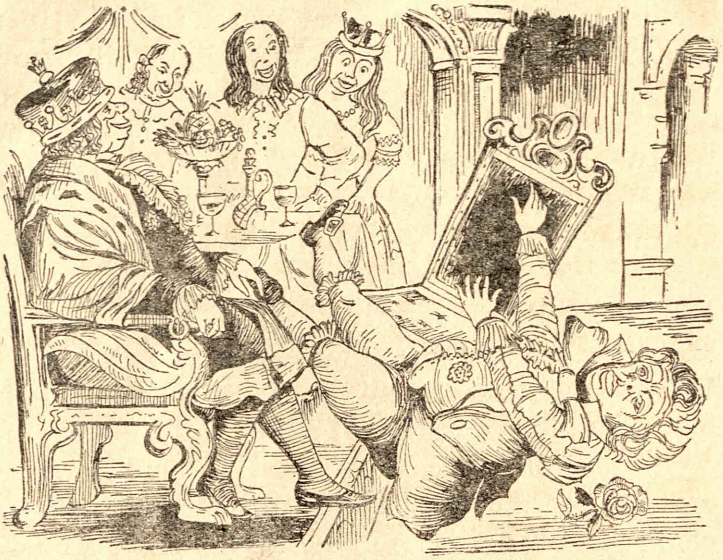
Prince Bulbo soon arrived, followed by a servant carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw! He was still dressed in his travelling clothes, and his hair was rather untidy. 'I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast,' he said, 'and I was so eager to see the royal family of Paflagonia, that I could not wait one minute, even to change my clothes.'

'You are welcome in any dress,' said the King. 'Glumboso, bring a chair for His Royal Highness.'

'Ah, but you should see my other clothes!' said the Prince. 'I should have had them on, but the stupid carrier has not brought them yet. Who's laughing?'

It was Giglio laughing. 'You said just now that you were in such a hurry to see the Princess, that you could not wait to change your clothes,' he said, 'and now you say you come in those clothes because you have no others.'

'And who are you?' said Prince Bulbo, very fiercely.



Bulbo fell with it, rolling over and over

'My father was king of this country, and I am his only son,' replied Giglio, with equal fierceness.

Glumboso now brought a chair for the royal visitor, and placed it on the platform beside the King. But the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down it fell off, and Bulbo fell with it, rolling over and over, and roaring like a bull. Giglio roared, too, but it was with laughter; and all the Court laughed when the Prince Bulbo got up. When he entered the room he did not appear to be very foolish, but as he stood up from his fall he looked so fat and ugly that nobody

could help laughing at him. When he had entered the room, he had been carrying a rose in his hand, which he had dropped when he fell.

'My rose! My rose!' cried Bulbo; and Glumboso ran forward and picked it up. He gave it to the Prince, who put it in his buttonhole. Then people wondered why they had laughed; there was nothing particularly silly about him, after all. (Do you remember that, many years before, the Fairy Blackstick had given a magic rose to Bulbo's mother?)

They all sat and talked, and Giglio was very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with loving eyes, and could not understand why he had ever thought her ugly. (Remember that she still had the fairy ring in her pocket.)

'Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince?' asked Gruffanuff, rolling her eyes at Giglio.

'Because I hate him,' said Giglio.

'You are jealous of him, because you still love Angelica,' cried Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

'I love her no more!' Giglio said, looking lovingly at Gruffanuff. 'I love another woman now, and she sits *behind* the throne.'

'Oh, Prince Giglio!' said Gruffanuff, but before she could say any more the Queen got up and said it was time to dress for dinner. They all went upstairs, and when Prince Bulbo got to his bedroom

he found that his luggage had arrived. He spent a long time changing his clothes, and kept them all waiting for twenty-five minutes after the dinner-bell rang. The King, who was hungry, grew quite angry about it. But at last Prince Bulbo came downstairs, and they all went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party; only the King and Queen, the Princess, the two Princes, Countess Gruffanuff, and Glumboso, the Prime Minister.

The Princess talked all the time to Prince Bulbo, who ate a great deal too much and never took his eyes off his plate. As for Giglio—all his talk and his eyes were for Countess Gruffanuff, who was very pleased with his attentions—the silly old creature! After dinner, the King and Queen went to sleep in their arm-chairs.

This was the time when Giglio began his tricks with Prince Bulbo, persuading that young gentleman to drink a great deal of wine. But in persuading his guest, Giglio had to drink, too, and, I am sorry to say, drank more than was good for him. After dinner he behaved very foolishly indeed. He went and sat beside Gruffanuff, whose old face seemed to him to be more lovely every moment. 'You are the most beautiful woman in the world,' he said. 'What does it matter if you are older than I am? I'll marry you—I'll marry no one but you?'

To marry the heir to the throne! Here was Gruffanuff's chance! She got a piece of paper, and

wrote upon it: ' This is to give notice that I, Prince Giglio, promise to marry the beautiful Barbara, Countess Gruffanuff.' And the foolish Giglio was so anxious to please her, that he signed the paper without even bothering to read what it said.

Gruffanuff went joyfully up to her bedroom with the precious paper in her pocket.

Chapter 6

BETSINDA AND THE WARMING-PAN

Little Betsinda went up to help Gruffanuff to undress, and the Countess was in such a good temper that, for once, she praised Betsinda. ' Betsinda,' she said, ' you did my hair very nicely today. I'll give you a little present. Here is a pretty little ring.' And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the garden. It exactly fitted Betsinda's finger, and she put it on at once.

' It's like the ring the Princess used to wear,' she said.

' Don't be silly,' said Gruffanuff. ' I've had it for a long time. Well, you may go now, Betsinda; but as it's a very cold night, you must go and warm dear Prince Giglio's bed. Then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed. Remember that I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning.'

So pretty Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen, and filled the royal warming-pan. Now, she was a very kind, merry, and attractive girl; but because she was wearing the fairy ring, she looked very specially pretty this evening. All the men-servants in the kitchen looked at her and said: 'What a pretty girl Betsinda is!'

Betsinda went upstairs with the warming-pan, first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room. He came in just as she had finished; and as soon as he saw her he cried: 'Oh, oh, oh, oh! What a beautiful girl you are! Oh, you lovely thing! Be mine! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary! As for that little red-haired Angelica, I don't care about her any more.'

'Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed, please,' said Betsinda, with the warming-pan in her hand.

But Bulbo said: 'No, never, until you promise to marry me, you lovely little rose!' He sounded so foolish that Betsinda, who was full of fun, touched him with the hot end of the warming-pan, which made him cry: 'Oh, oh, oh, oh!' in a very different voice. He made such a noise that Prince Giglio came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was happening, Giglio rushed at Bulbo and began to kick him very hard.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or

cry. The kicking certainly must hurt the Prince, but he looked so funny! When Giglio had finished kicking Bulbo, he knelt down in front of Betsinda, took her hand, and begged her to marry him at once. Imagine Betsinda's joy, because she had been in love with Giglio ever since she was quite a little child.

'Oh, Prince! I am only a poor serving-maid,' said Betsinda, looking, however, very pleased.

'Didn't you look after me in my sickness, when everyone else neglected me?' continued Giglio.

'Yes, dear Prince, I did,' said Betsinda. 'And I sewed your shirt buttons on, too, and mended your socks.'

Poor Prince Bulbo was now madly in love with Betsinda, and when he saw how lovingly she looked at Giglio, he began to cry bitterly and tore handfuls of hair out of his head. The Princes started to quarrel again and were very fierce with one another, so Betsinda decided to run away, leaving the warming-pan behind her.

'You great big cry-baby!' said Giglio. 'How dare you kneel down to Princess Giglio and kiss her hand?'

'She's not Princess Giglio!' shouted Bulbo. 'She shall be Princess Bulbo.'

'You have promised to marry my cousin, Angelica,' said Giglio angrily.

'I hate your cousin Angelica,' said Bulbo.

'I'll kill you for insulting her!' shouted Giglio.

'I'll cut your throat!'

'I'll shoot your brains out!'

'I'll knock your head off!'

'We'll meet in the morning and have a fight,' said Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face; and seizing the warming-pan, he rushed downstairs.

At the bottom of the first flight of stairs he saw King Valoroso talking to Betsinda, holding her hand and calling her by the most loving names, and begging her to marry him. 'I'll sew the Queen in a bag and throw her into the river!' said the King.



Giglio lifted the warming-pan

Giglio, forgetting the respect usually paid to Royalty, lifted the warming-pan and knocked the King down. After which, Giglio ran away, and Betsinda went off crying, and the Queen, Gruffanuff and the Princess all came out of their rooms. Imagine their feelings on seeing their husband, king, father, lying flat on the floor under a brass warming-pan!

VINAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....

CHAPTER 7

KING VALOROSO IS IN A DREADFUL TEMPER

As soon as the coals began to burn him, the King sat up. 'Ho! my captain of the guards!' he shouted, stamping his royal feet with anger. Oh, what an unhappy sight! The King's nose was bent quite crooked by the blow from the warming-pan!

Captain Hedzoff, the captain of the guards, came running up the stairs, and the King cried: 'Good Hedzoff, seize the Prince! Just now he dared to raise his hand against his king. He knocked me over with a warming-pan! Take him, and have his head cut off.' Then, followed by the Queen, the King entered his own bedroom.

Captain Hedzoff was very much distressed, because he had a sincere love for Giglio. 'Poor, poor Giglio!' he said, the tears running down his

face. 'My noble young Prince, must I really lead him to his death?'

'Don't be so stupid, Hedzoff,' said a woman's voice. It was Gruffanuff, who had come out when she heard the noise. 'The King said you were to execute the Prince. Well, execute the Prince!'

'I don't understand you,' said Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

'You silly man! He didn't say *which* Prince,' said Gruffanuff. 'Take Bulbo, and cut *his* head off!'

Captain Hedzoff danced with joy. 'Prince Bulbo's head will do very well,' he said, and he went to arrest the Prince the very first thing next morning.

He knocked at the door. 'Who's there?' said Bulbo. 'Captain Hedzoff? Come in, my good captain—I'm delighted to see you.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Hedzoff, 'but I have orders to take you prisoner, and hand you over to the executioner.'

'What are you talking about, my good man? Stop, I say! Oh, help!' was all that the unfortunate Prince was able to say, because Hedzoff's guards seized him and carried him to the place of execution. Captain Hedzoff showed the Executioner the King's order:—

'CUT OFF THIS MAN'S HEAD AT ONCE
VALOROSO.'

'It's a mistake,' said Bulbo, who did not seem to understand the business in the least.

'Rubbish!' said the Executioner. 'Where's my axe?'

And poor Bulbo was led to the scaffold.

Meanwhile, Gruffanuff, who knew that Giglio was certain to be punished before very long, tried to think of some plan for rescuing her darling husband, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She went in search of Giglio and found him walking up and down in the garden, thinking of Betsinda. He had forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

'Well, dear Giglio,' said Gruffanuff.

'Well, dear Gruffy,' said Giglio, but he was being funny.

'I have been thinking, Giglio, that you must leave the country until this trouble has blown over,' she said.

'What trouble?' asked Giglio in surprise. 'I will never leave the country without the woman I love.'

'She will come with you, dear Prince,' said Gruffanuff. 'But first you must go to Glumboso's room. Under his bed you will find bags containing money to the amount of £217,000,987,439 13s. 6½d. It all belongs to you, because he took it out of your royal father's room on the day of his death. With this we will run away.'

'*We* will run away?' said Giglio.

'Yes, you and your bride—your Gruffy!' said the Countess, putting her arm round him.

'You my bride?' said Giglio. '*You*, you ugly old woman!'

'Oh, you wretch! Didn't you give me this paper, promising marriage?' cried Gruffanuff, pulling the paper out of her pocket.

But Giglio wouldn't even look at it. 'Get away, you old fool!' he said. 'I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!' And he ran away from her and the Palace as quickly as he could.

Chapter 8

GRUFFANUFF'S UNKINDNESS TO BETSINDA

Poor Giglio could not find Betsinda in the Palace, because she was already many miles away. The little maid got up at five o'clock that cold winter's morning to take her cruel mistress her tea; but instead of finding Gruffy in a good temper, she found her as cross as she could be. The Countess scolded poor little Betsinda most unkindly, and then took her along to the Queen's bedroom. The Queen and the Princess were both there, and as soon as they saw her they began to scold her, too.

'You wretch!' said the Queen.

'You ugly little thing!' said the Princess.

'You beast!' said Gruffanuff, joining in with the others.

'Get out of my sight!' said the Queen.

'Go away from here!' said the Princess.

'Leave the Palace at once!' said Gruffanuff.

Poor Betsinda! All this was the result of that warming-pan business of the night before. The King had made love to her: of course the Queen was jealous! Bulbo had fallen in love with her: of course Angelica was annoyed! Giglio was in love with her: of course Gruffanuff was angry!

'Take off those clothes I gave you,' shouted the Princess, and began to tear the clothes off poor Betsinda.

'Give her the old clothes she wore when she came here, and send her away!' cried the Queen.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she still kept Betsinda's old coat and shoe, and said: 'Take these, you little beggar girl, and get out of the Palace at once!'

Poor Betsinda put on the coat, but the shoe was much too small for her, so she hung it round her neck. 'Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow?' cried the poor child.

'No, you wicked girl!' said Gruffanuff, driving her down the cold stairs, driving her through the cold hall, and throwing her out into the cold street.

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm for

her little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the coat, and was gone.

'And now let us have breakfast,' said the greedy Queen, and they went down to the breakfast-room to wait for Prince Bulbo.

Nine o'clock came, but no Prince Bulbo arrived. 'Where is Bulbo?' said the King, but nobody seemed to know.

At this moment Glumboso entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much disturbed. 'Excuse me, sir—" cried Glumboso.

'No business before breakfast, Glumboso!' said the King.

'Sir, I am afraid if we wait until after breakfast it will be too late,' said the Prime Minister. 'He—he will be executed at half past nine.'

'Don't talk about executions and spoil my breakfast, you unkind man,' cried the Princess. 'Who is to be executed?'

'Sir, it is the Prince,' said Glumboso to the King. 'We shall have a war if this happens! His father, King Padella. . . .'

'His father, King *who*?' said the King. 'King Padella is not Giglio's father.'

'It's Prince Bulbo they're executing, sir, not Prince Giglio,' said the Prime Minister.

'You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one,' said Hedzoff. 'I didn't, of course, think that you intended to murder your own nephew.'

The King threw a plate at Hedzoff's head. 'You fool!' he shouted. 'This is a most awkward mistake, Hedzoff. I have a good mind to have you executed, too.'

'Oh, Father, stop talking!' cried the Princess. 'Write his pardon, and let me run with it.' She got a piece of paper, and pen and ink, and put them in front of the King. After some argument, the King wrote the pardon, and Angelica ran with it as swift as the wind.

She ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran



She threw herself in his arms, crying 'Oh, my Prince! My love!'

up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market-place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and round by the Castle, and at last she came to the *Execution place*, where she saw the executioner just raising his axe! 'Pardon! Pardon!' shouted the Princess, very out of breath. She ran up to Bulbo and threw herself in his arms, crying: 'Oh, my Prince! My love! My Bulbo! Angelica is just in time to save your precious life!'

Bulbo looked very puzzled and uncomfortable, and at last he said: 'Since I came here yesterday, there has been such a disturbance, and quarrelling, and fighting, and cutting off of heads. I think I shall go back to Crim Tartary at once.'

'But with me as your bride, my Bulbo!' cried Angelica.

'Well, I suppose we must be married,' said Bulbo unwillingly. 'But first, do let us have some breakfast.'

Now, Bulbo had been carrying a rose in his mouth all the time. It was the fairy rose which his mother had given him. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and it dropped out of his mouth. The Princess at once picked it up. 'Sweet rose!' she said. 'It has touched my Bulbo's lips, and I will never be parted from it!' She put it in the front of her dress, and Bulbo *couldn't* ask her to give the rose back again. They

went to breakfast; and it seemed to Bulbo that Angelica became more beautiful every moment.

He was most anxious to be married; and now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn't care about him! She kept saying that she really thought they ought to wait; he didn't seem to be good-looking any more, and not clever or amusing, either. But King Valoroso shouted: 'We will have no more of this delay! The Prince and Princess shall be married at once!'

So they were married, and I hope they will be happy.

Chapter 9

BETSINDA AND THE WOODMAN

Betsinda wandered on and on, until she passed through the town gates and on to the great Crim Tartary road. Here she was passed by an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver, being a kind man, stopped and offered her a seat. He said he lived on the edge of the forest, where his old father was a woodman.

The carter put a cloth round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold meat, and was very kind to her. When evening came, they arrived at the woodman's cottage. He was an old man, and had a number of children who were just having their supper. When they saw the pretty stranger,

the children ran to her, and brought her to the fire and gave her some bread and milk.

'Look, father!' they said to the old woodman, 'look at this poor girl, and see what pretty little feet she has. They are as white as milk! And look—she has got a little shoe, just like the one you brought home from the forest that day you went hunting with King Padella. A little blue velvet shoe!'

'What?' said the old woodman. 'What is all this about a shoe?'

And Betsinda explained that she had been found, when quite a little child, in the Palace garden, with this shoe on her foot. But the people who had taken care of her had been angry with her, and they had sent her away, with her old clothes. She remembered living in a forest when she was quite small, and (perhaps this was a dream) being in a cave with lions there. Before that she had lived in a very, very fine house.

When the woodman heard this story, he was greatly astonished. He went to his cupboard, and took out the little shoe which he had kept for so long, and compared it with Betsinda's shoe. In both of them was written: 'Hopkins, shoemaker to the Royal Family.' They were a pair!

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his knees, saying: 'Oh, my Princess Rosalba, my royal lady, my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary!'

They were all greatly excited, as you can imagine. The old woodman said that there were many noblemen in the kingdom who were still faithful to the memory of Rosalba's father. They hated Padella and would welcome Rosalba as their rightful Queen. He told his eldest son to put his boots on, and saddle the horse, and ride at once to spread the good news.

The next day they came from east and west—all the Crim Tartar Lords who still remained faithful to Rosalba. They were most of them very old gentlemen, but they all fell in love with Rosalba, because of the magic ring she wore. They swore they would fight for her to the death.

They called themselves the Party of the Faithful and went about the country waving their old swords and flags, and shouting 'God save the Queen!' King Padella was absent from Crim Tartary on a holiday, and heard nothing about it; so Rosalba's Party was very successful for nearly a year, and all the people cheered whenever they saw her.

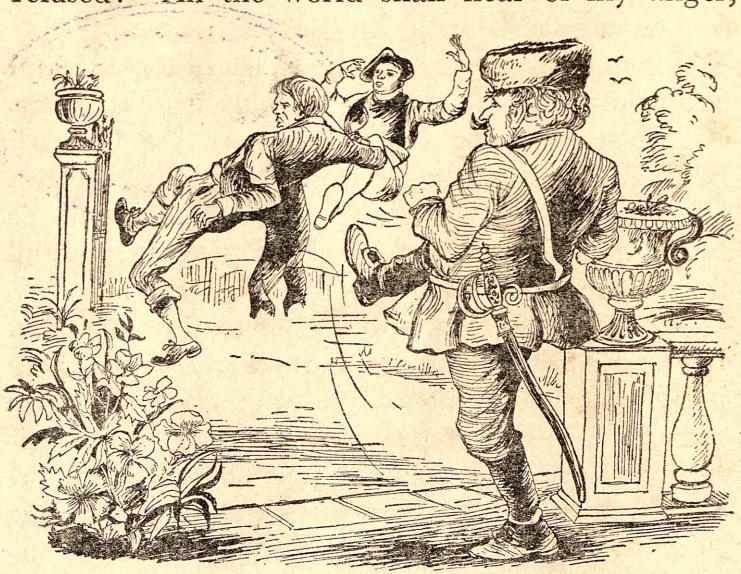
But Rosalba's success did not last for very long. Marching to the capital of Crim Tartary, her army passed near the castle of one of the most powerful noblemen in the country, a Count called Hogginarmo. The Queen hoped that he would support her, because he was always quarrelling with King Padella.

When they came to his park gates, Count Hoggi-

narmo came out to welcome her. He looked so fierce that Rosalba was rather afraid of him and, like all the other noblemen, he at once fell in love with her. He said that she must marry him, and he would then help her to fight King Padella.

'Oh, sir!' Rosalba said, in a great fright. 'You are very kind, but I have already promised to marry a young gentleman called Prince Giglio, and I can never marry anyone but him.'

Who can describe Hogginarmo's anger at this remark? He used the most terrible language, and finished by saying: 'The brave Hogginarmo's offer refused? All the world shall hear of my anger,



They saw Hogginarmo making footballs of his poor servants

and you, madam, will bitterly regret this refusal!' And, kicking his two servants before him, he rushed away.

The Queen's supporters were terribly frightened when they saw Hogginarmo leave in such terrible anger, making footballs of his poor servants. And they were right in their fears. Within half an hour, Hogginarmo returned with his followers, took the Queen prisoner, and drove the Army of the Faithful to I don't know where.

Poor Queen Rosalba! Hogginarmo was so angry that he sent her at once to King Padella, who had just returned from his holiday abroad. And there she was put into a dark, damp, evil-smelling prison, until King Padella decided what to do with her.

Date 4.8.61

Chapter 10

GIGLIO AT THE UNIVERSITY

We must leave poor Rosalba in prison, and return to Giglio. The idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff had frightened him so much that he ran up to his room, packed his luggage, and left the town at once by stage-coach.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get a comfortable seat inside the coach, where he sat with another gentleman. Just as they were setting off, a very

plain, ordinary woman, with a bag under her arm, asked for a place in the coach. There was no room inside, and she was told that she must sit outside with the driver. The passenger inside with Giglio (a rude person, I should think) put his head out of the window and said: 'Nice weather for travelling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear.' The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. 'I'll give up my place to her,' he said, and jumped up beside the driver.

The rude traveller got down at the next stopping-place, and Giglio took his seat inside, and talked to the old woman. They travelled together all day, and she gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried. It seemed to contain the most wonderful collection of things. He was thirsty, and out came a bottle of wine! He was hungry, and she took out a cold chicken, a loaf of bread, and some fruit.

As they travelled, this plain-looking woman talked to Giglio on many subjects, and he had to admit how little he knew. 'I never bothered about my lessons,' he said, feeling very ashamed. The lady said: 'My dear Giglio, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but learn. You may find use for your knowledge some day.'

'Good heavens, madam! Do you know me?' Giglio asked.

'I know a number of things,' said the lady. 'I am godmother to many people, and have been turned away from other people's doors. I have seen some people spoilt by too much good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by a little bad luck. I advise you to stay at the town where this coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend.'

'And who are you?' asked Giglio.

'When you want anything,' the lady went on, 'look in this bag, which I leave you as a present, and be grateful to—'

'To whom, madam?' he said.

'To Fairy Blackstick,' said the lady, flying out of the window. Giglio looked round in surprise, and asked the driver if he knew where the lady was.

'What lady?' said the man. 'There has been no lady in this coach, except the old woman, and she got out half-an-hour ago.'

Giglio thought he had been dreaming. But there was the bag which Blackstick had given him, and when he came to the town he took the bag in his hand and went to an inn.

When Giglio woke the next morning, he forgot that he was not in the Royal Palace, and began to shout for the servants. The landlady came up, looking very fat and cross. 'What are you shouting for, young man?' she said.

'There's no hot water, and no servants. My shoes haven't even been cleaned,' Giglio said.

'Clean them yourself,' said the landlady. 'Who do you think you are?' And she went grumbling downstairs.

Giglio got out of bed, and he saw the fairy bag lying on the table. It seemed to give a little hop as he looked at it. 'I hope it has some breakfast in it,' thought Giglio. 'I haven't much money left.' But when he opened the bag, what do you think he found? A shoe-brush and a tin of shoe polish, and on the tin was written:—

'*Poor young men can't pick and choose.*
They must work and clean their shoes.'

Giglio laughed and cleaned his shoes, and put back the brush and tin into the bag.

When he had finished dressing, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out

1. A tablecloth.
2. A sugar-basin full of the best sugar.
3. A fork, a teaspoon, a knife, and a butter-knife, all marked G.
4. A teacup and saucer.
5. A jug full of milk.
6. A pot of tea, boiling hot.
7. A pan containing three eggs, nicely cooked.
8. A quarter of a pound of best butter.
9. A loaf of bread.

And who could have a nicer breakfast than that?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, put all the things back into the bag, and went out to look for lodgings. This was a famous University town, and he had decided to take Fairy Blackstick's advice and become a student. Having found a lodging, he paid his bill at the inn, and took away his luggage, not forgetting, you may be sure, his magic bag.

When he opened his trunk, which, the day before, had been filled with his best clothes, he found it contained nothing but books. In the first one which he opened there was written:—

'Clothes for the back, books for the head:
Read and remember them when they are read.'

So he sat down and worked away, very, very hard for a whole year, during which 'Mr. Giles' was a good example to all the students in the University. Every Saturday night, he found just enough money in the bag to pay his bills, with a pound extra, for pocket money.

At the examinations, he took all the prizes, including the Spelling Prize, the Writing Prize, the History Prize, the Arithmetic Prize, and the Prize for Good Behaviour. All his fellow-students said: 'Hurray for Giles! Giles is the boy—the students' joy! Hurray for Giles!' and he felt very proud and happy.

One day after the examinations, he was sitting in a coffee-house with two friends, and he happened

to look at the newspaper. In great surprise he read the following:—

STRANGE STORY

One of the most extraordinary adventures that we have ever heard has filled the neighbouring country of Crim Tartary with excitement.

It will be remembered that when King Padella took possession of the kingdom, the defeated King's only child, the Princess Rosalba, was not found in the royal palace. It was said that she had wandered into the forest, where she was eaten up by fierce lions. (The last pair of these lions was captured by the King's hunting-party last month.)

The little Princess's death seemed certain. The torn remains of her coat, and a little shoe, were found in the forest by a hunting-party. These interesting remains were carried home and kept by their finder, a woodcutter who was formerly a servant in the royal household.

'Last Tuesday, a number of gentlemen who had remained faithful to the former King, appeared at the head of an army, crying 'God save Rosalba, the true Queen of Crim Tartary!' With them was a lady who is reported to be very beautiful. Her history may be true, and it is certainly very unusual.

The lady calling herself Rosalba says that she was brought from the forest, fifteen years ago, by a lady riding on a black stick (this account is certainly *improbable*); that she was left in the Palace garden of Paflagonia, where the Princess Angelica found the child, who was dressed in a torn coat and only one shoe. The kind Princess took the unknown child into the Palace. She became the Princess's maid-servant, and was given the name of *Betsinda*.

Her work was not satisfactory, however, and she was dismissed, taking with her the torn coat and the little shoe. According to her story, she left Paflagonia about a year ago, since which time she has been living with a woodcutter's family. On the very same morning the Prince Giglio, nephew to the King of Paflagonia, also left the country, and has not been heard of since.

'What an extraordinary story!' said Smith and Jones, the two young students who were Giglio's special friends.

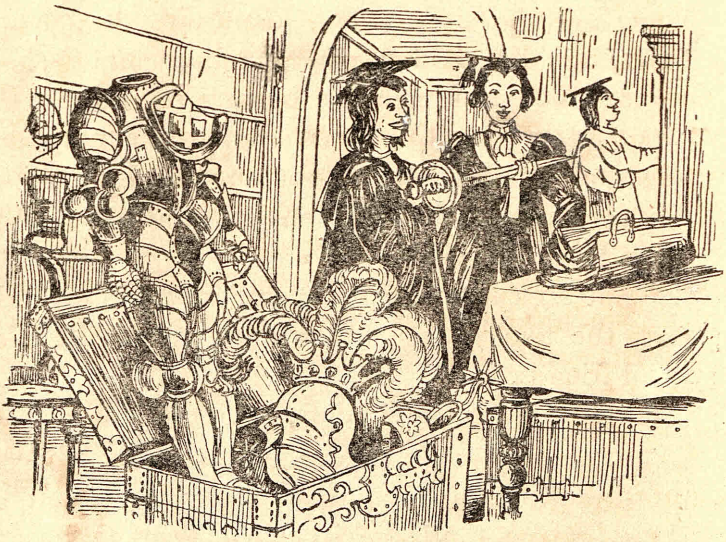
'Ha! What is this?' Giglio went on, reading:—

LATE NEWS. We hear that the army supporting Rosalba has been defeated by Count Hogginarmo, and the so-called Princess has been sent as a prisoner to the capital.

Giglio was greatly disturbed. 'Come home with me,' he said to his two friends. 'I have a story to tell which will astonish you both.' Then Giglio made a speech to his friends, in which he told them who he really was.

(I won't give this speech, which was very fine, but very long. It was all news to Smith and Jones, but my dear reader alrady knows all about Giglio, so I will continue.)

The Prince and his young friends hurried home to Giglio's lodgings, and ran up to his room. On his writing-table was his bag, but it had grown so



Out there came three feathers in a golden crown, and a complete suit of armour

long that the Prince looked at it in surprise. He opened it, and what do you think he found in it?

A splendid sword, with 'ROSALBA FOR EVER!' carved on the gold handle.

And now his trunk opened with a sudden bang, and out there came three feathers in a gold crown, a beautiful shining helmet, and a complete suit of armour. The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. In their place Giglio's friends found two more suits of armour which fitted them perfectly, and two fine swords. That evening three army officers were seen leaving the town, but no one recognised the young Prince and his two friends.

They hired horses, and rode on until they reached a town on the borders of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary. Here, as their horses were tired and the young men hungry, they stopped at an inn for food. In the middle of their meal they heard a great noise, and running out of the inn, they saw that the market-place was filled with soldiers. Giglio recognised the Paflagonian flag, and looking at the leader of the soldiers, he cried: 'Why, it is my friend Captain Hedzoff! Ho, Hedzoff! Do you not know your Prince? Tell me, why is the Paflagonian army marching to Crim Tartary?'

Hedzoff looked most unhappy. 'My Lord,' he said, 'we are marching to help King Padella.'

'That wicked man!' said Giglio. 'Hedzoff, I'm ashamed of you!'

'A soldier must obey orders; mine are to help Padella,' replied Hedzoff. He looked unhappier than ever, and added in a low voice: 'I have also been ordered to search for Prince Giglio and seize him. My Prince, I beg you to give up your sword without argument. Look! We are thirty thousand men to one!'

'Give up my sword? Giglio give up his sword!' cried the Prince. 'Never will I do such a thing!' And stepping forward, the royal youth made a most splendid speech.

Before his year of studies at the University, Giglio could not have made a speech lasting three minutes. This one lasted for three days and three nights, during which not a single person who heard him was tired, or knew the difference between daylight and dark. The soldiers cheered again and again as the Prince explained, in the most beautiful language, the whole history of Paflagonia, and his own right to the throne. At the end of this extraordinary, this truly *wonderful* speech, Captain Hedzoff threw his helmet in the air and cried: 'Hurray! Hurray! Long live King Giglio!' and all the soldiers shouted with him, swearing that they would fight for Giglio to the death.

Chapter 11

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA

Now we must return to poor Rosalba, sitting alone in her cold, dark prison. King Padella was a widower, and he fell in love with Rosalba, just as everyone else had done. He offered to marry her at once, but she refused his invitation in her usual polite, gentle manner, saying that Prince Giglio was her love and any other marriage was impossible. The angry King tried to frighten her with all kinds of terrible threats, but she said she would suffer anything rather than marry her father's murderer. At last Padella left her, swearing frightfully, and warning her to prepare for death the following morning.

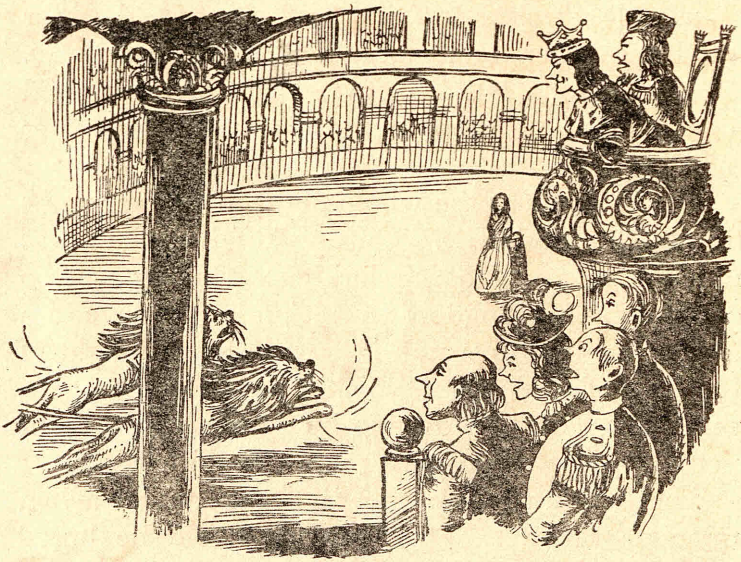
The King spent the whole night in thinking how he could punish her. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her; hanging was so common in his kingdom that it no longer gave him any enjoyment to watch it. At last he thought of the pair of fierce lions which had lately been captured and sent to him, and he determined to hunt poor Rosalba down with these dreadful beasts.

The two lions were kept in a cage under a big, open-air theatre. Their roaring could be heard over the whole city, and the next morning every-

one came out to see the poor young lady eaten up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal seat, with his courtiers round him and Count Hogginarmo by his side. Padella looked at the Count very fiercely, because he had heard about Hogginarmo's behaviour, his proposals to Rosalba, and his earlier offer to fight for her.

The Princess was brought out in her nightgown, with all her beautiful hair hanging down her back, and looking so pretty that even the keepers of the wild animals cried unhappy tears at seeing her.



Two great hungry lions rushed out

She went and leaned up against a great stone in the centre of the theatre, round which the people were seated, with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, long-tailed, rushing, roaring lions. And now the gates were opened, and with a *wurra-wurra-wurra* two great hungry lions rushed out, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting.

But oh, strange and extraordinary thing, which I am sure none of you can possibly have guessed! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of biting her with their great teeth, they covered her with kisses with their great red tongues! They licked her pretty feet, they pushed their noses into her hand, and seemed to say: 'Dear, dear sister, don't you remember your brothers in the forest?' And she put her pretty arms round their necks, and kissed them.

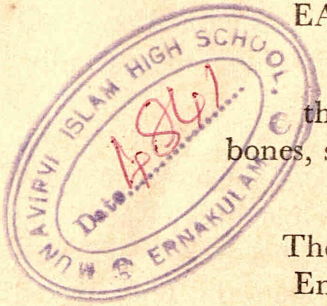
King Padella was greatly astonished. The Count Hogginarmo was extremely annoyed. 'Pooh!' the Count cried. 'These are tame beasts from the zoo. I believe they are little boys dressed up as lions. They're not real lions at all!'

'Ha!' said the King. 'You dare to say that they are not lions at all, do you? Ho! My body-guard! Take this Count Hogginarmo and throw him to the lions. Give him a sword and let him keep his armour on, and fight these tame lions!'

AND

Wurra-wurra-wurra-wurra-aw-aw-aw!!!

In about two minutes
The Count Hogginarmo was
EATEN UP
by
those lions,
bones, sword, and all,
and
There was an
End of him.



At this, the King said: ' Serve him right! And now, as the lions won't eat the young woman—'

' Set her free! Set her free!' cried the crowd.

' NO!' roared the King. ' Let my bodyguard go down and cut her into small pieces.'

' Shame! Shame!' cried the crowd.

' Who dares to cry shame?' shouted the angry King. ' Anyone who says a word will be thrown to the lions.'

There was a dead silence after that, but the crowd looked pityingly at Rosalba. And then there was the sound of galloping horses, and Captain Hedzoff and two soldiers rode into the theatre. Hedzoff went straight up to Padella and said: ' Permit us to deliver our King's message.'

He then opened a letter which Giglio had written, and read it out as follows:—

> 'I, Giglio, King of Paflagonia, have seized my rightful throne and title from my false uncle, Valoroso; and I demand that Duke Padella at once sets free the rightful Queen of Crim Tartary, ROSALBA. If this is not done at once, I, Giglio, swear that I will fight Padella, and I challenge him to meet me, alone or at the head of his army.'

'Is that all?' said Padella coldly, when Hedzoff had finished. 'What does Valoroso, my dear son's father-in-law, say to this rubbish?'

'The King's uncle has been taken prisoner,' answered Hedzoff. 'He and his wicked minister, Glumboso, have been sent out of the country and forbidden to return.'

'And where is my son, my Bulbo?'

'Prince Bulbo is a prisoner in our army, and he will be killed if a hair of the Princess's head is injured,' Hedzoff answered fiercely.

'*Will* he?' shouted Padella, who was now almost green with anger. 'Will he, indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely as Bulbo. You can do what you like to him—break all his bones—burn him alive—pull all his pretty teeth out, one by one! I love my Bulbo, but I love revenge more dearly still. Ho! my execu-

tioners—light up the fires and get lots of boiling oil! Bring out ROSALBA!'

CHAPTER 12

HEDZOFF RIDES BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO

CAPTAIN Hedzoff rode away when King Padella spoke those cruel words. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do? He told King Giglio all that Padella had said, and Giglio cried: 'O cruel father—O unhappy son! Go, and bring Prince Bulbo here!'

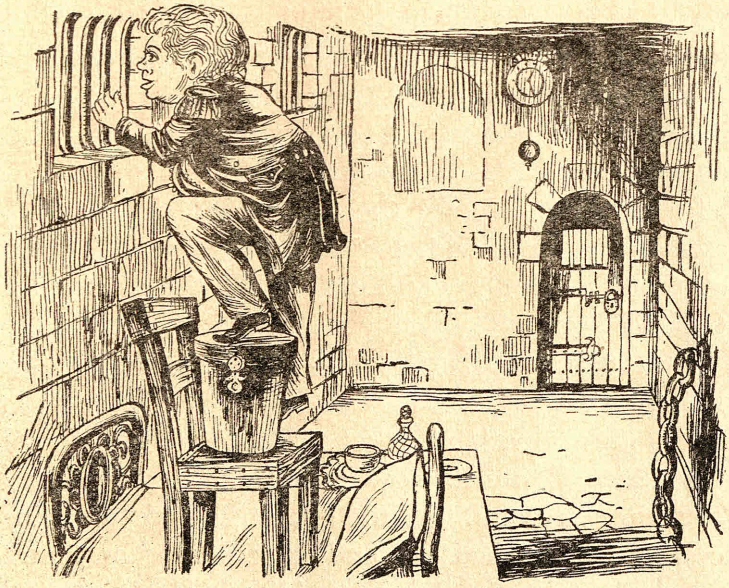
Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable. He was quite happy to be a prisoner, because all the fighting was over, and he was playing marbles with his guards when the King sent for him.

'Oh, my poor Bulbo,' said Giglio, with tears in his eyes, 'have you heard the news?' He then told Bulbo about King Padella's *cruel and wicked behaviour* to Rosalba, and said that, because of this, Prince Bulbo must be executed at once.

It was all very sad. Bulbo began to cry, and so did Giglio, but at last the poor Prince was led out, with Hedzoff trying to comfort him. He was told that the execution was arranged for the next morning at eight o'clock, and was taken back to his

prison, where everyone was most kind to him. The guard's wife sent him tea, and the cook brought him all his favourite food, but he wouldn't touch it. He sat down and began writing a last letter to Angelica, and the hands of the clock went round and round, always drawing nearer to the next morning. When he had finished his letter, he climbed on top of the hat-box, which was on top of a chair, on the top of his bed, on the top of his table, and looked out to see whether he could escape.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping out was another. He couldn't do it. The



He looked out to see whether he could escape

town clock struck seven, and he got into bed for a little sleep. Then the guard came and woke him, and said: 'Get up, your Royal Highness, it's *ten minutes to eight*!'

Poor Bulbo got up: he had gone to bed in all his clothes (the lazy boy), and he said he didn't mind about dressing, or having any breakfast, thank you. He said to the soldiers who had come for him: 'Lead on!' and they led the way into the courtyard, and out into the square, where King Giglio had come to say goodbye to him. Then suddenly—*Wurra-wurra-wurra-waw*! A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into town, frightening all the little boys, but ROSALBA!

The fact is, that when Captain Hedzoff was talking to King Padella, nobody noticed the lions, who dashed out of the open gate. After Hedzoff had left, the lions ate up the King's bodyguard and away they went, with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and never stopped until they came to Giglio's camp.

You can imagine how Giglio rushed to help Rosalba off her lion! The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having eaten Hogginarmo and all those guards, and they were so tame that anybody could touch them. While Giglio helped the Princess, Bulbo rushed up and kissed the lions, and laughed and cried for joy. 'Oh, you dear good

beasts,' he said, 'how glad I am to see you, and dear Rosalba, too.'

Rosalba gave Bulbo her hand to kiss, and King Giglio said: 'Bulbo, my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that the Queen has arrived.'

'So am I,' said Bulbo, 'and *you know why*!'

Captain Hedzoff came up at this moment. 'Sir, it is half past eight,' he said to Giglio. 'Shall we continue with the execution?'

But King Giglio smilingly said: 'Prince Bulbo is pardoned,' and most kindly invited him to breakfast.

Chapter 13

THE GREAT FIGHT

Knowing that he would soon have to go out and fight King Padella, Giglio did everything to amuse and entertain Rosalba that day. He gave her a wonderful breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea, and arranged a dance for her that evening, when he danced with her for every single dance.

While he was dancing the twenty-fifth dance with her, he suddenly noticed the ring she wore. Rosalba told him how she had got it from Gruffanuff, who had no doubt picked it up when Angelica threw it away.

'Yes,' said Fairy Blackstick, who had come to see the young people. 'I gave that ring to the Queen,

Giglio's mother. It is a magic one, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I gave Prince Bulbo's mother a rose which had the same effect; but she gave it to Bulbo, and he gave it to Angelica, who looked beautiful at once, while Bulbo immediately looked fat and ugly.'

'Rosalba needs no ring, I am sure,' said Giglio. 'She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any fairy help.'

'Oh, sir!' said Rosalba.

'Take off the ring and try,' said the King, and he drew it off her finger. In *his* eyes she looked just as lovely as before!

The King was going to throw the ring away, but suddenly he noticed Bulbo and said: 'Bulbo, come and try on this ring. Rosalba would like to give it to you, I am sure.'

As soon as Bulbo put on the ring, he became a good-looking, attractive young Prince again. His legs were still a little too short and fat, but he wore such a beautiful pair of yellow leather boots that nobody noticed them. Bulbo was happy again, and he talked to the King and Queen in the most cheerful, pleasant manner. But after looking at Rosalba, he could not help thinking: 'How very strange! She is certainly very pretty, but not so extraordinarily beautiful!'

The Fairy Blackstick smiled and said: 'Bless you, my dear children! Now you are all happy.' She

turned to the King and Queen and went on: 'Now you see what I meant by saying that a little misfortune would do you both good. *You*, Giglio, if you had become King at your father's death, would scarcely have learned to read or write. You would have been wasteful and lazy, and could not have been a good king as now you will be. You, Rosalba, would have been so vain and proud of your beauty and wealth, that you might have thought yourself too good for Giglio.'

'As if anybody could be good *enough* for him,' cried Rosalba.

At that moment, a messenger came rushing in and said: 'My Lord, the enemy! King Padella is here!'

'To arms!' cried Giglio.

'Oh, mercy!' said Rosalba, and fainted, of course.

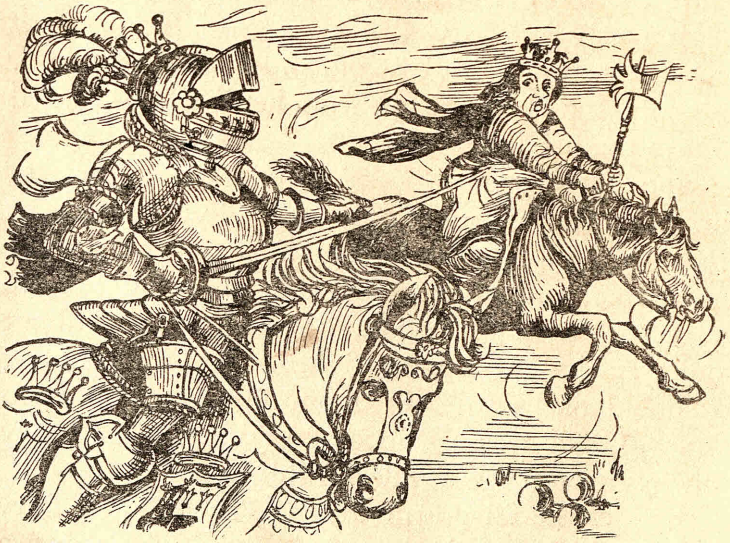
Giglio snatched one kiss from her lips, and rushed out to the field of battle.

The Fairy had provided Giglio with a suit of armour, which was not only covered with jewels, so that it was blinding to look at, but was water-proof, gun-proof, and sword-proof. In the middle of the very fiercest battles, the King was able to ride about quite safely. If I were fighting for my country, *I* should like a suit of armour like that; but, you know, Giglio was a Prince of a fairy tale, and they always have these wonderful things.

Besides the fairy armour, the Prince had a fairy horse, which could go as fast as the wind; and a

fairy sword, which would lengthen and run through a whole army of enemies at once. With such a weapon, I am rather surprised that he bothered to order his army out at all; but out they all came, in splendid new uniforms.

I wish I could describe that wonderful battle, but I am not clever enough. But I *can* tell you that Padella's army was completely defeated, and all ran away. As for King Padella, when his army ran away, the King ran, too, going as fast as his horse could put its legs to the ground. Fast as he went, I promise you that somebody else went faster; and that, as I am sure you have guessed, was King



With his fairy sword, Giglio kept poking Padella in the back

Giglio, who kept shouting out: 'Stay, Padella! Turn, coward, and defend yourself! Stand, and I will cut your ugly head from your evil shoulders!' And, with his fairy sword, which grew longer and longer, Giglio kept poking Padella in the back, until that wicked man roared with pain.

At last Padella turned and gave Giglio a great hit over the head with his battle-axe. It was a huge weapon, but although the blow fell right down on Giglio's helmet, it did no more damage than if Padella had struck him with a pound of butter. Padella's battle-axe broke in his hand, and Giglio laughed scornfully.

The Crim Tartar King was justly annoyed. 'If you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armour, what on earth is the use of my hitting you?' he said to Giglio. 'I may as well surrender at once.'

'Do you agree that Rosalba is the rightful Queen of Crim Tartary, and will you give up the crown and all your treasures to her?' said Giglio.

'If I must, I must,' said Padella, who was naturally not very pleased about it.

And so Padella was taken prisoner, and sent out of the country with orders never to return.

Chapter 14

THEY ALL RETURN TO PAFLAGONIA

The next morning the Royal pair set off on their journey back to the capital of Paflagonia, where Giglio and Rosalba were to be married. The Fairy Blackstick went with them. Changing her wand into a horse, she travelled by the King's side, giving him the very best advice. Giglio thought the Fairy and her advice were rather a nuisance.

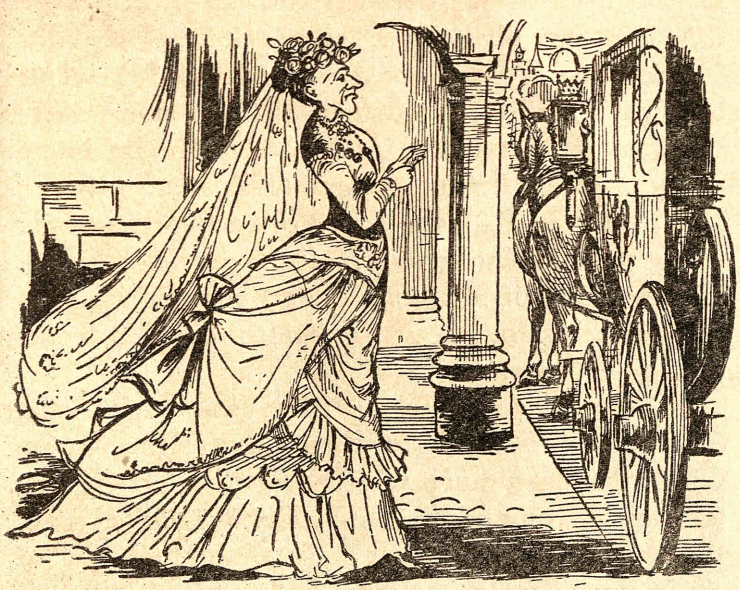
'Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and telling me how to manage my government, and warning me to keep my promises?' he said crossly to Rosalba. 'Does she suppose that I am not a man of sense, a man of honour?'

At the last village before the capital, Princess Angelica and the Countess Gruffanuff came to meet them. Angelica rushed into her husband's arms, scarcely stopping to say good morning to the King and Queen. She had no eyes for anyone but Bulbo, who seemed perfectly lovely to her on account of the fairy ring which he wore. She herself, wearing the magic rose in her cap, seemed entirely beautiful to the happy Bulbo.

A splendid lunch was served to the Royal party. You could hear the church-bells ringing in the capital, and also the guns which the people were firing off to welcome their King.

'Why on earth has that ugly old Gruffanuff dressed herself up in such a foolish way?' Giglio said to Rosalba. 'How silly she looks!'

The Countess certainly did look silly. She was dressed like a young bride, in a white silk dress,



She was dressed like a young bride

with white roses in her hair and her yellow old neck covered with diamonds.

After lunch Giglio said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we must be starting. The marriage ceremony is arranged for twelve o'clock.'

'Oh, my Giglio! Oh, my dear King!' cried

Gruffanuff. 'Can it be that this happy moment has at last arrived?'

'Of course it has arrived,' said the king.

'And I am going to become the happy bride of my beloved Giglio!' continued Gruffanuff.

'*You* my bride?' roared Giglio.

'*You* marry my Prince?' cried poor little Rosalba.

'Nonsense! The woman's mad!' said the King, but Gruffanuff said: 'I should like to know who is going to be married if I am not? I should like to know if King Giglio is a gentleman, and if there is any justice in Paflagonia? Prince Giglio has certainly promised to marry me!' She pulled a piece of paper out of her pocket, and shouted: 'Is not this Giglio's signature? Does not the paper declare that he is mine?'

It was the paper which the Prince signed that evening when Gruffanuff wore the magic ring, and Giglio drank so much wine.

'Is this your handwriting, Giglio?' asked Fairy Blackstick, very severely.

'Y-y-yes,' poor Giglio cried. 'I had quite forgotten that wretched paper. She can't mean to make me keep my promise.'

But the horrid old Gruffanuff rushed up to his side, and shouted: 'Justice! I will have justice!'

'Won't you take that sum of money which Glumboso hid?' asked Giglio. 'Two hundred and eigh-

teen thousand millions, or thereabouts. It is a large sum.'

'I will have that and you, too!' said Gruffanuff.

'I will give you all the crown jewels as well,' cried Giglio desperately.

'I will wear them by my Giglio's side!' said Gruffanuff.

By this time Giglio was half mad with despair and anger. 'I will not marry her,' he said. 'Oh, Fairy Blackstick, give me your advice!' He looked wildly round at the severe face of the Fairy.

'"Why is Fairy Blackstick always warning me to keep my promises? Does she suppose that I am not a man of honour?"' said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own words.

'All right,' he cried in a terrible voice. 'Since I am to lose Rosalba, at least let me keep my honour. Come, Countess, and let us be married. I can keep my promise, but I can die afterwards.'

'Oh, dear Giglio,' laughed the Countess, 'I knew I could trust you! Jump into your carriages, everyone, and let us go to church at once.' And hanging upon poor Giglio's arm, and smiling up at him, the old wretch jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to take Giglio and Rosalba to church.

Chapter 15

AND NOW WE COME TO THE HAPPY ENDING

The many ups and downs of her life had given the Princess Rosalba great courage and strength of mind. Instead of tearing her hair, crying, or fainting with shock, she was determined not to make Giglio break his royal promise.

'I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always,' she said to Blackstick. 'I will go to his marriage, and wish him and the Countess happiness. I'll live and die unmarried, and, of course, I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I die. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy, and then I will return to my own kingdom.'

The Fairy kissed Rosalba with great tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a very comfortable coach with four horses, and she and Rosalba, accompanied by Bulbo and Angelica, rode after the Royal carriage.

It was the custom in Paflagonia, as it is in other countries, for the bride and bridegroom to sign the Promise of Marriage before the ceremony at the church. Now, the Royal Palace was being painted and cleaned, and it was not ready for the King and his bride, so they went to the old palace, where

Valoroso had lived when Angelica was born. Poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach and stood, almost fainting, at the gate, so as to have a last look at her dear Giglio. Blackstick had flown out of the carriage window in some strange manner, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his frightful bride, looking as pale as if he were going to his execution.

'Get out of the way!' Gruffanuff said to Fairy Blackstick. 'I wonder why you are always interfering with other people's affairs?'

'Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?' said Blackstick.

'To marry him? Yes. What business is it of yours?' cried Gruffanuff.

'You won't take the money he offered you?'

'No.'

'You mean to make him keep his promise, although you tricked him when you made him sign the paper?'

'Yes!' shouted Gruffanuff, stamping her foot. 'I'll have my husband, my husband, my hsuband!'

'YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND!' the Fairy Blackstick cried; and she put her hand upon the nose of the KNOCKER.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to grow longer, the open mouth opened still wider, and the eyes rolled wildly. The arms and legs uncurled themselves, and the knocker changed into a figure,



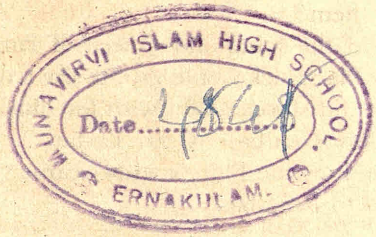
JENKINS GRUFFANUFF once more stood on the doorstep

six feet tall. JENKINS GRUFFANUFF once more stood on the doorstep off which he had been lifted more than twenty years before!

'Master's not at home,' he said rudely. Mrs. Gruffanuff gave a great cry, and fell down in a faint. Nobody took any notice of her, for they were all shouting: 'Hip, hip, hurray! Long live the King and Queen!' And the bells rang twice as loudly, and the guns fired twice as fast.

As for Giglio, I leave you to imagine what *he* was doing, and if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

Jenkins Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, and they all went in and signed the book and then they went to church and were married. And the Fairy Blackstick flew away on her wand, and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.



MY
BY

There is a Good Story

Notes and Questions

Chapter 1

godmother : a woman who promises to take care of a child's religious education. In fairy stories, the Fairy Godmother was usually a kind fairy who gave the child a magic gift at birth.

prince, princess : the son and daughter of a king.

courtier : a nobleman at a Royal Court.

1. What did the Rose and the Ring give to anyone who wore them?
2. What did the King and Queen of Paflagonia hope the Fairy Blackstick would give to the baby Prince Giglio? What did she actually wish for him and for the little Princess Rosalba of Crim Tartary?
3. Describe how the Fairy's wishes came true. What happened to Rosalba?

Chapter 2

porter : a watchman.

dumb : unable to speak.

1. Why was Jenkins Gruffanuff chosen to be porter at the Palace?
2. Into what did the Fairy Blackstick change him, and why?
3. What did everyone suppose had happened to Jenkins Gruffanuff?

Chapter 3

bun : a small loaf of sweet bread.

maid : a woman servant.

1. Describe the little girl who came running up to the Princess Angelica in the Palace garden.
2. What did Mrs. Gruffanuff do to Betsinda's old clothes?
3. Why did Betsinda learn so much at the Palace, and become so clever?

Chapter 4

Count, Countess : a title given to noble men and women.
Prime Minister : the head of the Government.

1. Why did Glumboso and the Countess Gruffanuff hate Prince Giglio?
2. Why did Giglio become ill, and who looked after him during his illness?
3. What did Angelica do with the ring which Giglio had given her? When she no longer had the ring, why didn't she look beautiful any more?

Chapter 5

Royal Highness : the title given to a prince or princess.
throne : the king's royal chair.

1. Who picked up Giglio's ring in the Palace garden? Why do you think she seemed at once to be beautiful?
2. Why did the Court stop laughing at Bulbo when he picked up his rose again?
3. Describe Giglio's foolish behaviour after dinner, and the trick Countess Gruffanuff played on him.

Chapter 6

warming-pan : a flat brass box with a long wooden handle. Hot coals were put into the box, and the warming-pan was then moved up and down in a bed to warm it.

fist : the closed hand.

1. Why did Betsinda look specially pretty after she had helped Gruffanuff to undress that evening?
2. Describe the scene in Bulbo's bedroom, beginning at Betsinda's entry with the warming-pan, and ending at her departure without it.
3. Who took the warming-pan out of Bulbo's bedroom, and what did he do with it at the bottom of the stairs?

Chapter 7

execute : cut off someone's head as a punishment. The *executioner* is the man who does this.

scaffold : the wooden platform on which executions take place.

bride : a newly-married girl or a girl about to be married. Later you will meet the word *bridegroom*: this is her husband.

1. After the King had told Hedzoff to cut off the Prince's head, what advice did Countess Gruffanuff give to the captain?
2. Why did Giglio run away from the Palace?

Chapter 8

1. Why were the Queen, the Princess and Countess Gruffanuff so angry with Betsinda the next morning?
2. What clothes did Betsinda wear when she was sent away from the Palace?
3. How was Bulbo saved from execution? Why did Angelica suddenly become unwilling to marry him?

Chapter 9

1. Who was Betsinda? How did the old woodman discover the truth about her?
2. Why was Count Hogginarmo so angry with Rosalba? How did he punish her?

Chapter 10

stage-coach : a horse carriage for public use. It went from town to town with travellers, as a bus does nowadays.
helmet : a protective metal hat.
suit of armour : protective metal clothes worn in the olden days by soldiers going to war.

1. To whom did Giglio give up his seat in the coach, and how did she repay him for his kindness? What advice did she give him?
2. Describe some of the things which Giglio found in the magic bag during the next year.
3. What made Giglio decide to leave the University? Who went with him?

Chapter 11

1. What punishment did Padella plan for Rosalba? Explain why his plan was not successful.
2. Why was Count Hogginarmo thrown to the lions, and what happened to him?
3. What message did Giglio send to Padella, and what was Padella's answer?

Chapter 12

1. How was Rosalba rescued from Padella?
2. Why was Prince Bulbo so pleased to see her?

Chapter 13

boots : long leather shoes which come up to the knee.

1. What did Giglio say about the fairy ring on Rosalba's finger, and what did he do with it?
2. Explain how Fairy Blackstick's gift of 'a little misfortune' did so much good to Giglio and Rosalba.
3. Describe the three magic things which Blackstick gave to Giglio for his battle against Padella.

Chapter 14

1. Why was Countess Gruffanuff dressed in such foolish clothes? Describe the clothes.
2. Why did Giglio have to agree to marry her?

Chapter 15

1. Why did Giglio and Gruffanuff go to the *old* palace to sign the Promise of Marriage?
2. What did Fairy Blackstick do when the Countess shouted: 'I'll have my husband!'?
3. What happened to the brass knocker?

It is very good book.

Useful

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