



General Fiction

Rumpelstiltskin



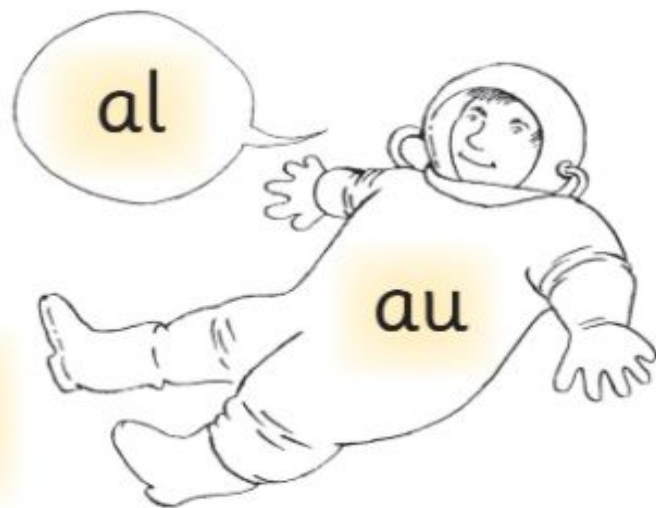
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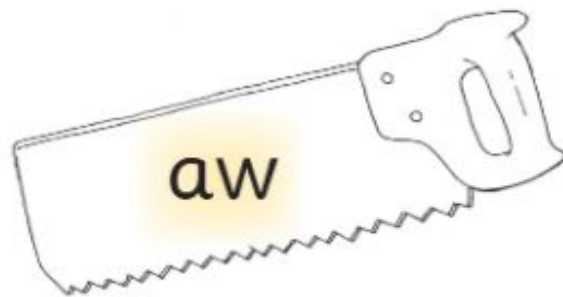
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A long time ago, there lived a miller. As he ground the wheat into flour at his mill, he would talk to whoever was with him. He would start telling them about something that had happened, but then he would add things to the story, boasting as he went.

One day, a man came to the miller with some wheat. The miller started telling the man all about his daughter. He told him how witty and clever she was. The miller got more and more carried away until he found himself telling the man that his daughter was so clever she could spin straw into gold.





The next day, the man walked back into the mill. He was a servant of the King, and he had told him all about the miller and his daughter. The King had been so impressed he had sent his servant back with orders that the miller's daughter should come and see him.

"I would like you to spin all of this straw into gold for me," ordered the King, pointing to a pile of straw. He smiled and said, "I will see you and the gold in the morning."



Then he added, "If you do not do this, I shall have the miller thrown into jail for telling me lies!" and with that he shut the door.



The girl groaned. Why did the miller have to say these silly things? She was stuck here and it was all the miller's fault. She could not spin straw into gold. She sat alone by the spinning wheel and cried.

"Excuse me," said someone, "can I help?" The girl looked up. She saw a short man standing on the pile of straw, looking down at her.



"No one can help me," she cried. "The King wants me to spin this straw into gold by morning."



The short man nodded and smiled. "If I spin this straw into gold for you, what will you pay me?" he said to her. She looked up at him. "I have this pendant," she replied, and held it out to him.

When she awoke at dawn the next morning, the girl yawned and looked about. The little man had gone and so had the straw. Instead, there were spools of gold, glistening in the morning sun. The King was very impressed.





The next day, the King showed the miller's daughter to the room again. In one small corner was the spinning wheel, but the rest of the room was piled with straw. "Spin this into gold for me," said the King, "and I will let you go home."

Again, the girl sat at the spinning wheel and cried. Again, when she looked up, there was the short man, standing on the straw.



"I do not have anything to give you this time," she sobbed. "I will still spin this for you, if you promise to give me your first born babe," said the man.

The next day, the King was so pleased with the gold that he married the Miller's daughter, and they were very happy.



The Queen forgot all about the funny, short man who had helped her until, one morning, she found him in her room. "I have come to collect your first born babe," he said.

The Queen cried and pleaded with him. The little man took pity on her. "If you can guess my name, you can keep the babe," he said. The Queen tried to guess, but each time she said a name he shook his head.



Then he vanished.

The next day, the King and Queen sent out some of the servants to collect names. But that evening, as the Queen read each name on her list, the little man shook his head.



"Sorry," he said, "you have still not guessed my name. I will give you one more day."

The next day, all of the servants were sent out to collect more names. One of them was on his way back when he stopped and listened. Someone was singing.



"I spun, I spun the straw into gold. The Queen, the Queen must never be told my name is Rumpelstiltskin."

That evening, the Queen began
the list of names.



“NO, NO, NO!” shouted the little man.
“Then is your name *Rumpelstiltskin*?”
she said. The little man stopped.
Then he started to stomp and stamp,
and get very angry. He shouted and
stormed until, with a mighty stomp and
a yell, he was gone, and the Queen
never saw him again.